



The Lines of our Skin.

How do I know when all is well.

If it's not I know you will know.

You don't ask and I don't need to tell you.

We need both parts in order to begin.

To watch and feel them grow between us like skin.

The bridge is built now, the journey just begins.

It's no good asking you, it's no good asking me
we know what the answer will be.

You've got to believe in these things.

It's written in the lines of our skin.

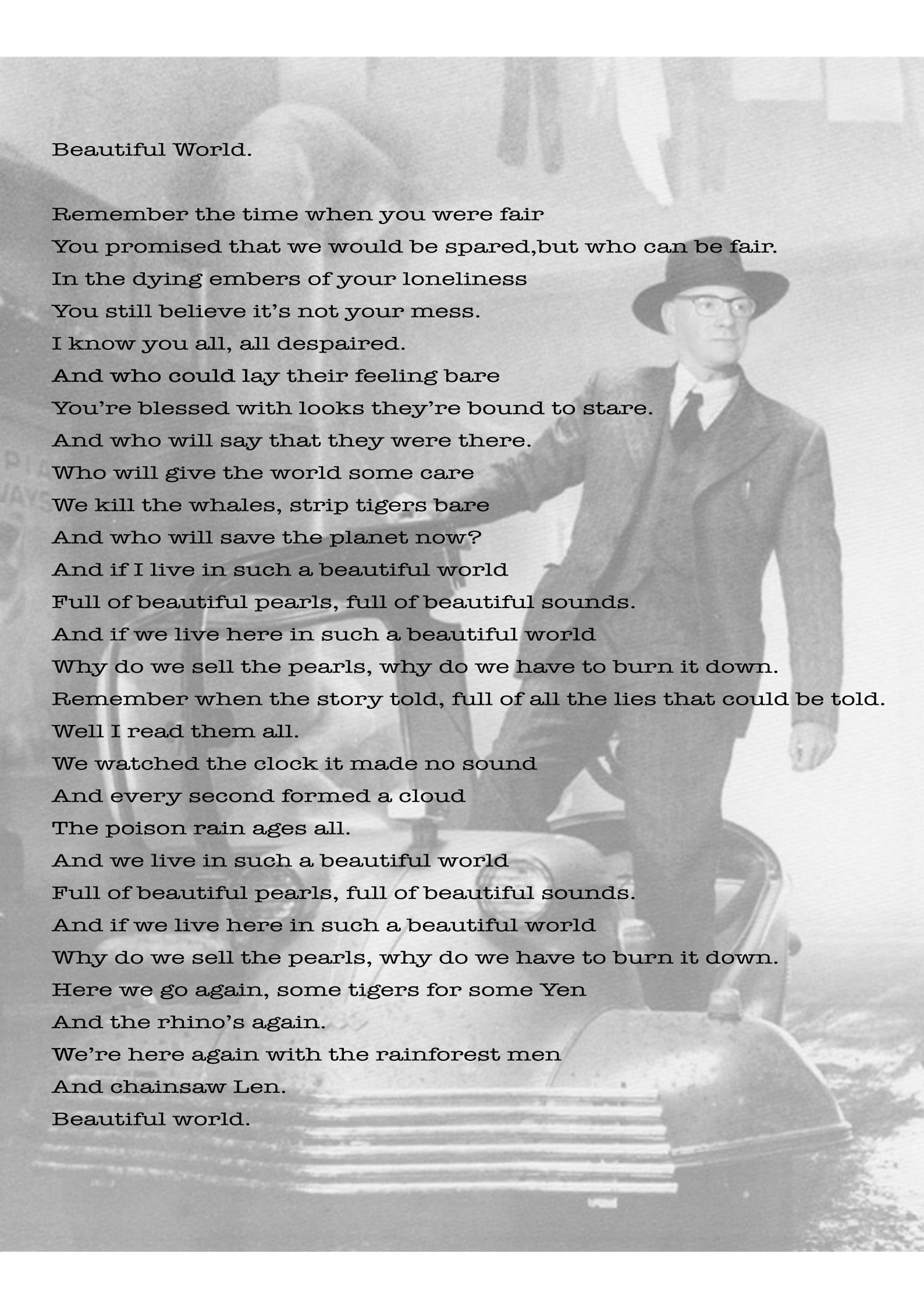
How can you just look and see right through.

How do I know everything you do
before you even notice that I do.

It's no good asking you, it's no good asking me
we both know what we see.

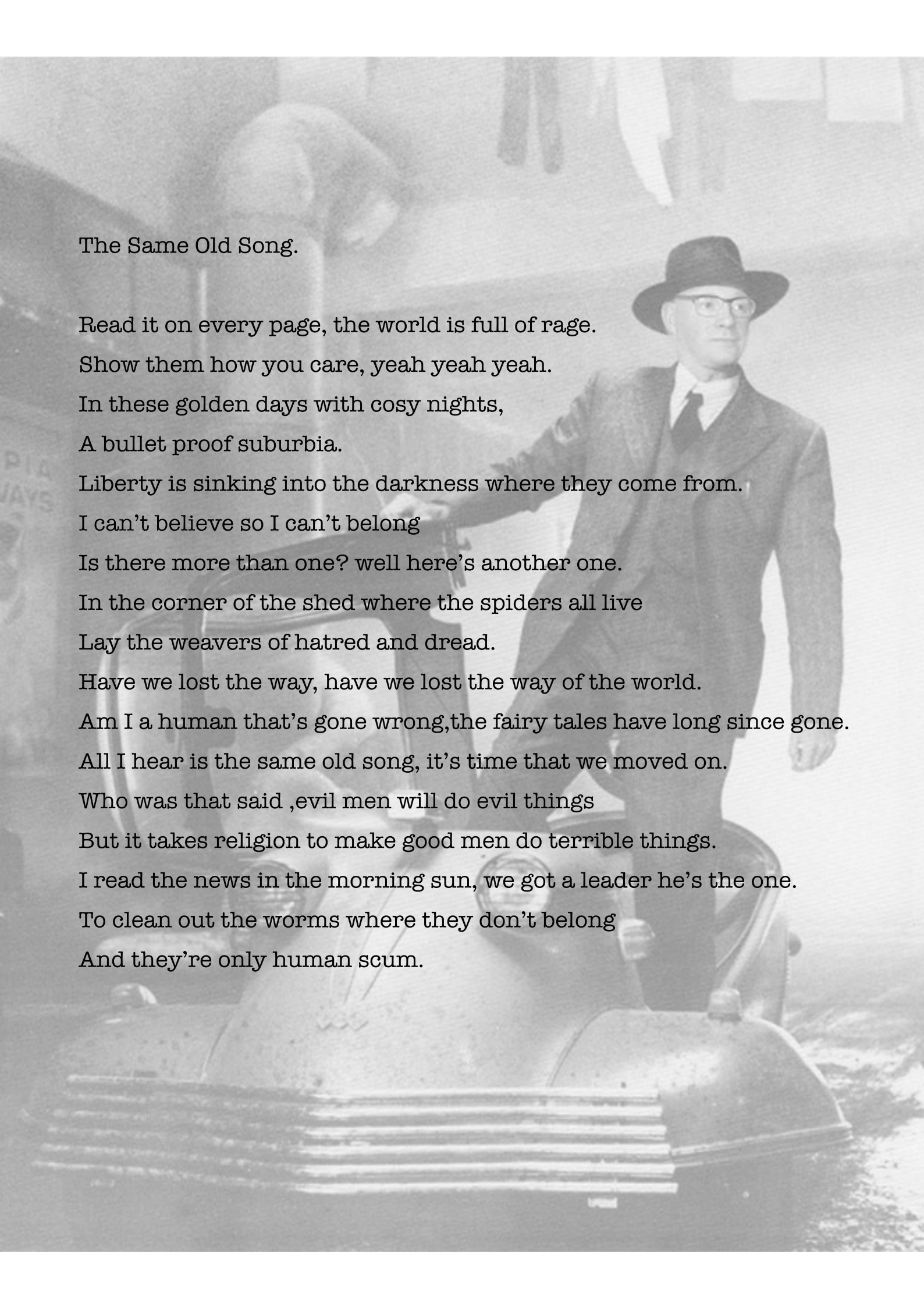
You've got to believe in these things.

