

THE UNKNOWNABLE NEXT
a book of would be lyrics



by SHEILA K CAMERON

INTRODUCTION

The words in this book were also recorded on a double CD

They consist of some of the thoughts and ideas which I chose to write down at the time they occurred. They were written in lines and rhymes because, it became a habit to do so when I developed an interest in writing my own songs.

Only a few of the words have been changed from the time they were written down. I know from experience that once the process of making changes begins it can be hard to stop. And there is usually a risk that the final text is unrelated to the originally expressed thoughts and ideas.

Several years have gone by since the words were recorded and I was unable to locate an exact copy of the text which was used at the time. As a consequence, some of the words which can be heard on the CDs differ from those which can be read on the printed page. Also as a consequence of some rushed editing there are several doublers.

The most obvious remedy was to remove them and this could have been easily achieved with the written words but there was no easy way of making changes to the already published CDs. I am opting instead to explain and apologize for any confusion.

The track lists from the CDs are being used for the indices in the book. And, of possible interest to a prospective listener if not a reader, the playing times of the recordings have been retained.

The recorded words are on two CDs: DISC ONE and DISC TWO and the printed words are in two parts PART ONE and PART TWO.

Both the written and the recorded word are presented in nine sections.

DISC ONE: PART ONE

- 1.The Inescapable Road
- 2.Heartbreak Land and Thereabouts
- 3.On the Road to Sundrie
4. The Bay and Beyond
5. Out There Somewhere

DISC TWO: PART TWO

1. If it Had Not Been So Dark
2. So Said the Sap
3. Clown in a Pram
4. The Unknowable Next

There is a separate concluding track entitled Some Last Days of Fun

A selection of the recorded words can be heard on Bandcamp at <https://sheilakcameron.bandcamp.com/album/the-unknowable-select>

PART ONE

THE INESCAPABLE ROAD

- 1.SHELTERED FROM THE KNOCKS 01:35
2. I LIKE THE DARK GREEN TREES 01:01
- 3.OUTSIDE IN THE RAIN 01:21
- 4.SHEEP AND LAMBS 00:31
- 5.MEN ARE MANIACS 01:04
- 6.DONE AND DUSTED 00:52
- 7.SILLOTH AND BEYOND 00:41
- 8.A LITTLE BIT OF SUNSHINE 01:00
- 9.GETTING FITTED IN 00:55
- 10.I'VE GOT A SONG FOR K.D.LANG 01:21
- 11.THE PALE DOG 01:06
- 12.A TICKETLESS LIFE 00:57
- 13.A FRIEND IN THE GARDEN 00:53
- 14.A ROUND OF CLAPPIES 00:49
15. ANXIETY REIGNS
- 16.SUBSIDIARY CONNECTS 01:06
- 17.NEVER TO PART 00:27
- 18.DUMPED AND DUMPED 01:04
- 19.ON MY OWN ROAD AGAIN 00:56

SHELTERED FROM THE KNOCKS OF LOVE

He played the organ
In the biggest church in town
She told the biggest lies
And didn't care who knew or why

They went to bed
Made passionate love
While the rest of us wore ankle socks
And tried hard to be good

I heard the stories
And as soon as I was able
Learned how to kiss
In the straw of a stable

Those were the aspects
Of love I could accept
Either at a distance
Or close but circumspect

As for love now
I only want it if it's deep
Intense up-close
And as a prelude to sleep

More in keeping with having
A cigarette with coffee
A biscuit with tea
Even dipped in and soggy

I don't want the complications
Of a long term deal
Of trying to discover
If it's false or if it's real

That's not a contradiction
Intense up-close and deep
Remains an aspiration
Providing that it's brief

I want to wake up each morning
As I did when wearing socks
Feeling good about myself
And sheltered from the knocks
Of love

While more stories are heard
More organs are played
More lies are told
More hearts are bared

I want to wake up each morning
As I did when wearing socks
Feeling good about the day ahead
And sheltered from the knocks of love

I LIKE THE DARK GREEN TREES

I like the dark green trees
Against the overcast sky
The bracken and the streams
The grey stone dykes

I love the prospect of rain
The sheltering by a fire
Wood smoked tea
In a billycan getting drier

In a warm Lakeland sun
Feeling it hot on your face
Tying the laces on your boots
Before setting out again

I love the crunch of the stones
On the path beneath your feet
The memory of kisses
In a tent before sleep

I love the smell of a sleeping bag
The sound of the wind
Blowing hard outside
Some even getting in

To the warmth that comes
From being young and strong
Aided by a tilly lamp
And an occasional song

I love the thought of you
As it finds its way through
This landscape of remembered
Places from my youth

OUTSIDE IN THE RAIN

There was a child
Hanging about
Outside your door
It was shuffling around
As if something was sore

But it didn't ever knock
Or ask to come in
It did cry occasionally
And then it got thin

So thin you could hardly
See it in the rain
Then one day it disappeared
And never came back
Again

Now it's gone
Don't be surprised
If you miss it
Being there

Don't be surprised
If it provokes in you
A feeling of despair

Don't be surprised
If you start doubting
Your idea
Of what is fair

Don't be surprised
To discover
That the cupboard
Of your love
Is bare

There's only a space now
Where the child used to be
You think you'll plant some flowers
Or even a tree

But as you stare out of the window
The question will remain
What should be done about a child
Standing outside in the rain

SHEEP AND LAMBS

Sheep
Sheep and lambs

Isn't it enough
That sheep give us wool
Do we have to strip the skin off them
And use them for food

Can't we just leave them
Until the time they're sheared
Growing up in green fields
With only foxes to fear

Are those fears not enough
For anything as sweet
As little white lambs
And big white sheep

MEN ARE MANIACS

Men are maniacs
Women are mad
Children are amazing
Animals are mostly sad

They have to spend so much time
Not getting eaten
Have to spend so much time
Not getting trod on
Have to spend so much time
Hiding in trees
Have to spend so much time
Avoiding getting shot
And left to bleed

Men are mostly maniacs
When they choose to kill
Anything that bleeds
Even people as they kneel

Women are mad
When they don't try to stop them
Tell them they are special
And try not to upset them

Children are amazing
When allowed to be
Amazing
When allowed to be
Children are amazing

Men are maniacs
Women are mad
Children are amazing
Animals are mostly sad

From trying to survive
The killers and their mates
Who've been emptied out of love
And filled up to the gunnels with hate

DONE AND DUSTED

It's done and dusted
It's gone forever
Love came in
As light as a feather

I hardly noticed
The day it landed
It was just so soft
And tender handed

But if it came in light
That's not how it's gone
It left like a rock
Like with your ear to a dinner gong

It left with such a sound
That everyone around
Thought there must have been
An explosion underground

It's reverberating still
Banging on inside my skull
And I expect it to continue
Till I take another pill

I need to take another
Letting go pill
I may even need a bottle
Or two to kill

Those tears of goodbye
Which are too heavy for my eyes
Tears too heavy
For my eyes

SOMEWHERE ALONG THE TRACK

Somewhere along the track
A passenger disappeared
Just left the carriage
And never came back

While the train trundled on
To Silloth and beyond
And the view from the window
Changed from short to long

From close up fields
With rabbits eating grass
To far away hills
Misted over rolling fast

Towards a place

Where the sea and the sand
Got lost in a haze
And the dunes couldn't hold back
The wind and the distaste

Which overtook the reverie
Of the bucket and the spade
And a castle fell to pieces
In the rain

A LITTLE BIT OF SUNSHINE

A little bit of sunshine
A little bit of love
Was all I was hoping for
The day I found the glove

Lying on the pavement
At the corner where the bird
Sometimes called a robin
Was singing as a robin
Should

Or can if it wants
That's the thing about birds
Do they have much choice about
Whether they get heard

Or do they even care
And if they don't
I'll go with that
Sing when you like
And get fat perhaps

It's as good as laughing
Or that's what I've heard
But laughing isn't quite
As easy for a bird

A little of sunshine
A little bit of true
Was all I was hoping for
The day I found you

Standing on the pavement
At the corner where the tree
With the pink and white blossom
Blows around in the breeze

A breeze that blew you
On that very same day
Into my arms where you have
Ever since stayed

GETTING FITTED IN

Getting fitted in
That's the latest sin
As far as I'm concerned
I don't want to be returned

To the days
When the chosen
Was never me
I want to regain
Some dignity

To walk like I feel
I'm not too bad
To talk like I'm free
Of being too sad

To fly for a while
If only in my mind
To lie down to sleep
Empty of the kind

Of thoughts that wake you up
Throughout the night

Getting fitted up
That's what love can do
It can fit you up
Till you're unable to move

Unable to see
Unable to breathe
In a too tight garment
Without any sleeves

Getting fitted in
Between the chosen ones
Is a miserable place
For anyone who longs

To feel love full blast
To feel love that might last
Until the cows come home
And even after that

I'VE GOT A SONG FOR K.D. LANG

I've got a song for k.d.lang
Who can sing much better
Than I can

But how to get it through
To where she's at
Is like trying to fit an artist with
A Leonard Cohen hat

On a night when the world
Feels far too cold
And an artist fears
They could lose their soul

On the subject of souls
And on the subject of songs
Some songs have one
And some have none

Some songs can spread out
From a singer's core
And even bring solace to the
Listener's shore

Some songs can make you just
Want to close your eyes
And sigh until the fire of life
Has come alive – again

I've got a song for k.d.lang
Who can sing much better
Than I can

THE PALE DOG

The door was blue
The garden was
Strewn
With debris and dirt
The bell didn't work

The red car
Passed by
A woman in black
Looked out
At the door
Before turning
Her back

On the scene

For this was
The place
She had
Needed to be
For a long time

This was
The place
She had
Needed to be

But as grasping
Or holding
On fast to
The moment
Might risk its demise

She sped speedily by
Intent on returning
At some other time

When she made
Her return
The door was
Ajar
A pale dog
Leapt out
And licked
An old scar

Which healed it
Forever
And let her
With ease
Cross over
The threshold
And toss away
Fear

For this was the start
Of a new sort of life
With songs in the head
And feet in the light
Adventurous places
Where thoughts rule the waves
And images race
To kiss words on their face

A TICKETLESS LIFE

When the growing up train came by
I wasn't on the platform
Hadn't reached the station
I was sitting in a pram
In a confusing situation
Unaware I should be pushing
For a different location

When I did get on the train
I couldn't find a seat
The carriages were full
There was nothing left to eat
Other passengers had tickets
For a chosen destination
Whereas I felt overwhelmed
By a sense of isolation

Once you've missed getting on
The growing up train
It doesn't really matter how or why
You'll be uncertain of your station
Your intended destination
For the rest of your ticketless life

It doesn't really matter how or why
Or how many trains you try
You'll be uncertain of your station
Your intended destination
For the rest of your ticketless life

A FRIEND IN THE GARDEN

Lots of sparrows sat
In ones twos and threes
Eating the seeds
Bouncing off the leaves
In the garden

The marguerites were out
Full opened white
Reacting to a hazy sun
And overcast light

For water the sparrows
Had found a gutter
Blocked with debris
From a winter of rain

Through the house doors which were open
Came the sound of a singer
Repeating the same song
Over and over again

The woman who lived there
For the first time in her life
Ignored her hair in the mirror
As she passed it by

To pour a hot cup of tea
For a friend who was sat in the garden
Writing this description
Of the scene

A ROUND OF CLAPPIES

Into the Centre of the Arts I walked
Then walked back out again
For there was nothing I could see
That would have meaning for me

And nothing I had for it
As far as I could see
Nothing to say
Nothing I could do
That would have made any difference
To what they produced

Better to be sitting
In a pavement café
Than singing crap songs
To an audience for clappies

Better to be happy
Crooning in the bath
Than aspiring to be famous
Without the talent to match

Better to be home
In a warm bed at night
Than performing in the dark
Under penetrating lights

Singing old crap songs
To an audience of happies
Selling your soul
For a round of clappies

ANXIETY REIGNS

Anxiety reigns
Never mind the stuff
That comes down
From the sky
It's nothing compared
To the perpetual drip
Of feeling that
Any minute
Something might
Strip your mind
Of anything safe
And sure
Might
Rip away
The layers
The protections
You feel
You've
Carefully built
To keep the beasts
At bay
Might whip you
Off your feet
And send you
Hurtling into space
Like a bit of fluff
In a roaring gale

