

Primitive Radio Gods "Standing Outside A Broken Phone Booth With..."

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(BB King) I been downhearted baby
I been downhearted baby
Since the day we met
Ever since the day we met
I been downhearted baby...
Jan lays down and wrestles in her sleep
Moonlight spills on comic books
And superstars in magazines
An old friend calls and tells us where to meet
Her plane takes off from Baltimore
And touches down on Bourbon Street
We sit outside and argue all night long
About a god we've never seen
But never fails to side with me
Sunday comes and all the papers say
Ma there's a's joined the mob
And happy with her full time job
Am I alive or thoughts that drift away?
Does summer come for everyone?
Can humans do what prophets say?
And if I die before I learn to speak
Can money pay for all the days I lived awake
But half asleep?
A life is time, they teach you growing up
The seconds ticking killed us all
A million years before the fall
You ride the waves but don't ask where they go
You swim like lions through the crest
And bathe yourself in zebra flesh
(Indistinctive babbling on radio)
I've been downhearted baby
I've been downhearted baby
Ever since the day we met
Ever since the day we met

Submitted by Michael Hack

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