

Mississippi

I went down to Tremont, Mississippi.
Shiny shades in a beat up car.
My intent was to learn two chords and
Hang myself on a steel guitar.

I sat next to a Voice of The
Ages
He played tones that caressed
the stars.
He told me, 'Boy ,you can't
play the blues.
'Your pain just won' fit inside
twelve bars.'
Tell me can you hear the
emotion?
Singing out from so far below.
Tell me is it just the illusion?
I believe there may be just
holes.
Tell me can you see old
magnolia,
Sweeping out past the new
paved roads?
Tell me can you feel my
emotion?
I believe they may be only ghosts.
I left town on the train called Mystery.
I had more than my fill of soul
I think my heart beats in the winds.
I can't hear that Rock but I still roll.

Seattle 2003

I Won't Be Sleeping Here (Anymore)

Let me bend your ear a while.
We'll cry a little bit.
Because I won't be sleeping here.
Anymore.

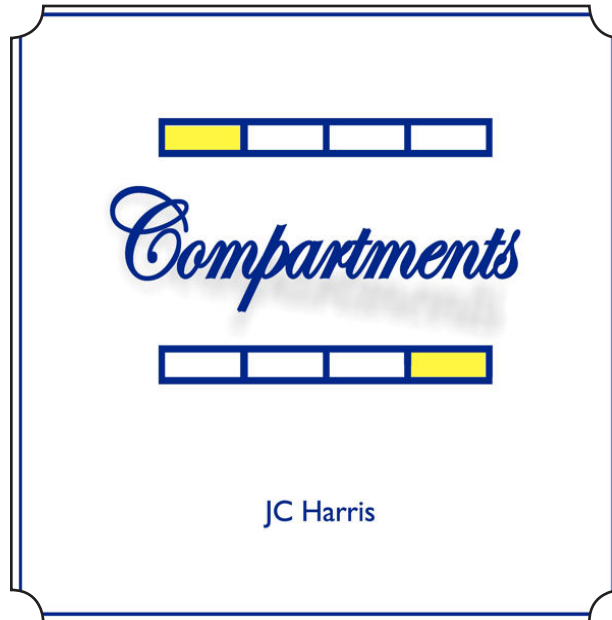
You can rest assured that I have
Been dependable in bed.
But I won't be sleeping here.
Anymore.

Over and over and over again
I asked you, my friend,
To stay with me and help me for a while.

Over and over and over again
You said to me instead,
'Be patient and endure things with a smile.'
And I tried.

Let me pack a bag
Of articles once gold.
That all now seem so cold...

Seattle 1997



Safe

Let me tell you little boy
What a man can do.
Something no one's done before
A promise to be true.
You'll learn to trust what people say
And know that we love you.
Because you're mine
All mine.
Nothing's ever going to hurt you
You're safe.

Dublin 1996

One Heart

Shut the door.
Turn the lock.

Look at the mirror as you set your clock.
And as you make your way to bed
Think about your life.
Once you were young.
You thought you'd take that punishment
Your whole life long.
But in your room every night you sit alone and cry.

CHORUS

One heart.
One focus within your life.
One life.
Let all the bonds of insanity
Just pass you by.

One love.
One dream.
One hope like you've never seen.
With all the faults that you can name
You'll still be fine.

Hit the stop.
Hit the street.
Collect your thoughts
And then direct your feet.
As you get shoved to and fro
In the rush and the ballyhoo.
Let's turn back to the page
How sad those feelings

Standing in your way.
Why does it always seem to be so...

(CHORUS)

Seattle 2003

Twister

Most of my life has been a twister.
A riddle of life spinning round and round
While everyone else just seems to miss her
I'm swept to and fro with a force that just wears me down.

Seattle 2001

Rocking

Now I've been thinking that we all should be
Better than we are
Attempting more but performing less
And we never get too far.

We work so hard
We push ourselves
But we don't get anywhere.
The more you think about life
You can see it isn't fair.

(CHORUS)

We've gotta get this party rocking.
Yeah, we've gotta get this party rocking.
Man, we've gotta get this party rocking.
That's all I have to say.

Take a hold of my hand
Let's pull you on up.
Remember we're all drink from the very same cup.
If you pass,
Behold yourself alone!

(CHORUS)

Get up!
Get over the fears.
There's more tunes left
And the rhythm's so clear.

Get up!
It's all up to you.
There's more ways home than some yellow brick road.

We've gotta get this party rocking.
Yeah, we've gotta get this party rocking.
Man, we've gotta get this party rocking.
But there's so much more to say.

Well...
Hey there it goes.
There's your life.
Passing you right by.
And it's rough,
Tough,
I know you think you've had enough,
But you've got to keep trying.

(CHORUS)

Seattle 2003

Evelyn

Stand by the window.
There are a lot of things,
That I'd like to say.
Although there isn't time enough.

Something gone wrong.

Walk by the raceway.
And so many stories
That I like to tell.
Although there isn't time enough
Something gone wrong.

And though it seems, so far away.
Something within me.
That never wanted to go.

But I still love you.
But I still care.

Quiet times
The ships go by.

And patiently,
I've watched them.

Ghosts in holds
Dreams I'll never see
And memories all run dry.

Dublin 1992

Time

There was a time I may have hurt you
And if you asked and wondered why
But if I told you all the reasons
You would cry.
And though you thought that I'd desert you

We are more than all this town!
And there's no time to be wrong
For we've just got to be strong.
(Open you eyes it's a new day
and see what was ever inside...)

Seattle 2004

Compartments

Every man I ever met could have rightly been
named "Legion". For we are many. Each character we
keep—that we display as a single "me", lives in his
own compartment. The genius of the human brain is
that all our member nations co-exist as a single
functioning being.

And yet, we all judge everyone (everyone excepting
ourselves of course) as if we are only one thing. As
if we must only be one thing.

We are so surprised when the man who went to
Church was a spy or the good wife and mother led
a double life. We all lead double lives. Triple lives.

Octuple lives. And we are far better off when we
see and accept that in others as well as in ourselves.

The Hindu scriptures say, "No good man is all
good. No bad man all bad." It's true. Look through
all the compartments and then decide.