Suzanne Vega

The Lyrics

1978 - 1992

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Preface

This document was compiled and laid out by Petri Kekkonen. Thanks must go to Timo Ahonen, Brian Eck, Matti Kalalahti, Timo Rautiala and John Relph.

Any additions and corrections are welcome:

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Suzanne Vega

Cracking

It's a one time thing
It just happens
A lot
Walk with me
And we will see
What we have got
Ah...

My footsteps are ticking
Like water dripping from a tree
Walking a hairline
And stepping very carefully
Ah...

My heart is broken
It is worn out at the knees
Hearing muffled
Seeing blind
Soon it will hit the Deep Freeze

And something is cracking
I don't know where
Ice on the sidewalk
Brittle branches
In the air

The sun
Is blinding
Dizzy golden, dancing green
Through the park in the afternoon
Wondering where the hell
I have been
Ah...

Freeze Tag

We go to the playground
In the wintertime
The sun is fading fast
Upon the slides into the past
Upon the swings of indecision
In the wintertime

In the dimming diamonds
Scattering in the park
In the tickling
And the trembling
Of freeze tag
In the dark

We play that we're actors
On a movie screen
I will be Dietrich
And you can be Dean

You stand
With your hand
In your pocket
And lean against the wall
You will be Bogart
And I will be
Bacall

And we can only say yes now
To the sky, to the street, to the night

Slow fade now to black
Play me one more game
Of chivalry
You and me
Do you see
where I've been hiding
In this hide-and-seek?

We go to the playground
In the wintertime
The sun is fading fast
Upon the slides into the past
Upon the swings of indecision
In the wintertime
Wintertime
Wintertime

We can only say yes now
To the sky, to the street, to the night
We can only say yes now
To the sky, to the street, to the night

Marlene On The Wall

Even if I am in love with you
All this to say, what's it to you?
Observe the blood, the rose tattoo
Of the fingerprints on me from you

Other evidence has shown
That you and I are still alone
We skirt around the danger zone
And don't talk about it later

Marlene watches from the wall
Her mocking smile says it all
As the records the rise and fall
Of every soldier passing

But the only soldier now is me
I'm fighting things I cannot see
I think it's called my destiny
That I am changing

Marlene on the wall

I walk to your house in the afternoon
By the butcher shot with the sawdust strewn
"Don't give away the goods too soon"
Is what she might have told me

And I tried so hard to resist
When you held me in your handsome fist
And reminded me of the night we kissed
And of why I should be leaving

Marlene watches from the wall
Her mocking smile says it all
As the records the rise and fall
Of every man who's been here

But the only one here now is me
I'm fighting things I cannot see
I think it's called my destiny
That I am changing

Marlene on the wall

Small Blue Thing

Today I am
A small blue thing

Like a marble
Or an eye

With my knees against my mouth
I am perfectly round
I am watching you

I am cold against your skin
You are perfectly reflected
I am lost inside your pocket
I am lost against
Your fingers

I am falling down the stairs
I am skipping on the sidewalk
I am thrown against the sky

I am raining down in pieces
I am scattering like light
Scattering like light
Scattering like light

Today I am
A small blue thing
Made of china
Made of glass

I am cool and smooth and curious
I never blink
I am turning in your hand
Turning in your hand
Small blue thing

Straight Lines

There's a sound
Across the alley
Of cold metal
Touching skin

And you can see
If you look in her window
That she has gone and cut
Her hair again

In straight lines
Straight lines

Those soft golden lights in the morning
Are now on her wooden floor
The wind has swept them through the apartment
She don't need them
Any more
Any more
Any more...

She's cut down
On her lovers
Though she still dreams
Of them at night

She's growing straight lines
Where once were flowers
She is streamlined
She is taking the shade down
From the light

To see the straight lines
Straight lines

She wants to cut through the circles
That she has lived in before
She wants to finally kill the delusions
She won't need them
Any more
Any more
Any more...

But there's a sound
Across the alley
Of cold metal
Too close to the bone

And you can see
If you look in her window
The face of a woman
Finally alone

Behind straight lines
Straight lines

Undertow

I believe right now if I could
I would swallow you whole

I would leave only bones and teeth
We could see what was underneath
And you would be free then

Once I thought only tears could make us free
Salt wearing down to the bone
Like sand against the stone
Against the shoreline

I am friend to the undertow
I take you in, I don't let go
And now I have you

I wanted to learn all the secrets
From the edge of a knife
From the point of a needle
From a diamond
From a bullet in flight
I would be free then

I am friend to the undertow
I take you in, I don't let go
And now I have you

I wanted to see how it would feel
To be that sleek
And instead I find this hunger's
Made me week

I believe right now if I could
I would swallow you whole
I would leave only bones and teeth
We could see what was underneath
And you would be free then

I am friend to the undertow
I take you in, I don't let go
And now I have you

I am friend to the undertow
I take you in, I don't let go
And now I have you

Some Journey

If I had met you on some journey
Where would we be now

If we had met some eastbound train
Through some black sleeping town

Would you have worn your silken robes
All made of royal blue?
Would I have dressed in smoke and fire
For you to see through?

