

MY MUSEUM BLUES

Graham Lindsey 2003

I can't articulate the shame the vain and unrelenting blame
I place to man and beast the same
I guess to aim the water in the drain is only human
My fingers unfold without restraint
To cling and claw the veil from the face
That drapes the windows from the rain
And brace them together in some sort of union
I must address the obvious
The mess of this and that and this
That famous anonymous wilderness
This bliss undressed by wisps of dim confusion
And tethered to the floors
I hear a scream that leaves the boards that creak
To free itself beyond mere fleeting speech
That breathlessly breeds these delusions
Dear lady please answer me
I beg of you your new and naked attitude
The exact truths which you conclude
In lucid soaring interludes
That move your soul to some relief

I see the things that anybody sees
The dreams the sermons, elegies
These cheap cryptic formalities
To clean and eat the humbled spirit
An empty hand lays down the prize
The prayers turn to a soft disguise
The dead and living both decry
But amplify the reasons why they still fear it
The marksman nears a clearing where
The message ain't no clearer
But it mirrors here and Heaven there
And why creatures revere the weirdness of their maker
Tonight my love she lays in bed
While forms of dread swim through my head
Instead she said she won't contend
with things she doesn't hate yet and I won't wake her
Sweet lady that I look to
Along this nameless ancient chain I yank
This insane circus train track takes
It's aim without it's brakes
I can't see through the smoke it makes
And so I look for you

EMMA RUMBLE

Graham Lindsey 2003

Emma Rumble Emma Rumble
Your black hair's hanging low
Your naked arms are glistening
And frozen from the snow
Emma Rumble Emma tell me
For if you don't let me know
My heart's already taken
So tomorrow I will go
Emma gladly I'll stay with thee
Only if just for tonight
I will read the lines between your palms
Just move into the light
And let it bathe you let me know you
You who have been so confined
By the beauty that you suffer's
Why your hair is growing white
Your hair is growing white

Emma Rumble Emma Rumble
Why do you stir in such distress?
Late in the evening you were sleeping
You were dreaming I should guess
Do not touch me do not hold me
You cried it was useless
And implied to me through wild eyes
Those things you can't confess
Emma sadly I must leave thee
As my true love waits alone
On the porch step in the moonlight
She looks out and through the cold
If I kiss you I must kill you
You told me in gentle tones
Emma Rumble do not wait for me
I'll see you down the road

In my hometown the sheriff found
My true love in the snow
Her body lay beaten there
And covered in your clothes
Emma Rumble Emma Rumble
I cry as my shotgun loads
The night is hot and heavy now
And I'm walking down the road
I'm walking down the road

EVERYBODY SINGS A LONESOME SONG

Graham Lindsey 2003

Where have all the singers gone
Gone to churches one by one
The street's been quiet for so long
Where has all the music gone
The radio keeps everyone at home
Slow dancing through the telephone
And then we die and no one knows
And there's just the sound of the radios
While the counterfeits who hate our dreams
Moan joyful tones through the tv screen
But I can't believe what I have seen
Now everybody hums the same damn melody
And the pushers know the junkies will come back
If no one ever understands the trap

And for those young without their mouths
Echoes break the windows in an empty house
And no one wants to hang around
Not long ago I was just a babe
When targets chased the armed parades
They ran in rhythm with the notes that played
And we'd sing along with the falling rain
But that ain't how it feels today
'Cause the butchers with those electric bones
Fired hearts like empty bombs explode
Now everyone's back on their own
Dying fast I am not growing old
Yes the lonely know the only way is down
And not everybody comes back around

Whose song has stopped for the voice of God
Angels or fools call them what you want
We all make do with what we've got
You are hard-wired for eternity
Eyes roll back so the heart can sleep
Conversations bite the ankles of infancy
You and I are a stupid symphony
Reborn and dying constantly
Like the jukebox wind on the ocean blows
Take this change and make the silence gold
It's deafening out here on my own
I suppose that's just the way it goes
But the solitude proves everybody wrong
'Cause everybody sings a lonesome song

SONG TO NEW YORK

Graham Lindsey 2003

I went to every city where I met no one
And I stood in every barroom where nothing had begun
There were fights in every alley way
And protests panting until dawn
Pleading someone listen to them
Belch their empty songs
And the pirates dressed in new blue jeans
Sold tickets in the square I heard that
Somewhere something happened once
But never quite occurred
Stagecoaches sent limp lovers passed
I watched the lure sink then raise
And dangle like a lullaby
But the children ran away
I saw twenty flowers bearing
Twenty colors in a line
Each dancing to a cadence
Keeping them there 'til they die
As lonely dreamers peddled their schemes
To loners looking for anything
Take me where you want to
Just don't let me see the strings
The waterfront reeked of new perfume
Where strangers strangely drifted by
For morning would be coming soon
While unwilling goes the night
And I in my fading raincoat wondered
Mothered by a million fears
How ancient are these memories
That have always left me here
I remember serpent skylines rising
Swimming in infinity
And all the poisoned people
Submerged in obscurity
As if to reach up was enough
To beg eternity for more
I can't remember waking up
Or what my dreams were for
I am useless to the wild earth
So sings the bowels of every place
I used to map the laughter
Though I could never find its face
And anywhere that I may go
My judgment roars its restless bells
I never knew and shall never know
A worse place than myself