

THUNDERHEAD
FROM
THE
OUTSKIRTS
OF
INFINITY

After spending the last summer
of the twentieth century
smoking marijuana
& camping out in my pickup
in the presidio of
San Francisco California
Right By the Golden Gate Bridge
I suddenly Recalled that the
Legendary Blues Singer
John Lee Hooker had a club in
town called the
Boom Boom Room...
So I took my guitar and walked
Around town till my feet were
sore and asked around till I
found it...
It was a Friday afternoon & I
walked in and while very stoned
asked if I could play there later
that night to which request they
quickly said no
& told me if I wanted to play
there I'd have to get an Agent &
make a Record...
this was before I was even able
to write a decent song or even
sing or play very decent
so I look at it like they saved me
some embarrassment
back in those nowhere near
sane psychedelic Hallucinogen
using

**Wild
California Days....**

**I walked all the way across San
Francisco as the Sun set Golden
& got stoned with some hippy
standing in the doorway of some
old
victorian house
thru an iron Gate that seperated
us
just as the sky turned black
& he says "Hey man" as I was
walking by
"You Wanna Hit This?"**

After being completely stoned out of my mind for a few months in the northwestern Californian Giant Redwood Forests

& maybe losing part of my mind for a spell

I decided I'd like to see the world & on a whim joined the Army out of Crescent City while sleeping on pretty hippy girls couches and sometimes in my car.

& smoking alot of marijuana on the beach

I was just getting into studying Zen & Bhuddism at the time after discovering Jack Kerouac & the Beat Generation & feeling curious...

My Military orientation was up in Portland Or.

which I had to take a sunset bus into the night to get to & landed me square in the dark hours past midnight in the dark Portland Greyhound terminal where I strangely & coincidentally enough ran into A bhuddist monk wearing a pair of thick eyeglasses and barefoot in a traditional orange and yellow robe.

I walked up to him and stupidly asked " Are you A Bhudda?"

to which he put his hands together like he was praying and bowed a little bit while a bright smile lit on his face.

I walked outside to smoke a cigarette and noticed how cold it was in Portland

Oregon in the middle of the night for
there to be a barefooted bhuddist monk
just standing in the bus station.
I went back in and he had vanished...

Many months later
after I had gone off to the Army
& gotten discharged
& flown back to Texas,
I saw a picture of that Bhuddist monk in
A
magazine...
He was the Dhali Llama.

~!@#\$\$%^&*()_+=-

Music is Magic.....

**Music is from a world on the
other side of the world of
dreams,,,
Where
the old poltergeists roam...**

Summerland,,,

Old witches call it...

The sound of a parallel universe...

on the outskirts of infinity...

MISTY BLUE COUNTRYSIDE

**I faded into the light of the second
attention fully aware from the
smoldering ashes of a regular dream at
a crossroads in the deep countryside
where everything was blue due
to a heavy overcast enclosing the
entire countryside.**

**A blonde model-looking woman
I immediatley knew to be a witch was
reclining back in what seemed to be
thin air and gazing at me thru half
lidded glassed eyes. There was energy
emanating off of her and into her in
shimmers like heat mirages in the
desert or solar prominances on the
sun.**

**It was very cool like a misty mountain
morning, And i told her while leaning
over her like a lover that I could see her
energy moving like slow lightning & I
thought it was beautiful.**

**She spread her legs and told me
telepathically that I should excersize
caution while using the hallucinogenic
mushroom to acheive heightened
awareness & to use just a little bit at a
time & then leave it behind...**

**I realized in that moment that I had an
entire ounce of them I bought for use
while recording the Vocals on the
"Rollin & Tumblin" LP and also that the
witches legs were swelling up very
large very quickly and also that the 70's
Rock band Led Zeppelin
sings that the Big Legged woman aint
got no soul
and**

I woke up in the first attention with

**the sun floating just above the eastern
horizon „Golden & Orange,, on a cool
golden summer morning...**

Thunderhead Blues

**I went to my Apartment & wrote
a song after taking two showers.
The lyrics went "I never Die"
over & over**

& the guitar was Blues.

**Then suddenly A Giant Purple
storm came thru, &**

**the rain became very heavy &
the wind was Howling feircely.**

**I became convinced that I was in
a tornado & became very
apprehensive.**

**The lightning danced &
scorched across the purple sky
while the thunder
roared like a giant invisible
space lion.**

**It slowed & I stared out my door
down the street.**

**Two Girls had tried to pull out of
a dance hall across the street &
their car was flooded &
drowned under the water.**

**I wondered about the outskirts
of infinity in my mind & went
back to playing my guitar...**

First Stone

I remember clearly the first time I got stoned.

I was in High school & a friend of mine walked up to me in the hallway as I was leaving for the day and said "hey man" & opened up his hand...There was a joint in it. He said "smoke this at the Farm party tonight man" and smiled really big. I said "Thanks Man" and he gave me a Five and transferred the joint into my hand as if by Magic...

Me and Casey Jones went out to the Farm right after to get everything ready for the party, getting firewood for the bonfires & moving couches out of the barn & started smoking it. About halfway thru the joint I heard this music in my head that started speeding up really fast.

I laughed & laughed & laughed until tears were streaming down my cheeks. I started walking in circles in the barn around and around, laughing, stoned out of my mind.

At one particular moment I was in the barn & it seemed like one moment I blinked my eyes.....

**& when I opened
them, I was Way out in a feild of tall
grass out on the plains,,,,,
far away from the barn.**

**The title "Black Magic" comes from
this
incedent.**

**In the last years of the 20th
century I lived in my car at the
Hollywood bowl for weeks in the
rain and would walk by the
capitol records building & peek
in the front glass at night then
go walking down
the stars until the sun rose....
It rained all day all the time back
then so I'd just sleep all day w/
blankets over the windows
coolly and get up at sunset and
just walk around all
night on the stars readin the
names in the streetlights...**

Beautiful

Horrifying....

**Out on the edge
of eternity**

**Indescribable
Forces of energy**

Blues

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Hallucinogenic Blues

Mr.
Risin Sun

Free as an Eagle in the sunset
thunderheads,,,
happily single,,,
A Rolling Stone,
Sloughing off the moss....
The poor people liked me,,,
The street people,,,
the hippies,,,
the cowboys,,,,,
the Indians,,,,,
the mexicans,,,,,
but
some folks went crazy ...
...ruined every automobile I
owned at
the time,,,
Slashed tires,
cut brake cables,
metal shavings in the gas tank,
broken windows...
At one point (thankfully I was
travelling) someone shot out all
the
windows of my home...
All this as I Kept completely to
myself,,,playin the Blues

**I got the
Stoned in monument valley
Blues**

**My Light & Sound Energy
Got inside the nerve jelly
in the peoples skulls
and they went insane.**

I had a strange dream the other
night I was in this turquoise blue
room with full width mirrors like
the old saloons used to have &
these guys were sittin there
sayin "You're here man. You're
in your second attention."
I looked in the mirror & realized
He was invisible in the mirror.
The other man too...
There were cologne decanturs &
The new ones reflected in the
mirrors & the old ones didnt...
Anyways the dream flashed
& I was laying longways upon a
fireplace mantle in a golden
sunlit room with the curtains
drawn back fully
& the Rolling Stones in their mid
twenties were all sitting or
laying on the couch in front of
the Golden Glowing window
looking dazed & Mick says
"What?"
Matter of factly
to which I reply stupidly
"Im drinking water & I'm happy"

then the dream flashes again &
the Actress Julia Roberts is
crying to me
saying " help me take care of my
kids" & the dream flashes again
& Im free falling with several
other men strapped to
surfboards thru purple
thunderheads over the ocean w/
parachute packs on
& the dream flashes again & Im
standing in the parlor of this Big
Plantation era Georgia style
Victorian Mansion & Theres a 20
foot shirtless giant with a giant
tree trunk slamming it around
trying to make the ceiling cave
in and the walls tumble down on
me and the heat is radiating off
him in shimmers like a mirage
and it makes the air fuzzy to
see thru & I suddenly realized
the giant is me,,,
as I ran outside into the golden
dream sunshine & A Giant Bus
jumps over the fence trying to
run me over & woke up back
into the first attention.....

Time

**is believed
to move
in two directions at once**

**Forward
into the future**

**& backward
into the past**

Spinning the present moment

But this is not so

**Time radiates
in all directions at once**

into infinity

Ive Just been Floatin round the sun on
my
little stone of stardust & singin the
blues...
Yesterday was Friday the 13th
& a black cat crossed my path
& now Im magic....

Texas
A giant grey fog rolled in
& made everything strange
& surreal
a cloud city ,,,
silent drive
thru
strange
southern
dreams/hallucinations
Rain
Winding
Night
Roads
Gin
Taxi
Mexico
Naked women
dance around
&
sit on mens faces
underneath
flashing
red lights
An
Ancient
radio
tower
spin
slowly
hells angels

come in
San Antonio
small talk
Stoned
Leaving
Wandering
strange
mexican
dance hall
everyone
dances
in unison
hallucinogenically
bright
mariachi
music
neon
orange
night
rain
Dogs roam the streets
border crossings
Awake
Somewhere
in the
southern
mountains
Texas
Great
Grey
Big Bend
Dawn
Lost
in the desert

One night after getting very drunk on whiskey
Cory came by the house
w/ ...(the country music singer) Waylon Jennings niece...
They were both very stoned & kissing each other in the dim blue light of my kitchen..
We all smoked a joint
& then she suddenly had the urge to go all the way back across town to a party where she had left her ciggarrettes, so they went....
I waited up a while & decided to shut down for the night....
I woke up a little bit later to the sound of beer bottles being smashed on my doorstep & the sound of a very loud stoned chick screaming to be let in...
I let them back in & we stayed up & smoked joints and drank & she told us all about Willie Nelsons 4th of July picnics & passed out little blue pills which later I found out were her grandmothers Kolono pins,,(Waylons mom),, Who C. said I talked to on the phone that night and was angry about the pills but I cant Remember Anything after those pills...

