

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/>