

AUSTIN TEXAS

The smell of Austin  
Is wind, dirt, car exhaust

Incense at the Flamingo Cantina  
Street corner coffee  
And playing drums at Ruta Maya

At 3 in the morning

Petrol barrels at Atomic  
Banging loudly to the rhythm  
Of nearby traffick

And that guy that pulled the rickshaw  
He can play a hell of a fiddle

Cops on horses

And barbouncers screaming at me  
That everything I could possibly want  
Is only a buck 25 & no cover

To which I respond "Muh Nuh Muh Nuh"

Holy shit its 530 in the morning  
Ive been out all nite  
Running around  
Sweating like a pig

In a steamy july nite

And I still have to drive home

But hey

That's what friends are for

02 august 1999