

Time

"Images of Two Dead Spaniards"

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what if everything you said was a painting

would it be impolite for me to vomit a piano from my
balcony
and all I can say is do policemen know how to sing?

two dead donkies on two pianos
three painbrushes burn like candles
electric blue snow pink pink lights
Benzedrine kicks and Kerouac nights
snowy mountains, lavender bruised, purple clouds
whatchu gonna do when you're egos not around
vacuum cleaner hickies on a saturday morning
painting's boring

theres a dead dog in the back of a pick up truck
ill put a penny in your rocking horse
norman rockwell's painting himself
and all I can say is I'm the star of the show
I'm the star of the show x 2

90's thrift store jackets, purple, pink and green
I see women jogging running from their calories
pablo neruda's eating rice with buddha
with moth eaten clothes and a handshake for Judas
I see jesus in a mushroom cloud no eyes in his sockets
I see 8 year olds, with only statistics in their pockets
and all I can say is these things make me happy
and all I can say is these things make me smile

toulouse lautrec in the moulin rouge
acrylic paint for eye shadow on french prostitutes
two fat priests driving a carriage drawn by christ
I guess its hard to tell the poets from the spies
dead flies in a window sill live cats in the doorway
we look at the death count but how much did the war
save?
threw a giraffe and an archbishop out the window
one of em fell diagonal but I guess thats the wind
blows
stones fall from the sky like sonnets or rice cakes

salvador cries as he paints the spikes through christ's
legs
Styrofoam falls like snow as god stacks it on fence
posts
put your neck hairs in the air if you can sense the ghosts
my body weighs more than a couple blue whales
blow out your candles and watch all the boats sail
cloud thru the moon, razor blade through the eye
and all I can say is I'm not afraid to die

yellow elephants, purple umbrellas
and hippopotamuses that smell like cinderella
I want plumbers not bayonets as the blades penetrate
and I promise red flowers on the days you menstruate
all of the Cosmo girls they like to sip on martinis
after 8 and a half shots they say I look like fellini
she said st. anthony's dead and only the demons are
mourning
and all I can say is I love her cuz she's not boring

oh gala dali, won't your lover paint my body
with drawers and a fish where my penis is
there's no such thing as a lazy genius
and all I can say is that an apartment or mae west

I love women more than Matisse's paintbrush
with wax in my moustache watch em faint from the lust
I want my fingers to be transformed into carnations
put your telescope on the moon, the stars are patient
I saw a skull sodomizing a grand piano
asking what's the difference between a human and a
candle
I got bread for a heart, break it feed her my love
and all I can say is honey's sweeter than blood

a piece of snow fell from a building it looked like africa
what if we're all vampires and god's just dracula
what if spots on giraffes were really black holes
and what if robots could laugh and really had souls
van gogh was a drunk picasso painted like a 4 year old
sterilize sterilize sculpture me paralyzed
she's choking myself with a tuba and a suitcase
asking a Jesuit if that's a halo or a tupay
telephone in a dish with three grilled sardines
I guess I'm just another soldier killed to guard the king
burn me to dust with virgin mary as my witness
and all I can say is those clocks are like liquid

this is the grand paranoia, the horizon's forgotten
this is the visage of war, where bullets fly like cotton
there's a face and a fruit dish stranded on a beach

let's play a solo on the the piano with faces on the keys
Rousseau's in the jungle with a lion and a gypsy
theres two pieces of bread but jesus' blood's got me
tipsy
he's got sticks holding him up his smile's crooked but
polite
and all I can say is this is what your hero looks like

shes floating away like a Chagall character
he's loading up the derringer, he's got some metal
bullets to share with her
there's a swan with it's chest blown out middle of the
desert
next to a skeleton boat with no captain and no treasure
there's a man breaking out of the earth like a blanket
picture it, paint it, curse it, then frame it
theres a tiger jumping out of a coy onto a naked
women's thigh
and all I can say is there's a rose in the sky

I want anti-gravitation and sub zero hibernation
I want magic and Vermeer and Velasquez's paintings
this is the unspeakable betrayal, realities a cuckold
I'm in a taxi cab with topless women hitting potholes
gimme my armor I'm the golden rhinosaurus
even though I'm on fire and my skins burning like
phosphorus
and all I can say is I said everything I meant
and all I can say is this song doesnt make sense

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