

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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