If we had met in a darkened room
Where people do not stay
But shadows touch and pass right through
And never see the day

Would you have taken me upstairs
And turned the lamplight low?
Would I have shown my secret self
And disappeared like the snow?

Oh, I could have played your little girl
Or I could have played your wife
I could have played your mistress
Running danger down through you life

I could have played your lady fair
All dressed in lace like the foam from the sea
I could have been your woman of the road
As long as you did not come back home to me

But as it is, we live in the city
And everything stays in place
Instead we meet on the open sidewalk
And it's well I know your face

We talk and talk, we tell the truth
There are no shadows here
But when I look into your eyes
I wonder what might have been here

Because if I had met you on some journey
Where would we be now?

The Queen And The Soldier

The soldier came knocking upon the queen's door
He said, "I am not fighting for you any more"
The queen knew she'd seen his face someplace before
And slowly she let him inside.

He said, “I’ve watched your palace up here on the hill
And I’ve wondered who’s the woman for whom we all kill
But I am leaving tomorrow and you can do what you will
Only first I am asking you why.”

Down in the long narrow hall he was led
Into her rooms with her tapestries red
And she never once took the crown from her head
She asked him there to sit down.

He said, “I see you now, and you are so very young
But I’ve seen more battles lost than I have battles won
And I’ve got this intuition, says it’s all for your fun
And now will you tell me why?”

The young queen, she fixed him with an arrogant eye
She said, “You won’t understand, and you may as well not try”
But her face was a child’s, and he thought she would cry
But she closed herself up like a fan.

And she said, “I’ve swallowed a secret burning thread
It cuts me inside, and often I’ve bled”
He laid his hand then on top of her head
And he bowed her down to the ground.

“Tell me how hungry are you? How weak you must feel
As you are living here alone, and you are never revealed
But I won’t march again on your battlefield”
And he took her to the window to see.

And the sun, it was gold, though the sky, it was gray
And she wanted more than she ever could say
But she knew how it frightened her, and she turned away
And would not look at his face again.

And he said, “I want to live as an honest man
To get all I deserve and to give all I can
And to love a young woman who I don’t understand
Your highness, your ways are very strange.”

But the crown, it had fallen, and she thought she would break
And she stood there, ashamed of the way her heart ached
She took him to the doorstep and she asked him to wait
She would only be a moment inside.

Out in the distance her order was heard
And the soldier was killed, still waiting for her word
And while the queen went on strangling in the solitude she preferred
The battle continued on

Knight Moves

Watch while the queen
In one false move
Turns herself into a pawn

Sleepy and shaken
And watching while the blurry night
Turns into a very clear dawn

Do you love any, do you love none,
Do you love many, can you love one,
Do you love me?

Do you love any, do you love none,
Do you love many, can you love one,
Do you love me?

One false move
And a secret prophecy
Well, if you hold it against her,
First hold it up and see
That it's one side stone
One side fire
Standing alone among all men's desire
They want to know

Do you love any, do you love none,
Do you love many, can you love one,
Do you love me?

Do you love any, do you love none,
Do you love many, can you love one,
Do you love me?

And if you wonder
What I am doing
As I am heading
For the sink
I am spitting out all the bitterness
Along with half of my last drink
I am thinking
Of your woman
Who is crying in the hall
It's like drinking gasoline
To quench a thirst

Until there's nothing there left at all

Do you love any, do you love none,
Do you love many, can you love one,
Do you love me?

Do you love any, do you love none,
Do you love many, can you love one,
Do you love me?

"Walk on the blind side"?
Was the answer to the joke
It's said there isn't a political bone
In her body

She would rather be a riddle
But she keeps challenging the future
With a profound lack of history

Do you love any, do you love none,
Do you love many, can you love one,
Do you love me?

Do you love any, do you love none,
Do you love many, can you love one,
Do you love me?

And watch while the queen
In one false move
Turns herself into a pawn

Sleepy and shaken
And watching while the blurry night
Turns into a very clear dawn

Do you love me?
Do you love me?
Do you love me?
Do you love me?
Do you love me?

Neighborhood Girls

"We had our
Neighborhood girl, she
Used to hang out, in front of
McKinsey's Bar, and we were

Interested in her, and her
Clientele...
We just wonder where she's gone..."
"Oh she's gone?"
"Yes, she's gone, gone, gone."

"I think you know your
Neighborhood girl, she
Lives on my street, now, with
Eyes of ice
I've seen her in the morning, when she is
Walking in the sun
And I always thought that she
Looked kind of nice

She spoke to me once
At a party, I think
And I thought at the time
That she had had too much to drink, because she
Said to me, 'There's a backbone gone
And I've got to get it back
Before going on...'

