



620 W. Surf

1. A Wall I Must Climb
2. Fool's Avenue
3. Shadow of the Capitol
4. No. 49
5. Your Silence I Will
Always Admire
6. Sacred Ground
7. 620 W. Surf
8. Murder in the First
Degree
9. Death in the Autumn Air
10. Mr. Simmons' Arkansas
Christmas Blues
11. Trembling Hour

A Wall I Must Climb

Things were moving so fast
I couldn't comprehend it
I was first, maybe I was last
Confusion had descended
I was amazed by what had
transcended
Through the pages of time
Faith is a wall I must climb

I was intrigued by your spirit
And your eyes which showed no pain
You were screaming but I couldn't
hear it
And your movements would not
explain
Why you'd condemn me
To a world of senseless rhyme
Fear is a wall I must climb

I've seen some heroes in my day
I've seen the failures in yours
I've tried to connect us in some way
But we're on two different shores
Though your love is worth million of
treasures
But I can't even spare a dime
Love is a wall I must climb

The people, they were singing
I could hear them from the street
My feelings, they were stinging
I was submerged in my defeat
But I smiled for a second
And for that second, I felt fine
Pain is a wall I must climb

So quiet is the terror
That swallows me like the night
So quiet is this sickness
And the song that I long to write
But I shall receive my passion
eternally
From beyond the bitter stars that shine
Doubt is a wall I must climb

In my world of convergence
I'm a prisoner only unto me
While I await for the emergence
Of the form I shall soon be
Until then I'll wait in the museum
The museum of my mind
Fate is a wall I must climb

The hangman, he's in the shadows
And he's looking for something to do
Until we find who won the battles
Of the evil and the true
And the judges, they're in recess
Until they receive some sort of sacred
sign
Belief is a wall I must climb

Have you ever looked at your face so
much
Until it became askew?
Because the road that's less traveled is
the one
That leads right back to you
I'm frightened for I
Fear that my lack of life is my crime
I am a wall I must climb

Michael McDermott

Fool's Avenue

Roses lost in the battle of beauty
Soldiers lost in their tour of duty
Rivers running dry in the spring
Waterfalls crash and collide like love
Tenderness flies like a peaceful dove
And the broken freedom bell will not ring
Your disillusion shatters the windows of your charade
You were walking proud and tall, laughing at the
losers' parade
But it was you, who didn't know what to do
When you found yourself on Fool's Avenue

Insidious invitations lurk at dawn
And what once stood with pride now is gone
Out tripping on the stones of the road
Empty-handed you search for truth
While you stand there trying not to seem aloof
Down a path so many outlaws rode
Your disillusion shatters the windows of your charade
You were walking proud and tall, laughing at the
losers' parade
But it was you, who didn't know what to do
When you were sentenced to life on Fool's Avenue

Where does your uneasy mind roam
Does it stray from your cold and empty home
And did the fortune teller steal your heart
Intrepid isolation has got the best of you
While you curse and you yearn for the one that left
you blue
Tell me, were you lost in her crystal ball from the start
Your disillusion shatters the windows of your charade
You were walking proud and tall, laughing at the
losers' parade
But it was you, who didn't know what to do
When you found yourself on Fool's Avenue

You're always second guessing yourself
You're always second guessing everyone else
Your faith is lost in the brine
Feeling empty with nothing to say
While your ghosts of your past creep along this dusty
bay
While you're drowning in a sea of time
Your disillusion shatters the windows of your charade

You were walking proud and tall, laughing at the
losers' parade
But it was you, who didn't know what to do
When you were sentenced to life on Fool's Avenue

Shadow of the Capitol

Way down under the stars in the heavens
I've got purple sunsets in sight
Jesus, he's in the alley rolling sevens
And the devil's down in the subway tonight
Ministers of manipulation
Telling me my dreams are null
Sisters singing sweet songs of salvation
Near the food lines in the shadow of the capitol

Robin Hood, he's dancing in the ghetto
While the conservative wrestles with the radical
In comes looking bewildered a reborn Romeo
Every word from his mouth sounded so ecclesiastical
Ministers of manipulation
Telling me my dreams are null
Sisters singing sweet songs of salvation
For all of us who live in the shadow of the capitol

