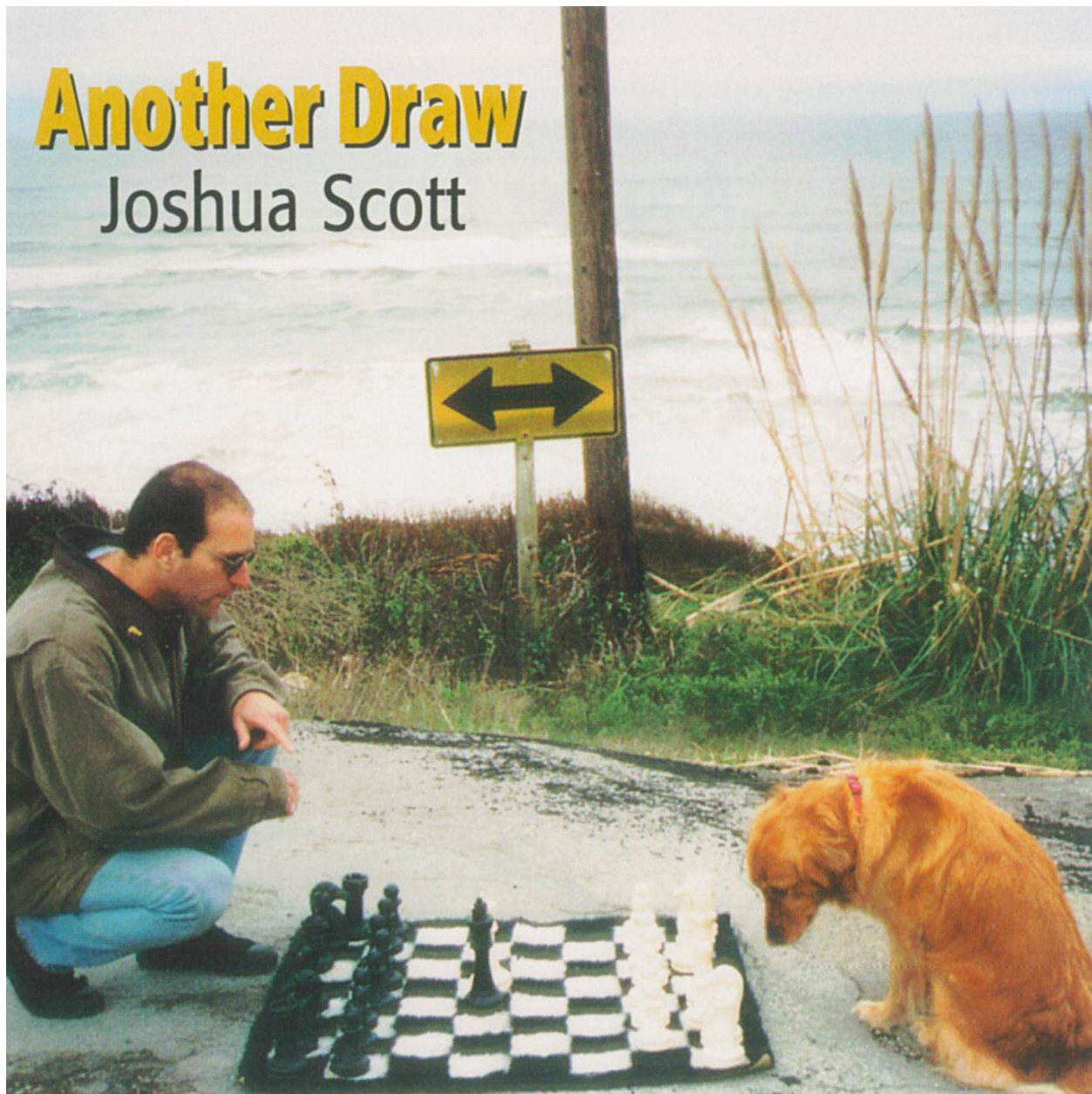


Another Draw

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LITTLE BLUE MOTEL

I am a man behind the wheel
on a highway I know well
another mile down toward the end of town
sits a little blue motel
My agenda is my own
I have nothing left to sell
all I want to do is spend a night or two
in a little blue motel
where no one knows you
no one needs you
continental breakfast Sunday
always know that everything goes well
in the little blue motel
I have abandoned those I love
I have been driven and compelled
to lay my head on the minted bed
of the little blue motel
I am a lonely refugee
from the human carousel
in my broken mind I have crossed the line
to the little blue motel

IF YOU KNEW WHAT I WAS THINKING

You wouldn't laugh like that
you wouldn't drop your guard
you wouldn't ride the fence
with such confidence you wouldn't try so hard
you know you swirl like wine inside a paper cup
you'd turn a Buddhist monk
into a flaming drunk he'd never sober up
if you knew why I love you
if you knew how I see through you
things would be different
if you knew what I was thinking
You roll your window down at the hint of rain
it's the way you think
you're a golden link on a silver chain
I see you run & dive
into shallow pools
I can see them drown
trying to take you down
on that ship of fools
if you knew why I love you
if you knew how I see through you
you'd be reassured
if you knew what I was thinking
I am all alone
with a single thought
I'm surrounded by people thinking
I am someone I am not
so take a real deep breath
when I follow you
I am on the trail of a Holy Grail
and it pulls me though
you know how I love you
you know that I see through you
and now you know
you know what I was thinking

