

Tables untouched from the spirit
and limousines running upon my mind

in the starry morning where the moon has yet to show
through the rational light of my craziness,
madness flowing down your veins of imperturbable color,

god come on give me a hand

pass me the jam

split it on my face

make me a clown orange and white

give me an orgasm under the napkin,

and why you didn' t tell me that I' m
going to die?