SUBSIDIARY CONNECTS

Once the central connection
Has been severed
The subsidiary connects
In respect of their effect
Will inevitably be much less

Everyone is looking for
The mother who wasn't
The mother who couldn't
The mother who wouldn't

Everyone's intent
On a reconciliation
In a look
In a word
In a meaningful sensation
In the midst of life's often
Meaningless
Conversation

Without knowing what they're looking for
Or where to find it
Without knowing what it is they seek
Or how to recognise it

While latching onto anything
That in part feels something like it
While sensing something's missing
But failing to define it

Everyone is looking for
The mother who wasn't
The mother who couldn't
The mother who wouldn't

NEVER TO PART

We kissed in a doorway
We drank in a bar
Made love on a table
Smoked a cigar

We rode on a bus
Got off in a park
Kissed again in a rush
Fell into the dark

Of a night of love making
A night of unending
A night of beginning
A night of ascending

We kissed in the morning
We tore us apart
We kissed one more time
And swore never to part

DUMPED AND DUMPED

The place I've arrived at
Wasn't really of my choosing
I can't be sure where it is
The signs are *quite* confusing

There are mountains up ahead
With desert left and right
But with no sight of a place
To take refuge for the night

The car I was in
Was being driven by a stranger
Too engrossed in the ride
I didn't recognise the danger

He professed to be kind
But kind was also blind
To the beauty we might find
If we'd gone a few more miles

There's not much you can do
In such a situation
There's much to be learned
If you survive. Humiliation

Has a tendency to stop you
From reaching out again
But not reaching out's
No remedy for this sort of pain

Dumped and dumped
By the side of the road
The car sped off
Chuckling dust up my nose

Eyes can't see
Heart can't breathe
Should have kept my hands
On the goddam wheel

ON MY OWN ROAD AGAIN

If it had not been so dark
I believe I might have seen you
Just for what you are
And not for what I needed

If it had not been so dark
I would surely have seen
The road you were on
Wouldn't bring you to me

Would have seen in your eyes
Would have heard in your words
That hoping to get held
For what I was was absurd

If it had not been so dark
I would have surely found a way
To know the light I needed
Was in my brain

And the light in my brain
Had got lost in a haze
Of childhood misdemeanours
And internalized blame

And the light that I needed
When it came
Let me see the way ahead
Helped the past fall away
And got me back
On my own road again

HEARTBREAK LAND AND THEREABOUTS

- 20.THIS COULD BE HEARTBREAK LAND 00:51
- 21.LOVE CAN BE A SCRAGGY THING 01:05
- 22.NOT ENOUGH 00:30
- 23.THE SHOP 01:25
- 24.A COUP DE FOUDRE 00:20
- 25.UNCERTAIN KNEES 00:17
- 26.A PIECE OF METAPHORICAL PIE 01:40
- 27.MY BEST SHOT 01:36
- 28.NO CAT NO DOG 00:22
- 29.AXONS LIKE CATS 00:36
- 30.A DOLL OF SOGGY STRAW 01:51
- 31.LIKE WITH MEAT 00:28
- 32.WHEN YOUR DOG IS A DOG 00:32
- 33.LAST LONG JOURNEY 01:24
- 34.TOO AFRAID TO ASK 01:05
- 35.A VELVET GLOVE 01:06

HEARTBREAK LAND

This could be heart break land I'm in
Where the love you once knew
Has disappeared
And there's nothing you can do
To get it back

It's like you want to make a move
To try to get closer
But something in you knows
It has been lost forever
And no amount of trying
Can help it to recover

This could be heartbreak land
I'm in
It's a place I've been before
And I'm resisting recognition
With some of me still wishing
I am mistaken about
What I see and feel

And I hardly have the strength to stand here
And take what I'll now need to accept
That the love I knew
Is no longer mine to have
And any move I make
Will only take me further
From you

This could be heart break land I'm in
Where the love you once knew
Has disappeared
And there's nothing you can do
To get it back

LOVE CAN BE A SCRAGGY THING

Today our love has flown away
It just grew wings. It said goodbye
A scraggy thing up in the sky
It looked forlorn. But so was I

The mirror showed me how forlorn
A sneaky look was all I risked
But in the eyes the sadness shone
Or more exact. It failed to hide

I's also there in these few words
Which vacillate between absurd
And broken hearted. Once I heard
That love was blind
More hard and open eyed I find

The sky's now clear. There's nothing there
Whatever was is white and bare
Like bones can get when dead and gone
And hope of love's been well and truly spun

Love can be a scraggy thing
That tries to fly and does at times
But when its feathers fail to grow
No matter how much care that you bestow
It can be wise to let it go

NOT ENOUGH

If it can't be more
It has to be less
And if it has to be less
It isn't enough
And if it isn't enough
We may as well just
Pack it in now
And get on the bus

And if it can't be had
It has to be lost
And if it can't be now
It has to be then
And as now and then
Don't suit my needs
We may as well toss it
In the everlasting sea

THE SHOP

This song is a picture
Of a shop in a side street
With no shopkeeper in sight
And nothing in the window

On the shop door however
Is a badly written sign
Saying please move on
There's nothing for you here
To buy

Nothing left to sell
Nothing left at all
Nothing left of value
Behind this door

It came off its hinges
Some time ago
The only way to fix it
Was to bolt it closed

It'll stay closed from now on
A new door was once tried
But the space it needs to fill
Is an irregular size

As for the shop it's unlikely
To open again
It's been so long closed
No one remembers
What it sold

But it stays there somehow
More as a reminder
Of things that could be bought
When the world was somewhat kinder

Or is that just a notion
That's been passed on over years
But whether that or not
Doesn't matter a jot

As the sign says on the door
Please move on
If there was
There is no more

As the badly written sign says
On the badly fitted door
Please move on
If there was there is no more

A COUP DE FOUDRE

I'd like a coup de foudre
I hear they're very good
For people who are weary
But have sufficient food
I'd like to have one soon
Before life fades away
And I get stuffed into an everlasting
Loveless grave

UNCERTAIN KNEES

The blunt raw assertion
Of your needs
Might help me get up
From my uncertain knees
Might help me shut down
My insecure pleas
Might be very hard to take
But at least would be real

A PIECE OF METAPHORICAL PIE

It was metaphorical 4 in the morning
Or metaphorical 5 at night
It was metaphorically now and forever
It was metaphorically right

For whatever the hour
Whether cloudy or bright
I thought you were
My metaphorical life

But it may have been unwise
To believe I could untie you
From the fence that separates
Living from life

It may have been kinda
To wind ya and bind ya
Tighter than you'd ever been before

It may have been kinda
To pretend I couldn't find ya
That I was blinda than a bat
When love came through the door

It was metaphorical 4 in the morning
Or metaphorical 5 at night
It was metaphorically now and forever
It was metaphorically right

To do nothing more than love you
To do nothing more than try
To do nothing more than sell my soul

For a piece of metaphorical pie
On the fence that separates
Living from life
Is a piece of torn paper
Caught on a spike

With a few words written
In ink fading blue
Damp with the rain
Crumpled and chewed

At the edges by something
As hungry as I
Now am for a piece of your
Metaphorical pie

For whatever the hour
Whether cloudy or bright
I thought you were
My metaphorical life

MY BEST SHOT

My best shot
Missed the target
But I'd given it
All I had
So couldn't be too sad
After all
So it's said
It's better to have missed
To have kissed
To have wished
For the moon
Than to have sat
On one's but
Hearing croons
In the head
Sleeping with loons
Feeling half dead
And alone
There was nothing
To be won
In taking the shot
It couldn't be
Described
As a choice
It was
More of a
There it is
And here am I
So why
Not try
And die
If you

Have to
In the process
Which was
What I
Nearly did
And feeling
Hopeless
At the
End of it
All
Is I suppose
Worth it
But there
Were times
When
I was
So opened
Up
I thought
I'd never get
Closed
Back down
Some of those
Analytical
Moments
When you've
Entered into
A past
Domain
And seen
Another dollop
Of what's
Been causing
You the
Pain

Some past
Unfathomed
Act or pact
From early
On in your
Life that
Lasts
In its impact
For at least
A thousand years
If it doesn't get
Seen for what it
Is and is rattled
About till its
Associated fears
Don't exist
Anymore
There's no closing
a door until
They've been met
Then they're gone
That's how it
Was
We met
Now you've gone
Now I long
But there's
Nought left
To do
But move on

NO CAT NO DOG

No cat
No more
No dog
So sore

No warmth
On knee
No plea
For tea

No sound
Of paw
On hard
Wood floor

No cat
No more
No dog
So sore

AXONS LIKE CATS

Axons like lost cats
Sometimes have to travel
A long long way
To get home

And let's face it
Some of them
Never
Make it

That's what I feel
About yours
Axons that is
Not cats

They just never got there
Just never got to where
They should be
Got caught up on the way
Got lost or went astray
Just never got to where
They should be

Which could explain
If explanations are required
Why you behave in ways that
Drive me wild

STRAW DOLL

The child's dead
It's not in its bed
I killed it off
Last night
I chopped off
Its head
To find
That it wasn't
A child
At all
It was just
Some of that
Straw
I'd got
From Wyoming
When the man came up
To see me
And didn't
Bring the seeds
He'd been
Giving out so
Freely
To the farmer
He'd been
Sleeping with
And all the
Other buggars
Who'd been
Taking up his
Time While
I'd been waiting
For mine

My time
That is
But my time
Wasn't coming
I knew that
on the phone
When he
Was summing
Up his
Feelings
About love
And what
He needed
And although
He said it
Kindly
I knew it
Wasn't me
Whatever
I'm not blind
Yet
Just partially
Sighted
When the
Passion I
Saw in him
Just went
For a
Ride and
There wasn't
A call to me
To join him
I've tried
To tighten
Up my heart

So that
The damp
does not
get in
but the
damp of
rejection
Is clever
And can
Squeeze in
The smallest
Spaces
I know
Because I
Feel it now
I might
Change my tack
And try to
Tape it up
That might
Do the trick
If it's thick
Enough
That might
Just do
The trick
So what
Brought
This on
Well I'll tell
You straight
I was
Passing by
A mirror
And there

In my face
Was the
Evidence
I could
No longer
Escape
Love is
Too good
For me
And the
Best thing
I can do
For him
Is leave
The scene
The child in me
Is dead
It's not in its bed
I killed it tonight
I chopped off
Its head
To find that it
Wasn't
A child at all
It was just
A sort of doll
Made of soggy old straw

LIKE WITH MEAT

Like with meat
I can appreciate
You'd like to get
The choice bits
But if you were
To cut off from me
All that doesn't
Look too good
I fear there'd be
Nothing much left
On which to chew

So I suggest
You'd be best
Looking elsewhere
For a feed
It's the all
Or the nothing
That you'll get
With me

The sweet with the sour
The dark with the white
The hard with the soft
The heavy with the light

WHEN YOUR DOG IS A DOG

When your dog doesn't want you
What can you do
Just let him have his way
And look for something new

Pass him on to a friend
If you have one who'll take him
Put him in a cage
And feed him on occasion

Take him for a walk
To a place he doesn't know
Let him off the lead
And get as fast as you can
Back home

For dogs are just dogs
And will ever be so
And if your dog is a dog
You'd be as well to let him go

LAST LONG JOURNEY

The last long journey I made was to a lover
The symbolic equivalent of trying to
recover
Something I had lost a long time ago
Something perhaps I'd tried not to know

Something revealed
To have been suddenly withdrawn
Leaving a deficit
Leaving me forlorn
In some dark place
Where I tried to keep it safe
Out of sight and hidden away

But love if it arrives
Won't play that game
It opens up the heart
It requires that any shame
Be brought into the open
To be seen for what it is
Then kept there until
Its power has been decreased

And the light that can come
From love if its true
Will find its way in
And the dark will be removed

While finding what's been lost
However small is very nice
Finding who you are
When you step into the light

While hard to take at times
Can be more of a delight

That long last journey I made was unsound
What I thought I had lost was never found
The love I thought I had had come off the
tracks
And it was far far too heavy for me to get it
back

TOO AFRAID TO ASK

With a smile in your eyes
Your lips slightly parted
I saw them as waiting
To be touched with mine

In a kiss that would linger
In a kiss that in pleasure
Would surpass all the kisses I had known
A kiss sublime