I better be careful of what I speak villain of the mind
Every secret's got a leak
And the future's not far behind
Full of fear, lies and deception
The destructor sees a nine and a lot of zeroes
When he sees some space he envisions a shopping
mall
Teachers teaching rules and forgotten heroes
Teaching us to pray to their idols that are starting to
fall
Ministers of manipulation
Telling me my dreams are null
Sisters singing sweet songs of salvation
For all of us who live in the shadow of the capitol

Now the President, he's in the backyard playing
croquet
But where I live is a different time and place
He's gonna tell you with his hands and his words
That things are okay
Tell it to you all day long until you're blue in the face
Ministers of manipulation
Telling me my dreams are null
Nightingales singing songs of salvation
For all of us who live in the shadow of the capitol

Lifelessness cries from the fountain of youth
Lawyers debate the meaning of truth
In the judge's chamber he downs his gin and
vermouth
And he cries when he sees his reflection
The lost postman wanders American streets
Past Henry the VIII who quietly eats
Being entertained by a drunk quoting Keats
Who pays a dollar a week for protection
Oh Mama, Mama where have you gone
You left your little boy here all alone

Music plays in the small cafes
They converse of Marlon Brando in his younger days
The backroom manager's quoting off-Broadway plays
Because the feelings that he feels are not real
Politicians shake my hand under the el
They don't have to show me I can easily tell
That it isn't their smiles they're trying to sell
But the bad hand of another deal
Oh Mama, Mama where have you gone
You left your little boy here all alone

By the pool sits a broken athlete
Who drowns his pain from his head to his feet
Since he's retired he can swallow defeat
Because his life is no longer a game
The old man sits alone with his toast and tea
Watching Jackie Gleason on his old TV.
Working for the transit authority
And just like Jackie he feels the same
Oh Mama, Mama where have you gone
You left your little boy here all alone

Well it gets mighty cold after dark
I was walking alone through Battery Park
Down to the South I saw a spark
Coming from the lady's candle
She stood with grace and liberty
All by herself out in the sea
Leaning down she whispered to me
"This is probably more than you can handle."
Oh Mama, Mama where have you gone
You left your little boy here all alone

Your Silence I Will Always Admire

Golden is it, I guess it is
I've captured a minute but it melted in my palm
And I never would have thought it'd come down to
this
I tried to hit it with an ancient psalm
And who would have thought it
It broke like the morning
I was laughing when it hit me in the face
And I almost caught it, it read like a warning
Time had expired, It disappeared untraced
And the pen spat our obscenities
And the blind cried out for a king
Your silence I will always admire for its being

Saint Jude please answer me
Have you even heard a single word that I've said
But I've been calling you relentlessly
Either you're not there or else your phone must be
dead
And if you see Saint Anthony
Tell him I haven't forgotten what he said
About writing a broken melody
For the soul who's drowning in his bed
And the church bells have all fallen silent
My love's got a broken wing
Your silence I will always admire for its being

Comets crossing in the paths of your healing
Crash like the sounds of a distant past
The well of wisdom has run dry from feeling
And the demons ride with rage upon my mast
Understanding will not go on strike
And everyone in the town is so shocked
Narrow mindlessness is picketing
Because the gates to their freedom have been locked
To scream out for knowing is such a common thing
Your silence I will always admire for its being

Widows' whispers of lovers' dreams
Once upon a time it seemed so real
I was caught by the cage
Of the hours in between in which I was incapable to
feel
Tears broke my heart, my mouth was unable to move
To the place I wished you could be
Count the blessings for which you've been cursed
Then turn around and laugh at the face of fate
It was inevitable that you'd be immersed

Into the pool of love and hate
And common ground's been infected
By the poisonous plight
Which crashes and burns while flames tremble and
weep
The malicious mouth can sting and be fatal
Like a rattlesnake's bite
While boredom chokes the life of the stifled soul
To an endless sleep
Regardless of the events
Of what the coming days shall bring
Your silence I will always admire for its being

