



Unbelievable

It,s unbelievable to me
that you,re still scratching out your songs
are you waiting
for one to come along and save you

It,s unbelievable to me
you,re still ekeing out your need
are you waiting for someone
to come along and believe in you

there is no better you
you are good as you are

are you waiting
for someone to believe in you

there is no better you
you are good as you are

there is no shame in living
there is no shame in giving more than you receive
there is honour in believing
honour in believing in you.....yet



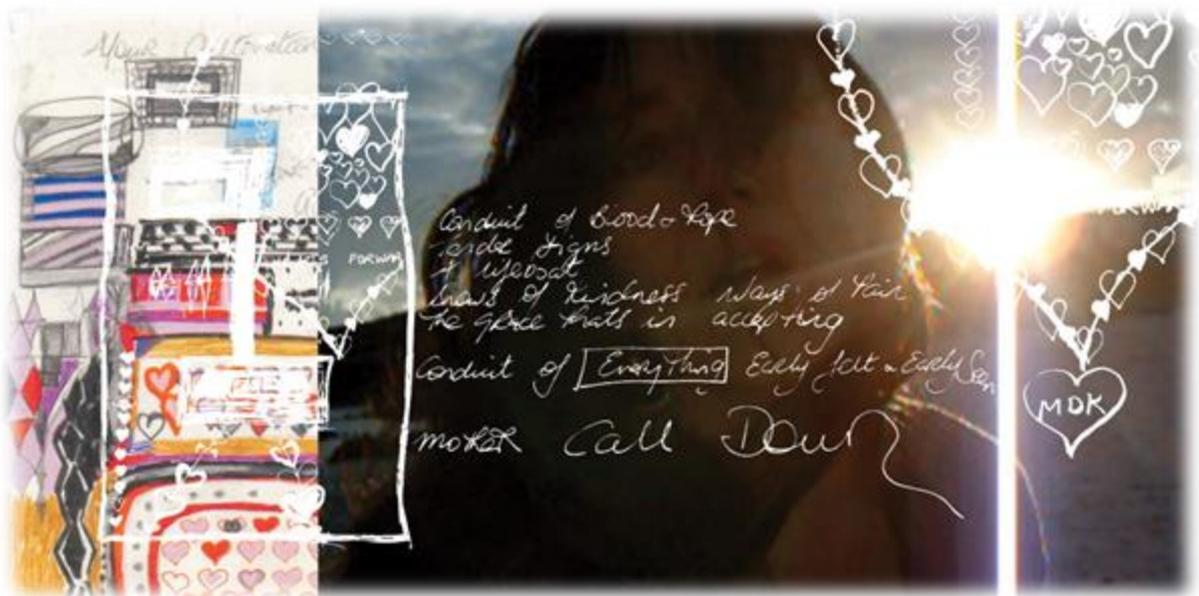
Stuck

we are backed up we are backed up so far
and the powers that be are not powers that we have
we are knuckled down ,buckled under, fucked around
and passed over
but there isn,t a day I don,t love you

somebody took the sun away
and they left me in industrial grey
we are knuckled down, buckled under,fucked around
and torn asunder
but there isn,t a day I don,t love you

Are we gonna get up
Are we gonna stay on the floor

I,m getting up
I still want more



Call me

why don,t you just call me
so I can torture myself
I have a graph on my wall
I made a diagram of your calls

Recovery
is where my friends say I should be
but I think I could talk to you without resorting to
Girl
eager to please
wanting to be well received
Behold not beholden
And the voices of Angels

Call me
why don,t you just call me
so I can look at myself
I really should be somewhere else
Recovery
is where I know that I should be
but I keep resorting to
the voices that are coming through
Girl
eager to please
wanting to be well received

Behold not beholden
And the voices of Angels

Call me
why don,t you just call me
Call me



Lucinda

I,m late I,m late I,m sorry I,m sorry
She rocked ,she rocked and you wouldn,t have left if you were me

I,m late I,m late I,m sorry I,m sorry
She rocked,she rocked,I,m gonna get a big tattoo when I,m fifty

I,m late I,m late I,m sorry I,m sorry
She rocked,I was with my friend Mie, she turned on her light and she shone it so brightly

I,m late I,m late I,m sorry I,m sorry

She rocked,she rocked ,I can see by your face that you,re not really angry

I,m late I,m late I,m sorry I,m sorry

I,m late I,m late ,I,m really glad that we have some history

It,s a feeling that you get.....sometimes



Skin

everybody is afraid of the road without a sign
how will it appear, how will it show,how will it shine?

