

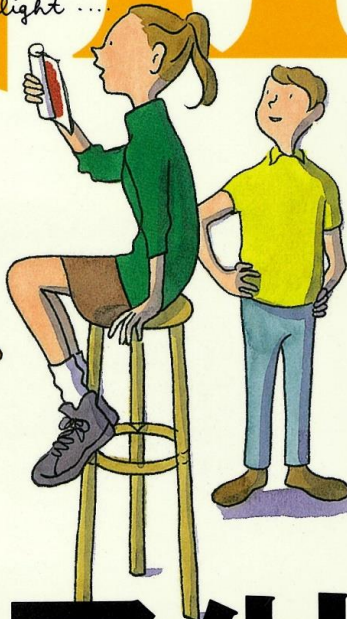
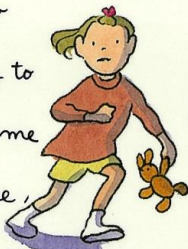
Make my day!

Like the long-sleeping stock certificate suddenly alive in its green safety-deposit box because of new investor interest, my imagination is stirring. Be warned!

Just an ordinary girl, 118 / ponds, chipped front tooth, cute born in Reno, Nevada, a student / at SF State, She wants candles / married to her womb by the color / of a telescopic saint, so that all / her children will be adventures in light ...



Doesn't have a point of view
knows not where he's going to
Isn't he a bit like you and me
... He's as blind as he can be,
Just sees what he wants to see
Nowhere man, can you see me at all

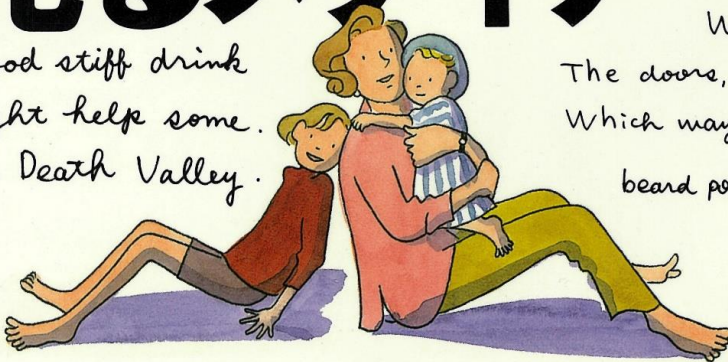


Delirious America



移動するアメリカ 夢見るメディア

Maybe a good stiff drink
might help some.
I feel like Death Valley.



Where are we going,
Walt Whitman?
The doors, close in an hour.
Which way dose your
beard point tonight?