

Terry G. Reed

"Hypnotic Paradise"

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Hypnotic Paradise

(Verse 1)

Hemmingway on the shelf but she hasn't got the time,
There's a fashion statement to be made at the local
wine and dine.
With a Betty Davis' attitude and a voice like Lauren
Bacall,
She makes the scene with 14 drinks, desensitized to it
all.
The waiter's wearing Lucky Strikes and smoke rings in
his hair
He tries to gain her confidence with a phony James
Dean stare.
He serves a tray of images to fit her self esteem
She can sample each one before she picks how she'd
like to be seen.

(Pre Chorus)

Ohh, it's a long way, back home.
Facing the illusions all alone.

Chorus:

It's a Hypnotic Paradise, all's not what it seems
You think you know what's going on, but there's more
behind the scenes.
The streets are filled with mirrors and masks,
you see what they want you to see,
It's a Hypnotic Paradise, you've become what they want
you to be.

(Post chorus)

Oh oh oh oh, take me home (4 times)

(Verse 2)

The walls are filled with 8 by 10's of 'please remember
me's.'
That look like what Rod Serling saw in a made for TV
dream.
The closets are now opened up and repression poured
in.

Screaming out defiance and professing no sins.
The gatekeeper's bed post are now bowed from the strain.
He's become so open minded that it's flattened out his brain.
His daughter now bears kids for the all star football team
And his son is selling secrets to a third world death regime.

(Pre Chorus)

Chorus:

(Post chorus:)

(Verse 3)

The mayor's bending over in the corner making a deal.
To take money from the kid's school fund and give it to Lucille.
Who'll give it to her uncle's friend across the state line.
Who'll bring back another factory and votes for election time.
A ghost is sometimes heard telling stories about the songs.
That Roy Buchanan and Danny Gatton played all night long.
There's an angel with an old blues harp waiting outside the door.
Singing tunes about the ones never heard from anymore.

(Pre Chorus)

Chorus:

(Post Chorus)

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