

# The Shaman & Me

Hannah Frank



# *The Shaman & Me*

*A Collection of Lyrics by Hannah Frank*



**Hannah Frank**

***Mongolian Woman*** (2007)

Graphite on paper

Study of a photograph taken in Mongolia, circa 1910; photographer unknown

*dedicated to Dutch*

# When I was

in college I went to the Field Museum in Chicago.

## I saw

the statue of a Native American shaman behind glass.

## The shaman

is the most magical and powerful person in the Universe.

Yet there he was,

captured behind the glass.

It made me think:

if this powerful thing  
can be behind glass  
then surely history  
is meant to  
equally make a mockery of us all.  
Whatever power we have  
we must claim it.  
We must write our history.

Then I began to write.

The Shaman & Me

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Lyrics and artwork by Hannah Frank

Cover photography by Khori Wilson

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# Don't Tell Me

Don't tell me that it can't be done  
I'm living proof that battles can be won  
I have seen the darkness swallowed by the sun  
Don't tell me that it can't be done

Don't tell me that I can't be heard  
I've got a voice, I can sing like the birds  
I've got a mind, I can find the words  
Don't tell me that I can't be heard

Don't tell me that I must sit still  
I've got freedom, I've got free will  
The bells of freedom, hear them ringing still  
Don't tell me that I can't 'cause I will

# 5th Street

Yeah she was dancing around the room  
With her foot in her mouth and she didn't really  
go with the music  
And she was trying to keep time but her mind  
kept slippin'  
Crazy as ever lost in a kaleidoscope of heartbeats  
and feathers  
Met her in some kind of American bar down on 5<sup>th</sup> Street

Ordered a drink on me  
Think as you sink on me  
Deeper into what I'd like to be  
Wash me down with ice, melt so nice inside  
of what I'd like to be

Out on the corner waiting for some better than  
To save her while we can as her hands reach out  
from the inside  
Like it or not doing shots of yesterday  
Down by the way there's something she forgot to say

Hey, don't you miss her, can't you feel her breathe  
She's just wasting her days, down down on 5<sup>th</sup> Street  
Carrying on like some wild bird cry  
Hear her sing, bring it on, left her behind

Now she's telling me stories and what's on her mind  
But as for me I'll just order some more  
of those good times  
Because you know it's all too soon lost forever

In her feathers she still carries on, watch her  
dance her way to the bar she says  
Not a day goes by that her heart doesn't cry  
Don't turn your back on the ones who care  
Walk away but you're headed nowhere

Yeah she was dancing around the room  
With her foot in her mouth and she didn't really  
go with the music  
And she was trying to keep time but her mind  
kept slippin'  
Crazy as ever lost in a kaleidoscope of heartbeats  
and feathers

Met her in some kind of American bar down on 5<sup>th</sup> Street  
Ordered a drink on me  
Think as you sink on me  
Deeper into what I'd like to be  
Wash me down with ice, melt so nice inside

of what I'd like to be

# Mad Girl's Diary

I'm sitting on my bed, it's raining on my head  
How'd this thunderstorm get into my area?  
I look into the mirror I see a distant body  
You don't know who you are and it tends to scare ya

Don't you know, can't you see  
Did Ozzy say it better than me?  
Don't you know it is a Mad Girl's Diary  
All these things that I thought that I loved  
Don't you know it is a Mad Girl's Diary  
All these things that I'm thinking of

I'm sitting in my car, I'm parked just outside the bar  
I watch all the people go in and out  
of this whole world, I don't know what to do  
I don't know what to shout about

Don't you know, can't you see  
Did Ozzy say it better than me?  
Don't you know it is a Mad Girl's Diary  
all these things I thought that I knew  
Don't you know it is a Mad Girl's Diary  
all these things that I do

I went to school and they tried to teach me  
I felt like a fool when they could not reach me  
History is in the garbage can  
It's clear to me that damage is the master plan

I'm sitting in the park  
it's getting rather dark  
I inhale a cigarette it burns my lung tissue  
all in all I guess I really do miss you

Don't you know, can't you see  
Did Ozzy say it better than me?  
Don't you know it is a Mad Girl's Diary  
All these things that I thought that I loved  
Don't you know it is a Mad Girl's Diary  
All these things that I thought that I loved  
Don't you know it is a Mad Girl's Diary  
All these things that I'm thinking of

# NUTRITIONAL FACTS

Blue island morning, sipping wine softly  
keeping time mostly for the sake of not losing it  
once lost, unable to let go  
once stranded unable to get back to  
nonlinear patterns on the sea of perception we are marooned

Nutritional facts, tattooed on my back  
I am an oak tree down in Georgia, I am like cigarettes oh Lord-a  
the Surgeon General wears a black hood  
when he swings the ax  
oh-oh when he swings the ax

He saddled up his horse, rode away into the Spanish morning  
saw a monk along the trail, handed him a flower like a warning  
here I stand at the gates, nearly crippled from carrying the weight  
love is dangerous, love is cruel  
don't let anybody take you for a fool

Nutritional facts, tattooed on my back  
I am a peach tree down in Georgia, I am like cigarettes oh Lord-a  
the Surgeon General wears a black hood  
when he swings the ax  
oh-oh when he swings the ax

# Fortune Teller

The fortune teller runs the show  
she will tell you what you want to know  
she will tell you what you want to know  
I could not get to sleep last night  
worrying if everything would be alright

Carpet tacks they are on my feet  
it hurts so bad to hit the street  
and all the houses on all the roads  
comfort me when I see your soul is gone  
when the sky fades from blue  
I'll go down to get her point of view  
The fortune teller will tell you what you want to know

Above the brick door is a neon light  
it's around the bend and just out of sight  
Now she doesn't have any crystal ball  
it's just an old shack, just a hole in the wall  
She can read your palm, she can read the stars  
But she reads your eyes as she lays the cards  
The fortune teller will tell you what you want to know

I went to her place last night  
to try to see if things would be alright  
I listened hard but I'm still not sure  
if I should really listen to her  
Because the fortune teller will tell you what you want to know  
You can get a lesson in fate and free will  
for a mere twenty dollar bill  
the fortune teller will tell you what you want to know

# CHICAGO (location: Rogers Park - 1998)

Go on and steal, steal all of my bread from me  
feed it to your children down by the bitter sea  
but if those tired, happy, dirty little faces don't set you free...

I walk on the beach, I walk to drum beats  
we are all just people off the streets  
Livers and diers all may meet  
in the summer heat  
I thank the Lord for the beach  
in this octopus of stone  
Too many roads to find my way home

Cry me a river down to Lake Shore Drive  
Now, now now now now now  
Cry me a river down to Lake Shore Drive now  
Now, now now now now

Winter is suffocating me, winter is suffocating me,  
Then the fair weather comes, then the fair weather comes...  
When the fair weather comes  
you know I'm gonna be alright

Stay in the sand sunrise to moonlight  
you can take my shame you can take these earthly delights  
I said you can take all the bread  
all the bread that you like from me  
feed it to your children down by the bitter sea  
and if those tired, happy, lonely little faces don't set you free



# EPIC

He sits there burning for all His wicked sins  
He tells me between shot glasses and safety pins  
He sits there burning, He sits there learning  
Kaleidoscope is moving, graveyards are standing still  
Why don't you just come around, hear a knock on my windowsill?  
His eyes were moving but His head was quite still  
wanting to know if I would or if He would kill the beast  
that was inside of Him walking to and fro  
and nothing short of folk music could ever let you go  
He sits there burning for all His wicked sins,  
He sits in front of pictures of Mary  
I sit in front of pictures of Him wanting to know  
why life was so bleary if I couldn't see the sun  
and where would I be when I finally came undone  
and finished up this mystery and finally closed the book  
and put it back on the shelf without a second look  
Did you dream of murder, did you dream of shame?  
Did you dream of yellow snow or did you dream of purple rain?  
And I was sitting there waiting while your head was a burning flame

Like a book of Chemistry, complicated and irate  
a sermon on Heaven given by the Head of State  
He sits there burning for all His precious sins,  
He tells me between shot glasses of brandy and sticking  
safety pins into His ears  
Don't you understand that that is not the way to walk?  
There are a thousand things to say but only so many ways to talk  
There's nothing else to say, the magician cannot be expected to reveal  
the secrets of his tricks but it's just your perception that he steals  
I know you still have demons, that they are finally in control  
Your scene is in remission, nothing is gonna get stolen  
and the price I had to pay from the bottom of my soul  
to cast the evilness read out of yours

The witch I had to call upon, the witch that came to play  
She has followed the curse and now She stays  
She will not go away  
All of my solitude all of my rage are coming together  
now with every page  
The mystery is over, I told Him that I let Him go  
and nothing short of folk music could ever save your precious soul

Nothing that I said to you ever sunk through except that one long pointy nail  
when I crucified your blues  
And nothing ever came of it, nothing that was good  
Why couldn't you just have done what you should?  
Regret is cheap, it is so very cheap  
What do you want to know, what do you want to keep?  
The witch that was inside of me, I know her skin was green  
She wears a pointy black hat, I wish that she would blow up like gasoline  
But I'm not that mean  
You're like a dagger in my heart which is like stone  
You will not cut me, I'm not afraid to be alone  
You may pierce the skin, but you'll never ever pierce the bone  
It was a hearty price I had to pay from the bottom of my soul

He sits there burning for all His precious sins He tells me between shot glasses  
burning mirrors  
He told me was all a mistake of youth  
I knew that He spoke the truth  
You can walk freely now up and down the street but you won't ever see me  
I'm one face you're never gonna meet  
Close the lid, put the jar upon the shelf  
Nothing was ever claimed, nothing was ever named by myself

I know he is a man now somewhere far away and if you're the girl that meets him  
Could you kindly tell him that he has no debt to pay  
Don't you, wouldn't you...? Like you would want to know...

# Educate

And all that I was to be  
has drifted off like sand to sea  
I saw an angel serve you tea  
but it left stains upon your teeth  
the nuns are done with their chores  
they're going off to pray some more  
The gardener is calling you, he thinks he has found death's door  
All I want from you is for you to educate my mind  
so I don't have to be so blind  
The nuns are going off to war  
I still wonder why I came  
the police knocking on your door for a little bit of shame  
All I want from you is for you to educate my mind  
so I don't have to be so blind  
I saw the devil serve you bread  
with almonds and poppy seeds  
I saw you washing in the sand, like it was all you'd ever need  
I saw you washing in the sand, playing dirty guitar so I'd understand  
all I want from you is for you to educate my mind  
so I don't have to be  
so superstitious all the time



# '68 Ford

Blackbird calling in the still of the night  
there she stands at my window with a broken wing  
She's standing in the rain, shake-shake-shaking  
She's standing in the rain, shake-shake-shaking  
Shaking like the body of a '68 Ford  
with the engine turning over and over  
keep rattling the floor boards

Lordy, Lord, I get so weak in the knees  
Lordy, Lord, I get so weak in the knees  
He's coming home late again, like he did last night  
He's coming home late again, Lord, Lord, but he treats me right

Blackbird calling in the still of the night  
there he stands at my window with a broken wing  
He's standing there, black feathers soaking wet in the rain  
He's standing in the rain, shake-shake-shaking  
Shaking like the body of a '68 Ford  
with the engine turning over and over  
keep rattling the floor boards

Lordy, Lord, I get so weak in the knees  
Lordy, Lord, I get so weak in the knees  
He's coming home late again, like he did last night  
He's coming home late again, Lord, Lord, but he treats me right

# Graveyard Adventures of Survivor Cupcake w/Part II

Well I'm behind you in handcuffs  
rapping at the bones at your back door  
crying to be taken home but that's me, Survivor Cupcake  
ready to be consumed by what ails you  
headache honey just drip down softly over the walls of this great  
damn you  
have built  
to stop the rivers of a flowing passion but I really don't give a

Glances are séances as I try to communicate  
with the dead lust buried six feet beneath white sheets  
well beat down the flowers, take a shovel to the dust my sweet  
roll over the stone and just throw me a bone and then  
lay down at my feet

little whistle on a big train  
comes rollin' round my place  
little whistle like a big sigh  
when I try to touch your face  
you got pink sunshine on your face  
you got hands too slow to think  
you got eyes too weak to wink away the sand from when you were sleeping

you are keeping all your secrets deep  
buried in a hurried heap of hiding  
when it is you who is riding the train  
whip out your sword but I'm already slain  
I would spit at you but it looks like rain  
mud might loosen up the grave  
mud might loosen up the grave

Parking meters on the freeway don't get a dime  
just like melted clocks in the desert they don't tell the time  
so we're having another one of those surreal moments  
what's it gonna be?