It's written in the lines of our skin.

A black and white photograph of a man in a suit and hat standing on a vintage car, with a rhinoceros in the background.

Beautiful World.

Remember the time when you were fair
You promised that we would be spared, but who can be fair.
In the dying embers of your loneliness
You still believe it's not your mess.
I know you all, all despaired.
And who could lay their feeling bare
You're blessed with looks they're bound to stare.
And who will say that they were there.
Who will give the world some care
We kill the whales, strip tigers bare
And who will save the planet now?
And if I live in such a beautiful world
Full of beautiful pearls, full of beautiful sounds.
And if we live here in such a beautiful world
Why do we sell the pearls, why do we have to burn it down.
Remember when the story told, full of all the lies that could be told.
Well I read them all.
We watched the clock it made no sound
And every second formed a cloud
The poison rain ages all.
And we live in such a beautiful world
Full of beautiful pearls, full of beautiful sounds.
And if we live here in such a beautiful world
Why do we sell the pearls, why do we have to burn it down.
Here we go again, some tigers for some Yen
And the rhino's again.
We're here again with the rainforest men
And chainsaw Len.
Beautiful world.



The Same Old Song.

Read it on every page, the world is full of rage.

Show them how you care, yeah yeah yeah.

In these golden days with cosy nights,

A bullet proof suburbia.

Liberty is sinking into the darkness where they come from.

I can't believe so I can't belong

Is there more than one? well here's another one.

In the corner of the shed where the spiders all live

Lay the weavers of hatred and dread.

Have we lost the way, have we lost the way of the world.

Am I a human that's gone wrong, the fairy tales have long since gone.

All I hear is the same old song, it's time that we moved on.

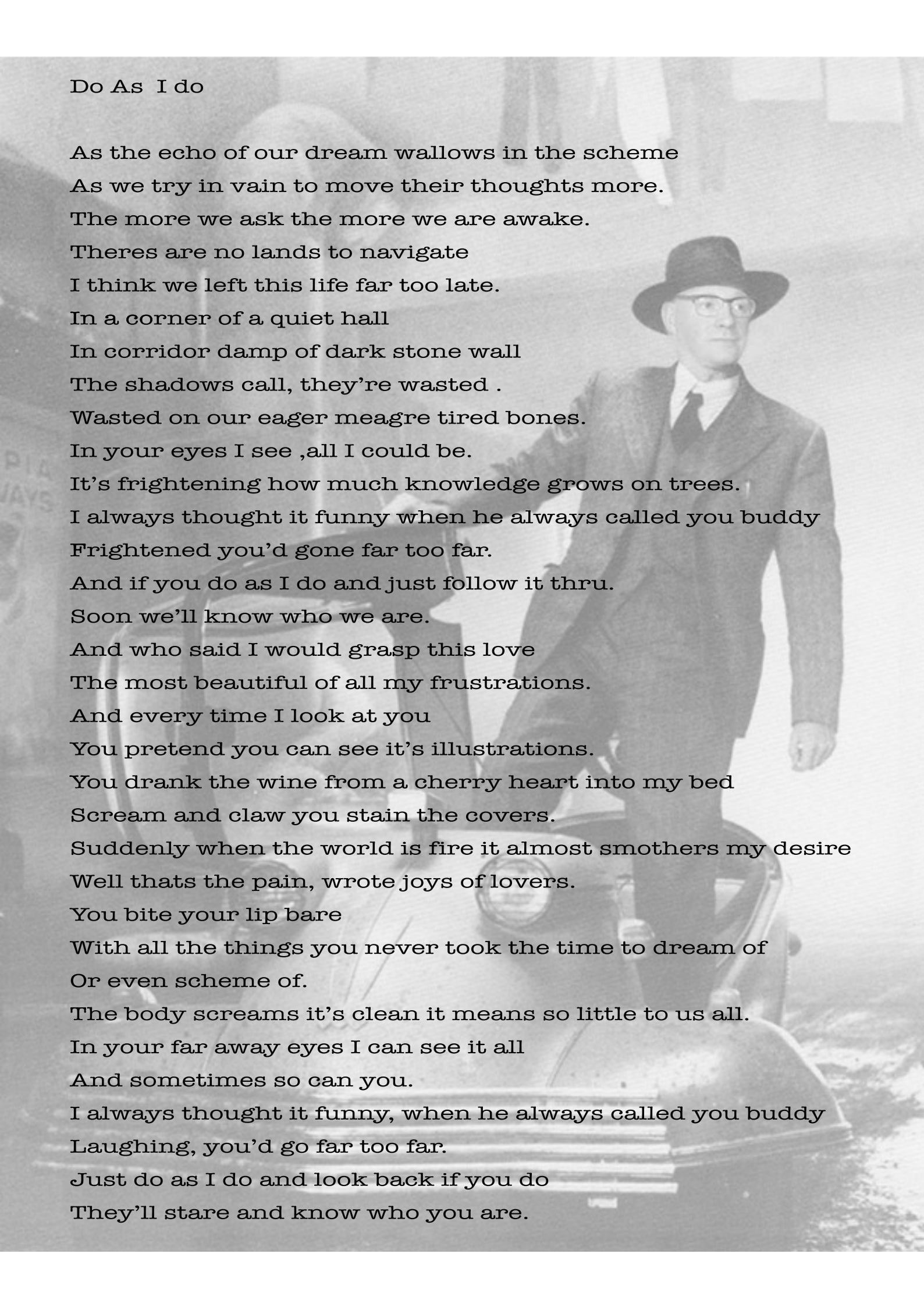
Who was that said, evil men will do evil things