And with your words of love
So warm and tender
I heard them as desiring
My unguarded surrender

But my ears couldn't hear
My eyes were blind
And my love was too serious
For what was required

For a shallow affair
With wants at the core
Until what love there was
Got too bruised and sore
To survive

But with my heart given over
It proved hard to get it back
And where my heart is now
I am too afraid to ask

A VELVET GLOVE

It could have been a knock
On the door I heard
Or it could have been my heart
I know that sounds absurd

I.e. heart beats don't sound
Like knocks on a door
But believe me they do
When your heart is sore

Hearts can beat so loud
Your ears can't take it
You look around everywhere
To find something to shake it

Booze won't do it
A snooze makes it louder
You might choose to go to bed
With an alternative lover

But it won't quell the sound
It will continue to pound
Even if you try to dig it
Deep underground

It could have been a knock
On the door I heard
Or it could have been my heart
I know that sounds absurd

But my heart will continue
To beat like this
Until the remedy I need
Is provided with a kiss

Along with a declaration of love
And the goodbyes are withdrawn
With a velvet glove

ON THE ROAD TO SUNDRIE

- 36.ON THE ROAD TO SUNDRIE 01:11
- 37.FINDING MY HEART AGAIN 00:40
- 38.LIKE AN OLD TIN CAN 01:34
- 39.CELESTIAL DESIRE 00:58
- 40.DOUBT AND ITS MEASLY LITTLE SNOUT 00:49
- 41.LOVE'S CRAZY GAME 00:49
- 42.FROM THE FEET UP 00:40
- 43.TURNED INSIDE OUT 01:14
- 44.THIS YEARNING FOR YOU 00:41
- 45.THE RECKLESS TREE 00:42
- 46.WHAT A DAY 00:39
- 47.ONE STEP BEHIND 00:32
- 48.SERIOUSNESS 01:06
- 49.A SERIOUS BITCH 00:23
- 50.FALLING ABOUT 01:19
- 51.THANKYOU JESUS 00:46
- 52.IN BETWEEN 01:33

ON THE ROAD TO SUNDRIE

Down on the plains
In the trailer park
Blasting a hole
In a conforming carapace

The top is down
On a diamond white coupe
And I'm gathering speed
On the road out to Sundrie

There's an icy wind rising
That might blow me along
And I'm calling out like Dory
This is life make it long

Before the night closes in
And I'm closing in with it
Afraid that the glow of love
Will fade with me in it

Afraid that the glow of love
The rampant thrill
Of love gone wild
Has gone over the hill

I'm out there alongside
A man called Pink
Who was thrown out of the country
When he fell down a sink

I'm out and free of the man
In charge of the past
With an RAF haircut
And edicts that won't last

There's an icy wind rising
That might blow me along
And I'm calling out like Dory
This is life make it long

Before the night closes in
And I'm closing in with it
Afraid that the glow of love
Will fade with me in it

Out on the road to Sundrie
With an icy wind rising
That's where I'll be
If you decide to find me

FINDING MY HEART AGAIN

It could be I am finding my heart again
Or it could be it is finding me

It has been keeping itself safe
And out of sight for so long
It even forgot
How to beat to a love song

It's not that I blame it
It was all it could do
When it discovered that life
Can be immeasurably cruel

And it felt it wasn't strong enough
To hold on through
Until times got easier
So it slowly withdrew

It could be I am finding my heart again
Or it could be it is finding me

LIKE AN OLD TIN CAN

Down the road
Like an old tin can
You kicked the remains
Of our love before you ran
To wherever it was
You believed was safe
But there's no running away
There's no escape

From who you are
In love or not
I know you were afraid
Of getting caught up in the hot
And cold of a relationship
That might run deep
Deeper anyway
Than what you'd had
Before me

So down the road
You kicked our love
Like an old tin can
But love rarely goes to plan

Love rarely goes to plan
Knows where it likes to be
And like an old tin can
Love came rolling back to me

Yes like an old tin can
Love came back to me
And I don't know what you'll do

If you discover that free
Can sometimes be as frightening
As deep can be
But if you lose the fear of deep
Don't come looking for me

Don't come looking for me
If you lose the fear of deep
There's no place for you here
My love for you has gone to sleep
And I'm not looking for a prince
To kiss it awake
The love I have now
Is as much as I can take

Love rarely goes to plan
Knows where it likes to be
And like an old tin can
Love came rolling back to me

Like an old tin can
It came rolling back to me
Like an old tin can
Love came rolling back to me

CELESTIAL DESIRE

This time around
I won't be looking for the mother
Who couldn't be found before
I'll be looking right through her
Into infinite space
For some particle
Some element
Of indefinable grace
That I can adhere to
Or that will adhere to me

And fill that empty
Place
Where for some people
God finds a residence

Not a sticky thing
More like my own
Glistening star
That shows
Not in my
Clothes
But in my eyes
And in my smile
And in the way
I ride my bike
And never fall off

And in the way
I speak
With words
That are warm
And rarely squeak

This time around
If I fall in love
I'll know exactly
Who I am
And what I have to give

I won't be searching
For some wondrous
Connection with another human
I'll be out there
With the stars
Lighting up with
Celestial desire

DOUBT

This time
Was different
This time
I could see
What was before me
As clearly
As on
An early morning
Summer's day
With not a cloud
In the sky

This time
Was
The last time
I would be
Giving myself
Up
To these
Sorts of
Feelings

This time
Was
The first time
Loving and
Liking
Were
Rolled into
One
Integrated
Un-separated
With no space left

For hate
Until that is
Doubt
With its measly
Little snout
Forced its
Way in
And forced love
Out

So let the misery
Of loss begin
And get passed by
Before I lie down
On this floor and cry
Or even die

LOVE'S CRAZY GAME

On a hot afternoon
In a cool hotel bedroom
In an unknown city
Chosen only for its name

Two lovers without thought
Of what would be tomorrow
Gave themselves away
To love's crazy game

There may have been
No similarity
In what was being sought
Nor one ounce of sameness
In what was being bought Into

But the intensity of feelings
The reeling delight
Of undiluted proximity
Bound them together
For the rest of their lives

And the mad buying into
Of love's crazy game
Is beating at the door
Of my heart again

As I purposely recall
And just as purposely renew
That long ago memory
Of you

FROM THE FEET UP

Real intimacy comes from the feet up
From feet that are walking the same road
From hands that are fashioning the same
sort of lives
From hearts that beat to a similar dream
And from brains that are wired for similar
ideas

It comes from inside
It comes from understanding
It comes from standing close
Without fear of suffocation

It comes from standing apart
Without fear of separation
It comes of its own accord
Without effort or solicitation
It's just there when it can be
In and around you
Like air

TURNED INSIDE OUT

For a while you chose me
And during that time
I felt as lovely and as free
As a bird must feel

I built a cabin in my head
I found the cleanest sheets
That had ever been spread
And spread them out for you
On an imaginary bed

I grew a garden
With flowers that were white
And pink around the edges
Such a sight they were
An entire universe of birds
Stopped to stare

At them
And at me

Because I smiled so much then
They recognised that love
Had turned me inside out
And that the outside was glowing
Like an outside should

I was a haven
I was safe
And sound
I had bread to spare
I had no grudges
To bare

I was so light
I could join them
In the air
I could fly around with them
We could fly around together

As if we'd always
Been just there
In tune
Without a care

For a while you chose me
And during that time
I felt as lovely and as free
As a bird can be

THIS YEARNING FOR YOU

This yearning for you
Overwhelms me at times
It pounds around
Inside me
Like the sound
Of a steam train
Entering a tunnel

It astounds me
With its intensity
Is profoundly
Moving and
Disturbing
Is unboundedly
Beautiful
And unnerving

This yearning for you
Goes quiet at times
Leaving me calm
But immeasurably glad
To have you
In my life
And somewhat sad
That I failed to
Find you sooner

This yearning for you
Has filled me
With an unrelenting
Desire
To be with you
Every moment
Of every remaining
Day

THE RECKLESS TREE

Speak your reckless thoughts
But speak them only to me
Each one will be hung
Like a decoration
On a tree I am growing
Called the reckless tree

It will be ours to enjoy
When the demands of the
Real and sensible
Are reluctantly obeyed

What a tree it will be
A tree so adorned
It will sparkle in the moonlight
People passing by will wonder
Why, as they do so, they feel so wild

And unheeding of cautious chides
Children will run
From their parent's side
Just to stand beneath its branches
And smile

WHAT A DAY

What a day
What a love
What a shame
I'm not waking up
With you
In my bed

Although as you'll know
From what I've said on
Previous occasions
You are perpetually
In my head

Like in a dream
Like in ice cream
Like in multi-layered
Sensations

Of the kind than can knock
You off your feet
With the vibrations
Which never seem to stop
Once they've started

It's amazing
The day that is
The love that I feel
The sense of regret
And deep frustration
That I can't just reach out now
And make you my destination

ONE STEP BEHIND

There's always a sense
Of being one step behind
Not quite what's needed
Not quite what's required

There's always a sense
Of being out in the dark
In search of a sign
A light or a spark

There's always a sense
Of a piece being missing
That someone forgot
To include at the beginning

For that's where it starts
It starts at the beginning
And that's where it ends
If some pieces are missing

A SERIOUS BITCH

When I come back
I'll be a little scrawny dog
With black and white spots
And a tendency to hog
The limelight
I'll also bite sometimes

Well more like a nip
But one that makes the recipient
Jump a bit
And know that they are dealing with
A serious bitch

FALLING ABOUT

When we fell out
I fell about
As if I'd lost
The strength in my legs

As if I'd lost
The zeal in my head
As if I'd lost
The wild in my heart

As if all the pieces
That had made up me
Had broken up
And fallen apart

And who might put them back together again
I can't see any horses or any king's men
Coming to the rescue so I guess it will be me
But how to get the best arrangement and
End up free

Free of the false
Of what I was before
I'd like something new
To come out of the sore

The sore of those days
When nothing I had to say
Brought me anything but anguish
And another dollop of pain

If only I could
I'd like to exit from this
As something better
At least something more than
Before I got your letter

To say that you'd found me
Too heavy to hold
And although very sorry
You'd have to let me go

Let go let go
I need to let go
And I'm hanging around
In the only way I know

Trying to stay loose
For the truth to flow
Back into me
Before the trail goes cold

THANK YOU JESUS

I do not I do not
Want it anymore
Thank you Jesus
For showing me the door

They shouted thank you Jesus
In the church across the way
When I lived in Masset
Up North in my hey day

In my drunk day
In my smoke day
In my don't belong
Here day

But that hasn't changed
It's no different here
This is another no belonging place
They're everywhere I fear

But some things have changed
My heart is not so sore
And that is what I most don't want
Anymore

I don't want I don't want
A sore heart anymore
So thank you Jesus
For showing me the door

IN BETWEEN

In between the beginning and the end
There was much to be glad about
Much to regret
There were times when the wind blew
Far too hard
Times when the rain was far too wet
Times when the sky was too overcast
Times when the moments of joy too quickly
passed
Times when the sun just never seemed to
shine
Times when I knew you were never really
mine

But within it all
It was good to be alive
Good to be just breathing
Being able to smile
Being able to laugh
And of course able to cry

Able if I felt like it
Able to stay free
When its easy to get tied
To a hate that is deep

A hate so deep
It can turn you into sheep
Or a beast that wants to kill
Even babies as they sleep

In between the beginning and the end
There was much to be glad about
Much to be sad about
Much to rejoice about

Much there was no choice about
But all in all
It's been something to give voice about

And within and through it all
No matter how sore the fall
There's always been the call
To take one step more

THE BAY AND BEYOND

- 53. THREE DUCKS 00:47
- 54. THE DAY'S SO SWEET 00:30
- 55. THE PARADE ALONG ENGLISH BAY 00:51
- 56. THAT KIND OF DAY 00:48
- 57. UP TO THE ANKLES 01:01
- 58. A LIGHT CRUST 00:49
- 59. OH DUCKS 00:33
- 60. THE SEA IS LIKE A POOL 00:28
- 61. BIG BLACK BIRD 00:44
- 62. GEESE DON'T WALK TOO EASILY ON GRASS
- 63. NOT ONE DUCK 00:46
- 64. PALE SUN (ONE) 00:43
- 65. PALE SUN (TWO) 00:37
- 66. WE SAILED THERE IN A BOAT 01:10
- 67. MOON OVER MASSET 00:36
- 68. THE NIGHT SETTLES DOWN 00:42
- 69. BLUE WATER'S EDGE 00:47

