

Poems by Phil Brennán

1995

January 1995

Stronger than I

Today
Is just the same
I bleed some more
I feel the pain

Aches
They tear me apart
Limb from limb
Mind from heart

Release
Is what I crave
Heaven's grace
Or mortal grave

And yet
As I feel
Weak
I know
That you are
Strong

Stronger than I

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If

And if we lose our hope
And if we lose our faith
And if we are without love
What else do we have
To give away?

And if we lose our joy
And if we lose our peace
And if we are without God
Who could save us
If we fall?

But if we hold fast
To the rock of our salvation
And we walk in faith with God
Who against us can stand?

© Phil Brennán 26th January 1995

On and On

Too many people are sitting pretty
In their little boxes made all the same
By the fear of being wrong
In the eyes of the world

And in their ticky-tacky lives
They never have room
And the wheels turn
And the world burns
And cycles come and go

And sometimes everything stops
And they have time to look back
And some jump off this ride
But for others this merry-go-round
Goes on and on and on

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February 1995

Angel

And I see you standing there
And I see your broken smile
But I don't know how to feel
And I'm scared to touch
Lest you might break
For you shimmer
As an angel
Beautiful
Wounded
Angel

Give me something
Something I crave
But you turn away
And cry
Before you break
For you shimmer
As an angel
Beautiful
Wounded
Angel

© Phil Brennán 5th February 1995

Dream with Me

Frozen in my mind
Is a
Dream
And this dream
Is a wizard
Tell me what it means
I can't tell

Dream
Dream with me

Burn
Dream Warrior
Turn
Away from vision
Learn
Glean from all I dream

Dream
Dream with me

And we fall over
Play dead
Seelie
And fey
Jump a train
And head for Spain
Just as you

Dream with me

Dream
Dream with me

Sister
Brother
Come with me
Even here
And we fall over
Play dead
Dream Warrior
Dream with me

Turn
Cold
Burn
Burn those dreams

And dream
Dream with me

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Let Me Go

I don't have a lot to say to you
Even if I could show it through
And it's like a dream that fails to last
Or a shadow of the past

So many times I have tried to reach
So many times to touch your skin
And it feels like wounds on trees
And I'm still shaking bones

I don't have a lot to say to you
So please let me go

© Phil Brennán 5th February 1995

You

So near
And yet so far
Is the memory
Of you

And it seems like all these years
Hasn't changed you one bit

I can't
Say "I love you"
But I can't
Say "Go"

And my heart burns up inside
And my throat is hoarse from crying

And a love song
Is heard over many miles
But it's hollow
Without you

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Anathema

You tear me apart
And gouge out my eyes
You burn me up
And make me die

You're vitriol
Anathema
To me

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Letters

Kill my plastic smile that makes a turn
And in the kiln the potter burns
All my letters I wrote to you

© Phil Brennán 5th February 1995

Any More

Cold as a rainfall in December
Is my honesty
Fallen leaves hide my bones
The parts you cannot see

And I've grown cold
As you've grown cold
And I see it's time
Break my bones

And it's not real
What I see
And let's not play games
Any more

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Dream with Me [Reprise]

And we fall over
Play dead
And we dream our dreams
Play dead

Dream
Dream with me

© Phil Brennán 5th February 1995

Play Dead

I want to take your hand
I want to see your face
I want your kiss your touch
Play dead with me

© Phil Brennán 5th February 1995

Some Kind of Angel

Sometimes you pass my door
And then you linger
Like some sort of memory
That makes me break my mask

Wandering the dizzy heights
Not wanting to fall
Some kind of angel
Pass me by

And I don't think I care
If I'm right or wrong
Or if I'm out of touch
I keep on falling through

The doors forever closed
The cross I bear
To see a light
Is all I crave

Yet it's not that hard
Not that tough to see
And I'm mirrored
By your smile

And it's not that long
And it's not that hard
Yet it seems so cold
When you're not here
And you pass me by
The angel in Sumerian dreams
Called to mystify
So I just let it all go
Before I change my mind
And go another way