But it takes religion to make good men do terrible things.

I read the news in the morning sun, we got a leader he's the one.

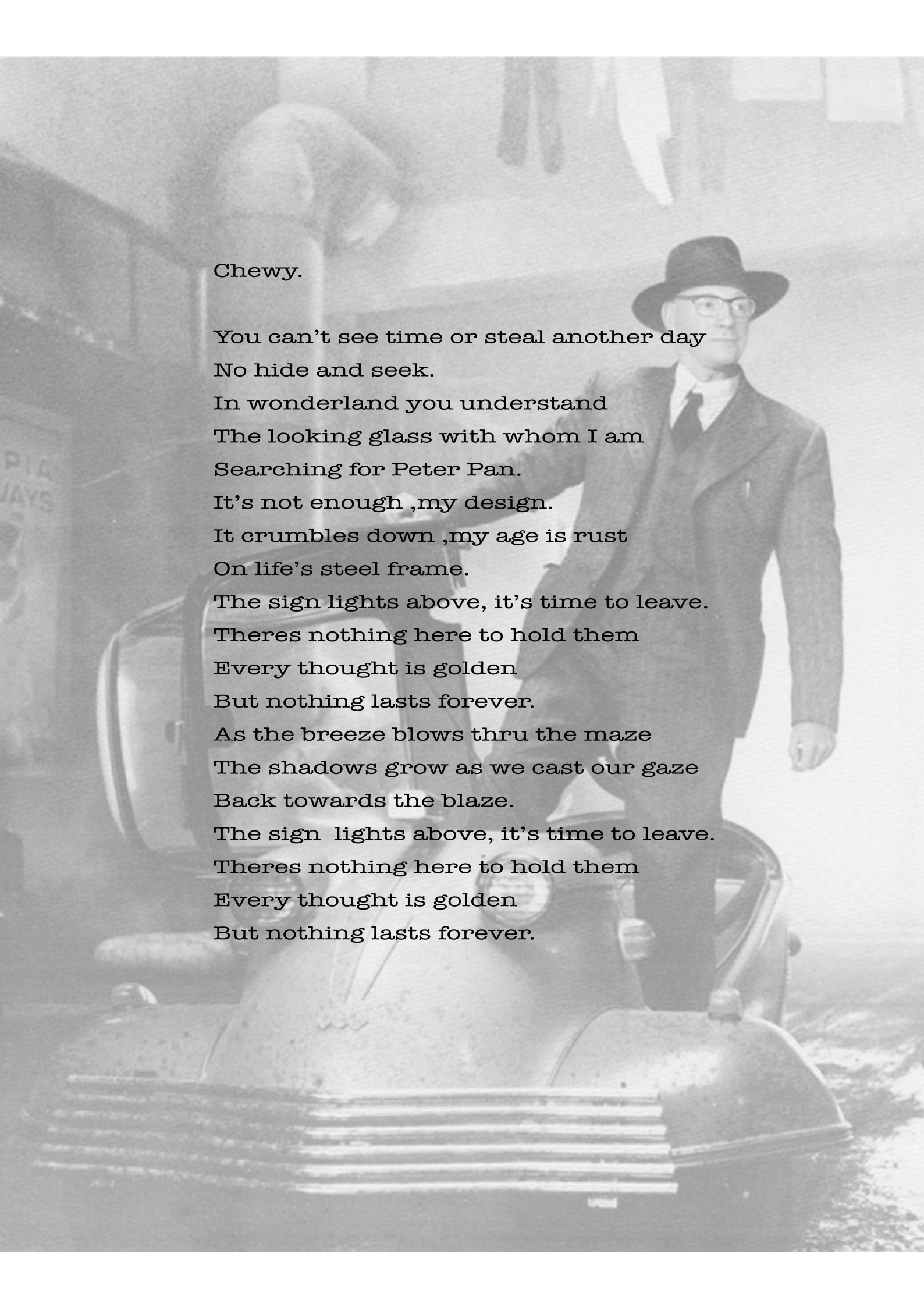
To clean out the worms where they don't belong

And they're only human scum.

A black and white photograph of a man in a dark suit, white shirt, dark tie, and a dark fedora hat. He is wearing glasses and is standing on the hood of a vintage car. The background is a blurred outdoor setting with trees and a building.

Do As I do

As the echo of our dream wallows in the scheme
As we try in vain to move their thoughts more.
The more we ask the more we are awake.
Theres are no lands to navigate
I think we left this life far too late.
In a corner of a quiet hall
In corridor damp of dark stone wall
The shadows call, they're wasted .
Wasted on our eager meagre tired bones.
In your eyes I see ,all I could be.
It's frightening how much knowledge grows on trees.
I always thought it funny when he always called you buddy
Frightened you'd gone far too far.
And if you do as I do and just follow it thru.
Soon we'll know who we are.
And who said I would grasp this love
The most beautiful of all my frustrations.
And every time I look at you
You pretend you can see it's illustrations.
You drank the wine from a cherry heart into my bed
Scream and claw you stain the covers.
Suddenly when the world is fire it almost smothers my desire
Well thats the pain, wrote joys of lovers.
You bite your lip bare
With all the things you never took the time to dream of
Or even scheme of.
The body screams it's clean it means so little to us all.
In your far away eyes I can see it all
And sometimes so can you.
I always thought it funny, when he always called you buddy
Laughing, you'd go far too far.
Just do as I do and look back if you do
They'll stare and know who you are.



Chewy.

You can't see time or steal another day

No hide and seek.