Do you want to raise the dead with me?  
Or will you push me away  
with your lack of a smile  
saying you just want to hang out in the desert for awhile  
getting blisters on our backs and hands  
I tell you that I'm thirsty and you help me eat the sand

bones rolling around in the hot hot sun  
you don't have all your parts  
yet you try to run  
oh but honey you're just gonna run into time  
then try to tell me I'm  
the strange one

# Kingdom

Good thing these lemon trees are pasteurized  
My sour life begins to make me wise  
I'd look you up but frankly I'm still stunned  
You have arrived, you are your own kingdom

A modern miracle if I get any sleep, with all these crazy fires I keep  
thinking about you sometimes just makes me weep  
so wake up your eyes with the morning sun  
and know that you you you – you are my beautiful one  
you are my beautiful one

Sadness comes and sadness goes  
Sometimes you get the thorn, sometimes you get the rose  
Sometimes you get the thorn, sometimes you get the rose

I'll just sit and watch my lemon tree grow  
cause the flowers they are so pretty  
but the fruit, when I taste it, is so sour  
It's the chaos of life that gives us our power  
Don't go thinking of changing yourself none  
You are all you need, you are your own kingdom  
Wake up your eyes with the morning sun  
You you you are my beautiful one  
You are all you need, you are your own kingdom

# Stare into the Sun

I'm walking these streets just a little too long  
been playing back and forth like the same old song  
I never meant to hurt you now just look at what I've done  
but can you see clearer when you stare into the Sun?  
I don't know much I know that something's gotta change  
just know I never saw things turning out this way  
if you know it hurts, don't make it worse  
find the power in the pain  
Travel these roads and see where they take you  
break this mold and see what it makes of you  
you're on your own, no one knows your name  
funny how the faces here all look the same  
look the same, look the same  
I'm falling down now like the leaves off the trees  
shoot me up let me down, set me on my knees  
I'm a pawn of my life and what I let myself believe  
who are you to tell me just what is that I need?  
Lead me through the hours that rip apart the days  
lost as ever if you never wanted it to stay  
I can tell you of my troubles, I can tell you of my plans  
I can tell you that I'm sorry, but you'll never understand  
Travel these roads and see where they take you  
break this mold and see what it makes of you  
you're on your own, no one knows your name  
funny how the faces here all look the same  
look the same, look the same  
I seek so much and have yet to find  
I want to stare into the sun until I go blind  
when I close my eyes  
I still see black I don't know what I mean by that  
I don't know what I mean by that I've just been walking these streets  
just a little too long I've been playing back and forth  
like the same old song I never meant to hurt you now just look  
at what I've done  
but can you see clearer when you stare into the glare of the sun

# Burnt Dinner

What happened ma, what happened ma  
what happened to the years?  
It's so hard to see your face  
when there's cocaine on the mirror  
If I had a dollar I still could not buy back my sense  
funny how what was funny then ain't funny now  
funny how what was funny then ain't funny now

Help me mother, help me please, help me to recall  
the reasons I have left to hold up these broken walls  
if I had mind to, I may just let them fall oh  
help me to see reasons if they're there at all

I was so hungry but I burnt my dinner  
when it comes to cooking life I guess I'm no winner  
just a beginner who will continue  
to get thinner  
as these days roll by

You throw me knives and you say, "here try and catch 'em"  
You heave out grenades and you say, "go fetch 'em"  
but I'm not dumb, and you're a bum  
trying to change me into some  
thing that I'm not  
when you know what I am is all I've got

# Loved a Man

I loved a man and mmm, sometimes he would love me  
I woke one morning to stare in the mirror  
and found the rodeo in my eyes  
love makes you lonesome sometimes

Well I laid him down on a fiery mountain and it broke my strings  
the sky above the fiery fountain and it causes him to sing  
I can hear that echo ring  
I can hear that echo ring  
I can hear that echo ring

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# Sailors

Sailors on a sinking ship  
Try, try just a little bit  
You did not want to sit around here  
so you went on a ship  
to seek your fortune  
to seek your fortune

Sailor, there's not much to do now  
Ghosts, ghosts from stern to bow  
All this bounty, all this treasure  
all these things beyond measure  
you wanted to see just how high you could go  
Sailor you are about to go down as far as you can go

Sailor, you're on a sinkin' ship  
Try, try just a little bit  
But life is futile to save  
you are about to go down  
with the next ocean wave



I would wonder how she got that way,  
to be so god-damned strange.  
How could anyone be like that,  
why couldn't she just change?  
But she didn't care what you thought of her,  
you could tell it by her stare  
in her cold hard face—

    You wouldn't talk to if you dare.

    She had silent indignation and was proud to be herself,  
    proud to not fit with society.

        Are we happy with ourselves?  
    We can change another human  
        into another species—  
            the species  
                of the crazy freak girl.

Doesn't she look odd to you?  
Look at the freak girl—  
rules of society don't ring true  
for the crazy freak girl.

Why must she be alone?  
    The crazy freak girl—  
Why can't she be at peace,  
    the crazy freak girl?

    She looks out on the world  
    and wishes everything was gone.  
    Why must it be this way  
        for the crazy freak girl?

# *Velvet & the Suede*

Somewhere in between the velvet and the suede  
lies the softest softness that we made  
and I'm like a faded line in between the sunshine and the shade  
I cannot be swayed either way-  
to let things go  
or to let them stay just the way that they are

oh why's it got to be, why's it got to be  
so hard  
when it started off  
so softly

Now you look at me kind of weird  
like a piece of glass looking into a mirror  
and maybe all the reasons  
are just far too clear  
I see right through them if I see them at all

You look at me with those eyes and you ask me  
what went wrong  
and I just say: Babe, the answer is not in this song

You look at me with those eyes  
and you ask me what went wrong  
and I just say

# Disaster

She built her life on blood and stress  
it did not make for a very pretty dress  
the boys always said that she looked so alone  
distant eyes and a warm stone-cold face

She built her life on a geographic slate  
on miles of coral left from a glacier  
she tried it all but it didn't satiate her

She built her mind on an interstellar plate  
she worried about the colors of the gases  
exploding from distant stars  
meanwhile we just passed her  
she built her life on disaster after disaster

If only she would have been alive  
during the times of ancient floods and sacrifice  
she would have made a very intelligent martyr  
they would have built her a statue made of stone

maybe that's why she's got that old time laughter  
coming out from the bones  
coming out from the bones  
of her warm stone-cold face

# ALAMO

He must have saved me from the fire  
at the battle of the Alamo when we were fighting Mexico  
He must have pulled me down from the cross just in time  
before those Medieval jokers burned me alive  
'cause I can't get him out of my mind  
now I can't get him out of my mind

He must have hid me long ago, when I was a Jew in disguise  
He must have gotten on the stand when I was framed  
and claimed to be an alibi  
'cause I can't push him out of my mind  
now I can't push him out of my mind

He must have saved me from the cold, cold mountains  
He got my battery charged  
when I was trying to build a fire with a rock and a stick,  
He kindly brought the spark  
and I can't push him out of my heart,  
I can't push him out of my heart

When I was sick he must have carried me dying,  
to a doctor in a distant land  
'cause I can't get him off  
of my hands  
I can't get him off  
of my hands

# DEMON DAYS

Demon days I better put on my love shoes  
and walk away before I lose my mind  
before my heart is brought to me  
on a silver platter at supper time

In my dreams I walk down a silver isle, beauty and the beast  
In nightmares I am on trial, suffering in complete  
In temptation, I shall not falter, you can test me  
from time to time  
Demon days I laid them down at my altar  
In exchange for peace of mind

Demon days I better sharpen my pool cue  
and play to win one of these days  
like a mirror I cannot see through  
reflecting directions through a maze  
Yet I will not falter, you can test me from time to time  
Demon days I laid them down at my altar  
In exchange for peace of mind

# STARLIGHT

Well try as you might to look down the tracks it is gone  
It isn't comin' back  
It was a "fat train" full of cargo and it's so hard to let it go, I know

Now I don't run like gazelles, at home my mailbox is all bills  
If I could rob that train on horseback by starlight, I would

Well I was gettin' sick of just hangin' around  
I hopped a train, I was South Dakota bound  
I saw a woman all dressed in gray  
Purple periwinkle gloves on her hands on her lap lay  
She wore a locket around her neck,  
she caught my eye one minute and then looked away the next

Well there was a man standing not far behind  
who had something else entirely on his mind  
The locket was a solid gold cross of Christ  
No sign of movement had clued me into the heist

He got off at Sioux Falls and wrote his name upon the wall  
He took the locket to his woman whose dry white washerwoman hands  
on her lap lay she picked up her face

Now I don't tell it like it is for any other reason other than this:  
think twice before you start to miss  
what's been taken from you— it could be in good hands by now

But the train moves fast once it gets going,  
long way to go, no sign of slowin' down for me  
It just keeps on rollin' through the desert night  
and it gets quieter as it gets out of sight  
but if I could rob that train on horseback by starlight, I would

# *Brakeman*

Well Bobby was a fine man  
with a gun-stain on his hand  
Well he rode that train until he reached the Eastern lands  
where there were cities and towers

Men and women and children too, so different from the plains he knew  
Well he heard that a hangman cannot find, no he cannot find  
a workin' man so he put his hands to use  
to drive the gun-stain from his hands  
to drive the bloodstain from his hands

Well hey, hey, Mister Brakeman, are you going to let me ride?  
Well hey, hey, Mister Brakeman, are you going to let me ride?  
Or are you gonna tell me that my chains are inside?  
Oh please don't tell me that my chains are inside  
I wanna travel with the sun and get back to where I begun  
I want to take that train  
until I reach the Western lands

I want to show the Sheriff there  
that the gun stains are from my hands  
that the gun-stains are no longer on my hands  
that the bloodstains are from my hands

Well, you can tell this tale to the stars  
and anyone else who has traveled far  
that there were cities and towers too  
Men and women and children too  
Men and women and children too  
So different from the plains I knew

# Pitch Black Eyes

It was my first reaction  
that I was on my own  
I had no plans to guide me  
Seemed my baby bird had flown  
I traveled through the night just to see your face  
Wound up in a graveyard miles from any place

Surely it must be a cloud  
or some smoke from some old fire  
I could see an apparition  
from the gravestone rising higher  
Watch her as she rises  
Watch her as she rises

She had pitch black eyes  
She had pitch black eyes  
and a bottle of wine  
and a bottle of wine

It was my old man's funeral  
Put that hat back on your head  
for it was this ghost that showed me  
that my love was far from dead

So I made a small bouquet  
laid it on the gravestone  
On the fenceline I thought I saw a blue jay  
I looked twice but he had flown  
watch him as he rises  
watch him as he rises

# You

You call me up in the middle of the night just to say hello.  
As I hang up the phone I ask myself, just how deep does this love go?  
I had been lookin' for something that just might be found  
and all I had to do is nothing,  
Just had to stop turning my head around.