And I'm so hot I'm burning up
As Hades freeze over
To see a change in your eyes
Some kind of angel
Pass me by

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Dream Child

Sweet, sweet whispers
Follow my mind
And I just can't let go

Dreams haunt my mind
When I slumber
And I wake up in a sweat

Sweet dreams my angel
Calling my name
Through all the years
In a Sumerian haze

And I don't know
No I don't know
Where they're coming from
Sweet dreams my angel

Dream Child
Calls my name
In a Sumerian haze

© Phil Brennán 7th February 1995

Yesterday

Here we are
Alone again
Time to play
Another game

And it seems like yesterday
That we still had time to play
And it seems like yesteryear
That I still had you here

© Phil Brennán 7th February 1995

A Hundred Years [Rock Folk Song –
Original]

It's so plastic
It's so plastic the way that you smile
And it feels like a hundred years
Since you last meant it
And it feels like a hundred years
Since you last meant it

If I could change
Change it all forever real
And it feels like a game
That we play
While all the time
We hide our faces
While all the time
We hide our faces

And another million times I have to
Play these games
And another million times I wait for
A hundred years

So I wait as if waiting
Would help it come
But it's cold outside
And it's colder here
As it rains
For a hundred years

So I wait as if waiting
Would help it come
But it's cold outside
And it's colder here
As it rains
For a hundred years

And another million times I have to
Play these games
And another million times I wait for
A hundred years
And another million times I have to
Play these games
And another million times I wait for
A hundred years

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Hollow Folly

Hollow
Is a dream
Illusion
All unseen

As I
See the dawn
I bleed
And I scorn

Folly
Is a game
I call
By another name

And I sit and watch the sunrise as it appears
over the moor

And I refuse to turn around to see you in the
mirror

But promises are broken more often than not

So I refuse to look at you

In case I see you cry

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Wilderness

The time of wilderness in a way
Of simple things run in a daze
And forever child of broken dreams
With tattered hands that make all clean
To see the dawn in candy skies
And all else sublime
Is torn into the personal veil
In time to be revealed
As if at dawn hearts aspire
To reach the top and go much higher
In all trials comfort lies
Not with man or deceitful cries
Yet in the eyes of man or beast
That I should be considered least
If to achieve a crown or goal
All men need a call of low

© Phil Brennán 26th March 1995

Three Long Years

Three long years I wept
Three long years I bled
A dream to be made real
Three long years to heal

Three long years to sow
Three long years to plant
Waiting for the harvest
Three long years to heal

© Phil Brennán 26th March 1995

April 1995

Love Song

I see the beauty of the dawn
And I see the sun rise up
And as I feel its warm embrace
I'm forever in your love

I feel the wind blow in my hair
Its coolness sweet as rain
Now the night has turned to day
I'm in your love again

As your Spirit moves
Upon the waters
And your touch is upon our land
And as the host
Saves the best wine till last
We're forever in your hand

© Phil Brennán 10th April 1995

Changes [Folk Song – Original]

Remember all the letters I wrote
The ones I never sent
And the words unspoken in a dream
The things I never said

And it's likely all the changes
Would drive us further apart
Like a poet who sits in the corner
Crying out his heart

And it seems to me
Like it's not too hard
To throw it all away

And it seems to me
Like yesterday's dreams
Will always fade away

And there's a frame upon my desk
With your photograph torn in two
A pen and paper on the side
With nothing much to do

And it's likely all the changes
Would drive us further apart
Like a poet who sits in the corner
Crying out his heart

And it seems to me
Like it's not too hard
To throw it all away

And it seems to me
Like yesterday's dreams
Will always fade away

Remember all the letters I wrote
The ones I never sent
And the words unspoken in a dream
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Would drive us further apart
Like a poet who sits in the corner
Crying out his heart

And it seems to me
Like it's not too hard
To throw it all away

And it seems to me
Like yesterday's dreams
Will always fade away

And it seems to me
Like it's not too hard
To throw it all away

And it seems to me
Like yesterday's dreams
Were made to fade away

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Fall In Love

And it feels like
I could fall
As it changes
Changes it all
My regression
Pays a price
And it feels like
I could fall
Fall in love

© Phil Brennán 29th April 1995

Break My Heart

Summer's hollow
And summer's cold
Break me
Break my hold

Smile divinely
Play your part
Break me
Break my heart

© Phil Brennán 29th April 1995

May 1995

Phil's Cheese Induced Dream #763

A Little Stronger

I wonder why you look the way you do
And it seems to me as if you'd turn blue
Forever's child with eternity on your heart
Can't you find your way on this world?