DOUBLE LIFE

He's got a house on the hill
and a house in the flatland
he can give you a thrill
or give you a backhand
he cheats on his mistress
like he cheats on his wife
his soul is cut down the middle
he leads a double life
He worships a mystery
like he worships routine
he's one half poetry/one half machine
in one hand, roses
in the other, a knife
he's a man with two shadows
in a double life
everywhere he is
is half of where he longs to be
every cage he builds reflects
a longing to be free
He longs to be seen
but he lives in a mask
he answers questions with questions
whatever you ask
he's overextended
but he won't be denied
he's caught in the web
of a double life

I HOLD MY BREATH

Every day without you
is a lie, isn't true
every night is another link
in this chain of imagining
and I hold my breath
Ocean Beach, grey and cold
a wooden gypsy, fortunes told
thought your smile lit the room
with the charm of a paper moon
and I held my breath
the scent of leaves
down from the grove of leaning trees
will always bring you back to me
you back to me
Sundown
red sky
we said
goodbye
I saw
two moons
above the ruins
and I held my breath

SOMEWHERE IN BETWEEN

The moon is flying solo
through an operatic sky
a monkey plays the violin
for Mozart walking by
politicians scatter
and the poets reconvene
and speak in tongues for engineers
who don't know what they mean
I'm stranded in this nightmare
of the sacred and obscene
where passion meets indifference
I only know I'm somewhere in between
My dreams have taken over
I hallucinate at will
my enemies are faceless
and copulate with skill
they hold me in the darkness
they hold me in contempt
from every law designed to cage a man
I am exempt
I am begging from the window
of a long black limousine
and I have no destination
I only know I'm somewhere in between
My windows are nailed open
my grass is eight feet tall
my chambermaid writes poetry
across the bedroom wall
the lake is filled with manuscripts
the amphitheater waits
for two of us to enter through
its proud and lonely gates
and music fills the vacuum
as I mesmerize the Queen
the stars condemn the darkness
and you will find me somewhere in between

AQUAMAN

Meet me down where the big trees fall
behind the stage where the grass is tall
and wear that dress that rides up high
don't be late and don't ask why
I wanna dive into your eyes
I wanna swim with you to a foreign land
I wanna sink to the bottom of your soul
I wanna be your Aquaman
Big red dog on the beach
streetcar girl out of reach
with your little black book
and your dizzy hair
the train pulls out & leaves you there
We belong to the rain
Let me be your sugarcane
love you still when the line is cut
love you still no matter what

I PICTURE YOU

I picture you on a crowded street
with a little half smile
for the people you meet
I picture you at the center of the world
with your poetic shoes and your little green pearl
time slips away when I'm walking next to you
it's the things that you say when we're talking...
when the rain comes down
I'll think of you
and how you sat on the beach
in high heeled shoes
like a dream come true
I picture you
I picture you in the back of the room
with your hands in your lap & your eye on the groom
I picture you asleep on the lawn
in the middle of the night with your black gloves on
I picture you in the middle of Rome
trying to decide if you'll ever come home
I picture you picturing me
shuffling the deck of our history
and how time slips away
when I'm walking next to you
it's the things that you say
when we're talking

WAITING

I'm waiting for
nothing less than something more
I'm lying still
while my lioness conducts the kill
the fields are wide that I survey
till something weak comes my way
I'll be waiting
Don't call my bluff
my weather can get very rough
this Joker's wild
with a high dive in his smile
I'm hungry for the taste of you
but I can see that I'm not through
waiting
I walk the plank
stripped of dignity and rank
the things I've done
would make your daughter turn and run
a master thief of hearts am I
don't turn your back on those who lie
in waiting
I invite you
to a gathering of two
a flask of wine
the smell of honeysuckle vine
if you come through my open door
this much is true:
there will be no more waiting

IN HER ABSENCE

In her absence I combine
a sense of worthlessness with a bottle of wine
I can see traffic crawl
I can see headlights on my wall
I can feel my very soul
turn to glass and shatter
and I know that I should not be surprised
when in every shard I find her eyes
in her absence every face
borrows something from her face
in her absence
I am floating up so high
looking down at traffic from the sky
I am sitting on my throne
in the air, all alone
I can see the Taj Mahal
I can see the winding urban sprawl
when the one I love is gone
life provokes a stifled yawn
In her absence every face
borrows something from her face
in her absence I stand
on the top of the world
holding handfuls of memory rain
that fall through my fingers
but don't ask
I cannot explain

THE NEXT WORLD

If you're looking for a girl
with Venus De Milo hands
if you worship at the shrine
of well-intentioned plans
the message in the leaves
is faint but seems to read
you'll have to wait
you'll have to wait
for the next world
She said, I can't stand still
but you can make me whole
he said, I cannot fill
the vacuum in your soul
and as he turned away
he though he heard her say
"Will I have to wait?
Will I have to wait
for the next world?"
where brand new streets
will shine like gold
beneath my feet
and every single empty kiss
simply ceases to exist
When all your wild birds
fan their tails and strut
but the windows to the sky
have all been painted shut
all that you can do
is break the window to
the next world

WHY SHOULD I LOVE YOU?

