

"boys, this used to be called Gramercy Park.
Now it's the only tree conservatory in all of New York" -from the film Soylent Green

DISEMBODIED, DISCONTINUED

So im sitting outside reading the new bullet
And sometimes I look up and watch the traffick
Countless cars making roadnoise
 Tires rolling
 Engines dull humming
 And one guy drove by earlier
With that crazy mexican polka blasting

That damn streetlight always buzzing
 and only half on all day long. It should be replaced
how come no one else hears it unless I mention it first?

But anyway, the warm sweaty air
 Makes me feel good as long as theres a breeze

I look down the street and see the fresh green against the faded blue
And the trees remind me of how many forests died
 For our telephone poles and powerlines
Old wise trees, they'll be around for another thousand years
Only this time the forest is dead
 And rooted in asphalt and concrete

Theres a concrete jungle a hundred square miles
And the final sad blade of grass
 Has those red plastic ropes around it like a pathetic museum exhibit.

Everyone is hypnotised by the bluescreen eye
With long distance images
 telling them exactly what they want to hear
 Showing them exactly what they want to see
 Teaching them to look away from the world

The world with its aboriginal coaldust heart Isnt clean
 therefore we have to fix it
 With factories and cordless phones
 That give you brain cancer

Ask anyone what they think of it all and they'll say

"ITS DIRT! ITS JUST DIRT SUSPENDED IN THE ATMOSHPERE
REFRACTING THE GOD DAMN SUNLIGHT! GET OVER IT!"

21 july 2001