**THE GUARDIAN**

Remarkably smart and remarkably stupid

I've seen it all in my time

And when being asked which one I prefer

I answer with tobacco and mime

You have good taste, I haven't seen many

*Trout Mask Replicas* in hands

Of highly suburban, shirt-matches-trousers

Bespectacled ornery men

I've walked all your streets, I've seen all your ZOOs,

I met a songwriter or two

I've seen all the outtakes from Danny Kaye movies

But they really don't look good on you

If you locked yourself in this room by the pool

You should've known better than that

You say you'll be bigger than Baldensperger

But I guess you know that he's dead

*So when you're looking for gold in the cities*

*Carved in perpetual bronze*

*You must understand that I can't help you*

*Or your polite lot of loved ones*

*I can't get bands to sing on your weddings*

*You'll have to pay them a fee*

*You'll probably say what kind of a guardian are you*

*But then, what do you know about me*

Remarkably smart or remarkably stupid

I don't need much time to decide

I want your breakfast, I want your lunch

And by the end of this cycle, your wife

You better hand me your manuscripts, boy

You better hand me your Strat

If you by this time haven't amounted to nothing

We might as well leave it at that

*So when you're looking for gold in the cities*

*Carved in perpetual bronze*

*You must understand that I can't help you*

*Or your polite lot of loved ones*

*I can't get bands to sing on your weddings*

*You'll have to pay them a fee*

*You'll probably say what kind of a guardian are you*

*But then, what do you know about me*

**THE SUBURBAN SONG**

The ambulance wants to be heard

Over whispers of suburban misery

Look how those houses have aged

And railroad still crosses the highway

Where you would least expect it

And trees look like Donovan Leitch

Look at these hands on pianos

In those nightclubs with five people listening

And the band's getting up to five thumbs

The rain is still playing the postman

And someone's back from another delivery

Walking through this city on crumbs

I have my fears, I admit it

I dread of the ambulance passing

With sounds that just pierce thru my bones

But nothing disturbes me as much as

The silence from aforementioned railroad

With no trains, just time movin' on

**THANK YOU FOR YOUR TIME**

Thank you for your time, they said

Now you're eating into ours

Was it just a joke? More likely

Their manifest of power

They know how to play the organ

They have all the dough

What you got is rhythm and a copy of

*Hunting High And Low*

On your desk you left your watch

Besotted with its job

Someone will come by and trash it

Causing it to stop

Someone will come by and trash it

Causing it to stop

Johnnie Ray was singing high

I am singing, too

Walking in the rain or not

Falling into you

City statues smile their smiles

And Macheath's back in town

Talk him into giving you

His England for your pound

Everybody wants to see

Love letters in the sand

Write a few, express yourself

Before you pitch your tent

You can bark and you can bite

And curse the Tower Guy

But there's no future-bending man

On a flaming pie

You can buy yourself a barrel

Be Diogenes

Do The Pony or some other

Form of expertise

Do The Hucklebuck or else

Andres-Valdes your mime

You can always sing in church

Thank you for your time

**THINGS**

Things that I endure

Have cut their cords before

I'm forbidden to come in

I can't trust them anymore

Trains have left this town

And I'm no longer here

Casey Jones is dying

Of this I have no fear

And I'm tossing and I'm turning

And the session is adjourning

And the judges are not guilty

After all

Things that I endure

Have sipped their alcohol

They smoke what they can get

In hope that they grow tall

But trains have left this town

And fog is coming in

And I don't understand

Its stern discipline

And I'm tossing and I'm turning

And the session is adjourning

And the judges are not guilty

After all

**WHERE YOU’VE BEEN**

Night never comes without agenda

She chooses tasks so carefully

She takes old dreams down to the gallows

She makes new ones a misery

You say you feel the heat of footsteps

Turning your feet to chunks of coal

You say there's too much space around here

I don't say anything at all

I'm not all smiles, but you can see that

I don't wear top hats anymore

I wear umbrellas and bright blazers

I know all stanzas to *Milord*

*And I don't want to stand before you*

*If your shadows don't know what I mean*

*I'll disappear like a tamed wildflower*

*If you can tell me where you've been*

*What painting have you been a part of*

*What nightmare did you coproduce*

*And I must know if my old letters*

*Brought some old dandy a mess of blues*

I've been through divine interventions

I've broken lots of crystal stuff

You've done your lonesome time with china

And now you think that that's enough

*And I don't want to stand before you*

*If your shadows don't know what I mean*

*I'll disappear like a tamed wildflower*

*If you can tell me where you've been*

*What painting have you been a part of*

*What nightmare did you coproduce*

*And I must know if my old letters*

*Brought some old dandy a mess of blues*

**SMALL TOWN WEDDING**

Meet the baker, he's up early

Throwing the bouquet.

