

Meet The Change

*She's a mark maker -
You turn away but you never
escape her.
A little codebreaker -
She got a gauge with a number for
everyone.
She got your combination.*

*Mister Cheap Skater
Runs up a debt but he never
repays it,
'Cause he's a deep faker -
The things he says, they ain't ever
what you get.
Such a big spender.*

*You and I could save the day.
(What have you done?)
(What have you done?)
Before the window fades away.
(What have you done?)
(What have you done?)
(What have you done?)
No hesitation anymore -
(The time has come),
(The time has come)
To meet the change head on.*

*She's an earthquaker -
You ride the wave no matter how
far.
But she's a coal hater,
And so they keep all her ideas
locked in a jar,
And say that "blah blah blah".*

*Another muckraker,
Equivocating, debating in
Washington.
Just a big taker -
When it comes to the crunch you
can bet the farm
He'll say "the money's gone, Jack".*

*You and I could save the day.
(What have you done?)
(What have you done?)
Before the window fades away.
(What have you done?)
(What have you done?)
No hesitation, no remorse.
(You've had your fun)
(You've had your fun)*

*You and I could save the day.
(What have you done?)
(What have you done?)
Before the future melts away.
(What have you done?)
(What have you done?)
Every generation has its war -
(We'll be the ones),
(We'll be the ones)
To meet the change head on.*

Big Reveal

*There is no meaning 'neath the
bough of a tree,
But there's a meaning in each and
every memory.
Where we lay dreaming by the
whispering sea,
There is a feeling, something lost in
an energy.*

*Coloring the spaces
With a hand erased and a brand
new paint set.*

*To find a love's to find you're
shooting through time.
I don't believe it - all of our days so
far behind.
Still waiting here for you to give me
a sign
That you might need it, on the day
we've nothing left to hide.*

*Coloring the spaces
With a hand erased and a brand
new paint set.*

*Is there a big reveal coming up,
round the bend?
I don't know what's real, what's only
pretend.
Am I gonna see your face again,
Again?*

Montana, New York

*Oh, Montana -
Rivers folding through the green.
Mountains sprawl,
Deep within a dream.
Take me back to the land where
healing waters run -
I've been in New York City for far
too long.*

*Dear Joanna,
Hope this letter finds you well.
The rain is falling -
There's nothing more to tell.
Thought that you would remain
when everything was gone -
Isn't it a pity you're moving on?*

*Still, I heed the moon,
Strung in sky like a pearl.
Lonely master to the sea,
Turn your tide over me.
Let it swirl.*

Look Alive

*What do I know?
I know that something's hurting,
And yet, there's no returning once
you've headed down that road.
I know I'm wrong -
I know that I'm the problem,
'Cause trouble only comes from the
things I did or should've done.*

*I know when I met her the angels
did sing,
But now I'm hard of hearing, they
don't sound like they did before.
Oh help me, Lord,
'Cause I know that I still love her,
But I sure as hell don't like her
anymore.*

*She guns me down -
Cussing in the kitchen,
Filing her petitions, only stopping to
reload.
I can't go on.
I'm not the only villain -
Wish she knew just what she's
killing
When she shoots that wicked
tongue.*

*Oh, when I met her the winter
turned to spring.
Flowers through the summer,
Pride before the fall.
Oh save me, Lord,
'Cause I'm bound to always love
her,
But I sure as hell don't like her
anymore.*

*Oh, when I met her the angels did
sing,
But now I count the halos as they
rain down from the skies.
I don't know why
They say true love is kind,
They say true love is blind -
Next time, spare me all the cliches
and just say
It takes some dying to survive.
Look alive.*

The Concept of a Distant Memory

*The alarm clock sang like an immortal bird.
A quarter to nine again -
Another day in the lives of two lovers and friends.*

*“Constantine,” Melody said,
“I do believe you and me will be tethered 'til the end.”*

*Stationed at the kitchen table,
With a candle to mark the years,
Constantine, accompanied by sympathetic shadows,
In silent contemplation of the dancing, dagger flame,
And the wax that falls like tears.
Three decades passed since last he saw his bride,
But she still lies beside him in the chambers of his mind -
Saved by the light left behind,
Too bright to ever be
Just a distant memory.*