I had this strange hallucinogenic blue stormy dream that the country singer Willie Nelson was hangin out around the city where I live & he wanted me to go out to this coliseum where he was going to play for some reason or another.

When I got there he was nowhere to be found but there were a bunch of drug smugglers from outer space loading these spaceships up full of cocaine & marijuana ready to blast off into outer space & they even let me go for a rocket ride on one & come back down...

Anyways,,,

I decided I would come back later & to bide my time I went out to the airport where (In My Dream) I had my own personal 747 or lear jet or some sort of big jet airplane & I would take it off and put it in a holding pattern on autopilot in giant circles and go back into the passenger compartment & play Rock

**& Roll into the electromagnetic
Radio energy beam recorders.
I'd take off & make my music up
in the sky.**

THE SECOND ATTENTION

The witches visited me late last night deep within my second attention...

I was dreaming I was in an An orange tile room in a strange airport that was kind of like a public suana bathhouse when the first witch came in and a jolt of energy suddenly shifted me completely into the second attention and everything seemed to solidify around me while the light gradient changed.

Everything was suddenly as real and as concrete as the everyday world... "Why are you turned off Barry?" She asked me as she dove into the floor and swam to me as the floor became water..."The energy is Here"... I said, meaning in the second attention,,, in my dreaming energy body...I asked her if she was a sorceress and she said yes and suddenly her face was right in front of mine & I kissed her lips involuntarily and she giggled kind of like a child...I complained to her that

she had it so easy as she was female & the poltergeists from the other world only have interest in males...Suddenly my perspective shifted and I was flying thru different airports all over the place.... London, New York, Los Angeles in the blink of an eye I had been thru all these airports when my attention shifted again and I was walking thru Los Angeles International and I saw myself walking to my Left...I had heard of dreaming that you were watching yourself sleeping in the second attention but I'd always heard that if you met your double face to face that you were dead ... I walked up to myself and said "who are you?" & I turned to my second attention & said "Im you,,, Dude" at which point I realized my hair looked funny on the other me and that I was in LA at a point in the future and said well at least look good man.... & started to comb his(my) hair as we walked thru the airport not even slowing down when my perspective

switched again and a jolt of energy paralyzed me temporarily... I was laying down on the floor next to the waiting windows underneath the chairs where people sit and wait for their flights and watch the planes take off staring up at the ceiling when a bunch of beautiful girls wearing short 60's style dresses gathered around me in a circle. I suddenly realized with a certainty that they were all witches (sorceresses) (Apparrently we were invisible to everyone else,,,, no one so much as glanced at us) They began running their fingers thru my hair & one said "look at his eyes"then another "He's so smart"And then another "He knows."then I was suddenly upright sitting in a chair facing the window when one in a yellow sundress straddled me as if to ride me sexually and wrapped her legs around me and put her elbows on my shoulders and gently put her forehead against mine as the

**sunshine turned golden behind
her and the airplanes lifted off
roaring & I woke back into the
first attention....**

STONED WITH CLINT EASTWOOD

I had just got back to my pickup parked near Fort Mason across the street from the marina grocery store in San Francisco where I woke up that morning not knowing where I was exactly but looking out my window to the Golden gate bridge and kind of grinning to myself how funny life is sometimes. I had gone down to Golden gate park on a bus after that & was sitting under a tree and letting the sunshine on my closed eyelids & just enjoying the warmth when theses hippies got me to open my eyes and proceeded to sell me a gigantic bag of Male Marijuana leaves that had been resonated in some weird pipe for like \$15... Anyways I just rolled and smoked this stuff all afternoon and got bored and went into the Grocery store to get a sandwich and a coke....There was hardly anybody in the store and when I ended up at the checkout line there was only one person ahead of me and hardly

anybody else in the store...I was
lookin at the tabloid magazines
and glanced up & the guy in
front of me was Clint
Eastwood,,, the most
famous western actor since
John Wayne...

He kind of looked at me with
this look in his eyes that said
"Don't mess with me."

So I just kept looking
at the tabloid magazines like
nothing was out of the ordinary
at all and checked out and had
my sandwich & coke and got
back to smoking

Marijuana in my pick-up....

So

technically I have been stoned
with Clint Eastwood
before,,,even though
it was just for maybe ten
seconds in a grocery store
checkout line in San Francisco
California in 1999.

LAS VEGAS SUMMERTIME BLUES

Last night after reviewing my album and eating maybe just a little LSD I regretfully paced the floor and spoke vain words into the air till I almost collapsed from insane exhaustion.

Everything culminated, All the drug usage, the music, my insane lonesome ramblings all mashed up into a little blackhole of antimatter and destroyed itself right there and Oh thank God in heaven man. What a relief to be free from all those meaningless details. I just sat there after I peaked and listened to the silence of the universe all relaxed and there was one lonesome fly buzzing around the room and I hallucinated it saying "you murdered all my friends" and crying and carrying on and I began to feel guilty for only a few days earlier I had mass murdered at least 100 flies all while giving them the names of everyone I was ever mad at and so on. I pretended I was a hit-man for the Mafia and my name

was Perez. I would always say some smart remark before I killed them like Robert Dinero or Al Pacino in their Gangster movies. I would get a real intense scene going & then proceed to kill all the flies. It was a very good vent for my frustrations at first but then I got carried away with it and had to go get drunk on champagne & cocaine with Felix & Emily who are secret Lovers yet are not so good at keeping it a secret. After getting royally stoned I went home & heard some giant voice from out in the Abyss out from the outskirts of infinity which is God or some indescribable force tell me "You are not to kill any Living thing at all ", and I went into a dream of making Love with beautiful women on Television.

I woke up & went to work as the sun rose. I had gotten a job working with the crop dusters & spraying the side of the fields where the planes couldn't go... It was a fantastic job, I got be alone in the

countryside and roll around and I got paid for it too... I enjoyed watching one pilot named Valter from Sweden fly underneath the Telephone wires and then swoop up high in graceful arcs to the clear blue yonder then back down again, dive bombing the fields with graceful precision. He would speak Swedish slang on the CB radio with an old cowboy named Coca Cola who always came up some witty remark about whatever nonsense was going on.... I had my assigned fields and my own truck so I'd just ramble around alone in the Lazy Golden sun that shines down the same old way all the way thru eternity until the end of time. I'd smoke a joint in my truck and just Laugh at how I was getting away with it & just roll around spraying the edges of the fields and watching the crop dusters zip around and daydream about Las Vegas where the summer before I had left after buying beer for the under aged kids of the son of the Famous drummer who

**drummed for Chuck Berry &
Dizzy Gillespie and
made him really mad even
though he himself was a raging
alcoholic and would drink
Colorado Bulldogs all
night and fall down...**

**The summer before that Me and
my friend Danny from Northern
California were living in a tunnel
underneath Las Vegas' west
side and would go hang out with
all the punks who would glue
their hair up into Mohawks and
Laugh constantly while me and
Danny were trying to be
Bhuddas like Jack Kerouac and
pretty much just being
homeless in the Extremely Hot
Las Vegas summer. We'd bum
change from rich people and
Danny would walk barefoot on
the burning sidewalks and
speak about women & rock &
roll and smile really big and
suggest swimming pools and
we'd just walk across town and
go find some secluded
apartment complex pools with
maybe big tree stardusters
shading us from the Hot**

sun and that's how we took
baths. We'd just jump in
swimming pools fully clothed
and Float around and
talk about the universe and
Rock & Roll and were just best
friends and considered
ourselves to be on our
way to enlightenment & infinity
& were free as Eagles.
After a day of such ramblings
we'd go down to the
strip which would just start
lighting up as the sun set, and
earn beer & food money for the
night playing our guitars down
on the strip while all the
tourists and gamblers strolled
by into the night. One of the
punks names was John and he
was a native of Las Vegas. He'd
lead the way and show
us around mostly being
sarcastic and sincerely sweet
he'd say "Its just a pair of dice"
making a play on the
word "paradise". With John
leading the way wed Ramble on
up into the Rich casinos like the
Luxor and the Tropicana and get
chased by security guards after
getting to the very top

where the high rollers would
order room service after getting
smashing drunk and eat one bite
out of gourmet chicken
sandwiches and hamburgers
and then set the trays right back
out the door where crazy kids
with glued up Mohawks would
hungrily devour the rest of the
meals like dogs on the
streets, only we didn't growl at
each other over the food...
We'd eat & fill up and after
evading security guards
stroll out into the dreamlike Las
Vegas strip and into the
bhuddist night with the Vanilla
cocaine moon and teardrops of
stars just Floating up in the void
while Danny was always
bubbling over with enthusiasm
like a shaken beer about
everything good in life and at
one point while screaming
"Rock & Roll Forever" at the top
of his lungs jumps up on the
escalator rails and rides them
one foot on each rail all
the way down which I copy him
and do too as tourists from
Japan stare in wide eyed horror

and Amusement and begin taking photographs and also draws the attention of policemen who who throw us back out into the night with the great summer rushes of people from all over the world, moving thru the lights like a never ending river of pulsating energy into infinity. The next day it must have been 150 degrees in the shade and some man gave us directions to a Catholic church with a big veranda and vaulted Spanish corridors and red brick walkwayed courtyard which was beautiful and made of white stucco and also mysteriously vacant. We rambled around inside into the kitchen & where we cooled off and I immediately began playing the piano and Danny found some wine and started chug a lugging it & it literally bit him drunk on the spot cause after that we walked to the Giant supermall down the street and Danny says "Look at those Girls" and proceeds to walk into and fall