THREE DUCKS

Three ducks bumping around
On the incoming waves
Of a rough
Blue ocean

The hulls of six tankers
Lit by a sun
Still a few feet
Above the horizon

One island a long way away
A bar of mist along its base
Giving it the appearance
Of floating in space

People and dogs
Lots of them
In hats and gloves
To keep out a cold
East wind

Moving at different paces
Going similar places
But mostly home
Before the dark
Settles in for the night

And the changing light
For these last few moments
Makes your eyes shine
With the joy of being up right
In motion And alive

THE DAY'S SO SWEET

The days so sweet
One could eat it
A fresh breeze from the sea
To complete it

Like a pouring
Of thin cream
Over a favourite pudding
Enough in itself
But even better
With the addition

What are you doing
Not being here with me
Why are you staying
So far away when tea
Is about to be served

Everyone is sat at
A table in the sun
As the waves lap
Across the sands
One by one

THE PARADE ALONG ENGLISH BAY

The parade along English Bay
Consists today. Of the usual array
Of shapes And sizes Of short legs
Long legs And big back sidesies
Of black And white. Of brown
And faded. Of spectacled. Of speckless
Of eyes just open widesies. Of
babies facing forwards and
backwards and sideways. As if
its past the time. For bedybyeses
Of men with women. Of women
with men. Of many inbetweens in
many disguises
Of you and me in clothes that don't
Fit. Wearing thin in the brain. Getting
thick in the hip. At a distance from the
fray. With not much to say.
Enjoying the delightsies of
the English Bay parade

THAT KIND OF DAY

Clouds like cream
Squeezed from a cream machine
Lay on the hills to the north
And are the back drop to the scene

The bay is like a lake
Of molten glass
It is the kind of day
You just can't let pass
Without breathing it in
Full deep and clean

The leaves of autumn
Are strewn on the ground
The scent of the sea
And the pines astounds

It is that kind of day
You just can't let pass
It is that kind of scene
And you want it to last

And as I walk through it
One leaf falls
Two blackbirds bounce
Across the road and stall

And the feelings I find
I still have for you
Are threaded through it
Tender and true

It is that kind of scene
You just can't let it pass
Without breathing it in
Deep and clean

UP TO THE ANKLES

Up to the ankles in water
The crane stood on a rock
Up to my ears in leaving you
I watched

The sea was verging on calm
The background sound was of gulls and crows
Seven tankers were anchored out in the bay
And I bet you can guess
What I want to say next
That I had no anchor at all

Then a couple of ducks
Came paddling towards me
Perhaps in need of something to eat
But seeing that I
Had brought nothing for them
They hurriedly turned round
In retreat

By this time the tankers
Had changes their position
To deal with a wind
Blowing hard from the east
And I bet you can guess
What I want to say next
I'd changed my position on you

Meanwhile the dark
Had encroached from the ocean
And all I could see
Was the moon and the stars

But the light that I needed
To find my way home
Was by this time lodged safe
In my heart

A LIGHT CRUST

This is me walking
Across a stretch of grass
Beside the sea
Accompanied by a seagull
A young one I'd guess
With flat feet

Now here I am again
Standing in the sand
Listening to the waves
Sloshing against the shore

Another seagull appears
Older than before
And whilst paddling
Gets its feet covered in seaweed
And as a result
Finds it difficult to walk

I watch its plight
Would like to help
But know how unhelpful
Help can be

So for now
Here's me
Walking away from the scene
Towards a bus
To get to town

To drown such thoughts
In a caffeine rush
And the delights of a pastry
With a light crust

OH DUCKS

Oh ducks
Dear dunking ducks
You have become
Such companions
On my daily truck
Along English Bay

Your aimless
Bobbing around
Makes me feel
Less in need
Of solid ground

If you can do it
Why can't I
Just relax
And let the elements
Bump me about
In a similar way

Yes yes yes
Or quack quack quack
As you might say
Give me less aim
And more game
In this days
Deliberations

THE SEA IS LIKE A POOL

The sea is like a pool
There's no wind
To cool anybody
Who needs to feel cool

It's not hot
Like it is
In summer
But what heat
There is
Warms my heart
Towards you

There's snow
On the mountains
But not
On the ground

There are clouds
In the sky
But few
In my mind

Which features you
In all I do
And will until
I am here again with you

NOT ONE DUCK

Not one duck
Anywhere to be seen
Then one appeared
Must have been
Beneath the sea

But there's seagulls galore
Seagulls on the shore
Seagulls overhead
I can hear them from my bed

And there's blackbirds that bounce
I've mentioned them before
They prefer to do it on the road
Than on the shore

And a robin with a red breast
Bigger than I've seen before
Is picking at some fresh cut grass
Waiting for my legs to pass
Before it pecks some more

Not one duck
Anywhere to be seen
Then one appeared
It must have been
Beneath the sea

PALE SUN (ONE)

A pale sun
A clean table
A delicious coffee
Warm air to come
No love on the horizon
But good books
Around the corner
An art gallery
Across the street
Too many cars
More cigarette smoke
Than I'd like

But its really very nice
And for an early
Spring morning
It suits my style

I could ask for more
But more makes me nervous
Having too much
Doesn't sit easy
In my kind of mind

No as I said before
What I have before me
(It doesn't apply to what's past)
What I have before me
Suits my style

PALE SUN (TWO)

Whether or not this pale sun
Which made an appearance as I wrote
Has anything to add
To this already exquisite landscape
I wouldn't know

But along with it
Came the scent
Of pine smoke
Of the kind one smells
In southern France
On cold autumn days
From fires lit early
Who's to say
I wouldn't know

And whether these pale words
Can make a difference
To the person
Who hears them
I wouldn't know

But somehow they found their way
Onto this piece of paper
To being written on this paper
For who knows
They may yet become a song
And who knows
Where they may go from here

WE SAILED THERE IN A BOAT

We sailed there in a boat
It had no engines and no sails
It merely moved through water
Like a fish without scales

A mist from the mountains
Clothed our bodies like coats
We saw lights in the distance
Flickering on floats

Tied loosely to the shore
On which blackbirds did a dance
While water creatures big and small
Looked on as in a trance

Up above a fleet of clouds
Sped past a silver moon
Which had settled to the task
Of shedding light upon a spoon

Which served a thousand dishes
For all who'd gathered there
And when they all had eaten
There still was food to spare

And there were
Crackles
And sparks
And flames
And names
Being called
By a bear
With a feather

In its hair
And stories
Were told
By a child
With a shell
With an
Agate inside
That rang
Like a bell

And all this
In the land
Where the gods
Still dwell

MOON OVER MASSET

There's a moon over Masset
A coldness in the sea
There's a wind blowing south east
And a bird shaped like a tree

There's a tide coming this way
And a crane calling by
There's an eagle despising
The white man's narrow cry

There's autumn in the summer
The sun shines as the leaves
Fall on empty lawns
On a day like this you left me

I meant to make it good
I failed to make it real
There's a moon over Masset
And a coldness in the sea

THE NIGHT SETTLES DOWN

The night settles down
Into the dark forest
Where the bears and the deer
Go to sleep

My heart loses heart
In the space between us
As the emptiness created by your absence
Is increased

The old man
Enters his cold house

The cold man
Tells the same story

The good woman
Claps the same hands

The night is broken into
By stars and lights from the north

Along the path that leads to the beach
White logs can be seen

As more of the night goes quiet
The last traces of smoke
From a hemlock fire
Disappear into the sky

BLUE WATER'S EDGE

At the blue water's edge
Washed my face in the sea
Once for you
And once for me
Sand in my shoes
A rock for a seat
Beautiful light
A far as one can see

To the hills of the north shore
Past the tankers to the fore
Lush grass and trees
Bordering the sea wall

A beetle in a hurry
Scurries out of sight
I plan to stay awhile
And think how to make things right

And in the time it took
To write this down
I'd made up my mind
I'm coming back home to you

One wash for you
One wash for me
With salt on my lips
And sand in my shoes
I've made up my mind
I'm coming back home to you

OUT THERE SOMEWHERE

- 70. HOW RIGHT IT SEEMED 00:43
- 71. I GO AGAIN TO HAIDA GWAIH 00:58
- 72. A CHILD TOOK MY HAND 01:16
- 73. THERE'S A BEAR ACROSS THE RIVER 01:56
- 74. THE LAST STRAW 01:08
- 75. WHEN THE SNOW BEGAN TO FALL 00:54
- 76. THE ROADS YOU WALKED 01:01

HOW RIGHT IT SEEMED

How right it seemed
How good it was
How hard we tried
To make it right

How sad it is
We failed to make
It through the dark
Into the light

How much I miss
Your tender smile
A kiss surpassing
All I've known

Before we met
I'd only dreamed
Of love as sweet
As yours and yet

For reasons hard
To understand
We let the pressure
Of demands

That in the scheme
Of love and life
Did not deserve
Their place How right

It was and yet
How sad it is
We failed to make it
Through the night

How right it was
How sad it is
We failed to make it
Through the night

I GO AGAIN TO HAIDA GWAI

I go again with broken heart
Out to the wilds of Haida Gwaii
Where in the forests, by the sea
I'll try to find some peace of mind

My love for you proved
Not to be
Enough to keep you
Close yet free

My love for you
Did not survive
The tempests of
Your fears your drive

To test its worth
Until the essence
Of its soul
Got washed away
Diluted sold
Out to the whims
Of daily grind

Got lost somewhere
Between the times
When understanding
Failed to find

The truth we needed
To remain as one
To hold on fast
To seek a path
That would ensure
Our love would last

I go again with broken heart
Out to the wilds of Haida Gwaii
Where in the forests by the sea
I'll try to find some peace of mind

A CHILD TOOK MY HAND

A child took my hand
And walked me through a garden
A mother took me in
And sat me at her table

A small bird arrived
With a message you had flown
To be with your bonnie lad
Further down the road

And a longing goes to rest
Goes deep into the trees
Along the forest path
Which opens to the sea

To memories of you
To the words of your last days
To a dream unfulfilled
In that dear thin place

A plane took me south
To the city by the bay
I stayed there for a while
Too restless to remain

A plane took me east
To the city in the rain
Where life had to be lived
And escape had had its day

And a longing goes to rest
Goes deep into the trees
Along the forest path
Which opens to the sea

To memories of you
To the words of your last days
To a dream unfulfilled
In that dear thin place

THERE'S A BEAR ACROSS THE RIVER

There's a bear across the river
Eating berries from a bush
If you rush to the kitchen window
You will see him
I feel I could touch
His soft dark fur
If I reached out but
I must remember
It isn't always safe to touch

It isn't safe to touch
Isn't always safe to touch
I would like to reach out
But its not always safe to touch

There's a very small bird
Feeding from a flower
And if you rush to the kitchen window
You might see it before the shower
Of rain which is falling
Chases it away
Small birds when it's raining
Are inclined to fly away

There's love in my heart
As I tell you all this
But its a love that wasn't wanted
Less of real and more of myth

There's sadness in my soul
As I exit from this scene
Close my eyes to its beauty
Go back deep into my dream

That one day I will find again
The courage to be free
Of mistaking the real
In what I see

There's a light in the sky now
The rain has gone
And if you rush to be here with me
You will hear my latest song

Which will tell you I am trying hard
To see what can be seen
And leave the rest to fade away
Fade into that dream

Of thinking that the hurts of old
Can always be healed
Can always through love
Be mended and healed

There's a place in my heart
That will always be for you
And if you rush to be beside me here
You'll see that it is true

As true as the bear
As the bird
As the rain
As true as I will never be
As lost in love again

THE LAST STRAW

The last straw flew in
Through the open window
A cow was heard mooing
In a nearby field

The soup in the pot
Was getting far too hot
And turning down the heat
Had much appeal

The clock on the wall
Let the cuckoo out to play
Then didn't tick again
For the remainder of the day

The back door creaked
As the wind pushed against it
It banged as the straw
Landed on the carpet

The woman at the sink
Turned on the tap to fill a glass
With cool white water
She knew the pain would pass

Soon it would be time
To rewind the clock
Close the window and the door
Secure the lock

