

What A Girl Like That

I don't understand what a girl like that -
could see in a boy like me,
must be something only she understands -
must be something only she can see,
I'm tongue tied - stupid inside -
couldn't get a word out if I tried -
and I don't understand what a girl like that -
could see in a boy like me...

Oh, and so it goes...
on and on and on and on...
I'm gonna' drive you up and down,
every street in our home town,
show the boys that you're with me,
that's the way I want it to be...

I call you on the telephone and you pick up -
why would you want to talk to me?
I can't speak and it's hard to breathe -
but I'll get it out eventually,
soft touch - hard choice -
you can hear the nervousness in my voice -
and I don't understand what a girl like that -
could see in a boy like me...

Slipsheet Sisters

She works in the office next to mine,
she passes by everyday,
and I don't think I've ever seen her smile,
but I'm guessing maybe that's her way,
and I wonder who she talks to,
altogether and when she's alone,
I've watched her mouth just to see what comes out -
but her lips don't move on the phone,
The slipsheet sisters will abduct you -
they will change your every way,
they've got cold plaster walls
lined with porcelain dolls,
that stare back with nothing to say...

I often think about your present state,
and what thoughts run through your head,
the secrets you keep - the lies you release -
the boys who pass through your bed,
were you Mother's painful obsession?

while your Father turned a blind eye,
you were made to impress in a Dollar store dress -
and nobody saw how you cried,

The slipsheet sisters will break you -
then collect each and every part,
they will sift through the best
then discard the rest -
the mind, the soul, and the --- heart...

The slipsheet sisters will use you -
then leave your body for dead,
they will stand in the clear and whisper
"Oh, my dear!",
while they put a bullet through your head...
the slipsheet sisters...

The Unknown Song

Wait -
This is the unknown song,
this is the one I could not name,
and though it stands alone -
it is a part of me just the same...
a part of me just the same...

Over and over I hear it in my head -
Over and over I hear it in my head...

Hush -
This is the unknown song,
this is my pound of flesh,
offered up in pinnacle for -
anything here that might be less...
than what is my very best...

Over and over I hear it in my head -
Over and over I hear it in my head...

This is the unknown song - the one that has no name,
even though it stands alone, it is a part of me just the same,
because I closed my eyes - and I opened my heart,
it gave itself completely to me, each and every part,
I painted notes in soft blues - I painted notes in bright red,
a crown of swirling colors, to ease my aching head,
this is the unknown song - this is the flesh and blood,
this is the unknown song - executed but not understood,
this is the unknown song...

I Will Drive

I will drive -
if you want me to,
just hand me over those keys baby,
that's all you've got to do...that's all you've got to do...
We'll take it nice and slow now -
nobody's got to get hurt,
just keep your eyes on the road -
and not the buttons on my shirt...you like those buttons
on my shirt...

Oh, my darling -
I've been spending some lonely nights,
I want to write it all down -
but it don't seem to come out right,
it's four in the morning -
and I'm all over the place,
everytime I close my eyes -
I see your face...

I will drive -
if you let me in,
I don't know where we're going but I -
I sure know where we've been...I sure know where I've been...
So don't you worry bout' breaking me -
I've been broken before,
just keep your face in the rear view and I'll -
I'll keep my foot to the floor...I've got the gas to the floor...

The Weight Of Your Beauty

The weight of your beauty bares down on me,
like I am under water -
at the deepest point in the sea -
the weight of your beauty bares down on me...
The light of your love cast over me,
because I am of the darkness -
and I'm far too blind to see,
the light of your love cast over me...

I wake up every morning -
I hold my weary head,
shake the demons off my skin,
and drag myself from bed,
I walk outside of my front door,
into a troubled world,
and from my hand I make a fist -

within that fist forms a perfect pearl...

The measure of your promise stands over me,
hidden in your shadow -
waiting patiently -
a measure of your promise stands over me...
You see the hope I see the hopelessness,
forever are you forgiving -
I weigh the cost of forgiveness -
you find the hope I'm lost to hopelessness...

Fine Most Of The Time

I got smashed as a bug
up against the glass
last Saturday night
on my way home -
where I sleep alone...
I was out with some friends,
I became the fifth wheel,
they looked at me -
I said "no big deal",
I'm gone - on my own...

But I'm fine most of the time -
I get by most of time...

Don't you worry about me...
I'll get there from here eventually...

I'm the wandering Ghost
a loser to most
Tequila and lime,
one nickel - two dimes -
and no one to call...
I'm the "Fly" on the wall -
the wrench in the gear
if there's a bad time to come -
that puts me here -
all up in the house...