

Primitive Radio Gods

"Standing Outside a Broken Phone Booth With Money in My Hand"

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I've been downhearted baby,
I've been down--I've been downhearted baby,
Ever since the day we met
Ever since the day we met
I've been downhearted baby,
I've been down--I've been downhearted baby,
Ever since the day we met
Ever since the day we met

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 Teresa's joined the mob
And happy with her full time job

Do do do do doo do...Do do do do doo do...
Do do do do doo do...Do do do do doo do...
Do do do do doo do...Do do do do doo do...
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Am I alive or thoughts that drift away?
Does summer come for everyone?
Can humans do as prophets say?
And if I die before I learn to speak

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