

Neurotica

King Crimson

Good morning, it's 3 a.m in this great roaring city
Full of garbage eaters, ravaging, parking spots beneath my plaza window
I see cheetah in their tight skins and tired heels
All-night hippo in the diner crossing the street
Swarthy herds of young impala flamabastic gibbon
Even a struggling monza
And over there that brilliant head ornament on that Japanese macaque
But look closely at the hammerhead hand in hand with the mandrill
It's a sight you're unlikely to see anywhere else on the planet
The stench and the noise, yes, yes
The howler's resonating repertoire is not too bad
When mixed with the more musical twern of the tropical warbler
But the impatient taxi blare, the squawking elderly ibis
And the glass-eye snapper hawking papers, I can certainly live without
Also be cautious of the poisonous,
boomslang laughter
Social droppings of the fruit bat and purple queen fish
And who's that babbler conversing with a magazine stand?
Evidently he's getting a good reply
Arrive in Neurotica through neon heat disease
I swear at the swarming herds
I sweat the foul terrain
I rove the moving scenery
Arrive in Neurotica through neon heat disease
I swear at the swarming heards
I sweat the foul terrain
I rove the moving scenery
I have no fin, no wing, no stinger
No claw, no camouflage
I have no more to say
Say, isn't that an elephant fish on the corner over there
Look at that bush baby, mud puppy, noolbenger
Rhinoderma, marmoset, spring peeper, shingleback skink
Siren, skate, starling, sun-gazer, spoonbill, and suckers
They seem to be everywhere, well it's a live revue
Random animal parts now playing nightly, right here in Neurotica
So long

Songwriters

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CHARLES

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