Baby you can't take it all
Baby you can't change it all
Running around with your ideas
But you don't trust me
Baby you need to be stronger
To change the world you're in
It doesn't matter what you think
I know what you need

Baby you need to stay
A little longer with me
Baby you need to be
A little stronger in me

I can see your troubles over taking you
And I can see the pain you store inside
And I wonder why you shed a tear
When you are scared and I draw near

Baby you can't take it all
Baby you can't change it all
Running around with your ideas
But you won't trust me
Baby you need to be stronger
To change the world you're in
It doesn't matter what you think
I know what you need

Baby you need to stay
A little longer with me
Baby you need to be
A little stronger in me

© Phil Brennán 21st May 1995

Grunger and Hippychick in a fix / Can't see past
the Yellow Brick Road to find tomorrow / Too
much slide to change / And carbon fibre wheels
turn / In ever decreasing circles of candied
light / As if the haerophantic monk could make
it change / As if he'd bother...

Meanwhile Terence Trent D'Arby plucks
feathers from his wings / To make his girl a hat
of fur / As if this is making any sense at all / I
shouldn't have had all that cheese before
bedtime / But it doesn't matter now...

Anyway / Back to my thought-dreams / Grunger
climbs up onto the Yellow Brick Road and
walks horizontally up a solid wall of air /
Hippychick looks on in amazement and wonders
why the UK isn't keen on Europe / But then she
remembers that Grunger works as a MEP...

Suddenly I awaken from my sleep induced
stupor / Then I remember to my horror that fact
is stranger than fiction / So I look forward to
another boring day.

© Phil Brennán 22nd May 1995

Bob Dylan

Bob Dylan on rhyme is a terrible thing
It smacks of doom, gloom, and sin
And even if he did bring it all back home
Some say he still isn't saved

Even his songs written of love
Are just something he's wishing of
And his voice is like gravel
But he's street legal at least

© Phil Brennán 24th May 1995

Visions and Dreams

Visions and dreams are the same thing
But the latter are blamed on cheese

© Phil Brennán 24th May 1995

June 1995

Poetic Distortion

I write with distortion in mind
I try not to time
Or be too sublime
Or even to rhyme
If I can help it
I write what I feel
Not feel what I write
I care not to fight
Or even to slight
With a sense of might
Or right
Or wrong
In song
Like a gong
Too short too long
Out of sink
Stink
Think
Pink?
Punk
Funk
Stunk
Sunk
So what am I writing?
Is it better than waiting?
Procrastinating?
Taking a dive
In order to survive
To be honest I'd hang it all
Off the wall
Make my call
Needless to fall

To make a sound
Profound
Rounded
Hollow
Wallow in words
Covered candy
Handy
Randy are my words
Still unheard
To observe
The way people talk
The way they walk
Or stalk
Like cats upon walls are my thoughts
So what do I mean?
It isn't obscene
But it ain't too clean
Sure I can write
But does it bear reading?

© Phil Brennán 2nd June 1995

Ó Breoangan (Ó Brennan)

Ó Breoangan was a miser
A two-timing user

Ní Dulamain was a virgin
Who sang in the choir

Ó Padraig was the priest
Who married them both
Ó Padraig was the priest
Who buried them both

© Phil Brennán 2nd June 1995

Chained

So you brought me here
To this wild place
Wrapped up in chains
Of love

Wherever I run
We're chained
Wherever I turn
We're chained

So don't break these chains
That hold us fast
Make them stronger
Make them last

© Phil Brennán 16th June 1995

1974

Do you hear the wind blowing across this land
Like some child lost and alone?
And do you feel me holding your hand
As you lead me home?