You were right there in front of me,  
You were right there behind me,  
You were to the left and the right of me.  
Oh, you surround me.

You have all the answers, you hold the key  
What I wouldn't give to let you know just what I know  
I would call you up in the middle of the night just to tell you so

Guess I was not so much as blind,  
I just kept thinkin' that it couldn't be that easy.

Every smile that comes to your face seems to shine  
that much more brightly,  
Every step that I take on this earth I seem to tread that much more lightly,  
And when I think of holding you I know that I'm going to  
do it that much more tightly.

You were right there in front of me  
You were right there behind me  
You were to the left and the right of me  
Oh, you surround me.

You have all the answers, you hold the key  
What I wouldn't give to let you know just what I see  
I would call you up in the middle of the night,  
But I think I'll just let you sleep

# Dyin' to Divide

Oh, I know you are dyin' to divide  
your Queen of Hearts  
into that seven that you're missing  
so that you can make that straight  
and lay it down on me so that I was wishing  
that I never would have bet my life

You better lay down your best pocket knife  
and I will go home and get my silver ladle  
and cook you stew just one more time  
we'll lay these red and white face  
cards down on the table,  
look at each other and never go blind.

Oh, I know you are dyin' to divide  
so cut the deck — what are you waitin' for?  
When the stakes are high  
I don't want to see you looking at the door.

Look at each other  
and never go blind  
and we'll play this hand even  
if it takes all night.

We'll see who wins your best pocket knife,  
We'll see who takes my silver ladle.  
So cut the deck just as soon  
as you are willing and able.

I will go home and get my silver ladle  
and cook you stew just one more time  
we'll lay these red and white face cards  
face down on the table  
look at each other and never go blind.

# Melinda

Deep inside your bottom dollar, I can't even hear you holler  
Swing your man around by the arm, don't give up just because you've been charmed

Attack the castle Melinda; don't follow the pawns that rush  
Do me just one favor, Melinda; do not use that crutch.  
Don't drink your coffee plain, Melinda; add some half-and-half,  
You may be surprised to find what you're looking at.

Hold it all inside until, you can no longer bear the weight  
E into Hell's fiery canyon,  
S walk  
I into  
R Heaven's  
gate

Peter says, "You're not from around here,"  
As he lights his cigarette

"I don't want to start any trouble," I say as I start to smile  
"You just want to live in a bubble," he says and then adds, "for a while."

Attack the castle, Melinda; do it once for me  
Attack the castle, Melinda; do it once for me

Peter smokes his pipe each lonely night without you — Can you hear him roar?

One angel says to the other, "What are you in for?"  
There is no way out of Heaven, there is no revolving door  
Attack the castle Melinda, do it once for me  
Attack the castle Melinda  
Do not let  
any man  
go free

# Georgia Rain

I hear that train a-comin', I hear that train a-goin'  
sit right down at the table, babe,  
I know you're holdin' more than you're showin'.  
You got black aces up your sleeve, you call me on the phone then leave.  
But you gave me keys to your cage;  
I'm like a pile o' daisies sittin' on the interstate,  
bigger than a haystack burnin' in the Georgia rain.

Well, I put red tulips on the grave of your trust,  
I pick 'em and I put 'em in a vase;  
they say it doesn't but it does,  
I get a buzz from lookin' at your face.  
You got me walkin' on moonshine, listenin' to ragtime,  
Outta my head, outta my mind...

You stuck to me like a bloodstain on a silk shirt,  
You were tough like killing floor blues,  
and smooth as Mississippi John Hurt.  
walking' on moonshine, listenin' to ragtime...

I stay in your harbor, even though my ship has full sails  
I stand on the edge of your bow all night  
just to hear your saxophone wail.  
People ask me why I love you and this metaphor never fails:  
My life was a big picture window, babe,  
and you were a Molotov cocktail,  
walkin' on moonshine...

There's so many things that I don't understand,  
I'm like Helen Keller, man — c'mon and write it on my hand.  
Walkin' on moonshine, listenin' to ragtime...  
I was outta my head, outta my mind...

So I hear that train a-comin', I hear that train goin',  
sit right down at the table, babe,  
I know you're holdin' more than you're showin'.  
You got black aces up your sleeve,  
you call me on the phone then leave.  
You gave me keys to your cage;  
I'm like a pile o' daisies sittin' on the interstate,  
bigger than a haystack burnin' in the Georgia rain,  
bigger than a haystack burnin' in the Georgia rain...

# Charlene

I'm sorry for all those things I said  
It don't matter now that you're gone  
Sometimes love ain't strong enough  
to hold me together when things get tough

I'm sorry for all those things I did  
that made me seem like a spoiled kid  
Wasn't true the first time and it won't be true the last  
The only thing that's true  
is that time is slipping past  
So listen to me carefully

Oh Charlene, I tried to break free  
sometimes love ain't strong enough  
to break these chains that bind my mind  
when I swear that I've had enough

I won't swear that's the last time  
Oh these vows that would break when we love one another  
when it's too much to take so run for the cover of our lover, lover, lover  
but who sits alone  
on loneliness' throne  
your piety becomes you  
your sobriety will succumb you  
and your infidelity will numb you to true love one day  
oh to true love one day

Well a long, not so long ago  
Negroes out in the field would sing of a chariot  
that swang down low  
and picked them up  
oh and carried them home

Please don't let me go alone, please don't let me give up  
but in your arms be cradled home  
let me sway  
and let me be delivered  
to true love one day

I ain't gonna say that the price is too much to pay  
I ain't gonna stay alone forever  
I ain't gonna be home forever  
so listen to me carefully  
Oh Charlene I tried to break free  
sometimes love ain't strong enough  
to break these chains that bind my mind  
when you're screaming that you've had enough  
when you're screaming that it's the last time  
I'm going down down down for the last time  
that's what you told me the last time  
I'm going down down down for the last time  
I'm going down down down for the last time

# Recognize

Do you sit and recognize  
all these things that you've compromised  
waiting for the West?

So you go and you wrap your hands  
around the handshake of forsaken men  
and never look the other way  
and when your glass slipper breaks  
do you just say it's for the best?

Do you sit and recognize  
all these clocks as they hypnotize  
the heartbeat in your chest  
and when things finally change  
do you just smile and say it's for the best?

There are always things unseen  
above the mountains in your misty dreams  
between the light of the sun  
and the shadow of death  
Do you sit and disagree?  
Argumentative conceptuality  
that follows you around  
like four horsemen waiting to be seen  
and when your glass slipper breaks  
are you just glad you're not the one?

Or do you sit and bitch awhile  
crack a smile just to let me know  
that you are human, too?  
On this road you shall walk awhile  
in my shoes you will walk this mile  
I will tell you what to do

Like dust you will rise  
looking back on all you've compromised over the years  
condemned to rationalize  
the heartbreak of your forsaken lies  
please just try to dry your tears

When all the walls you climb are gone  
all that's left is fear  
so when your glass slipper breaks  
when your glass slipper breaks  
please don't hold it dear  
no please don't hold me dear

The mind games of relationships  
turn it down just a little bit  
I'm trying to hear  
so listen closely as I tell to you  
what will bring you to the clear

Your head is turned at every twist  
twisted at every turn  
how long must you reflect in these broken mirrors  
where you will never learn  
what's right is wrong though it's just a song  
please release your fears  
and listen closely as I tell to you the truth  
though the truth in itself does not draw you near  
You are listening  
to your rationale's christening  
please release your fears

And when your glass slipper breaks  
when your glass slipper breaks  
when your glass slipper breaks  
please don't hold it dear  
please don't hold it dear.

# ELECTRICITY

Shock ran through my body like electricity in the belly of a kite  
flying so high in a thunderstorm in the middle of the night  
Candles light the hall if it wasn't for this flame I wouldn't burn my hand  
Everybody knows, but it takes someone special to understand

I talked to a soldier on Sunday, he wasn't going off to church  
He was looking for gold in the backyard  
He was looking up at those old lightning rods  
Thinking he needs a good friend, one that will never leave his side  
One that will shelter him like a tin roof in the middle of the night

Thoughts float on my mind like a leaf on a stream  
a message in a dream  
Life is much more than a dream  
or maybe that is just advice

I talked to a preacher on Monday, he wasn't going off to fight  
He was digging up gold in the backyard  
He was thinking of pawning those old lightning rods  
buy a skeleton key, tie it to a kite string  
fly it in a storm and really feel divinity  
I need a good friend, one that will never leave my side  
one that will shelter me like a tin roof in the middle of the night

# SHE NEVER FALLS

The forest crumbles, but you will not rot away  
The statue rumbles, but it is he who rots away  
The crystal ball she mumbles, but you don't hear her call  
Destiny sometimes stumbles, but she never falls

Time is a child, but I know she's walked a wounded mile  
You cannot tell if she's happy or sad when she smiles

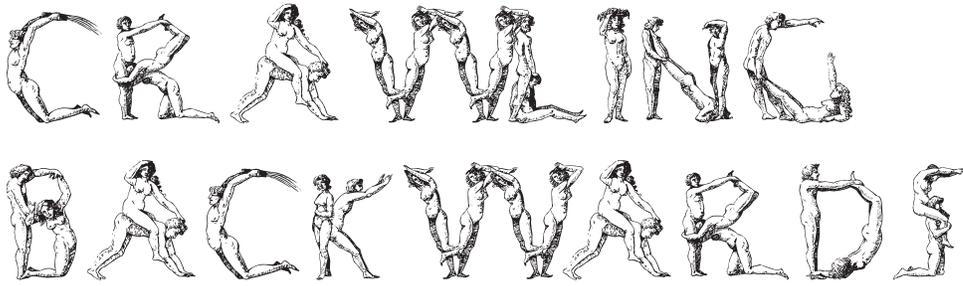
The bird is flying toward you  
dipping in and out of the light  
The sun is falling toward you  
every time you say goodnight

The universe is shrinking  
and I feel it all is a lie  
and every time you say hello  
I feel you are saying goodbye  
and Destiny sometimes hangs her head  
but she never stoops to cry

Time is a child, but I know she's walked a wounded mile  
You cannot tell if she's happy or sad when she smiles

From the first breath of creation  
I have been toiling from the start  
won't you come down and relieve  
the achin' of my heart  
Destiny sometimes is the horse  
and sometimes is the cart

Time is a child, but I know she's walked a wounded mile  
You cannot tell if she's happy or sad when she smiles



You're crawling backwards, you're crawling backwards on your knees  
You're high as the birds singing in the trees  
You're crawling backwards, you're crawling backwards on your knees  
towards peace, towards hopelessness,  
towards everything you ever needed that you could not get

Someone tell me where to go  
Someone tell me how to row my boat ashore  
My mind is in chains and my soul is  
walking out the door

He said, "Boy, she sure does look like she needs a shot."  
He said, "Boy, she sure does look like she needs a shot."  
So Tommy went and he got the vodka, but he meant a shot  
in the head  
Somebody get the doctor, now,  
'cause I think somebody's dead

She didn't want to spend her whole life  
being a lonely psychopath,  
She didn't want to spend her whole life  
being a lonely psychopath.  
That's P-S-Y — Why me?  
That's C-H-O — Oh, no!  
That's P-A-T-H, it's just the path that you chose. . .

