

# True Dreams Of Wichita

Mike Doughty

Signal got lost to the satellite  
Got lost in the  
Rideup 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 liscense

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 static you transmit  
Through your

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(freestyle verse)

Punch it  
I got, uh, fed

I got, uh, too much things on bounce, uh, my head  
I got to burn 'em up  
I got to burn 'em up now  
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 my side

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