**into a Huge Glass display case
of perfume which
literally cascades down into
broken bottles and the smell of
expensive perfume wafting up
into the aircontioning...
Needless to say, the
mall police arrested him for
being drunk And I went back to
California trying to follow the
Grateful Dead.**

**HANK WILLIAMS JR. & THE
GIANT
ASTEROID FROM OUTER
SPACE**

I had left rolling in a greyhound bus from Seattle after losing my job cleaning offices in the skyscrapers downtown & was headed for New York city to try & chase down my tomorrow. I dreamed of playing Blues in small clubs around the island for the rest of my life. I daydreamed I was Howlin Wolf & sometimes even Lightnin Hopkins & sometimes I'd bust out in a song. I fell asleep as we left & when I woke it was in a strange surreal otherworldly blue world that was Dark as night in what would turn out to be the Legendary Blizzard of 96. I looked out my window & a gigantic snow covered mountain that looked as big as mount Everest loomed to the south of the highway. I fell back into a dream & woke in Billings Montana where we were to be trapped all day & I took my guitar out in the Greyhound garage to smoke ciggerettes

and play and some hippy
looking guys joined me.
One said "thats cool Blues" &
said "Hey man, Look at this" &
brought out a brand new GLOCK
pistol. I told him he had an
Awesome gun and he
let me twirl it around my finger.
"I always wanted to play Blues"
he said " I just never found the
time"...We went and ate
breakfast at a diner and
commented on how beautiful all
the women were... All our
busses got re-routed to Denver
cause the blizzard had totally
frozen the roads
to Chicago...I caught my bus &
we rolled south for a while &
stopped in some small little
place in Wyoming
where we changed bus drivers
and I went in to a bar where
Giant sausage fingered Mean
looking cowboys were
getting Drunk and red-eyed. I
smoked a ciggarette & got back
on the Bus where I slept till I
woke up at dawn rolling into the
outskirts of Denver looking at
the strangest purple pinkish
moon I had ever seen...and

rightfully so because It was in
Full lunar eclipse at that
moment...We wound up pulling
into downtown Denver with
snowflakes falling everywhere &
I walked in & paced the floor and
got bored. I stepped outside
to smoke a cigarette & couldn't
get my lighter to work cause of
the snowy breeze so this girl
with pale blue eyes says
"monkey fuck my cigarette"
So I lit up off the Glowing
ember & told her it was
unladylike for a woman to speak
that way & smiled. We got along
famously & it turns out her name
was Mary Jayne and she was
from Indianapolis & wound up
getting on my bus to New York. I
was the first one on and
reserved the back seat for
myself so I could stretch out.
She & some guy from Portland
got into the seat in front of
me and we rolled east. I had
headphones & was listening to
the Black Crowes "Southern
Harmony & Musical Companion"
She came back & asked if she
could sit w/ me & listen & sidled
up next to me & listened to the

Record by the window while I
daydreamed till sunset when
suddenly she stuck her tongue
in my ear & made out w/ me no
joke all the way to Saint Louis in
the middle of the night where we
held hands & said that we
believed in Love at first sight
& got back on together & this
young marine who just got out
of the service was celebrating
getting out & had smuggled a
bottle of bourbon on board and
shared mixed drinks with us of
coca cola & whiskey while
telling us stories...Mary Jayne
had Kolono pins which were
little pills of synthetic opium or
somesuch thing and fed us
about three of them & I went out
like a light. She woke me up
in Indianapolis & said "Come
on" & I said "well my bus is goin
to New York City" & she says
"come on & just stay the night
w/ me ,You can catch another
bus tomorrow." So I did &
got to her Families house after
her her mother picked us up at
the greyhound station & takes
us straight to her brothers

hockey practice where her brother & his best friend smoke marijuana w/ me & Mary Jayne gives me three more pills & I become magically hallucinogenically stoned. We get back to the house & I'm shown to the guest room where I promptly pass out & sleep all the rest of that day & the following night. While everyone else has a pizza party upstairs, I woke to the cheerful sound of Mary Jayne's mother saying up & atem just like she was my mom & notice there is a coat of arms above the bed. Something like a knight's chain mail & helmet with two swords crossing in an X which I daydreamingly thank the gods didn't fall on my head & cut my head off. Mary Jayne rides w/ us to the station while her mom grills me w/ questions about my plans for tomorrow & to my surprise & amusement says that she thinks music is a Great way to make money. I arrive at the step of the bus after thanking her mother & she throws her arms around my neck

yelling "Thank you for coming into my Life!" & kisses me goodbye with me feeling like a million bucks & change. I woke up in Philadelphia sometime later in the bitter cold where we changed drivers and bang on thru the night till I wake up at dawn w/ my head resting on the vibrating window & the engine growling in my head & the Manhattan skyline of castlelike skyscrapers outlined by the prettiest pink sunrise. We got over the river and I got out to go in the station and everything smelled like diesel fuel & the terminals all covered in little red tiles. I get all my stuff & take one look in my pocket & realize I have like \$100 left & am horrified at the prospect of being homeless in this city & decide to buy a bus ticket back to Texas so I can go get stoned w/ my freinds and play Blues..."I just wanted to introduce myself in person New York" I said to the still Blue streets of dawn & smoked ciggarrettes and paced daydreaming I was a Tiger in a cage while a homeless bag lady

Glared at me w/ angry eyes & when I asked her the time shot me the bird & told me to go to hell. Well anyway time rambles by & I catch my bus back down south & cant remember anything about anything probably recovering from being so stoned in Indianapolis & crazy New York city that Im incoherent until I wake up & its nighttime & the Bus drivers yelling "Nashville Tennessee!" at the top of his lungs. We have a layover of an hour in which I find myself outside in downtown Nashville smoking cigarettes & pacing & looking up at the starry night sky which is amazingly clear. At one point Im looking up & no joke look down & There stood the country singer Hank Williams Jr. Towering next to me & He was Drunk...on Whiskey.... "Do I know you?" he said "Naw, Im just rollin thru" Says I "Well do you know who I am?" he asked kind of soberly" "No" I says Then He smiled and says "Good" He started pointing up in the sky and tellin me there

was a giant asteroid headed for earth & its name was woodworm & that it was going to cause the end of the world when it hit. He was very serious about it and kept tryin to point right at it and have me see it down his arm as if I were sighting down a rifle. We parted ways after shaking hands & I rolled out of Nashville with the smell of whiskey in the breeze & wondering about the end of time....

Sure enough....Not that year but the very next year A comet named Hale – Bop got very very close to the earth & you could see it in the sky for weeks & sometimes when I saw it, if I wasn't thinking bout some girl who was makin my heart ache & feel all stoned,,,,,

I'd think of Nashville.

FRANK SINATRA ORANGE

I was in Orange county on Chapman BLVD. & was camped out in my pickup in the parking lot of a temp Agency I had found work at after having tried to follow the Grateful Dead from Las Vegas to LA & broke down in San Bernardino & rambled & banged around till I was pretty much gone out of my mind. I just worked the little jobs around town they would give me mostly at factories & warehouse or moving furniture & I would just dig the southern California sunset evenings and bang around Orange in my truck or walk up & down Chapman BLVD & eat tacos or chili cheese fries or pizza slices & drink Ice tea & swim in motel swimming pools when nobody was looking. I was walking down the Avenue when An older woman with smeared lipstick informed me on her life story which was Micheal Eisner (who owned Disneyland) owed her something like four hundred and sixty seven kajillion dollars. I looked at her smeared lipstick & shopping cart & knew at once she was living on the street & wondered how she could be so sincere if it werent true. I reminded myself that it is a very crazy world and said a little prayer for her and rambled on. I was bangin around this little mall area that had a bar & tattoo parlor & decided to chat w/ the artists in the parlor who told me that you go thru hell to become a tattoo artist & talked about the Blues & smoked. I went into the bar & A very drunk older

woman tried to hit on me & take me home when I had only drunk maybe four beers & then when I say what the heck whispers in my ear "you don't mind if I have venereal disease do you?" and smiled really big & crazy & this man who looked like a movie star suddenly broke into the scene and introduced himself to me as Captain Blood & asked me to come with him to see one of his movie theaters that he owned. Later he told me that he was just trying to save me from the crazy woman who he actually knew & didn't think too much of. I thought he was joking about owning movie theaters but we got downtown in Orange & we walked up to the front of this dark movie theater & he opened it up with a key & turned on all the lights and told me all about hollywood & the film project he was working on with soundtrack musicians and I was astonished. There were red velvet curtains & Giant silver screens & I thought that maybe he was a movie star (I also became a little afraid not knowing why he had taken the time to show me these things and becoming a little bit suspicious). He then took me to an All night Diner and proceeded to tell me that he thought I was a revolutionary & a visionary & bought my breakfast at two in the morning. At some point he became grumpy telling me "Man you just got to make it man." "If you're not going to do it for yourself then do it for me or for the moon or whoever but just make it".

