

## Visions of Johanna

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### Verse 1

**Ain't it just like the night** to play tricks when you're tryin' to be so quiet?

We sit here stranded, though we're all doin' our best to deny it.

And Louise holds a handful of rain temptin' you to defy it.

Lights flicker from the opposite loft, in this room the heat pipes just cough,

The country music station plays soft, but there's nothing, really nothing, to turn off.

Just Louise and her lovers they are so entwined,

And these Visions of Johanna that conquer my mind.

### Verse 2

**In the empty lot where the ladies** play blindman's bluff with a key chain.

And all-night girls they whisper of escapades out on the "D" train.

We can hear the night watchman click his flashlight, ask himself if it's him or them that's really insane

But Louise she's alright, she's just near. She's delicate and she seems like the mirror,

But she just makes it all too concise and too clear, That Johanna's not here.

The Ghost of electricity howls in the bones of her face.

Where these Visions of Johanna have now taken my place.

### Verse 3

**Little boy lost, he takes himself so seriously.** He brags of his misery, he likes to live dangerously,

And when bringing her name up he speaks of her farewell kiss to me.

He's sure got alot of gall, to be so useless and all, muttering small talk at the wall, while I'm in the hall.

Oh, how can I explain? It's so hard to get on.

And these Visions of Johanna they kept me up past the dawn

### Verse 4

**Inside the museums Infinity goes up on trial.** Voices echo this is what salvation must be like after a while.

But even Mona Lisa must have had the highway blues, you can tell by the way she smiles.

See the primitive wallflower freeze, when the jelly-faced women all sneeze,

Hear the one with the mustache say, "Jeeze, I can't find my knees."

Jewels and binoculars hang from the head of the mule,

but the Visions of Johanna they make it all seem so cruel.

### Verse 5 (extend the ||:D /// | A ///:|| part of the verse)

**The peddler now speaks to the Countess** who's pretending to care for him.

Saying, "Name me someone that's not a parasite and I'll go out and say a prayer for him."

But like Louise always says, "Ya can't look at much can ya man?"

As she, herself prepares for him and Madonna she still has not showed, we see this empty cage now corrode

Where her cape of the stage once had flowed, the fiddler, he now steps to the road,

He writes everything's been returned which was owed, on the back of the fish truck that loads,

While my conscience explodes.

The harmonicas play the skeleton key and the rain,

And these Visions of Johanna are now all that remain.