And your neighborhood girl
Seems to have resigned
She was looking out at people
From the back of her mind
And before she went off
She spoke to me again
She came up and said

'You have the eyes of a friend
And there's a razor's edge
That I have lost somewhere
And I would like it back
So if you've seen it anywhere...
I've been out for a while
But I'll be back in a bit
I am just walking through the smoke
Finding out if this is it
Because I've got this feeling
That things are going grey
And I'd like to hear a straight line
To help me find my way...'

I looked at her
And I did not know what to say.
She had long black hair."

"Must be a different

Neighborhood girl, cause
Ours had blonde hair, in front of
McKinsey’s Bar
And we were interested in her
And her
Clientele...
We just wonder where she’s gone...”
“Oh she’s gone?”
“Yes, she’s gone, gone, gone.”

Solitude Standing

Tom’s Diner

I am sitting
In the morning
At the diner
On the corner

I am waiting
At the counter
For the man
To pour the coffee

And he fills it
Only halfway
And before
I even argue

He is looking
Out the window
At somebody
Coming in

“It is always
Nice to see you”
Says the man
Behind the counter

To the woman
Who has come in
She is shaking
Her umbrella

And I look
The other way
As they are kissing

Their hellos

I'm pretending
Not to see them
Instead
I pour the milk

I open
Up the paper
There's a story
Of an actor

Who had died
While he was drinking
It was no one
I had heard of

And I'm turning
To the horoscope
And looking
For the funnies

When I'm feeling
Someone watching me
And so
I raise my head

There's a woman
On the outside
Looking inside
Does she see me?

No she does not
Really see me
Cause she sees
Her own reflection

And I'm trying
Not to notice
That she's hitching
Up her skirt

And while she's
Straightening her stockings
Her hair
Is getting wet

Oh, this rain
It will continue

Through the morning
As I'm listening

To the bells
Of the cathedral
I am thinking
Of your voice...

And of the midnight picnic
Once upon a time
Before the rain began...

I finish up my coffee
It's time to catch the train

Luka

My name is Luka
I live on the second floor
I live upstairs from you
Yes I think you've seen me before
If you hear something late at night
Some kind of trouble. some kind of fight
Just don't ask me what it was
Just don't ask me what it was
Just don't ask me what it was
I think it's because I'm clumsy
I try not to talk too loud
Maybe it's because I'm crazy
I try not to act too proud
They only hit until you cry
And after that you don't ask why
You just don't argue anymore
You just don't argue anymore
You just don't argue anymore

Yes I think I'm okay
I walked into the door again
Well, if you ask that's what I'll say
And it's not your business anyway
I guess I'd like to be alone
With nothing broken, nothing thrown
Just don't ask me how I am
Just don't ask me how I am
Just don't ask me how I am

Night Vision

By day give thanks
By night beware
Half the world in sweetness
The other in fear

When the darkness takes you
With her hand across your face
Don't give in too quickly
Find the thing she's erased

Find the line, find the shape
Through the grain
Find the outline, things will
Tell you their name

The table. the guitar
The empty glass

All will blend together when
Daylight has passed

Find the line, find the shape
Through the grain
Find the outline, things will
Tell you their name

Now I watch you falling into sleep
Watch your fist curl against the sheet
Watch your lips fall open and your eyes dim
In blind faith

I would shelter you
Keep you in light
But I can only teach you
Night vision
Night vision
Night vision

Solitude Standing

Solitude stands by the window
She turns her head as I walk in the room
I can see by her eyes she's been waiting
Standing in the slant of the late afternoon

And she turns to me with her hand extended
Her palm is split with a flower with a flame

Solitude stands in the doorway
And I'm struck once again by her black silhouette
By her long cool stare and her silence
I suddenly remember each time we've met

And she turns to me with her hand extended
Her palm is split with a flower with a flame

And she says "I've come to set a twisted thing straight"
And she says "I've come to lighten this dark heart"
And she takes my wrist, I feel her imprint of fear
And I say "I've never thought of finding you here"

I turn to the crowd as they're watching
They're sitting all together in the dark in the warm
I wanted to be in there among them
I see how their eyes are gathered into one

And then she turns to me with her hand extended
Her palm is split with a flower with a flame

And she says "I've come to set a twisted thing straight"
And she says "l've come to lighten this dark heart"
And she takes my wrist, I feel her imprint of fear
And I say "I've never thought of finding you here"

Solitude stands in the doorway
And I'm struck once again by her black silhouette
By her long cool stare and her silence
I suddenly remember each time we've met

And she turns to me with her hand extended
Her palm is split with a flower with a flame

Calypso

And I waken to the dawn
A long time ago
I watched him struggle with the sea
I knew that he was drowning
And I brought him into me
Now today
Come morning light
He sails away

After one last night
I let him go.

