

# The Persecution And Restoration Of Dean Moriarty

## Aztec Two-Step

Well I can't understand what is wrong with the man  
Don't he know how he's acting was long ago banned  
Don't you think it's a shame, someone tell me his name  
If we let him continue he may get out of hand!

Look at him laughing and carrying on  
Like a hydrogen manic or an organic bomb  
He's alive like a child, so terribly wild  
He has way too much freedom so of course he is wrong, he's wrong yeah

Yes, he was born on the road in the month of July  
And he'll live on the road 'til he sees fit to die  
'Cause he learned on the road how humanity cries,  
How society lies, he sees with more than his eyes

Well look at him running don't he know how to walk  
He's just too damned cunning you can tell by his talk  
You can tell he is rude, like a typical dude  
If you want my opinion he belongs under lock!

One look in his eyes and you know he's unsound  
There's no way to faze him cause he's nobody's clown  
He's as deep as the sea and he's equally free  
That's why I fear him and hate him and wish he were down, was down yeah

Yes whether riding the rails out of Denver  
Or bumming his friends' cigarettes  
He's asking them all to remember  
Making sure that they'll never forget

So you're curious friend 'bout this man who I speak  
'Cause he tears you and scares you out of your sleep  
I am sure that you'll find, if you open your mind  
That it's you and not he who is really the freak!

Oh relax for a moment as you would for your hobby  
His beauty abounds in his mind and his body  
He's like the setting sun's hues, or the dust on his shoes  
He's living he's naughty, he's Dean Moriarty, yeah

Yes well they're riding the rails out of Denver  
While bumming his friends' cigarettes  
He's asking them all to remember  
Making sure that they'll never forget

Well he may ride down the road at one hundred and ten  
Exclaiming his thoughts about prisons and men  
He may tell you his dreams, maybe something obscene  
But he swears you been through him but you don't know just when

He's like the dancing gold prairie that will never be mowed  
Or the wind in the sail that's about to explode  
He's like fire and rain, bringing pleasure and pain  
He learned all he knows from the ways of the road

Yes, he was born on the road in the month of July  
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Lal la , La la, la la la . . . .

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Alright

Lyrics Submitted by MVC

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