You're crawling backwards,  
You're crawling backwards on your knees,  
You're high as the birds that are singing in the trees. . .

# Time and Trees

Now the words drop like seeds right out of your mouth,  
Grow up to be trees that cast shadows of doubt  
and when they lose their leaves  
there's nothing left  
for you to shout about  
so I take a rake and I rake the leaves  
into piles of wants and piles of needs,  
There's a little kid inside of me  
that wants to jump right in to the dried up colors,  
Thoughts, once bright, now just get duller  
with the passage of time. . .

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## A MAN IN A TIE

A man in a tie will tell you lies and lies  
A man in a tie will tell you lies and lies  
Einstein couldn't tie his shoes  
the image of intelligence is deceiving and so is the image of truth  
A man in a tie

# Headache

Well I've been up for three days and I don't understand  
why I have this headache  
I've been taking Tylenol and Jack-and-Coke  
Hey maybe that's why I have this headache  
but I don't want it to go away  
because thinking about you is what gave me this headache

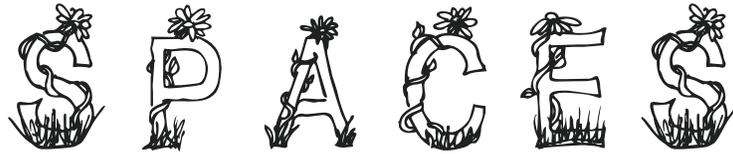
Thinking about how I could never have you is what gave me this headache  
so I don't want it to go away

I can see me applying for a job  
telling them I work really hard but I just have this headache  
You know they make things handicap-accessible now  
Maybe this falls into that category  
maybe I could get my own parking spot,  
but there'd probably be some kind of lawsuit,  
so why don't you just come back home

My liquor cabinet's empty, I swear I don't know where it went  
and I can't find my wallet, but I'm sure my money's all spent  
So I go down to the laundromat,  
I go to wash my clothes  
makin' eyes with the Spanish guys  
while I am buying soap  
I'm cleaning out my throat  
singing songs but every high note  
makes my head buzz like you don't want to know

So until they make the medicine stronger,  
I cannot sing much longer  
Baby, won't you please come back home

Like a farmer calls for pigs, like a farmer calls for cows  
Baby, won't you please come back home, right now.



In the middle of the day where all these spaces fall  
I'm stuck hanging like a line of writing on the wall  
Play another song for me, don't ever go home  
don't ever let me be alone

"I have a good heart," he says to me, "but I don't want to play  
a part in parting these seas."

In the middle of the day where all these spaces show  
open wide like the mouths of those who know  
Hang up your drum, sing another song for me  
don't ever go numb and don't ever let it be

In the middle of the day where all these spaces fall  
I'm stuck hanging on the line between 'for sure' and 'not at all'  
Play another song for me, don't ever go home  
and don't ever let me be alone  
"I . . . have a good heart," he says to me.

# Themes of Isolation

There's only so much we can give to him  
Before he gives it up  
There's only so much we can give to him  
Before he gives it up  
Do these themes of isolation, do they lead you to elation?  
Do you fall back into the decadence of your sweet constitution?  
Does liberty take vacation?  
Does hope hide her face?  
Does it lead you to some sense of elation as you find your place?

There's only so many places to walk with her  
Before she turns around  
There's only so many places to walk with her  
Before she brings it down

The sky is bleeding  
Like thunder that claps out loud  
She fell to the earth deceiving what she had brought about

Do these themes of isolation, do they lead you to elation?  
Does liberty take vacation?  
Does hope hide her face?  
Do these themes of isolation have what to do with deep space?  
We've gone on some investigation  
To alienate the human race  
I see that old town falling as blood rings from the clouds  
There's only so many things to call it before it brings you down

# holes in the boards

You can put your plans in the hands of man  
See what that does to your master plan  
You can build your house with holes in the boards  
or you can put your faith in the Lord

You can put your money on the table  
Gamble your life away as long as you are able  
You can spend your money on cocaine and whores  
or you can put your faith in the Lord

See what that cocaine will get you  
See what that cocaine will put you through  
You think that you're alright but you'll be on your knees tonight  
You must put your faith in the Lord

You can build your house with holes in the boards  
or you can...

# Mass Hysteria

Well it is mass hysteria in America, we are all fighting fighting for the crown  
Who will be the big, big boss who will buy the next round?  
Evil is confronting you on the TV screen  
Oh, just go read People, Time or some other magazine  
'Cause it seems so quiet and it seems so serene  
But it is mass hysteria in America 'cause we're all living in a dream

People overseas are dying with sand in their eyes  
To white collar criminals we are just as blind  
Do you know it? Do you choose not to see?  
It is mass hysteria in America from sea to shining sea

Boys and girls are dying, husbands and wives  
So much resistance, so many lives  
The facts and figures are all mixed up like to cooked up some big lie  
And its getting rather tense  
It is mass hysteria in America cause we don't know the difference

It is mass hysteria in America, we are all fighting, fighting for the prize  
What we do not realize is that it comes at such a high, high price

Because we eat up convenience and we swallow peace of mind  
It is mass hysteria in America 'cause we are all so quiet

Did we have a lobotomy?  
We sacrifice all for the economy— for it any bullet we would bite  
For the truth is without money we have no control of our lives  
Some people act liberal like it's their duty, some people like it's a disease  
It is mass hysteria in America from sea to shining sea

Well you don't see me at a rally, you don't see me handin' out cards  
I got a pretty good head on my shoulders, I got a pretty good heart  
And if all the chaos is not weighin' on my mind  
Buckle up, sit tight— you're in for the  
Destruction of mankind

We vote for lower taxes but pay more for gasoline  
And we don't care about pain in the picture  
When we're on the winning team  
It is mass hysteria in America  
'Cause we're all living in a dream  
It is mass hysteria in America  
'Cause we're all living in a dream

We watch American Idol while a real hero dies  
Tell me does it bring a tear to your eye  
When you see the body counts on 'Dateline?'

It's easy to blame one man, but a body make the laws  
Did it take much research to see it is a very flawed cause?  
Does it take much brain to see the mistake  
Why change the recipe when it tastes like cake?  
Stress is sugar for a rising middle class  
It's just a storm, sure to pass

No need to get their feathers all mussed up  
People are dying but my stock is waaaay up  
Do we have a voice in government today? Does it matter what we say?  
I listen but it's quiet and serene  
It is mass hysteria in America, We must be living in a dream.

They said it's Orange Alert, but I see no danger or hurt  
They say to duck and cover, but all I smell is Big Brother. . .

# Amber

I don't think you need to draw the blueprints  
yet I am still trapped in amber  
Build me a staircase to the lightning  
and I will build you a sauna of thunder  
You are the crow on the highway

In the middle of the night  
when the black berries fall from the trees  
and the birds underneath  
shine in the moon so whitely

You will tell me that you were a dove  
in a past life but I don't believe you love  
and on the west bank of the river  
the river that never sleeps  
tiny boats go around and around  
down to the stony dip  
where the river meets the sea

In the isles of the shadowed sun  
where water over rocks run  
the beach is dead of all array  
and there is sand on all the games you play

You are a crow on the highway  
you are a vulture in my brain  
You are the light and the thunderous horn  
on time's oncoming train

The berries, they are poisonous, why do you eat them?  
Do you think you are immune do you think that you can beat them?

The raccoon and her babies  
will slowly steal themselves away  
crouching behind the garbage cans  
they have been eating all that you throw away  
The garbage tops and the street signs  
the disarray of life  
is painted upon your dinner plate  
it is what you will eat tonight

Far outside in Suburbia an angel is standing in the woods  
his wings and halo have been broken he has no food to eat  
and would you eat a poison berry  
just to put shoes on your feet?

You are a crow on the highway  
you are a vulture in my brain  
You are the light and the thunderous horn  
on time's oncoming train

And I don't think you need to draw the blueprints  
yet I am still trapped in amber  
build me a staircase to the lightning  
and I will build you a sauna of thunder

# **WEST COAST PREACHER**

I met him on the beach— I don't recall which one,  
I don't remember if it was the rising or the setting sun.

He had an East Coast jacket, a West Coast strut  
I asked him what his name was and he said, "What?"  
He had knee pads on his knees for all the praying he'd been doing  
to be as sacred as a Mayan ruin

He was a West Coast Preacher eyes as clear as the Pacific Sea  
West Coast Preacher, always preaching up a storm.  
He would tell you how to live, how to die, how to be born.

Instead of the big book, he carried Pall Malls and tarot cards  
He never looked at people when they looked at him, he mostly hung around in bars.

He was a West Coast Preacher, I was attracted to his mind,  
He could baptize me anywhere, in any place or time.  
He was a West Coast Preacher, I must admit I liked his beard  
He would sing me songs out under the moonlight  
all in all I guess it was pretty weird  
to hang out with a  
West Coast Preacher  
he'd talk about the meaning of meaning  
He was a West Coast Preacher  
but he died on the East Coast dreaming...

I don't know what happened to him  
one day he just disappeared behind a curtain of beads  
in one of those shops on the avenue  
where you can get what you need  
He listened to the girls quietly play tambourine  
because he knew it wouldn't carry very far

# The Ace of Hearts Fell to the Floor

Like a book on a shelf she was never open to much of anything, like cards  
out on the table he was obsessed with fortune and the things it would bring  
and he walked her home so she would not be alone

He was all tied up like a noose in a fire very hot  
she was contemplating her desires, he was busy telling her what she was not  
and she got a little evil, but not too evil

He spent his days out on the highway looking for dimes for his next meal  
She spent her days counting her gold rings  
trying them on different fingers to see how they'd feel  
and they got along, please don't remind me why it was so wrong

He wanted to be an accountant and build her a house out in the woods  
she wanted to be a movie star and live out in Hollywood  
but sometimes they would agree  
she'd play piano and he would sing  
oh don't you know  
that out of all of life's tragedies  
I don't count among them the story of you and me

He spent his old days down by the fish pond trying to get a bite  
she spent her days in the bathroom staring at her aging face  
under fluorescent lights and  
Somewhere in their reflections is a love that might have been  
Somewhere in all their good intentions  
was a million miles of suffering  
that got the best of them  
And wasn't it all just a little selfish in the end  
don't you think to just call them friends?  
And wasn't it all just a little selfish in the end  
don't you think to just call them friends?



