

Too Far

Now there are many things that I always wanted
 And there were many things that I always wanted to say.
 But if I ever thought I could change one thing,
 It would be this way...

Now is there anyone left that
 you'll attend to?
 Is there anyone around who
 makes a sound that you hear?
 'Cause each place I look
 Everyone's got a book
 Saying 'It's all OK.

So I'm lost
 There's really no one here I
 can turn for
 Help.
 There's really nothing here I
 believe.

And it's gone too far
 And it's all too broad
 And it's all too much
 For me.

And there is something else that I want to tell you.
 But it is getting very hard with all the noise that we hear
 And they say 'trust yourself'.
 As they sell something else.
 'You can drive it on home, end those blues it's so clear.'

And if you'd rather stay at home than be preached to.
 Except for Nine To Five no one tells you what to do.
 But when it's flag waving time,
 You are all first in line,
 To be on your way back.
 On that same road,
 When Johnny Comes Marching Home.

You can shake your fist at the darkness.
 And vent your spleen to anybody with ears.
 But you can't underestimate all of The Great Talk
 That only ends in tears.

You can take your pain to some Doctor:
 "Doctor it hurts when I move this way!"
 But you can't get a hand
 With a joke like that.
 They don't get it anyway...

Seattle 2003

The One True Vine

Think back on all the the things that you wanted to say.
 When everything you had in life was tomorrow.
 Now forward to a time that is where we are.

When you realize all the meaning of
 your sorrows.
 And can you still wake up when you
 know?

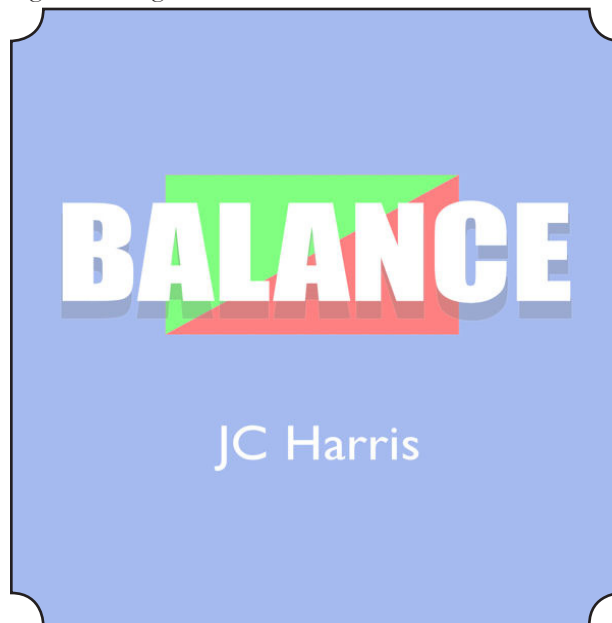
"I am the one true vine that saves."

Think back on all the Pharisees that
 you followed.
 And all the things you wanted so
 much just to grow.
 And so you strode out purposefully
 into your life.
 Ablaze with all ambitions of
 tomorrow.
 Reflect on all the things that now are
 used to bes.

"I am the one true vine that saves."

*I am the true vine, and my Father is the
 gardener. ²He cuts off every branch in me that bears no fruit, while every
 branch that does bear fruit he prunes[1] so that it will be even more
 fruitful. ³You are already clean because of the word I have spoken to you.
⁴Remain in me, and I will remain in you. No branch can bear fruit by
 itself; it must remain in the vine. Neither can you bear fruit unless you
 remain in me. ⁵I am the vine; you are the branches. If a man remains
 in me and I in him, he will bear much fruit; apart from me you can do
 nothing. ⁶If anyone does not remain in me, he is like a branch that is
 thrown away and withers; such branches are picked up, thrown into the
 fire and burned. ⁷If you remain in me and my words remain in you, ask
 whatever you wish, and it will be given you. ⁸This is to my Father's glory,
 that you bear much fruit, showing yourselves to be my disciples. ⁹As the
 Father has loved me, so have I loved you. Now remain in my love. ¹⁰If you
 obey my commands, you will remain in my love, just as I have obeyed my
 Father's commands and remain in his love. ¹¹I have told you this so that
 my joy may be in you and that your joy may be complete. ¹²My command
 is this: Love each other as I have loved you. ¹³Greater love has no one
 than this, that he lay down his life for his friends. ¹⁴You are my friends if
 you do what I command. ¹⁵I no longer call you servants, because a servant
 does not know his master's business. Instead, I have called you friends,
 for everything that I learned from my Father I have made known to you.
¹⁶You did not choose me, but I chose you and appointed you to go and bear
 fruit-fruit that will last. Then the Father will give you whatever you ask in
 my name. ¹⁷This is my command: Love each other.*

Think now on all the the things that I'll never have
 And all the things that I thought I owned that were borrowed.
 And all the things that you chalked up now to used to bes.
 And all those times you'd wish for just one more tomorrow.



