



STRING OF PEARL

JOSHUA SCOTT

# COMPLICATED GIRL

Her youth's on a fade  
but she's tinged with grace and glory  
her eyes pull you in  
like the very first line of a story  
of betrayal and consequence  
never reaching for cheap sentiment  
you'll want to read her twice  
she's fire and she's ice  
she's a complicated girl  
She can pace a room standing still  
or dream without sleeping  
she'll sift through your soul  
until she finds something worth keeping  
like a shell from the windy coast  
you can hear the ocean roar  
when you hold her up close  
for better or for worse  
she's a blessing and a curse  
she's a complicated girl  
A casual smile  
and suddenly you're captured  
in the blink of an eye  
she'll turn your indifference to enrapture  
she says success is a state of mind  
she's easy to lose and hard to define  
a weaker man no doubt  
would be better off without  
a complicated girl

# STRING OF PEARL

Gripped by a vision that I cannot shake  
her soul the equivalent of a frozen lake  
littered with the bones of every man  
who ever tried to skate across her holy land  
she's never been to Rome, never been a slave  
or traded for a string of pearl  
that is why I love

that is why I love that girl  
She runs through my circuits like a thin blue light  
my dream rearranger every night  
I fell asleep in Ohio where my sheets were cool  
and woke up on the streets of Istanbul  
She's never been a star, never left a man  
hanging like a string of pearl  
that is why I love  
that is why I love that girl  
don't ask me to explain  
sometimes the rain is just  
the rain

My wheels keep rolling but my place is fixed  
I see her up ahead with her walking stick  
she never gets closer; this I know  
but it's the journey to the end  
it's the feel of the road  
I never stood a chance  
may as well have been  
diving for a string of pearl  
that is why I love  
that is why I love that girl

# THRILL OF THE CHASE

I'll take the woman  
who turns my blood into wine  
the woman who turns sacrilege  
into something divine  
I am afflicted with a romantic skill  
I am addicted to the speed and the thrill  
the thrill of the chase  
Give me a private stage  
with the moon at my back  
let me sift for illusion  
through the soil of fact  
give me a two-headed goddess  
with a crown and a hood  
let me devote myself though I be misunderstood  
to the thrill of the chase  
I wear every mask on your wall  
I'm the child who asks  
is that all, is that all, is that all, is that all?  
I will gather the stars  
in a blanket for thee  
I will lovingly rape your morality  
you will know who I am  
by the songs in my wake  
and even I will grow tired  
make no mistake  
of the thrill of the chase

# THE UNFORTUNATE TRUTH

In the middle of the room  
you were huddled in a chair  
and you dropped a little smile  
that vanished in the air  
and in that moment I could see  
with the vision of a fool  
how often we mistake  
something shiny for a jewel  
it's the unfortunate truth  
that found us at last  
the unfortunate truth  
there is no way to undo  
the unfortunate truth  
I bought a silver frame  
for the picture in my head  
but the idea was too big  
and the colors ran and bled  
we never really fit  
in a perfect little square  
you worship on the ground  
and I worship in the air  
it's the unfortunate truth  
Now I'm standing in a world  
where everything is new  
I can see a hundred miles  
and still no trace of you  
the sun is coming up  
I'm standing on the sky  
but when you're right where you belong  
it doesn't matter why  
it's the unfortunate truth

# CIRCLES

A million stars above this sleepy little town  
big red moon in a chocolate sky  
my thoughts of you are like boats that run aground  
they lose their way, I don't know why  
the past repeats itself, I could write the book  
every street I walk, everywhere I look  
I see circles  
the beginning meets the end  
everything is over  
and then begins again  
Waves are rolling in with angels on their backs  
dark trees are bowing down in prayer  
sails of pirate ships painted red and black  
you'd never know that they were there  
I have the sensation that I've been here before  
looking for salvation but finding nothing more  
than circles  
I reached for silver when I had diamonds in my hand  
I drowned inside a wishing well  
I wish I knew, my love, what motivates a man  
to rush so headlong into hell  
will I ever learn or will I always be  
riding this wheel of happiness and misery  
in circles?

