

DIG MY GRAVE

I need someone to take me out
I'm stuck in this room
And I don't know how to get out

I need someone to endorse my pain
Cos the weight's too heavy
So all I can do is complain

And in this tortuous world of mine
I cant' find a place, I'm out out time
And I can't do anything that's good
To find my own way

And all I've got to do is dig my grave

I need someone to hold my hand
And open the door
To another room in the game
I need someone to speak the tongue
Of the people around
Is it nothing but nonsense?

And in this tortuous world of mine
I cant' find a place, I'm out out time
And I can't do anything that's good
To find my own way

And all I've got to do is dig my grave

And in this fable I'm the jack
I'm gonna see my head cut off
And fall on the sand
And in this nightmare, morbid dream
Who's gonna wake me up
And join with me?

And in this tortuous world of mine
I cant' find a place, I'm out out time
And I can't do anything that's good
To find my own way

And all I've got to do is dig my grave

STAND ALONE IN THE DARK

I've got some room left
In the back of my mind
I've dumped my useless thoughts there
I wanna leave them all behind

But I'll do all but complain
Cos you left
Now it's all but the end
I confess
I'll do my best
We'll come together in time

I've got a number of poems
That I'll recite when I'm fine
I've stored some new feelings
That I learned from time to time

But I'll do all but complain
Cos you left
Now it's all but the end
I confess
I'll do my best
We'll come together in time

I must say
I can stand alone when it's dark

I'll stand alone when it's dark

MAY I GO MAD?

I used to walk along the roads
And never look behind my back
Thought I was right
I ran so many miles away
that I forgot to count the days
I lost my life
I met a man who told me "Son
I think you're right to carry on
But not so fast"
But on the second time we met
I must admit that all the luck was on my side

Ah
May I go mad?

I used to gather all my dreams
And store them in a strong machine
That is my brain
I used to think I was intact
I never knew I could be right
I was insane
I met a cat who told me "Mouse,
I think you cannot run so fast
and I'll eat you"
But in a lifetime I turned green
And I could drive my space machine right to the moon

Ah
May I go mad?

WORDS

Words cannot break me at all
I oughtta know that some are mean
But they just mess around
Words cannot fool me no more
I put some in my masterpiece
That glitters all around the room

I shoudda known that times are hard
For travelling acrobats
I might have fallen from the wall
Down the wall
But I must grab my hat
And seize my leisure trap
And carry on

Words cannot rape me at all
I oughtta know that Mama Kin
Is wand'ring around
Words're gonna leave me alone
I'm gonna catch 'em when I sing
I'm gonna tie them on my tongue

I shoudda known that times are hard...

Words are gonna take me away
And drive me to another dream
When I can stay on my own
Words are gonna blow my fears away
And hold my anger in a cage
I'll store the key in my bones

I shoudda known that times are hard...

TOAD

One day a toad
Knocked on my door
To sell me new year calendars

He couldn't see me
Fancy that
he wore a green and yellow hat

I chose a nice one
With a basketful of cats
Gave him a dime
And hung it just above my head

So I could count as the days passed me by
Through sleepless nights

There was a mermaid
In my car
And she was driving me far
She was singing
Out of tune
It gave me a nasty jar

She sang the best songs
With those bloody violins
Until Sinatra came
And pushed her out the door

If there's a time to kill the idols
It's not mine

Transition

One day a toad
Knocked on my car
A mermaid drove me far

POND

I got a pond in my head
But it's not the sea
I got some holes in my brain
But it's not quite empty
You might repair some of them
If you still love me
But for the duck in my head
It's not a place to be

I'll find a space to dress in my own way
I'll find a place to rest where I can dream all day

I got a girl in my head
But she does not know
She'd better go somewhere else
With the one she loves
I think I'll tell her one day
That she's on my mind
But for the buck in my head
It's a waste of time

I'll find a place to go and clear my mind
I'll find a space to rest where I can take my time

If only i could get out of this womb
If only I could mend all that is wrong
If only I could get out of this tomb
If only I could be me just for once

