

NO2

(Descending crescendo; or
double conundrum)

I finally thought I met my match when country hit the highway

And bluegrass met the scientific revolutionary way

No "doing time for some other fuckers crime"

Dark star put the guitar for the ear

Hunter the song to the heart.

And together they transcended each other and the art

To a state of being within outside this world

Big bell bottoms, long legs and swollen chins

And eyes so bright you must walk within.

Hold your breath new worlds begin.

Sparks spread from fingertips

Painted glass on liquid plates

And the angel of hawking

On the ceiling chirping

Live, live, live you are

Alive!

Jam

- BMW
April 2, 2010