

APPLES TO APPLES

Well I'm biding my chance on this fantasy
We're all humans and that's what we want to be
All lovers not leavers, well some inbetweeners
And that's just fine with me I say

Now it's apples to apples and I'm trying to give a shit
Each card that you play just to thicken it
And I'm wishing for her to step back from that curb
And quit toying with traffic

Now the headlines are blanketed in some forecast
So frothy Jehovah should have witnessed it
And followed you back to your door, just to settle some score
And that's just fine with me you say

Now I'm pining for you, by god I'm pretty sure you're pining to
And I'm calling for you but I'm pretty sure you're just ignoring it
Wont you let me back upstairs so I can let down my head
On your shoulder, on your shoulder

GARDENS

All the ways you saw you saw him
All the ways you're calling
All the wine that fits my waist around
The empire is seen, edge of their lawns
Hoping all their gardens will grow

Annie I can't help it
They're crawling from the blankets
All their little heads just turn around
For the man in me pleads
Younger much less ordinary man

Head laid on the pavement
Surprised the way it all fits
Ego and the Id just take it out
For the hurt come for free
Searching for some solitary crown

All the ways you saw him
All the ways you're calling
All the wine that fits my waist around
The empire is seen, edge of their lawns
Hoping all their gardens will grow

THE LIL' SWEATERS

Who left the coffee in the attic, yet again
Who left the fingers all swollen and red, all swollen and red

Things will get better
If you will it my dear
Soon we'll all just be knitting sweaters
To wrap around our head

Who's up there coughing in the attic, sleeping in the hatchback
Who left your fingers all swollen and red, all swollen and red

Things will get better
If you will it my dear
Soon we'll all just be knitting sweaters
Wrap around our heads
You call out for the big one
And you call out for all that's Gladys
Is now just knitting sweaters
To wrap around our head

Things will get better
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SUBTLE HINTS

So the story goes
You're cleaning off the lipstick from your collar
And all the times you've called
Just to wake amongst the batter in the mire
Whether worthy of the salt you take
Or the bread you bake

Always on the phone
Calling out the patterns in the water
This tone could sink a boat
What a better way to wake amongst the flowers
The pedals plush and proper placed
For the bed we made

And you'll always be a part of pieces
Flowing to my inner thesis
Crawling out the sheets in mid July
And nobody ever notices
The subtle hints you're floating
And the bed of all this hope has gone awry
All it lies, all a lie

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HONEY, FOR

I said, darling where are you running
Who is the sun and who holds the key
She said, baby with all that good loving
Who is the honey and who is the bee keep
Who is the bee keep

You're so laid back with all good intentions
Crossing the benches, who is that man
Don't get me started with all that your mumbling
Who is the tongue and who is the teeth

Taking a bite of my morning sun
Do think if we were just to walk all night
Day breaks on yesterday
Cradling the crease and folds of time
In the parking lot just wasting space

You're all gave back with all that you're running
All of the rain and all of the sun
Do you remember late last November
All of the rain and all of the snow

Don't get me set back with all expectations
All misplaced haste always a test
Don't get me started with all that your mumbling
Who is the tongue and who is the teeth

Taking a bite of my morning sun
Do think if we were just to walk all night
Day breaks on yesterday
Cradling the crease and folds of time
In the parking lot just wasting space

One x One

One by one by
Two by who knew baby
It's all the same
If time's so simple
Why is it so fickle and hazy
Are we meant to be
Just a board, strong and stable

Sparkles just a little
The rain on my tin roof and you
Say to me
If life's just a jingle
Bury me with her and let her
Rule my mind
Are we all, strong and stable

One by one by
Two by who knew baby

SUBPOENA COLADA

Where'd you get your bag of winnings
How'd you find your fingers crossed
Why's that waking up's the better part of giving
That you're holding this green earth under your thumb

Keeping up the substitution
Keep them always on the run
Scratching bellies, you're aching, grabbing at your own son,
That you're holding this green earth under your thumb

Sold my soul, down by water side
Keeping up all the malarky
Six foot eight, scraping sunset
Just like those all with fall

Could it be lost
What could be the cause
When the ball was dropped
Same as it ever was

What about your bag of winnings
How'd they spoil, they all be gone
Now that waking up's the better part of giving
That you're holding this green earth under your thumb

Sold my soul, down by water side
Keeping up all the malarky
Six foot eight, scraping sunset
Just like those all with fall

Could it be lost
What could be the cause
When the ball was dropped
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Could it be lost
What could be the cause
When the ball was dropped
Same as it ever was
When the ball was dropped
Who became the boss

ALL MY FRIENDS

All of my friends sit on the back porch swinging
Listening to Waylon on the radio
All of their lives are torn between righteous and forgiven
All of them words just pen for a living, all of them words

Crossing the canyon, space in my arms, just to pray for to give them
Weight of the world and the blood in your eyes, your eyes, there's always something more
Keep it in mind you'll see all my worthy imperfections
All of my worth stems from religion, all of my worth

All my time
Best when in love
All my mind's better days
Keeping time
Best when in love
All my mind's better days

Crossing the canyon, space in my arms, just to pray for to give them
Weight of the world and the blood in your eyes, your eyes, there's always something more
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All my time
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Keeping time
Best when in love
All my mind's better days

So you went and put summer in a flame
And that Bedouin bag from your mother's place
This ain't the best, this ain't the best that you ever had
This ain't the best, this ain't the best that you ever had

LET'S TALK ABOUT THE WINTER

Let's talk about the winter that I saw you
It was there amongst the foliage in the trees
And you tell me what is wrong with all my follies
With two pitchforks and the end of a kitchen knife
And I know it's better off that I don't call you
But I can't help, I can't help,
it's brought me to my knees
And I call you

If my words had never faltered
And if my weight was to the moon
I'd listen for your voice less spoken
And wait for you to come back home

If my words had never faltered
And if my weight was to the moon
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And wait for you to come back home