

I smile just a little sigh just a little get high just a little and shiver like the middle of the Nile every little time you walk by so look up in the window I'm there in the window please come to my window I know you're so weary but I know if you come inside it will be alright we'll let the world go by summer time's coming with all it's little buckets of green shaking off the winter and wearing all the flowers of spring it's been a hard year for dreamers but baby I can hear a bell starting to ring it's starting to ring so if your eyes are filled with sorrow or you're scared of tomorrow or you're feeling out of tune feeling blue feeling borrowed then you know with just a little call I'll be at your side and we'll smile just a little sigh just a little get wide in the middle and giggle like a tickled middle child and these little times they will be our lives we'll let the world go by --The other night I had a dream you were there and thirteen years just fell away and we were young again cigarettes tapes decks flannel shirts clumsy sex and alcohol had just begun for us and in this dream you said to me let's hide out inside our sleep and we'll run away from all we've seen we'll be in love and we'll be sixteen when I woke up it felt like it was still a dream because all those things that used to be they woke up in me and just like back then I tried to shape these feelings with a pen and I failed again but in my dreams I say these things I hold you close inside our sleep and we run away from all we've seen we're in love and we're sixteen and these days it's Nicolette and assets and iPods bi-monthly sex and alcohol and advantageous friends but maybe I'll call and we'll go out if your husband will allow and we will talk again younger days are lived by kings the kingdom falls then the walls remain and I still feel like I'm to blame because I changed and I stayed the same -- Come on Angelina baby finish your dream and open your window the corners of the night are already fighting with the light for tomorrow and I don't want the morning to rise if it won't let me be the sun in your eyes so gather up your things baby you and me are hitting the road come on little darling turn the radio off it ain't nothing but chatter I made us up a tape with a little Sam and Dave and the best of the Platters and it's alright if you start to cry when they sing about the smoke in our eyes when we're together it's like every song was written for you now your daddy don't like me 'cause I'm from the wrong side of the strip mall and your mama's been talking but babe you gotta listen when I say she's got me wrong I know they wanna keep you from harm but they can't take all the mistakes in your heart and make them for you so tell me Angelina why you're peeking in the mirror when we're leaving Missouri the story in your smile is already fighting with the truth of your worry now if your heart is giving in to your mind I'll return you to the rest of your life with silk curtains and an ever present murmur of grief but remember that changing your mind will never change what you're leaving behind a man who would have loved you like a wave that's in love with the sea so come on Angelina now we don't have long tell me Angelina 'cause we don't have long -- Sometimes when I'm lying awake at night and these sometimes are a lot of times these days I try to find the breadcrumbs of my life try to add up all the moves I've made and try to find the moment between the A and B when all the years of running started running me and covered up the window with a broken funhouse mirror now I don't know where I gotta go but I know it ain't here this one time on a weird and weary night and this one time is a time I won't forget I dreamed I fell away from my little life and floated high above my broken bed then I saw the Virgin Mother in a swirling pool of light she knew me from my stutter I knew her from her smile and she kissed me on the forehead and whispered in my ear "there is a place with your name upon the gate but it ain't here." So maybe the next time I'm lying awake at night when the next time is the final time for me and I'm tired of turning pages in my mind I'll climb into the arms of a tree and then all of the empty worries will turn into yellow leaves and a windy autumn morning will whistle through the tree and the leaves will fall so softly into a river deep and clear now I don't know where the river flows but I know it ain't here -- Baby don't you hear my bugle call? It's calling out for you hoping you play your bugle too I just wanna shine your trumpet and play a little Sousa on your boots and it might sound kinda funny but I just want your honey honey babe baby don't you build no walling wall to keep me away from you but if that's what you're gonna do my heart will become a country filled with people pledging allegiance to my blues and it might sound kinda funny but I just want your honey honey babe baby don't you hear my Russell Crowe? He's crowing out for you hoping you open your hen house soon I don't need to win no Oscar to know that I get lost within your groove and the eggs you lay are runny so I just want your honey honey babe -- I don't wanna go to bed don't wana fill my head with another flock of sheep cuz sleep is just another thing like cubicles and keys keeping me away from you and dream time is the time when my mind has got a mind of its own I