

Samurai Cowboy

Kurt Elling

You dig /everything in life / everything you've seen
Everywhere you've been / you have been thinking all of the time
Everything that's happened to you / has been made or construed to brood
At least passively in the life of the mind
You dig / memory is such / nothing gets away
Everything you touch / finds a place / deep inside your inner clutch
And it seems gigantic scenes / pouring in from your outer dreams
Wrinkle mental stuff in your own skully hutch
And once you think it / naught you can do to stop / you've simply got to cop
Nevertheless the thought can really wig you
Like sometimes I'll / go for a run / there's nothing I expect to run to
When all of the sudden the thought begins / a feeling like in my brain there lives an alien / And it gets funky then
Then I think / maybe I am just a little man in a space capsule
Riding 'round in a balloon / deep down inside my head
(Some big old giant's head - dig?)
I'm driving the running / the motion sequence of running and pushing and Pumping the oxygen deep in the
plumbing / sumping on to some-way
Some-how keep on moving the giant / keeping him pliant
Right now an arch-typical synap-tically of light / a firing anatomical hit
Is right now getting down / dig?
Shooting a rapid-fire sparkle-chemical in the atmosphere, here
& thinking that I'm thinking of thinking / only makes me think a kink
In a way / that only goes to cite that Descartes was right!
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