The Puppet Motel

Laurie Anderson

I live on the highway near the puppet motel I log in every day I know the neighborhood well. no about the residents of the puppet motel they're more than a little spooky and most of them are mea
Ey're runnin' the numbers they're playin' cops and robbers down in the dungeons inside their machines. cause they don't know what's really real now they're havin' fourth dimensional dreams their
S are out on bail now and real is only what it seems. and all the puppets in this digital jail they're runnin' around in a frenzy in search of the holy grail. they're havin' virtual sex. they're
N' virtual food. no wonder these puppets are always in a lousy mood. so if you think we live in a modern world where everything is clean and swell take a walk on the be side of town down by the p
Motel take a whiff. burning plastic. I drink a cup of coffee I try to revive my mind's a blank I'm barely alive my nerves are shot I feel like hell guess it's time to check in at the puppet mot
Oot up. good afternoon. pause
. oooo. I really llike the way you talk. pardon me. shut down.

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