I got a pond in my head
I got a pond

WHERE THERE'S A WILL THERE'S A WAY

Your head is empty, feelings are gone,
Nothing is moving, you're just like a stone
You look so desperate, I don't understand
Life brings experience, Well I guess you know that

Cos where there's a will, there's a way
Where there's a will, there's a way
No use in sitting here, as time slips away
Where there's a will, there's a way

First time I met you, You were full of ambition
I guessed you were born for competition
But now it's all over and you look so sad
I don't understand how it drove you so mad

Cos where there's a will, there's a way
Where there's a will, there's a way
No use in sitting here, as time slips away
Where there's a will, there's a way

Head in hands, wond'ring what to do
I don't recognize all I knew about you
But take my hand, we shall overcome
I can't stand anything that makes you so down

Cos where there's a will, there's a way
Where there's a will, there's a way
No use in sitting here, as time slips away
Where there's a will, there's a way

SCARCELY BIZANTINE

Bystander by the river
Beneath tombs and times
Foreshadow heart and hollow
Scarcely see me by firelight

And take heart
Get ahead
And be just what you mean instead
Be strong
On your own
And be just how you feel at home
Scarcely Byzantine

Bypasser by the sinner
Below sky and skin
Forecasting dog and healer
Scarcely see me through thick and thin

And take heart
Get ahead
And be just what you mean instead
Be strong
On your own
And be just how you feel at home
Scarcely Byzantine

Time passes
As we pass
Along the sunny beach

And take heart...

MID AUTUMN DEPRESSION

You don't miss me when I'm home
Absence makes the heart grow fonder
Or so they say
I guess it's true you're far too close to me
I can't stand it any longer
And now you're on the couch and kissing me
My depression's getting deeper
And I know that it's too late
To fall in love with you
Again
To fall in love with you again

Now you don't shine in my eyes
Everything's becoming grey
Dull under the rain
Now I don't have to suffer lies
All the good times have been sold and shared between our friends
You're on the couch
My depression's getting deeper
And I know that it's too late
To run after you
Again
I'll run after you
Once again

Mid-autumn depression
I read it in a book
My life is out for a revolution
I must have taken the hook
And now I'm alone on the couch
My depression's getting deeper
Though I know that it's too late
To run after you
Once again
I'll run after you
So I'm sitting on the couch
My depression's getting deeper
And I know that it's too late
To run after you
Once again
I'll run after you

Once again
I'll run after you
Once again
I'll run after you

SEE MY FRIENDS

Go ahead,
Floating on a dull day
Drift around

Turn away
Running past the highway
Aching on

See my friends
Searching on the seaside
Positively down
See my hands
Searching on the seaside
See how they run
See how they run

Catch a friend
Floating on a rug he says
"I'm going down"

Run away
Turning from a sad day
Having fun

See my friends
Searching on the seaside
Positively down
See my hands
Searching on the seaside
See how they run
See how they run

See how they run (ad lib)

FOOTLE ABOUT

You were looking for a trace
For a proof of the human race
Inside the gloom
You were digging hard inside
At the corners of your mind
To find a clue
On the shelves around the room
On the dark side of the moon
In the Sunday paper pages
And the songs from older ages
(But) Nothing new

You just footle about
Waiting for the cat to jump
But nothing good it'll do
Nothing good it'll do

You were waiting for the place
You could store the cold cases
Of your dreams
You were running to the sea
With the blowing wind to lead
You to the steam
On every grain of sand
To the palms of you hands
In the moistness of your bones
In the clashing of the tones
There's nothing new

You just footle about
Waiting for the dog to bark
But nothing good it'll do
Nothing good it'll do

Working for a place
Where you could leave your mind alone
Breaking every fence
Working against time

On the shelves around the room
On the dark side of the moon
In the Sunday paper pages
And the songs from older ages
(But) Nothing new

You just footle about
Waiting for the cat to jump
But nothing good it'll do
Nothing good it'll do