07/27/2022

[Transferred lyrics over from addendum…]

Daddy’s off in LaLa land

drawing up a five year plan

Streisand

The Strand

Ain’t life grand

 must admit I miss a bit, how it used to be  
so I wrote this song trying to conjour up some of that old feeling.  
  
you came at me with your carat, cut and clarity  
your true colors came later, just in time for me to learn I hated you.  
and now the foot my foot was in another shoe  
and there was nothing left for me to do  
so I beat the street, moving through the past, unhinged on my feet  
rolling out towards high heaven  
basking in the sun with a belly full of unleaven.  
You got me so I can't tell,  
is this hole just a dry hole,

or was it once really just a well?06/24/22 | 0 | 06/24/22

^  
Wall climb up towards the sublime  
cold clocking all these transparent enemies  
surrounded by family  
ground down by the hounds of my inefficiencies  
need some release, some ocean breeze  
travel to Belize where a Garifuna man in a beach van  
takes you to his place for good potatoes.06/24/22 | 0 | 06/24/22

^  
Omlettes in the afternoon  
cigarettes in the nick of time  
all of us just lounging around  
except for Johnny cussing out the pinball  
loud and lonely in his bully corner06/24/22 | 0 | 06/24/22

^  
Many lonely years  
our tears a river from twin cataracts  
antisocial media, forgot how to act  
slowly murdering our livers  
nothing but poison darts  
left in our lover's quiver  
We walked the dry banks  
of the Bund in the smog  
I said I was leaving you  
you asked for how long  
the 21st century took a bullet train east  
Gideon descended in the morning to inspect his golden fleece.06/24/22 | 0 | 06/24/22

^ I'm gonna line up my wishes in the wind  
and send them off one by one to all my distant friends.11/30/21 | 0 | 11/30/21

^ I know my effort makes you tired  
I know my effort makes me a liar11/30/21 | 0 | 11/30/21

^ Watching moving pictures of a world gone mad  
all those sliding doors, all those days feeling sad.11/29/21 | 0 | 11/29/21

^ Memory can make a believer  
Disturbing crimes on my mind sometime  
Canada can't stand the deceiver  
Whiling his decades in the pines  
  
Nostalgia and pathogens surge through the crowds at Sturgis  
Bridges burn and the tides go in and the tides go out  
siding striped of all its paint looks awfully naked  
and the elderly so seldom twist and shout.  
  
memory can be a deceiver  
nostalgia can stagnate  
get your mind stuck in the muck  
But if the baby chases out the bath water  
then we might just all end up equally fucked.  
better batton down the hatches for a brawl  
better skip off away, back down the hall.  
Better hurry in our inventory's getting slim  
everybody needs one-- for her, for him  
Try not to panic  
we'll need them in a minute  
we'll be sure to win the real men again  
just as soon as they are all lined up along the wall.11/29/21 | 0 | 11/29/21