



Pirate Dance

Lift and lets make way. Make way with first light. Orange-blue horizon, some point lies in wait for us tonight. Pirates we be and pirates they fear. It's dark sails they see, but cannon they fear.

We've nothing in common, save nothing in common you see.

Push us with the tide and make way for Port Royal. We could make Jamaica,..maybe make a little pocket spoil. Pirates you know have pirated fates. You may think to cross me but don't hesitate...you'll harden your souls, but that won't protect you for long.

Balance sheet won't jibe, and savings all gone south. What the hell do we care if your family lives from hand to mouth...?cause pirates we be and pirates you fear. It's smiles that you see but lies that you hear. You'll harden your souls, but that won't protect you for long. Oh, no.

Wishing Well

Stare down the wishing well, ..wonder where it went. Peer down the darkness where your better hopes get sent. Some kind of magic just might come up with the rent. Down the wishing well.

Hey master wishing well,..why don't you know me? Hey master wishing well,..why don't you show me something in a size 16 miracle?..I could use a break..oh master wishing well. I've said the prayers and now I want a little taste up at the wishing well.

Wishing well I hope that you can plainly see...something's got to give, and I'm afraid it might be me.

Why must you taunt me like the hopeless sinner? Why can't I hit the numbers,..scratch & play,..be the winner? You can't deny that I've been anything but faithful,..oh, master wishing well. I've done the penance and I want a little taste up at the wishing well.

A Fish Tale

Bug on the water, do what you want to, you're on the menu tonight. One of a hundred or so when the wind falls behind. You won't see it coming and won't have chance to and there's dinner for one in the rush.

Olive Green menace in a camouflage waiting. He's baited and silently there. Vicious resolve in a deep weedy water he hides. Still for eternity. One subtle motion. Then there's thrashing about to survive.

I'll go for you my dear. You go for me. I'll set the table dear. You make the tea, and I'll open a bottle of what I might find. I don't know...maybe just some bread, maybe just some cheese, maybe just a little wine...

Quietly sitting while blueberries knitting and somebody tugs on the line. How apropos that our supper is finally hung. You see that was no bug at all, but a clever device and there's dinner for two at the house.

If God Is Love

If God is love, why are we so mean? If God is love, why are we so angry? Anger's just the fear of lost control
There is no sum greater than the whole. It's just a sum bigger than you know.

Anger's just the fear of lost control.

Now if I preach, maybe you'll forgive. And if I live some of what I preach.

Anger's just the fear of lost control.

Try and guess for whom the bells do toll.

When God is love.

Recalled Refrain

I hear a song of distant measure. A tune so sweet, so strange to me. And called a rhyme to give it pleasure. Familiar lines from memory. And voices clear did raise a melody so old. Recalled refrain.

I hear a sound of glad elation and look to see a baby boy. A toast proposed in celebration. Familiar lines invoking joy. And voices clear did raise a melody so old. Recalled refrain.

There stands a time of distant faces as yet unborn to silent dens. And fate may take to foreign places familiar lines recalled again. And voices clear will raise a melody so old. Recalled refrain.

Silly Bastard

There's some heavy weather in my heads and a tossing-turner in my bed, and in my veins a fire glowing red. ..oh no.
There's a raging madman at the reigns and a coursing demon in my veins. Some silly bastard's dealing with the pain...oh no.



Hobby Horse

Take a little bit of solace here. Make a little bit of juices flow. Not an awful lot of truth I fear, but an awful lot of love I know...for you. ..for me..for my Bobby... for fantasy.

Feel the swaying of the to-and-fro as we're clinging to our spring-shod stead. And there're moments when we cannot want,..and there're moments that we surely need...for you...for me..for my Bobby. For fantasy.

In the attic when I'm old and white. In the present but with some regrets. Under rafters in the lesser light is where our hobby horsey sets..waiting for you,..for me..for my Bobby,..for fantasy.

One, Two, Three

One, two, three. Count out loud. Don't say "four", and "five's" right out. There's much more Horatio that you can see, that you can know. Pull the pin and see what happens know. Don't forget to count to three, but don't say "four",...and "five's" right out.

Oh what fun, we caught a witch. Now we'll throw her in the ditch. And if she sinks then she is none, but if she floats we'll have some fun. Spin the logic, spin the logic round. Make of it just what you will, but don't say "four" and "five's" right out.

Much of what you want to be true hasn't got much to do with you. Still you have to struggle with it all.

Mirror, mirror on the wall...can't I blame it on them all...and all the pain and wicked stink. I just adjust the way I think. Wash my hands and rinse the saints away. Pick the facts that make it work, but don't say "four" and "five's" right out!

Lexington

They're coming out from Boston, early spring of '75...confiscating shot and powder,..two men that they'll want alive. And they'll know what they want and we'll tell 'em they can't have it. Go away, go away, go away!

There's a maple that stands near the green that'll redden and shed come the Fall. And from under those boughs I have seen braver men stand,..braver still crawl.

There's a rumor that comes off the road and the soldiers from Boston appear. If the order should come that we load, ..prime up our pans and swallow our fear...

Run for it boys!

There's a fool in the ranks and he'll kill us for sure. Down through the woods and the old Concord bridge and we'll settle this score,..if they mean to have...

I would dream of a pint in my fist and the lads down at Buckman's at night, but my family is searching the mist,..hoping they don't,..fearing they might.

Run for it boys!

There's a fool in the ranks and he'll kill us for sure. Down through the woods and to Meriam's corner...they mean to have war...if they mean to have...!

Sturdy Beggars and Lusty Infants

There's a hint of absurd in the air and a trace of distress in his stare...as if something maligned,.. something less than designed.

He's as stiff in his stance as a board and as soiled as the trash that he hoards, though appearance betrays. His defiance remains his reward.

So when someone contends on behalf of himself that he's "normal",...quite assured in his motives and safe in his buttoned-down mind,..while concluding out loud that there's nothing bizarre in the way that he acts. Just as long as he does it well behind doors and well after nine.

You can see them through links in a fence. Sturdy beggars at hard recompense...lusty infants too,..cause they do what they do.

There's a tug at the end of my sleeve and I notice it refuses to leave. No, it won't go away, though ignore as I may.

Time Exposure

Let me hear you sing your song. Let me pour another one. Longest time since I have seen your face. Make yourself to home again. Make yourself a dearer friend. I am simply lonely in this place. So here's to me and there's to you.

Crowd around the memories. Drink the past with harmonies. Life is just a snap shot with a view. Open up the tearing eye. Bust the kegs of nostalgic sighs. What is a photographer to do. So here's to me and there's to you..

..and here's to time exposure!..the negatives lost to the breeze. Oh time exposure! Your hairline that seems to recede.

I am what I used to be, though there is much more of me. I have simply magnified the charm. Drink to us the chanted toast. Drink to our distorted ghosts. We'll exorcize the past from what we are.

So here's to me and there's to you.

Under A Bushel

More than half-way through this karma-roller-coaster, and maybe I shoulda let go the rail and screamed a little more,..and I'm underneath a bushel, but a little light gets through. Yes, I'm underneath the bushel, and what's a boy to do?

Now I turn another year older and I'm not 19 (35) anymore. And you gotta be the ball Danny (Brian). You got-to- try- to- be- the- ball!

So just like everybody else I'm waiting for my fifteen minutes,..and maybe it never comes and perhaps it never will,..so I'm underneath the bushel and a little light gets through. Yes, I'm underneath the bushel, and what's a boy to do?