

the Great Dark Backwards

music and lyrics by David Simons ©1997

from the Simons/Karrer opera "The Birth of George"

We're headin' for the Great Dark Backwards
Ain't no use go-in' forward
The road just gets more slippery all the time
The nurses hoverin' o-ver me
There's certain things they just can't see.
They don't know the world I'm in
Hey! How' d ya like living in a vegetable bin!
We're leaving our bodies behind
Existing entirely in the mind

We're head-in' for the Great Dark Backwards
Ain't no use goin' for-ward
The road just gets more slippery all the time

The formaldehyde in my veins tastes just like moon-shine!
Why go back to an empty shell
You can call it life I call it Hell
Heaven's a place where your father's a boy
and your pet dog talks and your room is full of toys
We're leaving our bodies behind
Existing entirely in the mind

If we stay in this dream we can do anything
A half life that the world don't know about.
Pull the plug we might stay here
Wake up and we'll disappear
Got no idea how much it's gonna change
We're headin' for the Great Dark Backwards!