

#79 (2)

Makin the Scene (from prev. book)

a giddy pretty baby's paintin' tablecloth in gray
 Mommy daddy's gettin' mad the brat is down it in
 Checkin' in a book to look at what to do bout kibkazo
 Uncle Stan's on the divan he's wiped out on the gin
 Betty Jo the family maid is sick & worried 'bout her wage
 Grandpa is off at summer camp but J.F. don't believe em
 Cause he knows it's just a scam
 The boy next door went off to war and died in a latrine
 Oh how they're now makin' the scene (repeat)

Funny feet out on the street go ploppin' onward in the heat
 To the back beat of the traffic's spastic rhythmic crunch
 The toes a goes a winks in some are painted others stinks in
 Some can tap while others talk back some are strapped in a bunch
 Big Joe says to littles - Watch out for the pebbles
 Here come the whistles - likewise stingin' nettles
 Hey footies flappin' foolies got the boys in shoes all green

a committee of shitty philosophers seeks for a sign or event that will give
 them a peek at some underlying reality profoundity
 a crasher of parties broke in from the street
 and disappointed in the festivities
 pointed and spoke with authority
 Not that and not that and not that and not that and not that
 Oh - oh what can he mean - their eyes to the floor
 and their hands on their spleens
 Nothing could be heard not a word
 Not a word a mumble issued unsure - then in what are we
 N T A N T (etc)

S'appen s'oppin' loadin' hoppin' croppin' s'ore she'd been
 In the metabolic circles of her overglown town
 When sudden bloody Jesus and some lead rush from their freezer
 are million round with Buddhas and the toast a the town
 Gothic creatures in Bermudas & ruins & spacers in garra
 Gods and devils helled and holley
 Little silver all rolley polley
 The team misted up her nerve and asked em what's the thing