

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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