

Nov 77

Strange Room

Play in A

A

Just arrived in Friskie too late to be a hippie
 Took a look at the rookies, selling coolies, lots of sickies
 Weirdos on Laguna whistling something by Hot Lava
 Burned in feeble; colored people; Queen a shebble surely soon I
 Ducked inside a grocery store - whiskey, cigs in jerkey for
 Go down the street someone told me - Looked around - no one could hold me
 a Chinese with a growling beast, lost the leash - he came at me
 I screamed freeze in crossed the street; saw a door that I leaped for
 quickly closed it - someone knows it - What the hell I hear a bell
 Then gasp + gape cannot escape fumble fumble fumble fumble fumble fumble
 Doom doom doom doom doom doom doom - found myself in a strange room

Strange room, people dressed like witches, some had baggy patches
 Put me through stitches - Found myself in a strange room
 Oh mama get me out here - grabbed a little souvenir, a little superstone pt. fall
 I held in back through black cushions - sleeves were swathed in a wooden
 as I ran down the hall.

Past a hall of drum in gong in board for torture in for songs
 Past the alters of butses and past the temples of the cans
 Full of junk in bottles clinkin, full of paint in garbage stinkin
 the on full moons I gooo Dance! Found myself in a strange room, strange
 up past the window of the mopas - past the portal of the Boxes
 way up through the star gazing door To a garden of carven
 herbs for potions - weeds for potions 'n poisons to sell in the corner store
 climbing down to the balcony - Fall through window - dug out to meet
 ominous wooden with big feet, humongous hands but hidden feet.

Strange room -
 Screamed down the hall, tripped on a bell - a crowned lady tells me
 Don't disturb the Magic Tea - inside baldies on their knee.
 Run down the stairs and to the lobby - full of sandals almost get me.
 Dunks inside a door feel funny - hind me high priests counting money
 Run away and fall to level - at the foot of door with hands.

To a room where those with brains - turned and stared at my cold eyes
 Through a hall where some were reading esoterics for a meeting
 Drinking brews to craze their minds I left the souvenir behind
 and through a crowd of witches freaked - and just kept running down the street
 back in Dallas I fear to speak of where I went it makes me weak

There were as they filled with ashes - lots of gods guarding matches
 Oh yes just before I left town - I came back and I had a
 and when all were fast asleep - to the starway twist 2 paintings sneaked
 one a pale blue guru staring down on my flying breaking through white sea.
 and across from him I saw it - splashed across canvas like vomit
 I learned him lurch to here you see - for that was the ultimate heresy
 they'd come for me on their brooms - the witches in witches

I held in with my black and white
as I ran down the hall.
Past a hall of drum 'n gong in board for torture in for songs
Past the altars of buttes and past the temples of the cans
Full of junks in bottles clinkin', full of paint in garbage stunk
The on full moons I gooo Dance! Found myself in a string room, strange
Up past the window of the mopser - past the portal of the Boxes
Way up through the star gazing door To a garden of carnivals
Herbs for potions - weeds for potions 'n poisons to sell in the corner & low
Climbing down to the balcony - Fall through window - a goal to meet
Omnous wooden with big knees, humongous hands but hidden feet.
Strange room -
Screamed down the hall, tripped on a bell - a croutal lady tells me
Don't disturb the Magic Tea - inside baldies on their knees.
Run down the stairs and to the lobby - full of sandles almost got me.
Dunk inside a door feel funny - hind me high priests counting money
Ran away and fall so low - at the foot of door with hands
Scramble through and meet by towers of their sacrificial flowers
To a room where those with puns - turned and stared at by cold eyes
Through a hall where some were reading esoterics for a meeting
Drinking brews to craze their minds & left the towerer behind
and through a crowd of witches treated - and just kept running down the street
to our back in Dallas & fear to speak of where I went it makes me weak
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There were as they filled with ashes - lots of idols guarding matches
Worshippers wearing big patches and they all looked just like Agents
Oh yes just before I left town - I came back and hid around
and when all were fast asleep - to the starway twist & paintings sneaked.
One a pale blue quack staring down on my flying kneeling through white sea.
and across from him I saw it - splashed across canvas like vomit
had them then, I one brave favor - covered with wrapping paper
had learned it lucky to be here you see - for that was the ultimate heresy
maybe they'll come for me on their brooms - the witches in withies D&A
from the strange, strange room