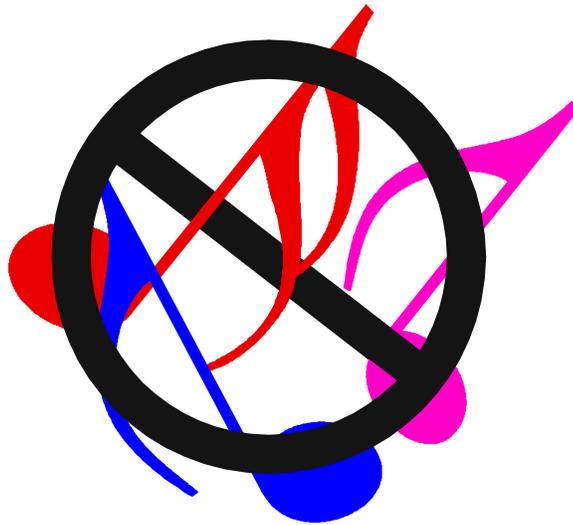


Untuned Songs



Mike Sheedy

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FOREWORD

Scribbling, always scribbling. It doesn't matter what—stories, songs, novels. Scratch the speech center in the brain.

Here are 30 antique song lyrics, uncoupled from their music, hence untuned. They range from boo-hoo to ha-ha.

This document is free to pass around, but you must have my permission to use its contents in any other way (reprints for your magazine, recordings and so on). Contact me at pugnature@gmail.com to request permission.

Check out my other scribblings at mikesheedy.wordpress.com.

MS

Under the X in Texas

I WALTZED OUT ON YOU

You complained of my type of employment
you complained of the hours I slept
you complained of my means of enjoyment
you complained of the comp'ny I kept
you complained of the girls I was glancing
you complained that my jokes were not new
so when you told me to practice my dancing
I smiled and I waltzed out on you

Now the past is a place in the desert
where time is like sand in my fist
and when I open my fingers to measure
it escapes and it runs down my wrist
I've taken a good share of chances
and you know I've regretted a few
but I never regretted my dancing
on the night when I waltzed out on you

SPACE AGE DIRGE

When I die
please remove my precious eyes
and restore a blind man's vision
then ask him if he'd mind
to look upon the picture
I'll leave in your possession
that will show me turning soil with a spade
 Man o man, isn't it grand
 to be alive and well within the Promised Land
 And good grief, it's such a great relief
 to know that I may still be seeing when I'm dead

And when I depart
please remove my silenced heart
and put it into a lover's bosom
then once you've got it started
make him listen to a song
I'll record and leave behind me
It'll break his newfound heart and make him smile
 And boy o boy, I'm glad I own a toy
 that I can pass along to others and allow them to enjoy
 And good grief, it's such a great relief
 to know that I may still be living when I'm dead

And when you've finally finished
with my dead and empty carcass
won't you load it into a rocketship
and fire it off to Mars
And as I am descending
through the crimson Martian dawn
play a starry spangled song in memory
 And my o my, isn't it fine
 to be a modern dreamer in a mobile time
 And good grief, it's such a great relief
 to know that I could still be traveling when I'm dead

BIG-SCREEN CUTIE

Well I have a job, I don't really like
big debts, no respect, at times I hate my life
but I'm not gonna be sad
I know it's tem-po-ra-ry
because my big-screen cutie
with her million dollar bootie's
going to come along and take care of me

And she will be beautiful
wear lots of jewels
take me to Hollywood I'll be lyin' around her pool
I'll be having a ball, in Cali-for-eye-ay
and with my big-screen cutie
and her million dollar bootie
I'll be in the gossip columns ev'ryday

Ever'body in the whole damn country
wanna mess around with a movie star
Isn't it amazing and a pity
we aren't a bit more happy with
the way we really are?

Well I have a job, I don't really like
big debts, no respect, at times I hate my life
but I'm not gonna be sad
I know it's tem-po-ra-ry
because my big-screen cutie
with her million dollar bootie's
going to come along and take care of me

LONG DRIVE HOME

The dashboard is glowing green before me
headlights are squinting yellow eyes
both of my turning lights are broken
my taillights bleed across the night
My radio is low and drifting
I'm nearly drifting off myself
I hear a voice, it's just a whisper
it may be mine but I can't tell

My windows wrap themselves around me
just like a tank around a fish
I'm moving fast across this desert
I'm rolling smooth as I could wish
I see a satellite above me
high in advance of the coming dawn
but the radio is still just static
this road keeps going on and on

DIVOT ME HEAVENWARDS

(a talking song)

Well I saw God on a golf course a couple of days ago
and he was out playing like he didn't have even the smallest care in
the world
and all of us who were watching him from our places in the gallery
we were
screaming and shouting and trying to get him to see us but he only
kept on swinging without ever lifting up his eyes
while all around me people were crying they were starving they were
dying they were
begging God for mercy but he never heard a single word so I
finally broke out of the gallery and I ran up to him and I said "O Lord
life could be so easy but you've made it so damn rough
and if that's the way you want to play it God then I think I've had
about enough
So why don't you lay me down on the eighteenth tee
and divot me heavenwards, if you please"

