

Eric's Trip

Sonic Youth

(Hatred)

(I hate the past) I can't see anything at all, all I see is me
That's clear enough
And that's what's important, to see me My eyes can focus
My brain is talking
It looks pretty good to me
My head's on straight, my girlfriend's beautiful
It looks pretty good to me Sometimes I speak
Tonight there's nothing to say
Sometimes we freak
And laugh all day Hold these pages up to the light
See the jackknife inside of the dream
A railroad runs through the record stores at night
Coming in for the deep-freeze Mary, 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 station
With shattered glass and miles between us
We still flew away in the conversation My cup is full, and I feel okay
The world is dull, but not today She 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 it? This is Eric's trip
We've all come to watch him slip
He's slipping all the way to Texas
Can you dig it? I see with a glass eye
The pavement view
A shadow forming, across the 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 and 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 dream
There's something moving over there to the right

Like nothing I've never seen

Songwriters

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