Ulysses

Wintergreen

I went into twelve bookstores looking for Ulysses
Mother, well, led me to believe, all my questions would be answered
Now I have it here, sitting on the table
Another word for the universe
Loose green tea and a bonsai tree, an underground apartment
Check my e-mail and wash my clothes while my rice is cooking
Oh Jesus Christ, how I hate making phone calls
So I lead a lonely life
A waterfall from a higher place told me all about you
The funeral of the man I was, told me not to doubt you
Oh, what we could do with your dress up 'round your shoulders
We could leave all our fear behind
I went into the liquor store looking for a bottle
Of my favorite Bombay gin, the answer to my problems
But to my delight, the bottles were all taken
Oh yeah, another hero's night

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