Jimmy Tomorrow

The Waitresses

Shocked? Dismayed?
Or maybe just a little upset
Well, no, this isn't pretty
And yes, my hair was longer then
It's what happens when your choices
Are narrowed to fashion or violence
Adjustments, you make adjustments
There's nothing left wrong with me
That money can't cure
But I don't want to be somebody else's
Learning experience
Some rich kid's way to spend his allowance
I want magic in my real world
Some modern voodoo to make it work
Voodoo to make it work
I remembered what you sputtered
Chewing your stupid fuel
You said, you said, "The amplification of the eternal
Present is the technology of desire." Shoo!
I thought you were already corroded...
I said, "You don't know me, I'll be the one
Pulling that perfect crime, flushing
This place down that huge hole
When I quit cigarettes."
But, it was just more gas
We were all wearing falsies
...weren't we?
So I'll stop being clever
and just say it straight
I guess I set impossible goals
and I don't know when to quit
Is that it? Is that it? Is that it? Is that it?
[chorus]:
Found a cure for daylight yet?
Tom Tomorrow and Sermonette
Found a cure for gravity yet?
Yes, I'm addicted to roofs and jets
Found a cure for hunger yet?
Black coffee, cigarettes

Found a cure for desire yet?
I don't wanna talk about that,
I don't wanna talk about that
[repeat chorus]
I don't wanna talk about that
Why do you keep asking me?
[repeat chorus]
My goals?
My goals are to find a cure for irony
and make a fool out of God.

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