But God said "No way boy, you ain't gonna get off as easy as that
so why don't you make yourself useful there and maybe grab my bag
and hand me that driver so I can drive me a few more people crazy
and then for good measure I think I'll handicap another bunch of
babies and then I'll
get me some more people hooked on that beautiful heroin and then
maybe that'll
teach 'em all the foolishness of thinking they could ever have a
chance to win"
And you know the longer he talked the more I found myself getting
really really mad until I
stopped him and I asked him why he had to make everyone feel so
bad I said
"Life could be so easy but you've made it so damn rough
and if that's the way you want to play it God then I think I've had
about enough
So why don't you lay me down on the eighteenth tee
and divot me heavenwards, if you please"

And God said "Quit your whining boy it makes me feel quite sick.
You all want me to be so damn good and so very very slick but then
just as
soon as I start to practice you all start to yell and scream you've
forgotten that
practice makes perfect, if you know what I mean
practice makes perfect, if you know what I mean"

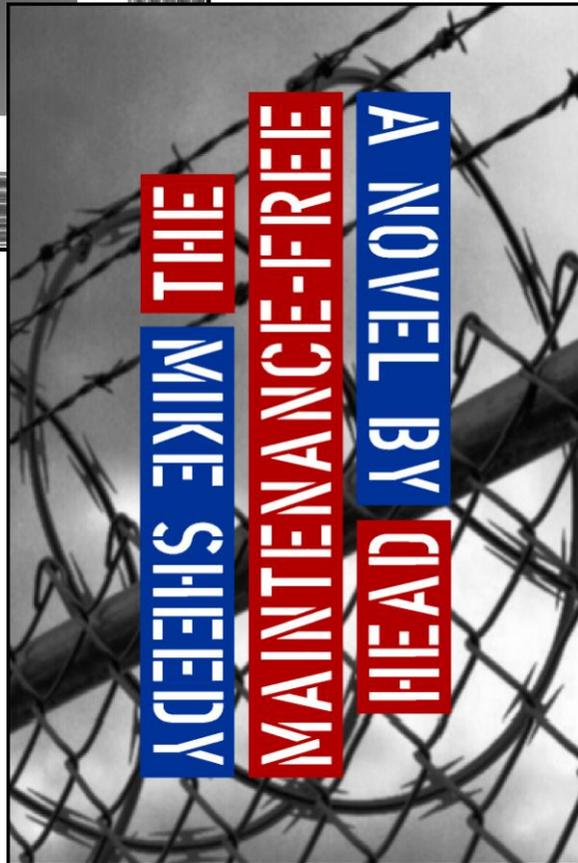
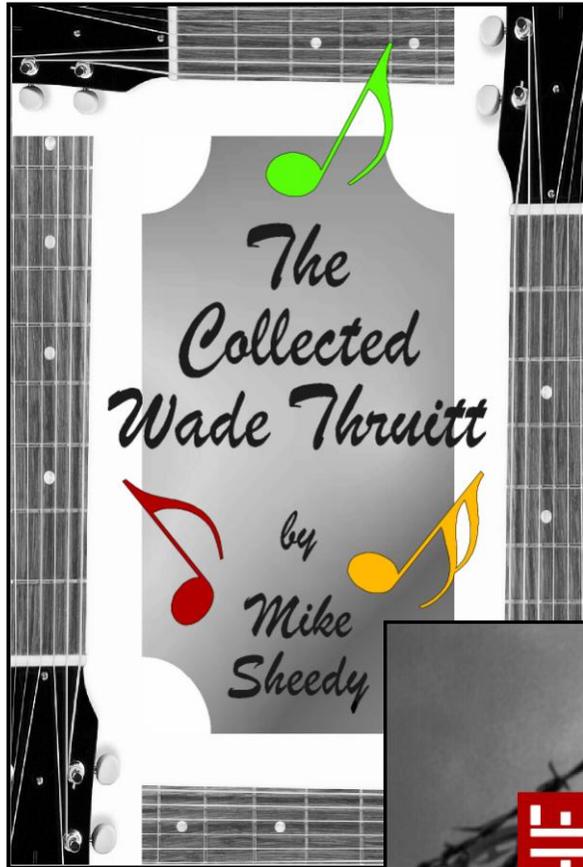
WHAT IS THE POINT OF IT ALL?

What is the point of it all?
What is the use of pretending?
I'm climbing my way to a fall
so what is the use of continuing?
Why am I up ev'ry sunrise?
Why do I toss and turn at night?
It ain't like the end'll be a súrprise
so why do I fight?

And where in the world is that girl?
I wonder how come she ran outta here?
Maybe she's right we should splurge
some of our income on battle gear
It ain't like we *want* confrontations
We try to behave when we can
But why do we have expectations
when there isn't a plan?

And maybe someday folks will say
Remember that guy by the name of Michael?
He knew how to sing and play, but then he got
musically suicidal
He was plowing ahead like a freight train
It looked like he'd have a string of hits
but then he went off and he wrote
a song like this

What is the point of it all?
What is the point of it all?
What is the point of it all?