Turn down the bed
Get in and try to sleep
Weep a few old tears
Wipe her eyes and plan to keep

Her tired heart safe
In the days that lay ahead
Feed the cow eat the soup
And forget who was dead

WHEN THE SNOW BEGAN TO FALL

When the snow began to fall
There was nowhere left to go
The logs had been stored
For the winter's cold

The sound of your voice
The love we had known
Had been blanketed over
The distance had grown

Until who you were
Was no longer mine to share
Until the remnants of the memories
Were blurred and spare

There was nothing there
To be held fast to
Nothing to believe in
To revive or to renew

When the snow began to fall
There was no where left to go
But to hunker on down
To ride out the winter cold

To stoke up the fire
Stare into the flames
And avoid telling stories
That our love would come again

THE ROADS YOU WALKED

The roads you walked
Are empty now
I see your spirit
There

Hand in hand
In conversation
Heading north
To where

You were to make your home
For good
Were meant to settle down
Deep in the forest by the sea
Along from Masset town

The roads you walked
Are empty now
I see them cold and grey
Reaching into landscapes
Others rarely chose to stay

I see you now
At other times
Gathering the wood
To start the fire
By which you'd sit
Together
With a book

Talking over
Life and ways
To give all that you could
To others on their journeying
Less blessed
Less understood

There's mist around
The scene I see
But soon the most will clear
You'll still be there
Be hand in hand
Walking in a warmer land
Together close and free

PART TWO

IF IT HAD NOT BEEN SO DARK

1. WHEN WE FELL OUT 01:17
2. SOMEWHERE ALONG THE TRACK 00:42
3. WHEN YOU ASKED IF I LOVED YOU 01:00
4. THIS TIME WAS DIFFERENT 00:47
5. TODAY OUR LOVE HAS FLOWN AWAY 01:02
6. YOUR FEARS YOUR RESERVATIONS 01:32
7. IT WAS SUCH A LOVELY DAY 00:43
8. THE IRREVOCABLE MOMENT 00:44
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10. THE CHILD HAS RETURNED 00:59
11. IT COULD HAVE BEEN A KNOCK ON THE DOOR 01:00
12. IF IT HAD NOT BEEN SO DARK 00:50

WHEN WE FELL OUT

When we fell out
I fell about
As if I'd lost
The strength in my legs

As if I'd lost
The zeal in my head
As if I'd lost
The wild in my heart

As if all the pieces
That had made up me
Had broken up
And fallen apart

And who might put them back together again
I can't see any horses or any king's men
Coming to the rescue so I guess it will be me
But how to get the best arrangement and end up free

Free of the false
Of what I was before
I'd like something new
To come out of the sore

The sore of those days
When nothing I had to say
Brought me anything but anguish
And a dollop of pain

If only I could
I'd like to exit from this
As something better
At least something more than
Before I got your letter

To say that you'd found me
Too heavy to hold
And although very sorry
You'd have to let me go

Let go let go
I need to let go
And I'm hanging around
In the only way I know

Trying to stay loose
For the truth to flow
Back into me
Before the trail goes cold

SOMEWHERE ALONG THE TRACK

Somewhere along the track
A passenger disappeared
Just left the carriage
And never came back

While the train trundled on
To Silloth and beyond
And the view from the window
Changed from short to long

From close up fields
With rabbits eating grass
To far away hills
Misted over rolling fast

Towards a place

Where the sea and the sand
Got lost in a haze
And the dunes couldn't hold back
The wind and the distaste
Which overtook the reverie
Of the bucket and the spade
And a castle fell to pieces
In the rain

WHEN YOU ASKED IF I LOVED YOU

When you asked if I loved you
Didn't I answer that I'd bought you
A pair of shoes

And when you asked if I'd be true
Didn't I answer that I'd put the shoes
Upon your feet

And when you asked if I would stay
Didn't I answer that I'd tied the laces
Tight and neat

And when you stood up for yourself
And tried them out
Didn't you find that walking about
Was easier than it had ever been before
Was easier than it had ever been before
Was easier than it had ever been before

Along the beach
Into the trees
Beside the
Glistening seas

Along the path
Up the hill
On the ferry
Across the bridge

Each and every day
Side by side
And all the way
Didn't you find that it was easier than
It had ever been before

Now close the door
Don't ask for more
Didn't you find that it was easier than
It had ever been before

Now close the door
Don't ask for more

Now close the door
Don't ask for more

Now close the door
Don't ask for more

THIS TIME WAS DIFFERENT

This time
Was different
This time
I could see
What was before me
As clearly
As on
An early morning
Summer's day
With not a cloud
In the sky

This time
Was
The last time
I would be
Giving myself
Up
To these
Sorts of
Feelings

This time
Was the
First time
Loving and
Liking
Were
Rolled into
One
Integrated
Unseparated

With no space left
For hate

Until that is
Doubt
With its measly
Little snout
Forced it
Way in
And forced love
Out

So let the misery
Of loss begin
And get passed by
Before I lie down
On this floor
And cry
Or even die

TODAY OUR LOVE HAS FLOWN
AWAY

Today our love has flown away
It just grew wings It said goodbye
A scraggy thing up in the sky
It looked forlorn but so was I

The mirror showed me how forlorn
A sneaky look was all I risked
But in the eyes the sadness shone
Or more exact it failed to hide

It's also there in these few words
Which vacillate between absurd
And broken hearted. Once I heard
That love was blind. I find it hard
And open eyed

The sky's now clear.
There's nothing there
Whatever was is white and bare
Like bones can get when dead and gone
And hop of love's been well and truly
spun

Love can be a scraggy thing
That tries to fly and does at times
But when its feathers fail to grow
No matter how much care that you
bestow.
It can be wise to let it go

YOUR FEARS YOUR RESERVATIONS

Your fears yours reservations
About who and what I am
Feed into the deepest
And sorest recesses of my heart
Where the not feeling wanted
At first with no understanding
Of the reasons
Leaves one wandering the earth
Like an alien creature
With no sense of belonging
Unable to find any place
Or landscape which
One can easily traverse

Then later
As experience shows the way
Comes an appreciation
That feeling wanted
For just what you are
Is rare
That others are walking
The same road
The one without signposts
The one where the load
Of being alone
Is a perpetual companion
Unlikely to change

But at least it is familiar
In what it provides
Is incapable of conjuring up
Some unexpected surprise
Of knocking you over and out

Of bringing you to your knees
Or even precipitating your demise
Your fears and reservations
About who and what I am
Will now carpet the path
We thought we would tread
Together
Will now encircle our love

Not like some soft feathered caress
Of caring and mutual tenderness
But like an ever present
Sharply clawed bird that can swoop
At any moment to scratch
And tear at the hopes we once shared

IT WAS SUCH A LOVELY DAY

It was such a lovely day
A jump in the lake
Seemed like an excellent
Move to make

The heat of being loved
Was high
The need to be free
Of all ties
Was profoundly appealing
Paddling was no longer
Sufficient to quell desire

The lake was refreshingly cool
The water on the skin
Felt like the tender
Caress of a soft summer wind

The jump in the lake
Was exactly what was needed

And getting back out
Prepared the way
For drying off briefly
Taking a deep breath
And plunging back in
Without delay

THE IRREVOCABLE MOMENT

The irrevocable moment
Came and went
I could hear my tears falling
Like rain on a tent
On a wild night in Tiree
With the wind off the sea
With the lamp not holding light
Howling like a banshee

Hear me howling for you
Howling as you do
When an irrevocable moment
Requires you to

An irrevocable moment
Which knows its place
Which lies around in the brain
Which sets the pace

From then on through
Not always showing its face
Its presence always there
Dressed in black sometimes in blue

WITH A SMILE IN YOUR EYES

With a smile in your eyes
Your lips slightly parted
I saw them as waiting
To be touched by mine

In a kiss that would linger
In a kiss that in pleasure
Would surpass all the kisses I had
known
A kiss sublime

And with your words of love
So warm and tender
I heard them as desiring
My unguarded surrender
In a pact that would last
Forever and ever

But my ears couldn't hear
My eyes were blind
And my love was too intense
For what was required

For a shallow affair
With wants at the core
Until what love there was
Got too bruised and sore
To survive

But with my heart given over
It proved hard to get it back
And where my heart is now
I am too afraid to ask

THE CHILD HAS RETURNED

The child has returned
From a sojourn in the
Wilderness of love

It lay down the bag it carried
Lay itself down
On the oriental rug

A light from the window
Shone on the pillow
Where it lay

And the robin
That had known it
Since it took its first steps
Began singing its usual refrain

The brass clock that had lost its case
Ticked in a soothing sort of way

And the thought of love
Just faded like a dream
Faded away

The child has returned
From a foray in an alien land
And when it's rested it may soon
Have to learn again how to stand

On its own two feet
But meanwhile let the rest proceed
Until rest is no longer
What it needs

The child has returned
From a sojourn in the
Wilderness of love
The child will grow again
But only slowly
As a broken child should

IT COULD HAVE BEEN A KNOCK ON
THE DOOR

It could have been a knock
On the door I heard
Or it could have been my heart
I know that sounds absurd

I.e. heart beats don't sound
Like knocks on a door
But believe me they do
When your heart is sore

Hearts can beat so loud
Your ears can't take it
You look around everywhere
To find something to shake it

Booze won't do it
A snooze makes it louder
You might choose to go to bed
With an alternative lover

But it won't quell the sound
It will continue to pound
Even if you try to dig it
Deep underground

It could have been a knock
On the door I heard
Or it could have been my heart
I know that sounds absurd

But my heart will continue
To beat like this
Until the remedy I need
Is provided with a kiss

Along with a declaration of love
And the goodbyes are withdrawn
With a velvet glove

IF IT HAD NOT BEEN SO DARK

If it had not been so dark
I believe I might have seen you
Just for what you are
And not for what I needed

If it had not been so dark
I would surely have seen
The road you were on
Wouldn't bring you to me

Would have seen in your eyes
Would have hear in your words
That hoping to get held
For what I was was absurd

If it had not been so dark
I would have surely found a way
To know the light I needed
Was in my brain

And the light in my brain
Dad got lost in a haze
Of childhood misdemeanours
And internalized blame

And the light that I needed
When it came
Let me see the way ahead
Helped the past fall away
And got me back
On my own road again

SO SAID THE SAP

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- 15.I'M NOT ALL THERE 01:41
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- 17.ON THE HIGHWAY OF BLAME 01:01
- 18.THE BOAT 01:25
- 19.FAILURE SUITS ME 00:53
- 20.TAKING A TUMBLE 00:56
- 21.A TRIPLE WHAMMY 00:44
- 22.THE SOMETHING MORE 01:10
- 23.GIVING LOVE THE SHOVE 00:39
- 24.ALL GONE ALL GONE ALL GONE AWAY 00:56
- 25.I AM A SHADOW OF MYSELF WITHOUT YOU 01:31
- 26.THE GOOD THE KIND THE BAD THE MEAN 01:41
- 27.GALLUS 01:06
- 28.ONCE I HAD A LOVER 00:37
- 29.WHEN THE TRUTH CAME OUT 01:03
- 30.MOMENTS OF PEACE 00:49
- 31.MORE LIKE SPAM 00:29
- 32.CLAPPED OUT 01:16
- 33.IN BED I'M REALLY ME 00:51
- 34.IN BETWEEN HOUSES 01:30
- 35.YOU AND MY MOTHER 01:05
- 36.IN A VERY GREEN FIELD 00:49
- 37.ON THE WAY TO LIVE OUT LIFE 00:46

SO SAID THE SAP

These words
May not
Be heard
As rap
But they
Were written
By a sap

Who could not see
That need and greed
Can oft times quell
True love's appeal

Who could not see
That what they saw
Was victim of
Their deepest flaw

A tendency to keep
Repeating
What they had
When four or more

Around that time
The date's not clear
But what they got
Was stark - a fear

Of losing what
They had and whether
Light or dark
The fear was bad

Or bad enough
To find a place
In everything
They did - a trace

Of fear ran through
Their every move
And kept them tied
To anxious mood

To hesitating
Stepping back
Scared of falling
Off the track

That others rode
With engines stoked
With words of love
Of praise of hope

That all would play out
Good and true
That what they had
Would see them through

But being sap
Does not require
To also breathe
A bitter fire

Upon all those
Who have it good
Although a bit more
Sharing would

Improve the lot
Of those who feel
They never got
Their early needs

Met in ways
That set them free
Of fear - the sort
I'm citing here
So said the sap
The day they found
Love does not always
Leap and bound

