

# Long Strange Golden Road

The Waterboys

I was longing to be wooed  
I was ready to be humbled  
by the words that you had written  
by the syllables you mumbled  
yeah, I was ready in my heart  
to have my heart invaded  
by the fervour of your passion  
yes, I came to be persuaded

But when I heard your ragged voice  
something switched in my perception  
and I knew I was the victim  
of a beautiful deception  
all my once exact beliefs  
like tangled threads unravelled  
I walked out, stunned and liberated  
and so began my travels

Keep the river on your right  
and the highway at your shoulder  
and the front line in your sights, pioneer  
Keep your eye on the road  
remember what you told her  
this is all in code, my dear

You better get yourself a coat  
said the handsome taxi driver  
and he sighed like seven bridges  
like a natural-born survivor  
as we drove into the night  
I could feel the forest jangling  
all the choices laid before me  
and their consequences dangling

We came upon a stricken ship  
that must have once been splendid  
the captain as he died said "Boys,  
our revels now are ended"  
I heard a wild holy band  
playing jazz that was outrageous,  
that invoked the days of rapture  
when our love was still young and contagious

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In a dim-lit motel room  
two sad lovers were discoursing  
on the dignity of exile  
and the merits of divorcing  
she said "all certainty is gone"  
but he leapt up, still denying,  
cried "I won't believe the flame I lit

is dead or even dying"

She left him drooling in the dust  
and with rucksack packed begun her  
bitter journey to the border  
which is where I wooed and won her  
she was Aphrodite, Helen, Thetis,  
Eve among the satyrs  
She was Venus in a v-neck sweater  
she was all that ever mattered

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Like Dean Moriarty's ghost  
I came in quest of secret knowledge  
in the winter of my journey  
to a crumbling Druid college  
there I read the books of lore  
and contemplated in seclusion  
but I took my leave embittered,  
still in love with my illusions

In the drizzling Irish rain  
as a tender dawn was breaking  
in a doorway I stood spellbound by  
the ancient music they were making  
I took my breakfast with the Gods  
on a blushing summer morning  
till a wind blew them all away  
I had misread every warning

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Under cold electric light  
I watch the scenes mutating  
like an old time frontier ballad  
or a carousel rotating  
As if in a moment from a film  
with astonishing precision  
the camera zooms in close  
and a figure comes into vision

I'm in Tokyo, it's dawn  
and it's raining hallelujahs  
down the bright-lit neon canyons  
along the sidewalks of Shibuya  
I'm trying to take a stance  
and rise above my contradictions  
but I'm just a bunch of words in pants  
and most of those are fiction

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