My name is Calypso
My garden overflows
Thick and wild and hidden
Is the sweetness there that grows
My hair it blows long
As I sing into the wind
My name is Calypso
And I have lived alone
I live on an island
I tell of nights
Where I could taste the salt on his skin

Salt of the waves
And of tears
And though he pulled away
I kept him here for years
I let him go

My name is Calypso
I have let him go
In the dawn he sails away
To be gone forever more
And the waves will take him in again
But he'll know their ways now
I will stand upon the shore
With a clean heart

And my song in the wind
The sand will sting my feet
And the sky will burn
It's a lonely time ahead
I do not ask him to return
I let him go
I let him go

Language

If language were liquid
It would be rushing in
Instead here we are
In a silence more eloquent
Than any word could ever be

Words are too solid

They don’t move fast enough
To catch the blur in the brain
That flies by and is gone
Gone
Gone
Gone

I’d like to meet you
In a timeless
Placeless place
Somewhere out of context
And beyond all consequences

Let’s go back to the building
(Words are too solid)
On Little West Twelfth
It is not far away
(They don’t move fast enough)
And the river is there
And the sun and the spaces
Are all laying low
(To catch the blur in the brain)
And we’ll sit in the silence
(That flies by and is)
That comes rushing in and is
Gone (Gone)

I won’t use words again
They don’t mean what I meant
They don’t say what I said
They’re just the crust of the meaning
With realms underneath
Never touched
Never stirred
Never even moved through

If language were liquid
It would be rushing in
Instead here we are
In a silence more eloquent
Than any word could ever be

And it’s gone
Gone
Gone
And it’s gone

Gypsy

You come from far away
With pictures in your eyes
Of coffeeshops and morning streets
In the blue and silent sunrise
But night is the cathedral
Where we recognized the sign
We strangers know each other now
As part of the whole design

Oh, hold me like a baby
That will not fall asleep
Curl me up inside you
And let me hear you through the heat

You are the jester of this courtyard
With a smile like a girl's
Distracted by the women
With the dimples and the curls
By the pretty and the mischievous
By the timid and the blessed
By the blowing skirts of ladies
Who promise to gather you to their breast

Oh, hold me like a baby...

You have hands of raining water
And that earring in your ear
The wisdom on your face
Denies the number of your years
With the fingers of the potter
And the laughing tale of the fool
The arranger of disorder
With your strange and simple rules
Yes now I've met me another spinner
Of strange and gauzy threads
With a long and slender body
And a bump upon the head

Oh, hold me like a baby...

With a long and slender body
And the sweetest softest hands
And we'll blow away forever soon
And go on to different lands
And please do not ever look for me
But with me you will stay
And you will hear yourself in song

Blowing by one day

Oh, hold me like a baby...

Wooden Horse (Caspar Hauser’s Song)

I came out of the darkness
Holding one thing
A small white wooden horse
I’d been holding inside

And when I’m dead
If you could tell them this
That what was wood became alive
What was wood became alive

In the night the walls disappeared
In the day they returned
“I want to be a rider like my father”
Were the only words I could say

And when I’m dead
If you could tell them this
That what was wood became alive
What was wood became alive

Alive
And I fell under
A moving piece of sun
Freedom

I came out of the darkness
Holding one thing
I know I have a power
I am afraid I may be killed

But when I’m dead
If you could tell them this
That what was wood became alive
What was wood became alive
Alive

Days Of Open Hand

Tired Of Sleeping

Oh Mum, the dreams are not so bad
It's just that there's so much to do
And I'm tired of sleeping

Oh Mum, the old man is telling me something
His eyes are wide and his mouth is thin
And I just can't hear what he's saying

Oh Mum, I wonder when I'll be wakened
It's just that there's so much to do
And I'm tired of sleeping

Oh Mum, I wonder when I'll be wakened
It's just that there's so much to do
And I'm tired of sleeping

Oh Mum, the kids are playing in pennies
They're up to their knees in money
And the dirt of the churchyard steps

Oh Mum, that man he ripped out his lining
He tore out a piece of his body
To show us his clean courted heart

Oh Mum, I wonder when I'll be wakened
It's just that there's so much to do
And I'm tired of sleeping

Oh Mum, I wonder when I'll be wakened
It's just that there's so much to do
And I'm tired of sleeping

Oh Mum, the bird on the string is hanging
Bones are twisting and dancing
She's fighting for her small life

Oh Mum, I wonder when I'll be wakened
It's just that there's so much to do
And I'm tired of sleeping

Oh Mum, I wonder when I'll be wakened
It's just that there's so much to do
And I'm tired of sleeping

Men In A War

Men in a war
If they've lost a limb
Still feel that limb
As they did before

He lay on a cot
He was drenched in a sweat
He was mute and staring
But feeling the thing
He had not

I know how it is
When something is gone
A piece of your eyesight
Or maybe your vision

A corner of sense
Goes blank on the screen
A piece of the scan
Gets filled in by hand

You know that it was
And now it is not
So you just make do with
Whatever you've got

Men in a war
If they've lost a limb
Still feel that limb
As they did before

If your nerve is cut
If you're kept on the stretch
You don't feel your will
You can't find your gut