To fill the heart
And head with joy
Sometimes its crap
And but a ploy

To satisfy the selfish needs
Which found a place
When grief destroyed
Those tender moments

Soft and kind
Which we all need
If we're to find
Within ourselves
A peace of mind

I WANTED A RERUN

I wanted a re-run
But this time I would see
That the place I had arrived at
Was the place for me

There would be no doubt
There would be no obfuscation
I would know I had arrived
At my desired destination

A place where to be still
And quiet was allowed
Where the sound of the streams
The wind in the trees
Were heard as they can be
In an atmosphere of peace

That I thought for a while
I would be there with you
As the days unfolded
Proved to be untrue

You were nowhere to be seen
Were but a mirage but a dream
A fantasy a notion
Of a love that might had been

I wanted to have opened
My eyes to see at last
That the sad and hurtful moments
Of childhood had passed

By and taken on
A newer different glaze
Restoring what I might have been
Before the daze

Of experience had turned me
From a sense of joy and grace
Into unknown pastures
Onto unfamiliar pathways

I wanted a rerun
But this time I'd arrive
In a place where to be still
Was accepted and the will
To remove from my mind
The memories that bind
Us too tight to the past
Had been acquired at last

I'M NOT ALL THERE

I'm not all there
And have not been
All there since I
Was seventeen
And found that love
Had taken me
To town
And would not
Let me be
Myself again
So here I am
The half that's left
Quite sad but glad
To find a smile
Half hearted yes
But still a smile
And ready if
The chance should come
To give myself
Again I'd run
Because the hurt
That comes with love
Is worth the pain
It is absurd
To have such thoughts
When pain can be
So sore but sore
Is better than
The chore
Of holding on
For fear of loss
For loss is part
Of gain for sure

And something has
To go to cure
That state of dying
While alive
To love and be alive
I strive
Accepting as I do
I'll fall
Most probably
But should survive
I've been before
On that hard road
But its the one
I do prefer
And in between
The hard the soft
Of bed and sleep kicks in
To get me
Back aloft
And seeking still
The deep down thrill
Of chucking all
That's safe away
And soaking up
A brand new day
Of light and sun
And now with Christmas
On the way
A slice of currant bun
To town then I would go again
Just half a chance is all I need
To take the risk of losing all
Before that final curtain call

KEEPING HURT FROM THE DOOR

Keeping hurt from the door
Is no easy task
It has some very sneaky habits
A tendency to last

The wildest winter days
The coldest darkest nights
The shivering tireddest mornings
The barest feet on glass

Keeping hurt from the door
Is an everlasting quest
It never gives up
Likes to come out best

From any trouble or turmoil
Struggle or strife
From any urge to step into the world
And give oneself to life

Keeping hurt from the door
Sometimes tires you out
Until you haven't got the strength
To scream and shout

Tell it to get lost
Tell it where to go
Tell it to bugger off
To leave you alone

But I don't think hurt
Has anywhere to go
As far as I know
It's never had a proper home

It just hangs around ready
For the times when love fails
To be all that love is meant to be
That's where hurt has its place

ON THE HIGHWAY OF BLAME

One leaf fell from a tree
One tear fell from an eye
One train left the station
One woman said goodbye

For ever and forever
To a love that once had been
Forever to a love
That fell apart at the seam

When the road got rough
When the truck got stuck
When the loose pieces loosened
And fell apart in the dust

Until all that remained
Was an engineless frame
Getting dragged along
On the highway of blame

On the highway of blame
A figure can be seen
Picking up the pieces
In a forlorn sort of dream

Trying to stick them back together
Together again
In a forlorn sort of hope
On the highway of blame

Back together again
Back together again
Trying to stick them back together
On the highway of blame

THE BOAT

The boat you feared that you might miss
Is a boat that for you no longer exists
It set sail this morning for an unknown
destination – in rain and mist
A figure on the bridge may have blown
you a kiss

Or blown it towards a woman on the dock
Dressed in a patterned blue and white frock
Helped out of a car by a black leatherned an
With a balding head and a cosmetic tan

As the boat pulled away from the shore
Music of the kind one knew aged four
About rings and roses falling down and poses
Could be heard above the engine's roar

The man and the woman made no effort
To speak
They stood alongside each other
Her expression was bleak
His more of agitation and impatience to be
Back in his study with a strong cup of tea

He had brought her to this place
Not knowing what he did
What she had in her heart
Or what it would mean

She continued to stand there
Trying not to weep
As the boat moved further
Out into the deep

The boat you feared
That you might miss
Is a boat that for you
No longer exists

It sailed this morning
Out into the deep
A figure on the bridge
May have blown you a kiss

FAILURE SUITS ME

Failure suits me
I wear it well
As would a couple
Of tramps
I once knew

Swell was a word
They used to
Describe
Their look
Their demeanor
Where they
Liked to
Walk
And dwell

Failure
Keeps me straight
And real
Like in a jacket
Of rigid steel
With a mouth
That's taped
If it falls
Into talking
About arts
And the arts

Or indulges
In stalking
The good and the great
The shiny and the bright

Failure keeps me walking
A line that is white
And tight
Although still wet
With paint
Failure is a blessing
For sinner and saint

Success is a burden
On the heart and brain
Narrowing thought
And weakening legs
Failure as I know
Is best for the dregs

TAKING A TUMBLE

I made a mistake
What about that
I thought I'd bought a shoe
And found it was a hat

Too big for my head
Upsetting to behold
So I sold it for a pup
That wouldn't do as it was told

What about that then
How was I to know
That something so unusual
Would happen - while a blow

To a shaky self esteem
It didn't bring me down low
It brought me to my senses
To admit that I was slow

On the uptake
But the downside
Soon dwindled
Was replaced
By the sorry acceptance
I had made a mistake

Now knowing that mistakes
Are what everybody makes
I'm tumbling to myself
With a puppy for a mate

Taking a tumble
To myself and no one else
I am taking a tumble
To myself

A TRIPLE WHAMMY

How cruel was that
It was a triple whammy
I can't love you as a woman
I can't love you as a mammy

I can't love you as anything
Else you'd like to be
And if you want to keep on loving me
By the way I'll never be free

But otherwise baby
I'm yours for the taking
As long as you know who's in control
There'll be no hesitating

I'm yours for the taking
I'm all yours babe
Except for the things I mentioned
I'm all yours to take

To wherever you'd like to go
I'm yours to have and hold
I'm all yours baby
As long as I'm in control

THE SOMETHING MORE

It should have been enough
When love came in the door
With a bag full of stuff
And the words je t'adore

Repeated in a voice
That may have lacked conviction
But any lack of clarity
Was more about the diction

Of a mumbling presentation
Marred by hesitation
After walking through a door
Without an invitation

It should have been enough
It had been entered freely
Full of possibilities
The prospect of appearing

As the romantic co-star
In the longest running scene
That had ever been played out
On real life's screen

It should have been enough
When love came through the door
But missing from the bag of stuff
Was something more

The something more
It had never had
Never knew it had needed
In its goodie bag

The something more
As it discovered that day
Was the reason that love
Sometimes has to walk away

Reluctant regretful
For all that might have been
Love has to pack its bag of stuff
And leave the scene

GIVING LOVE THE SHOVE

I like to get my ends
Before my beginnings
Like to know what
I'll be losing or winning

It rarely occurs
But there's no harm in wishing
I like to know my ends
Before my beginnings

If I'd known them with you
I'd have never held on through
I'd have chucked it all in
Not let the misery begin

Of losing oneself
Of losing love
I'd have chucked it all in
I'd have given love the shove

I'd have chucked it in
Not let the misery begin
I'd have chucked it all in
And given love the shove

ALL GONE ALL GONE

All gone all gone
I awoke this morning
And it was all all gone

It might have been in the night
Before the sun had time to rise again
Or just before dawn
Had brought in the day

But whenever it was
Doesn't really matter
It had all gone all gone
All gone away

The field was empty
The gate was ajar
There were traces of oil
The wheels of a car

Fences had been broken
Grass flattened and chewed
Branches had been torn
A stream driven through

There was not much more to see
Looking closer lacked appeal
But the overall effect
Was inescapably real

The landscape had changed
It would never be the same
Much of it had gone
All gone away

I AM A SHADOW OF MYSELF
WITHOUT YOU

I am a shadow of myself
Without you
Without you
A shadow of myself
Without you
I came across me today
And saw I'd faded away
I am a shadow of myself
Without you

It happened today
Beside the sea
I was there on the road
With the trees
Also casting a shadow
On the scene
It happened today
Beside the sea

A crow and a goose saw it too
And withdrew
A crow and a goose
Withdrew
To a log on the beach
Where they sat out of reach
A crow and a goose saw it too

I am a shadow of myself
Without you
Without you
A shadow of myself
Without you

When love goes
It leaves a space
For emptiness
To take its place
I am a shadow of myself
Without you

Without you in my life
I can't do
All the things I'd like to do
Without you
Nothing feels as it should
Perhaps my heart has turned to wood
Nothing feels as it should
Without you

Perhaps I've been a shadow
All my life
In search of a different
Kind of light
That would cast me
With more depth
With a more distinct design
Even capable
Like the crow and goose
Of intermittent flight

Perhaps I've been in need
Of a different sort of light
Perhaps I've been a shadow
All my life

I am a shadow of myself
Without you
Without you

I am a shadow of myself
Without you
I came across me today
And saw I'd faded away
I am a shadow of myself
Without you

THE GOOD THE KIND THE BAD THE
MEAN

You came you got hooked you moved n
You took what you needed and move on
You left the bleeding self on someone else's
shelf
With the remains of moving on comes
The song

The song is of needs subsuming love
Of love in the womb getting the shove
Of pleasures being bought
Of unconscious balm sought
For wounds inflicted in a cot in a room

A room with no windows
On the beauty of the world
A room with no sense
Of a place beyond despair

A room where grief and death
Had overlaid the view
And all who tried to breathe
Inhaled a breath of gloom

You came you got hooked you declined
To take on what you found you defined
What you needed to survive
Held fast to it and thrived
But only for a while then moved on

But believe me what you left will follow on
Like an old bedraggled dog
Like a hungry old hog
Believe me what you left will follow on

You may not notice its presence for a while
If you keep your eyes focused on the next prize
But it will seep into view
There'll be nothing you can do
It will keep coming after you

And when it does get you right between
The eyes
You'll be faced with all you've tried hard
To deny
You'll be there for you to see
The good the kind the bad the mean
You'll be faced with all you've tried hard
To deny

GALLUS

Having left me on the floor
As you walked out of the door
Did you expect me to come running
When you subsequently called

To say sorry darling
By the way -I hate that word
I think when you lived with me
You called me by my name

But let's get back to you
And your easy inclination
To treat me like a fool
Which I certainly have been

But I'm a fool no more
I'm more gallow than before
And who and what you'll be
Is of no interest to me

For a while I did appeal
I did hope you'd find the means
To return to pick me up
But having failed since then I've stuck

To doing it myself
And I'm back where I should be
Up of the floor
And up off my knees

Up off the floor
And up off my knees
I'm doing it myself
And I'm back where I should be

I'm doing it myself
And I'm back where I should be
Up off the floor
And up off my knees

ONCE I HAD A LOVER

Once I had a lover
Then I didn't have one
Then I got another
Then I didn't have one

When I got the next one
I thought it was the last
But as the last will be first
That one passed

Then I got too tired
To think about a lover
Then I got one by mistake
When trying to recover

From not having a lover
After losing the last one
So now I have another
While trying to recover

Which isn't very easy
Having a lover
And when I lose this one
I wouldn't want another

WHEN THE TRUTH CAME OUT

When the truth came out
I went flying about
And as I did all the muck
That had gathered came unstuck

It fell to the ground
With an alarming sound
Where it rattled and rocked
Where it freed up the locks

On the doors of understanding
Which had been closed lock tight
And you'll guess what happens next
In flooded the light

The light the light
In came the blessed light
The answer to the why
A regaining of my sight

A sense that I had taken on
Someone else's load
While failing to unravel
Its debilitating code

That gobble de gook
I've spoken of before
Which usually appears
When love attempts to soar