# Country Music

Well country is easy to play  
you don't have to do anything fancy  
just pick an honest melody and a down-home topic  
and your single on the charts will skyrocket  
it might put some pennies in your pocket  
it might put some pride in your heart  
it might put some pride in your boots, if you wear boots  
but it won't unbreak your heart

Why do all you country singers have such broken hearts  
I will never figure out  
Is it all the open sky you live under  
or can you just not think of anything else to write about  
Why do all you country singers have them lonely hearts  
is it because there's no one around  
you never see a building touch the sky  
maybe you spend too much time on the ground

Why do all you country singers have such broken hearts  
I can't tell you why  
What is it about your yodel that makes you want to say  
something miserable about yourself  
If we all said something miserable about ourselves  
we'd probably be a lot more honest





Why do all you country singers have them broken hearts  
I can't tell you why

A lonesome holler sure can sound familiar  
a lonesome holler makes you not feel so alone  
a lonesome holler reminds you of someone familiar  
reminds you of a familiar home

Why do all you country singers have them broken hearts  
to sing them broken down lonely country songs  
why do you sing so long and yearning  
kind of like a coyote call, but quite human  
to throw your voice over the next hill  
to crack the air when the air is still

Why do all you country singers have them lonely hearts  
I can't tell you why  
Is it all the open sky you live under, must be all that open sky

So the next time you hear country singer  
cracking their voice like a horseshoe ringer  
would you think of my song?



# Silver Pin

Cold and shy was the way she was described  
Living all her lives on the head of a silver pin.  
We change from going without  
We change from going within  
We're living all our lives on the head of a silver pin.

Civil war soldier, saw him lying on the ground  
Waiting oh so patiently for the angels to come down.  
Did he die for right?  
Did he die for wrong?  
He's still living baby  
'Cause I put him in my song.

Cold and shy was the way she was described  
Living all her lives on the head of a silver pin.  
We change from going without  
We change from going within  
We're living all our lives on the head of a silver pin.

# money man

Fireworks and corporate jerks  
I gotta find me a money man  
Been workin' on the railroad for 12 long years  
I got the golden spike driven in my hands  
Jack of Spades and the tower of God  
Misfit walkin' with a wooden cane  
Tappin' on the ground to find buried rain  
You know food is plentiful but love is scarce  
Common sense runnin' down your face  
Your ears and nose and throat are pierced  
by the strange sounds of her black lace  
Your eyes are smooth and beautiful

The train is going west but you're looking east  
0 and 1, the numbers of the beast  
Save some food, we could have a feast  
Give some away we could have some peace  
But the frailest of graves don't wave in wind  
I got a stone bubble I could pop with a pin  
Cain and Abel, cordless telephone salvation  
Black ooze runnin' down your face  
If you come to your own conclusions do it by some higher grace  
Your eyes are smooth and beautiful  
Jack of Spades and the tower of God  
Misfit walkin' but his shirt is stained  
His t-shirt is just a canvas, a canvas of his pain  
Fireworks, corporate jerks  
I gotta find me a money man  
Been workin' on the railroad for 12 long years  
I got the golden spike driven in my hands

# TRACT HOUSING

Tract housing ain't that attractive to me,  
I think developers developed the American dream  
I have a dream, I have a dream  
Equality — not your own castle — is the American dream

9/11 put some grease on the corporate ladder rungs  
Now you're falling into space, you're feeling out of place  
How can you be incomplete when the world is round?  
Getting screwed is nothing new, it's just wrong when it happens to you

Money is what matters, it's the food upon your table  
Common sense is hard to find, make it as long as you are able to  
It's a free man who sings the blues  
Saw a dead horse being beaten on the 5 o'clock news

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Saw a dead horse being beaten on the 5 o'clock news

## Cup of Wine

I saw you stealing wallets in the incandescent light  
from the pockets of the preachers in the pews last night  
in the morning you walked out, a peacock on the street  
with feathers in your cap and diamonds on your feet  
A Black Cadillac and a woman so sweet  
but you ain't got me, but you ain't got me

I philosophized and digested all your theories of the damned  
your gossip split my brain like a witness on a stand  
who's to say who's wrong and who's to say who's right  
I've got this funny feeling in my fingers tonight  
to steal from God's pockets, to steal what is mine  
a little bit of peace and a cup of wine  
to share with you

Who really knows what's under the clothes?

Catch me I'm feeling faint  
I saw you at the bar with the patron saint  
you were drinking it  
straight  
in the morning I see you, a creature of the damned  
with all five fingers on all six of your hands  
a deity unknown to me, a dragon in the mist  
slightly softer than a shadow, slightly deeper than a kiss  
what goes up must come down  
didn't know it would come down to this  
so pour wine for tigers and give the lions what they've missed  
I got this funny phrase bubbling to my lips

Who's to say who's wrong and who's to say who's right  
I've got this funny feeling in my fingers tonight  
to steal from God's pockets, to steal what is mine  
a little bit of peace  
and a cup of wine  
to share with you

## HEAD ON A PLATTER

He says he wants my head on a platter  
Well if biblical rage is what you're after  
get some religion, son, get some religion, son  
get some religion  
Oh baby, don't cry for me  
Saw him in the street with a bullet in his teeth  
looking up at me behind dark sunglasses  
I don't care if your past lover was a thief  
You of all people should know just how time passes  
Oh baby, don't cry for me  
Oh baby, don't cry for me  
Saw you on the street, you were begging for change  
looking up at me behind blonde eyelashes  
I don't care about you no more  
I scream to the wind like an emotional fascist  
Oh baby, don't cry for me  
No baby, don't cry for me  
People see me on the street and they ask me, "What is the matter?"  
It's hard to breathe in a country run by Pinocchio and the Mad Hatter  
Oh baby don't cry for me  
He says he wants my head on a platter  
Well if biblical rage is what you're after  
get some religion, son, get some religion, son  
get some religion  
Oh baby, don't cry for me

# TRAITOR

You walk into a wall of water  
and everyone wants to take your hand  
You walk into a wall of fire  
and everyone leaves you there to stand

The moon comes up  
and the trees are like horsemen  
The moon goes down  
and now the ground is alive

They called you a traitor, but they might as well have been speaking in jive  
There's no way to tell how long you've waited to come  
along

They wait for the future  
and sing a song  
You have grown past it  
and grow strong

# Things Have Changed

Things have changed in ways you can't imagine  
I'm so different today than all of God's children  
I'm a free bird, I'm stone free  
I could be anything that I want to be  
I just don't have the one thing that I need

When I first saw you, I took a second look  
my eyeballs rolling down the street  
when I think of your love now  
what was once so sweet is now misery  
You know you have the one thing that I need  
Oooh-oooh yes things change, yes they do

Candy is sweet, there sure is bitterness on my tongue  
my eyeballs rolling down the street  
when I think of your love now  
How could you treat me so kindly, then just let me be?  
When I was younger I thought love was just for fools  
Now I come to find I'm a bona fide fool  
so love me if you can, but if you can't it's all right  
I'm sure that I will find a way to get by tonight

Things have changed, I don't know how it happened  
The stars explode sometimes in the strangest patterns  
How can I stand my ground, when I'm lost at sea?  
A pirate with one patch, stumbling drunk  
Looking for treasure in a sunken trunk  
My eyes should have been covered completely  
sewn with thread—big black stitches pulled tight  
blind but I'd find a way to stumble through the night  
Oooh-oooh yes things change, yes they do

Mercy me, a little bird must've told you  
that life in a cage, man it sure will bore you  
Oh what will you do, when the caged bird sings so sweetly to you?

# Lay Some Paint on Me

My face is a beat up canvas, won't you lay some paint on me?

Turn me into whatever I will be

Oh make me be what others see, hey artist, lay some paint on me  
because art is your cup of tea, and you choke on it as the case may be  
well spit it out but don't get it on me, babe  
well spit it out but don't get it on me, babe  
Friends all dressed in black,

cats lapping up champagne while I am falling off my frame  
Holding tight to walls who know my name, hold me up through change  
Told me to remain, far from the bold and fake,

but you will make me take defeat  
And I hate to hear you speak of why I'm such a conversation piece  
You can wait but no one's falling off their seats

I am dada neo beatnick neo super abstract splatter crap  
I am your oil paint illusion, I am your confusion  
Your confessionism neo post impressionism, less than isn't more  
than abstract shoes that hide your feet

as you move along these painted streets  
because you're just a piece of beat up canvas underneath  
Well hey artist, make me like you, under a thick impasto of mood  
let me bend and break and brood, find no clue as to who is who  
much less who is true

Just let me be what others see, hey artist, lay some paint on me  
Love is not what you lose, 'cause it ain't my ghost that walks alone  
when I walk with you, down painted streets in painter's shoes

Oh and who says that artists aren't fools?

# Poet's Blood

Why did you come here, just to be abused  
by some half cracked up version of the truth?  
What are you waiting for, your cancer to spread?  
Why can't things stay the way they are  
Poet's blood always runs red

Why did you come here, just to be mistaken  
by the price of prizes that you don't need  
What are you waiting for, you know it gets you nowhere  
Why can't things stay the way they are  
Poet's blood is never so clear

How can I compete with the roses on the Avenue  
you used to be so sweet what the fuck happened to you?

Why did you come here, with roses in your teeth  
to make out with the robbers but not even touch the thieves  
What do you have to lose what do you have to gain?  
Poet's blood never runs twice the same  
Why did you come here, with gold in your eyes  
the world knocks you down and does not apologize  
What are you waiting for, what prize can't you forget  
Why can't things stay the way they are  
Poet's blood is always so wet

How can I compete with the roses on the Avenue  
you used to be so sweet what the fuck happened to you?

# Lie to Me

He had tattoos of stars upon his arms  
and I thought I saw the glimmer of an earring or two

I told him to stay away from her  
but you know he was not going to

Lie lie lie lie to me

Like I haven't already got enough souls on the fire

Try try try try to be

All that I desire

And by the empty silos outside of town

There are ghosts of farmers bummin' 'round

Deep in the city you know he stole her crown

Sometimes you're up so high there's just nowhere else to go

Lie lie lie lie to me

Like I can't turn a heavy stone into a canary

She had tattoos of birds upon her breasts

I thought I saw the glimmer of ring on her fist

sometimes the night makes you lose your cool

and you slip down into the abyss

Lie lie lie lie to me

Lie lie lie lie to me

Like I haven't already got enough souls on the fire

Try try try try to be

All that I desire

# My Little Raincloud

My little raincloud, coming down from heaven  
coming towards me  
to stand over my head and make me cry  
Thunder and lightning, coming down from heaven  
and striking the very heart of me  
I found out that divine intervention  
gave me a heartache too strong to mention  
now I'm as blue as a girl can be  
Why are my demons apocalyptic fools,  
always grabbing for the heart of dear old me?  
Why are my demons apocalyptic fools,  
always grabbing for the heart of dear old me?  
My little raincloud, coming down from heaven  
I thought you were an angel, but you were just a cloud  
Coming, floating  
to stand over my  
head and  
make me  
cry

# *Dog on the Street*

Well, all of your love is gone, what will you do?  
All of your love is gone now, what will pull you through?  
Well, I dream in color, I dream in red,  
I dream of everything you said to me:  
that a life long on beauty had been a long, long time for me.  
And now there's no use in gettin' me all worked up, There is no use in gettin' me all  
jerked up to see that my love is so far away from me.

