

a perfect reality

world full of dreams

sometimes I m high
and sometimes I m low
sometimes I callin people
late at night on the phone

and lately it seems
between you and me
that there ain t a single place
that a man can go sit and dream

so I been ridin in this beat up car
seems the only good way to get me far from here
and all the conversations with myself
have been open-minded no filters in this scene
i often talk to myself just to find a little peace

so I miss you tonight
even though I got me
can t seem to hold me tight
even in my world full of dreams

take me down mississippi

i can see that there are systems down
and i can see that concepts have grown cold
and i can see that there s a consequence
to all the situations that unfold

would you say that we re collecting
all of the hours of the day
and would you say that we re dispensing
the value as the moments slip away

take me down, mississippi
take me down there tonight
take me down, mississippi
take me down so i can t hold on tight

and are the architects inspecting
the walls that long to speak out to the night
of what they ve seen, and who they ve classified
as moonlit stars, conveyers of the light

take me down, mississippi
take me down there tonight
take me down, mississippi
take me down so i can t hold on tight

my only clearance is escaping this
what s left of all these days?
i will not run, i will revitalize
and the mississippi moon will point the way
yeah the mississippi moon will point the way

embrace the darkness

darkness holds my wings
darkness wears my ties
darkness leaves a trace of itself
everywhere tonight

darkness shrugs me off
darkness clouds my days
darkness invades all the spaces
i long to escape

but it don t matter much
along this path i tread
it s only my emotions
that make use of what i ve said

so listen to me now
i ll change your point of view
i ll change the way you see the dark
and how you see the moon

shining there so bright
crying tears of rage
crying tears of circumstance
for how it is portrayed

see it now tonight
with eyes that are brand new
embrace the darkness
send it back with hope and dreams come true

a space inside my head

i ve reserved a space inside my head
for moments when i ll be dead
they re tucked away up on the shelf somewhere
with labels that are black & red

they re color codes and faded scents
of ugly women and cigarettes
tattooed arms and drunken fools
dirty bathrooms and old spittoons

a broken watch and a wooden spoon
a cardboard box to save some room
pictures of me and pictures of them
pictures that dreamed and pictures that bled

where are all the things i ve covered up?
where are all the secrets too?
i don t expect you to see everything
i don t want you to

i ve reserved a space inside my head
for moments when i ll be dead
they re tucked away up on the shelf somewhere
with labels that are black & red

now i ve hid them all with strategy
and shown only what I want to be seen
selfish, sometimes I might be
but certain moments are meant only for me

hope i find them when the lights go out
hope i find them, i hope i do
i hope they re everything i thought they were
when i hid them from you

dance studio (on my own)

sometimes i m open
sometimes i m closed
sometimes i m leaving when the dawn s exposed

sometimes it s early
sometimes it s late
sometimes i go to bed when crickets wake
on my own

sometimes i call you
sometimes i don t
sometimes i m all alone, the dawn just broke

sometimes i m smoked up
sometimes i m high
sometimes i m leaving when the sun goes by

where is the answer?
where are you now?
how do i listen to it all come down?

where do I wake up?
and where do i sleep?
how do I get up on my own...my two feet?

sometimes i love you
sometimes i don t
sometimes i m sleeping with my fingers crossed
sometimes i m lonely
sometimes i m scared
sometimes i m asking questions, i don t care
on my own

listen to it all
i don t believe that we can fall
down inside our pain, we could rearrange

sometimes i love you
sometimes i don t
sometimes i m writing with my fingers crossed

sometimes i m lonely
sometimes i m scared
sometimes it s all i do to get the air
on my own

newport, molasses

there s a place here called newport, molasses
and it s a place where we d all like to go
it s a place filled with trinkets and baskets
and it s a place where mauve colored trees do grow

and the sign when you get there s fantastic
it s marshmallows smeared with jell-O
but soon to the river of molasses
where your feet stick and there s no where to go

and the people they all know
they just can t see past the snow
and the people they all swear
that they ll soon be leaving here
and the closets are all closed
but the walls just won t unfold
and the facts are just amiss
yet the truth s eternal bliss

all of this and more

i ve seem em crawl across the floor
like magnets slidin towards the source
these thoughts that fall outside my head
help to erase the things i ve said

well i suppose i m getting old
too old to dream and too old to hold
onto my inspiration s breast
i m grabbin counter-tops instead

so where are you tonight,
where are you tomorrow,
while i m lying here a pile on the floor
where i ll fall down?