*Bluejay skies bleeding into night.
Under the fledgling stars,
Swaying in time to the beating of their hearts,
Lives are entwined in embrace,
On the brink of devotion that time will not erase.*

*“Melody,” Constantine said,
“I do believe we've no reason to ever cut the thread.”*

*Stationed at the kitchen table,
With a candle to mark the years,
Constantine, accompanied by sympathetic shadows,
In quiet desperation as the dancing, dagger flame
Makes a god of all his fears.
Three decades passed since last he saw his bride,
And she still lies beside him in the chambers of his mind -
Caged by the light yet to die,
Never to be free
From a distant memory.*

Vladimir

*An émigré - Azerbaijan,
A life as hard as armor -
Huddled in his hope,
Mouthpiece in his hand.
The tossing of a boat,
Bound for Sydney harbor.*

*Steady work, Chinese factory -
Heavy pallets on his back.
An extra shift at the bakery,
The chicken shop,
Ringing up the bread,
Cleaning out the grease traps.*

*Interview - pale blue suit,
House of education.
A station for the ages -
Crucible of truth -
Sculptor of the youth,
Wise, kind, and always patient.*

*Nothing's shocking -
Jane's Addiction said it best.
But there's a stopping
For the finitude of life,
The fullness of your rest.
Hey, Vladimir,
I'm still standing here,
Waiting on my friend to come
around.*

*Maybe I'm to blame,
Knowing you were ill,
For getting more around and less in
touch.
Could've flown out to the benefit
At The Camelot in Marrickville -
Just really didn't think that,
Well, I guess I didn't think much.*

*Nothing's shocking -
Jane's Addiction had it right.
But there's a stopping -
Just a little bit more time,
A chance to say goodbye.
Hey, Vladimir,
I'm still standing here,
Waiting on my friend to come
around.
No, you won't disappear -
There's always something there -
And I'll be waiting for you,
So won't you come back down.*

*New Year's Day,
An ocean awaits -
No more use in staying strong.
White walls, white sheets,
The beeping of machines,
Email from the high school -
Our beloved émigré,
Sailing on.*

War In The Morning

*Chester slides slowly into the glass booth,
Newspaper tucked under an arm.
Pins the receiver to a quivering shoulder,
Sifts through the silver that's pooled like blood in his palm.*

*Voice flickers faintly at the end of the line,
"My love, I thought you'd never call.
All through the night, the babies were crying,
But I know you must stay and fight 'til you fall."*

*The walls are shaking now -
There's no escaping the shifts in the ground.
When the curtain's raised
And the band lays it down,
How does it sound?*

*Well, the West may imbibe from the fountain of truth,
But the East, he is rich for his charms.
Knows to make a believer of any old soldier
Just takes a rifle, some dope, and a promise
That he's doing no harm.*

*It's all for the taking now -
There's no escaping the shifts in the ground.
When the curtain's raised,*

*And the band lays it down...
And Chester says,*

*"There'll be war in the morning -
The chances are pure.
There'll be war through the evening
'Cause there isn't a cure.
And I'll call in the morrow -
Should I make it that far -*

*For we're surrounded,
We're surrounded,
We're surrounded -
Oh, take me back to your arms.
We're surrounded,
We're surrounded -
How I long to be back in your arms.*

Accidents

*All my songs are accidents -
Instantiations of impermanence.
Why should they come?
It makes no sense.
All my songs, accidents.*

*All my songs are accidents.
All my songs are accidents.
All my songs are accidents.
All my songs are accidents.*

*Heart's enchained, got no soul.
Any blood that's in my veins
Is bound to be running cold.
Once was young, now I'm old.
All my songs, accidents.*

*Never was a hipster,
Or one of them true artists.
I just wear my hair long,
Try my very hardest.*

*All my songs are accidents -
Visitations from some transience.
Why should they come
To my defense?
All my songs, accidents.*

*Show up on time, don't play it cool.
Just a good little boy
Who never broke the rules.
Smart as a whip,
Dumb as a mule.
All my songs, accidents.*

*My head ain't in the clouds
Or where the sun don't shine.
I've never raved underground,
I don't paint in my spare time.*