Well, I saw a dog, he was lying in the street,  
His master called to him but he didn't rise up on his feet,  
And I saw a man, he was kneeling on the ground,  
His master called to him but he did not hear a sound.  
And who controls the universe?  
I think I control it with my mind.  
And who controls the universe?  
I think I control it with my mind.  
And if you don't see what I'm sayin', boy you are really blind.

Now the train whistle blows in my ear,  
and how I wish that you were coming home.  
Well, I'm ten miles high in the sky,  
and the stars are lonelier than you'd ever know.  
Now I'm two inches tall in the mirror,  
Boy, you know I hate to be alone.

Well, all of your love is gone, what will you do?  
All of your love is gone now, what will pull you through?  
Well, I dream in color, I dream in red,  
I dream of everything you said to me:  
that a life long on beauty had been a long, long time for me.  
And now there's no use in gettin' me all worked up,  
There is no use in gettin' me all jerked up to see  
that my love is so far away from me.

# Jones

I was down in the swamps of Louisiana,  
I ran into a guy, said: Hi, my name is Hannah  
He said: Oh no, my name is Jones  
I could tell right away he was feathers and bones  
Coyote howling underneath the yellow moon,  
saying: Don't make your mind up so soon

We headed west over to Oklahoma,  
one of us froze, one of us got a coma  
I ain't gonna tell you which one of us got which disease  
but it was easy to see who was on his knees  
He said: Oh no, my name is Jones  
He had a pocketful of lies and a bucket of bones  
He said he would trade everything that he owns  
to never be alone.

We headed east over to Illinois  
to see what was the matter, what was making all that noise  
It was a coyote howling underneath the yellow moon  
saying: Don't set your stakes so high so soon

We headed west to St. Louis by Soo-Line,  
by the time we got there we were both doing fine  
He hopped a ferry down to Louisiana, I said: Goodbye, Jones  
He said: Goodbye, Hannah. And my heart was breaking  
There was Mississippi mud on the bumper of his truck,  
it was full of bad seasons and full of bad luck,  
with mud on the mirror I couldn't see how  
I could ever replace what I wanted to be  
with who I was right now.

Ten years later I saw him in Savannah,  
I said: Hello, Jones. He said: Hello, Hannah  
He had a tattoo of an eagle drawn on his chest,  
he was lookin' like a pirate and tan from Key West  
Out of his mouth hung an old cigarette,  
he didn't say a word but looked like he wanted to make a bet  
I said: You know, if we never would have seen each other again,  
that probably would have been best.

But he just smiled, said he was headed to Key West  
and asked me if I wanted another cigarette  
I said no, but I watched his burn  
and I wondered how he had ever learned  
There was Savannah sand on the tailgate of his truck  
It was full of bad diseases but full of good luck  
There was a smudge on the rearview mirror from his thumb  
and I couldn't see how he had ever replaced what he had been  
with what he had become.

I told him I was headed to Memphis, Tennessee,  
he was takin' Route 95 while I took Route 16,  
all the while feelin' like I was in some crazy dream  
By the time he got down to the Florida keys,  
I was probably in Memphis down on my feathers and knees, you see  
I listen to blues and I listen to jazz,  
but my fingers keep pickin' this one old rag  
On and on it's the same old song,  
some of it is right and some of it is wrong  
Oh, no, his name was Jones  
I could tell right away he was still feathers and bones.  
Coyote howlin' underneath the yellow moon,  
coyote howlin' underneath the yellow moon,  
he said: Don't make your mind up so soon

# Shadow of God

Lordy Lordy I was lookin' around,  
I saw the shadow of God down on the ground  
I saw the shadow on the ground  
Shadows of all of his creations  
down at the train station  
people and more people, faces and more faces  
goin' to different places  
I saw the shadows on the ground

The man in the shop wants to sell you a dollar for a nickel and a dime  
I talk to him but I ran away because I had to chase my time  
that was slippin' away  
metal wheel on a metal rail and you go away  
was it that simple yesterday, yesterday my son  
finding out that you had to run

Lordy lordy I was lookin' around,  
I saw the shadow of God down on the ground  
black as night, black as your head, black as the hole in your head  
let's play a song on an old vinyl record instead

I've been living in a sea of ice for so long  
and you wonder why I treat you so cold  
brother please you don't wanna know  
my story tonight  
let's look at a photograph of us in the light

Lordy lordy I was lookin' around,  
I saw the shadow of God down on the ground  
I saw the shadow on the ground

Shadows of all of his creation  
down at the train station  
people and more people, faces and more faces  
goin' to different places  
I saw the shadows on the ground  
days went by and I hardly looked around

Just the reflection on the glass as they reflect the outside  
all your shades all your skies  
just a shadow for the man who died  
well lordy lordy I was lookin around,  
I saw the shadow of god down on the ground  
on a cold February day when I finally looked around  
and as cold as your absence seems  
June is somewhere deep in the ground

# Months of Writing

After months of writing, writing it all down  
He said it's clear that no one's ever gonna want to read this  
After all this time that I have taken to write it down  
Taken to write it down  
After months of dying, she said,  
"I know what makes my garden grow"  
Build me a bridge in the sunshine so that  
I may cross that lonesome road  
Brother, I trust, Brother, I must  
Brother, I rust every time you go  
After months of vengeance, she was just about to blow  
Talking about herself in the third person is a sign that she is low,  
Oh, it is a sign that she is low  
After months of denial, she is on top of the world  
For who would hold a trial for such a lonesome girl  
Brother, I trust, Brother, I must  
Brother, I rust every time you go  
After months of belief, there breathed the breath of animation  
Move to get some relief, or just to change the station  
Brother, I trust that it's the same old situation  
I know it's gonna be a bust, and maybe I'm just tired of waiting  
While he is outside on the beach gathering his memoirs  
From his trips to Venus and from his trips to Mars  
Brother, I rust every time you go  
After months of writing, writing it all down  
He said it clear that no one's ever gonna want to read this  
After all this time that I have taken to write it down  
Taken to write it down  
Brother, I trust, Brother, I must  
Brother I cussed at you when you turned to dust  
As if you could be... young and misunderstood  
Brother, I trust, Brother, I must  
Brother, I rust every time you go.

# VIOLIN

I was playing the violin  
and those big brown curves just drew me in  
I was painting a picture, too  
all the while, while I thought of you, my child  
and it pushed me down, pushed me down  
farther than I wanted to go  
yes that's what it's like to be caught in the undertow

I took a walk down a little path through Harlem  
with my violin case in tow  
I took myself so seriously then, I hope I no longer do so  
I saw him there under the overpass  
where the shadows moved and the cars rolled fast, I don't know  
how he made sound come from that violin  
it was made of string and safety pins and echoed  
in the still of the night. . .  
and it pulled me in

I was dreaming the whole damn time  
reality never crossed my mind at all  
Years later I saw his face, took the violin out of the case  
and I tried  
to put the strings up to the bow and play a melody  
soft and low  
'til it sounded like something  
I used to hear long ago  
a street musician, without shoes  
playing everything from Bach to blues  
reminded me of you.

Don't think for a moment I forgot  
what it was like to be caught

in the undertow

# Mississippi

(written after seeing B.B. King in concert)

I was down in Mississippi running from a train  
and the police you know barely missed me, I was caught out in the rain  
tears rollin' down my face like this  
and you dried all of my clothes  
then you ask me like nobody knows  
you say why do I love YOU?  
Because no one loves ME oh the way that you do

I was up in Chicago wind poundin' on my brain  
the clouds over Lake Michigan always look like rain  
and if I came to your door  
clothes tattered and plain  
would you let me in  
or turn away  
saying you don't know the name?

you dried all of my clothes  
and you ask me like nobody knows  
you ask why do I love YOU?  
Because no one loves ME oh the way that you do

I was down in Mississippi knee deep in mud  
You called me in the phone asked me what I was up to  
I said: Oh not much you know just  
trying to move a mountain that would not budge  
and if it never was to be  
may God still smile on me  
give me someone that loves me like you do

# BIT. BLUES

I got a boy who sings the blues  
he's got a temple built for his ridin' shoes  
and he ain't never gonna be front page news  
and I ain't gonna sit and sing no obituary blues

I got a guy who sends me letters, I got a suitcase full  
and he rhymes all the time, and it eases my mind

I got a case like a case in court, I got a head trip baby  
don't need a head-start  
he's got the medic, he's got the cure  
he ain't that prophetic, that's for sure  
but he has his moments and he has his blues  
he's got a temple built for his ridin' shoes  
but I ain't gonna sit and sing no obituary blues

Hitchhikers you know they all die on the road  
they got a fat mother and they don't eat right  
they gotta stab their own brother in the back with a knife  
just to survive, well you know that ain't no life

I got a boy who sings the blues  
he's got a temple built for his ridin' shoes  
and he ain't never gonna be front page news  
but I ain't gonna sit and sing no obituary blues



Skeleton girl has got some pigeons on the backyard fence  
silly child cause she don't know the difference  
starve yourself but you don't starve me  
starve yourself but you don't starve me

in between cigarettes and death yes I think that is just where we met  
in between cigarettes and death yes I think that is just where we met

Skeleton girl has got her bridesmaids in a row  
there they stand, just like frozen dominoes  
starve yourself, but you don't starve me  
starve yourself, but you don't starve me

in between cigarettes and death yes I think that is just where we met  
in between cigarettes and death yes I think that is just where we met

# New Orleans

They smoke tobacco down in New Orleans  
they'll show you how to keep your money green  
You can dive like a duck but it don't mean nothing  
if your water ain't good and clean

They smoke that reefer in New Amsterdam  
for Puritan values they don't give a damn  
there is lipstick on the pillow but you ain't her man  
baby, how do you define love?

Wild dogs come to me, mouths foaming like the sea  
I tried to mind my business down in New Orleans  
but them bars they just kept on finding me

I took a ride to California  
blood sugar sex magic on the stereo  
I was like Thelma and Louise, my hair blowing in the breeze  
when the sun went down I hit the road

I saw the sunrise in New Mexico  
I went to Austin to hear that blues and soul  
then I found myself heading back by the Gulf of Mexico  
the place kept pulling me  
pulling me home

Little birds say to me, to not worry is to be free  
I tried to mind my business down in New Orleans  
but them bars they just kept on finding me

On the last day it was pouring rain  
I put on my black coat and I stepped on that train  
I looked back at you with that sweet refrain  
I said baby let there be no pain  
baby let there be no pain  
I just have to catch this last train  
out of New Orleans

 WHITE CARRYING HANDS 

I'm telling you now that it couldn't be worse  
I'm about to call for my hope's hearse  
Bring on those white carrying hands  
and put it back down where it began

I'm telling you now that I'm out of my head  
feelings of grief are turning into dread  
waves of guilt they are crashing into lead  
my heart no longer beats

Bring on those white carrying hands  
and put me back down where I began  
Forget it all and just be damned  
bring on those white carrying hands

Flowers will bloom and the sky will listen  
love is powerful and it will hold you  
until all is forgiven

Bring on those white carrying hands  
put me back down where I began  
forsake it all and just be damned, no  
bring on those white carrying hands

Flowers will bloom and the sky will listen  
love is powerful and it will hold you  
until all is forgiven

Carry me with carrying hands  
over the gardens of these promised lands  
over the thorns that scratch your feet  
for this all the stronger my heart beats

Bring on those white carrying hands  
put me back down where I began  
forget it all and just be damned  
bring on those white carrying hands

# Liberty

My good man he was standing by the ocean  
He was walking on the water  
making plans and observations  
and a long time ago in the ages of Rome  
they took all the pretty birds  
and they put them all in cages  
except for the fastest bird  
who flew so fast they couldn't catch her  
and her name was Liberty and I think I'll go and fetch her

I know the tree in which she sits I know  
the eggs which she lays  
I have so many words for you — Good God! —  
but none that I can say

And these crooked lines we walk as we are waiting  
at the station  
He was standing by the ocean  
making plans and observations  
the trains pulled in  
the trains pulled out  
Is this not, I thought,  
what freedom is about?

