

Brave New World

Michael Penn

Baby's busy hiding in the bassinet
wonderin' if the third world war started yet
I told her I was pulling up and heading west
she said she would have come but she was overdressed
so I sent a picture postcard of a midwest bank
she wrote me that she showed it to her new friend Frank
who noticed in a window on the 19th floor
a guy my age about to prove that man can't soar
and he would also like to know
if I could just check around before I left this town
for slow-mo footage of the tumble down so
This may not be my best day
but this ain't no golden age
You looked pretty on the freeway
let's drive into the brave new world. A van pulls up and someone offers me a ride
the driver lost the map and he was terrified
everybody whispering to save his pride say
"son would you be kind enough to be our guide?"
The driver yells "the one in back already tried,
but his memory is rusty and his vision tied."
glasses and a lubricant were by his side but
the tin man was inanimate, the lion lied
They did not want to see me go
but I did not want to be another muskateer
plus the gas runs out before the van's in gear
Please don't hit me if I do say
but this ain't no golden age
You looked so pretty on the freeway
let's drive into the brave new world...Buster and his company look good in black
they're looking for a way out of the cul-de-sac
tearing through the phone book and the almanac
they all have dusty noses 'cause they sniff shellac
they finally found the number of a matador
who rode up in a Beemer with a pricey whore
but Buster wasn't quick enough
he'd lock the door
and rode off sayin' he'd be back before the war
by then the night was falling slow
and I did not want to stick around and just look old

when I saw you pulling onto my soft shoulder
This may not be my best day
but this ain't no golden age
You looked pretty on the freeway
let's drive into the brave new world.

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