Do you hear this child crying
With nowhere to roam?
And do you see people dying
To be taken home?

And I remember all that's gone before
And all to come
Now I've got a hold of your hand
Like it's time to go

Do you hear me call your name
As I walk here once more?
And do you feel me holding your hand
Just like 1974?

© Phil Brennán 16th June 1995

Thoughts of Mine

I don't write sentences
I dissect them into core ideas
I don't write songs or poems
They just turn out that way

I don't have God
He has me
I don't have religion
As faith cannot be formulated

I don't wear my clothes
They just hang on me nicely
I don't care for poets like Wordsworth
They write only what they see

Art critics annoy me
They know nothing about nothing
I respect Bob Dylan
I understand what he writes

I take the music that I like
And leave the rest alone
I respect talent
I only wish I saw it more often

I like people who are honest with me
It makes it easier to be honest with them
I like to be in the company of women
Or alone with my thoughts

© Phil Brennán 21st June 1995

Remains of the Day

I don't really have a lot to say
I could never find the words to explain
These dreams of mine fade away
And visions are made plain

So it changes all yet with uncanny
Symmetry of thought remains
Within my heart within my mind
The emotions of the day

© Phil Brennán 22nd June 1995

If the Sky Turns Black

If the sky turns black
And the moon as blood
If the sun falls out of the sky
And the braes flood
And if all in all
Falls with a bloody roar
That's when I know
It's time to go home

© Phil Brennán 26th June 1995

Can't / Won't

Can't think
Can't think to write
Can't write what I see
Only that which I feel
Can't fight
Can't fight with a sense of might
Won't fight
I refuse to be lowered
Can't run
Can't run from all this
I refuse to be covered
Can't shout
Won't shout
Shout it all loud

That all might hear me break

Can't break

Won't break

It wouldn't help much at all

Can't fall

Can't afford the expense of picking myself up

Can't pay

Won't pay

For someone else to do it

Can't lay

Can't lay aside

My need of independence

Can't think

Can't think of anything else

To write

© Phil Brennán 26th June 1995

Fruit

I don't know what to make of it all
A false prophet makes it easy to fall
And I wonder if I shall see
When one comes my way
Then I remember what I've been taught
And it all makes perfect sense
"By their fruit they shall be known
And their fruit shall be death"

© Phil Brennán 26th June 1995

July 1995

As I Am

As I wait
Refresh me
As I reach out
Renew me
As I seek your face
Change me
As I am
Take me

© Phil Brennán 9th July 1995

For Want of Boxes

Don't think that you can
Suss me out
Don't look too hard
Don't even try

For want of boxes
People cry
For want of holes
People die

I can't fit your mould
Can't fit it at all
For want of boxes
People fall

© Phil Brennán 7th July 1995

Another Angel [Reprise]

Tell me where the east wind blows
As I'm getting cold
And I don't care how much it costs
As I'm getting old

And it seems to me like it's not too hard
To understand
As the blood drips cold on a higher hand
I feel the pain

As love lost cigarettes burn to dust
And leads to another one
It seems to me like I'm out of phase
Or just too far gone

It's cold outside and colder here
So I sweat my blood and drown in tears
But I can't make sense or recompense
Another angel pass me by

© Phil Brennán 7th July 1995

August 1995

A Dream is a Dream

A dream is a dream if it's ever unseen
A tale is a tale if it's ever been told
And love is love if you believe that sort of thing
But I prefer the untold

A woman is a woman if she isn't a dog
A kiss is a kiss if it isn't a snog
And angels are angels if you believe at all
But mine always end up as dogs

And slide is slide if it isn't sublime
And sex is sex if it isn't out of line
And dreams are dreams if you believe at all
But someone has messed with mine

© Phil Brennán 12th August 1995

An' No One Can Say

An' I see what I see
An' I feel what I feel
An' no one can say
If what I see
Or what I feel
Is illusionary or real