And she lay on her back
She made sure she was hid
She was mute and staring
Not feeling the thing
That she did

I know how it is
When something is gone
A piece of your eyesight

Or maybe your vision

Rusted Pipe

Now the time has come to speak
I was not able
And water through a rusted pipe
Could make the sense that I do

Gurgle, mutter
Hiss, stutter
Moan the words like water
Rush and foam and choke

Having waited
This long of a winter
I fear I only
Croak and sigh

Somewhere deep within
Hear the creak
That lets the tale begin

Now the time has come to move
I was not able
Water through a rusted pipe
Could make the moves that I do

Stagger, stumble
Trip, fumble
I fear I only
Slip and slide

Somewhere deep within
Hear the creak
That lets the tale begin

Somewhere deep within
Hear the creak
That lets the tale begin

Book Of Dreams

In my book of dreams
In my book of dreams

In my book of dreams

I took your urgent whisper
Stole the arc of a white wing
Rode like foam on the river of pity
Turned its tide to strength
Healed the hole that ripped in living

In my book of dreams
In my book of dreams
In my book of dreams

The spine is bound to last a life
Tough enough to take the pounding
Pages made of days of open hand

In my book of dreams
In my book of dreams
In my book of dreams

Number every page in silver
Underline in magic marker
Take the name of every prisoner
Yours is there my word of honor

I took your urgent whisper
Stole the arc of a white wing
Rode like foam on the river of pity
Healed the hole that ripped in living

In my book of dreams
In my book of dreams
In my book of dreams

Institution Green

Institution green
The walls are cracked and dim
And we are standing in a line
Waiting for our faces to be seen

Institution green
Watch the floor and count the hours
None will meet my eyes
Private people in this public place

I wonder if they'll take a look

Find my name inside that book
Lose me on the printed page
Where to point the aimless rage

I cast my vote upon this earth
Take my place for what it's worth
Hunger for a pair of eyes
To notice and to recognize

Institution green
A woman stands behind a table
She will call my name
After that I'll be admitted in

I wonder if she'll take a look
Find my name inside that book
Lose me on the printed page
Where to point the aimless rage

I cast my vote upon this earth
Take my place for what it's worth
Hunger for a pair of eyes
To notice and to recognize

Institution green
Teach me how to pull the lever
Push the curtain closed
Take what's needed then just
Let me go

Those Whole Girls (Run In Grace)

Those whole girls
Hurl down words
Run in packs
With bloom to spare

They know health
Know it well
Skim the cream
And fill the brim

Drip with news
Spin intact
Blaze and stun
And feel no lack

Breathe with ease
Need no mercy
Move in light
Run in grace

Run in grace
Run in grace
Run in grace

Room Off The Street

Somewhere in a room
With a poster on a wall
Of a man with his hand
In a fist

Is a woman who's drinking
And her dress is so tight
You can see every breath
That she takes

Every sigh, every sway
You can hear everything that they say
Something's begun like a war
Or a family or a friendship
Or a fast love affair

The man on the wall
Is his symbol of freedom
It means he has brothers
Who believe as he does

She is moved by
The thing that she sees in his face
When he talks of
The cause

Every sigh, every sway
You can hear everything that they say
Something's begun like a war
Or a family or a friendship
Or a fast love affair

She leans against him
Her dress is so red
They talk of the salt
And the truth and the bread

The night goes along
The fan goes around
In the room off the street
At the end of the town

Every sigh, every sway
You can hear everything that they say
Something's begun like a war
Or a family or a friendship
Or a fast love affair

Big Space

He said you stand in your own shoes
I said I'd rather stand in someone else's
He said you look from your direction
I said I like to keep perspective

Close to the middle of the network
It seems we're looking for a center
What if it turns out to be hollow?
We could be fixing what is broken

Between the pen and the paperwork
There must be passion in the language
Between the muscle and the brain work
There must be feeling in the pipeline

Beyond the duty and the discipline
I know there's anger in a cold place
All feelings fall into the big space
Swept up like garbage on the week-end

Between the pen and the paperwork
There must be passion in the language
Between the muscle and the brain work
There must be feeling in the pipeline

All feeling
Falls into the big space
All feeling
Swept into the
Avenues of angles

Between the pen and the paperwork
I'm sure there's passion in the language

Between the muscle and the brain work
I know there's feeling in the pipeline

Predictions

Let's tall the future
Let's see how it's been done.
By numbers. By mirrors. By water.
By dots made at random on paper.

By salt. By dice.
By meal. By mice.
By dough of cakes.
By sacrificial fire.

By fountains. By fishes.
Writing in ashes.
Birds. Herbs.
Smoke from the altar.

A suspended ring or the mode of laughing
Pebbles drawn from a heap
One of these things
Will tell you something.

Let's tall the future
Let's see how it's been done.
By dreams. By the features. By letters.
By dropping hot was into water.

By nails reflecting the rays of the sun.
By waling in a circle.
By red hot iron.
By passages in books.
A balanced hatchet.

