

Kind of boy

Burn, burn the factory down, there's revolution in little town

Blow, blow the winds of change are stoking up the urban flames

Me and superman, we got new jobs, I'm not that sorry but I bet he was

I was taken from my mother's arms, I'm the kind of boy that won't get on

I'd like to drive a limousine but people round here would get the wrong idea

I'd like to stand for president but I'd have to learn to lie and cut my hair

Me and batman we're still looking for our badge, not one to buy , just one to have

I was stolen from my mothers arms, I'm the kind of boy that won't get on

I was raised by the devil on the wrong side of the tracks

I was taken from my mothers back

I'm the one black sheep in a town of white

I'm the kind of boy that will never get it right

I'm a rolling stone, an avalanche

The one bad penny that no-one can catch

You'll hear about me on your tv screens

I'm the kind of boy that'll never go free

A mothers sin

And now my love you say, you never wanted this

And how the hours and days and hours

Have worn you thin

And so we stand, side by side

Like fighters in a boxing ring

Cut and scarred, bleeding hearts (breathing hard)

Neither caring who should win

And if I could, as if I could

Change what comes of this

Devils dancing on a wedding ring

Ice melting in a glass of gin

Poured to forget a mother's sin

And so you sit and wait 'till late and all is sleep

And summers arms wrap warm around your tired body sleeps

And we could talk and we have talked

For years my love

But all those words don't seem to turn

Our hate back into love

And if I could, as if I could, change what comes of this

Devils dancing on a wedding ring, ice melting in a glass of gin

Poured to forget a mother's sin

Happiness

Holy rollers in their black coats, rolling down Central Avenue
Playing football with my brothers outside number 53
and who am I to say why we let the good things slip away
now it's all been said and what's done was done and laid to rest

Happiness, lost at sea, found at last
Happiness, now I've found it, I will make it last

Accidental lovers, friends and others, we loved and left behind
Some had hurt us, some we had hurt
I'm the fool that should know that
and who am I to say what was right or wrong anyway
when it's all been said and what's done was done and laid to rest

Happiness, lost at sea, found at last
Happiness, now I've found it, I will make it last

Driving south , I saw beach towns scattered like summers ashes
Thrown out into the rain as if nothing mattered

Happiness, lost at sea, found at last
Happiness, now I've found it, I will make it last (I won't let it pass)

hills

Over there, out of the picture
Over where the sun can't reach her
She looks away from all that bother and pain

Off the shelf, where no-one can touch her
only death can kiss and tell her
Of his love in all its splendor and fame

Tell her why those other girls were sweeter
All that time wasted before a mirror
When she knows there's nothing here to keep her
And those far off hills are greener

A cigarette, an empty mirror
There sits an old man still getting older
All he wants is to be sober and saved

Tell him why those other girls were sweeter
All that time wasted before a mirror
When he knows there's nothing here to keep her
And those far off hills are greener

Tell them why those other pills were sweeter
And how each one was the others savior
Sinking ships that never found a harbor
And those hills that were always further

In the city of thieves

God is dying but none is there for him
I'm sure no one is crying

Time is leaking out, a clock in the hole
Won't stop the hands, from rolling away

And kisses mean something
more than just nothing, nothing at all
They're building an ark
With wood from the park

With nails from the cross where he lay
Oh but every things gone astray
since you kissed him ...in the garden

Now we've got bigger fish to fry
And we've got other gods to try out (waiting in line)
Yes, we've got bigger fish to fry

In the city of thieves
Blind men cry out now we can't see
where we're going

Finders keepers all those fishes
All those loaves all those near misses
All those souls

And trouble loose with it's lies crushes your broken sleep eyes
Still dreaming of heaven where nothing is dark
And we live in a city of spires oh, but everything's gone awry
Since you kissed him
In the garden

The kiss

Burn this map, we'll draw another
With joy and doubt as sister brother
Poles apart as they should be, like disconnected family trees
I'll admit that I was lost
Punch in the numbers count the cost
Of all the unpersuaded souls lost at sea

I was one not to believe and trust me I will not be deceived
until I really am
Persuade me that there's more than this before our lovers final kiss
Before I go