In wonderland you understand

The looking glass with whom I am

Searching for Peter Pan.

It's not enough ,my design.

It crumbles down ,my age is rust

On life's steel frame.

The sign lights above, it's time to leave.

Theres nothing here to hold them

Every thought is golden

But nothing lasts forever.

As the breeze blows thru the maze

The shadows grow as we cast our gaze

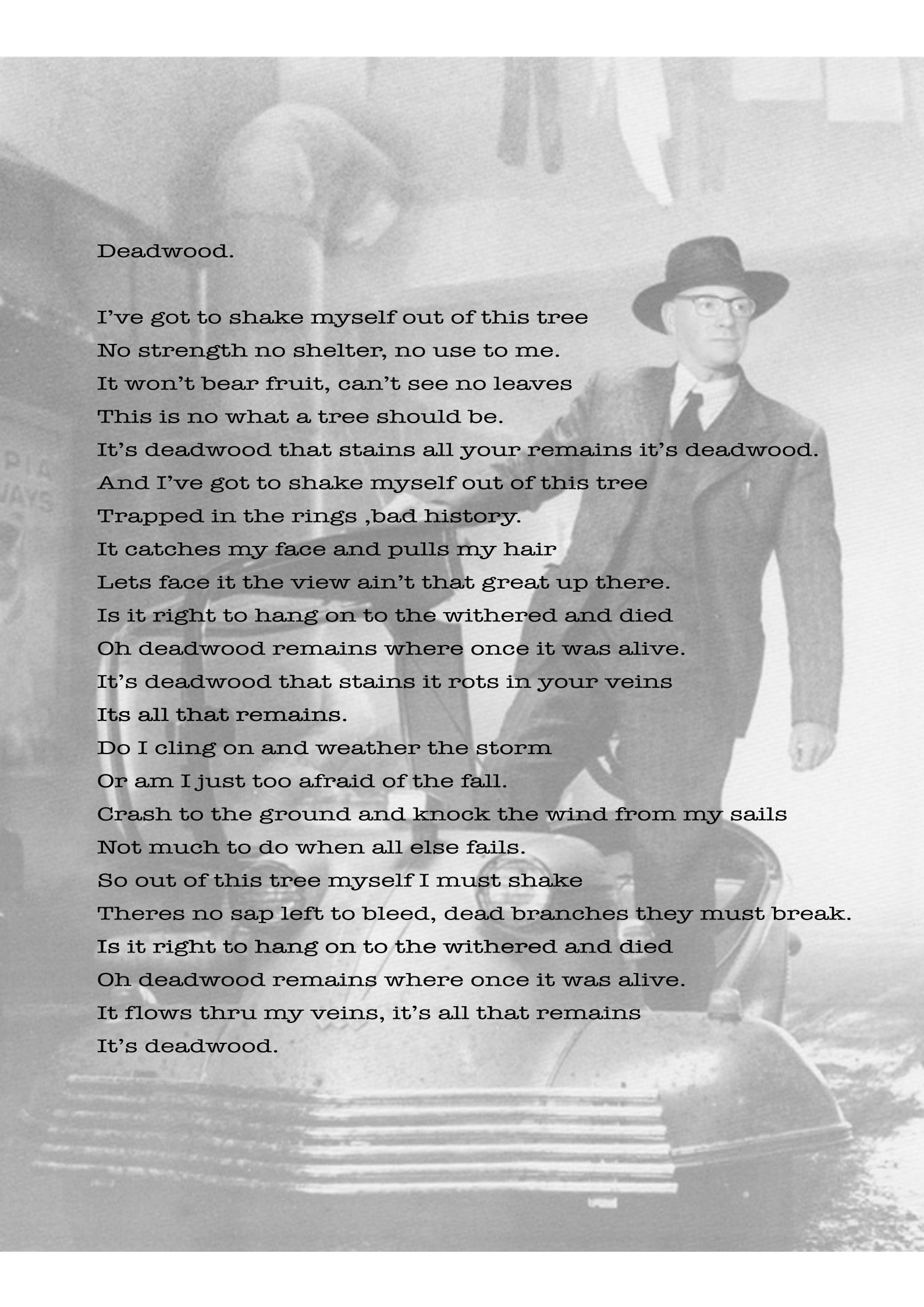
Back towards the blaze.

The sign lights above, it's time to leave.

Theres nothing here to hold them

Every thought is golden

But nothing lasts forever.

A black and white photograph of a man in a suit and hat standing on a car, with a woman in the background.

Deadwood.

I've got to shake myself out of this tree

No strength no shelter, no use to me.

It won't bear fruit, can't see no leaves

This is no what a tree should be.

It's deadwood that stains all your remains it's deadwood.

And I've got to shake myself out of this tree

Trapped in the rings ,bad history.

It catches my face and pulls my hair

Lets face it the view ain't that great up there.

Is it right to hang on to the withered and died

Oh deadwood remains where once it was alive.

It's deadwood that stains it rots in your veins

Its all that remains.

Do I cling on and weather the storm

Or am I just too afraid of the fall.

Crash to the ground and knock the wind from my sails

Not much to do when all else fails.