A suspended ring or the mode of laughing
Pebbles drawn from a heap
One of these things
Will tell you something.

Let's tall the future
Let's see how it's been done.
Hot it's been done.

Fifty-fifty Chance

50-50 chance
The doctor said
In the cardiac room
As she's lying in bed

There's a pan on the floor
Filled with something black
I need to know
I'm afraid to ask

I hug you
I hum to you
I've come to you
I touch you

I tell you
I love you
I sing to you
Bring to you
Anything

Her little heart
It beats so fast
Her body trembles
With the effort to last

I hug you
I hum to you
I've come to you
I touch you

I tell you
I love you
I sing to you
Bring to you
Anything

She's going home
Tomorrow at ten
The question is
Will she try it again

Pilgrimage

This line is burning

Turning to ash as it hits the air
Every step is a day in the week
It's a Sunday or Monday
A march over months of the year

This life is burning
Turning to ash as it hits the air
Every death is an end in the race
It's a stopping and starting
A march over millions of years

Travel. Arrival
Years of an inch and a step
Toward a source
I'm coming to you
I'll be there in time

This land is burning
Turning to ash as it hits the air
Every line is a place on a map
It's a city or valley
A mark on these miles of fields

Travel. Arrival
Years of an inch and a step
Toward a source
I'm coming to you
I'll be there in time

This line is burning
Turning to ash as it hits the air
Every step is a day in the week
It's a Wednesday or Thursday
A march over months of the year

Travel. Arrival
Years of an inch and a step
Toward a source
I'm coming to you
I'll be there in time

I'm coming to you
I'll be there in time

99.9 F°

Rock In This Pocket

Excuse me
If I may
Turn your attention
My way
One moment
I won't plead
It isn't much
It's what I need

And what's so small to you
Is so large to me
If it's the last thing I do
I'll make you see

If you turn from me
You darken my sun
You snap that thin thread
I call my horizon
And I'd like to remind you
Of something small
That the rock in this pocket
Could cause your fall

And what's so small to you
Is so large to me
If it's the last thing I do
I'll make you see

So small to you
And so large to me
If its the last thing I do
I'll make you see

I might be out like a light
Extinguished in the throw
But I'll hit my mark
And you'll know
Because I'm really well acquainted
With the span of your brow
And if you didn't know me then
You'll know me now
You'll know me now

And what's so small to you

Is so large to me
If its the last thing I do
I'll make you see

So small to you
And so large to me
If it's the last thing I do
I'll make you see
Make you see
Make you see

Blood Makes Noise

I'd like to help you doctor
Yes I really really would
But the din in my head
It's too much and it's no good
I'm standing in a windy tunnel
Shouting through the roar
And I'd like to give the information
You're asking for

But blood makes noise
It's a ringing in my ear
Blood makes noise
And I can't really hear you
In the thickening of fear

I think that you might want to know
The details and the facts
But there's something in my blood
Denies the memory of the acts
So just forget it Doc.
I think it's really
Cool that you're concerned
But we'll have to try again
After the silence has returned

Cause blood makes noise
It's a ringing in my ear
Blood makes noise
And I can't really hear you
In the thickening of fear

Blood makes noise...

In Liverpool

In Liverpool
On Sunday
No traffic
On the avenue
The light is pale and thin
Like you
No sound, down
In this part of town
Except for the boy in the belfry
He's crazy, he's throwing himself
Down from the top of the tower
Like a hunchback in heaven
He's ringing the bells in the church
For the last half an hour
He sounds like he's missing something
Or someone that he knows he can't
Have now and if he isn't
I certainly am

Homesick for a clock
That told the same time
sometimes you made no sense to me
if you lie on the ground
in somebody's arms
you'll probably swallow some of their history

And the boy in the belfry
He's crazy, he's throwing himself
Down from the top of the tower
Like a hunchback in heaven
He's ringing the bells in the church
For the last half an hour
He sounds like he's missing something
Or someone that he knows he can't
Have now and if he isn't
I certainly am

I'll be the girl who sings for my supper
You'll be the monk whose forehead is high
He'll be the man who's already working
Spreading a memory all through the sky

In Liverpool
On Sunday
No reason to even remember you now

Except for the boy in the belfry

He’s crazy, he’s throwing himself
Down from the top of the tower
Like a hunchback in heaven
He’s ringing the bells in the church
For the last half an hour
He sounds like he’s missing something
Or someone that he knows he can’t
Have now and if he isn’t
I certainly am

In Liverpool
In Liverpool

99.9 F°

99.9 Fahrenheit degrees
Stable now, with rising possibilities
It could be normal but it isn’t quite
Could make you want to stay awake at night

You seem to me
Like a man
0n the verge of burning
99.9 Fahrenheit degrees

Pale as a candle
And your face is hot
And if I touch you
I might get what you’ve got

You seem to me
Like a man
On the verge of running
99.9 Fahrenheit degrees

Something cool
Against the skin
Is what you could be
Something cool
Against the skin
Is what you
Could be needing

99.9 Fahrenheit degrees

You seem to me
Like a man

On the verge of burning
99.9 Fahrenheit degrees

Something cool
Against the skin
Is what you could be
Something cool
Against your skin
Is what you
Could be needing

99.9 Fahrenheit degrees
99.9 Fahrenheit degrees

Blood Sings

When blood sees blood
Of its own
It sings to see itself again
It sings to hear the voice it's known
It sings to recognize the face

One body split and passed along the line
From the shoulder to the hip
I know these bones as being mine
And the curving of the lip

And my question to you is:
How did this come to pass?
How did this one life fall so far and fast?