If you free the thing you love and it returns lost , unloved
something must be broken
So i stitched it up but love kept tearing
Glued the crack but all that mending
Never seemed to be enough no, no

I will not be deceived, I will not be blinded please...
until I really am
Persuade me that there's more than this before our lovers final kiss
Before you go

And now you've found what you came for
A corridor an elevator, a way in through the exit sign
A flaw in my grand design,
Draw the bow and take your aim or somebody (someone) else will
make that claim
To all the unpersuaded souls out there

I was one not to believe and trust me I will not be deceived until I
really am
Persuade me that there's more than this before our lovers final kiss
Before I go
Persuade me that there's more than this before our lovers final kiss
Before you go

Weathervane

Weather changing, wind is blowing in from the north again
I'm not staying, see what storms like this can do to us, my friend
Oh, summer, how I miss your smiling face

Dinners ready, brothers I have been cooking all day long
Winters coming, light the fire, drink a toast to good days gone
Oh, lover, how I wish you could be happy in this place
Oh, lover , how I wish for your smiling face

Lark singing 'cross the sky lights open
If I could fly, I would across the rooftops
Someone singing of a heart still broken
Of a princess that never woke again....

Pressure falling, clouds building on the horizon again
Not to mention, all this weather is pulling us under the waves
Oh, summer, how I miss your smiling face
Oh, lover , how i wish that all this thunder and lighting
Would simply cease

Sparks flying 'cross the sky lights open
If I could fly too, I would across the rooftops
Someone's singing of a heart still broken
Of a princess that never woke again....

Wolves

I shall buy a field full of trees, aye,
a forest full of leaves with silver once bequeathed by
a cousin twice removed, someone I never knew
And in the middle of this wood vast and oh, so misunderstood
I shall build a house without a roof, windows without glass , without
shoes
And there as long as my love has loved and gone
I shall sit and wait for the wolves to come

I shall watch the fireflies at dusk light up, lighting if they must a part
of what it means to be big at heart
and not to be lost, a heart without frost
And in that house all mirrors shall be turned
inside out and silenced for their scorn
of love and imperfections we have earned
all handed out when we were born
And there as long as i am free to fix this wrong
I shall sit and wait for the wolves to come

and I shall leave nothing of myself behind
to remind or tell you why I came and loved or even tried
For some things cannot be unwound, clocks and hearts and empires
tumbling down
And oh, the peace that they shall bring, the pleasure of their slow circling

Flies in November

Flies in November, no flies on you
Birds of a feather, who am Italking too
Weather man weather, I'm all at sea
Send me a sky, one silver and true

*Is it going to rain?
How can you tell, how can you say?
Was it all in vain?
Does every flower carry
The seed of blame?

I've been traveling for so long now
All unraveling 'till I'm nearly gone
Now there's not much left of me to touch
But that's not an excuse or a mystery

*

if pigs could fly there would be changes
no more stupid mop up missions (wars for instance)
cleaning up the worlds bad decisions
made by (fat) men who ate much too much for dinner

*

holes

4 bad days and I can't see the end
'till 2 good ones come calling round like friends
but I know it won't last, they won't stay and I won't ask
the weathervane spins blind
to where north and south still hide

now is the guilt, I wish I wish oh, well
3 times I wished
that I had noticed it
when he stood up upon the deep blue sea
and felt his life squeezed slowly
out of well
how many would (could) there be?
holes
are there in a soul?

If left to my own devices I find
All things come round the train track of light
But God's got his thumb on the button that stops
The carriage I'm on from going where it must
The trick is
not to make a fuss

catherine

Catherine, I don't know,
why the pieces fell apart,
I've got my theories, you know,
but they won't fix your heart,
they won't fix your heart,

Catherine, let it go,
You know it's not your fault
Just a broken down part
That they don't make anymore
They don't make anymore

Catherine, let the sun come through
Time will wrap you up and fill your empty heart
And fill your empty cup
Until you've had enough

Catherine walks away,
from the big love song juke box
Another worn (burnt) out refrain
That keeps on going around
That keeps on playing again....again