

what can never be

unabridged, unadorned
a ring at least if not a thorn
in a bar, a cafe, in chicago or new delhi
the same and different story winds
its way around the leg of some shaky table
on top of which
her cup of tea or coffee sits
just as her heart stops
skips a beat
the camera zooms to the empty seat

she press it deep into her hand
it's understood you understand
to let the joy and pain and joy
flow out undisturbed and pure
to count the seconds of blue and red
in hotel rooms in different bedss
of what could have been
and what will never, ever, never
what can never be

signals

i am singing but i'm not happy
she smiles and says are you still this way?
you men are boys that never grew up
i must agree but that's okay

distress i cry, my ship is sinking
but she knows i know that's not the truth
why can't you live for just this moment
i say, all i need is a little proof

and if i find a place that's still
a little house and some spare parts
then all the signals from that lighthouse
will never ever break
my heart

i am trying but i'm not there yet
she says, take my hand i'll pull you through
i start to cry for no good reason
a little boy lost out in the woods

and when i find that place again
and no more dreams of fame and fortune
then all the signals from that lighthouse
will never ever break
my heart

boys
under the streetlight
out on the corner
looking for starlight
boys
drunk on the perfume
of love never tasted
of hearts never true
and
girls
living in bedsits
french cigarettes they
never inhale
and
girls
all skinny and wise
cry without thinking
born to surprise

boys
caught in the headlights
trying to make wrong right
just to get laid
and
boys
all hairoil and beerstains
missing the last train
love never saved
and
girls
twisting and turning
like mercury slipping
out of my hands
and
girls
sulphur and burning
sweetness and yearning
stretched out on the sand

cruel

that was our secret world
i'd lie across the bed while you undressed me in your head
don't take that all from me
you cut my hair and swore you'd love me better than anybody

why did you have to be so cruel?
why did you have to be so cruel?
was it something i didn't tell you?

i'm on the street again
kicking stones as if i wished that i once had a friend
and there's that look again
it doesn't take that much to hurt me
why don't we just pretend?

why did you have to be so cruel?
why did you have to be so cruel?
was it something i didn't tell you?

here comes the saddest bit
you thought that i was something else and now you just get rid of it
there goes our secret world
the curtains close as you propose you'd never love a misfit

why did you have to be so cruel?
why did you have to be so cruel?
was it something i didn't tell you?

the truth and a lie

here's the beginning, i wish it was ending
but both of them wanted some kind of decision
i promised her daughter that i wouldn't hurt her
but how could i say that with a knife in my hand

i started looking for loving and passion
with a girl and a mother, a woman who married
to young to know better but i won't regret her
i just wish i'd never made you cry

the third of december, does he still remember
the day that he called me and said he was fine
he said we're all grown ups and that we should own up
to all of those dreams we kept deep inside

so i told my girlfriend, i thought she would not care
about me and my friends and our tragic affair
how could i be so wrong about something so simple
the truth it can hurt but a lie always cripples

now i sit here confused, getting abused for not
jumping through hoops in somebody else's plan
i love the both of them and maybe we'll all stay friends
now we know the difference between the truth and a lie

here's the beginning, i wish it was ending
but both of them wanted some kind of decision
i promised her daughter that i wouldn't hurt her
but i just wish i'd never made you cry

my lucky charm

i've got the moon upon my arm
my baby girl she put it there
with ink and pen she put it where
i would not forget

now it will fade
and wear with time
she smiled at this white lie of mine
when both of us knew
like lovers do
that moon would always shine

she grew up and i grew old
she's happy now
or so i'm told
by friends that knew
like lovers do
that moon was made of fool's gold

temptations's heaven, i won't go
i'll build a boat
and start to row
out to the place
where love began
a little boy
who almost ran

i've got the moon upon my arm
a bell rings out
sweet love's alarm
and so it is and always is
love is still
my lucky charm
love is still
my lucky charm

thank you w.eugene smith

thank you, w. eugene smith
i am in your debt you see
every human has their story
now i'm ready to tell my own
yes and no
i have learned a lot
the same old things my daddy
kept under his hat
and just when i thought
i was starting to give
the whole damn pack of cards
came falling

thank you w.eugene smith
i have your photograph hanging
you travelled the world with your heart and your camera
and never the two were apart
all of my life
i've been trying to reach
that child and his hand
that hand i needed
you see
i just wanted to walk
i just wanted to walk
free

ecstasies and mysteries and comic books and bumblebees
empty trains that fill my head and make me dizzy
football boots and racing bikes, could have beens and hopeless lives
radios turned down underneath my pillow
stolen kisses, silver cups, swimmers swimming, losing , winning
races that never ever stop
stealing love from my best friend, shame and guilt
it's a crying shame
over all that spilt milk
smiling as my family smiles
in every family photograph
smiling as the ship goes down
coming home
as the world
goes
round

i will

i pray under the candle
and beg you to forgive
for all the things i've done and said
and all the things
i will

i sleep under the candle
until the summer comes
and we will shed another skin
and all the days
i will

i breath inside your breath
and hope you'll understand
now as my heart fills up with light
and all the love
i will

i strike the bell of wishing
and fall into the deep
and find you there and waiting
and all the times
i will

you drive me to the station
and let me go again
with a candle in my heart
and music in my head

but as a river changes
and never is the same
i will always be returning
to your
single flame

today i'm feeling lucky

i'm standing on a cliff top high
i'm looking down at all the people
swimming out beneath the sky
and sunday is as good a day
as any other day would be
you are here that makes me happy
hold my hand we'll take the jump
today i know i'm feeling lucky

today is yesterday's tomorrow
every second's precious tick
one for joy and one for sorrow
three it's me please let me in
this is good luck
this is bad
what i almost never had
we built a wall we lost the war
was that all worth fighting for?

expectations big and small
wrap them up and throw them over
love they say will conquer all
if that's the case
well, i surrender
cross my fingers, cross your toes
if god is good, you never know
hold my hand we'll take the jump
today i'm feeling lucky

the 13th floor

there's going to be more pain, there's going to be more blue
there's going to be more unhappiness in this world for me an you
there's going to be more tears, there's going to be more blood
there's going to be more bodies full of bullet holes lying in the river mud

there's going to be more hunger, there's going to be more rain
there's always going to be a house up on the hill for the criminally insane

there's going to be more war, there's going to be more greed
there's going to be more dog eat dog eat dog in this world for you and me
there's going to be more lust, there's going to be more hate
there's always going to be a little bit too little, a little bit much too late

there's going to be more hunger, there's going to be more rain
there's always going to be a house up on the hill for the hopelessly insane

there's never going to be a heaven so here's a picture of hell
a burnt out building with some junkie in the corner ringing on his tiny bell
are you going to be there with me to keep me warm
i'll be walking on the rooftops living on the 13th floor
i'll be walking on the rooftops
living on the 13th floor

postcards

everybody's waving
the whole town is out
a man on a bicycle
is passing me out
i live in a small house
just a mile from the bridge
on a clear day
you might say
what a beautiful view

easter parades, old pictures that fade
and postcards that come
from far away

everybody's leaving
with a smile and a wave
they say
we'll give it a year or two
but nobody stays
i live in a small house
but there's plenty of room
so if you should call by
there'll be dinner for two

easter parades, old pictures that fade
and postcards that come
from far away

that is the way that it will always be

if all the shapes that are in my head
would join and make a picture
i'd choose the one outside your house
of you and i last summer
you're looking down, i'm looking up
and nothing's quite in focus
the cat is lying on the grass
and both of us are smiling
i love you and you love me
and in that picture in my head
that is the way
it will always be
that is the way
it will always be