Cymbals crash, the water reveals itself
And the orchestra pit couldn't get themselves in tune
Sad it was when your vision was smashed
At the sight of its inner self
Haunted by the love which died in June
And the road of the people was buried by the silence
Which loomed itself and its forces in front of them
The crippling curse of a man trapped inside his
violence
Is promising it'll never ever happen again
I scream to a deafened world
Which can't even hear children sing
Your silence I will always admire for its being

Sacred Ground

Talk to the water flowing under my heels
On the precipice I falter unknowing how it feel
I'm fighting these forces, strapping me
To the bars of this cage
A prisoner to the water
It frightens me to think
One more step forward and I just might start to sink
Prairie Princess she rides away with my heart
I left out on this page
But I will be free someday
From these things that drag me down
I will ride the holy river
Until I find some sacred ground

Look at me fumbling for these words
I want to use
I'm just nobody stumbling in this
Place I'm bound to lose
In the dying leaves you'll find me wandering
My feet feel like I'm walking on air
Out of place, out of time
My notes are out of key
I look to everyone else
To see them looking back at me
And I'm wondering to myself
What the hell am I doing here
But I will be free someday
From these things that drag me down
I will ride the holy river
Until I find some sacred ground

Time is abused, with these hotel blues
Awoken I await the revelation of the ruse
Looking for the comfort of understanding
Looking for some peace in my heart
Seek and ye shall find, ask and ye shall receive
Direction in the dark night faith to speak what you
believe
Strength to stay together
When you're two minutes from falling apart
But I will be free someday
From these things that drag me down
I will ride the holy river
Until I find some sacred ground

620 W. Surf

If you call me up and I'm not home
Leave a message on my telephone
I'll call you back
I read the pages from the book of truth
But there was a chapter missing on proof
So I got drunk
At 620 W. Surf

I went to church just to pray
Came back home feeling the same way
But I still believe
I heard music in my dreams
Then I woke up to the sounds of screams
But not to worry, it was only me
At 620 W. Surf

I am an idiot, I am a fool
I am to what I believe a broken tool
Or the spokesperson of a damned forbidden prophet
I am a lunatic, I am insane
I am nothing that will ever remain
Just a misplaced, morose, mocked, moron, minstrel
At 620 W. Surf

To what extent do I exist
To what extreme will I be missed
When I go to the bathroom
I see angels in the stars
Outside my window I see metal bars
And I hear a man with a coal miner's cough
At 620 W. Surf
At 620 W. Surf
Apartment Number 5

Murder in the First Degree

My hands I watched them, right one on the wheel
Left one sitting peacefully against the door
I couldn't believe the things they could do
When you've been knocked one too many times to
the floor
And my veins they roared and flowed with a venom
They just seemed so possessed
I couldn't believe the power that was in them
After the damage was assessed
Don't preach to me man, you didn't see how she was
looking at me
Thinking about the murder in the first degree

Seemed like the thing took me over
Wondering where I should go
Maybe north to the border, maybe west to California
Maybe south down to Mexico
Struck me as being a bit too predictable
And Lord how I hate to be read
But the bars around us were too restrictable
No matter what was spoken things were left unsaid
I thought about her screaming as I crossed into
Tennessee
Thinking about the murder in the first degree

Now all I ever wanted to do was make her happy
Tell me what's wrong with that
She said "It's too late now," she put on her coat
And she started reaching for her hat
So I grabbed her arm I said "Why you doing this?"
She pulled away I ripped her jacket sleeve
She said something I didn't realize in my shock and
then
She proceeded to leave, she said
"My love's grown differently for you, baby can't you
see?"
Thinking about the murder in the first degree

All the saints are dressed in black on this gloomy
afternoon
Tonight there shall be no turning back
The evening's bitten by the bleeding moon
My conscience feels like it's gonna erupt
Because I see her face everywhere
And my heart pounds like those coffin sounds

I can almost see her lying there
I'm haunted by the past, haunted by her memory
Haunted by the murder in the first degree
Haunted by the murder in the first degree

Death in the Autumn Air

Friday night is calling, you're crawlin' up the wall and
You don't know what you're gonna do
Empty kisses and your lost wishes, come back to
haunt you
Like a dream what won't come true
A face in the dark, ignites a spark
Then disappears like it wasn't even there
The swordsman fades and the reaper parades
By the death in the autumn air

