

# Eric's Trip (Home Demo)

## 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 think's 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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