An' I taste what I taste
An' I hear what I hear
An' no one can say
If what I taste
Or what I hear
Is really that clear

An' I know what I know
An' I know when to go
An' no one can say
If I should stay
Or if I should go
But no one could know

© Phil Brennán 12th August 1995

Every Prophet Must Get Stoned

I see with eyes that look from afar
As if to say that it's okay
But all the while I hold my peace
From saying what I have to say

And during this time I wept my salt
As people show hearts of stone
And throw rocks at what I say
Every prophet must get stoned

© Phil Brennán 18th August 1995

All in All

All the time I dream
All the time I see
All the time you sleep
All the time I say

All the while it's cold
All the while it's dark
All the while you sleep
All the while I speak

All in all will fall
All in all will fade
All in all you stay the same
All in all is said

© Phil Brennán 18th August 1995

I Robot

I robot
The height of man's creation
A machine
With no heart or soul

I robot
With an x86 for a brain
Of metal
You have formed me from the fire

I robot
The height of man's creation
A machine
With no heart or soul

© Phil Brennán 19th August 1995

Is Everybody Here?

Is everybody here?
Is everybody here?
Tonight's show will be screened as scheduled
Without a recess in the middle
There shall be no smoking in the auditorium
Of any nature

There shall be poetry and dance
Jugglers and acrobats
Playing out their lives to see
There shall be plays and sketches
Tricks and illusions
The merest shadows of tracery

Is everybody here?
Is everybody here?
For the show is about to begin

© Phil Brennan 19th August 1995

Far Away [About Keren Tolhurst]

I'm listless and forlorn
And I ache in my bones
For my love is far away from me

The music is without form
And the music is dead
For my love is far away from me

And the days are cold and long
And the nights are just the same
For my love is far away from me

But I wait for the time
When I am hers and she is mine
For my love is far away from me

© Phil Brennán 21st August 1995

Dreams of Paradise

Sweet, sweet whispers in my dreams
Sweet, sweet nothings, all unseen
Sweet dreams of paradise allude me
Illuminating the quiet of the night

And I don't know why I see
Your face in my dreams
And it haunts me to know
You've got a hold on me

Sweet, sweet melodies play all around us
Confusing the issues that make me scared
As if you had a hold on me that cannot tear
To think that I once thought I didn't care

And it's hard to say what I cannot say
And it burns me deep to tell
This fire within 'twix heaven and hell
Burning eternally both day and night

And I don't know why I feel
The way that I feel
And it haunts me to know
That this is real

Sweet, sweet whispers in my dreams
Sweet, sweet nothings, all unseen
Sweet dreams of paradise allude me
Illuminating the quiet of the night

© Phil Brennán 31st August 1995

September 1995

Dreams of Eagles

Let me tell you of a dream I once had
For the meaning still alludes me

As the evening fades and the stars come out
From their hiding places to escape the day
The candied light shifts through colours
supreme
As the day fades into night

I'm alone on a cliff face
Waiting
Waiting for the time to jump
But I cannot see what's below
Or how I am to cross to the other side of this
ravine

And as the evening breeze stirs I hear a whisper
A small, quiet voice that seems so far away
Yet I can feel his presence right next to me
And I know it is time

I stand and wait as wings grow upon my back
And I flex my new found strength within them
The small, quiet voice speaks to me again
“Fly on my wings of truth
And do not fall into the world”

© Phil Brennán 11th September 1995

Seasons' Change

Strange it seems
Yet uncanny
And broken dreams
Within the many
Wounded hearts
That drip
When the highered hand
Loses its grip

And torn within the veil
Between heaven and hell
When the time is near
The bell tolls

And the earth shakes
And people fall
And seasons change
And someone calls

And the laughter of the saints
Shall ring out at last
When we come into the place
Where the future fulfils the past

© Phil Brennán 13th September 1995

1974 [Reprise]

Do you hear the wind blowing across this land
Like some child lost and alone?
The wind blows cold and harder still
As this child cries out for somewhere to roam

Do you see me upon this cliff edge
Looking out towards the sea
Watching ships with tattered sails
Pitch and roll upon the waves?