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The Grayscale Collection

PEEKABOOLAND

Evening dawning
we wake up and look around
Stretching and yawning
and tripping on holes in the ground
Scratching and blinking
thinking we've come so far
then looking up sideways
and cowering under the stars

We live with our heads in the sand
we live with our heads in the sand
we live with our heads in the sand
here in Peekabooland

Flesh on the half-shell
we're hoping we find a pearl
Joking and laughing
at a port in the social whirl
Our waiters all hover
they say there is plenty to eat
but their stomachs are growling
they're smiling and showing their teeth

We live with our heads in the sand
we live with our heads in the sand
we live with our heads in the sand
here in Peekabooland

TELEVISION ZOMBIE

I'd had a long day sitting with my TV set
and I was nearly as shaken as a man can get
so I turned that sucker off, took a bath to calm my nerves
Then when I finished I caught my breath
as I looked in the mirror of the medicine chest
and the steamy silver glass began to swerve
And the steam it cleared
and a face came near
and I dropped my beer
and I shook with fear
at the image I began to plainly see
Can you imagine how I must have felt surprised
when I saw the empty bloodshot eyes
of a television zombie watching me

Well I passed out then suddenly
I was running around on an empty screen
when a horn began to blow, like the dawn of Judgement Day
Then all of a sudden way up in the sky
a sign appeared, it said "Stand by"
I thought for sure the bombs were on their way
So I was standing there
feeling scared
and I wondered where
this whole nightmare would end
when I heard a voice that said
"Don't tune your set and don't touch your dial
We'll take you back to your program now
and thank you all so much this was a test"

Then a sexy blonde with baby blues
came on and grinned upon the tube
Compared to her I was, as tiny as a zit
She told the world she did indeed
owe her popularity
to a modern miracle "And this is it!"
And from a jar
she took some tar
and spread it hard
across her jaw
and screamed, orgasmic'ly insane
And then she turned the water on
and rinsed her face and dried it off
as me and a pound of skin went down the drain

I went down and down and down it seemed
until somebody took a shot at me
and I took a look around, there were cameras ev'rywhere
There were cops and robbers and lots of guns
it was open season on ev'ryone
and the blood 'n guts were flying through the air
So I bent down low
to avoid the show
but the next I know
there's a bullet hole
appearing big and red on the front of my shirt
And when I hit the ground a detective said
that crime never paid and he shook his head
and the credits rolled as I was rolling around in the dirt

And then somebody said "That's a wrap"
and they loaded me up in an ambulance
and they took me straightway, to an operating room
And the doctor there pulled a couple of knives
and he edited me down to half my size
and the rest he said he'd sweep away with a broom
And as he spoke
I heard the crickets croak
and my coma broke
and I awoke upon
my good ol' bathroom floor
And then I crawled to bed and pulled the covers high
and in the darkness there I made a promise I
would never
 watch my teeeee-vee
 anymore

LIVING AND BREATHING

As I went out walking
one cold winter night
my breath was a mist
in the pale lunar light
when a thought like a flash came
occurring to me
I was living and breathing
where nothing should be

I'm living and breathing
where nothing should be
no frost on the ground
no moon in the trees
If once there was nothing
then how could I presently
be living and breathing
where nothing should be?

And now as I look around me
at shadows that stand
like dimly cast clues from
some great sleight of hand
I can't find an answer
but this I believe
there's got to be more than
I'm able to see

I'm living and breathing
where nothing should be
no frost on the ground
no moon in the trees
If once there was nothing
then how could I presently
be living and breathing
where nothing should be?

DUET

(Man sings)

I say there Mister, if you please
could you do a favor for me
and take a message down to the lady at the end of the bar?
You see when I came home last night
she started a terrible fight
and now as far as I can tell we ain't speaking anymore
Ah but if we were I'd tell her I still love her even though
she has a way of forcing us into confrontations
And I would tell her to get a grip
on her wicked and poisonous lip
and try to put a lid on her imagination

(Woman sings)

And you can tell him this for me
I don't imagine the things that I see
and I saw him coming in this morning 'bout a quarter to five
He had a drunken, ridiculous grin
and that love bite there on his chin
and his shirt was unbuttoned and his shoes were both untied
And then he had the nerve to tell me he'd been abducted
by little green men
who took him away into space in a flying saucer
And then they drugged him and made him strip
and then examined him and covered him with hickeys
and now he's getting mad 'cause I haven't bought it

(Man & woman harmonize)

So Mister, by now you can see
why I'm having difficulties
it's a world full of lies and liars though I won't mention names
And some people would not know the truth
if it walked up and gave 'em a tooth
and it makes it kind of hard when the one that you love
is that way
Yes it makes it kind of hard when the one that you love
is that way

SQUIRREL CAGE BLUES

Well the scientists tell me
that the universe we know is round
and if you travel far enough then your
starting point is what will be found
and when the last horizon is passed
then you'll be back here again
'cause when you go full circle
you return to where you once began