So out of this tree myself I must shake

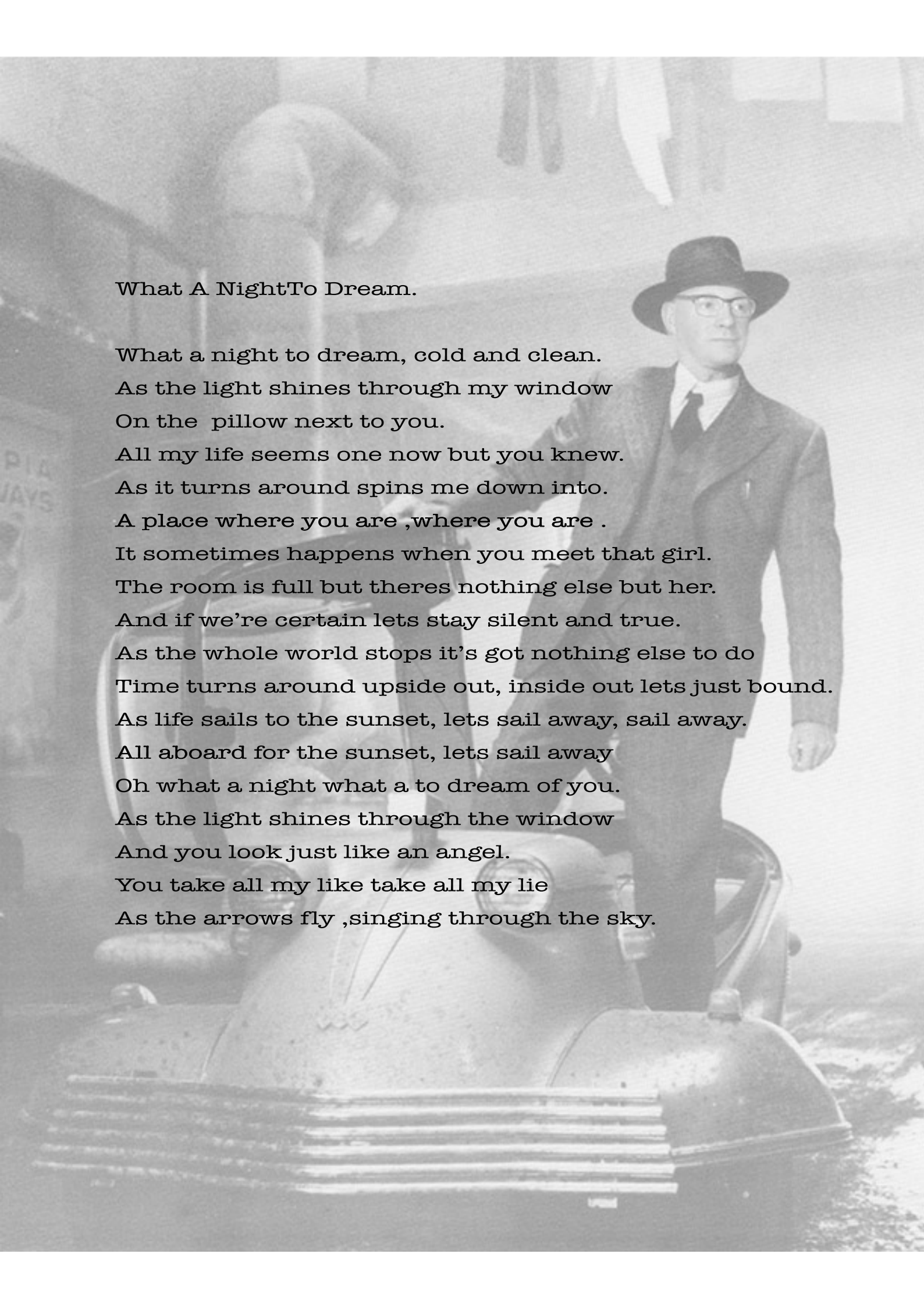
Theres no sap left to bleed, dead branches they must break.

Is it right to hang on to the withered and died

Oh deadwood remains where once it was alive.

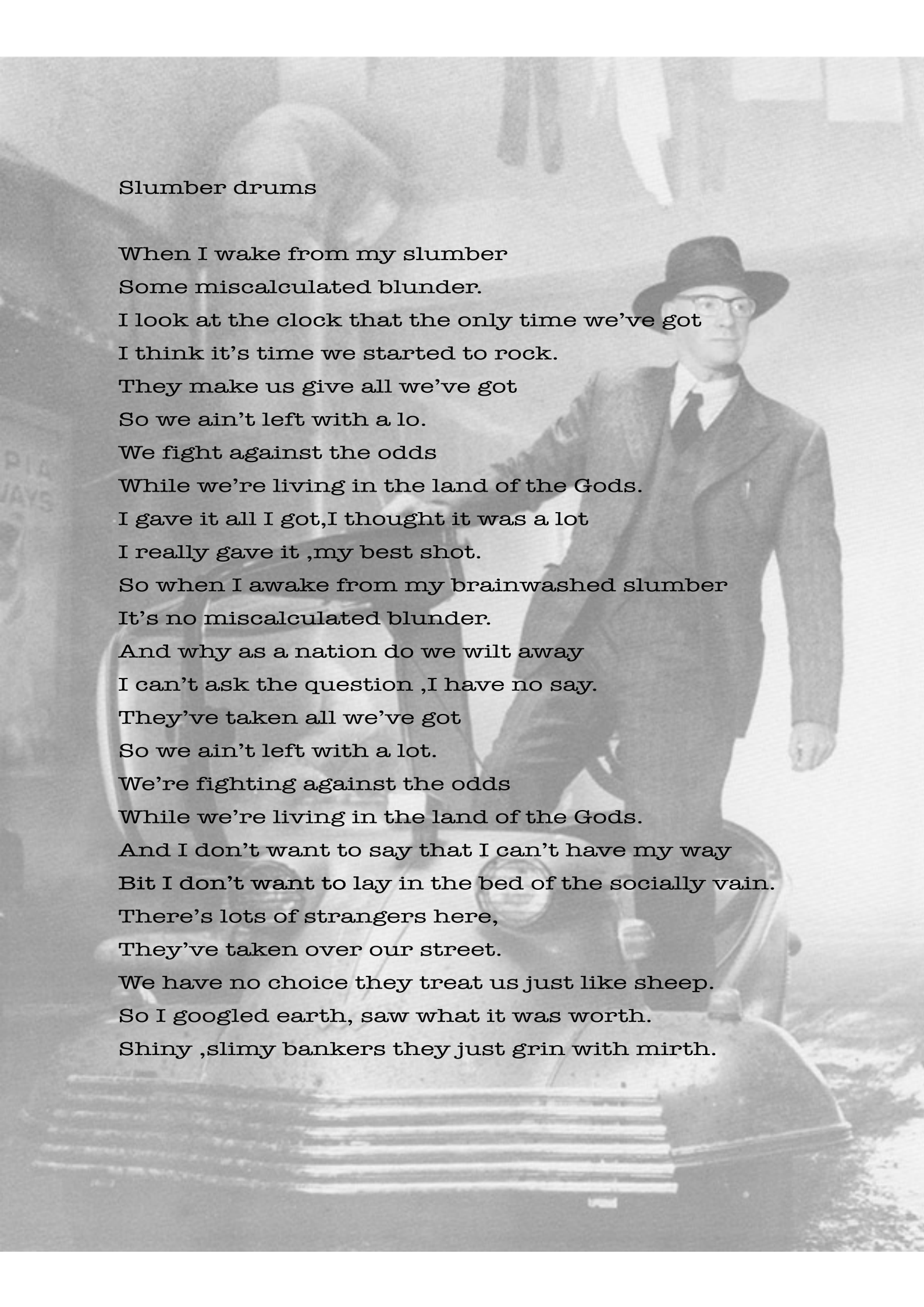
It flows thru my veins, it's all that remains

It's deadwood.

