

Sonic Youth "Eric's Trip"

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I can't see anything at all
All I see is me
That's clear enough
That's what's important
To see me

My eyes can focus
My brain is talking
It looks pretty good to me
My head's all straight
My girlfriend's beautiful
It looks pretty good to me

Sometimes I speak
Tonight there's nothing to say
Sometimes we freak
And laugh all day

Hold these pages
Up to the light
See the jackknife
Inside of the dreams

A railroad runs through
The record stores at night
Coming in for
The deep freeze

Mary, a simple word
Are you there
In the cold country?
Your eyes so full
Your head so tight
Can't you hear me?

Remember our talk
That day on the phone
I said I was the door
And you were the station

With shattered glass
And miles between us

We still flew away
In a conversation

My cup is full
And I feel okay
The world is dull
But not today

She thinks, she's a goddess
She says, she talks to the spirits
I wonder if she can talk to herself?
If she can bear to hear it

This is Eric's trip
We've all come
To watch him slip
He's slippin'
All the way to Texas
Can you dig it?

I see you with a glass eye
The pavement view
A shadow forming
Across fields rushing
Through me to you

We tore down the world
And put up four walls
I breathe in the myth
I'm over the city
Fucking the future
I'm high inside your kiss

We can't see clear
But what we see is alright
We make up what we can't hear
And then we sing all night

Scattered pages
And shattered lights
See the jackknife
See the dreams
There's something moving
Over there to the right
Like nothing I've ever seen

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