

The Missing Pages

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Modern Life

the highway's always humming
even in the early morning
like a turban of bees
wrapped around my head

endless blooming machinations
tumble into pre-dawn kitchens
Tokyo to Alabama
greet the brand new day

once we drifted high enough
to look down on a school
of human fishes floating in formation
pulsing like a tide

astounded and confounded
by the velvet variations
of desire to make
a target of your heart

someone call the doctor
the skin has gone translucent
and the works have been exposed
for everyone to see

once we drifted high enough
to look down on a school
of human fishes floating in formation
pulsing like a tide

somewhere in this phosphorescent
goo we call a modern life
sits a rusted out controller
hanging on with all her might

the highway's always humming
even in the early morning
like a turban of bees
wrapped around my head

10s & 20s

Tens and twenties cover my windshield
I can barely see
Billboard pictures of plenty of satisfaction
Coming on to me

I roll through town on a liberty dime
Plying my stock and trade
I'm like the monkey on the telephone line
Above the big parade

Me and my friends, we fall down gracefully
We do what we have to do
I've heard them say that living will always be impossible
But they've never been touched by you

I want to stay here all of my life
Study the way that you move
I think I've stumbled onto something that's real
Something that's beautiful and true

Don't talk

Don't talk
Lay down with the one you love
I want to feel your breath on my skin
Let the words gather in

My heart
Wants to be a flying thing
Rollin' tumblin' against your wind
Into the Sun

Our finest words
Can't touch us here
And it feels so good
Just to be near

Don't talk...

Your lips
Are the hills where the mornings break

Rose water when I wake
Don't talk

ah baby...
look, the sun's coming up!

shhhhhh...
don't talk

Bicycle Hour

I'm riding a window on the world
The western wind is bending trees

I put my nose to a flower
Honey on a hummingbird tongue
Silver water gave a brief introduction
Filled my glass with a folding rain

I got steamed by a summer shower
And it feels good...

Your western flyer shines like the sun
Bicycle hour

I'm riding a window on the world
Calling birds and breathing trees
Speak to me

Fall Away

reach for silver, love is new
kneel beside her, the morning dew
collects the sunlight to dry the leaves
you'll disappear there on your knees

and fall away, you fall away.
hold on to a dream and fall away.

the war is over, but for the few
there stands your soldier with nothing to do
he's calling out, but there's no sound
a horse's breath on frozen ground
the wooden wind brings a lover's knot

sits on your shoulder... forget me not
nothing is the matter, nothing to undo
you can't forget her, she won't forget you

you fall away, fall away.
hold on to a dream and fall away.

reach for silver, love is new
kneel beside her, the morning dew
collects the sunlight to dry the leaves
you'll disappear there on your knees

and fall away, you fall away.
hold on to a dream and fall away.

Coffee at Night

coffee at night
nothing in the wind to hold your head up
you let it fall

a matchbook kiss
a telephone number on a grocery list
you didn't call

Hey tired eyes, where have you been?
St Helena, wash your brother's hands

the Ponchatrain Bridge
is longer than it takes to forget
you let it go

Cactus Tree

I wish I was / your ever lovin' man
I wish I was / your ever lovin' man
You know I wouldn't have to worry
I could fill these boots with sand

I went to see my little bird sing
And the wind just shook the tree
I climbed to see my little bird sing
But the wind shook the tree
If you find her out on the western hills

Won't you call her back to me

I spent the night in the tool yard
I tried to fashion you a ring
I spent the night in the tool yard
I tried to fashion you a ring
But I am far too late in asking
My love don't mean a thing

I wish I was / a ruby throated sparrow
I wish I was / a ruby throated sparrow
I would sing so sweetly for you
Every morning at your window

There is a thorn / out on the cactus tree
They tell me of a thorn / out on the cactus tree
I've got a bad bad feelin'
That it's waitin' there for you and me

I wish I was / your ever lovin' man
I wish I was / your ever lovin' man
You know I wouldn't have to worry
I could fill these boots with sand

Sailor's song

The sea is my pillow
My blanket is the tide
I wait to go under
I wait to curl inside
You move the dark water
Anointing my tongue

I just want to die in your arms...

I left my mother crying
Enlisted in the corps
We took the boats out early
We worked the southern shore
We rode the angry waters
Worked blood into the oar

I was looking for a lighthouse
But I can't use it anymore

You laugh at my affliction
You flood my memory
I offer up the music
Strung between two thieves
Take my inner feelings
Take my talent to deceive

I just want to die in your arms...

The sea is my pillow
My blanket is the tide

Singing Boy Preacher

I walked all the way from Tchula
With your potatoes on my back
I put the coin in your pocket
While you were filling up my sack

I used to ride in your wagon
Selling bibles on the side
I was your singing boy preacher
Saving souls and gettin' high

There aint a lot of conversation
Between a rooster and a crow
I fell asleep on my pallet
While you were counting out the dough

You said you'd throw me some action
When I got old enough to drive
I guess you got a little greedy
Expecting me to take a dive

chorus...

They must've come in through the window
Not a sound or a spark
I woke up the dogs were howling
And my room was cold and dark

Then I found you in the wheelhouse
With the sheriff and his dogs

I took him back to the trailer
Tied him up so he don't talk

You didn't have no call to hit me
Even if you was my pa
Sitting heavy on your three piece suit
Playing favors with the law

There aint a lot of conversation
Between a butcher and a hog
When I get back from Oklahoma
I'm gonna nail it to the wall

chorus...

I know where you keep your pistol
And your three round balls
I'm gonna shoot everybody
I don't care about at all

I am the faith of the prophet
I am the beast when it talks
I am your singing boy preacher
I don't care for you at all

I don't care for you at all...

Water in the Well

So you think, you think that you can tell
When there is water in the well
Water in the ground
beneath the rocks and stones
you think that you can tell

I will come down
And I will bring your cup
The one that you love best
with the dancing bull
That you mother brought from Spain
When we lived in the same house
That we filled when you were sick
I will bring it down
You can fill it up
I will bring your cup

It's a cold cold world beyond this gate
Where no one has the time
We're all just thinking of ourselves
Trying to make a buck
But it's sweeter than you know
And people can be kind
Don't be afraid to ask
Some people can be kind

When I'm gone
No longer around
Look up on the shelf
Look and find the cup
Bring it to the well
You can fill it up
And bring it to your lips
Please remember this
And you will find a kiss

little girl comes down
warm dusty afternoon
a little boy is there
dust on his feet
dust in his hair
his pockets are filled with rocks and pebbles
he smiles when she gets there
and they sit together at the well
a bluebird sings... up in a tree above the well
tweet, tweet, tweet...
a warm breeze rattles the dry leaves
careful not to fall
they lean over the old stone wall
some say it's been there over a hundred years
you can't see the water
when you look down it's as dark as a forgotten
dream
but they're dropping pebbles
yea, they're dropping little pebbles in the water
one by one...
the bluebird sings... tweet tweet tweet...
listen, listen, listen...
It's a long long time before they hit the water
and if you get real real quiet
listen, listen, listen... almost...
you can almost hear the pebble hit the water...

So you think, you think that you can tell,
when there is water in the well...

Picture This

picture this...
the whole world turns on a kiss
planets and stars
restless hearts in bars know this

children sing...
when the old men strap on their wings
the women roll their eyes
laugh until they cry
and bake their lovers names in their pies

you and I...
we're on a slow boat
between the earth and sky
the captain is high
so it could take
a little while

I love your style...
the sweet things your eyes say when you smile
hold on to a friend
we'll let this old world to spin a while...