

Page 1

PROOFS FOR LYRIC SHEET TO "DRY DREAMS"  
The Jim CARROLL BAND

**WORK, NOT PLAY**

The bell rings...  
It's a decade past my decadence  
My beast wears rings and he's waiting  
In the shadows of my hesitations, my silent  
Hesitations... Each image is so clear;  
It seems I have no hands  
The gestures of the air confuse all my demands  
And the beast hears the bell; he comes  
Out of the shadows. He rips apart the shadows...  
And he says:  
"This is work and not play"  
And he says:  
"There's always more than one way...  
This is work not play"

*Refrain:*

I see the ghosts of my childhood...  
Dressed in blue, they trail me in the night  
They drive these cars with real upholstery  
They trail me until... here comes the night  
She was standing, standing on the balcony  
Her black, black eyes folded over her eyelids  
Like sheets on motel beds...  
She must be eatin' reds  
This place is filled with mirrors  
It echoes what she said  
And she said:  
"I need a judgement day"  
And she said:  
"I know there's more than one way,  
But I want my judgement day..."

*(Repeat Refrain)*

To sleep without dreams  
So distant from the mirror  
Imitating clarity, disguising  
All the terror... I heard a thousand bells  
From a thousand old cathedrals  
They rang... I haven't heard them since  
A decade past my decadence  
The beast hears the bell  
I'm cursed to be a singer  
A singer of the flames  
A thinker of a fire  
And a son without a name

**DRY DREAMS**

Each night, they surround me  
With the lights and the microphones...  
With their bodies and the miles of cable  
Like a magic ring of bone  
Every night I have the same dream:  
A man behind the door  
With a tattooed erection  
And no reflection  
And his eyes like a Chinese whore...  
Every night I have the same dream  
(Repeat 3 times)  
The madonna's, at the crossroads,  
Dressed like future spies  
They shine their lips with android sperm  
And the Riviera skies...  
But every night I have the same dream  
It's a vision of the dead... The way  
They stare into space  
And never see a human face,  
But just the back of their own heads  
Every night I have the same dream...  
(Repeat 3 times)  
Earth, water, wind and flame  
The designers of my fate...  
Every night they come to me  
Release me with their weight...  
Every night I have the same dream  
A dome upon the shore  
Where some method actors  
Bomb the big reactor  
And it melts right through the core  
Every night I have the same dream  
(Repeat 3 times)  
Each night, they surround me  
With the lights and the microphones...  
With their bodies and the miles of cable  
Like a magic ring of bone  
Every night I have the same dream  
White crows in an empty sky  
When I call they descend, the young trees bend  
And the dream is always dry...  
But every night I have the same dream  
(Repeat 3 times)

**THEM**

They hit you with their papers when you're living  
on loan. They're the ones who say nothing when you  
answer the phone. You see them in the alley when  
you're passing late at night, but you tell your friend  
to check it and there's no one in sight.  
I never wanted it  
I never asked for it  
I surely didn't sleep with them  
If the phone rings, don't answer it  
Death is their only way to survive  
The neck of Anubis strangled by wire  
They hold their eyes in their fist  
One is fire... one is ice  
They role them across the bed like some loaded dice

~~7 come 11~~ But I could not stay  
I kissed her eyes on the sheets  
I took a bus to yesterday

Their flesh is like a cemetery, centuries old...  
You are free as a lap dog  
Just do what you're told

They wear spandex and gloves  
And feed on fetus flesh  
They're the fashion rage  
Of the empirical age

But I never wanted them  
Never asked for them  
Didn't sleep with them  
Please don't answer it

Death is their only way to get high  
The neck of Anubis strangled by wire

They say, "I'll live for your sins  
if you will die for mine..."

I'll summon the darkness  
If you buy the wine

They're all underage  
Yet they're a thousand years old  
They make you feel so clever while you're being sold

**JEALOUS TWIN**

She moves through the black door  
She turns toward the desperate light  
With her breath like iodine  
With her filigree design  
She summons fire from her hips  
Flamingo blood melts down her lips

But the light would not share her,  
From behind the bending mirror, pulling her within'  
Like a jealous twin. There was something in her eye  
Like a flawed alibi... I was just about to ask  
When she rips apart her mask

*Refrain:*

But me and my girl  
Chase the dragon's tail  
We double lock the room  
We innoculate the moon  
And the light glows from below  
Tonight  
Tonight  
She hears the soft drone,  
Like a pearly blade laid in silicone...

And the reservoir of sleep  
Slides through the morning tube  
Like a letter written in a dream  
That is answered much too soon

And she lays across the sofa like a gold stick pin  
Mascara draining down her specious grin, every notion's  
Loaded motion laced in BOMBAY GIN... and the serpent's  
Eyes are bursting as she bites into the skin

*(Repeat Refrain)*

She leaves a trail of broken things;  
Knives... Lives... and wedding rings  
And the candle drips its light  
Across the fine silk floor

Someone screams for less  
Someone screams for more...

But the light would not share her  
From behind the bending mirror  
Pulling her within'  
Like a jealous twin  
There was something in her eye  
Like a flawed alibi  
I was just about to ask, I swear,  
She ripped apart the mask

But me  
And my girl  
We chase the dragon's tail  
We double lock the room  
We innoculate the moon  
And the light  
Glow  
From down below... Tonight... Tonight

**Jim Carroll**

(Proof sheet of lyrics for the album): *Dry Dreams*

[No place: no publisher 1982]

\$1250

Proof sheets for the lyrics for the album *Dry Dreams*, released by the Jim Carroll Band on Atco Records in 1982. Three legal-sized pages, with the printed lyrics to the ten songs, and holograph emendations, in pencil, to the song "Barricade." Stapled in upper corner; previously folded in fourths with some lettering lost at the creases; else, near fine. Signed by Carroll, along with a copyright symbol on the verso of the final page. *Dry Dreams* was the Jim Carroll Band's third album. Carroll had been a published poet since the 1960s and his most famous book, the memoir *The Basketball Diaries*, was published in 1978. He did not record an album until 1980, after Patti Smith encouraged him to try his hand at music. Scarce; possibly unique. [BTC#424565]