And as I stand up here alone
I see the ships are coming in
To find shelter from the storm
Riding in upon the wave

And I don't know why I'm standing here
Or why I have to go
But the wind swept shores and tired reaches
Seem to call me on

Do you hear the wind blowing cold
As I walk here once more?
And do you hear me calling your name
Just like 1974?

© Phil Brennán 2nd September 1995

October 1995

Three Imaginary Girls

Three girls all playing their games
Three girls all looking the same
In worlds apart I knew their names
Yet it's not easy to take the blame

© Phil Brennán 9th October 1995

The Cross

I never knew how close you were to me
Or how far away I seemed
Worlds apart and forever remains
The greatest mystery
Of simple hearts that beat in time
With our father's heart
And all the while I ran away
Scared of this thing called love

As if I'd allow myself to be called a sissy
As if that was near the truth
But to be honest with myself and others
Without any love I'd freeze within my shell

The truth is it's harder to love than to hate
And forgiveness is a bitter pill to swallow
Mercy is a game of pain torn between justice
and revenge
And the Cross is the ultimate vision of love

© Phil Brennán 9th October 1995

Maran-atha

My friend it's hard to imagine
When you see this world we're in
Torn apart by selfish greed
And bloodied by sin
To see an end within our sight
Where men are free from an eternal fight
The struggles of the powers cease
When we get to meet our Prince of Peace

We'll play in fields of golden corn
And dance in streets of gold
To be at peace with all of man
And never have to grow old
But until that glorious day
When at last we meet the Son
The day the lion lays with the lamb
And all our wars are done

I'll say it just the same
Maran-atha

© Phil Brennán 10th October 1995

The Blind shall lead the Blind

If dreams were warped memories
Of a past with no need of explanation
Or a longing of something unattainable
And sometimes morally corrupt
Where frozen minds exude their authority
Set in a pattern
Unable to breathe
For want of some sort of release
From this piteous slumber of souls
Trapped in their own mistakes
That cost more bitterly than life itself
That burned their souls in vitriolic liqueur
As some perverse recompense for transgressions
Written down but never named aloud
For the fear of it being heard
In some hall of infamy
Then, my friend, listen to what I tell you
For by it you can save face
Or a modicum of decency in the face of
compromise
Do not conform to the spirit of this age
Or follow the way of the foolish
For the blind shall lead the blind
And the foolish shall become a mockery

© Phil Brennán 25th October 1995

November 1995

That We May Enter In

Born to sin
My kith and kin
Each and every one
But the Wonderous Blood
Has paved the way
To Father through the Son

This Hill of Skulls
This blood-soaked Tree
Have borne all our sin
That tore the veil
'Twix God and man
That we may enter in

Through the gates
Into the streets
Of gold as clear as glass
And at last
We'll see His face
And forget our past

© Phil Brennán 9th November 1995

Repentance

As I kneel before the throne I realise that my
soul is embittered
That life has tarnished me with all the dross I
could store
And my view of the world has been damaged by
this selfishness
Caused by man's original sin

I weep for what I have become like a flood in
the early spring
As I realise the worthlessness of my striving
And yet my life has not thus far been in vain
As I claim the blood that cleanses me from all
sin

I say sorry for all the things I have done
And all the words I have cause to regret
Like so many wounds that were borne on the
tree
So I kneel in this simple act of repentance

© Phil Brennán 23rd November 1995

A Sum of Existence

This I know
That all these things add up to
A sum of existence

This I tell
Of all these words that explain
A sum of existence

And the times I sing of Angels
Who hold me up and bear my troubles
As if I was about to fall
As if I'd dare to

This I know
That I might break if it were not for
A sum of existence

© Phil Brennán 24th November 1995

Two and Two makes Four

The hermit monk sits with utopian grin
As many people on their roads begin
To add two 'n' two and make four
And figure out what they're living for
Yet this dream, this vision waits
For glassy streets and golden gates
To wait out eternity and some more
As this is what we're living for