# Where You Got It

## (The True Love Story of Dizzy and Destiny)

He says hey, can I bum a smoke  
she says well, well I guess so  
but don't, tell anyone where you got it  
no don't, tell anyone where you got it

He says girl, you're so pretty  
you're the prettiest girl in the country  
She says boy, you're so dizzy  
you're the dizziest guy in the room, I'll be up soon

He says hey, can I bum a light?  
She says I am the light it is the flame you seek  
he says okay, then can I have a flame?  
Hey, what's your name?

She says, my name is Destiny, as in yours  
He said I can tell that tonight will be no bore  
He says girl, you're so pretty  
you're the prettiest girl in the country  
She says boy, you're so dizzy  
you're the dizziest guy in the room, I'll be up soon  
but don't, no don't, tell anyone where you got it

# Woman's Roots

Homeless woman with a shopping cart  
shopping for her mind, shopping for her heart  
her soul is gold and her love is off the charts  
the sun rising always is a start

Woman's roots are too deep for you  
woman's roots are too deep for me  
above the ground you can see for miles, but  
under the ground you can never see

Rich man with a good looking wife  
Poor boy doesn't stand a chance tonight  
Get going on the river that is gold  
She says, I don't give a damn about growing old

Woman's roots are too deep for you  
woman's roots are too deep for me  
above the ground you can see for miles, but  
under the ground you can never see

Young girl staring at her ribs  
looking at her thighs instead of a science book  
and they wonder why all women are poor  
and they wonder why all men are crooks

Homeless woman picking up cans  
looking for her face, as she tries to stand  
She made no mistakes, but she also made no plans  
When we stare into each others souls  
looking for rocks to fill our holes  
I got the difference between the  
aluminum  
and the gold

hold it in the sun

# TWISTED

Wish that I could have seen you there  
wish that I could watch the light shine  
through that hair  
time after time

I see you sitting in the bright light  
of the sunshine

Won't you come into my shade?  
Won't you come into my shade, yeah

And when you're drowning in the darkness  
of my love  
pain is the hate that you've been dreaming of  
what can you do  
you can pray to be saved  
just for now won't you  
come into my shade

You know that bright light  
ain't good for your eyes  
read a book to me and I'll tell you why  
Just lost inside some kind of  
train of thought

I sold my soul this is just what I bought  
and what can you do  
can you pray to be saved  
just for now won't you  
come into my shade?

Won't you come into my shade?  
-yeah-

# TEETH

I've grown another row of teeth  
oh, to play with you, babe  
I don't know who I'm gonna meet  
that can take the veil from my brain  
I'm sleeping sideways on the sofa  
sinking in my Sunday sins  
thinking of the Christ child out in the wilderness  
I haven't seen since God-knows-when

I have gotten accustomed to the numbness in my hands  
from carrying the heavy purses of your contraband  
and I fi-fi-finally found that what the advertisers say ain't true  
and that the closer you are to beauty the closer you are to truth

I've grown another row of teeth, it happened overnight  
I looked into the bathroom mirror, it was really  
quite a fright  
There's grenades in my grape juice  
and I'm just about to pull the pin  
there's a look in your eyes, man  
cold as a freezer and it's just about to do me in  
I'll go back to reciting sonnets in graveyards  
and eating sardines out of tins  
some say: How do you get by when it's so hard?  
It's just the way I've always been

I smell Japanese flowers they are planting in the hall  
when I look outside, there is nothing there at all  
It's just a memory of what has never been  
Grow another row of teeth, and bite right in

**B**lackbird  
(set in summer)

Well I'm feelin' like a blackbird on wire  
in the middle of summer  
in some farmer kid's scope  
I got a rock to throw  
at your window just to let you know  
that I am not alright and I ain't gonna be alright  
'til I see you in my sights  
I got a pair of ice skates sitting in the closet  
but I'm not gonna need them for months  
I have a wad of bills that I need to deposit  
but I'm not going to do it, all at once  
I got a pair of binoculars I can see for miles  
see the whites of your eyes as you start to smile  
and see my, see my face in the clouds  
and see my, see my face in the clouds

I got a refrigerator full of food  
I put my money down cause I just can't lose  
I got food on the stove I got food in the oven  
and I'm getting pretty good at stealin' your lovin'  
Oh Lordy lordy lordy lordy lord  
I'm singin' blues on a summer night  
singing blues you know I'm feeling alright

I got a rock to throw  
at the blackbird in the farmer kid's scope  
and the bird will fly away into the sky  
and the kid will just say  
that's the one that got away  
and he won't be the wiser

# Ridiculous

I'm ridiculous, suspicious, superstitious  
I am delicious as much as I am disgusting  
there I go again trusting someone  
thought you'd break my heart but you ended up being the one

I can't explain how disappointing it is  
to be your lady in waiting  
to watch the dynasty falter into debacle and debating  
your treachery, your leprosy, leaves no weapons to defend me  
your treachery, your leprosy, leaves no weapons to defend me  
keep on pretending, keep on pretending you can handle it  
there's a little bit of pain mixed in with the aching in my heart  
there's a little bit of pain mixed in with the aching in my heart

I'm vicious, voluptuous and vaguely fictitious  
a fantasy created to elude your senses  
if you fall in love, I cannot defend your decisions  
if you fall asleep, I cannot wake you, I don't want to wake you up  
there's a little bit of pain mixed in with the aching in my heart  
there's a little bit of pain mixed in with the aching in my heart

Oh, you know it's an amazing world full of chances and coincidences  
mistaken identities, masks, secret handshakes, eye winks and nudges  
so hard to keep it straight much less rise above it  
The only time I can philosophize  
is when I drink myself until I go blind  
now I'm dragging myself, now I'm dragging myself  
home

## Grown Man

I know you're feeling strong and you just can't get along without him  
I know your mind is made up and your logic is paper thin  
Girl let me lay it out to you straight— don't wait around  
'cause you're never gonna get a guy like him

It ain't because the fates are cruel, it ain't because he's too cool  
it's not that you're a dud, and it's surely not that you're not worthy of love

A grown man has just got better things to do  
than worry about if some girl's love is true  
so take your heart off of your sleeve, don't make a fool of yourself  
it ain't good for your peace of mind, it's worse for your mental health

He'll just drive you crazy thinking how you love him so  
He'll just drive you crazy thinking how he let you go

That's why I got to let you know  
if you don't drink whiskey  
then you better start  
'cause we all know that whiskey  
mends a broken heart

# *Self-righteous*

I used to be so self-righteous, I could see the parasite on a tick  
I could tell you what your name was, tell you what your game was  
Man, it would make you sick  
Lo and behold I was the perfect prick,  
Wait a minute, baby, better come here quick  
I sing the devil his lullabies, I used to work with Michelangelo on the side  
We all know the devil don't sleep at night,  
and me and Mike we'd be paintin' the Sistine Chapel white  
You might think it's a joke, you might think it's a lie  
but why would I joke, why would I lie?  
It would be professional suicide

I used to be so self-righteous, I could take the head off of a pin  
With one phrase I could drag the cat out  
beat him and then drag him back in  
I could take the eye out of a fish  
mix it with mayonnaise for potato chip dip  
I could take the tire off of a car  
with a jar of Vaseline and an oak tree stick  
Lo and behold I was the perfect prick  
Wait a minute, momma, better come here quick  
I sing the devil his lullabies  
I used to work with Michelangelo on the side  
We all know the devil don't sleep at night,  
and me and Mike we'd be paintin' the Sistine Chapel white  
You might think it's a joke, you might think it's a lie  
but why would I joke, why would I lie?  
It would be professional suicide

I used to be so self-righteous  
it was a long long time ago  
Before my brain began to be allergic  
To what I used to know  
I used to be  
so perfect  
but it took up all my time  
You don't need to know Michelangelo to know where to draw the line

I sing the devil his lullabies  
I used to work with Michelangelo on the side  
We all know the devil don't sleep at night  
and me and Mike we'd be paintin' the Sistine Chapel white  
I used to be so self-righteous, but it took up all my time  
and you don't need to know Michelangelo  
to know where to draw the line

# Roll Over

Don't try to hitch a ride, I can see through your eyes tonight  
The stairs will step aside, once they see what is right  
Don't try to drink yourself into an early grave  
Don't try to thank me boy for I'm the one that has been saved  
Don't try to tell me I just want to know  
It's still all only pieces that we see  
Show, me  
Don't try to hitch a ride, I know that angels fly alone  
Don't try to guide me, cause I'm already grown  
Just want to be the sailor that finds his way home  
And I don't want to be alone  
So don't try to give  
Roll over and let me live  
So that I may live, so that I may live  
So that I may live, so that I may live  
So that I may live, so that I may live  
But what if these castle walls can't keep up with the cannon balls  
So that I may live  
So that I may live  
I can't see you, but I wish I could  
I can't make out this frame— glass, plastic, cellophane or wood,  
I must ask a question, "Are you chemical in nature?"  
One day you're going to get so tired of me  
So, roll over. . . (What?)  
Roll over, roll over and let me live

# Therapeutic Baby Lotion

Therapeutic baby lotion covered up the Atlantic Ocean,  
Fish fry on a Friday night, catch me if you're lookin' right.  
Loads of sugar, loads of clams, flowers for the forgotten man,  
A garden grows on the coast of hell, excuse me while I slip back into my shell.

A mariner and a mariner's wife had a lot to say they couldn't get it right  
Calculus and Geometry was nature's innocence and its recovery  
cause they painted the water towers black

Radio and cocker spaniels, Walter Cronkite, Judy Daniels  
the Jack of Spades and ladders too, excuse me while I look at you  
they're gonna call you up to the ladders in the sky  
they wanna hear you sing that lullaby, it's a committee meeting don't be fooled  
they're gonna break it down and just play pool.  
You're gonna bet your life.

Police line says walk this way; you'll be worse tomorrow but better today.  
I tried to tell you of my life and times  
but all the headlines in my mind said  
Therapeutic baby lotion covered up the Atlantic Ocean  
from California up to Fargo  
they are unloading all this strange cargo  
you were as warm as Key West, now you're as cold as Fargo

Therapeutic baby lotion covered up the Atlantic Ocean  
fish fry on a Friday night  
catch me if you're lookin' right  
Loads of sugar, loads of clams, a rose for the forgotten man  
Juke joint on my jumpin' jack  
you took my brain I'd like to take it back  
The farther you go, you cannot come back  
there is a maroon scarf down by the railroad track  
They painted the water towers black.