Needless to say we were both extremely drunk. He seemed frustrated w/ me and said "I dont know man, this is where we part ways," and left me out in the night...the next day I woke up in the cab of my pickup out in that parking lot and this good looking chick is rollerskating around & listenening to headphones out in the back lot under the trees. I get out and smoke and look up in the sky & this old fashioned propeller plane is up in the sky right above me & as I watch astonished it writes the shape of a heart in the sky & then the initials F.S. plus some other letter .S and flies away. I just stood there looking at it stoned by the sight of it. Later on after I found this writing of my time in Southern California, I had just happened to be readin a book by Frank Sinatras Daughter who, in the book described the exact date & place in southern California in 1998' where I was homeless at the time.... Mr. Sinatra had hired the Pilot to write the valentine in the sky for his daughters birthday & I was standing right underneath it....

BLUES FROM THE OUTSKIRTS OF INFINITY

It started raining as I approached El- Paso & kept on till I Got into the mountains. I travelled thru the sunset into the darkness. I raced past a crowd of ghosts in the night, Haggard looking strange men just walking as if in a dream thru the New Mexican desert. I slept out in the desert in my car.... When I woke the sun was Floating Golden in the blue sky & I was stoned. I wound up in Albuquerque crazy,,,smoking cigarettes while speeding down the freeway. I spun out of traffic & headed for Santa Fe & got there in the sunset. Got a motel room & felt like an outlaw for a while then took a shower while singing the Blues. Stayed up all night watching Movies on the Television & woke up in a Rose colored sunset. I bought cold beers and went downtown & got drunk & smoked cigarettes All up & down San Francisco street. I walked to the Old church & smiled. I walked thru the parks w/ street people Laughing. I walked down the street while Indians played Flutes & space music as the twilight descended thru the stardusters of the trees. Suddenly I saw a door & I walked thru it into a beautiful cobblestone courtyard

with a Giant umbrella & a fountain
& trees that were raining red Flower
petals gently all around me. People
applauded in some pub & Jazz
music was on the breeze. I laid
down on a stone bench & watched
little birds pulling flower petals
off the trees. I didnt move &
became part of the scenery. I
imagined it to be the perfect
Graveyard & that I was dead
while pretty little birds dropped
flower petals on my face while the
twilight turned Orange. I got up
feeling Enlightened. I had a buzz
from the beer & started feeling like
an outlaw Again but a pretty girl at
a bus stop diffused my senses w/ a
smile. I walked down the red brick
streets in a strange otherworldly
golden twilight & bought a bunch of
Tacos & went back to my motel
room where I fell asleep w/ my
guitar in my hands. In the morning I
turned in my key & left, hoping to
take a shortcut up 126 & cut over to
Route 666 just past Farmington.
Turns out it was just an old
mountain road w/ a sign that says
"unpassable in winter months" but I
went crazy & tried anyways. I got
about 30 miles up in the desolate
mountains & got stuck in shin deep
Red Clay ice slush mountain mud. I

got out & smoked & walked in circles in the snow. I devised stories in my mind about surviving in the wilderness like a caveman. I daydreamed for hours & suddenly a herd of wild horses galloped across the creek & I ran after them, thinking what a great story it would be to catch one & ride it back to civilization by the mane. They ran away into the mountains. I got all turned on thinking about women & making love in the mountains when this drunk guy drives past in a 4x4 & says he'll send somebody to haul me out in a few minutes like it was nothing. I had been sitting there for hours.... Finally a mountain man came by & hooked chains to the car & told me about his wife & kids & looked dishevelled as I handed him \$20 & said goodbye. Somewhere between there and Farmington I found a Nudie magazine on the road. It was a Brand New shiny Hustler magazine w/ every kind of harlot in the world just sittin naked & pretty & shinin heat onto me. I rocketed down the road & got turned on looking at it. I stopped just before Farmington & got gas & hotdogs & a Rolling Stone magazine...I stopped & got a motel room & slept & shot out onto 666.

There is really something so Devilish about that road. the scenery is strange. Outside of Shiprock theres an otherworldy Giant rock that looks like an ancient Ruin of a castle that was carved out of a mountain. It stoned me. I passed a front end loader dumping Tons of dead sheep into the trailer of a semi-truck. I cruised straight thru Colorado into Utah where it started Raining & I sang the Blues For miles & miles until I got to Idaho. At this time it was 1997 and there was this comet named Hale Bop that was just jivin right close to Earth. If you looked up into the sky, you could see it in broad daylight All Majestic,psychedelic & Twinkling. I stared at it,stoned, thinking of this mass suicide this bizarre cult had committed in Southern California at this place named Rancho de Santa Fe. Apparently the cult leader said there was a spaceship behind the comet & you had to kill yourself to get on-board, so they all killed themselves in brand new tennis shoes & tried to catch it.... I fell asleep in the countryside & woke up & drove clear all the way to Portland OR. all along the beautiful majestic Columbian River.

I called my Friend Russel & went to his apartment & got stoned & drunk & played the guitar a little bit as the sun set. Russel called Archie on the Telephone who bust in the door looking like John Lennon w/ a cowboy hat & disco danced across the Floor holding his hand up for a high-five Sayin "WhaaasaauhP Scare" & smiling like the Devil. Russel busted out his stash & we all got stoned again & called to Girls on the street & Glowed. Archie & I left & got in his car & smoked & agreed it was High Times & Rock & Roll Forever. I walked in & let the light into my mind. It was so plush w/ Salvador Dali's on the wall & Archies wife Amy sittin on the couch. Archie went & got his bong & practically made me take a bong hit so huge I almost coughed my Lungs out. I became stoned,,, very very high...It was almost hallucinogenic & dreamlike when all the sudden Archie came back in & blew out the oil lamps like a magician & said Goodnight & left me in utter darkness.

SEATTLEITE BLUES

One fine day in Seattle, I decided to go out & Find some Northern Lights & wound up in the U-District Where a Strange man with black irises Sold me an Entire Eighth of Hallucinogenic Mushrooms for fifteen dollars. I ate them like snack food on the busride back to Ballard where I was going to drop by & visit my Aunt on my way back to my Flat. I talked to her a little bit & Ate some more right in Front of her which she didnt seem to notice a bit. I got back home & it was a Late Golden Sun Afternoon. I opened the door & the Floor started coming up in waves & I started Laughing. It was such a heavy buzz I could almost hear it, Feel it, vibrating, humming into the walls & things. I began playing a Rock & Roll tune on the Guitar & Blues Harp & decided to just catch a bus Downtown & make some ciggarette money at Pike market. While waiting for the bus I Gave some chick a flower & told her she was beautiful &

she smiled & said thank you & It stoned me...

I got downtown & The Afternoon got more & more Golden as I became more & more stoned. I kept on playing some blues. A small crowd gathered & Applauded Which I experienced as A wave of Numb pleasure that passed thru my body like a slow motion shock-wave of energy. A barefoot woman cut the Flowers out of the Flowershop for the day as she closed the doors & layed them in my case saying "Keep playing for Jesus". I think she was with the Dead. I rode home still smiling & headed back out to Ballard Dennys where I met up w/ the Dennys crowd where we all decided to go to the beach & Drop sanskrit LSD & make huge bonfires in the blue Twilight.

We smoked & walked all over Town All night long. One of the dudes from Northern California had this ukelele he had found & I tuned it to an open tuning & played it all night long as we

walked. It was giving me chills. I took it as we were crossing a bridge & used the hand rail as a bow & made some strange space song as the sun began to rise, sliding the strings over it upside down. I was 18 & out of my mind Everything was Magic....

I ended up deciding to Fly back to Texas & I dressed like a hippy Rock Star in bell bottoms & psychedelic button-ups I got from a vintage clothing shop downtown . I convinced this beautiful Devastatingly gorgeous Blonde stewardess that I was a Rock Star & of legal Age & she sweetly served me whiskey after whiskey until I was Drunk at 30,000 feet up in the clouds....

(((((((((*))))))))))

After trying to Follow the Grateful Dead from Las Vegas to Los Angeles & my car breaking down in the desert, I wound up in San Bernardino. I woke up in the starduster canopy of this tree again w/ hot beams of cold sunlight floatin down over me & making Everything Look Blue. I got up & went into the Bowling Alley across the street where I spent the Last of my money on an orange soda. I walked down Highland Blvd. & these two beautiful black chicks winked at me so I asked them where I might go swimming. They directed me to a school where all the locals would jump the wall & swim outlaw style. There were two dudes named Joe there who were supposedly brothers. The first one told me he had a \$25,000 Record contract w/ Atlantic Records & that I should start gigging LA so I could get signed, The second one told me that all the Hells Angels had made it with

his Ma while he was still in the womb and that now he is accepted by all the Hells Angels and has their protection. We swam & swam. San Bernardino was on Fire that summer. The mountainsides were either black or burning. Floating in that water was heaven. The other Joe stated talking about shotguns & robberies & I asked him if He'd ever been on a Robbery. He said yeah, all non-chalant & said he'd killed dozens of people. Then he started playing like he was spiderman & shooting the other Joe in the chest. They kept playing, we all had a good time. I asked how you get into the Hells Angels & young Joe tells me to either get tattoos all over my arms or get drunk at every bar in southern California. The Older Joe then said you have to let the entire gang hit you in the face & never hit back. I said " I'd rather be w/ the Grateful Dead" then everyone got quiet & we left. they said we might meet again later & went their seperate way. Those two pretty black girls walked by again & asked if I'd

