

## **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