

## Vienna

On the roller coasters nobody screams  
We're all too busy speaking in dreams to see that  
This city is driving on our bad fumes  
It's got the peripatetic zombie blues.

The bumper cars are downed tonight and there's no-one to drive me to my room  
I feel like the last of the misplaced American Daisy Miller school.  
And I've got the lost from Lisbon feel from walks on cobblestone streets.  
Each new city feels like retreat.

Somewhere Mozart drinks and hiccups, while Freud dreams of Mom in lingerie  
Salieri stews convoluted plots that'll one day be the basis for an award-winning play  
And the world spins on and I want to be gone, but where I'm going makes me want to  
stay.

And the Ferris wheel's bright but tonight it's quiet all for me  
Can you call it sleeping when the city's only tossing restlessly?  
Phantoms of the opera and ghosts of the ballet court in the subway.  
At the turnstiles all the tourists pay.