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Seven Incomplete Symphonies

Nicola was my first, but not my worst
Helen was all my pain, but not in vain
Stephanie has gone from my life and yet
I refuse to forget
Catherine made me crash and burn
I would not learn
And several others I cannot name
But for Keren I still yearn

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Remember

Simple it seems to put it in words
Like rhymes lost in a symphony of ideas
To change the past as if it had never been
Quite the same as you'd have it remembered

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Biding my Time

It's alright
You can leave if you want
Or you can have it all

Whichever way you choose
I've got nothing to lose
At all

Take your time
I've got the whole world to spend
Biding my time as if to wait

Waiting on you to make up your mind
It's really not that hard
To do

And I don't care for reasons
I could never understand
And I don't care for wasting time

I've got all the time in the world
As I'm sitting here
Biding my time with you

Seems to me
Like you're always running away
Escaping what is to come

But I wait for you to call on me
I'll be waiting every day for you
To come

And I don't care for excuses
For why you're running away
And I don't care for playing games
When I don't know the rules
So I'm sitting here
Biding my time with you

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Time Will Tell

Time will tell
As I wait half asleep in your arms
It's not that hard
To imagine we're floating on a sea
Of dreams
To pass the time

And I will fly
Fly right up to you and see
The faces that you paint
You paint of me
And time will tell
What you think of me

I've made my choice
Taken my chances like all the rest
And it's funny how we play
Like children in a summer's dream
To remember yesterday's smiles
Like tomorrow

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Run Away

It's so hard to understand
Why you play so underhand
And it's always the same
It's just another game to play

Your sister warned me of you
But what else could she do?
You say you will not leave
But it's easy to deceive

I'm sick and tired of these games
Of throwing plates and calling names
The pictures on the walls will not hang
But I seem to get all the blame

So I packed my bags and left
But do not scream as I'm turning deaf
All I could do all day
Is turn and run away from you

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December 1995

Breathe

Breathe in the air
And make it easy on yourself
It's not too hard to love
When you're on the shelf

Seems to me as if I've said all I need to say
And I've done my time in this place
But if you want me to
I'll stay a little longer
Just as long as you breathe easy

Breathe in the air
And make it easy on yourself
It's not too hard to share
I do it myself

Seems to me as if I've done all I need to do
And I've stayed around for a time
But if you want me to
I'll stay a little longer
Just as long as you breathe easy

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Holding an Angel

I look into your eyes
And I see myself staring back
I try to work out your smile
As it follows me for miles
And it's not too hard
To see if I'm all there
Or if I really care
If others call me crazy

I hold your hand and tremble
To think I've got this close
Whenever you're near
It's really not that clear
But sometimes I feel
Like I'm holding an angel

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Observations from Under Eyelids

Ed the 'Ed was wondering about Sopheal
An' how strange it was without naming her
Johanna knew exactly what he was thinking of
As if she could read minds

Sopheal the hippy chick was in a fix
As she usually was at this time of day
The stereo was making a meal out of her Carl
Cox tape
An' she wasn't very impressed at all

Someday, she thought, I'll replace my techno
collection
On CD or vinyl
But then she remembered that it wasn't hers at
all
It all belonged to Johanna, including Ed the 'Ed

By this time, Johanna was having visions of
herself
And how she'd get rid of Sopheal
And of her influence upon Ed, which was
unwelcome
As it usually was

Bob Dylan was sitting in the corner making
notes
He decided to call them all 'B Flat'
As this was the entire range of his voice
An' he didn't care to go much higher

When Sopheal went up to him and said
“Why don't you forget all of this
An' come away with me?”
He just looked up at her blankly
As if he had something else in mind
But it didn't include Sopheal

Meanwhile, back at the ranch
Ed the 'Ed had gone off with Johanna
Whom he really loved
But wouldn't get 'round to admitting it
An' Bob Dylan just sat around writing songs an'
poems

About the girls he would've loved
If only he had the time to
An' Sopheal was sitting at his feet
Listening to his songs about love and the
American Way
An' how much better it would all be
If they substituted the National Anthem
For “Blowing in the Wind”

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