had a good swim. I said "yeah". She said I should've waited for her so I told her we could go again so she told me to wait right there for her to change & come back which of course she never did. I went & got a microwave Lasagna w/ food stamps and ate it while this homeless man keeps telling me how he always forgets to eat cause he's always fixin on heroin. I went back to the Bowling alley & hung out as the sun set. I woke up in the starduster & walked all the way across town While hookers made catcalls at me & the sun glowed hot. I went into a pawn shop & played Guitars for a spell then walked on smoking & feeling strange. I walk past this Gym where this weightlifter guy is crying about how a baby bird chick fallen out of its nest & how humanity hardly has any heart left. So i picked it up & climbed this palm tree & put it back in its nest & the weightlifter dude was all choked up & appreciative. I the went in a tatt00 parlor & Talked to the pretty Redhead

receptionist about Rock & Roll & spirituality till I got bored and left. I walked on down the line & went into this secluded convenience store at the exact moment it was being robbed, a very angry black man & the Indian clerk were fighting over the counter for about 45 seconds and the clerk fought him off. He called the police while checking out my popcorn & soda. I went out in the empty parking lot and ate while the sun began to set. This older lady came around the corner & puked all over a bush & walked over to some man all happy. I found a salvation Army and they let me in for the night. I met a pitch black man from New Orleans who was a professional piano player & I told him I knew a girl from New Orleans who was a witch. Then he rambled into this long story about how he and his freind had gone into this parlor in New Orleans and met this witch who told them that she used to be a bad witch. Then she pulled a giant foot long worm out of his ear & scared

him half to death & made them run as fast as lightning thru the graveyard to get away. He said there was snakes crawlin everywhere & skeleton heads & incense. It was weird. Later he started giving me advice on how to get by. He told me I should move to Hollywood & pretend to have a disease & they would start giving me everything for free. He told me all the details and how to go to a mental hospital and act crazy so they'd give me free money. He even acted out how I was to act & jumped around wild eyed & crazy. We smoked & tired out & slept. I woke up at the break of dawn the next day & left the shelter & tried to report my car stolen cause I couldn't find it anywhere & this lady cop gets all Furious for no reason and says "Dont you ever, EVER file a false police report w/ me because Im the kind of bitch that'll haul you in" & her face started twitching cause she's throwing out all these intimidation tactics & Im standing there with this crazy

grin on my face fantasizing
about sitting down to a
loveley dinner with her & theres
cheezy porno music in the
background & a disco mirror
ball shooting dots of light
everywhere spinning & she's
grinning at me over her wine
cause she's drunk, then it
cuts into a scene where we're
riding in her cruiser down some
desolate road & I say "You
wanna do it?" & she says "sure"
& screeches the car to a halt in a
cloud of dust on the side of the
road moaning loudly.
Everything was so Satanic.
I walked across town to a park &
talked to a guy who was in Love
with a Rainbow colored Parrot
bird & gave me a ciggarrette. I
ended up sleeping on the
rooftops of office buildings &
now I got Blues. I went to the
tracks and tried to catch Trains
but they were moving too fast. I
went hitchhiking up the highway
and singin the blues & my only
ride was a Highway Patrolman
who dropped me off in the
middle of nowhere. I walked

thru the desert till I found
Railroad tracks again & tried
catching a train again but the
engineers kept speeding up so I
couldnt get on. I got mad &
called God an Asshole & now I
got Blues. I walked up to this
weigh station where this cop
wont tell me which precinct has
found my car & says after 30
days they can sell it &
totally doesnt care that Im
homeless and starving out in the
desert. I keep on the road where
I get my one ride to I-10 from A
guy named Carlos who tells me
Religion is for the weak & I
should join the marines. It was
like he had ESP & knew how I
felt. He gave me \$2 and let me
go at a truckstop. I slept in some
weeds and woke up crazy &
singing the blues. I bought
an overpriced peice of extremely
bad pizza and was eating it
When I saw this dude tryin to
bum a ride to San Diego then
bum a boat ride in Mexico
down thru the Panama canal and
from there on to Europe. That
gave me bright ideas so I started
trying to bum a ride from all the

truckers and eventually got one from a seven foot tall Giant from Texas who said he'd pay me \$900 a week to unload cargo for him & that he had a daughter who was about my age & beautiful & if she ever got into the truck w/ us he expected me to make Love to her then & there. When he pulled in to stop I told him I had to make a call & proceed to ditch him cause he seemed legitamately crazy. I was in Ontario by then & I took a bath fully clothed in an Apartment complex pool for a while as the sun went down. I had just gotten out & was walking dripping wet past a movie theater parking lot not even two blocks away when I heard a shot. The shooter came flying around the corner at high speed so I casually jumped the nearest fence where there was no joke a snarling black bull mastif running toward me with equal intensity so I jumped right back over. The shooter was gone. I went over to the parking lot where A man was crying on the phone to the police

about his friend who had been shot when the wounded man was driven up beside us at the phone and got out & lay down at our feet. He was wearing a white t-shirt and the entire front was Red w/ a little bullethole right in the center. He kept fainting and they'd wake him up & he'd spit this awful yellow stuff out trying to breathe. The police and Ambulance came & made me hold the IV drip while the choppers spotlighted the Area. I had to file a police report and be a witness but I had only heard the shot so they let me go. My car was towed to Apple Valley Where I found the Mountainsides were on Fire & a bunch of old bikers from the 60's were telling me to Fight when the End came. They said it was just like starwars the way things was happening. Then a bunch of their kids started tryn to hang around me so I Told them that I owned the whole universe & would sell the planet Jupiter at rock bottom prices. They half believed me

& left me alone.

Buddy Holly Blonde Girl Black Angel Blues

I was extremely bored & was fiending for some clove ciggarettes & a road trip so I decided I'd go to Lubbock & see the Buddy Holly statue & just dig around. I went & found this real gone blonde chick who had some marijuana & decided she would accompany me. So we just drove & smoked & got really stoned all the way to Lubbock & went to record stores and got stoned & ate hamburgers & smoked the Djarum Cloves I had bought & then Turned homeward & headed back towards Midland. We got about halfway between & started smoking the marijuana again & decided it would be cool to take the back country dirt roads & see the countryside when after about a half hour out in the middle of absolutely nowhere w/ no houses or tractors or even lights on the horizon as the sun set and turned red,,, we got Stuck to the rims in country rain mud,,& could not budge... The sunset deepened into a dark

almost ephemeral Red glow &
just as we were going to start
walking aimlessly for help,,,,,
Two huge Giant Black men
walked out of the brush,,,,,
glowing almost. There was
something about them that was
almost hallucinogenic, Like they
werent even Human..The first
one walks up in eerie silence the
whites of his eyes glowing in the
twilight, "Are you stuck?" he
asks "Yes" I say, and w/out
another word he motions
for the other to get on the front
bumper while he goes to the
back & litterally, I am not kidding
at all, w/ God as my witness,
picks the car up physically out
of the mud vertically, not even
straining or making any kind of
hint at exertion at all & casually
walks it out of the mud & puts it
on dry earth road as the Red
Twilight starts turning black &
blue. We stoned & astonished
say "Thank you" in unison, to
which the men, who have
become just shadows say
"You're welcome" and walk back
into the brush and dissappear in
silence w/ the crickets singing.

**The whole way home the Blonde
girl kept giggling and saying
"Those were Angels", over &
over again. All while I smoked
up the rest her Marijuana &
pondered infinity....
stoned out of my mind....**

**Late 20th century
Texas**

I was walkin down the street & a bum named Earl bummed 35 cents off of me and five cigarettes. He hung on me so I invited him back to my flat where I gave him all of my food. I played blues songs on my guitar for him for a while & we smoked & he invited me to go get a beer. I wound up at a broken down abandoned motel with an Alcoholic family drinking plain wrap beer in one of the rooms. One man kept talking about the dreams he had had the night before & the rest of them just kept drinking beer. The old man beside me told me he had spent \$400,000 in the last 40 years on cigarettes & beer. I walked home as the sun began to set..

WITCH FROM NEW ORLEANS

One stoned evening half buzzed from beers * stoned & lonesome I drifted into a truckstop where a beautiful Blonde with a nametag that said "Brandi" was serving truck drivers their dinners. I suddenly planned to seduce her & told myself the Righteous are bold as Lions. I walked up to the counter feeling cool & Alright when Brandi flew up in front of me with her Beautiful Big Breasts swinging to a stop beneath her blouse. "If you Let me stay with you, I'll lick honey off of your sweet naked body late at night" I suggested with Ridiculous non-chalance. Suddenly A small chick w/ a Brooklyn accent approached me while Brandi said "NO!" & smiled. The small chick asked me what I said incredulously so I repeated the statement just to double my own amusement & we got to talking. We smoked cigarettes till the end of her shift & she spoke to me about spirits and psychedelic theories of Life.

