

Philadelphia Raga

Peter Matthew Bauer

Honey oh watch it all dissolve
Oh honey there's never a reason
Oh honey He's an angry God
Smoking pot with Mickey Walker
Strutting round just like a flamingo
Oh honey its an ego trip I'm thinking about the blood and the feathers
Still sinking in the mystic sorrow
I don't know about the isolation
I'm drunk with John Wesley Hardin
I'm lying in an Easter garden
I'm not afraid of death I'm talking to his mothers mother
Can't stop talking about Sai Baba
No running from this ego trip
No standing on a soapbox baby
Even miracles come my way but
I don't see why miracles matter Spill the wine and run off the children
Let's go dancing on a Sunday morning
Sunrise and first white smoke
Oh honey He's so unforgiving
Oh honey I believe in love but
Oh honey He's an angry god
I'm thinking about Muktananda
I'm thinking about plays of consciousness
I don't have to be so bitter I'm thinking about your mother and father
You say you can never change them
Oh honey its an evil world
You say they never ever loved
You say they're about to come undone
Oh honey He's an angry God
Set sail for the heart of the madness
You say lets go run in the ocean
Oh honey I believe in you Lets get down with Mickey Walker
Lets get down to the 700 club
Oh honey I believe in you
I don't think it ever mattered
I don't think you ever thought it out

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