

# ulysses

## [Config.sys](#)

I went into twelve bookstores looking for Ulysses  
Mother, well, led me to believe, all my questions would be answered  
Now I have it here, sitting on the table  
Another word for the universe  
Loose green tea and a bonsai tree, an underground apartment  
Check my e-mail and wash my clothes while my rice is cooking  
Oh Jesus Christ, how I hate making phone calls  
So I lead a lonely life  
A waterfall from a higher place told me all about you  
The funeral of the man I was, told me not to doubt you  
Oh, what we could do with your dress up 'round your shoulders  
We could leave all our fear behind  
I went into the liquor store looking for a bottle  
Of my favorite Bombay gin, the answer to my problems  
But to my delight, the bottles were all taken  
Oh yeah, another hero's night

Lyrics provided by

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