

Eric's Trip

Sonic Youth

I can't see anything at all
All I see is me
That's clear enough
That's what's important
To see meMy eyes can focus
My brain is talking
It looks pretty good to me
My head's all straight
My girlfriend's beautiful
It looks pretty good to meSometimes I speak
Tonight there's nothing to say
Sometimes we freak
And laugh all dayHold these pages
Up to the light
See the jackknife
Inside of the dreamsA railroad runs through
The record stores at night
Coming in for
The deep freezeMary, a simple word
Are you there
In the cold country?
Your eyes so full
Your head so tight
Can't you hear me?Remember our talk
That day on the phone
I said I was the door
And you were the stationWith shattered glass
And miles between us
We still flew away
In a conversationMy cup is full
And I feel okay
The world is dull
But not todayShe thinks, she's a goddess
She says, she talks to the spirits
I wonder if she can talk to herself?
If she can bear to hear itThis is Eric's trip
We've all come
To watch him slip
He's slippin'

All the way to Texas
Can you dig it? I see you with a glass eye
The pavement view
A shadow forming
Across fields rushing
Through me to you We tore down the world
And put up four walls
I breathe in the myth
I'm over the city
Fucking the future
I'm high inside your kiss We can't see clear
But what we see is alright
We make up what we can't hear
And then we sing all night Scattered pages
And shattered lights
See the jackknife
See the dreams
There's something moving
Over there to the right
Like nothing I've ever seen

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