

falling down the stairs •

out of bed i will fall
and go sleep walking down the hall
cursing the endless hours
can't you see
the flowers in the window are still there
i'm a sentimental fool but i don't care
still expect to see you everywhere
falling down the stairs
easily in folding papers
lighting a fire that burns like christmas
thumbing through a book in a different language
that somebody left
nowhere in the kitchen it's still there
i'm a sentimental fool but i don't care
still expect to see you everywhere
falling down the stairs

• one step forward •

you leave your perfume on my clothes
you leave your footprints in my bed
your mother was a lunatic
who shot your father in the head
and i just want to know
are we getting closer now?
when the morning comes it clears my head
and you're beautiful again
one step forward for two steps back
it's a tender trap or something like that
she's half crazy and i fall flat
all the time
dead insects on the window sill
a glass of wine a box of shells
the wind was a mute roar
while her engine rattled like scrap metal
the sun was in my eyes
in my C.P.A. disguise
write me a letter give me a sign
in hanging out most of the time.

spirit of progress •

• one ever told you there's a lot you can do
• stop those troubled years slipping away too soon
that's the use in dreaming dreams that never come true
• better smoking in the lavatory
• hiding out behind the tea room
the ships come in and then the ships go out again
nowhere in between there's a lot of man hours
and you wake before the clock rings
waiting for the day to begin

empires come and empires go
and the queen's not a spritely young thing anymore
flags they fly and flags they fall
• one would believe it's something young men die for
the spirit of progress never looks back
but you get bored with the football scores
or watching race horses
running round and round a circular track
waiting for the day to begin

our hands get hard from hammering steel
but does a heart get hard and forget how to feel
side away your feelings like a cold dark secret
at night time ghosts in the smoke of a cigarette
the spirit of progress never looks back
there's a gold watch and a catholic plot
for a lifetime spent pissing in a rich man's pocket
waiting for the day to begin

• drown •

the stars are bright tonight
but give a far away light
and on these cloudless nights
i breathe in deep my thoughts are clear
run moonlight fingers through your hair
you didn't say you loved me
but i didn't really care
went looking for the Buddha
but i couldn't find him anywhere
there's no smoke, no flame, just heat & stealth,
no barricades to keep us to ourselves
i feel i could hold you in my arms
and still not know where you are
and be happy somehow
just turning you round
pinning you down
if mistrust were water we'd drown
when warning lights are flashing red
the stars are bright but have no friends
and in my cramped bed
i breathe in deep my thoughts are clear
run moonlight fingers through your hair
you know there is no God above
you know there is no perfect love
went looking for the answer
but i couldn't find it anywhere

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"nothing but blue skies coming your way"