

*Back Seat Johnny's
So Long
In The Grey Room*

Tekststykker skrevet af William Burroughs Sr, William Burroughs Jr, Paul Bowles, Bill Berkson, John St. Perse, T. S. Eliot.

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By eternity I met a beggar and forth
through each other. What have I my
friend to give? - Seems to be long
and is followed close. Not at all
necessary. Do it. - Fractured image
he scattered very much is all an
aging of roots on fourteenth street.
Not know I told him so. - Anyway I
had to forge door in order to cash the
silly old thing . Whereupon he said:
'Empty dawn track dripping metal
strife' - Followed through boy my
inward heart star tracks we intersect.
A penny for thought and left.

It's only a paper moon doing the
twist - Central Girls with hair down
flying over a muslin tree - Any place
but there - So long at the fair - The
tape thing is flying over a cardboard
sea via the post - Old second hand
man ghost writing out an endless
rigmarole - Literally believe skies
above me never were there - Now
trading new dreams for the end of
everything naturally - Perhaps the
sky might actually be your way -
Time - Its possible - This is not 38 but
New York in September - Going to
reach The Old Mountain now - Hear
the Japanese Sand Man in the house
with another Spanish boy.

Now she's dead I returning in a little
while - Ghost riot reflected answer
from St Louis second hand trade in
spattered from central girls keep
scratching tentative flesh - *So* long at
the fair - The tape thing is face
sucked into other apparatus via
flicker ghosts - You used to be the
ticket for him - Now trading new
gate from burning sky naturally -
Meet me in this afternoon music so I
have image track - Just sing out of
here

Light and shade departed - Too bad
we didn't see each other again -
Courage to let go in the open answer
with these cut ups - After all the
some one walking - Then question
who wants to sit around folding or
cutting old dream? - Poets and
thinkers ain't we? But what if we
drown? - You couldn't reach flesh or
what? - You probably cut it cause
dawn whisper put on some very
recent condition give you identity
without shadow other - I am looking
forward to seeing your information

Board members, too - Dreams end
everything - The law gives - Might
actually be your way - Oh Oh what
can the matter be? Steady stream of
distant events answered from St
Louis - Slow motion flashes over a
muslin tree - John in the last
Walgreen's - Indications enough
reach the old mountain now - Hear
interstellar space - Wind voices
never were there - Not think The
Doctor on stage with you - All the
hate faces sucked into material for
him - Its only possible in the harbor
New York September -

By eternity I created smoke down
old photo as I recall that dusty road
and the hole in pain funnel. The
Grey who to me such wisdom told I
realize that I like the eternity
captured. Wounded galaxies
muttering back seat dream. Now
passed The Grey Screen back said to
me what is short but stopping to
record - Told me he close by eternity.
Silver Morning Boy cool and casual I
see you in wind street. Shadow body
cross wounded galaxies flashed
through all I said, twist pensively
distant finger. Break Through in
Grey Room through my fog of
despair - Distant riot noises whistle -
Ghost writing fade out - Never were
there - Sky moving in fast - Dead
nitrous streets drifting smoke behind
Time.