# Headtrip

## Jason Rubero

Driving down Main Street listening to David J
Gee it's good to be back home
Hand me that compass, I keep losing my way
Feel like a beggar at the Savings & Loan

Prince is overrated, Tom Verlaine is a stud
I love the sound of crashing guitars
Bill Evan's a genius, Bill Clinton's a dud
It's written in the blue notes and the falling stars

Miss America - she don't know what's she's doin'
I tell you all her psychics are blind
I just checked my watch; she's half past ruin
Hanging by a thread from cloud 9

Take my mind and let me overdose on poetry
Oh yeah, love's another form of model rocketry
(shoot me high)

I had a dream where Bill Gates was a peon
And Gerry Springer had his larynx removed
He lived off a mixture of spaghetti and freon
And was tagged with the beatitudes

All people are cretans, all people are kings
And suicide is just so sad
If we don't stop chasing all these glittery things
We're gonna lose the precious things that we have

Come down and drop your holy atom bomb of consequence
Trip me up and press me down into my circumstance

When I'm sad, when I'm lonely
Put me on a tether and fly me like a kite

I'd be glad, oh if only
You'd cauterize my reason and amputate my spite
My head is getting dizzy I think I'm taking flight

August in Montana, Martin Newell in my head

The sky made me feel so small
Then I woke up one day and all the leaves were turning red
And summer'd given birth to fall

The C.L.V. just told the G.B.O.M
That the J.T.S. ain't gonna sell
I thought I could escape all these acronyms
But I was just S.O.L.

Free me and let me fly blissfully into Avalon
Throw us a line 'cause our heels are dragging in oblivion
Start the minivan for Nirvana or the shopping mall
Sometimes I wanna say...

Lyrics Submitted by June

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