CHORUS

CHORUS

And it makes me feel
like a squirrel in a cage
running 'round on a wheel
in a repetitive rage
When the ending's revealed
upon the opening page
it makes me feel
like a squirrel in a cage

And the historians tell me
this song is just a waste of words
'cause anything I want to relate
by now has surely been heard
They say the most any singer can do
is maybe coin a new phrase
and merely shout the same
old messages in different ways

CHORUS

And the mystics tell me
that I'm destined for another birth
'cause when my soul's released
it'll settle once again to the earth
and then a newborn child
will possess me when he takes a breath
and I will squall all over again
about my fear of death

CHORUS

WHEN BENITO MUSSOLINI GOT TO HEAVEN

When Benito Mussolini got to Heaven
he could see the state of things was in decline
so in his conference with the Chief, he told him "Most of all you need
to show the world your trains can run on time"

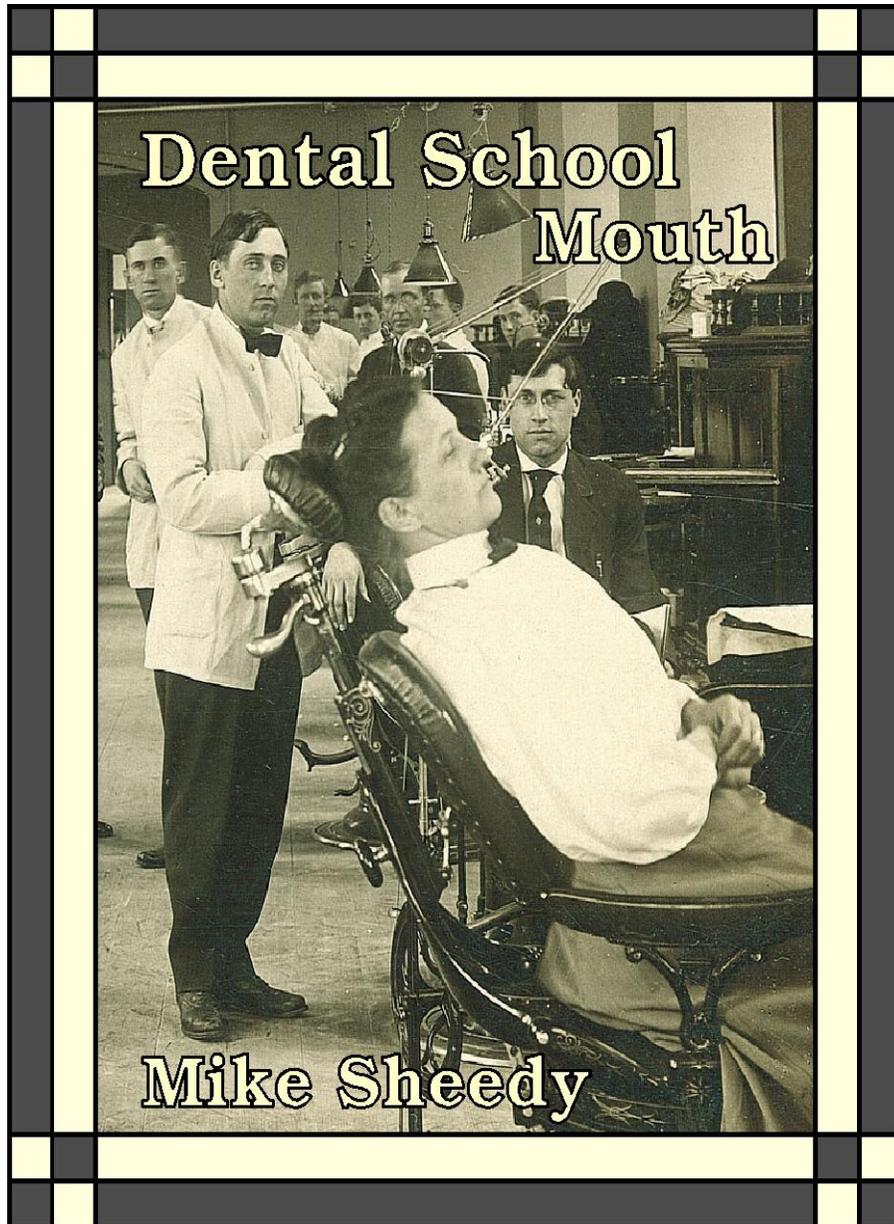
And God said "I'm completely in agreement
but you see the sad condition of my tracks"
so Benito said "Don't fear, you've got a million angels here
Just give 'em to me and in a couple of weeks check back"

So the Catholics they swung their mighty hammers
and the Baptists raised a rousing gospel song
and the Methodists kept time, jingling all their dimes
while the Pentecosts they clapped and sang along
Oh they made a thund'rous sound with their singing and their
pounding
and a giant cloud of dust began to rise
And as the angels worked and slaved, a fourteen carat haze
suffused the atmosphere of Paradise

So then a couple of weeks went by and God was happy
when he looked and saw the job was nearly done
but his angels were overworked, and he felt a bit concerned
so he told them "Take a break and have some fun"

