Darkling Down

Walter Becker

Well, along in the twenty first hour
When the whole damn grid goes down
This is how a party gets started
In for a penny, in for a poundAll at once the whole joint goes quiet
And all the wavy lines go straight
One fool among fools is wondering
What happens if I die too late?Get back with your dime store nihilism
Big daddy's on a glory run
Gettin' down on the cellular level
Just in case I got to call someoneDarkling down on a darkling plain
In the dim dank night of the pissin'-down rain
Darkling down on the balls of his ass
While he prays and waits for the storm to passLemme show you where the good thing happens
It's a barbershop in Inglewood
Too bad we won't get past the bouncer
Sadly I've been banned for goodWell, there's a coffee shop right round the corner
The proprietor knows my name
Cup of Joe and a Vicks inhaler
Now you're ready for the big boy gameSteady son come seven come eleven
If either one of us can count that high
Muscatel if the deal gets dicey
Milk and honey in the by and byDarkling down, it's a damn disgrace
Going round and round in a very small place
Darkling down with a hole in his soul
That he can't explain and he can't controlFor the fun or for the money
For the fuck of it or just because
Listen friend, this is no damn picnic
But let's imagine for a minute that it wasWho will feast on this buzzard's banquet?
Who will render my heroic bust?
Who will choke on my lachrymose musings?
Who will eat my zero dust?Who will wear this puke-streaked tunic?
Who shall gorge on this cup of spleen?
Who will sing about the good, bad and ugly?
And all and everything in between?Darkling down, this is God's good man
On his hands and knees livin' God's good plan
Darkling down and we don't know still
When he'll come around if he ever willDarkling down on a zero-G dive
And we just can't say will the fool survive
Darkling down in a seven-G turn

Glowing like a coal in the after burn

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