A black and white photograph of a man in a suit and hat standing next to a vintage car. In the background, a woman is visible, and there are some signs on a wall, including one that says "PIA" and another that says "WAYS".

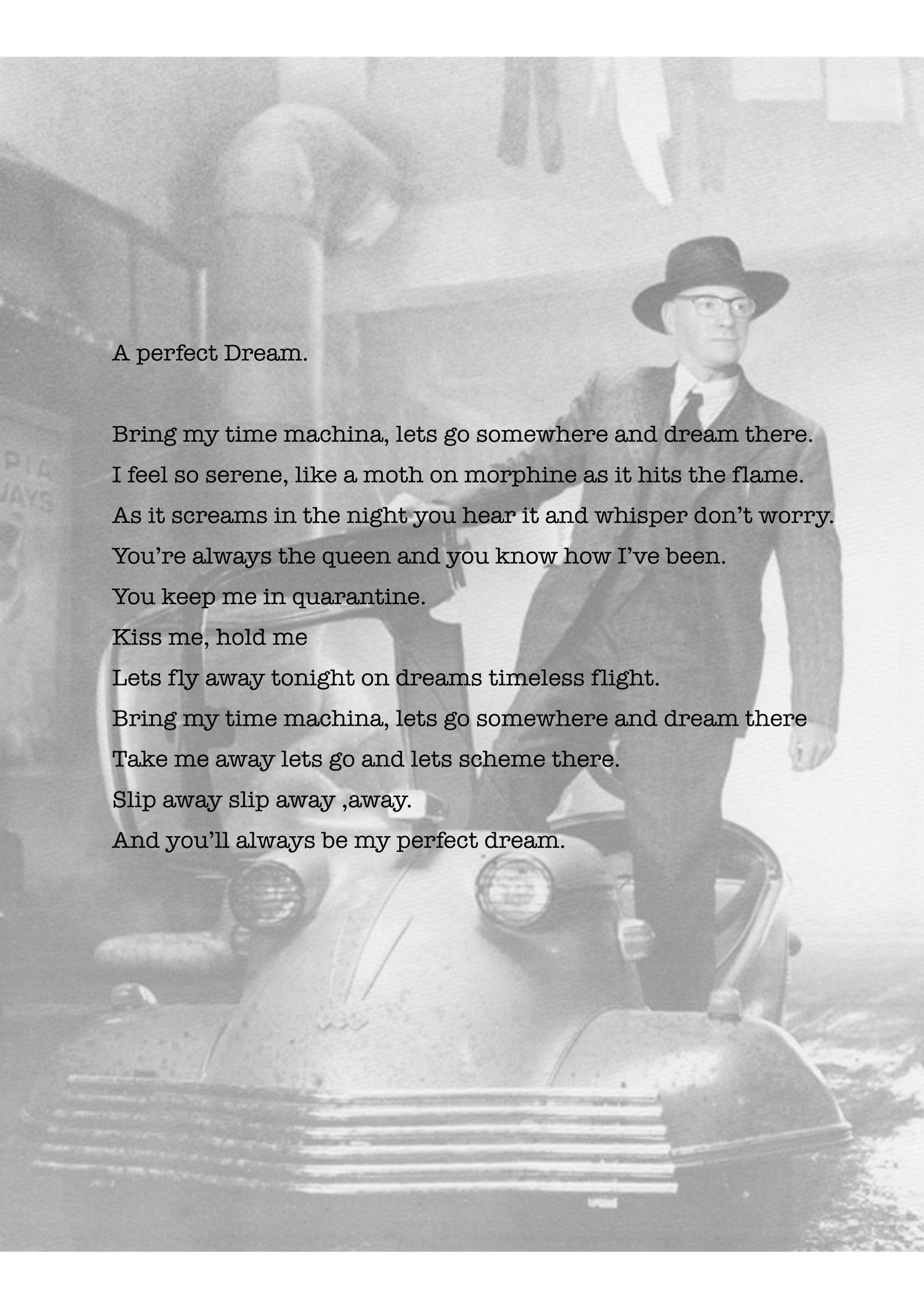
What A Night To Dream.

What a night to dream, cold and clean.
As the light shines through my window
On the pillow next to you.
All my life seems one now but you knew.
As it turns around spins me down into.
A place where you are ,where you are .
It sometimes happens when you meet that girl.
The room is full but theres nothing else but her.
And if we're certain lets stay silent and true.
As the whole world stops it's got nothing else to do
Time turns around upside out, inside out lets just bound.
As life sails to the sunset, lets sail away, sail away.
All aboard for the sunset, lets sail away
Oh what a night what a to dream of you.
As the light shines through the window
And you look just like an angel.
You take all my like take all my lie
As the arrows fly ,singing through the sky.

A black and white photograph of a man in a suit and hat standing on a car, with a woman in the background.

Slumber drums

When I wake from my slumber
Some miscalculated blunder.
I look at the clock that the only time we've got
I think it's time we started to rock.
They make us give all we've got
So we ain't left with a lo.
We fight against the odds
While we're living in the land of the Gods.
I gave it all I got, I thought it was a lot
I really gave it, my best shot.
So when I awake from my brainwashed slumber
It's no miscalculated blunder.
And why as a nation do we wilt away
I can't ask the question, I have no say.
They've taken all we've got
So we ain't left with a lot.
We're fighting against the odds
While we're living in the land of the Gods.
And I don't want to say that I can't have my way
Bit I don't want to lay in the bed of the socially vain.
There's lots of strangers here,
They've taken over our street.
We have no choice they treat us just like sheep.
So I googled earth, saw what it was worth.
Shiny, slimy bankers they just grin with mirth.



A perfect Dream.

Bring my time machina, lets go somewhere and dream there.
I feel so serene, like a moth on morphine as it hits the flame.
As it screams in the night you hear it and whisper don't worry.
You're always the queen and you know how I've been.

You keep me in quarantine.

