

# In The Kingdom #19

## Sonic Youth

They wereAaaah  
He did what he had to do  
He asked no questions  
He had few conversations  
The tar glistens in the noon heat  
He tread across the grass, up onto, and down off of, the concrete abutmentsMirage on the highway  
Ghosts in the tunnel  
The dark caveOut into the blinding light of day at breakneck speed  
Every bolt rumblingGlistening highway mirage groans  
The slick surface  
Careening into first the small mammal, and then screeching along the guard  
Rail, scraping paint and throwing sparks like sheets of pure terror for  
400 yards  
Over and overWith one final back and forth rocking motion coming to rest  
WheeehahThe beautiful paint job hopelessly marredSmoke and flamesAlright  
So nice  
He moved to the small creature  
Screeching whistles of steam blowing off  
On it's back, wheels spinning like a cinema classic  
The door sags open and a man covered in blood drops the three feet or so to  
The pavement  
The car still rattling and shaking as if with a mind of it's own, unwilling  
To die  
The man, 40ish, also after a time, an agonizingly painful period of timeIs also unwilling to dieSuddenly all is  
quite quiet there in the sunlight on the highway  
But what? what can I do?  
I cannot move, everything is about broken  
Blood everywhere, mixing with oil and gas  
What's moving, must turn my head  
Pain, white light, blinded  
Some guy there kneeling in the blinded mirage of white light  
All my strength to 'heeeeeeelp'  
Screaming now help me please  
He tried to tamp out the bit of burning ember which had lept from the wreck  
Onto his grimy coat sleeve  
Coughing blood  
What's happen?  
He's he's inching towards truth  
He strode of into the woods with the animal

It still lived  
He didn't glance back at all Still out ghosting the road  
Death on the highway  
Words crumble around me and fall with the weight of heaven  
I cannot move  
I'm beneath the great weight  
I cannot see  
My eyes are blinded  
I am in the darkness That's it {very low in the mix}  
In panic I forget it  
In despair I need it  
In my mind I save it  
In death I have it  
{then a bit louder}  
In panic I forget it  
In despair I need it I shouldn't laugh  
Hah hah hah  
Yeah really  
Oh In panic I forget it  
In despair I need it  
In my mind I save it  
In death I have it  
[Thurston?]  
Never gave a damn about the meterman  
I was the man who had to read the meters, man

Songwriters

GORDON, KIM / RANALDO, LEE M. / SHELLEY, STEVEN JAY / MOORE, THURSTON

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