

Kesey's Fiction

words and music
R. Runyon

Sometimes a great notion
Will never give an inch
Other times you'll be standing in line
When it looked like such a cinch
A strong woman makes up her own mind
Take her for granted
And she knows what you'll find
You'll miss her tomorrow but she won't mind
You never were the trust worthy kind

If your cat goes for mayonnaise
Then give that cat away
Don't be a victim all your life
It ain't part of being saved
You've got bikers tearing up your lawn
And drifters sleeping in your woods
If you had been a more prudent man
You could have wound up with no worldly goods

Your high degree guru
He's state of the art
Chanting mantras in his underwear
A magic riddle and a little black box
I don't know why I should care
I don't know if I do
It smells like something that I would have scraped
Off the bottom of my shoe

And the schitzo girl says
"Life's not a closed system, life has never been a closed system. You people are really crazy"

He's been a mummy all along
At least since he started his sailor's song
He was this and now he's that
He'll change his face like you change your hat
The poor devil's dying in his debris
The poor devil don't even care
He keeps thinking there will something to see when he gets to the top of the stairs

Big Double Bear and little Tricker Squirrel dogs hogs and Bibles a little ozark girl
Mist through the mountains the passage of time

He likes the smell of his fireworks
Echoing down your hallowed halls
He stays away from STP
He uses cornstarch on his balls
The truth can be found and the truth can be lost
A king can be crowned
But there's always a cost
The biggest bull can be ruled by a toy
As long as the master has a sense of joy