Meanwhile Benito he was in his locomotive checking track
quite unsuspecting on that fateful day
when suddenly he had to stop because he saw his way was blocked
by a swarming crowd of angels at the Pearly Gate
And he told them "I suppose I will permit you this time off
since you've gathered here to pay me your respects"
And as the angels came at him, he sneered and said to them
"You may kiss my hand but please don't genuflect"

Then the Catholics they lifted up their hammers
and the Baptists sang a mighty gospel song
and the Methodists kept time, jingling all their dimes
while the Pentecosts they clapped and sang along
They beat Benito down and they chased him all around
and as he ran out of the Gate he turned and cried
"Well it is obvious that you are not aware of what you do
because without me, your trains will never run on time"



A free pdf of short stories
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I'VE GOT A GECKO IN MY ROOM

(Guam Song)

I've got a gecko in my room
the natives here say that's good luck
He's running across my window
chasing after bugs
And in the distance there beyond him
I see the sunset in the lagoon
So I suppose I've been quite lucky
I've got a gecko in my room

And I got your latest letter
it took awhile to make the trip
And you ask me if I'm happy
or do I feel any guiltiness
Well there's a million miles between us
and a dateline in the way
So even though I think of you now
you're living in yesterday

Tum-bl-ing around this great big world
you say you wonder how I could go free
Coconut beaches lined with dark-eyed girls
that's what the jury in my head sentenced me

I've got a gecko in my room
the natives here say that's good luck
He's running across my window
chasing after bugs
And in the distance there beyond him
I see the sunset in the lagoon
So I suppose I've been quite lucky
I've got a gecko in my room

DISCOVERY DAY
(Guam Song, a talking song)

It's Discovery Day
and all the good little natives have been given some time off, so they
can go out and celebrate

In fifteen hundred and twenty-one Magellan stumbled across this
sleepy little tropical isle
and naturally the first thing he did was to murder a half-dozen natives
without any reason, cause or trial
and then the missionaries and the soldiers came and they butchered
no telling how many countless more
and the natives were baptized
as their blood was washing up on the shore

It's Discovery Day
and I'm sittin' here thinking of a story I heard about the missionaries,
and I wonder if it really went this way

Apparently the Spanish priests thought it was indecent the way the
natives walked around without any shoes
so they imported plants with thorns and they scattered them around
the island and of course they grew
and before very long all the natives had to start wearing sandals and
shoes and boots
I wonder when they first realized
something deeper had taken root

In fifteen hundred and twenty-one Magellan stumbled across this
sleepy little tropical isle
and ever since then the natives have been undergoing a continual
change in their once tranquil lifestyles
From the rest of the world they've discovered alcoholism and
hypertension and disease
and all they ever really wanted
was to live out their lives in peace

Well it's Discovery Day
and all the good little natives have been given some time off, so they
can go out and celebrate

TROUBLED MAN

(Guam Song)

Troubled people everywhere
think you got troubles you should listen here
I'm a trouble man
I really am
Troubled man
I don't give a damn
I gotta pocket full of holes
and all I had for breakfast was a dinner roll
I'm a troubled man

I gotta bad hangover I really hurt
and I believe I'll take a day off from work
I'm a troubled man
I really am
Troubled man
I don't give a damn
Well my job is rough I'm an employee
of a son-of-a-bitch in the first degree
I'm a troubled man

And my girlfriend wrote, dropped the bomb
said there's somebody else since you went to Guam
I'm a troubled man
I really am
Troubled man
I don't give a damn
And she better be glad as heck
There's an ocean in between my hands and her neck
I'm a troubled man

And all of my rhymes sound like moon and June
and my guitar won't tune
I'm a troubled man
I really am
Troubled man
I don't give a damn
And when I finish this song here
I won't write another for a hundred years
I'm a troubled man

I WALK THESE WOODS ALONE

(Guam Song)

If you should tell
my story on some night
trying to scare
all of the people there by the campfire light
mimic my voice
with a lonesome, tearful moan
and warn ev'rybody
that I walk these woods alone

Yeah I had a friend
and she walked with me through life
but all of that ended
when she wanted to make me call her my wife
I wouldn't do it
and so she left me on the run
Yeah I killed her love
just as sure as if I'd held a gun

So if you should tell
my story on some night
trying to scare
all of the people there by the campfire light
mimic my voice
with a lonesome, tearful moan
and warn ev'rybody
that I walk these woods alone

warn ev'rybody
that I walk these woods alone

BLOODY FEATHERS

(Guam Song)

I could've sworn I heard a birdcall
calling me from out of my sleep
but now as I sit by my window
I don't hear even so much as a peep

I see the airplanes in the distance
in the darkness pinpoint lights
coming and going in slow migrations
taking off and landing
taking off and landing through the night

I wonder how I came to this island
with all the treetops full of snakes
I wish I'd only dreamed these bloody feathers
in place of being here wide awake

I could've sworn I felt a raindrop
blowing in on the top of my head
but now as I pull away my hand I . . .
I see a fingertip touched in red