might be naked at school or falling off the capitol dome oh but if the world was right then every single night I'd make my mind dream of you you you you such a wonderful view when I'm looking at you but what can I do if the view fades away when I snooze? repeat first verse dream time is the time when my mind has got a mind of its own I might be running from snakes or thinking I'm awake and making some toast oh but if the world was right then every single night I'd make my mind dream of you -- Go ahead take the pots and then pans I guess you're gonna need them cooking dinner for another man or maybe you'll end up with someone who can take you out to dinner with the bread that he's won from his respectable job as an orthopedic surgeon or a corporate attorney for Charles Schwab and he'll be ready to plant his seed have two and a half children and give them what they need like influenza shots and designer jeans and everywhere I see stupid kids who laugh and think that love is free they still believe that kisses and coincidence are all it takes to be meant to be I'm not surprised that you're leaving again I guess you gotta walk out when your lover won't let you in but when you leave take the decorative clocks and put them in a box called Crap that we Bought that Didn't Really Want but when you gotta fill a day it's either hit the Crate and Barrel or the bottle again surrounded by lovers mothers and friends and domestic partners helping them all shop for bookends and then somewhere in aisle three I see the freckled girl who stopped the world when she smiled at me and if she looks deep behind the lies and bloodshot eyes there's still at chance she'll she the stupid kid in me now we run around like forgotten clowns who smile when they scream that the boulevard of broken dreams was paved by you and me and someday you'll find someone who will want you for what you need love and attention and dishes and pensions and mentions of God when you sneeze and don't look back at me when you go don't mind me while I bleed don't give me the chance to wonder if the end of you and me was really meant to be -- It's good to be young and lonely it's good to be loved and hungry so when you go half crazy you'll know how the other half lives there aren't any winners without any losers no one's a genius if no one's a fool and if everyone was pretty we'd all look quite plain if no one was crazy we wouldn't know if we're sane (chorus) nobody would be happy if all there was was happy happy can't be happy on its own the troubles and the tears are the bubbles in the beer and you can't see the water when the water is clear (chorus) now a lot of folks will tell you that you're on the wrong side and for three easy payments you can get a better life but don't waste your time on fixing the blame cuz we'll all have the same score at the end of the game (chorus) and remind the man who's laughing last that all who fail will someday pass and it's hard to be when you're not meant to be -- I was getting ready to go to dinner putting makeup on my face standing half naked by the TV set hoping he'd look my way then his eyes finally landed on me as he got up to get a beer he glanced at my reflection like it was taking up his mirror then he told me that desire is not an act of will it's not a drink we pour ourselves it's water that we spill so it's not his fault that he didn't love me it's not something he could plan because Cupid is just a baby with a weapon in his hand later on that evening putting makeup back on my face when slowly something in me broke apart and something darker took its place and when he sent me back to the kitchen to fetch him up another beer I said this shit is gonna do him in anyway I'll just help it skip a couple years now I don't think that anger can be an act of will sometimes when all the tears are gone you need something else to spill so if I told you that I couldn't help it would it help you to understand why he's sleeping like a baby with a bottle in his hand when it was time for my confession and the warden let the preacher in I said "father I've got a question before you ask about my sin: why did God give us all such broken feet when he put us in the human race? Did he pull us from the jungle just to be a laugh line on his face? I don't believe that true believing can be an act of will it's water that washes over us not a fortress that we build and the priest said "Molly you must not question this it's not for us to understand." Then he smiled just like a baby with a Bible in his hand -- The reflection of a rose in a stained glass window the smell of an apple pie to a tired baker's nose a woman's sigh in a tabernacle choir a moon in a daytime sky now a middle age middle child isn't easy for a woman to be and when I took you to the altar I know you heard me falter when I said you're the child for me but maybe I became your darkness so your beauty wouldn't have to hide like a moon in a daytime sky the first sip of a vintage wine after a hundred sips of moonshine the satin in the tossed off sheets of a sleepless night a funeral pyre in a five alarm fire a moon in a daytime sky when I was just a snout nosed child I would have laughed if you said to me that in twenty something years I'd look into a mirror and the man looking back at me would be a sucker full of barstool brilliance waiting for a cloudless night like a moon in a daytime sky