Kerouac

Morphine

Kerouac, yeah, Kerouac
His words, the words, so many words just
All brothers of the same horn
Sisters of the saxophoneNotes, music, words, a melody
A quote, a figure eight, a figure
If you listen close to the drummer
It's like a mirror and you're invisibleLike you're in a back seat
No handles on the doors
Just a beautiful driver up front
She knows where she's goingKerouac, the observation machine
Caressing the most passing of scenes
With photographic love
Passionate photographic loveVulnerable as anyone knew
His memories pull shades up and down
Doors are knocked on, telegrams arrive
Every morning, something extra vividRemembering everything
Like a snatch of melody
A drumbeat remembering, mythologizing
So fast, all the time movingThe words, the words are drumsticks
Pounding out drum beats
Like a monk, like a monk, melody
With mistakes, yeah, mistakes and sudden inspirationsEdges, corners, explosions, convections
All fast through a slow motion landscape
Yeah, fast through a slow motion landscape

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