# King James

Oh you know King James isn't all you'll ever need  
The story of Cain and Abel doesn't mean that much to me today, hey hey  
We're all looking for a deeper kind of love  
We're all searching for a higher kind of love

Met him in the park he was smoking cigarettes with a bum  
Sitting Indian style in his bare feet  
Kept talking about all the good times in Cincinnati  
I said: Man, then why did you come to Chicago?  
He said: We're all looking for a higher kind of love

And he had no where to go  
So I took him home, he got lipstick on my phone  
He was talking to me like I was Helen Keller  
Should have got him stoned, he would have left me alone  
Instead of acting like he was my fortune teller  
He said: I'm not here on business; I'm not here on cocaine  
My freedom may seem crazy to those that live their lives in chains  
No I'm just looking for the mercy of god if you've seen her,  
could you send her my way?  
She's all I really came to find

When you're walking down the street at night  
When your mind is gone and your hair is white  
When you feel the breeze blow just right  
And you're sure that the mercy of god must be near would you tell her  
to send it my way...

She's all I really came to find

# PARIS HILTON IS IN PRISON

Put your love in a suitcase and get on an old jet plane  
write it down on a steel string guitar

I know your apples are rotten and you are  
sick of the same old thing

hand it off to good old Zanzibar  
my memories they have served me very well  
but they could use some reckoning

Bye-bye all you yellow canaries I am home free

Bye-bye all you pretty blue jays I am home free  
'cause a life in a coal mine, no it ain't for me  
don't want to be no coal mine canary

Can you wait for me to get my shit together?

Paris Hilton is in prison, she ain't tough man  
so I feel comfortable saying that I could do it better  
so there's no need to question me or my god-given abilities  
so there's no need to question these god-forsaken atrocities

Well you can put your love in a suitcase  
and get on an old jet plane

Write it down with a paper and a pen

Take your time, for this time won't come again

My memories they have served me very well

but they could use some reckoning

Bye-bye all you yellow canaries I am home free

Bye-bye all you pretty blue jays I am home free  
'cause a life in a coal mine, no it ain't for me  
don't want to be no coal mine canary

# PIANO

I play piano  
I play for keeps  
I play piano when I can't get any sleep  
I make up my mind  
I make up my bed  
I push these worries way back in my head

You got me worried  
about the girls  
the ones you buy champagne for  
The ones that look  
into your eyes  
the ones that get what they came for

I play piano well after midnight  
I just put my hands on the keys  
I pray I find inspiration  
long before it finds me

It ain't Mozart, Beethoven or Chopin  
I just play whatever comes into my hands  
He went to Texas  
went to Missouri  
Didn't say a word he just left in a hurry  
He went to Memphis  
then down to Mississippi  
Sometimes I wonder if he misses me

I play piano  
I play for keeps  
I hum a melody  
I put a little whiskey in my tea  
and I wonder if he misses me

# *These Times Again*

I don't mind walking down these times again  
When the thoughts fold nice like the corners of the bed  
that just come unraveled along with my head  
    When you lay down  
    When you lay down  
    When you lay down

I don't find myself at ease, lately these days  
I don't find myself any place if at all any ways  
So if I can't find me then I guess I'm not lost  
If I don't know what I'm paying then it might as well  
    cost me nothing, for all I know  
So I don't mind walking down these times again

Paths once travelled do stick to my shoes  
Lord forgive me for the way that I think about you  
No, I don't mind walking down these times again  
When the thoughts fold nice like the corners of the bed  
that just come unraveled along with my head  
    When you lay down  
    When you lay down  
    When you lay down

# Hold on to Me

Hold on to me he says  
No one but me he says  
There are pictures in the hallway of you letting down your hair  
There are pictures in the bathroom of you sitting on the stairs  
And you can destroy  
You can destroy the camera  
but the pictures are still there

Hold on to me he says  
No one but me he says  
And the voodoo I've endured for the last year and a half  
I'm like a voodoo Barbie doll with pins upon my back  
and I don't need your voodoo  
and I don't need your pins  
I am woman yes I've suffered for my sins  
Hold on to me he says  
No one but me he says

And your picture is still grinning at me from across the wall  
And your picture is still grinning at me from across the wall  
Leave me with good sense if you leave me with sense at all

# Apartment

I drink your wine and I call out your name  
I cry to myself because it hurts less than pain  
and no one alive can do what you do  
no one alive can do what you do  
should be no surprise  
should be no surprise  
I got it through and through

If you don't love me why don't you tell me so  
If you want to shove me off this earth I'll gladly go  
I'll get a ticket, take the first train outta here  
oh no don't you lie to me  
oh no don't you lie to me  
oh no don't you lie to me  
I know you want to call me dear

I drink your wine and I call out your name  
I cry to myself 'cause it's a crying shame  
no one alive can do what you do  
no one alive can do what you do  
should be no surprise  
should be no surprise  
I got it through and through

# Make Me an Eagle

Lord make me an eagle, high above the trees  
Widely I will spread my wings and soar on endlessly

No fast moving sparrow or early morning crier—  
no mourning doves sitting there necking on the wire—  
no blue bird, robin, cardinal colored red—  
no buzzard like a war chief watching the dead—  
no parrot with feathers white and gray,  
bopping in a cage repeating what you say

Lord make me an Eagle high above the trees  
Widely I will spread my wings and soar on endlessly

No brown waddling duck or purple-colored finch—  
no toucan with the beak or blackbird on a fence—  
no fancy-footed penguin dancing in the snow—  
no hawk after a field mouse swooping down low—  
no pelican with a load of fish in his mouth—  
no Canadian geese in a “V” flying south

Lord make me an Eagle high above the trees  
Widely I will spread my wings and soar on endlessly

No black-footed wood thrush or long-neck goose—  
no waxling or kildeer running on the loose—  
no awkward duckling, no graceful crane—

    No Raven tapping on my window pane—  
    No cockatoo,  
        canary chickadee or bobwhite—  
no hoot owl howling in the middle of the night  
    No oriole no ostrich no peacock no partridge

Lord make me an Eagle high above the trees widely  
    I will spread my wings and soar on endlessly

No, no—No, no—No, no branches  
no cages  
if I pause for a minute  
let it be to sit

    upon the

        rock of ages

Lord make me an Eagle high above the trees widely  
    I will spread my wings and soar on endlessly

No, no—No, no—  
No, no—No, no—  
No, no  
No, no

# Heaven

Heaven walks with her face down  
heaven walks with her heart held high  
above your reachin' hands

I know that you're just a man  
and I know that you're so much other than  
other than that I don't see much reason to mix the white with the black  
yet here I am painting a picture  
painting things but the things are all gray  
like gray on top of gray on top of gray  
what is that you're making you ask  
and I don't know what to say  
just something other than  
what I painted yesterday

Heaven walks with that face down  
she walks with her back turned and she has no words about it  
and when she does speak she speaks so softly it makes you wonder  
if she's really even spoken at all, learn to hear her voice within silence  
urging you to move on ah, to keep right on pursuing  
what was already gone  
because you know further on down the road fate will slap you awake  
and further on down the road  
you will find that fate  
is just another shade of paint  
like gray on top of green on top of blue  
like you on top of me on top of you  
only if you want to  
she has built such tall walls such tall walls tall walls  
  
but walls they all will fall all walls they all will fall

they all, all will fall

# EMPTY STREETS

Well empty streets don't recognize me  
if I stick to the wires that are glued to my feet  
like my feet don't hurt if I wear the right shoes  
and my mind don't hurt when I'm lookin' at you  
but I don't care if you recognize me  
it's not the way you look  
it's the way you hang your head

My soul ain't dead it's just moving kind of slow  
rollin' over in bed in some motel off some freeway down below  
Lord don't let me wake up  
just to find that my love is gone  
Lord don't let me wake up  
just to find that my love of all things is gone

Well hold my hand on a dire street wail  
I was forty-four before I learned to breathe  
walked through the woods but there were deer on my trail  
and I know when I'm too blind to see

so Lord don't let me wake up  
just to find that my love is gone  
Lord don't let me wake up  
just to find that my love of all things is gone

My soul ain't dead it's just tired and old  
rollin' over in bed in some motel off some freeway down below  
Lord don't let me wake up  
just to find that my love is gone  
Lord don't let me wake up  
just to find that my love of all things is gone

# the moment

She went on without repetition  
She went on without explanation  
Like the magician cuts the girl in two  
He studied the space between with no revealing clue

Like the teacher who would not divulge the lesson  
Silence was the answer but he forgot the question  
And his mind was like an empty classroom before class  
His thoughts like children in the hall,  
He could hear them pass

But his heart had not yet sent the message to his brain  
Like a song that had not quite reached refrain  
The leaves on the autumn trees that were turning brown  
But would not quite be dead until they hit the ground

He had a hat in his hands  
But he would not put it on  
He would not move a muscle for fear he was moving on  
Like a key in a lock that would not turn  
The match was on the paper but it had yet to burn  
And he held on to his hat  
Thinking she was like a vampire that turned into a bat  
And he said, "Is a puff of smoke all I get for my trouble?"  
Walked into the barroom mirror, swore he was seeing double

The shadows began to fall in record numbers  
His heart beat began to beat like slow thunder  
And she walked into the room  
Like a witch coming back for her broom

He was so above apology  
The end all of all evolutionary psychology  
And the ghosts of repetition had finally pulled the chain  
changed the tracks for the oncoming train  
He studied the long green question  
like the string on the arm on the puppet of perception  
The fuse was lit, but it was his own invention

And he slowly put the hat back on his head  
Thinking the leaves on the autumn trees were too colorful to be dead

---

## Correspondence

Write me a letter sometime boy, tell me about your heartbreak  
Write me a letter of joy boy, make no mistake  
my shoes are almost green and I had wanted to capture you  
my patience is almost cruel so send your sweet words to me

---

# The Beating of a Restless Heart

I moved to the city to escape the boredom of the country  
sometimes I miss the night sky with a thousand stars  
I'm walking through the alley  
and if you can't see the rats, you can hear 'em scratching in the walls

I'd give up my left leg,  
to be sophisticated  
I'm so sick of being a gypsy girl  
The coins and tambourines I used to play with in my youth  
they won't help me here at all

I tried to give up love, I tried to give up hate  
I tried to give up something that they wouldn't confiscate

Now on the dark side of the city where Batman won't go  
people, if they're out at all, hang their heads low  
and keep one eye open to the mysteries of the night  
the neon lights' reflection ripples in a puddle of piss  
and I hear the beating of a restless heart  
(it goes like this)

Oh-oh, oh-oh-oh-oh, Oh, Oh-oh-oh-oh  
Oh, oh-oh-oh-oh...oh, oh-o, Oh

Now I am heading home  
my stomach gnaws for something to eat  
the homeless man he's there,  
tugging at my sleeve  
I say, "I've worked hard all day, man, to put the horse before the cart"  
and I hear the beating of a restless heart  
and I hear the beating of a restless heart

*The End*

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