Some are lean and some with grace, and some without;
All tell the story that repeats
Of a child who had been left alone at birth
Left to fend and taught to fight

See his eyes and how they start with light
Getting colder as the pictures go
Did he carry his bad luck upon his back?
That bad luck we've all come to know

And my question to you is:
How did this come to pass?
How did this one life fall so far and fast?

When blood sees blood
Of its own

It sings to see itself again
It sings to hear the voice it's known
It sings to recognize the face

Fat Man and Dancing Girl

I stand in a wide flat land
No shadow or shade of a doubt
Whore the megaphone man
Met the girl with her hand that's
Covering most of her mouth

Fall in love with a bright idea
And the way a world is revealed to you
Fat man and dancing girl
And most of the show is concealed from view

Monkey in the middle
Keeps singing that tune
I don't want to hear it
Get rid of it soon

MC on the stage tonight
Is a man named Billy Purl
He's The International Fun Boy
And he knows the worth of beautiful girl

Stand on the tightrope
Never dreamed I would fall

Monkey in the middle
Keeps doing that trick
It's making me nervous
Get rid of it quick

I stand in a wide flat land
No shadow or shade of a doubt
Where the megaphone man
Met the girl with her hand
That's covering most of her mouth

Does she tell the truth?
Does she hide the lie?
Does she say it so no one can know?
Fat man and the dancing girl
And it's all part of the show

Stand on the tightrope
Never dreamed I could fall

Monkey in the middle
Keeps singing that tune
I don't want to hear it
Get rid of it soon

Monkey in the middle
Keeps doing that trick
It's making me nervous
Get rid of it quick

(If You Were) In My Movie

If you were in my movie
I'd have you as the doctor
Small black bag
And a big black coat

I'd have you make a house call
To the woman
You could lay your
Diagnostic hand
Upon her belly and her throat

If you were in my movie
You could be the detective
You could sit behind the desk
With a question on your lip

Examine her for motive
Investigate the scene
In the ever present danger
Keep the holster at your hip

If you were in my movie
If you were in my movie
If you were in my movie

If you were in my movie
You could be the priest
Long black frock
White collar at the neck

You could come to the confession
You could give a girl a thrill

You could save her from her passion
Keep her body in check

If you were in my movie
If you were in my movie
If you were in my movie

If you were in my movie
You could be the gangster
Double-breasted pinstriped
Man with the cigarette

Go running down the alley
With a double-crossing blond
Explaining to the jury
That you hadn't done anything yet

If you were in my movie...

As A Child

As a child
You have a doll
You see this doll
Sitting in her chair

You watch her face
Her knees apart
Her eyes of glass
In a secretive stare

She seems to
She seems to
She seems to
Have a life

Pick up a stick
Dig up a crack
Dirt in the street
Becomes a town

All of the people
Depend on you
Not to hurt them
Or bang the stick comes down

And they seem to

They seem to
They seem to
Have a life

As a child
You see yourself
And wonder why
You can't seem to move

Hand on the doorknob
Feel like a thing
One foot on the sidewalk
Too much to prove

And you learn to
You learn to
You learn to
Have a life

Bad Wisdom

Mother the doctor knows something is wrong
Cause my body has strange information
He's looked in my eyes and knows I'm not a child
But he doesn't dare ask the right question

Mother my friends are no longer my friends
And the games we once played have no meaning
I've gone serious and shy and they can't figure why
So they've left me to my own daydreaming

What price to pay
For bad wisdom
What price to pay
For bad wisdom
Too young to know
Too much too soon
Bad wisdom
Bad wisdom

Mother you've taught me the laws are so fine
If I'm good that I will be protected
I've fallen through the crack and there's no getting back
And I'll never trust whoever gets elected

Mother your eyes have gone suddenly cold
And it wasn't what I was expecting

Once I did think that I'd find comfort there
And instead you've gone hard and suspecting

What price to pay
For bad wisdom
What price to pay
For bad wisdom
Too young to know
Too much too soon
Bad wisdom
Bad wisdom

Mother I'm cut at the root like a weed
Cause there's no one to hear my small story
Just like a woman who walks in the street
I will pay for my life with my body

What price to pay
For bad wisdom
What price to pay
For bad wisdom
Too young to know
Too much too soon
Bad wisdom
Bad wisdom

When Heroes Go Down

When heroes go down
They go down fast
So don't expect any time to
Equivocate the past

When heroes go down
They land in flame
So don't expect any slow and careful
Settling of blame

I heard you say
You look out for the feet of clay
That someone will be falling next
Without the chance
For last respects
You feel the disappointment

When heroes go down
Man or woman revealed

You can’t expect any kind of mercy
On the battlefield

I heard you say
You look out for the feet of clay
That someone will be falling next
Without the chance for last respects
You feel the disappointment

When heroes go down
Man or woman revealed
Do you show any kind of mercy
On the battlefield?