where are you tonight,
and where are you tomorrow,
in my concrete home
of burned out chandeliers and cigarettes?

i think this microphone s too old
to capture all that i behold
as beautiful as thoughts unsaid
that need no words to be expressed
that need no stimulation please
that need not come from what we see
i need a shot of this so bad
it needs to strangle me to death

so where are you tonight,
where are you tomorrow,
while i m lying here a pile on the floor
where i ll fall down?

where are you tonight,

and where are you tomorrow,
in my concrete home
of burned out chandeliers and cigarettes?

all of this and more, all of this and more
i swear i ll trade it in
for an instant of the feeling i yearn for
all of this and more, all of this and more
i ll throw it all away
to touch the inspiration for a day

care for me tomorrow

it seems as if diaster
is just a state of mind
and if the music is my master
then the words must keep me alive

and i m hoping that the laughter
outweighs the pain inside
and that the morning will come after
no matter what the night before wrote down
or smashed upon my head

you can care for me tomorrow
or you can leave me be instead
you can care for me tomorrow
or you can leave me be instead

and the sentiments i carry
might be built of snow and rain
but the magic of my armor
is that it reflects the slightest ounce of dirt
yhe slightest ounce of pain

you can care for me tomorrow
or you can leave me be instead
you can care for me tomorrow
or you can leave me be instead

don t you cry for me one single tear
and don t you think of me in line with fear
and if you dare make me a song of pain
i ll rebuild it out of snow and rain

tin can

sanctified are all the thoughts that turned james towards this street
a dusting blaze of golden rust and wish-flowers white debris
the moment he holds closely to his solemn, carbon heart
a photocopy of the men before who did their part

as james was told when he was young; the direction will take course
with knotted tie and blazers high, you will become the source
despite his trepidation, james is determined to move on
ignoring all the instincts that have guided him thus far

a classic confrontation between the soul and cash in hand

james takes the leap, accepting all the ink in this fair land
and in a moment s worth of coffee, and an instant worth of sand
he s justified the purpose of a life built in tin cans

oh james, call the senator and oh james, call the cops
find his honor and wander across the block
to the church of god and the patron saints
while you pass the bums all soaked in rain

and when you get there my son, won t you ask a few things
to the holy men and their diamond rings?
to the purest of pure and their deities
to the alter boys and the girls that sing
to the collection basket that grabs the bling-bling

is this the place i was meant to be?
are these the eyes i should use to see?
are you the ones to set me free?
or should i go back to the desk with no trees?

should i call the cops and inform the man?
tell em all i don t understand?
or should i shut my mouth and close my eyes?
pretending that i don t live a lie?
i don t live a lie

james has cried his heart to blood
discerning all from sky to mud
refusing to stand blind to light
and cherishing his own insights

for that he ll get this prompt response;
james, don t you fret, the lord is here
with swat cars filled with poison fear,
politicians to keep you warm
selling diets full of corn
just relax and use what you can
leave your worries to the neglected man
you are free to live on time,
save each nickel and penny and dime.
except, of course, what you can spare
for the basket that is looking bare
for the basket that is looking bare
oh it s looking bare

just take a moment and hold my hand,
and softly build your own tin can
your own tin can

just take a moment and hold my hand

montana s eyes

i watched the moon eclipse my world tonight
scattered stars to paint the soft moonlight
i m underneath the sky i left behind
but i am staring in montana s eyes

so beautiful to see, so beautiful to me

we ve seen it in our dreams, but it s in front of me
so batten down the hatch, i ll lie upon my back
alone amongst the leaves
i ll feel the world surround me,
i ll feel the world surround me

so leave me where the road divides
i ll take it slow just to find the time
through the dusk and the rain and the summer air
just leave me be there I don t care

mr. last night

mr. last night, still seekin the light
hours past dawn, he stands alone
the blood on his hands will sure look good upon you
the clothes that he wears are several days overdue

mr. last night is holdin on tight
stragglin along n singin his song
rolled up dollar bills and broken cigarettes
that look on his face and the stink on his breath

he ll ride on the sun until his song disappears
if he has to shed 10,000 tears