As it should to the heights
Of the good and the kind
But in the failure to get there
Leaves us lost and blind

When the truth came out
I went flying about
Until truth would once again
Become the victim of doubt

MOMENTS OF PEACE

Moments of peace
They come and go
Sometimes they stay
Long enough to show

How good it can be
To just be alive
Breathing the air
Having survived

Another hard day
Another long night
Another lost love
Another sharp light

Revealing what's there
That glint of despair
The acceptance
That genuine
Kindness is rare

Moments of bliss
What a joy they are
And before I say more
You'll have guessed my drift

That drifting away
As the brain gets engaged
In emotions that outfox
Realities cage

That can open the heart
And let you see
How good it can be
To be alive and free

MORE LIKE SPAM

I do not want
What I can have
And what is available
Makes me sad

So in between the two
I don't have much
But somehow
Don't feel
Out of touch

I feel like
I have always been
Not fitting in
To a normal scene

But glad in a way
To be what I am
Not real beef
Much more like spam

Spam that's pink
With pickle is ok
And that's what I'm telling
Myself today

CLAPPED OUT

If I gave a performance
I'd like if no one clapped
Until I'd left the stage
And disappeared down the back

Of beyond or wherever
Show offs like to go
When the showing off is over
And the stage doors close

I have been clapped before
By an uncle I knew
For dancing in the corner
Of the living room

But I didn't like the feeling
Of being there to please
Dancing isn't something
You can do on your knees

I may have even danced
For others on the way
To where I feel so strongly
That clapping is a pain

Not only for the hands
That do it but for those
Who have to stand and take it
To be part of the show

But I do like the lights
When they shine in your eyes
When the theatre goes dark
And the spark arrives

That connects you with a person
You've never ever met
Who finds in what you're doing
The same feelings of regret

Of love of hope
Of sadness of loss
And wish like you
There had been more candy floss

If I performed now
I'd like to do it in my head
In a room with no one else around
And preferably from bed

IN BED I AM REALLY ME

My bed is like
An oasis
In the desert
Of life

I can get into it
Almost anytime of day
And be filled with
Such feelings of delight

Even when its not been made
Is in a state of disarray
It welcomes me in
Like I've been lost but now I'm saved

In its warm caress
I know I'm blessed
Will not be put to the test
Of trying to be best
I can surrender
To the joys of being
Less

Or more than I have ever been before
Or more than I ever want to be
With the duvet wrapped around me
Tucked up relaxed I'm free
Of all that life demands out there
In bed I'm really me

IN BETWEEN HOUSES

I was in between houses
When the news came through
That you'd flown out to Barbados
For a Caribbean cruise

Leaving behind
The dog that declines
To get on its lead
For the walk it desires

Something that you
Are inclined to do
Perhaps to boost the pleasure
When you do do do

When you do do do
Choose to go on a cruise
Instead of staying home with us
We're telling you true

We're tired of waiting
Till your wandering is through
And if you don't decide soon
We may be tempted to move

Into one of those houses
Where with fortune we'll find
A stay at home companion
By a blazing log fire

With a view from a window
Of lush grass and trees
Of birds flying easy
Eating fat balls and seeds

A view of some hills
Like those in Galloway
With paths that always lead
To a wide open gate

And there's nothing else to do
But to go on through
To whatever you'll find there
When you do do do

I was in between houses
When the news came through
That you had set sail
On a Caribbean cruise

Leaving all you love behind
To a cold winter brew
So bon voyage baby
We're telling you true

What you do do do
Is what you do do do
But we're tired of waiting
Till your wandering is through

YOU AND MY MOTHER

I don't miss you
But my body does
It longs for your touch
To be held so much

It sometimes can't be bothered
Getting up Getting up
Out of bed in the morning
It misses you so much

I don't miss you
But my heart says it does
It beats in the way
It did remembering the day
When you came into my life
Where are you now
Can't you just come back to me
And stay

I don't miss you
But my body does
It aches to be near
It longs for your touch

I don't miss you
But my heart says it does
Can't you come back to me
Before it breaks
Without your love

I don't miss you
But my mother does
She says since you left
There's been a great big space

That even tea and biscuits
Can't fill There's a place
At the table which is set
With a new cloth of lace

Since you left she says
There's been a big empty space

IN A VERY GREEN FIELD

In my dream last night
I went to find me
Standing in the dark
In a very green field

The taxi that drove me
Had a driver who was kind
And as I discovered later
He had also been blind

For a while but when we got there
We both could see
Something of each other
In that very green field

The child had been waiting
How long we didn't know
For someone to get her
And take her back home

To where she belonged
Before she went astray
And these are all the words
I intend to write today

In my dream last night
I went to find me
Standing in the dark
In a very green field

ON THE WAY TO LIVE OUT LIFE

The sap is on a boat
Is sailing away
To an unknown destination
With a need to run and play

In sand that's warm and white
Beside a deep blue sea
Where all the birds in the sky above
Fly safe and gun shot free

The sap is on a boat
Knows not where it will go
In some ways isn't petrified
Thinks fear and fright
Have had their day
There has to be a better way
Of trying to live out life

The sap is on a boat
Free of fear and strife
Having tossed it cleanly overboard
On the way to live out life

CLOWN IN A PRAM

- 38.CLOWN IN A PRAM 01:44
- 39.FROM DEEP DOWN IN THE LOCKER 01:28
- 40.IT ALL CAME TO LIGHT 01:53
- 41.A PICTURE WAS THE STARTER 01:18
- 42 I DID MY BEST 00:57
- 43 .PERHAPS AFTER ALL 01:12
- 44.SOMETIMES LOVE GETS A RIGHT GOOD KICKING 01:22
- 45.LOVE CAN BE KILLED OFF 00:57
- 46.I NEED I NEED 00:32
- 47.THERE'S LOVE AND THERE'S LIKE 01:06
- 48.YOU CAN'T LIVE THE LIFE OF YOUR MOTHER 01:47
- 49.BECAUSE YOU NEVER COME LOOKING 01:42
- 50.LET'S JUST SAY 01:14
- 51.COUNT YOUR LUCKY 01:24

CLOWN IN A PRAM

In talking over who I am
Keen to find a clue
I ran into an image
I must own - its odd but true

It's of a clockwork clown
Which when it comes to love
Steps in the ring with undue haste
Prepared to go to town

To paint it red
To paint it blue
To go the whole way
Wild but true

If that's the way
The lover leads
I'll sigh I'll cry I'll fly
I'll plead

For love to last
Until I've seen
That landscape at
The other side

The one where arms
Are held out wide
To deep embrace
The hurting child

To take them on
With nought held back
To love them always
White or black

In talking over
Who I am
I found a child
Dressed like a clown

A clockwork clown
That could be wound
Up tight to dance
And whirl around

To someone else's
Off key tune
If with it comes
A red balloon

With promises
That love in June
For them alone
Would be there soon

In talking over who I am
I know I never left the pram
Am still in there - however dressed
Looking out perplexed and yet

I know that given one more chance
I'd probably repeat the dance
With hopes that when the music stopped
This time there'd be no wind up clock

The promises would not be fake
I'd be locked in that warm embrace
That would allow the clown in me
To leave the pram without a trace

FROM DEEP DOWN IN THE LOCKER

From deep down in the locker
To up for all to see
From where all the unwanted stuff
Was kept - to being free

To raging and revealing
Itself for what it's been
Shut off from the light of day
Acting out in dream

And sometimes in relationships
Letting itself be
Banging on at others
While trying to keep clean

Clean of all the dark stuff
Which never goes to rest
All that stuff one needs to hide
For false to pose as best

From deep down in the locker
At some time it will rise
Capable of causing much
Distress and much surprise

But once it has been up and out
There's hope that you will be
More real more sane more satisfied
With what you're meant to be

Yes once its up there clear and clean
Of all its murky past
You'll have a sense of something else
A self that you can cast

In different roles from those you had
Be unafraid to be thought bad
You'll have it in your own hands glad
To be more settled - no less sad
Perhaps - but overall more glad
To be who you can be

IT ALL CAME TO LIGHT

It all came to light
In the darkness of the night
A new revelation
Explained the situation

My latest liaison
A flawed affiliation
Was not of the kind
That for some finds consummation

In the month of June
When love comes to fruition
Fills the head and the heart
Sends you on an expedition

To try yourself out
In the best game of all
The one in which you find yourself
Back against the wall

And hope to survive
Hope to come out alive
From the friskiest riskiest
Game of them all

It's the game of love
And I didn't win
I want to tell you that I lost
I lost but I'm still in

Its the game of love
A game I didn't win
I can acknowledge that I lost
I lost but am still in

To have another go
If I get the chance to play
Although my days of playing
Are surely on the wane

It came to light
In the darkness of the night
A new revelation on
An awful situation

The one I had chosen
Was no longer mine to have
A fact requiring me
To pack my old kit bag

My old kit bag
Now full of broken dreams
Was heavier than I'd hoped for
As I exited the scene

You might see me on my travels
Somewhat spent but keen to be
Back in the game of love
The only game for me

*Sounds in the background of
Pack up your troubles in your old kit
bag
And smile smile smile*

A PICTURE WAS THE STARTER

The picture was the starter
For these few paltry words
Paltry is my signature
Paltry and absurd

Are ok for a writer
Whose ordinary ways
Are keeping her afloat
On these ordinary days

Between you and me
And that blackbird in the tree
I've had enough of feeling
I'm less than what I see

Of myself in the mirror
Tho admit I've lost my bloom
That look I once thought adequate
Till age assailed the room

And hammered me a bit
Not into shape alas
But into something other
That I fear is built to last

I've grasped that there's no remedy
For what I am or will
Be as I go on limping down
The getting older hill

But believe me there are blessings
As Nietzsche said so well
At least the loss of sex drive
Keeps you saner while the bell

Of lost youth tolls again
It could be worse at least I'm free
And here to tell of having seen
The blackbird in the tree

I DID MY BEST

I did my best
You made a choice
I lost my heart
I lost my voice

But now its back
Come hear me scream
Of wasted time
Of shattered dream

Come see the hope
That found a place
That fills the space
Where sad and hate

Had taken hold
Had left me cold
That made me feel
That I'd been sold

A shabby pup
That had no tail
That had no wag
Could only wail

A scrawny thing
That couldn't bark
That grew too thin
When love as lark

Became the tenor
Of the play
And lit the scene
In black and grey

I really did
I did my best
You made a choice
I found my voice

Come hear it cry
That love was all
I tried to bring
To your stone wall

PERHAPS AFTER ALL

Perhaps after all
It wasn't that much
A bunch of strong feelings
With a strong desire to touch

A strong desire to touch
Like you've never known before
With everything more vivid
More intense - much more than more

Perhaps it was a dream
With no one else there
You were in it alone
You were the only one there

Making up a scene
That suited your needs
Mostly unrelated
To what others see and feel

Perhaps it was just made up
A way to please yourself
When life was at a low ebb
Devoid of making sense

Perhaps after all
It had no value at all
A means of adding content
To the blank brick wall

Like the one you once knew
Across the street go down the hall
You can see it there clearly
From your own front door

And perhaps in saying that
I'm back where I began
Down an old cobbled street
In a second hand pram

SOMETIMES LOVE GETS A RIGHT
GOOD KICKING

Sometimes love gets a right good kicking
When it opens its doors too wide
And what steps in isn't bent on sticking
To the rules of the house of love

The rules of the house
Are that you always leave
Your kicking boots outside
The rules of the house
Are that you always leave
Your kicking boots outside

Or at least do all you can
To understand where you got them
And to walk with great care until you do

At least do all you can
To understand where you got them
And to walk with great care until you do

In the house of love
There is much that can get broken
And if that begins to happen
It is wise to clear the building

Check that no one's hiding
Intent on taking root
Be sure to search the corners
For any sign of boot

Then close the doors
Close them tight
Until the night of naivety
Has passed and the light

Of accepting what a loving heart
Finds hard to take on board
That when the doors of the house of
love
Are opened up too wide
One can't always be delighted
With what steps inside

That when the house of love
Opens its doors too wide
One can't always be delighted
With what steps inside

LOVE CAN BE KILLED OFF

Love can be killed
Killed off caput
Given the heave
Given the boot

It can be easily done
In pursuit of fun
Or leaving it to die off
In a too hot sun

