

# - LYRICS - ROBOT VS TOTEM POLE - DIFTONG -

## Robot vs Totem Pole

Working in a field of gold  
Hanging on with my lifeline stretched  
And all the angels looked away  
I was dreaming of the ancient chiefs  
As they stood their ground and sang  
The evil spirits kept at bay

The manager sits at his desk  
Begging into the telephone  
The deadline breathing in his neck  
It takes a while for him to guess  
He's completely on his own  
And the line has gone dead

Holy Joe was carved from a tree  
As a kind of therapy  
And it worked for me, it worked for me  
Now I've got my own Totem Pole  
Full of woodworms and full of soul  
Holy Joe watches over me

Robots cannot understand  
Robots, they just work the land  
Digging for coal and pumping the oil  
In cumbersome toil

Robot versus Totem Pole  
The myth of gold versus the wooden soul

## Lotusland

Chuck a coin in the slot  
For some high speed rock & roll  
Pink star, white line  
Feel bad, better, fine  
Hallowed be the pagan girls  
Wiggling in a downtown swirl  
The beat is banging on the eardrums  
Oozing moisture, slippery floors

Up there on a hotel roof  
Sanctified in modern groove  
A rock star in the crosshair view  
The city feasts on the morbid news  
Meanwhile in the stadium  
The masses moan and weep  
Try to hold on to the soul  
That is not theirs to keep

Scoop it up and slip it in  
Close the lid, that's it

Living in Lotusland  
Preach the big I  
Make up a good story and  
Cover up the lie

## Rumplestiltzkin

Me and Rumplestiltzkin  
And a bunch of unsolved riddles  
High upon the tower,  
    casting shadows on the clouds  
They're not forecasting rain  
But it changes by the hour  
And me and Rumplestiltzkin remain

Lured up these steps  
With the promise of redemption  
Work up a good sweat to purge all these questions  
And wait for the thunderstorm to wash 'm all away  
And me and Rumplestiltzkin remain

All strings attached to the man in my head  
How come I believe this Cartesian threat  
How will I know he's not going insane  
While me and Rumplestiltzkin remain

If I could only guess his name  
Cut him loose and wash him away  
Me and Rumplestiltzkin, one and the same

## Black Smoke

John Thorn was taking in the hay  
Milk and meat were all home made  
The boy was taking in the trade  
We were slowing down the pace

River trout proves world trade wrong  
Angels pissing on our tongues  
Labor, beer and then a song  
This is how it all belongs

The foreign office brawls what's up  
A robot fills my plastic cup  
It comes to me this whole thing sucks  
I'm about to pull the plug

Massacres for pocket's sake  
Kill God's creatures just in case

And then the plague came down  
Black smoke rising from the farms  
Bad news spread around  
Black smoke rising from the farms  
And we fled back to town  
Our good vibes badly charred

## Waiting for Spring

In the greenhouse in the garden  
The plants suck up the remaining light  
Desperate tries to keep their leaves green  
They are lucky to be inside

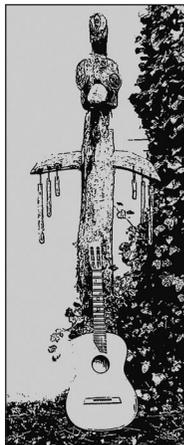
And waiting for spring

Camouflaged men in the desert  
Have their brains baked in the sun  
Their eyes are squinting as they stare  
Down the barrels of their guns

They are waiting for spring

And me, I didn't know where I'm going  
And I forgot where I came from  
Something deep inside is missing  
Something deep inside is wrong

I am waiting for spring



Lyrics from the album  
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by Diftong

All lyrics © 2007 Diftong

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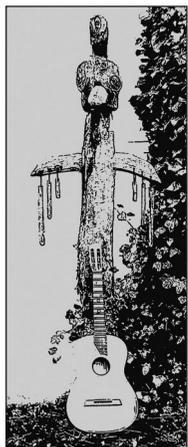
## Cat Got His Tongue

*The 10:30 smoker has nothing to say  
He is just thinking of going away  
And the frantic writing of last night  
Is a disillusion today  
Is there any reason, is there any reason to stay*

*His friends keep asking "Cat's got your tongue?"  
He's never been any good at smooth talk  
No one bothers to read the words of his song  
They should have known, it comes when it comes  
Is there any reason, is there any reason to stay*

*His songs appear in a sordid state  
He never seems to get them straight  
Dumps the remains in an overnight bag  
And the road lies open to good old fate  
Was there any reason, was there any reason to stay*

*Life, it picks you up and tosses you around  
Life, it eats you raw and spits you out  
And all of last night's radiant ideas  
Seem irrelevant just now*



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## Groundhog Day

*Creative insomnia in the flourishing spring  
Kick the Sandman out, time to pull my strings  
Like a newborn rodent, I crawled out of my hole  
Stuck a note on my door that said "Gone with the flow"*

*In Punxsutawney he got it right  
He spends the summer staying up all night*

*By the end of September it was gone  
So I started that fall with a sorrowful yawn  
Quietly locked the door  
Lights off, clothes on the floor  
Undercover till Furry Phil  
Can't see his shadow no more*

*In Punxsutawney he got it right  
He spends the winter like you spend the night*

*It makes no sense to get up in the fall  
When you plan to hibernate  
Stay in and sleep through winter and all  
Wake up on Groundhog Day*

## Bus Trip to Mitzpe Ramon

*Four months worth of living on beer and cigarettes  
Nothing to be proud of, it's not what I regret  
Party time again and Robert must come too  
Went out there to invite him, the least that I could do*

*Two knives heated red hot on the kitchen stove  
And a home-made paper funnel to inhale the smoke  
From a glowing piece of camel dung  
I tried and nearly choked  
It was getting pretty late for my bus back to Ramon*

*I got back on the bus that was waiting to depart  
A soldier fell asleep, right there in my lap  
I kept peeking at his uzi and at the safety catch  
It was the one thing that I hoped he did not forget*

*By far the longest bus trip of my entire life  
What must have been 'round 50 seemed like 500 miles  
On a dusty desert road, decoratively lined  
With car wrecks and bullet holes in the traffic signs*

*Bus trip to Mitzpe Ramon  
Where all the sinners wait to get stoned*

## Walker's Faith

*Have you heard the news  
Walker's lost his shoes  
The anchor man his cue  
And I am losing you*

*Faith was fading out  
When you tried to push and shout  
A message way too loud  
For me to figure out*

*A calculated deal  
To bow down and kneel  
That's not what I feel  
A prayer must be real*

*All things pass I guess  
And we've made such a mess  
But you were meant to last  
That's what I can't grasp*

*Have you heard the news  
Walker lost his shoes  
The anchor man his cue  
And I am losing you*