I wonder how I came to this jungle
with all the treetops full of snakes
I wish I'd only dreamed these bloody feathers
in place of being here
in place of being here wide awake

BATHWATER BABY

(Guam Song)

I was fighting depression
I'd given up on my sleep
I needed a new direction
or I'd have lost it for keeps
I had to go
I had to go
I had to break away and follow the road
Bathwater baby
you know I had to go

How could I have predicted
I'd ever come back again
Tell me I've been forgiven
Tell me I can come in
You were the best
You were the best
You devastated all of the rest
Bathwater baby
you were the best

**The Living
the **Dead** and
the Double-Dead**

A zombie novel by
**Mike
Sheedy**



Two Novies
by **Mike Sheedy**

**The
Contest**





Posy Toe

**Novie \ 'nä-vē \ (n):
novel + movie = novie**

**Now
is
th
Tim** **Seven
and a
novie
Stories**
Mike Sheedy

3

The Dios Trio
Three religious stories



by
Mike Sheedy

books

**BIERCIAN
COMPRESSIONS**
by **Mike
Sheedy**

in **1**

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THIS SONG IS GOING TO BE A HIT

Well this may be a little difficult for you folks out there to believe
but the other day I had a mystical experience happen to me
As I walked down the street and I stepped off of the curb
I stepped into a time warp and in the future I emerged
And the very first fella I came across had a radio stuck in his ear
and this song that I am singing now is the one that was on the air
Yes I've been into the future see and that is how I know
this song is going to be a hit because I heard it on the radio

And that radio announcer in the future he did say
this song was still at number one after ninety-one straight days
He swore it was the greatest thing that he had ever heard
and he really enjoyed my meaningful and thought-provoking words
And in the background I was singing "Baby, baby, baby please,
oh baby, baby, baby you have got me on my knees"
Well I had to add a little bit of romance I suppose
so I could make this song a hit like I heard it on the radio

And no I don't think I could tell you just exactly how
I came back from the future and returned to the here and now
I only know that I woke up and I had to write this song
because I knew how all of you will want to sing along
to this catchy tune that pretty soon'll be stuck inside your head
from the moment that you wake up until you go to bed
Yes I've been into the future see and that is how I know
this song is going to be a hit because I heard it on the radio

PROGRESSIVE HOMO SAPIENS BLUES

I'd like to think that we are innocent
of claiming our divinity
but how were we supposed to know
that we were floating like a speck upon the sea?
And if rejoicing over life is truly wrong
I guess we're paying out our dues
because renouncing our traditions
forced the walls of our condition
to start closing in around us
and surround us all with thoughts of guiltiness

We all are victims of the kangaroo
who's holding court in Beagle's wake
He claims that justly no distinction can be made
between the tortoise and the ape
And if he's right about it all then I suppose
that our sentence is deserved
and as we suffer adaptation
to this incarceration
we'll redefine our fables
on the tables of our new equality

This jailhouse feeling's surely driving me insane
I'm serving time in a finite cell
I bear the burden of a double helix chain
and while the musty air I'm breathing
murders fantasies of freedom
my thoughts are turning madly
on the sadness of the times we've come to know

I'd like to think we speak a dialogue
within this cylinder of time
but now they say the burning bush is just an echo
kept alive to ease our minds
And if they're right then I suppose our execution
will not be so terrible
'cause if the end of all creation's
at the edge of exploration
then we might as well give in
and not to pretend to live for things we'll never see

FANATICS

There's a terrorist on TV
as bold as he can be
His eyes are big and buggy and
he's looking right at me
And he's holding up an airplane
with a pistol in his hand
and he says he'll kill the passengers
if they don't meet his demands

CHORUS

CHORUS

I hate those darned fanatics
I hate them one and all
They make my trigger finger tingle
and my epidermis crawl
I'd like to take those darned fanatics
and lock them all in cells
then shoot them full of cyanide
and send them straight to hell

And there's a little gray-haired lady
always corners me at work
She makes me look at pictures
of some kids who look like jerks
She tells me all about them
with an irritating laugh
She's way too darned fanatical
about those photographs

CHORUS

And by now you maybe wondering
just where I draw the line
between those darned fanatics
and the folks with open minds
A fanatic is a person
with a rigid point of view
and if you disagree with that
well then *you're* a fanatic *too*

CHORUS

ROSIE PALMER
STEALS ACROSS THE WORLD

When I was young the world was very diff'rent
It didn't matter quite so much where we would sleep
If we met someone we liked
chances were we'd spend the night
without looking very hard before we leaped

But the kids today are forced to be more careful
They have to think before they jump into a bed
'Cause if they go out on a date
and they miscalculate
there's a chance, a few years later, they'll wake up dead

So Rosie Palmer steals across the world
bringing peace of mind to all the boys and girls
In a million darkened rooms
the children moan and swoon
as Rosie Palmer steals across the world

Don't get me wrong, this ain't no condemnation
I don't mean to judge and I don't mean to preach
But after lots of careful thought
I am feeling quite distraught
at the logical conclusion I have reached