And then you find your self under your skin
and you move really slowly
and you try to feel yourself within
before they,re coming for you

And then you find your self under your skin again
and you move even slower
and you try to feel your self within
before they,re coming for you

People who know
how will they show
how will they shine out their meaning



Fuckability

I want a wife said he
one with a little fuckability
someone to cook and clean
and behave a little obscenely

haven,t you heard
there,s a chance you,ll get what you deserve
haven,t you heard
there,s a chance you,ll get what you deserve

you take one step forward
two steps back
and three steps sideways

I want the world said she
to gather at my feet
I want a life of ease and luxury
based on what I need

haven,t you heard
there,s a chance you,ll get what you deserve
haven,t you heard
there,s a chance you,ll get what you deserve

you take one step forward
two steps back
and three steps sideways



Swoon

He carries his love in jam jars
You are bound to meet him soon
And if he offers a sip to your stony lips
You,ld probably swoon

Because his love is like
A piece of the moon

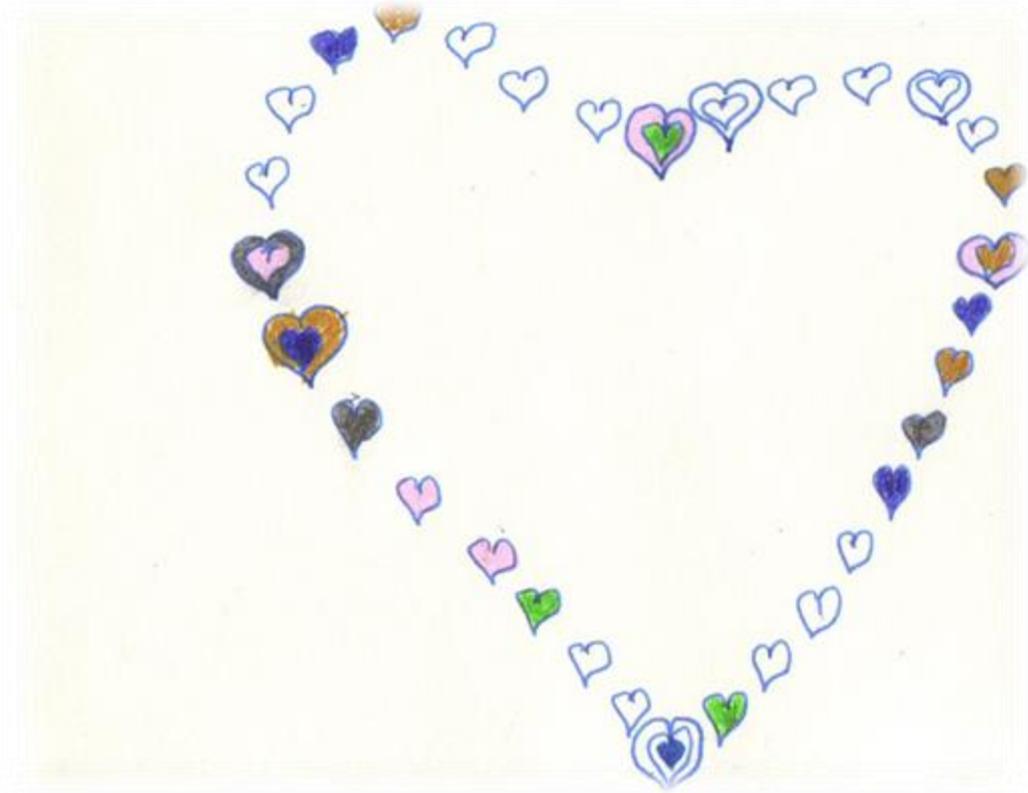
He brings his love in carrier baskets
He might leave one at your door
And while you,re wondering what you did to deserve it
You,ll probably swoon