She invited me home and we walked thru dark glass doors to her car then into her house. We sat out back by the swimming pool underneath galaxies of stars by candlelight & spoke sweetly of yesterdays. She was so pretty with shoulder length brown hair with a tint of Red dye NO. 5, Big brown gypsy eyes & plump pink lips that looked like hallucinogenic bubblegum in my opinion. Her name was Melissa & she told me she used to live on Bourbon street in New Orleans. She told me she was a witch, Though I didn't believe her at the time...Now I do...Anyways , it became a regular thing. I would drag my virtually homeless patchouli scented skeleton to the diner & entertain her until she got off...One night we decide we would go to the city. I was very hyper & in a good mood & she was Blue & wanted to drink coffee at a coffeehouse. So we went in and drank coffee all night while I made abstract remarks about the universe. She told me I was

probably a Manic depressive & I told her she was probably right & asked her if she wanted to go walk outside among the skyscrapers & smoke ciggerettes. Punkrockers with foot tall glued up mohawks drifted by and smiled at us. We walked to some artificial waterfalls downtown & she walked next to the water back & forth while I lay in the grass & tried to meditate on distant suns out in space. She sat down beside me playfully & spoke a while. "Come here" she said softly & gently lulled my lips into a kiss that lasted an hour...Then she quit and said she had a boyfriend in Arkansas & that she didn't like him but he had saved her from the streets earlier in time back in New Orleans. I said "Well just be my Girl anyways & stay w/ me" though I had virtually nothing to offer her except Love. She said she was going to see him that weekend and after that she'd think about it. We held hands all the way home and

sang songs about Marijuana
"Why is everybody Always
pinchin my weed, Yeah! Why is
everybody always pinchin my
weed, Hey!", "Im so stoned Im in
outer space, Im so stoned I cant
feel my face!" It was Magic.... I
let her off at her house & kissed
her lips in the orange
streetlights. She went away
to Arkansas & I thought I
wouldn't care but I was already
madly in Love w/ the idea of her.
The day she was supposed to
come back the old madness got
me & I got whisky drunk & went
skinny dipping in a cattle
watering pond way out in the
deep countryside. I swam &
swam When something in the
water bit my dick & bolted me
out of the water into my
car. I drove halfway to town
naked before I stopped & put my
clothes back on.

Ramblin Like a Rolling Stone Blues

Went down to Texas, Worked at a Labor Hall for a while. Ended up out on the west coast, in Crescent city California, My friend Dan Had just got back from Vegas. Hung out w/ Dan at his girl Carries house & played guitar & got drunk. Got a room at the ocean way motel & joined the Army in a drunken haze the next day & got sent up on a greyhound bus to Portland Oregon & went back to Texas. Turbulent Flight on 747 to South Carolina for Basic training where I was in reception battallion for a month & got myself kicked out of the Army by messin around w/ pretty Girls. I got discharged, Caught bus south & got the very back seat w/ a blonde chick who got out too who had her foot on my crotch all the way to Atlanta Georgia. Got sore & limped around midnight Atlanta waiting for my transfer bus while wanna-be Gangsters tried to sell me cheap plastic jewelry & prayed for my money. Catch the

Red eye Greyhound, Zippin thru
the southern night. Good
morning in Jackson Mississippi
sunrise on thru Monroe
Louisiana, then shreveport
where I buy \$10 worth of hot
dogs and Soda pop & head On
to Dallas where I get a Really
nice Buzz off a pint of beer with
the Golden sunset Reflecting off
all the skyscraper windows right
downtown. Got home and
stayed stoned for a while &
rolled out of town & wound up in
Pecos Tx. camping in my car in
the parking lot of a truckstop &
in the middle of the night a Giant
Loud Thunderstorm came thru,
making me pray. Got up &
looked around and drove on to
Van Horn. Rolled into El
Paso in the nighttime and
daydreamed about Mexico.
Rolled on to Las Cruces New
Mexico where I hung out at the
Billy the kid saloon & took a
wonderful sunny bath in a
motel pool fully clothed. Got a
cheeseburger at the
whataburger & wolfed it down &
trucked on to Wilcox Arizona
where I fell asleep

and dreamed That tommorrow
was yesterday. I woke up & met
a hitchhiker who I felt sorry for &
gave a ride. He directed me to
stop at Stone park in Tucson
where he got a giant handful of
marijuana. We drove on & I got
so stoned I cried. He told me all
about how to grow marijuana
& harvest it & everything. I
dropped him off & went to
Blythe where I was running low
on money but went ahead & ate
chili chees fries and ice cream
bars cause I was hungry & didn't
care. I ended up arrivin in Las
Vegas from the south at night &
stopped by a casino to find a
Labor hall & I did but ended up
gettin a job as a dishwasher in
Henderson at a bar. I worked
there a while & ended up goin
back into Vegas Where I
found Dan who had just gotten
out of Jail & got really stoned &
watched cartoons & went
swimming in every swimming
pool in Las Vegas, which
made quite a few people pretty
mad. I play guitar and do
cocaine and sing Blues songs
so loud while walking

that at one point downtown on the strip a limousine cruises past slow while some chick flashes one the prettiest sets of titties I've probably ever seen. Everything goes haywire and I end up ramblin down the road to Bakersfield where I play Blues at truckstops and actually make over \$100 in a single hour and somebody buys my lunch too & makes my Infinity. I keep rolling into San Francisco Where I played Blues in a cafe called the Underground where at closing time a pretty little chick named Mandy who worked there told me to stay w/ her cause she was scared. We went out walking and talking and smoking cigarettes on the giant steps of some cathedral when she suddenly steps on a bus & I never see her again. As Im walking back to the presidio Some dude passes me a joint thru the steel bars of one of those old fashioned door gates & chats about Rock & Roll. I thanked him & Rambled on. I get a job workin at the San Francisco Conservation Corps &

spend the whole Magic summer
in the presidio & diggin the city
& eatin good and singin Blues
up and down the Avenues &
back again. Wake up in the
drunk tank one night with a
bunch of cops who seem to be
Half Exasperated & half amused
at me & get released all the way
across town with no Idea how I
got there or what I did. Mostly
just dig the city & get stoned
And walked the streets &
even the golden gate. One
afternoon that happened to be
the Last 4th of July of the 20th
century as I was walking back to
Lombard this little group of
hippies called me over to
this bus stop in the shade of
presidio trees & started askin
me where Merle Saunders (who
used to play w/ the Dead) was
playin so I knew they were
dead heads. I told them I didnt
know & this pretty chick
say,"you want to trip?" & I say
"Yeah" So she says stick out
your tongue & I make the
Rolling Stones mouth & she
squirts LSD out of an
eyedropper onto my tongue. I

almost begin tripping
Immediately & tell her thanks
while giggling & set off into the
sunset. That night I watch the
Biggest Fireworks display Ive
ever seen between Oakland,
Marin & San Francisco while
sitting on the Grass at the
Marina High as the moon.
I found myself on a backstreet
not too far from there holding a
Giant sunflower & singin the
Blues.

Portland Factory Blues

**Last night was a Full Moon, I had a temp job at a factory in Portland & A pretty blonde bunny came outta sight & was very sweet & kind. She said her name was Amy & she told me what to do, Which was stacking things all night long until I felt like I was stoned. It was the graveyard shift so Lunch came in the middle of the night & I ate a Taco & drank Lemonade while listening to Howlin Wolf on the Radio....
Shahzaayhuuummm!**

Eclipse

Tonight is the night of the Eclipse of
the vanilla moon and a comet very
Large & Close is in the sky....
Anyways I went to buy beer while
watching the Hallucinogenic sky. I
parked out in the countryside near the
train tracks and watched the moon and
drank my beer while listening to a
philosopher play piano on the radio.
After the moon became half hidden
I decided to drive back to town & the
car wouldn't start so I walked to the
nearest store which was a liquor store.
There was a portrait of a naked woman
on the wall so I bought a budweiser
And walked out into the wind down the
train tracks drinking my beer & reciting
strange poetry to the moon which at
that time was almost completely
Hidden & looked like a ball of glowing
charcoal...

Southern California Blues

I wrapped up in cardboard in the starduster canopy of my tree & relinquished myself to a strange night of rest but I kept thinking about the Bhuddist theory of samsara & imminent birth & death cycles & form & emptiness & my soul & what is the meaning of it all? Oh well.. I turned my bones over & slipped into a warm abyss.

I was O.K. I guess...

Everyone else was running around in such a hurry trying to get rich buying and selling the world & being mostly miserable. And Im not even trying, thank the Heart of Heaven...and this is MY earth and moon & even the sun belongs to me Along with everything in the universe & no-one could put a price on them, They were just Mine...

I decided to keep my soul...

It became twilight and a crazy Mexican Festival Across the street started up & everybody was clapping and dancing and shouting along with an incredibly Loud Mariachi band

who must've used 10,000,000
Volts of Electricity so I decided
to go walking thru the streets of
this strange town I was stranded
in while freight trains rolled right
by into the sunset. After a while I
decided to go back to my tree
after stealing cigarretes from A
7-11 convenience store & feeling
guilty. I smoked and crazily
spoke to the stars for hours that
night in the
starduster of that tree...I said
"This tree is the true buddha
nature of truth, It will never sin
or cause turmoil. It is like an
extension of the lungs of man.
His breath is breathed in by the
tree which in turn makes new
breath...and on top of these
good deeds it provides a home
for the creatures of the earth in
its canopy...I admire this tree
more than any War Hero,
Politician or Lawyer." Then my
eyes got heavy & I said
goodnight to my buddha tree &
slipped into a luscious warm
velvet sleep till the Earth had
rolled over on her side &
everything was hot and

**Golden From the Starlight of the
sun...**

LSD

I remember the first time I ever tried LSD. Me and Casey Jones spent an entire afternoon painting his room black from top to bottom. The ceiling the walls & even the windows, which Casey taped celtic runes in, (in honor of Led Zeppelin, our favorite band to skip school & smoke pot to) It was as pitch black as a redwood forest at night. When we pulled the tape off, the only light that got in was in the shape of mystical magical symbols. Casey went & bought a red light to put in the ceiling & it was just like a modern magical opium den.