Because you must admit we already have great problems
between men and women who do not understand
each other's points of view
so now if dating and talking are through
then there's no choice left but to take your love in hand

So Rosie Palmer steals across the world
bringing peace of mind to all the boys and girls
In a million darkened rooms
the children moan and swoon
as Rosie Palmer steals across the world

I MUST BE IMAGINING THINGS

Beware, beware of me stranger
I believe I am going insane
all the horrors I see could not possibly be
so I must be imagining things

Like today on the front of the paper
I could've sworn I saw á candidaté
he was flashing his grin and feeding his friends
for ten thousand dollars a plate
While there in the very same paper
was a picture stuck way in the back
of an African child his eyes big and wild
he was starving right there in his tracks

So beware, beware of me stranger
I believe I am going insane
all the horrors I see could not possibly be
so I must be imagining things

Like those trendy old fashion designers
ev'ry winter they fuss and debate
they pick styles for spring and colors and such
as the breathless consumers await
And the fashion news grabs all the airtime
we hardly hear any reports
of frozen old women and men who lie dead
for the lack of a jacket or coat

So beware, beware of me stranger
I believe I am going insane
all the horrors I see could not possibly be
so I must be imagining things

Like this friend who was driving us somewhere
a supporter of our latest war
said he thought it was good population control
and we prob'ly should start a few more
But then later, when we hit a sparrow
it bloodied his windshield and died
that man couldn't speak, he was stricken with grief
and I swear he broke down and cried

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Like the story I saw on the teevee
about a girl who went out to the store
she was beaten and kicked and repeatedly raped
and then labeled a slut and a whore
And the mullahs were all in agreement
the girl was a total disgrace
the rapists, they said, only did what they did
'cause the girl hadn't covered her face

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I believe I am going insane
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Like this checker at my supermarket
she was reading some national rag
then I picked it up as she laid it aside
and was packing my things in a bag
There were bombings and floods in the headlines
and killings in ten diff'rent ways
then it came time to go and that checker she told me
to smile and to have a nice day

So beware, beware of me stranger
I believe I am going insane
all the horrors I see could not possibly be
so I must be imagining things

WHERE THE PENIS REARS ITS HEAD

Well I turn on my truck radio
to listen to the candidate
And he sounds most impressive as
he articulates
A plan he says will mean more jobs
and a cleaner environment
And then he says "I'll take your questions now
ladies 'n gentlemen"

"Where do you sleep?!"
A reporter shouts "We need the name
of the lover we think you keep!"
Well even the best of good intentions
are bound to die in bed
When all we seem to care about
is where the penis rears its head

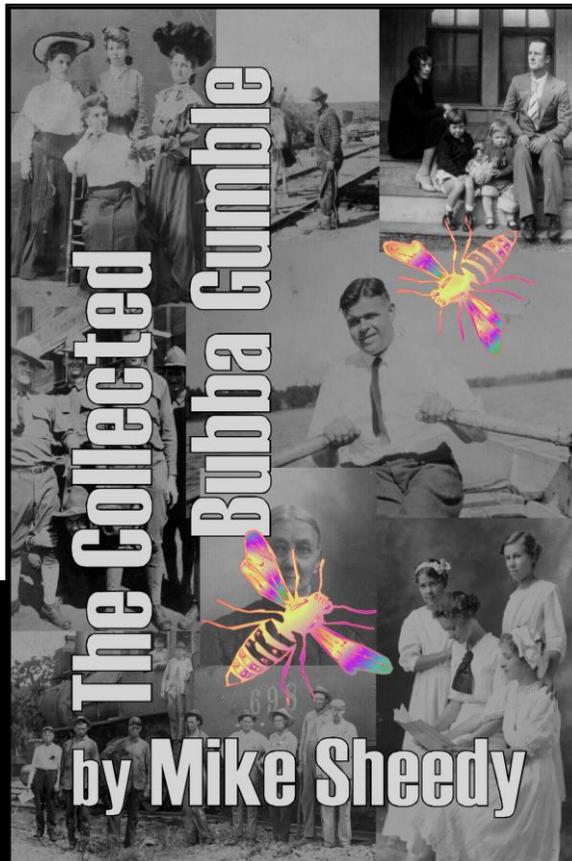
And my theory is we're bored
we just don't have enough to do
So we cogitate and speculate
on the way our neighbors screw
Like the man who lives across the street
we've never even met
But folks say he's a pervert
'cause he's got a handsome pet

And how do *you* sleep?
If I investigated would I be shocked
by the secrets that you keep?
Well I have always heard a sleeping dog
should best be left in bed
But lately all we seem to care about
is where the penis rears its head



*Toomer
Davis
and
Rose Island*

*a movie by
Mike Sheedy*



Available Online or Coming Soon

The Grayscale Collection

RIVER OF STONE

(For Dow Mossman)

A wide open June night
with heavens of moonlight
but something is not right
I feel so alone
so alone

A scene from a bad dream
these filtering moonbeams
they muffle my scared screams
and smother my groans
hear me groan

And I feel like I'm alone
adrift on a river of stone
I feel like I'm alone
in the night