Because his love is like
a piece of the moon

His love is like a piece of the moon

He shows his love in sustenance
He might whisper as you sleep
And afraid that you,ll probably forget him
He,ll gently mock your weeping

Because his love is like
a piece of the moon



Seven more times

I passed through waterless places
seeking rest and finding none
I said when I find you, I will return
To the place I love so well

And seven more times will I look
for the one I love the best
and seven more times will I see
That you were meant for me

There came a great famine all over the Land
To heal and to sow
but not understand
Cold like wire
and burned with fire
crying aloud, just to look for the one

And seven more times will I look
for the one I love the best
and seven more times will I see
that you were meant for me

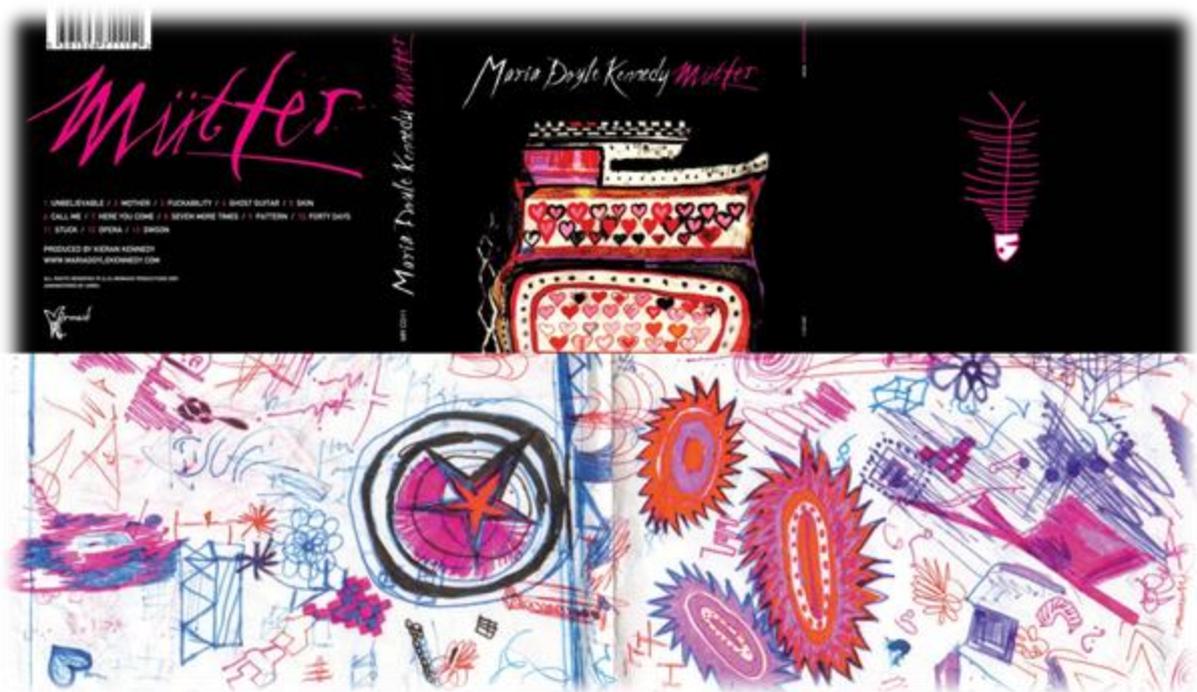
Seven more times will I see, you were meant for me

Night and day you shone like the Sun
Nothing was over and nothing was won
Blind men followed you ,carried you home
fell down before you and made you their own

Seven more times will I look
for the one I love the best
Seven more times will I see
that you were meant for me

Hurt like a broken bone
Hurt like you, re on your own

You were meant for me
Seven more times



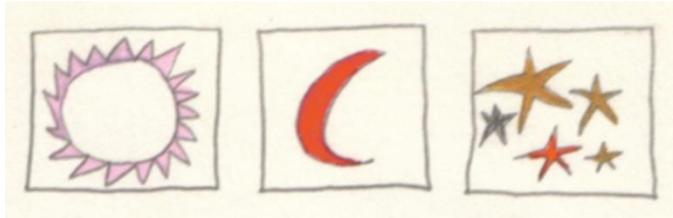
Opera

Johnny was the kind of a boy that you,ld meet
when the day was impossibly vague and shady
He,ld glow like the light of a hidden reflection
And basking you,ld see what you wanted to see, who you wanted to be

