

True Dreams of Wichita

Soul Coughing

Signal got lost to the satellite
Got lost in the, ride up to the
Plunge down
Man sends the ray of the electric light
Sends the impulse through the air
Down to home And you can stand
On the arms of the Waynesburg bridge
Cryin' hey man, "Well this is Babylon"
And you can fire out on a bus
To the outside world down to Louisiana
You can take her with you I've seen the rains of the real world
Come forward on the plain
I've seen the Kansas
Of your sweet little myth
You've never seen it, no
I'm half sick on the drinks you mixed, through your True dreams of Wichita
True dreams of Wichita Brooklyn like a sea in the asphalt stalks
Push out dead air from a parking garage
Where you stand with the keys
And your cool hat of silence
Where you grip her love like a driver's license I've seen you fire up the gas in the engine valves
I've seen your hand turn saintly on the radio dial
I've seen the airwaves pull your eyes towards Heaven
Outside Topeka in the phone lines
Her good teeth smile was winding down Engine sputters ghosts out of gasoline fumes
They say, "You had it, but you sold it"
You didn't want it, no
I'm half drunk on babble you transmit
Through your True dreams of Wichita
True dreams of Wichita Punch it
I got, uh, fed
I got, uh, too much things on bounce, uh, my head
I got to burn 'em up
I got to burn 'em up now
I got to go uptown, uptown I got a thing
I got a little bit pushed
Got to stand on the corner and bellow for mush
I got a bomb
I got a baby bomb bomb

Got to stand on the corner and bellow for my friend tomI got a thing, I got to thing it

I got to thing, team

I got to run my side

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