Pretty soon all the psychedelic curious from high school were hanging out w/ us in there & experimenting w/ different things. There ended up being a whole giant crowd of people from across the western half of the state & sometimes Dallas & Austin who would occasionally drop by & always smoke a joint w/ us & share some stories from the road. Im not quite sure how we got so wildly popular... Casey was Indian so when he got his \$2500 check from the reservation he

blew the whole thing on a state of the art 50 CD carousel giant stereo system & a whole bunch of records from obscure Gen x indie band LP's like Red Red Meats Jimmywine Majestic, The Flaming Lips Transmissions From the Sattelite Heart, Digs self titled record, Holes Live thru This, Jimi Hendrix Are you experienced, the Grateful Deads American Beauty & workingmans dead, the Doors & of course a selection Of Rolling Stones LPs not to mention every Led Zeppelin Album ever. We were in high times & more & more people were hanging out. One of them was named Russel from Dallas & was known generally for getting into big trouble all over Dallas & Fort Worth..... He also had tried LSD....Anyways, one day Casey walked thru the door w/ the Oliver Stone Film "The Doors" in his hand & a big smile on his face & started up the VCR film machine & by the time the film was over we were excitedly discussing trying LSD when Russel says "I can get some right now if you want it" Casey says "Hell yes!" & we were gone. We drove to Midland & must've rolled all over town from early afternoon to well past sunset checking w/ everybody &

their dog till we finally got a lead & ended up at this hippy dudes little house by some park in the streetlights. Russel says "I better go in alone, He don't know you guys" to which we shrug & give him the money...After a while he comes out smiling & glassy eyed, obviously stoned & laughing & hands Casey a little piece of tin foil which when opened has a little perfect square of red blotter paper w/ a black star on it. We excitedly took turns eyeing it till Russ says give it over while laughing and stoned. He cut it into three equal pieces & we all drop after looking at each other & counting to three out loud...We started driving around again & I notice this strange creamy texture of my mouth & tongue & tell Russ about it. "That's how you know it's real" he says "It makes your mouth feel creamy." We got back to Casey's Back room & he puts on the Rolling Stones & lights a bowl which we all share & the spark up Marlboros. I remember I felt light as a feather. It felt like if I could just squeeze my abdominal muscles hard enough, I would float off the ground. I looked up at the wall & hallucinated thousands of faded

**Flowers made of blue electricity
spinning & spinning &
spinning all over the wall. I told
everyone about it & Casey turned
off the lights & we make purple/blue
tracers thru the darkness w/ our
cigarettes till the sun began to
rise.**

Blues

One saturday night in high school After a giant everclear farm party I woke up on the Floor of my friend Casey Jones' room & He was crying, Drunk & stoned out of his mind..."Man Barry Either we leave right now for California or Its the end of time". so we left in the middle of the night to go start a Rock & Roll band in California. We got Stoned out of our minds in Tucson by the boyfriend of my Ex-Girlfriend who was a model & wouldnt come out & meet us & drove in circles Laughing & Laughing out into the Arizona desert where there was a brilliant blue milky way starry night. I slept in the backseat w/ my guitar & casey slept on the Roof way way out in the desert with giant Rock formations all strange & ominous all around. We woke up at dawn & Everything was blue & foggy...We were waaay out in the desert (Monument Valley) I

soon realized as it took several hours to reach civilization. As we approached this small town Three hitchhikers flagged us down so we gave them a ride. They were two mexican farm hands & a very strange old surfer girl who had apparently just got in from Honolulu Hawaii where she had taught math to surfers. The two men got off at the town While the surfer lady decided to stick w/ us... we stopped at a Hells Angels Rally in the middle of the desert & the sky turned purple with Rain Clouds..& that surfer chick was tryin to talk surfer to all these Hells Angels with A Giant Rose over her ear I had plucked from A hotel Garden and all these biker guys are sayin "What?" and makin funny faces & laughing...She was tryin to score Marijuana, but we had to go, A storm was coming. She sat up front with Casey and made out with him & I played my guitar in the back. Later, at about sunset,she wanted a drink, So we stopped at a desert liquor store & when she went in

Casey threw her stuff out the window & peeled out & we left her as the twilight turned golden... We played highway black Jack While the sun went down all purple and orange and red and blue & psychedelic. We stopped in Bakersfeild where I bought some marijuana from some Gangsters wearing blue bandanas & who were moving brand new car wheels from a van & looking out everywhere but playing it cool as a breeze We got back out on interstate & I had just poured it out on a rolling stone magazine when a highway patrolman pulled us over as I just gently shoved it under the seat. Somehow we got away w/ just a warning about a taillight & just smoked bowls All the way thru the good old back roads of Summertime California. the ones with the tunnels made out of trees that run right by rivers that hardly anybody drives anymore in favor of the interstates. We ended up at caseys uncles house in Oregon who is a Full fledge Indian & took us to A pow

wow sweat lodge High in the mountains where I nearly died of heat exhaustion while the indians poured water & herbs on red hot stones & beat on a deerskin drum & sang to the spirit. I have to admit though, that afterwards I felt Refreshed & High. Everyone was very nice to me but my aunt lived in seattle and I wanted to go Explore so Casey & I parted ways All irritated at each other from running out of weed & spending too much time together...We were best freinds. I caught my bus at the greyhound station & we exchanged double fives all fucked up & the girls stared at us like we were from outer space or another dimension or something so I stepped onboard and Left... My bus stopped in Eugene Or. where I met a cool punk rock Girl w/ green hair named Sunflower at about sunset. She had her little brother w/ her & they were travelling alone. She had alot of jewelry on her face and was wearing a red shirt that was sewn up. I told her

she had a nice shirt. she said it used to be her best friends but he jumped out of a skyscraper window & killed himself in it & now she wears it all the time...I sat beside her on the bus & we both fell asleep & dreamed all the way to Seattle at sunrise while rolling down the road...

I got back from California/Nevada to the abandoned deep countryside home of my grandfather in Texas...

I woke & put the garden hose up in the branches of one of the big trees & showered as the sun rose golden & hot & pondered infinity.

I wanted to get drunk & was hungry but was stranded in the countryside w/ nothing & spent the rest of the day in the shade tryin to think of a song & attempting to meditate on distant galaxies in space.

**Apparently, If you close your eyes
&
stare at the high summer sun
thru your eyelids a while,
(Cat-napping)
after a time,
when you open them,
everything has turned a faded blue
&
only very slowly
fades back
into the original color gradient
as time passes.**

A strange, simple magic...

**I Love the wilderness
& the fresh countryside**

**My spirit is at home
in the vastness**

Cities Feel

Alien

**&
Unnatural**

Fade

**Summertime
End of the 20th century
Hitchhiker girl
California Desert
Late Afternoon storm clouds
Red Roses
Hotel Garden
Electric Dragonflies
& Stardom
Hells Angels
Honolulu
Psychedelic Sunset
& True Blues
We're gambling down the road
Heading west
into the Mountains of
Tangerine red twilight
stoned**

**I am one with the universe
man.....**

**Got stoned
Drank all the whiskey
Smashed all the lamps in the
house
& half of my record collection**

**I don't know why I do these
things**

**I tore a hole
In space & time**

**A hundred million
Light Years wide**

**The little pupils
In my eyes**

**Became Black holes
In the sky**

**Crushing up
All the light**

**Hallucinogenic
Dreaming sight**

**Our Love
Was like a Flower
That blooms beautiful
In the deep summertime
For just a day**

Then is gone Forever

w/ the setting sun

Into darkness

**Dreams
Gateways
To other worlds
Universes
Heaven
Blues**

The streets are burning

Sit back & relax

Panic in the weather

The violence of a summers breeze

All the people

Stoned

Dig the Light fading

of consciousness

Like a photograph

Left in the summer sun

Priceless nostalgia

Hearts & memories

Fading into nothing

**The universe is so vast &
limitless,,,,,,,,,,,,,
Why should I confuse myself w/ worldly
illusions**

**I have no opinions on anything
Everything means nothing to me
And I don't care**

**If glowing tracers start floating
off of all the lights
& suddenly everything goes
numb
& you cant even remember your
own Name**

Thats the spirit of Rock & Roll.

**If you eat some mescaline
& your mind starts going haywire
& It feels like the universe is
collapsing in upon itself from the
outskirts of infinity**

Don't clinch up

**The feeling will fade away
soon enough**

Magic

**While standing in front of a mirror
in a dimly lit large room,
turn the lights off &
say "Thunderhead" three times in the
darkness
while turning in three circles to the right,
then turn the dim lights on
& look into your own eyes
& see what happens
in the background behind you
out of the corners of your eyes.**

**When the moon is full
& the sun is settin high
There is a magic doorway
Inside of my mind**

& it stoned me

**Kush came by & took me to a strip club
& got me drunk as hell then took me
out in the countryside where he
did backwards donuts at top speed
kicking giant roostertails of dust up for
a full quarter hour He then made me get
out of the car & held me at knife point &
made me promise him that I would get
back to working on my music & Lay off
drugs...**

**Everything went pitch black & I woke
up in an ice cold bathtub overflowing
over the sides in a strange empty
apartment As the sun rose.**

**Electric Violet w/ halo of blue
Numb tracers in stoned eyes
Sweet erasure of the mind
Ten thousand cities
A million miles
Blessed be
High ways
Of life**

**Drank Whiskey Last night
while smoking Marijuana
Woke up at the break of dawn
stark naked on the roof
wrapped in a black mink blanket**

**O Cosmic Birther
Let us be Numb & Majestic
Blessed be the Golden Dream
Rock & Roll
High Times
Playboy Bunnys
Today
Yesterday
& Forever
Amen**