# LAUGH MYSELF TO SLEEP

When I run she gives me cover  
like twins we're stitched from each other  
I know what her love is worth  
I'm the luckiest man on earth  
and I laugh myself to sleep  
I was crowned the Prince of Disaster  
losing ground faster and faster  
I saw hope shine all around her  
I was barely breathing when I found her  
now I laugh myself to sleep  
I count the stars  
that streak through the sky  
in spite of time  
I may never die  
I was one step from a world of lies  
one step from the great compromise  
when I felt her arms all around me  
like a voice in the dark she found me  
and I laugh myself to sleep

# SHOOTING AT THE MOON

She exits the room  
with a parenthetical remark  
that hangs in the air and circles in the dark  
and when she's gone  
I turn my attention to the rain  
the blue and faceless rain  
that hangs like a jewel  
on the throat of the city  
I stare straight ahead with my eyes half closed  
I'm a knife in the water  
a hoax, a man in a room  
shooting at the moon  
The world is flat  
I can see the very end from here  
so, taxi, take it slow I've got no place to go  
let the wind drown out  
any analytical reply  
logic is so dry  
I was raised by wolves  
in the heart of the city  
crowned by an angel  
as the King of Regret convicted of desire  
and sentenced to endless afternoons  
shooting at the moon  
I'm a handheld pinwheel  
all you do is blow  
just tell me what you want and I will make it so  
I'm all lit up from within  
like a Jack-o-Lantern smile  
so stay with me a while  
for the smoke ring songs  
and the note in a bottle  
the girl on the half shell  
the ruby red ring  
all testify to a man  
lying on a dune  
shooting at the moon



## IN MY DREAM

In my dream I destroy the evidence  
in my dream I am making perfect sense

I gather up the broken vase  
and set a new one in its place  
a mile high I take the leap  
and land uninjured on my feet  
in my dream

In my dream the Queen is bowing down to pawns  
in my dream I see elephants reflecting swans

I face the wind that rustles through  
names and places I once knew  
I sculpt your likeness into stone  
so that I am not alone  
in my dream

In my dream the moon is shattered by a crow  
in my dream I see various scenarios

I can see your shadow crawl  
like Bougainvillea up my wall  
the loneliness in every kiss  
nothing matters less than this  
in my dream

# SOUL FULL OF RAIN

In her junkyard eyes  
you browse dismantled merchandise  
her busted men hang from a chandelier (amen)  
her confidence is a hollow ruse  
a broken bird with wings of blue  
she waits for a phantom train  
with a soul full of rain  
She's a steel guitar  
that weeps out of tune  
like a musical scar  
if her bend her strings  
she will break your heart  
the very thing that reins you in  
will send you home alone again  
you could drown, drown, drown  
in her soul full of rain  
Some starless night  
she'll bring you home like runway lights  
she'll purr and preen  
inside the burning limousine  
she says that love is the final myth  
and so instead she travels with  
a rope, a case of Champagne  
and a soul full of rain

# YOU ASK

You ask if I see the future  
you ask if I hide the ace  
you ask me if I can promise  
to never wear a different face  
no

Would I lay my gems before you?  
would I ride that crest for you?  
be worthy of forgiveness?  
always do my best for you?  
yes

Don't be afraid of what I say  
stand by my side  
why settle for a golden cage  
when you can learn to fly?  
Without fail would I deliver?  
would I walk a long straight line?  
would I scale frustration's mountain  
time after time after time?  
no

Would I battle with my demons?  
would I learn to sway and bend?  
would I be there for beginnings?  
would I be there at the end?  
yes

You ask if I'll always love you  
in spite of who we become  
could we walk these roads together  
until our days are done?  
Yes

# RED BIKINI

Far away, long ago  
I was living in a bungalow  
I was drifting, high and dry  
I was just another secular guy  
I couldn't see it, I couldn't hear it  
I turned around, found the Holy Spirit  
in a red bikini on a black sand beach  
God was stunning, God looked good  
God had everything you hoped She would  
easy smile, honest eyes  
the kind of woman you could idolize  
I was overwhelmed with joy & bliss  
when God winked, blew me a kiss  
in a red bikini on a black sand beach  
She said, "This is nothing, child's play  
you should see me on the seventh day  
there's holiness in the dark and vile  
there's holiness everywhere, my child"  
and so it was I was restored  
to my surprise I found the Lord  
in a red bikini on a black sand beach  
You might find God at the gates of hell  
or in the lobby of a cheap motel  
or some cathedral with leaded pane  
or face down in the pouring rain  
I fall down to my knee  
to be nearer my God to thee  
in a red bikini  
on a black sand beach