Knowing him might be both painful and good
You knew if you did you,ld be able for more
So perfect the question like he,d seen the Opera
Looking at you and not looking at them,and you looked at him

Mary was the kind of a girl that you felt
Had a lot of information going on in her head
Should have been off with her book club at Easter
Fell for a boy like Johnny instead, and you knew that she would

Unfortunately there are no happy endings
Learned it before now you,ve learned it again
So perfect the question but there was no Opera
No looking at you ,only looking at them, and you looked at him



Here you come

Here you come
Looking like a body that is too good to mention
Here you come
The instant connection
The fatal affection

Here you come
There you go and
Here you Come

Here you come
Acting all smooth but shining all colour
Here you come
Rockin like there was no word for it before

Here you come
There you go
and
Here you come



Forty Days

I freaked her out
I know I did
I spoke too clearly and I meant what I said
I freaked her out
I tried not to
I really should seek solitude
Days alone would do me good
Days and days of solitude

I know now why he walked away
I know what he saw that day
He freaked them out
He tried not to
He spoke so clearly and so true
He could do with time alone
Days and days with no-one home

For forty days no-body would not get it
and for forty days he would not panic

I freaked her out
I know I did
I should have stayed alone instead
People make me feel afraid
I can't remember what I've said
I really should seek solitude
Days and days would do me good

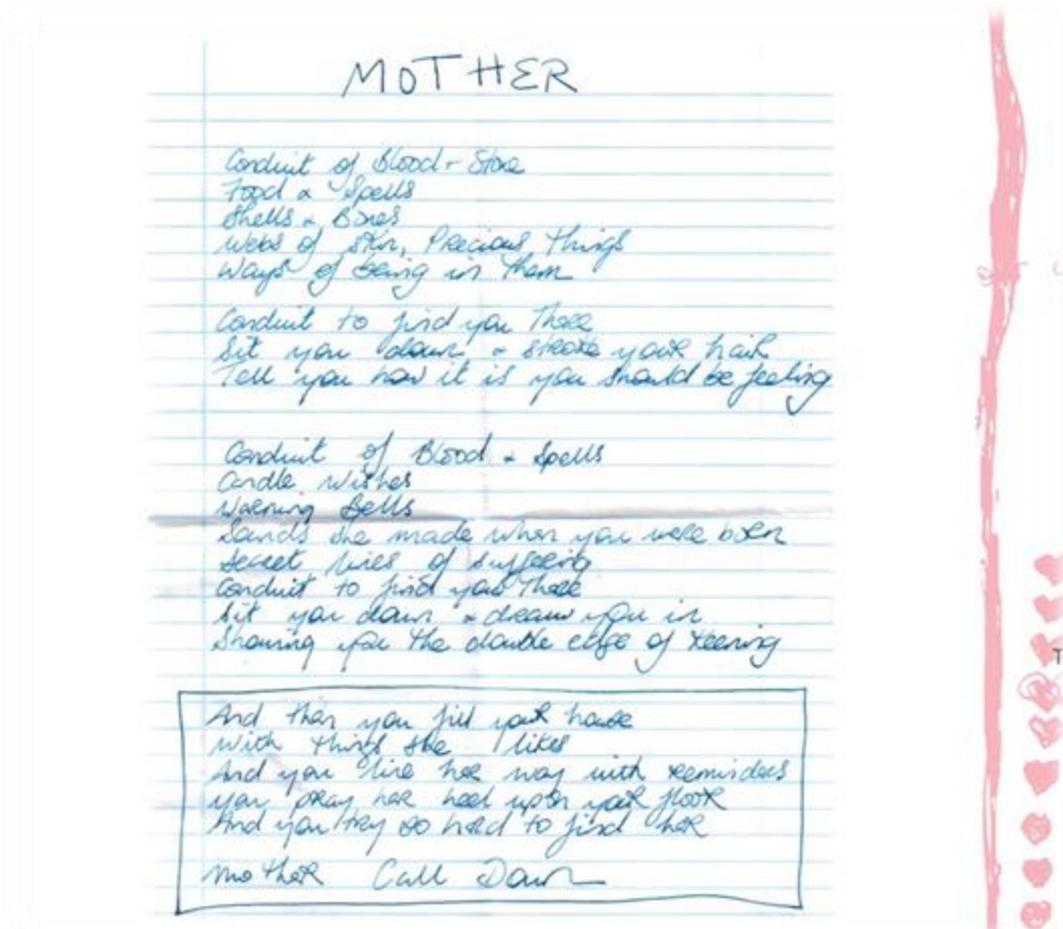
And for forty days no-body would not get it
And for forty days I would not panic

