

The Psychology of Booze and Guilt

A brief insight into the psyche:

'.....and with my brain and muscles, and sweat, and constant thinking, made others see my visions coming true.....those who dream by night, in the dusty recesses of their minds, wake in the day to find that all was vanity.'

-APPLAUSE-

'o....thank you'

Skin Bottle

Have you ever seen a man unsure of his own skin?
unsure of the things that he's capable of doing
and hides behind the drink
does he impress you with his sober intellect?
does he inspire you with his drunken speech?
trust me, it's just the start

he says 'trust me'
he knows what's best for him
sometimes it's better to leave the drunk alone
leave that drunk alone

He's leapt off a ledge or two to test his nerves
it's the emotional edge that cuts him now
the sauce calms his nerves
the first of many swigs to dive in and swim
to drown himself in the swill of the bottle
a better place because it's him

he says, 'help me'
what's the best thing for me?
please don't leave this poor drunk alone
don't leave this drunk alone

They say they can rebuild his precious state
giving him something to believe his own skin
somehow get into the right mind
it's a new beginning and long journey coming
if he says the right things, and takes the right steps
but he still won't be him

he yells 'help me!'
not even the best things are best for me
please don't leave this poor drunk alone
don't leave this drunk alone

A Smile Can't be Forced

The floating fire forms into glowing snakes
above the seaweed and crashing waves
a silent film plays with a sad organ orchestra
and the China doll chorus is versed through glass eyes

It's like a divining rod in a crystal ship
maybe it would be safer, in that buried mine

'cause if you don't make it home before the hour
you'll surely fall, into that glowing fire

It' the darkest night out on the boardwalks cobble stones
the opium den door is locked a the hour
and the long walk home, a bit more sobering now
as a timpani rumbles behind violins

It's like a divining rod in a crystal ship
maybe it would be safer in that buried mine

and if you don't make it home before the hour
you won't smell your feet or touch the flower

`cause a smile can't be forced

Whiskey was the Medicine (to get me through another Christmas eve night)

And whiskey was the medicine
that help me bring home a brand new dog
and whiskey was the medicine
to bring me down from a, hell above

cause it's Christmas time again
and I'm telling strangers that I love 'em
I'll break out the credit card
and make her smile in sin

on the trip back from the mall
I'll stop by the local watering hole
and pull up that ole stool chair
and order that revered now, whiskey drink

I turn to see her mother
and become her temporary shrink
all my sins through the year to be forgiven at the mass at midnight
or maybe just a stroll through the petting zoo and flickering lights
o, those grotto lights

and whiskey was the medicine
help me set up the faded nativity scene
and whiskey was the medicine
that makes me appear to be now, so mean

I'm like an occult master
using the pew as a plight
all my sins through the year to be forgiven the at mass at midnight
and whiskey was the medicine to help me get on through
another Christmas eve night

The 50's are comin' around again

Living in your dream is the only way to go son
but be sure you don't wake up in it
you won't like what you see, it's rough around the edges
crooked and unclean..... mean and dirty

If you feel weak in the eyes of sobriety
then pour yourself another drink
but be sure to snap out, and don't drown in it son
sometimes you wish your first name
your first name should've been 'Wink'

If you use Dax on your head and on your pubic hair
If chrome fixtures take precedence over fuel
don't worry son, there's always a next life in the 50's cause
happy days will be here again
put god in the pledge of allegiance once again

It's the other generations that can keep it together
until then we'll just keep living in sin
If sometimes you wish your first name should've been 'Wink'
don't worry son, the 50's are coming around again

The Unknown Artist

In the prime of his life he's torn and angry
he'll tear into you
for fear of bein' torn, in two
he'll try to tear
and rip
a new place for his heart
cause his hearts been lost
in a promise
that promise of love
and bank accounts
and the shadow, of wealth looms over
and his unfinished art collects dust, in the basement
the walls seep mildew and rust, unexplained rust
and dust, fills his head

the unknown artist is a time bomb
but time has been blown away
there no life left in the dusty basement

the life he seeks is in solitude
but most of the time people think he's being rude
when he's under the sun
he's longing for the darkness
the life he doesn't own
has been starched and bleached
after a short time he can't be reached
but reaching for anything,
but reaching for anything,
but reaching for anything, came naturally
and therapy comes to late
for arguments against faith, and for misery
and dust, dust fills his head

the unknown artist is a time bomb
but time has been blown away
there no light left in the dusty basement
and bipolar is a means
a means to stay

Putting the Fun back in Funeral

A caustic cause worth of celebrating
and rejoicing, in the things that have been
instead of what would, or might have come
and the people and the things that they've touched
and beautiful things that they've done
to celebrate in song
until that booze is gone

A toast to lift the spirit high
and to numb our final thoughts of riddance
we'll roast old names, and laugh as they're mentioned
and then chop them down on old blocks, where we can
well threes of many a cheers as tears fill the air
tears turn to soft laughter, and bursts
until that booze is gone

'o Lord, our friends have surely passed, passed on from this life, and into the next....'

What They Wear

This room of fools, make me cringe
tripping over political babble bah
and laughing all the way to the bank
pulling from the left, to give to the right
and pushing from the right, to steal from the left
I prefer the fence, over chaos, my friends

the thunder of the meek weakens every year
it's a struggle just to struggle here
the dream is now, one stop shopping
and an empty bunk, in that there building
soups a permanent hell, in this soup kitchen
I prefer to bring, my own spoon, my friend

It's the rules of the rich futility
who'll pave our way
we'll follow what's been said by what they wear
that's how they get paid you see
that's how, we pay their way

free to be one, under certain conditions
I understand we fought for freedom man
It's a matter of socialism, not a cocktail party!
the bigger the cigar, the smellier the descent
we grow bigger stains, then attempt to fix
I prefer to bring, my own smoke, my friends

I'm a Drunk

I'm a Drunk
in the worst way
my girlfriends fine, but I'm green most of the time
I'm notorious,
'cause I'm a drunk
my lips are dry, and cracked, and..... disgusting really
and I can't remember your name
for the life of me

I lost my guitar
but no one will tell me where it is
but, they all know
'cause they're sick of me playing those same old Led Zepplin songs
and getting um wrong
they say my "songs remain the same"

So, I stole my 'friends' guitar
where I'm staying at
sat down upon that curb
playing Custard Pie
'cause this city is a parking lot
and where I park my butt, is where I'll drink
unless I'm in a thinking mood of coarse
and I'll posture with my drink against my heart
cause I'm in love.....o, yes, I'm in love
'cause I'm a drunk

Sister Teresa's Albany Cemetery

Her bones were visible
she lived next to bones
the frown on her face deserved a grin
although grimly she shook, on the couch,
on her past, on repressed catholic guilt
she welcomed the bones
they were beautiful to and her
and fitting

she always said no, ha ha,
hold on
although she always meant yes, ha ha
to be included
to be resurrected
to be lied to, and to her
and to her it was all the same in the end

Her cemetery gleamed
during the day
and shut down at night
like the doors she'd locked
in her feeble cerebellum
she couldn't stretch
it weakened her bones
so her mind was in constant flex

and she knew she'd gain attention
from that pleated skirt
the attention that would lead to her holiness
and walking tight, and looking back for watchers
and to her it was all the same in the end