And my memory dances
through untaken chances
and long ago stances
that led me to here
led to here

Beneath the pale glowing
reluctantly knowing
that I have been rowing
with nowhere to steer
through the years

And I feel like I'm alone
adrift on a river of stone
I feel like I'm alone
in the night

THE THREE GREATEST MEN THAT I KNOW

Well I glance at the frost on the windows
as the forecast is warning of snow
and I'm reminded tomorrow is Christmas
as a commercial intrudes on the show

They're advertising a music collection
of carols we think of as friends
and the song that they play in the background
sings of three oriental wise men

And I consider it strange how I'm waiting
to watch the three greatest men that I know
have ever drawn breath in the western world
That's Larry, and Curley, and Moe

I mean, I don't know of anyone else who could
survive a hammer blow to the head
and then jump from a high-flying plane
Then after landing on the run
eat a meal of railroad spikes on hotdog buns
and carry the football to win the big game

So you can praise all your Platos and Einsteins
and anyone else, but I know
the three greatest men who have ever drawn breath
are Larry, and Curley, and Moe

MATRIARCH'S DAUGHTER

No it's not working out like a fairy tale
confusion is all she can feel
she has no beliefs to be questioned
no virtue for anyone to steal
She studied the arts quite successfully
when her mother insisted she must
but her poetry's now just a memory
and her piano is gathering dust

She's a princess in waiting
but her prospects are few
and she's long overdue
for her social reception

And it all
seems like a dream
she is the link that was weakest
the fish who has jumped from the stream
And she calls
on Samaritans passing her way
to keep her from facing tomorrow
and to help her forget yesterday

She once met a movie star in Hollywood
and a writer in a club having drinks
and she says she made love to a senator once
but her circle of friends now just shrinks
She used to buy diamonds at Tiffany's
and her wardrobe was once quite in style
but now she complains of her stained yellow blouse
then dismisses it all with a smile

She's a matriarch's daughter
who strayed from the path
and it hurts to look back
at the broken traditions

And it all
seems like a dream
she is the link that was weakest
the fish who has jumped from the stream
And she calls
on Samaritans passing her way
to keep her from facing tomorrow
and to help her forget yesterday

MONSTER SONG

(a talking song)

Well I was up really late last night in my la-bor-a-tory
I was trying to come up with something unusual and new
and I was playing some country and western, and experimenting
with some rock and roll
and I'd even dug up some pieces of old-time rhythm and blues
And I was stitching it all together and listening for signs of life
but somehow nothing seemed to have any get up and go
so I was thinking about packing it in
calling it a wasted night but then suddenly
the next thing I know
I heard this monster song that I am singing to you now
come tearing its way out of the guts of my old guitar
Well it was growling and reeling and somehow I couldn't help
but feel that
maybe I'd never heard anything quite like this one before
Oh I recognized a chord here and maybe a line or two over there
but it was all put together in a way that was unique
and as I listened to it
in my momentary wonder I guess
I lost sight of the fact
that this song is a freak and it's got to be controlled at any cost
It's so scary it should never under any circumstances be sung
and though I knew that I should kill it
I couldn't bring myself to do it
and then it broke free and was gone
So now there's a monster song that's running around this world
on the loose
and I'm afraid I couldn't tell you if it means anybody any good
It's mindless and ugly and will probably always be lurking
somewhere in the shadows
but it would like nothing better than to get into your blood
So all you cautious people better be
guarding your sensitive little ears
and watch out for those tunes your neighbors like to hum
or someday you may be surprised
to wake up and to realize you've become a victim
of this wicked
monster
song

PROMISES

Once upon a time I think I told you
I would climb the raging sea
and paddle to the top of any mountain
if I could get you close to me
Well now that we have done a bit of thinking
I suspect we might agree
we both said things that
never really made much sense

Like once upon a time I think you told me
that you were sure you'd always be mine
You told me you would love to hug and hold me
forever 'til the end of time
But now as near as I can calculate forever
must've ended at a quarter to nine
last night when you walked
out without a word of goodbye

Promises are the things we make
when we're panting from the heat
then later on they're the things we break
when it's time to wash out the sheets

And once upon a time I think I told you
I would climb the raging sea
and paddle to the top of any mountain
if I could get you close to me
Well now that we have done a bit of thinking
I suspect we might agree
we both said things that
never really made much sense

WHEN THESE CLOUDS ROLL AWAY

Lately I have seen
such tribulation
And lately I have been
in such pain
Living has become
truly hateful
I never see the sun
for the falling of this pounding rain

And I may be down right now
but someday I'm going to rise
And then a welcome sight's going to greet me
when I raise my downcast eyes
For I will be looking
at a much brighter day
when the storm is over
and these clouds roll away

And pushing on ahead
ain't it amazing
You think you're nearly dead
but life goes on
And ev'ry choice you make
sobbing with heartache
the fewer steps to take
as you stumble ahead through the dark

Yeah I may be down right now
but someday I'm going to rise
And then a welcome sight's gonna greet me
when I raise my downcast eyes
For I will be looking
at a much brighter day
when the storm is over
and these clouds roll away