You keep your guns of conversation
aimed at my head
you tear my clothes/you spill my red wine
you laugh in bed
you're unchained, high strung
unrepentant, too young
why should I love you
the way I do?

Your pieces run into each other
like broken ships
your Queen devours her very own King
and licks her lips
you smile that smile, you calculate
your every move is checkmate
and why should I love you
the way I do?

You leave a trail of little mysteries
in your wake
to no avail I think about them
I lay awake
all day, all night
if you knew what it's like, you'd say
why should I love you
the way I do?

AS IF

Snow lay on the ground
my breath hangs in the air
but I'm looking through the glass
for blue-green waves of grass
as if they were still there
The letter she wrote I savor like wine
that I drink by myself
to help me to feel
as if she were still mine
as if the time stood still
as if it ever will
as if the last look back
were not the last
I could stand up to the light
I could swallow my pain
but I think I prefer thinking of her
as if nothing had changed
Snow lay on the ground
our breath hangs in the air
and still we look through the frost
for the ones that we've lost
as if they were still there

FORGIVENESS

Strawberry girls
up on the blue veranda
down on the stoop
I roll up my sleeves
and the lyric
that yawns through my memory is this:
the only thing stronger than love
is forgiveness
Lines in my palm
running like destiny's wires
the gypsy looks up
and says only this:
you'll give her nothing
that she will not miss
and she'll give you everything
but forgiveness
What might have been
sleeps like a ghost on my shoulder
with her hand in my hair
and her breath on my neck
together we travel these trains
heading west
down the elusive trail
of forgiveness

FACTORY OF LOVE

You can hear it all night
the groaning of machines
the flickering of light
the golden figurines
and the trucks roll in
and the hammers pound
they're mixing joy and rejection
mystery and pain
they store it all in barrels
and leave them in the rain
the whistles blow
way underground
working in the factory of love
They build the broken hearted
they build the perfect face
they decorate the edges
of misery with lace
they weave imperfection
through the eye and the bone
they combine amnesia
with total recall
they separate the senses
and redesign them all
with the logo of a snake
engulfed by a rose
working in the factory of love
There's sorrow in the moonlight
sorrow in the rain
and other kinds of sorrow
I never could explain
but I found my place
in this wicked world
working in the factory of love

YOU AGAINST THE WORLD

Say

why do you crawl
when you could run?
why do you crawl?

Time is slipping away
a beautiful thief over the wall
and the wind blows through
that little hole in your smile
you could reach out too
every once in a while
but it's you, you, you
against the world

Say

why do you cry
when you could sing?
why do you cry?

Hey

don't be a drag
whenever you are expected to fly

I could fall for days
through the hole in your smile
you could find your way
every once in a while
but it's you, you, you
against the world

Way up in the sky
angels shake their heads over you
they don't understand the wasted life
you're sleepwalking through
we tumble through
that little hole in your smile
you could reach out too
every once in a while
but it's you against the world

FROM WHERE I STAND

Where you found love
I found debris
where I felt pinned
you felt free
what your critics applauded
my critics panned
that's the way it was
from where I stand
Where you saw lightning
I saw rain
where I found the holy
you found the profane
I saw nothing but water
where you saw land
that's the way it was
from where I stand
from where I stand
you built a city
on the thin shoulders of hope
from where I stood
all I could see
was acres of sand and smoke
Wherever you wander
this much is true:
you won't find love
love finds you
like a ravenous creature
that feeds from your hand
that's the way it was
from where I stand

GOOD TO BE ALONE

All day long I hear
in between my ears
voices in my head
the evil and the good
you shouldn't and you should
the living and the dead
they lobby me
for their point of view
but I have to say
by the end of a day
it's good to be alone
All day long I scan
the universe of man
for a sign of life
and I travel light
with my satellite
and a switchblade knife
but all I hear
from the Great Beyond
is repeated bursts
of these very words:
it's good to be alone
Living here on earth
isn't always worth
the struggle and the grind
yet I still embrace
every stranger's face
with an open mind
all around the world
never ever stops
and I have to say
by the end of a day
it's good to be alone

UNTIL WE MEET AGAIN

Behold the vanishing man
right before your eyes I stand
I will shift and I will fade
slip through your street parade
and every night I sing
every night I sing
every night I sing
for you
until we meet again
I will be longing for you
until we meet again
I'll be alone
until we meet again
I'll sing this song for you
until we meet again
I have no home
Every night is another pearl
drowned and lost to a would-be world
I ache, I yearn for you
are you this lonely too?
every night I sing
every night I sing
every night I sing
for you
Somewhere, some day
we'll make our getaway
and you won't have to hold the hand
of another vanishing man