

True Dreams of Wichita

Soul Coughing

Signal got lost to the satellite; got lost in the ride up to the plungedown...
Man sends the ray of the electric light, sends the impulse through the air, down to home...
And you can stand on the arms of the Williamsburg Bridge crying "Hey man, well, this is
 Babylon."
And you can fire out on a bus to the outside world, down to Louisiana; you can take her with
 you. I've seen the rains of the real world come forward on the plain...
 I've seen the Kansas of your sweet little myth... you've never seen it, no...
I'm half-sick on the drinks you mixed through your... true dreams of Wichita. Brooklyn like a
 sea in the asphalt stalks; push out dead air from a parking garage,
 Where you stand with the keys and your cool hat of silence...
 Where you grip her love like a driver's license...
 I've seen you fire up the gas in the engine valves...
 I've seen your hand turn saintly on the radio dial...
 I've seen the airwaves pull your eyes towards Heaven...
Outside Topeka in the phone lines, her good-teeth smile was winding down... Engine sputters
 ghosts out of gasoline fumes...
 They say "You had it, but you sold it..." You didn't want it, no...
I'm half-drunk on babble you transmit through your... true dreams of Wichita.
 Punch it...
 I got, uh, fed...
 I got, uh, too much things on bounce on my head...
 I got to burn 'em up...
 I got to burn 'em uptown...
 I got to go uptown, uptown...
 I got a thing... I got a little bit pushed...
 Got to stand on the corner and bellow for mush...
 I got a bomb, I got a baby-bomb-bomb...
 Got to stand on the corner and bellow for my friend Tom...
 I got a thing, I got to thing it, I got to thing -- team,
 I got to run by my side... True dreams of Wichita...

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>