When heroes go down
When heroes go down
When heroes go down

As Girls Go

You make a really good girl
As girls go
Still kind of look like a guy
I never thought to wonder why

If I could pull this off
Would I know for certain
The real situation
Behind the curtain

So beautiful
Damsel in distress
Not exactly natural
Stunning none the less

What happened to you?
To make you more girl than girls are
Would you ever show or tell
Cause you’re so good so far

You make a really good girl
As girls go
As girls go
As girls go
As girls go
As girls go

Let’s chronicle
The dark side of a life
Did you ever keep the date
With the steel side of the knife

Doesn’t matter to me
Which side of the line
You happen to be
At any given time

You make a really good girl
As girls go
You make a really good girl
As girls go
As girls go
As girls go
As girls go

Song Of Sand

If sand waves were sound waves
What song would be in the air now
What stinging tune
Could split this endless noon
And make the sky swell with rain

If war were a game that a man or a child
Could think of winning
What kind of rule
Can overthrow a fool
And leave the land with no stain.

Private Goes Public

Smile no smile
On this face today
Jerk like a thing on a string
And go join the parade

Code will keep your privacy in
It won’t help to win friends
Influence strangers
Or otherwise be in the swim

Mask will keep your features in check

Cause face is the place
Where the private goes public
And steps through the gate

Take your last kick now
At any regime
Smile no smile
See if they see what you mean

Da da da...

Songs from liquid days

Lightning

Lightning struck a while ago
And it's blazing much too fast
But give it rain of waiting time
And it will surely pass
Blow over

And it's happening so quickly
As I feel the flaming time
And I grope about the embers
To relieve my stormy mind
Blow over

Shaken this has left me
And laughing and undone
With a blinding bolt of sleeplessness
That's just begun
And a windy crazy running
Through the nights and through the days
And a crackling
Of the time burned away
Burned away

Now I feel it in my blood
All hot and sharp and white
With a whipcrack and a thunder
And a flash of flooding light

But there'll be a thick and moky
Silence in the air
When the fire finally dies
And I'm wondering who'll be left there

In the ashes of the time
Burned away
Burned away

Freezing

If you had no name
If you had no history
If you had no books
If you had no family

If it were only you
Naked on the grass
Who would you be then?
This is what he asked
And I said I wasn't really sure
But I would probably be
Cold

And now I'm freezing
Freezing

Original Motion Picture Soundtrack: Pretty in Pink

Left Of Center

If you want me
You can find me
Left of center
Off of the strip
In the outskirts
In the fringes
In the corner
Out of the grip

When they ask me
"What are you looking at?"
I always answer
"Nothing much" (not much)
I think they know that
I'm looking at them
I think they think
I must be out of touch

But I'm only

In the outskirts
And in the fringes
On the edge
And off the avenue
And if you want me
You can find me
Left of center
Wondering about you

I think that somehow
Somewhere inside of us
We must be similar
If not the same
So I continue
To be wanting you
Left of center
Against the grain

If you want me
You can find me
Left of center
Off of the strip
In the outskirts
In the fringes
In the corner
Out of the grip

When they ask me
“What are you looking at?”
I always answer
“Nothing much” (not much)
I think they know that
I’m looking at them
I think they think
I must be out of touch

But I’m only
In the outskirts
And in the fringes
On the edge
And off the avenue
And if you want me
You can find me
Left of center
Wondering about you
Wondering about you

Singles

Men will be men

Men will be men
And they'll call me the governor
I walk through the bar
And I'll buy the next round

Because this is my ship
And I say it's my destiny
And we'll all go up and go down
We go down, go down

Through the town and back up through the avenues
And into the places where people don't stay
Go visit the king and then leave through the window
Go hang with the gang and get lost in the fray

Andy is a saint
Or a savage I forget
Depends on the day
And if he's eaten yet

He's something to see
When he's first out of bed
Not that I'd know
I've just heard it said

Said that men will be men
...

Spider's the guy
With a hand over gun
He'd show me how
But I don't want one

He's also polite
For a second storey man
And he's changed his spots
As much as anyone can

We know men will be men
...

Come and sit with the horse
And admire the view
Drink down these biers

I think you had a few

Yes, and don’t look at me
I’m not selling today
Over the crowd
Hear the bartender say

Say that men will be men
...

Men will be men
...

Go down, go down, go down

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