

Peace & Love

Camper Van Beethoven

Restless, three days without sleep, his mind wrapped in barely perceptible haze, he continues east, shaking, despite the stuttering convulsions and near death throes of his endearing 1962 chevrolet. Storm follows him closely as it has for 3 days. in the pouring rain on the long dark highways he sees roadside casualty armadillos on their backs and owls and bats fly out of the his eyes into the inding horizon. Despite the solitude of his dear car he feels he is being watched by more than just the curious deer and west texas highway transients. at dawn, he begins to feel the first nearly imperceptible effects of the drugs taking effect. he crosses the border east into new mexico. there is now no question in his mind about the flavor of the coffee and the sardonic smile of the crusty over made waiter. As he's crossing more than 2 states at once, his watch stops. he picks up a hitchhiker, some young lady, but unfortunately, as he's been expecting, the car breaks down in an abandoned shanty town. Not only as brubaker. "just remember," she says. "i'm holding you responsible for all this" he cringes at the tone of her voice. a quick glance in the rear view mirror reveals to him the vision of 3rd unattached eyeball. a star of dried cream at the bottom of the styrofoam cup on the dashboard smiles at him and somehow, in her loneliness and boredom, her twelve-pack dwindling in the middle, he forces her into sex. The chevrolet temporarily fixed, they drift on and fall upon a small bar in no place specific. drunk by evening, she complains of morning sickness and by morning has noticeably grown in size. 2 weeks later, still heading east towards the holy angelic temple he has been envisioning in his sleep, she is 9 months pregnant. later that day she gives birth to their son. Born with gingham snakeskin cowboy boots and three umbilical cords he is within hours cursing his parents in some otherworldly alien language. and he mutters in perfect english in his sleep, whacking his mothers breast, his twisted utopian visions. she looks at him terrified and says, "remember, I'm holding you responsible for all of this. Left channel lyrics: Peace and love

Love and anger
Brotherly love
Brotherly love
I though I had something to say
But I forgot what it was
I'm gonna try and say it anyway
Too much ginseng
Makes me nervous
Organization
Shortened sounds
Too much ginger
Takes me over
John the baptist
Comes to mind
I've got to drive faster
The road is falling
In front of my eyes

I've got to drive faster
If I want to get homeIf I don't look where I'm going
[blah blah blah blah] I'm gonna get [blah]If I don't look where I'm going
[blah blah blah blah] I'm gonna get [blah]I've got to drive faster
The road is falling
In front of my eyes
I've got to drive faster
If I want to get homeRight channel lyrics:Too much open space
Makes me nervous
Too much ginseng
A [blah] wide open
Then a [blah blah blah] his face
Then a doctor [blah] fucking open spaces
Give some cowboys some acid
Many [blah]
Makes me nervous
Nothing seems right now
Too many open spaces
Yes wyoming
Makes me nervous
Someone ought to go up to wyoming
And open up some fucking open spaces
And call her some hotel rooms
And look at the turf in the open spaces
Don't say it's fattening
Be careful what you're doing
You can do anything
Yeah you can do anything
I said you can do anything
You don't know what you're doing
Or don't do anything at all
Because there are wide open spaces
[blah blah] and children[blah blah] horizonThey're on acid
They don't know what they're doing
So they can do anything
I wonder where those cowboys are
I wonder where those cowboys are

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