Or leaving it to drown
In a deluge of rain
Or wearing it down
With words that complain

About its tendency to need
Too much attention
About its want to be understood
Beyond comprehension

Love can be killed
If it isn't recognised
As something very special
Essential to survive

In a world where hate
Each and every day
Shows us unrelentingly
Its raw ugly face

Love can be killed
I once saw it die
Lying in a gutter
As my lover walked by

I NEED I NEED

I need I need
I really need
The cry goes up
It grows like weeds

And strangles off
The love we had
Until the love
We had goes bad

Bad love it is
Good love has gone
Bad love was big
And much too strong

Bad love's the kind
That's riddled through
With more of me
And less of you

THERE'S LOVE AND THERES LIKE

There's love and there's like
And they don't always go together
Love can be deep in the heart
Like as light as a feather

That can float off in the wind
That can fall onto the ground
That can get trod into extinction
Be essentially unsound

What was there for you and me
When we first met
Got drowned out in the rain of needs
What love there was got wet

Bedraggled and unable
To go anywhere at all
It just sat down and whimpered
In the entrance hall

Never got to the main room
Where love is meant to be
Existing as a very special
Entity

Bedraggled and unkempt
It fell off the road to real
And the only place for love
Is on the road to real

The only place for love
Is on the road to real
The only place for love
Is on the road to real

The only place for love
The only place for love to be
Is well and truly anchored
On the road to real

YOU CANT LIVE THE LIFE OF YOUR MOTHER

You can't live the life of your mother
Or be beholden to your sister or your
brother
You need to carve your own life out of
The stone
That the world offers up for you alone

You can't be your Dad when you're a
woman
You can be something like him admire
the role he played
But you need to dig your own patch
With your own bloody spade

You can't live your life being other than
You are
Trying to fit with opinions that blur and
scar
Your own sense deep down of who
you'd like to be
You can't ever escape the reality of real

And I say this from my housemates
Where I live like a mouse
Squeaking my way
To an inevitable day

With nothing much achieved
Spending too much time to please
Gets you nowhere at all
Might prevent a major fall

But the call of the self
Is stronger than it all
You can't escape
The call of being real

I hear the call of the real
As I awake this morning
Like a flock of hungry geese
Flying over the building

And I open my eyes
Determined to see,,
More of the beauty
Of the world before me

The call of the real
Is stronger than it's ever been
The call of the real
I'll not be sure what these words mean
until
Later in the day
When getting by will have its way

But here and now
It's all I hear

It's all I hear
It's all I hear
All I hear
Is the call of the real

BECAUSE YOU NEVER COME LOOKING
FOR ME

Because you never come looking for me
I guess I will never be found
And if I'm not found
I guess I might get lost
Or even disappear underground

I've tried to ignore the fact for so long
Its a painful one for sure
And it has tired me out
Trying not to shout out

With the pain
With the pain
It has tired me out
Trying not to shout out
With the pain

Because you have never come looking for me
I thought there might be reasons profound
But I've been forced to admit they're not profound at all
I hit the nail on the head when I walked into a wall
On which someone had scrawled your name

I've been trying to ignore the fact so long so long
Its a painful one for sure
And it has tired me out
Trying not to shout out

With the pain
With the pain

It has tired me out
Trying not to shout out
With the pain

And alongside your name was theirs
Written in letters high and wide
You belonged together forever and
forever
And I'd been just been a nice bit on the
side

For a while I took shelter from the rain
It was a day of heavy dull and grey
And as I stood there quite upset the
letters got so wet
They were washed away completely
down a drain

But believe me I don't see this as a sign
I'm not fool enough to do that I'm
resigned
To never being found but before I'm
underground
I've given up waiting around

So so long baby so long
I've been waiting to be found for so long
But before I'm underground
I'm not waiting to be found
So so long baby so long

LET'S JUST SAY

Let's just say
It's time to say goodbye
To leave behind the sadness
To leave behind the cry

The cry of what went wrong
And can we make it right
The weariness of knowing
That no matter how we try

The same old feelings will get in the way
The same old thoughts will have their
day
Will leave us defeated unable to make
The changes that were needed
For each of us to stay

Lets just say
It was all too hard
Too hard to be together
Too hard to be apart

Too hard to find a way
To hard to leave or stay
Too hard to say goodbye
Too painful to delay

Lets just say
It's time to say goodbye
And try to do it kindly
With regret but without guile

Lets just say
It was all too hard
Too hard to be together
Too hard to be apart

COUNT YOUR LUCKY

Count your lucky
Be as plucky
As your brain will
Let you be

Keep on trucking
Don't keep ducking
What you know
You'll always be

You'll always be
What you became
About the time
You got your name

About the time
You realised
What wasn't you
Would mesmerise

And so it has
From then till now
Not much makes sense
But anyhow

You've got this far
It could be worse
You've still got money
In your purse

So don't complain
Enjoy the rain
Stay on your feet
Accept some pain

But try to keep it
To yourself
What you can't keep
Put on the shelf

And leave it there
Until you can
Go sing a song
Or join a band
Or hire a van

Accept that you will
Never be
More than you were
About age three

Praise the roof above your head
Praise the floor beneath your feet
Praise the food upon your plate
Beware a tendency to hate

Or think you're more
Than you can be
Or that you were
About age of three

THE UNKNOWNABLE NEXT

- 52. GOT THROUGH THE HEDGE 01:43
- 53. INTO THE BIN 02:06
- 54. GOOD AND GONE 00:53
- 55. BE AT PEACE KIDDO 01:21
- 56. GOOD DAYS BAD DAYS 01:40
- 57. WHEN YOU GIVE YOURSELF TO LOVE 01:00
- 58. BACK HOME 01:16

GOT THROUGH THE HEDGE

Got through the hedge
Looking like I'd come through backwards

But at least I was through
Standing there alone
Knowing there were times
I'd been a long way from home

Home where the heart is
Home where you feel safe
Home where you can look hard
In the mirror in the morning
And take on board
What you see there

And its dawning
That even when you lose
Your love and your way
There's much to be gained
In understanding that the play

Was one in which the script
Wasn't written by you
And the drama was produced
By someone who was too

Caught up in their own world
To see beyond the stage
To recognise that others
Had important lines to say

In this play the hedge
Kept getting in the way
Like a barricade between
The actors till today

When this one broke on through
To whatever might be found
Not afraid to face up to
A breaking of new ground

Or facing the fact that
Once through they'd be along
Accepting they might be again
A long way from home

Got through the hedge
Looking like I'd come through one
Looking for a comb
Or a store to buy a new one

Backwards of forwards
The only option left
Will be to keep moving on
To the unknowable next

INTO THE BIN

Into the bin
Out in the lane
Into the truck
Never again

Out to the dump
Into the muck
Bulldozed around
Soon covered up

Rotting in there
No longer seen
For what it once was
What it had been

From what it had been
To where it should be
No longer mine
Not about me

Into the bin
Out in the lane
Into the truck
Never again

Never again
To give as I did
Time to cast off
The past and to live

Into the bin
Out in the lane
Away in the truck
Never again

Where can you put
What's not good and true
What's brought to your door
Too veiled to see through

To what's really there
Bare need in a dress
Eager to dance
With an eye on the what's next

When the tune will change
The rhythm will be stronger
And you won't be
The partner any longer

Into the bin
Out in the lane
Out in the dark
Out in the rain

Close the lid tight
Run back inside
Get into bed
And entertain life

Open once more
To love and what's right
As best as you can
Let in the light

The light that got lost
In the getting of got
The got that got shot
And is destined to rot

Into the bin
Out in the lane
Away in the truck
Never again

Will need dressed up
To look like a lamb
Get wolfing its way
Into my baby's pram

Will love dressed up
To look meek and mild
Get into bed
With my tender child

Will love dressed up
To look soft to touch
No I've said that before
About what's safe to touch

Into the bin
Out in the lane
Away in the truck
Never again

Into the bin
Out in the lane
Away in the truck
Never again

Into the bin
Out in the lane
Away in the truck
Never again

GOOD AND GONE

Good and gone
It's in the song
It's in the song
That I will find

The centre of the universe
That in this task of loving you
Got broken up
And scattered wide

It will all now
Small piece by piece
Be brought back in
Be glued with pride

That all I did
Was real and true
I played no games
I always drew

The lines as clear
As I could do
Never wavered
Often blue

And hurt and sad
At times demeaned
For giving all
When all was seen

As weakness but
Within my heart
I always knew
What love required

And in the end
Can walk away
Knowing love
Will have its day

BE AT PEACE KIDDO

Be at peace kiddo
There's nothing left to do
But to move on best you can
To pastures new

You've been hanging around
Doing all that you could do
But it didn't cut the mustard
Was more than you could chew

Onwards and outwards
Is all that's left for you
No good lying down now
Or attempting to review

The entire caboodle
In a positive light
It was awful and you know it
Let it go into the night

The night of past experience
There's room for it in there
Alongside all that others
Have discarded But be fair

To yourself
You were blinded
Once again
By the glare

Of the prospect
Of finding
An end
To the despair

That has followed you around
Since it was sadly handed down
What you've been through was a wind up
Now comes the winding down

The winding down is now
The giving up is up
For the pouring of the liquid
Of life into the cup
Capable of holding
Gallons of the stuff
The winding down cometh
The giving up is up

GOOD DAYS BAD DAYS

Good days bad days
When you've lost your lover
Sad days

What can you expect
When it rains you get wet
When the sun shines you get dry
When you lose your lover
You're inclined to cry

So what did you expect
When you stepped into the puddle
When you didn't know
How deep it was

When it got you in a muddle
When it got up to your middle
When it reached up to your neck
Aw heck what did you think
You must have know you would get wet

Good days bad days
Days that are too long days
Days when you can't find a song
To help you on your way days

Good days bad days
When the clouds won't go away days
When love wont let you move on
And accept its over and yet days

Dr Foster are you still not in Gloucester
Might you have a remedy
If I came and gotchyer

Dr Foster where did we go wrong
Was the puddle's depth deceptive
Or the shower too prolonged

Dr foster what should I do next
I've bought a pair of Wellington boots
But what about my neck

Dr Foster why do I ask you what went wrong
You stepped into a puddle
And now you've stepped into this song

To expect a better outcome would be
foolishness I bet
You're not much good at anything
Except getting wet

WHEN YOU GIVE YOURSELF TO LOVE

When you give yourself to love
You'll find it waiting there for you
When you give yourself to love
The fears that held you back will prove

Easier to thole and bear
Unable to abuse or scare
Or hamper you in all
You've ever wished to be or do

Your feet will touch the ground
As they have never done before
Your hands will want to reach out
Not to grasp but to restore

Whatever you once lost
In the search for something more
Than hearts are meant
To - reach- out - for

When you give yourself to love
I won't be there beside you
I'll have long since gone away
As love required that I should do

When you give yourself to love
Reality will thrive
With what love needed to survive
No longer denied

BACK HOME

There are places you would like to be
But your heart won't take you there
There are people you would like to see
But your heart holds you back - sometimes in
fear

Of finding that the welcome
Will be less than fulsome
That once there you'll despair
Of ever thinking that it might be

And be glad to get back home
For a nice cup of Tetley
Or something more appealing
And I'm not thinking here of Assam or
Darjeeling

And there are dreams you would like to realise
But your heart's not strong enough
Your life won't be long enough
To survive what their fulfilment - might require

Instead you can climb into your bed
Let your dreams take over in your head
Without fear and trepidation do anything you
Please

And be with your heart's desire
As you settle down to sleep
And be glad that you got back home
And be glad that you got back home

PLUS

SOME LAST DAYS OF FUN

An old scraggy bird
Still able to fly
Appeared today
In the nearby sky

The direction it flew in
Was north over trees
Over gardens of glass
Over damp grass and leaves

Perhaps to the hill
Where Mary once wept
Perhaps even further
Where Mary was kept

A slave to a kitchen
A slave to a man
A slave to herself
A slave to a plan

That would free her forever
Or that's what she thought
But the thought had no wings
And the thought came to nought

Until stood at her window
Observing the sky
Mary noticed the old
Scraggy bird flying by

And before understanding
The how or the why
She'd majicked some wings
And soared into the sky

Pause

Two old scraggy birds
Still able to fly
Appeared today
In the nearby sky

The direction they few in
Was south to the sun
To a nest by the sea
And some last days of fun