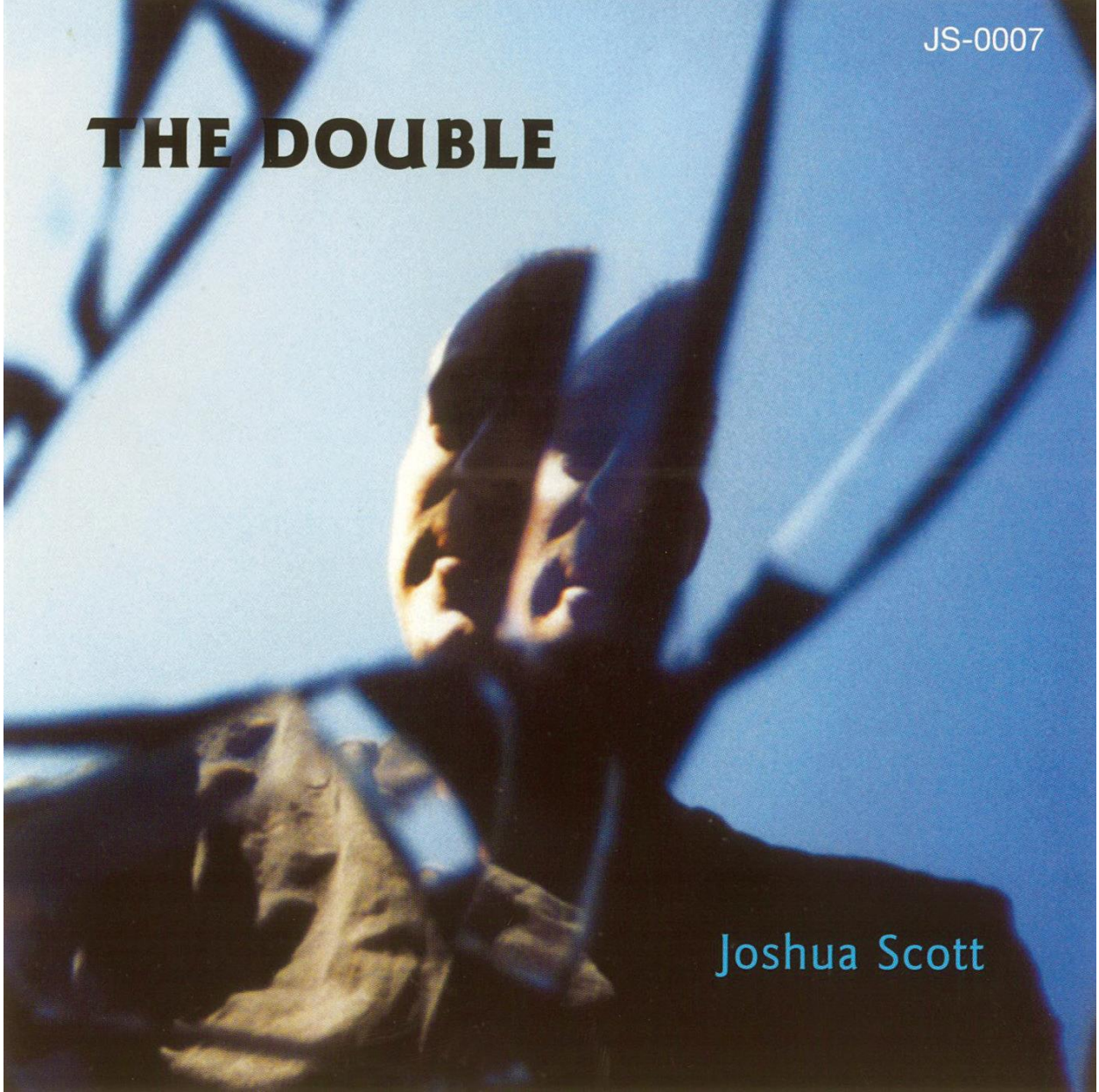


JS-0007

THE DOUBLE

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I WISH YOU WELL

I wonder where you are tonight
are you looking up at the same moonlight?
did you ever slay your demons, girl?
did you ever fix your broken world?
I can see you now where the light is low
lining up your dreams in a long thin row
did you do the things that you had planned?
did you find the key that was in your hand?
faded songs
and a well of tears
these were our
souvenirs
where love goes
I cannot tell
all I can say is
I wish you well
I wish upon a falling star
that you belong wherever you are
I know where all your martyrs fell
I should have known myself so well
and now we're free
to begin again
in a different world
to a different end
Where love goes
I cannot tell
all I can say is
I wish you well