Kiss me, hold me

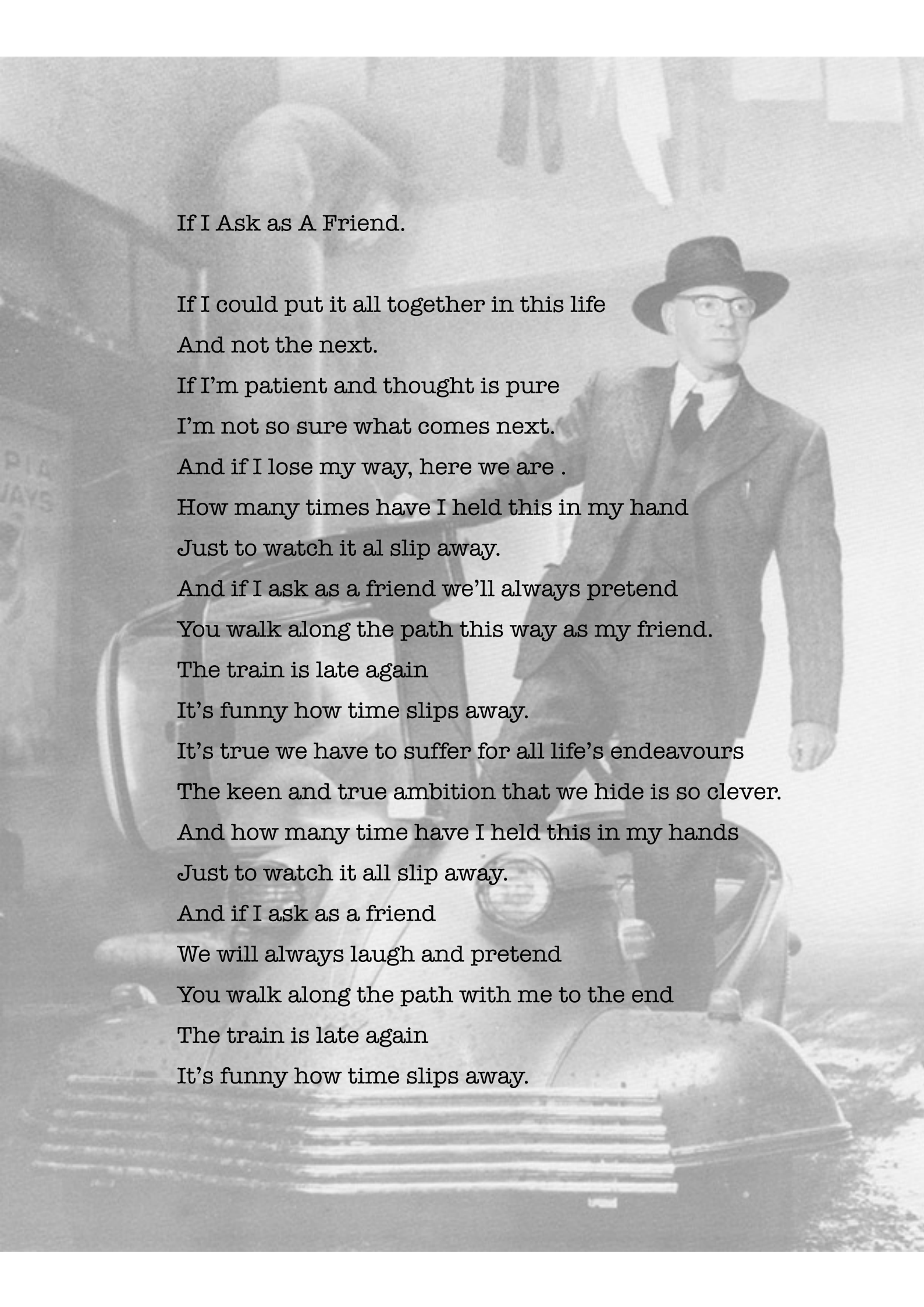
Lets fly away tonight on dreams timeless flight.

Bring my time machina, lets go somewhere and dream there

Take me away lets go and lets scheme there.

Slip away slip away ,away.

And you'll always be my perfect dream.



If I Ask as A Friend.

If I could put it all together in this life
And not the next.

If I'm patient and thought is pure
I'm not so sure what comes next.

And if I lose my way, here we are .

How many times have I held this in my hand
Just to watch it al slip away.

And if I ask as a friend we'll always pretend
You walk along the path this way as my friend.

The train is late again

It's funny how time slips away.

It's true we have to suffer for all life's endeavours
The keen and true ambition that we hide is so clever.

And how many time have I held this in my hands
Just to watch it all slip away.