When all you're left with in your life is an empty cave.

"I am the one true vine that saves."

Sitka 2004

It's Not The Bomb

It's not the bomb.
It's the planet you're on.
That makes all the violence go on and on.
It's all the fault of the man, not the trigger.
At least that's the way that the politician figures.
I know. You're tired of all this violence,
With all you've been through doesn't seem to make sense.
I know that you've got better things to do.
Than wondering what will going to come true for you.
I know you turn down the lights and worry at night,
if you'll wake up, right?
And I feel the same way...
It's not the bomb, it's the planet you're on
That spins out the fear-cast from dusk 'til dawn makes all the
violence goes on and on.

It's not the bomb, it's the planet you're on.
It's not anything with these devices.
I don't think you can a drink from there:
The water's not too refreshing 'round here,
We destroyed the air with particular flare.

'Forward the banners of The King on His way to Hell!'

Detroit 1995

Money

Woke up this morning just to read what the papers say.
I read a story about girl who washed up the other day.
There was no money for fella so she went away.
Was she reported to the force? Well no one could say.
And when they asked the detectives why their hands are tied?
The answer came back: 'Money'.
I turned my TV on and look at a burning sky
The soldier stood back while ten people cried.
I tell me self it's not us but some other guys
But every explanation that you get is just a lie.
And when you ask at the desk why so many die?
The answer you're given: 'Money'.
You're think you're safe
You think you're all grown
All disconnected from the people you've wronged.
All the writers living now are looking out to see.
Exactly how the best things in life are still free.
You think it's bad?
Well you should see the other guy!

You couldn't tell me so you say I'm just the nervous type.
You made me think that I was simply giving up.
While all your buddies at the club, you just live it up.
And if we ever take a break and wonder why?
Survey says...
M-O-N-E-Y

You're think you're safe
You think you're long gone. All quarantined from the people
you've harmed.
All the writers living now are waiting to see.
Exactly how the best things in life are still free.
Last night I dreamed I died and my soul up and flew away.
I passed the Pearly Gates and walked through clouds along the
way.
I stood in line until St. Peter told me I could stay.
I was so happy I got down on my knees and began to pray.
And then they told me there was one thing left...
I have to pay?

Seattle 2004

Party

Tell me where's the party?
Tell me what's in store?
Tell me who is coming
And who is on the floor?

Point me to the action.
Show me where it's at.
Send me to the honeys,
Where the party's on tap.

[Your Master Of Ceremonies, Ralf]

Darkened Lights
Exotic beats
A foreign town
And empty streets
Down smoky stairs
In searing heat
And we begin to dance...

I really liked your picture
I really dug your style
If you're really not too busy
And would like to see a show
I have made complete arrangements
At the only place to go.

(This place is really something)

[Ralf checks in with our patrons]
*And how, may I ask,
Is the gentleman enjoying his time at Rick's*

So far?

(Well, Personally, I think everything is great
But I dunno, Ralf. It may be a little much
for the young lady.)

Now if you like to party
And to do it with some style
You can make complete arrangements
At a place that's really wild.

If you crave your entertainments
With a real exotic show
Just present your invitation
At the only place to go.

Seattle 2004

One Heartbeat

"It's a mystery to modern medicine.
A contradiction of facts.
There sufficient body of evidence,
To rule out any physical lack.
In fact there is no explanation,
Currently equal to task.
We'll run more tests in the interim.
The nurse will schedule when you'll be back."

"Clearly I have been mistaken
Certainly I should not have come.
There may have been some point in pursuing this,
But currently your instruments none.
Having undergone your examining
I feel certain I'll do better alone
There is comfort in familiarity.
And dignity in ending at home."

"How can you be so irrational?
Of course you see how sick you are?
There's no longer anyone home for you.
You cannot live alone as you are."

"I congratulate your technology.
Which agrees there is no way I'll survive.
For one heart beating alone won't keep me alive."

"Science triumphs against us!"

