The Persecution And Restoration Of Dean Moriarty

Aztec Two-Step

Well I canâ€™t understand what is wrong with the man
Donâ€™t he know how heâ€™s acting was long ago banned
Donâ€™t you think itâ€™s a shame, someone tell me his name
If we let him continue he may get out of handâ€¦

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

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

Well look at him running donâ€™t he know how to walk
Heâ€™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 lockâ€¦

One look in his eyes and you know heâ€™s unsound
Thereâ€™s no way to faze him cause heâ€™s nobodyâ€™s clown
Heâ€™s as deep as the sea and heâ€™s equally free
Thatâ€™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 friendsâ€™ cigarettes
Heâ€™s asking them all to remember
Making sure that theyâ€™ll never forget

So youâ€™re curious friend â€˜bout this man who I speak
â€˜Cause he tears you and scares you out of your sleep
I am sure that youâ€™ll find, if you open your mind
That itâ€™s you and not he who is really the freakâ€¦

Oh relax for a moment as you would for your hobby
His beauty abounds in his mind and his body
Heâ€™s like the setting sunâ€™s hues, or the dust on his shoes
Heâ€™s living heâ€™s naughty, heâ€™s Dean Moriarty, yeah

Yes well they're riding the rails out of Denver
While bumming his friendsâ€™ cigarettes
Heâ€™s asking them all to remember
Making sure that theyâ€™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

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Lal la , La la, la la la . . . . .

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Alright

Lyrics Submitted by MVC

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