

# Clap Your Hands Say Yeah, Mama, Won

Invisible like all the reasons  
Dark and cold like all the seasons  
Things are not as you would have them  
I'm no man and yo're no woman

I guess I hope to see you sometime  
Though our paths will never intertwine again  
I hope you notice  
I'm no hare and you're no tortoise

And I'm touched by the same sad feeling of dread  
Just to know that you can't wait to see me dead  
An idea in your head and a compass in your hand  
On a mission to a foreign land

So now I'm out for political favors  
A salary that corresponds with labor  
Big house and a morning paper  
Good fences that make good neighbors

I'm at the end  
This here my rope  
Another year to write and read the book I wrote  
No dialing out  
For a good time  
To bathroom wall  
Toss it a dime  
Dead king dead swing  
Ali look out!  
We have new rules  
To do without  
You talk of Jesus  
Until I'm well red

The man is  
Swimming  
Swimming  
Swimming in my head  
Why settle down?  
Why even try?  
Me tiger mouth  
Meet bloodless eye  
So drop dead stock  
What hallen tree?  
I leave New York  
For other cities  
Which let me play  
With gas and fire  
Took out an ad  
Best friend for hire  
Know that Mama told me  
Never to come  
But I cam softly, slowly  
Banging me metal drum  
Like Berryman  
Bed-wet poet fears  
That better men drink taller beers  
Like scientist  
I lost my glove  
To bloody fists  
And harder drugs  
So split the night  
And we get young

Like sacred cow  
Without a tongue who sang a song sing  
"time does not cut deep but cuts most absurdly....."  
so la da dum