

### **Walk On Water**

With both these hands for hire, there's an echo in my bones. I'll etch your name in stone. These are things to do alone. Would have liked to have seen it when this house was still a home. At war like angry brothers, there's an art to taking sides. I don't do unto others. But believe me that I have tried. I never walked on water but I keep my body dry. A dirty hand wipes dusty cobwebs from my eyes. I never walked on water but I keep my body dry. A dirty hand wipes dusty cobwebs from my eyes.

### **Over the Oeuvre**

You hold the end of a lightning rod or give a wily nod to the firing squad. But we all notice that when you throw your head back, and roll your wandering eyes that it doesn't feel quite right. Over the blazes, over the limb. Over and over turned into now and then. Away in a daydream that fills my head. It's the living dead on a thoroughbred. Don't you notice that when he pulls his head down and wipes his watery eyes. No, he won't enjoy the ride. Don't you notice that when you lift your head up and squint your road-weary eyes. That it doesn't look quite right. Over the blazes, over the limb. Over and over turned into now and then. Over the blazes, over the limb. Over and over turned into now and then.

### **Black And Tan**

A station left unmanned, short tempers and I wear black and you wear tan. Take my ten a day, but myself a lay and shoot a fish in a barrel. A carpet red, rolled out like we read about. I could sing and you could shout. Take my ten a day, tear myself away and let loose with a siren. Dress my wounds again, write a word to send. Well I could break but you won't bend. Take my ten a day, fall asleep in the hay and put a curse on the morning. Strategies gone wrong. This is where I belong. Strategies gone wrong. This is where I belong.

### **Well, Whatever**

We went broke, red faced and alone. Tried to leave that life behind. Go where the sun would always shine. Winter chill, a chin on a windowsill. Getting old and going blind, here at the table where we dined. Don't believe a word I say. Whatever gets you through the day. Sky won't yield inches for the field. Pull a weed and a dandelion. There won't be takings from the vine. Don't believe a word I say. Whatever gets you through the day. With my keys, I drive through Tennessee. Found a ditch and a mountain pine, broken with matching black eyes. Poured my last into a drinking glass. Gave a toast and a sip of wine, and wait for our worlds to collide. Don't believe a word I say. Whatever gets you through the day.

### **If You're on the Mend, I'm on the Move**

I don't care if you don't care, let's call this off without despair. Indifference is a worthless thing to share. I won't cry if you don't cry, I won't heave another heavy sigh. And you won't have to learn to compromise. I spent enough of my time just trying to make sense of you. I'll never tell another lie again in defense of you. And I'm not waiting around for more trouble to brew. If you're on the mend, I'm on the move. I can move on if you can move on. Once in a dream I was already gone. And I haven't slept so well in oh so long. So I don't care if you don't care. Let's call this off without despair. Indifference is a worthless thing to share. You know I'd never write a song just to try to poke fun at you. You know I'd never do you wrong even though I'm all done with you. But I'm not waiting around for more trouble to brew. If you're on the mend, I'm on the move. If you're on the mend, I'm on the move.

## **Crest**

Dark corners and doors that move. They left me here stranded with you. When you reached the crest, the pain's in your chest. There's not much a lady can do. Strange places, the looks on their faces. Cups pouring out into three-legged races. I run, I run. I run, I run. I run, I run. I run, I run. Won't you believe there's only arms up my sleeves so dress up and show us relief. With no one to trust you learn to do what you must. You're helpless and heartless with me. Brainstorming, like thunderheads forming. A salt water feeling I'll sink in the bright morning sun. The sun, the sun, the sun. The sun, the sun, the sun. Won't you believe there's only arms up my sleeves so dress up and show us relief. With no one to trust you learn to do what you must. You're helpless and heartless with me.

