

Transitory Life

Laurie Anderson

It's a good time for bankers and winners and sailors
With their stories of jackpots and islands of pleasure
They keep their treasures locked in Iron Mountain
Locked in Iron mountain,
They're sailing through this transitory life.

They're moving through this transitory life. It takes a long time for a mouse to realize he's in a trap
But once he does, something inside him never stops trembling. And grandma in the pancake makeup she never
wore in life

Lies there in her shiny black coffin looks just like a piano.

She made herself a bed inside my ear.

She made herself a bed inside my ear.

And every night I hear

We're sailing through this transitory life.

We're moving through this transitory life. When the doctor says: congratulations, it's a boy!

Where do all the dream baby girls, those possible pearls, go?

Lorraine and Susan with the brown eyes

And lovely Irene and difficult but beautiful Betty

And tiny tiny Juanita?

They're sailing through this transitory life.

They're moving through this transitory life. Afraid to breathe, afraid to rise

We run and run in this transitory life.

Tipped off balance we fall like light

We land on water in this transitory life.

We fall like light on water and water turns to ice.

Everything keeps changing in this transitory life.

Everything keeps changing in this transitory life.

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