

Ulysses

Aireline

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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