

Ed

Ice-T

Ed was at the end of his rope, an expression he detested
"There is no rope", he would scream at the laughing walls
There is only the end, no hope, no rope
Ending is better than mending
Doors of perception, windows of opportunity
These are illusions like the killing floor Ed spoke in a squeaky whiny voice
With perhaps a slight tinge of glee
But this was only because he couldn't be bothered
To try to develop a manner of speaking
That truly reflected his mood This is a vaccum, there is no air in this room
Despair is no fun anymore
Nihilism knocked three times on the ceiling
But the rosy fingers of dawn always inserted themselves
In the nose of unfulfilled promises Angels sang, "Heysanna, Hosanna"
Paralyzed prima-donnas danced in the streets all day
But when the darkness came, everybody went home
I was ready, everyone else was asleep And while it might have been a relief to see
That I was right all along
Here I am still, alone and trapped
Awaiting the endless end And I can turn it all around
And laugh at it and laugh at myself
I can laugh louder than the walls, the halls, the waterfalls
Louder than Charles De Gaul or Fulton Mall But I don't know what I'm laughing at
I don't know just what I think is so goddamn funny
I don't know why I don't just shut up
And give up and lay down and die "What do I have to complain about anyway?"
Ed asked his Picasso, "I'm a millionaire"
This wasn't actually true
Ed's Picasso was an obvious forgery His three Rothkos had just been singled out
In an article in 'Art forum' entitled
'The Three Most Insignificant Paintings of Mark Rothko'
And his Barbara Krugers had been irreparably damaged
By Rein Sanction and a few other bands from Gainesville
That refused to acknowledge the value of art "Come to think of it", Ed mused
To the laminated roadkill coffee table that he had purchased
When times had seemed slightly less bleak
"Come to think of it, not only does art have no intrinsic value
But my collection has no extrinsic value either" "I know I'm not a millionaire
But that's no reason to complain

There is no reason to complain
There is no reason to do anything""I don't believe in reason, objective reality or collective farming
I don't believe in public speaking
Which is another reason why I'm here alone
I don't believe in life or death
I would kill myself but I don't believe in suicide"Ed put on a red shirt and took a quick walk around the block
While whistling softly to himself
He reentered his apartment screaming
"There is no life on this planet""Jehovah One replaced all life with machinery five centuries ago
The so-called Industrial Revolution
Was just another hoax and we all fell for it
'Cause we were all programmed to, even I fell for it
I believe in the steam engine
Even though I don't believe in anything"Logical inconsistency is the Mr. Bubble I bathe in
Each and every evening, except for yesterday evening
When I roller bladed over to the Masonic Temple
To play pinochle with Pope John Paul the First
I really had no choice in the matter"Ed certainly could go on and on
And he did, and he would and he will
Until you or I or somebody does something about it
Senator Sterno of Louisiana
Announced over closed circuit television
And as long as he continues to pontificate pointlessly
I will do nothingEd walked away from the program feeling fortified and stapled
His brain was buzzing, the way it always did just after 'Jeopardy'
He loaded up the micro bus with atlases and poseidons
And headed for Pope County"I've had it", he sang, "I've had it with puns, alliteration
Russian literature, Italian neorealism
Meaningless cross references and laundry lists of nonsense
I shall drive without a license, without clothing, without direction""And if I make it to Arkansas, fine
And if I'm running late, if I'm running a numbers game
It doesn't matter, I shall keep on running""Yes, this is the answer, this is the ending, I shall keep on running
Because a body in motion tends to stay emotional
And it's better to feel, pain is better than emptiness
Emptiness is better than nothing, and nothing is better than this"

Lyrics provided by

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