

Helena

Jandek

I see it says Pitchstone Plateau
Before I had a chance to shut the door
Helena you held no lies
Stolen from my youthful eyes
Captured in your fleeting past
Time is lost and I'm gassed
Air is thin you're very light
I saw young girls there
In your arms and in a dream
And when I woke I heard you scream
You said: "Where's this? What kind of place
Is dying in the human race?"
I fell down on the sidewalk then
Got up to drive away again

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