

Eric's Trip

Sonic Youth

[Lee]

{ Whispered: Achooooo Braaaaaancafest }

I can't see anything at all

All I see is me

That's clear enough, that's what's important

To see me

My eyes can focus, my brain is talking

It looks pretty good to me

My head's on straight, my girlfriend's beautiful

It looks pretty good to me

Sometimes I speak

Tonight there's nothing to say

Sometimes we freak

And laugh all day

Hold these pages up to the light

See the jackknife inside of the dream

A railroad runs through the record stores at night

Coming in for the deep freeze

Mary: a simple word, are you there in the cold country?

Your eyes so full, your head so tight

Can't you hear me?

Remember our talk

That day on the phone

I said I was the door, and you were the station

With shattered glass, and miles between us

We still flew away in the conversation

My cup is full, and I feel okay

The world is dull, but not today

She thinks she's a goddess

She says she talks to the spirits

I wonder if she can talk to herself?

If she can bear to hear it?

This is Eric's trip

We've all come to watch him slip

He's slipping all the way to Texas

Can you dig it?

(Eric says "The sky is blue...")

I see with a glass eye

The pavement view

A shadow forming, across fields rushing

Through me to you

We tear down our the world, and put up four walls

I breathe in the myth
I'm over the city, fucking the future
I'm high and inside your kiss
We can't see clear
But what we see is alright
We make up what we can't hear
Then we sing all night
Shattered pages and shattered lights
See the jackknife; see the dream
There's something moving over there, to the right
Like nothing I've ever seen

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>