

The Passage of the Black Gene

Elvis Perkins

I saw a woman
out in the evening
going her Mary way
up a city block
Stricken by a strange pose
bent out of shape
the pose of a puppet
master gone
Looking up and in
to a light across the road
she froze for a moment
then moved on
Dada da
dada da
dada da
When I came to
where she'd been
I looked around for a mirror
and found in its place a billboard
Beaming down a model
in the echo of her body
selling, no yelling, yelling
the black jean
And looking up and in
to the light across the road
I froze for a moment
then moved on
Dada da
dada da
Take it off of me
We'll live this way forever
I'll make you the fairest babe
that's ever been
Dada da
dada da
dada da
dada da
dada da
dada da

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