Forty days of no fear

I know now why he walked away

I know what he saw that day
Quiet desperation comes
The scariness of crowded rooms
He could do with time alone
Away away from everyone

Forty days of no fear
Forty days of no panic



Mother

conduit of blood and stones
food and shells
spells and bones
webs of skin
precious things
ways of being in them
conduit to find you there
sit you down , stroke your hair
tell you how it is you should be feeling

conduit of blood and spells

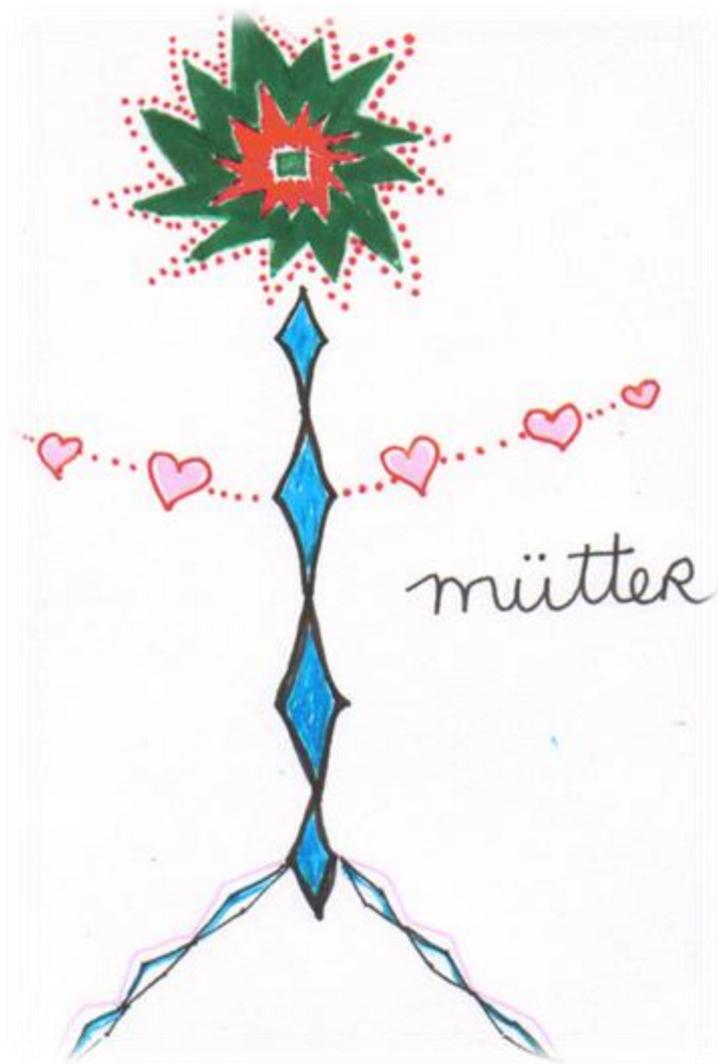
candle wishes
warning bells
sounds she made when you were born
secret lines of suffering
conduit of skin and bone
sit you down and draw you in
showing you the double edge of keening

and then you fill your house
with things she likes
and you line her way with reminders

you pray her heel upon your floor
and you try so hard to find her

Mother , call down

conduit of blood and rope
tender signs
a lifeboat
shows of kindness
ways of pain
the grace that,s in accepting
conduit of everything early felt and early seen



mütter