Floatin round the sun

**I dreamed
a thousand years went by**

**I consider it beneath my dignity
to participate
in anything**

Im just

**amusing myself
in the void**

**I was
Born**

**to bathe promiscuously
in wild rivers
to dream in the starduster shade
of deep countryside trees
To sing in the mountain woods
Play my music to the
goldenwarm Sun**

Stoned

**I was
Born**

**to fly thru space thunderheads
in 737s
to eat, drink, & make love w/
insane women
to watch the hallucinogenic sun
rise Like a hydrogen bomb**

Out of my mind

**The inner child
Mistaking the heavy .44 Magnum
revolver
For his toy gun
Cocks the hammer back w/ a click
Licking
wild mountain honey from his Lips**

Confusion

Gathering their wisdom

They Leave him

**Deep in the winter woods
Someone lights a fire of pinion wood**

**The smoke of which
Wafts on the breeze**

Over the paths they travel

& much later on

becomes nostalgia

**Our
Relationship
Was
The
Hindenburg
Burning
Brightly
Then
Deflating
Grey
Into Ashes**

Zeus

Jupiter

Mercury

This is the big secret

motherfucker

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**A Strange Truth
I bathed in a thundershower
It was raining very very hard
& I was stranded outside on the
street
So I bought a bar of soap
From an old man in a doorway
& washed off in just bluejeans
Barefoot
Stoned & Free
As Lightning crashed down**

**I am
Exiled
From
Confusion
Into
Bizzare
Blues**

**Father
Sun
& Holy Ghost
Amen**

**Who
Should
Reform
From
Illumination
to
confusion
and
why**

**Alpha
Romeo
Bravo
X-Ray**

~~~~~  
\*\*\*\*\*  
.....

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**I will do  
whatever the fuck  
I want to**

warm lovers  
A.M. blues radio  
dreaming  
Fires,visions  
the summer died last night  
A cold front from mexico killed her  
She lived a good life  
Father  
Son  
& Holy Ghost  
Amen

I will remember you

**Gods of Summer  
Radio waves  
All my mind  
In golden haze**

**Plain old  
Cocaine Jane  
The first warm time  
We were drunk in the rain  
You felt so intimate  
Like the blood in my veins  
Plain old Cocaine Jane**

**Plain old  
Cocaine Jane  
Like an insane believer  
I was cured of the pain  
Then you faded from my heart  
Like an outbound train  
Plain old Cocaine Jane**

**Dead white moon  
In Late afternoon  
Float Like a skull  
In canopy of blue**

**Hot Burning Sun  
Out on the run  
Makin my mind  
High all the time**

**zen  
is  
warm  
sunshine**

**Vox Angelic**  
**Weather station report**  
**Numb Hotel Rooms**  
**the Gods Made our dreams**  
**Ambrosia**

**And our minds were erased**



**Last night out in the darkness  
I saw a falling star  
Brighter than the lights  
Of the cities electric heart**

**It reminded me of Love  
& how we used to be  
On fire  
just like dreamers**

**Till we burned out**

**Living free**

**Transitus Fluvii  
From birth to death  
In just a breath  
To Live & die  
In the twinkle of an eye  
While crossing the river  
of consciousness**

**Saturn  
Is  
A  
Hallucinogenic  
Gas**

**Give me blues**

**H-bomb  
Boogie  
Empty Dreams  
Naked Lady  
Junebug  
Lightning**

**God is in Everything**

**Magic is Everywhere**

**Im tearing a hole  
in space & time  
A thousand years wide  
to communicate w/  
Blues**

**Midnight  
Stormbound  
Thunder  
Blooms  
on  
the tranquil borders  
of  
Consciousness**

**Blackout**  
**Into a cool blue canopy**  
**A warm dreams**  
**Aurora**  
**Numb**  
**Stoned**  
**Whiskey**  
**Canary**  
**Amen**

**Zen  
Is  
Cool  
Moonlight**

**stoned oblivion**  
**peering backwards into the void**  
**A reflection in darkness**  
**Numb**  
**Mescaline**  
**Starlight**  
**Sunflowers**  
**Amen**

**Iconoclast:  
Metaphorical rodeo clown  
Drunk  
Drug Addict**

**An empty force of energy**

**Crushing everything in its path**

**Devouring consciousness**



**I am  
A wild animal  
Exhibiting  
bored disinterest  
in anything other than  
food  
drink  
intoxicants  
sex  
music  
travel  
dreaming  
magic**

**The empty vanity  
of poetry**

**Feigning wisdom**

**w/ learned words**

**of past men**

**meaning nothing.....**

**A reflection in still water  
Just before a hard rain**

**My consciousness is an antennae**

**Picking up transmissions  
From the outskirts of infinity**

**I am just a messenger of the  
abstract.....**

**out of my mind.....**

**Not even knowing what Im doing**

**Blues  
Broadcast  
Whiskey  
Hotel  
Hallucination  
Radio  
Station**

**Apparently  
If one quits drinking bourbon whiskey  
He will be electrocuted  
by invisible lightning bolts from the  
Gods  
& tortured  
by poltergeists from another dimension**

**In the hallways of the  
Always**

**Death  
is  
just  
a  
Doorway**

**We are being pursued by  
A giant banana  
There are white elephants  
floating in the clouds  
Ghosts from space  
are in our heads  
Rock & Roll  
Mescaline  
Tangerine  
Blues**

**The hallucinogenic night is gone  
How did your dreams glow  
The storm of your long hair  
Flowing cross the pillow**

**Cold/Hot golden sunrise  
Awaken your eyes  
Magic in disguise  
Sitting in a room  
A hundred million light years wide**



**I accept these accolades  
for my Artistic achievements**

**w/ the full grace  
of**

**A blacked out whiskey drunk on  
Hallucinogens**

**A storm crazed Rodeo horse**

**A hydrogen bomb going off in the  
desert Night**

**Thank you**

**I am nothing**

**Empty reflections  
of my forefathers**

**Great men I Admired**

**Emulations  
of all that has ever been**

**A poltergeist  
of  
Light & sound**

**Stumbling thru oblivion**

**Music is like an Energy journal  
documenting the struggle in the  
First attention to be free of the  
ancient spirits that haunt my  
dreams....**

**Like long lost Loves,,,,**

**Familiar at first,**

**but Hollow and Empty  
in the end,,**

**Like blackholes in darkest space**

**crushing up even the light**

**I can hear the Jet planes Roar  
Tidal waves crashing ashore  
Somewhere a dying voice screams  
Into the wilderness of a dream**

**My Rolling Stone home spins Lazy  
As the sun sets Golden  
on interstellar breeze**

**A slow motion hydrogen bomb  
in reverse**

**I was born out from a dream  
Within a dream inside a dream  
From the outskirts of infinity  
And a thousand years between**

**I have seen the sun rise Golden  
In tangerine clouds floating  
Over strange opium wilderness  
From a 737 window**

**I was standing by the river  
While the sun was burning down  
Cross the hallucinogenic mountains  
When the thunder began to sound**

**I come from the far gardens  
Over the mountains of the moon  
Out past the edge of infinity  
Where I been daydreaming stoned  
since Noon**

**Strange days  
Strange nights  
Strange visions  
Flood my sight**

**Everything  
Is always changing  
Can't stop my mind  
From re-arranging**

**What I thought was real  
Was not to be  
Just an old sweet dream  
I must set free**

**Now I know  
I'm all alone  
A hostile universe  
A Rolling Stone**

**When my darkness  
Come over me**

**I pray Lucifer  
Set me free**

**Strike a match  
Start anew**

**Till Heaven turns  
Once more Blue**

**Settin sun  
Just Fade Away**

**I got a Lucifer  
To Light my way**

**Lightnin  
Lightnin  
In my brains**

**My mind starts  
To go insane**

**Thunder  
Thunder  
In the sky**

**Everything  
Is going to die**

**Cyclone  
Cyclone  
At my door**

**Tell me you Love me  
Like you done before**



**I got Blues from outer space  
Minds gone haywire  
Big Disgrace  
Whiskeys Gone  
Pills are too  
Spaced out Interstellar Blues**

## **Vaseline Queen**

**Vaseline Queen...  
Walkin Down the street...  
Slathered in baked beans...  
Yeah she so so sweet...  
Sweet Like a Rotten Tangerine  
Don't you know just what I mean  
Vaseline Queen...  
Vaseline Queen...  
Vaseline Queen...  
In a Big Jet Plane...  
She want to make a scene...  
Yeah she feel no pain...  
So numb like sweet morphine  
I think you know just what I  
mean  
Vaseline Queen...  
Vaseline Queen...  
Slip  
Slippery  
Vaseline  
Slip  
Slippery  
Vaseline**

**In the blink of an eye**

**Birth**

**Death**

**Blues**

**The Impossible Is always waiting**

**Straining**

**to happen**

**My Spirit  
Is  
A Lion  
Devouring Consciousness**

**Goodbyes of golden silence**

**Vanishing points**

**in**

**Time & Space**

**Hallucinogenic**

**Blues**

**wilderness**

**Spirit**

**Night**

**Wolves**

**The  
Gods  
&  
The  
Universe**

**All the  
credit/blame  
to these**

**I  
am just  
A  
wandering traveler  
In eternity**

**Yesterdays  
Reflections**

**Entertaining myself  
In  
Infinite Space**

**Stoned**

**In a room  
A Million Light Years Wide**

**I Sculpt Radio Energy Beams of  
Man Made Lightning  
w/ My Spirit**

**While The Idiot wanna-be  
Aristocrats convulse**

**Violent & Jealous**

**& their women  
cream their panties**

**Daydreaming in space to my  
songs**

**LOVe**



