

# Neurotica

## Adrian Belew

"good morning, it's 3 a.m. in this great roaring city full of garbage eaters ravaging parking spots beneath my plaza window...i see cheetah in their tight skins and tired heels, all-night h  
In the diner, crossing the street, swarthy herds of young impala, flambastic gibbon, even a struggling monza, and over there that brilliant head ornament on that japanese macaque...but look closely at the hammerhead hand in hand with the mandrill; it's a sight you're unlikely to see anywhere else on the planet""the stench and the noise, yes, yes...the howlers' resonating repertoire is not too bad when mixed with the more musical twern of the tropical warbler, but the impatient taxi blare, the squawking elderly ibis, and the glass-eye snapper hawking papers I can certainly live without...also be cautious of the poisonous boomslang laughter, social droppings of the fruit bat and purple queen fish...and who's that babbler conversing with a magazine stand? ...evidently he's getting a good reply..." Arrive in neurotica  
Through neon heat disease  
I swear at the swarming herds  
I sweat the foul terrain  
I rove the moving scenery  
I have no fin, no wing, no stinger,  
No claw, no camouflage  
I have no more to say"say, isn't that an elephant fish on the corner over there? look at that bush baby, mud puppy, noolbenger, rhinoderma, marmoset, spring peeper, shingleback skink, siren, skate, starling, sun-gazer, spoonbill,  
And suckers, they seem to be everywhere!  
Well, it's a live revue...random animal parts, now playing nightly right here in neurotica...so long!"

Lyrics provided by  
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