

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.

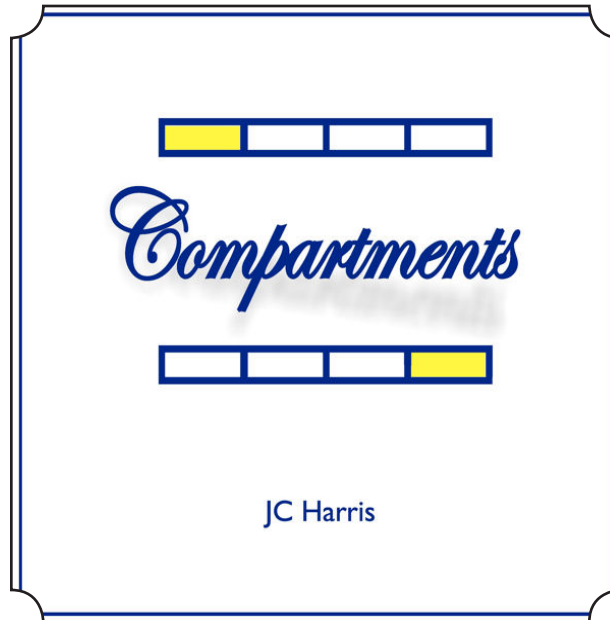
You can rest assured that I have
Been dependable in bed.
But I won't be sleeping here.
Anymore.

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

And I would surely let you down.
But if you ever see the other side
I'll be around.

Now there are two sides to every story
And everyone gets out of jail.
And every box can hold just so many nails.
And everything that happens
To every single crime
Can all things be forgiven,
Given time?

Seattle 2004

Open Your Eyes

Open your eyes it's a new day
And see what's outside of your mind
Over the world it is clear
If you look straight ahead.

Let's go

Open your eyes to the sun
And feel in it's warmth how it shines
We think that we see all there is here
But there is so much that you don't

Don't know
Can't know

Open your eyes to a new way
Of seeing as if you'd been blind
More than the things that we
think that we see in each day.

Don't know
Can't know

I see clear now.

II

You can drown yourself.
You can think you'll end your life.
You can feel you'll kill your love.
But you'll never win that fight.

For there is more things here than you claim.
There is more to see with your pretty blue eyes.
There are more things still to say.
Than you've ever realized.

You can fool yourself.
You can think you'll change to night.
You can sleep each day.

But you won't avoid the light.

For there are more things here than you claim.
There is more still to take from the pretty black bag.
There is so much more to say.
And you never seem to ask.

Soon

When I grow up,
I tell you now,
Gonna shake this dust off my shoes.
I'll live my life. Do what I want.
Soon.
Because I was raised in a typical way
In this typical town
Every typical day.
Mommy when we will ever get what's new?
She said,
'Soon.'
'And for the rest of your life.'

Now I'm grown up. I tell you, man.
You wish you could walk in my shoes.
I live my life. Do what I want.
Soon.
When I wake up
It's a miracle play.
In this miracle town
Every miracle day.
You don't see me living up.
But when I do!
Soon.
And for the rest of my life...

Now I end up in a typical way.
In this typical town.
Every typical damned day.
That I thought I'd never live to see back here.
Now I go down to the mission today.
Think of something to say.
As I kneel down and pray for
This whole story to be over
(Like I always do).
Soon.
And for the rest of my life.

III

We go tearing up this town
The sun, the sky, the sea, the flowing wind.

We can turn this upside down.
The roar, the pomp, the flash
Of fallen Kings

Surely with all this gold you own;

You are the man to know!

Surely like fire, but all too cold.
We are held by desire!

We came roaring out this town
The pomp, the flash, the air
Of fallen Kings

We came with a roaring sound
To span the earth with all the
force of kings!

We thought we'd tear up this
town

But all that's left after all
Was flowing wind.

All the times I tried to tell you
all.

I was so all alone.

Every night when I look
inside myself

I was so far from home.

We came tearing up this town.
But the wind won't stop
And the flames reach up.
And the fight goes on below.

Open your eyes it's a new day!
And see all what was ever designed.
We think that we've see all there is here,
But there is so much that we don't.

We mortgage our lives on a lie
And all of it shrouded in pain.
But there is so much that will grow
When the sun comes out from the rain!

We came tearing up this town!
And though we tried to belong
But every time we were wrong.

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.