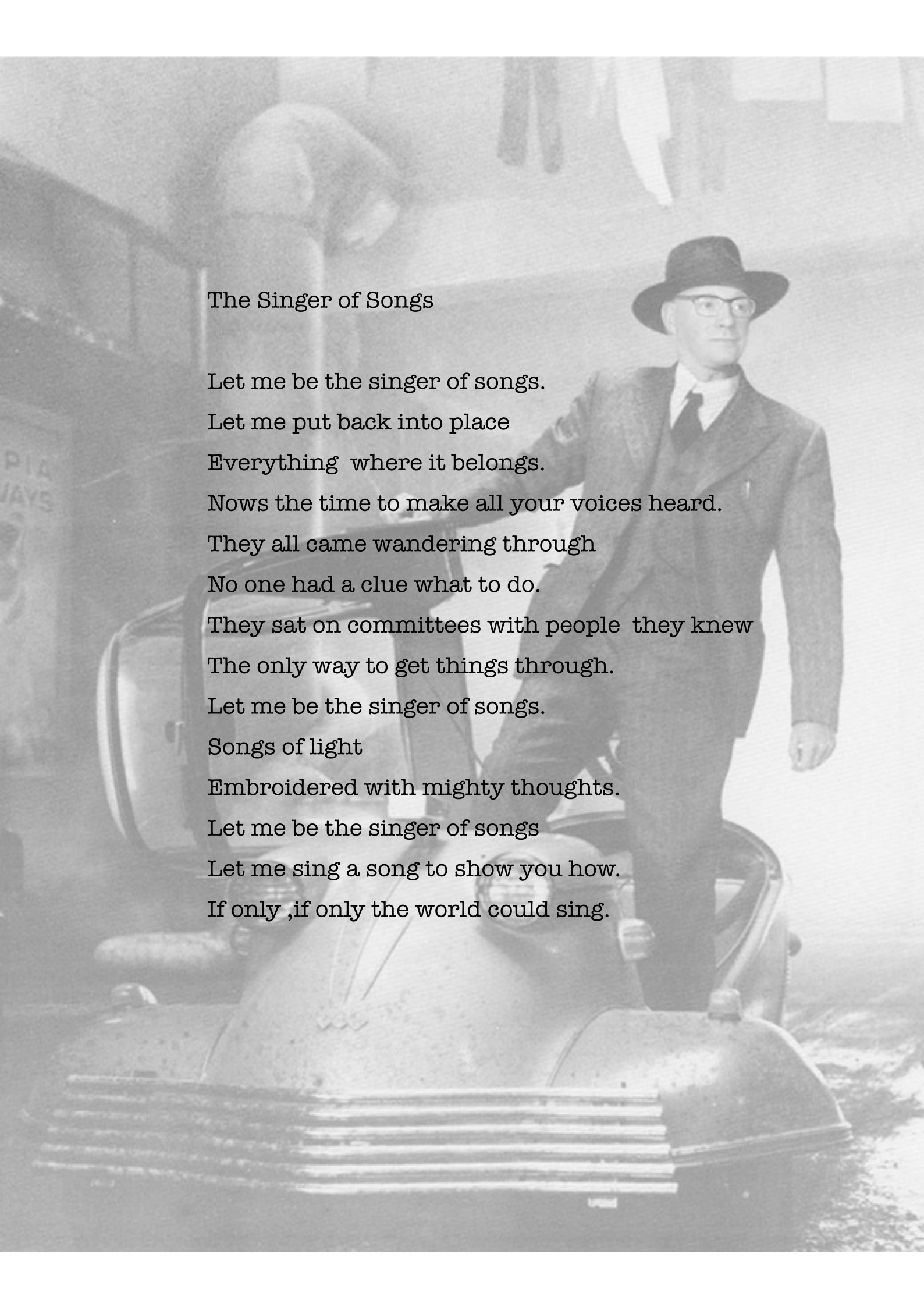
And if I ask as a friend

We will always laugh and pretend

You walk along the path with me to the end

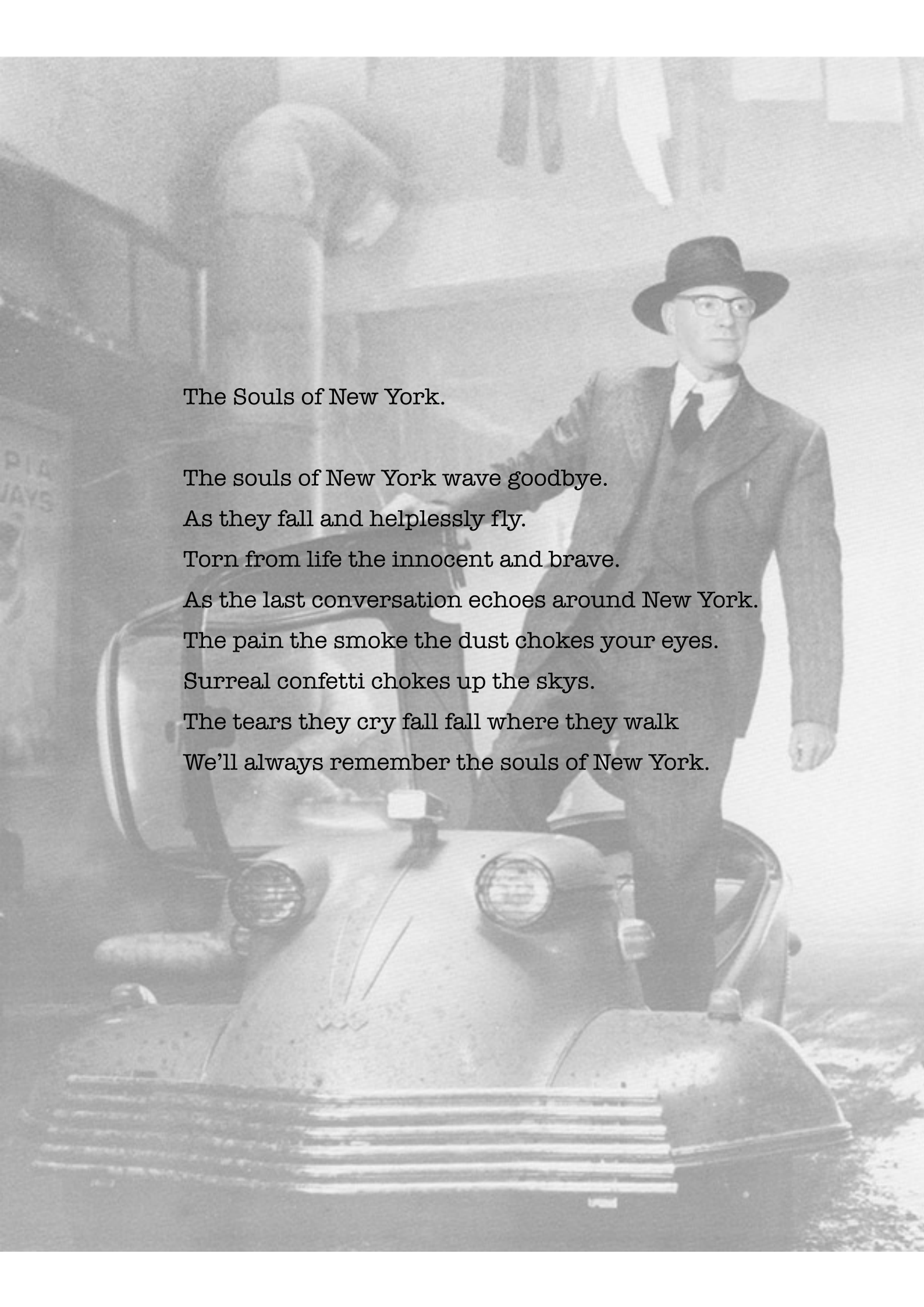
The train is late again

It's funny how time slips away.



The Singer of Songs

Let me be the singer of songs.
Let me put back into place
Everything where it belongs.
Now's the time to make all your voices heard.
They all came wandering through
No one had a clue what to do.
They sat on committees with people they knew
The only way to get things through.
Let me be the singer of songs.
Songs of light
Embroidered with mighty thoughts.
Let me be the singer of songs
Let me sing a song to show you how.
If only ,if only the world could sing.



The Souls of New York.

The souls of New York wave goodbye.

As they fall and helplessly fly.

Torn from life the innocent and brave.

As the last conversation echoes around New York.

The pain the smoke the dust chokes your eyes.

Surreal confetti chokes up the skys.

The tears they cry fall fall where they walk

We'll always remember the souls of New York.