

JUST PICK ONE

Just pick one, it'll hurt some if it needs to I know weakness is a sickness and a virtue And cold bitter winds are never-ending So just pick one, it's a season, it'll run throug!

Fear is only worth what it costs you I know wisdom when it holds true and misleads you On your long journey home, carrying stones There ain't nothing that's worthless if it arms you

Each one is the same one as the last one
I know meaning's ever-reaching till you find one
Walking on a million lines that never end
Just pick one, it'll hurt some if it needs to

OH SUN

Oh night, pale blue night
Lay those memories down
Down into the ground, waiting on the sun
To come and shine on me
Just a little light, enough to find where I ought to be
Oh Sun, coming on the rise
Cast your blanket wide
Wide and far I go, no deeper does it show
Me how to find it
Settles on the skin, no matter where I've been
The light it shines the same



FORGETTING REEL



BETWEEN THE BRIAR AND THE ROSE

Stone turns to fire and the battle is won Lips, cracked and parted, betray a saccharine tongue Speaking in tunnels meant to follow you through Here at the opening, the sky is enough to blind you

Do right man, but not right now
Say that you love me but you don't know how
As though I'm free to leave knowing all that I do
Once here in this place the road disappears behind you

Don't you wanna be my burden I can carry you and I, I've been learning how since I was a child I feel hungry without the weight on me

Fire turns to stone and the gate is closed

Now sealed the wall between the Briar and the Rose

Bound by dark, ever unmoored from my home

Warned as we are, we are wound in that knot till undone





All those nights you wouldn't dance with mo You spent the whole time smoking And avoiding all my friends

Down at the bottom, sitting in the car You left me on the hilltop To mourn alone the passing of my friend I should have known then I should have known then

All of the love could never be enough
To cover up the ugly and the sad
But honey if I could, I'd cover up the good
Cause even when it was bad, you were the best I've ever had

You came in crying, swore you needed Go Said it broke your heart to go But I was in your way There's nothing left to say

So many lies that all begin this way
A home with a garden, and "I'm yours forever darling"
But you wrote the same olds story in another woman's bed
Just like all the other men
I should have known then

All of the love could never be enough
To cover up the ugly and the sad
But honey if I could, I'd cover up the good
Even when it was bad, you were the best I've ever had
Now I know how it ends
But I should have known then

NARROW LINE

The world ain't big enough for lovers who run Blood ain't thick enough for mothers and sons She can't drink quick enough to have a little fun If that ain't sad enough, just wait until I'm done

The water's rising, what doesn't burn will drown
Or freeze in little boxes under southern border towns
All the men dying with more than they can spend
Ain't it just enough, the stiffest mind to bend

We can't hold it all

Our hands are just too small

The best we can do is break up time

And keep it on a narrow line

The women wake at night and wait for them to come All those monsters long since dead and gone Cold grey fishing towns, I remember them the same Each and every street sign bedeviled with their names

We can't hold it all
Our hands are just too small
The best we can do is break up time
And keep it on a narrow line
Just keep it on a narrow line

OCTOBER'S LAMENT

In the month of October at age twenty-seven
A woman had come to the end of her rope
Though the bottom was vast and the darkness was hungry
The top was engulfed in flames and black smoke

The fall was not quite as she had expected She braced and she waited for the resounding thut So slowly she drifted alone and untethered So hellbent on landing though she never would

PICK THE RAISINS FROM THE PASKA



GOD'S LITTLE BOY

Shoot out of bed, with your sheets soaking wet Old familiar rage twisting high above your head Watch in wonder, see it unravel From a coiled up old snake to a tendril of fire

You found your joy, you're God's little boy
Lean into the mirror, now it's so much clearer
Through the eyes of your father and the voice of your creator
You made your decision, you got a holy vision
Now you move with grace and deadly precision

You found your joy, you're God's little boy You try your best to listen, now you cannot hear him Over sounds of the screaming, tires squealing, people pleading

Shards of broken glass and a bullet finds your chest A deep and silent red over everything is cast You think of her then, her cold eyes laughing Her body moves away and her face is disappearing

But you found your joy, you're God's little boy And all those girls with their words are gonna be sorry

THE WRECKAGE DONE

Turn away from a guilty mind Like the feckless kings that ruled us blind Sow your blight

Tear them down, make them cry I want their eyes to open wide And burn red

Poison hides in the sweetest line: Let the breath not find the lungs Hold your tongue

I wanna tear them down
I wanna make them cry
I want their eyes to open wide
And burn red

If it was all laid bare, your unraveled life You could never find the end you won The wreckage done

THE ONES THAT I LOVE

We make our money, through sorrow we sing.
The ones that I love don't own a thing.
And when it's all over by far and away.
We make our money and throw it away.

From the fields when I'm hungry, from the well when I'm dry Light the fire when I'm lonely, give me truth when I die And strong hands to build it from the ground And give it away to the ones that I love at the end of the day

We join and we scatter, we hold what we've With every story a purpose bound And when all the travelling is done I'll know what we made We make our money and we throw it away

WINDOWS

Little girl in a northern town
Let my hair grow long, let my heart be found
Late to bed, early to rise
In the waking hours she set her eyes
To the window that faced the water

Burning hearts to empty hands
Tearing through town with older men
While the city boys found quiet girls
And they built them homes at the edge of the world
With windows that face the water



Just stay and try a few more years
Sand to stone, and disappear
These days are prison walls but the nights are mine
Like the little cracks that reach for open skies
Are windows that face the water

It's getting late she's heading home. Skirts the shore and stands alone. Turns to curse the rushing tide. And walks toward the harbour lights. That sparkle like stars on the water.