## **These Three Things**

There, there are no walls of gold. There are no walls of gold. New Year's Eve. A late hour and you cast your line in the Caspian Sea. Hone your black arts. Lately you just fall apart. Don't deceive. A night owl can move through the dark with the greatest of ease. My Au Revoir. Lately you just fall apart. I think I see one, two, three, one, two, three, one, two, three is the number of things I can puzzle about. Just too much to puzzle out. I think I see one, two, three, one, two, three, one, two, three is the number of things I can wonder about. Maybe we'll just straighten out. Window seat. With sight lines but you only see what you wanted to see. Miss Morning Star. Lately you just fall apart. I think I see one, two, three, one, two, three, one, two, three is the number of things I can wonder about. I think I see one, two, three, one, two, three is the number I pillage and plunder a forty day slumber that you won't stop talking about. Maybe we'll just straighten out. I think I see one, two, three, one, two, three, one, two, three is the number like lightning and thunder, a forty day slumber that you won't stop talking about. Maybe we'll just straighten out.

## **Minos Maze**

Never thought I'd be in here with you. This place I've constructed can tear you in two. And run you to ruin. Cause the walls have no end. I think I know where to begin. Let's gather some feathers and string. We'll bind them together with wax to make wings. They'll keep us from ruin. Stay out of the sun or the wax comes undone. I watch as you take to the air. The smile on your face and the wind through your hair. But the flight leads to ruin. And the fall has no end. It's the heat from the sun. The wings came undone.

## **Galloping Ghosts**

These are the haunted places and rife with galloping ghosts. And there are my last two friends. They washed up on the coast. Arise from the grave. Look out across a silver landscape of galloping ghosts on our heels, racing and chasing. The nightmare's almost over now. Dusky day, there's a fog on the high points. Arise from the grave. Pull your chains into the sun. A fair, dusky day. Well, these are the haunted places and rife with galloping ghosts. And there are my last two friends. They washed up on the coast. A fair, dusky day. There's a fog on the high points.

## **Clean Break**

Watched the river run dry. It really wasn't much to see. Saw the darkening sky. Exactly as I thought it would be. I've seen so many signs. Just can't bear to feign surprise. And you can't sing along 'cause you don't know the song. I got a message for you. Who think you're slippin' on through. It's gonna get you too. Sought a mountaintop high. To get a better look at the sea. The ever-cycling tides. Don't betray a

### **Clean Break (continued)**

thing to me. I've seen so many signs. I found contempt I can't disguise. And it's directed at you 'cause you don't have a clue. I've decided to today. It's time to make a clean break. I'm gettin' out of the way.

### **Shoulder Stories**

The devil that sits on your shoulder says I, says I. I'll only tell you what you want to hear. Lay down and rust. Leave it behind with the dust. Cause I'll only tell you what you want to hear. I want to ride with you. Lay down and rust. Leave it behind with the dust. Cause I'll only tell you what you want to hear. Let me ride with you. Lay down and rust. Leave it behind. Your shoulder is rightfully mine. Whisper and scheme, wicked awe. Doesn't it seem like on call. That . I'll only tell you what you want to hear. Lay down and rust. Leave it behind. Your shoulder is rightfully mine. Lay down and rust. Leave it behind. Your shoulder is rightfully mine.

### **The Whip and The World**

The whip and the world and the wry. These are the things that caught my eye. Hooray for a heavenly spy. These are the things that caught my eye. A tryst and a girl and the lie. These are the things that make me sigh. Oh what a nice surprise. These are the things that make me sigh. Hooray for a heavenly spy. These are the things that caught my eye. A trip and a coach we can ride. Dragging the sun across the sky. Hooray for a heavenly spy. Dragging the sun across the sky.

### **Indian Isle**

Oh dear, the breezes carry curses. Bound to tweak your nervous brow. Hold back the hate behind the hammer. For something you can write about. Old talk, the ghosts of conversations. Fossilize inside my mouth. Have you recent revelations. Are you what it's all about. I'll ride up the waterfalls. Rising tide, port of call. Free under the sun, out on the sea. Indian run. Free under the sun, out on the sea. Indian run. I'll ride up the waterfalls. Rising tide, port of call. Mind my right weary sailors. I'm on my own, out here unknown. High winds are coming to steer me west again. Free under the sun, Indian run.

### **George Closing**

Doors opening, George Closing. Your salty antics and half-brained behavior's self limiting, but riveting. She's understanding and not that demanding but withering. And simmering. A pot boiling over a fire set to smolder and blistering.