

Road to Utah

Pere Ubu

Follow the moon
Drive under the sea
Fiction is swallowing me
I say, "Here I am"
The sea is gone
Tide is pulling me on
Is pulling me on I hear 15 monkeys with carnival eyes
My head is full of spies
Nothing to show for
Nothing to choose
So, I follow the clues
I follow the clues The dark is a fiction that is swallowing me
I say, "Here I am but the sea is gone"
It's a trumped up tide that is pulling me on
I got nothing to show for and nothing to choose
I've got badly written lines and I'm following cues
I hear 15 monkeys and I wanna cry
"It's a dime store story with a Fortean twist."
I say, "Hey!"

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