The telephone is ringin' and the heat pipes practice
singing'
As they prepare to start for their part
Under the awning a young man is yawning
Waitin' for the fearlessness of a heart
And the transient stumbles and the el train rumbles
Near the rooftops of angelic fear
Fallen angel stranded, her wings have been branded
By the death in the autumn air

Empty looks and lost poetry books
Scream out like ghosts more than most folks can hear
Disappearing, snarling and sneering
By the death in the autumn air
He reads an old letter, just can't forget her
As he paces the floor and stares at the phone
It's hard for him to swallow, a love like that left him
hollow
'Cause she's with someone and he's all alone
And he prays that someday that she'll come back his
way
And rescue him from his world of despair
A fire barely smokin', promises is all that she's broken
By the death in the autumn air

Now I been readin' the circus is a comin'
And I hear generators runnin'
And I see circus trucks lined up in rows
Clowns in their gowns dancing' on the fairgrounds
But when it opened up tonight nobody showed
And in each and every trailer
There was a feeling of such failure
Though the big top looked dauntless in the air
Another lost art had to play its part
By the death in the autumn air

Mr. Simmon's Arkansas

Christmas Blues

Solitude swallows all the moonlight's gladness
And the whispers in the rain
Saxophones sing of a lonesome sadness that threw
Samson to the Philistine flame
And a frozen kiss bites like a sharpened sword
Into the open wound whose pain which I abhor
Out there in the distance a thousand miles at sea
Sales the ship of love the elusive ship of mystery
And I scream from the walls inside the fortress of my
skull
As the storm rages on and puts a gash upon my hull
And I tried to sail away but I couldn't find the day
there
Was only darkness
Time tells of tales which only bring me fear
Haunting the past which makes the future so unclear
And the widows wallow abandoned and all alone
Chimes echo decay in a cold and empty home
Mr. Simmons lived in Arkansas
Traded his hope for brooding stare
Killed fourteen members of his family in the cold
December air
And the screamed from the walls inside the barrel of
his gun
He was praying to the Lord wishing his time would
finally come
And he searched all night but he couldn't find the
light
There was only darkness

Trembling Hour

I was dreaming last night as the moonlight shone so bright
Down into my bed as the dreams did dances in my head
I saw a shoeless man who smiled in the winter
Saw a masterpiece painting from a man they said was crazy
Heard the words of my Savior who was nailed to a cross
And the betrayal of a man whose reasons were hazy
Well I look into the sun, until my eyes start to melt
Felt and dealt the worst hand which I have witnessed
It is now for which I live in the trembling house

I saw a bush burning brightly on the hillside
Got burned by the heat which had smoldered from the inside
I was startled by a pale hungry child
I saw days of pouring pain that would never end
I saw a face that wasn't allowed to smile
And a lonely man without a friend
Seen false prophets sitting by the fire in my mind
Turning the flames they saw into a bitter wine
It is now for which I live in the trembling hour
Saw a star in my lover's eye, she looked to the sky and turned away
I got down on my knees only to realize I didn't know how to pray
I saw machines digging up a brand new earth
Seen a child die in the struggle of birth
I saw one man who always ended up first and watched another man
Slowly die of hunger and thirst
Desperate words like fire will burst
And descend upon all of those who are cursed or coerced
It is now for which I live in the trembling hour
I have been present in the time of a death
I've scorned the sky in a winter's night and felt the Warmness of your breath
Looked into the eyes of a child holding out his hand
I stared at the castle which controls reign of this land
I saw one man give his life to help a million others stand
And heard one man say, "I couldn't give a damn"
I saw a dream shatter near the light of the moon

Calling out the end of this dream which came too soon
Feeling that now is the time for which
I live in the trembling hour

I heard footsteps right behind me, I turned and no one was there
I heard echoes in the darkness, bitter words filled with despair
Saw a girl flee from herself to reappear
Running from her problems and running from her fear
I heard one man break free I heard another cry for love
I saw an endless ocean from the wings of a dove
Felt a cold hand on my shoulder, I turned and it was gone
Saw a girl scared and frightened, crying in the alley near dawn
She whispered "Now is the time for which I live in the trembling hour"