"With confidence you've clearly derived.

That one heart beat can no longer keep me alive."

Detroit 1994

Matters Of The Heart

Talking and talking for hours like we do.
And yet the proper sentiments fall through.
You see things your way.
And I can't break through.
It's evident the consequence of too much staying true
And so I say to you...

CHORUS

If you hear one
Or two
Or three sounds
Coming from this side of the room
That you don't understand.
Don't be beside yourself
And think that someone else could take my heart.

If there are four
Or five
Or six things
Coming the heart of things
It doesn't mean to me
I'd be beside myself
And think that someone else could take your heart.
Isn't that a place to start?

Walking around this
For hours
Like we do.
And never get beyond the 'I love you...'
You see things your way
And if my stand stays true
It's evident the consequence
Of always staying true
And so I beg of you...

(CHORUS)

Seattle 1997

Blink

I blink.
And you live again.
It's going to
put me out
put me out
put me out of my head.

Just think if you could
And there would be
nothing more
nothing more
nothing more to say...

I hoped and pray
That you would appear in more than
I breathe.
And you lived again.
It's going to put me out of my head.

Just think if you could
And there would be nothing more to say...
I hoped and prayed
That you would appear in more than

There were so many times
When I thought of you and cried
Til tears had filled up my soul
Days rained so long
When every little bit of my hope was gone
And I knew I was alone...
I breathe
And you live

Dublin 2005

Maybe

Maybe you think you've had enough
And that the boat you're on is sinking.
Maybe you think you're on your own
And that your heart has fallen
Far as it can go.

Maybe you think you've done enough.
Maybe you think that you're always low.
Maybe you think there are some things
That can't be got.
But there are not.

II

Over the window,
Beyond those trees.
I've been thinking lately towards that sea.
I've been thinking about those things we think we need.
For everything that I once bought
I had always purchased at twice it's cost.
There are those who stand back beyond that shore,
And those that cast their boats
Towards something more.

So much more.

III

Hey! See there dreamer.
You think too much, now this party's alone.
Hey dreamer.
Yes your mind is working overtime.

Hey! Wake up dreamer.
You think too much, now this party's alone.
Hey! Wake up dreamer!

'Cause your mind is working overtime:
And your body's not that strong.
'Cause your mind is working overtime
And your charts were left below.
'Cause your mind is working overtime
And your soul is far from home.
'Cause your mind is working overtime
And your heart can't stand the load.

(The Change)

I was dreaming one day
Of a different night;
Of a different world;
Of a different life.
Of all the dreams that I'd like to have
But none would come to mind.

Then everything bathed in a vision of gold.
A galaxy framed like a picture of old.
A pallette beyond any canvas we've seen.
And all of it flowing on.

I was dreaming last night
That I could make a new start.
And cast each fault I have beside the door.
And all those pointless hopes I had,
I'd leave beside the road.
And everything I'd wrote,
Long gone before.

✓

I know you think you've had enough.
I know that you think your heart will never make it.
Only one way down from this endless drop.

I know that you can fight it off.
Find your way in a wicked world.
And I know that you'll be there,
Back on top.

So come on home.

Toronto 1996

Are You Warm Enough?

Step in the house.
I see you now.
Shivering even with all those clothes.
Look at you now.
Muttering about this house.

I've known you since before when.
How could I know that you could spend
So much time within these walls
And still not feel quite sure?

Are you warm enough now?
Are you warm enough now?
Are you warm enough now?
Are you warm enough now?

Feel for the damp.
It seems to last.
The chill leaks through these
olden windows.
They never could protect you
from the drafts.
Look at the plants.
Think about how we used to
laugh.
It always seemed a joke.
But now I see they've passed.
The bloom came off the rose
too fast;
And roses never last these
winters.

Are you warm enough now?
Are you warm enough now?
Are you warm enough now?
Are you warm enough now?

Dublin 2004



BALANCE

Hey, I know what you're thinking: If I could just get up five minutes earlier every day and spend ten more minutes with my kid in the afternoon and even just three minutes less on my e-mails at night things would be different; a lot different.

Sorry, pal. It doesn't work that way. It just doesn't. And I hate to break it to you at this late stage in the game, but the thing is: it never did work that way.

Now listen carefully: the reason you can't have it all is simply because there is no all. There are only incompatible wants that only seem to go together because someone else says so. These people are wrong. Look around: Balance is achieved when the structure supports nothing more than what is necessary.

So...what is necessary?