

Everytime I Wake Up

Gerry Rafferty

Information Superhighway, crawling out around the world
You go your way, I'll go my way, I'm living in a different world
So much useless information, meant to stultify my mind
Stifles my imagination in this sea of humankind. Tomorrow is another day
But we are here tonight
Trust in our love and let it be Every time that I wake up, I drink the potion from the cup
And I awaken from this sleep
In the moment I can see, in the moment I am free
Every time that I wake up Cybernetic generation, all the little girls and boys
Virtual communication, playing with their little toys
Ritual without devotion, virtual reality
Sound and vision, no emotion, psycho babble apathy And now we're sitting in the sun
Love comes out of the blue
Trust in our love and let it be Every time that I wake up, I drink the potion from the cup
And I awaken from this sleep
In the moment I can see, in the moment I am free
Every time that I wake up When I'm lost inside the beauty of a melody
A window opens and I know that's where I want to be
Like the sound of falling snow
Awakes the magic in my heart Driving through Nevada City, on my way to God knows where
This old town, it sure looks pretty, I just got to stop and stare
Lookin' at an old church steeple, it's got stories it could tell
In a world of sleeping people, no one ever hears the bell Tomorrow is another day
But we are here tonight
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Every time that I wake up What (or who) is left out of the picture of the world we are in when the world itself is
portrayed as if nothing but "pure cybernetic processes?" And what haunts this most powerful of late twentieth-
century theoretical-fictions? The answer, according to Norbert Wiener, is the "evil" of chaos - the noise of
disorganized forms and the entropic erosion of workable boundaries between subjects in communicative
flux. Information Superhighway
Crawling out around the world

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