

I Will Wait

Oh my Jesus Christ,
can you bring me back to life?
Can you lead me to an afterlife that I would like?

Oh my Savior of the Meek,
can you teach me how to speak?
Can you teach me how to love myself when I am weak?

Oh my Lord of Love,
where are you hiding far above?
Why don't you come to me and show me what I ask you of?

Oh Emmanuel,
will you guide my way?
Did you see, but do you understand how far I fell?

Oh my Righteous Man,
will you give me solid land?
Will you give my own the greatest gift so we may stand?

Oh my End of Days,
am I headed for a path
that will lead me to the mouth of everlasting pain?

They will pray but if you listen you will hear me say:
I will wait for you to swing below and take me away.

The Pony Express

I am so sorry

Take off your hat take a seat now
put a pen to paper and write
Put on a stamp
Put an a lick
The letter will send itself

write on the line
Right on time
the pony express is clockwork

I wish the rose that I gave you
Was still taped to the window
And the ponies played fiddles that weighed down their backs
Whispering I am so sorry

Just a few more errands to do
Last in line in the letter it is
Put in a coat
Put on a rack
And then forgotten

Left at a friend's
and he'd let you in
But you haven't spoken in weeks

I wish the rose that I gave you
Was still taped to the window
And the ponies played fiddles that weighed down their backs
Whispering I am so sorry

OK so I put it off
I thought you understood
That my intentions were good
And if it didn't work out
Sometimes it's hard in love
I didn't try hard enough

Laundromat

The next time I am at the laundromat
I'm gonna talk to her
And the next time I talk to her
I'm gonna ask her out

The soap is old the dry is cold and I cannot fold
My socks in knots as the quarters drop and I'm stuck in parking lots
As I listen to the machines go 'round

The next time I am at the laundromat I'm gonna call my dad
And the next time I call my dad I will apologize

The snack machine is stuck between the TV and magazines
That talk about our self-doubt and the things we can't live without
As I listen to the machines go 'round

I've been waitin' after weekend after weekend after

Flour Water Sugar

Flour water sugar
Warm air in the oven
All you need's to wait to dear
All you need's to wait for the sun to come near

Mother wife and daughter
She's the only one who's home
Won't you come and greet her
Won't you come and meet the woman who is sure
to always wait for the sun to come near

Dust lies in the cabinets for years
Layers of paint on the wall disappear
Telling stories
Just a repetitious hum
Waiting for the guests who surely forgot to come
all day all day all day she yawns to pass her years

Boxes from the ceiling to the floor
Books she never read and clothes she never wore
Drinking coffee every hour until one
Waiting for the guests who surely forgot to come
all day all day all day she yawns to pass her years

Blow out all the candles
Sweep up all the breadcrumbs
Flour water sugar
mix them for the day to come
day to come near
WHO WILL COME NEAR

Leather Belt

Like a leather belt I am unlatched on the floor

The untethered ball detached from the core

Please don't pick me up perhaps it's my preferred form
Please don't put me back I'm a dropped acorn

If you mean well, leave me here
Don't leave me here
It's what I fear

As a desert oak I wear a trench coat of thorns
If you lean on me your skin might get torn

Just a heavy wind I am a hurricane being
A steady wave cursing all I'm seeing

Good Morning Everyone

I dropped the plate onto the floor
It was too early to breathe
We'll sweep it up before we're up
And whisper with our feet
The radio rings
It's hard to say
Whether the day is late or lazy
Good morning everyone
I pulled the sheets up off my eyes
It was too cold to dream
Scratch my back let's listen back
To the thoughts we forget slowly
The coffee bubbles
Is it too much
to say the hour has lost its touch
Good morning everyone

Awkward, or, A Question

Excuse me, I have a question that will make us awkward. So, if you would like an awkward situation, just say "What is it Stuart?" Okay, here it goes.

Excuse me, but I have a little trepidation so I'm already a bit awkward. So, if you would like an intrepid situation, just say "What is it Stuart?" Okay, here it goes.

Do you like me too?

Excuse me, but I was obviously just kidding. Of course I don't really feel that way about you -- that would be so incredibly awkward. What do I say now?

Excuse me, but I have a serious situation: I think my eyelids are broken. I should see nothing when I close them, but I see your face smiling up at me in Tennessee.

One Whole Year

One day I went to work, told em I had had enough
I was born to be an artist I was meant for paint and brush
So I sold all I owned, what I didn't sell I burned
And I moved in with my parents, bought supplies with what I'd earned
And now all I got to show for these empty cans of paint
Is a portrait of my mother, a suburban landscape
All the people that I met, all the time that I spent
Was a poor man's fortune but it didn't pay the rent

I made it one whole year
Think it went pretty well but I'll tell you in a minute it was shorter than it felt

The nurse called my name and I hobbled to my feet
And the test results were good enough to let em set me free
Now they're sawing off my casts and I'm trying to recall
How to walk and how to dance and how it feels when I fall

I pleaded with the judge and I cried to the jury
But my lawyer says it's over and I really shouldn't worry
I thought I'd get off clean but they heard my past was checkered
Don't they know a man is more than what's recorded on the record
So they hauled me off in chains and they showed me to my cell
It's a place that never rains it's a steel
Umbrella

Short Side of the Wall

The short side of the wall is crumbling
I don't know if I should blame someone

The short side of the wall is tumbling
Over and over until it is overrun

Lips of locks and hearts of rocks
Are losers that have won
Minds of bricks and souls of sticks
Are lined up one by one

The short side of the wall is mumbling
It was over before it begun
The short side of the wall is humbling
Stone by stone we own the revolution

Priests of light and acolytes
Will answer to no one
Weary dogs and rusty cogs
Are marching to the drum

What do you want to be
With all that you see
What do you want to have
With all that you have done
What do you want to do
Now that it's through
For what do you long
Now that it is gone

The short side of the wall is sunken
And the future's setting like the sun
The short side of the wall fell down
As the people fired off their guns

Children dream of times that seem
Forgotten by everyone
Devil's bells and carousels
Already have begun

Unicycle

Two wheels is too much for me
And handlebars are too easy

Spin my pedals on just one wheel
Put me on the saddle I'm outta here

Give me a unicycle dear
Give me a rubber dusty keel
Give me an edge that I can feel
As I bump up and down the hill

Goin fast is overrated
And falling off is what I've traded
It's unbalanced but what a steal
Inefficient is my onliest fear