Meet the banker, he's just signed his

Compliments away.

Everybody's quiet while they're

Figuring it out –

Is she getting married, or else –

What's it all about?

Meet the pastor, he's too young

And Jesus makes him think

Are those sandals or is he only

Ordering a drink?

Drink it up and make a living

Benefit on doubt –

Is she getting married, or else –

What's it all about?

Decorating the gazebo

Humming Pat Boone songs –

Postmen come and postmen go

And they all speak in tongues.

They are trained to throw newspapers

But they've never vowed –

Orbison just taught them how to

Go out with the crowd.

Meet the parents and the family

Meet the best men, too.

They are frozen until dusk

But what's it all to you?

Go to sleep, don't question them

Are they ashamed or proud.

Now, is she getting married, or else –

What's it all about?

**CLOSE THE DOOR**

Traffic lights don't go to school or else I'm misinformed

Red lights buskin' and green ones howlin' – talk about the norm

Trees along the street are haunted, but who they're haunted for

Would they move away from here if you just closed the door

**SWEET PARFUME**

Nothing is stronger than additional layers

Of horn-rimmed glasses that can't sleep at night

Baskerville dogs have been put out, don't worry

They shouldn't wake up, but the old landlord might

Better forget what's in it for him and

Better forget what it all means at all

Long years have passed since we've walked down that hall, dear

Since all these old men were on our beck-and-call

We've burnt down the walls and made us some paper

We've written some stuff for King Lear to read

He's better, you know, his obsession with horses

Has burnt to cinders in our time of need

Better forget what's in it for him and

Better forget what it all means at all

Long years have passed since we've walked down that hall, dear

Since all these old men were on our beck-and-call

Blessings to those who can ride without armor

Blessings to those who can only assume

Summon Grenouille, let him bow down before us

And tell us the essence of his sweet perfume

Better forget what's in it for him and

Better forget what it all means at all

Long years have passed since we've walked down that hall, dear

Since all these old men were on our beck-and-call

**AFTER CHRISTMAS**

You'll never know what's going on

Inside those mangers in the dark

Do herald angels smoke cigars

If so, who shot the northern star

The snow that reeks of silence now

Has gone from preciousness to wreck

And all the love that he endured

Will turn to hatred in a sec

The shops just disilluminate

From all the dark nightwatchman stares

And all the million dollar brats

Suddenly turn to billionaires

The church bells all seem out of tune

But now that's all they can afford

That being said, it's hard to ring

*Where Could I Go But to the Lord*

**MENUET**

The carousel is honkin'

A haunting menuet

The happy Jack is yearnin'

But the crowd's already dead

Ya ever seen a man with

No future in the mail

The Platters may be singin'

But that ship ain't gonna sail

You see, nobody's ringin'

On my front door anymore

Company's overrated

Irma la Douce is still a whore

A woman, pretty lonesome,

Is tryin' to sneak a smile

But Frankie killed her Johnny

And went out with Nellie Bly

The carousel is honkin'

But that's not where it's at

The cole is in the bathroom

The king's without a Nat

The good ol' times are gone now

The rhyme's been overused

Look at them lonely people

Still dancin' to Blue Suede Shoes

The carousel is honkin'

A haunting menuet

The happy Jack is yearnin'

But the crowd's already dead

A woman, pretty lonesome,

Is tryin' to sneak a smile

But Frankie killed her Johnny

And went out with Nellie Bly

**THE SONG OF CICADAS**

Drop to your knees in slow motion

Especially at this time of day

Drop to your knees in slow motion

Drop to your knees and obey

The one next to you must be quiet

The one in the mirror is mute

Sing us a song of cicadas

Let's see if you're any good

I own a few English castles

And I give birth now and then

I know a lot about taming

Your lot of conspicuous men

The one next to you is courageous

The one in the mirror is lame

Sing us a song of cicadas

Cry for your fortune and fame

Drop to your knees in slow motion

Drop until someone says »Cut!«

Later we'll fire your double

Later we'll fire a lot

The one next to you never bothers

The one in the mirror breaks free

Listen to the song of cicadas

It fades out mysteriously

**WRONG DREAMS**

Wrong dreams

Oh they should've been yours

You sleep like a baby, you show no remorse

I'm tossin' them round, but they keep comin' back

It's quiet tonight, and peace is somethin' I lack

With wrong dreams

They never ask when they enter

They smell like an old fighter when they should've been gentler

I'm shooin' them off, but they turn deaf to my pleas

Well I just don't know if I can keep it like this

With wrong dreams

And no excuse after all

For gettin' stuck in narrations just like Robert Duvall

But the deeper the voice, the merrier they are,

And while it's freezing outside, well it's colder by far

With wrong dreams