LITTLE BOX

She's got you in a little box
with an anklet made of a golden chain
her little combination locks
hiss at you from where they hang
I can see you prowl like a hungry cat
it's hard to see you live like that
she controls the heat, the cold,
the hands on the clocks
she's got you in a little box
She's got you in a little box
the welcome mat reads "No Way Out"
you can talk and talk and talk
and you won't erase her shred of doubt
you could dig a hole half a mile down
you could try to run at the speed of sound
but you're a prisoner of the
fluid way she walks
she's got you in a little box
it's an ancient curse
doesn't get much worse
it's a paradox
big man/little box
She's got you in a little box
and you're thinking, hey,
this is not so bad
but she keeps her pistol cocked
at every thought you ever had
you're hanging by a single thread
as I see her swallow up your head
as she turns your diamonds
into worthless rocks
you're addicted to her little box

SLAVE TO HER SENSES

When they landed on the moon
she said "Romance becomes science"
and she walked out of the room
and disappeared into the lake
over there
where the moon just hangs in the air
she's a slave to her senses
Have you ever seen her walk
with just a trace of jungle?
she makes you want to talk
about the pictures in your head
she says, "Passion is blind.
The only way you can kill it
is with your mind"
she's a slave to her senses
I carved her out of stone
and put her in a room
with a mirror
in the morning she was gone
and then I saw her in the glass
she said, "Don't you see?
You need an image.
You don't need me."
she's a slave to her senses

BEST OF ALL WORLDS

Looking back I can see
everything in front of me
what I did, I'd do again
from the beginning straight to the end
if I could jump back
jump back in time
if I could jump back
you'd have always been mine
I found love in my darkest hour
I sold my kingdom for a single flower
I lay a wreath at the tomb of the Unknown Girl
I live in the best of all worlds
I drew a line in the sand
and let a dream guide my hand
I've been crowned and disgraced
memorized and erased
Up ahead I can see
the white smoke of history
another step, another mile
we're all alive for a while

INVISIBLE MAN

I'm walking down your street
I leave no print behind my feet
to the naked eye
a see-through man of glass am I
my head, my bones, my shadow
I can feel you scan
you are the only one
who can see the Invisible Man
you can see the Invisible Man
I scale your walls
I navigate your winding halls
I slip between
the visible & the unseen
I'd crawl through glass to kiss you
on fluorescent hands
you are the only creature
who can see the Invisible Man
you can see the Invisible Man
I want her in my arms
I want a bracelet hung with all her charms
her soul unlocks
the music from the music box
her veil is drawn forever
like the shell from the pearl
and as I watch her sleeping
I can see the Invisible Girl

ONE DAY

One day I awoke
to something new
one day I looked up
and I met you
one day in a thousand days
changed everything in every way
fundamentally shaken by
one day
One day
the old roads made no sense
one day I chose
to jump the fence
I woke up with different eyes
I blinked once\I blinked twice
and the old world fell away
in one day
One day someone comes
and rocks your world
one day your linear road
will suddenly curl
and nothing will ever be the same
you'll stand out in the summer rain
and give thanks for the gift
of one day

A LIVING THING

Loving you was automatic
I never even felt the sting
in this world of death and static
your love is a living thing
My love is a broken arrow
hidden in a shoulder sling
though it won't fly straight or narrow
my love is a living thing
my love outruns
the harm I've done
and crowns me like a king
true love is a living thing
We have given one another
something worth remembering
though the dead will not recover
true love is a living thing

MAN IN THE MOON

This promise I will make to you
wherever you go I'll be near you
whenever you cannot be heard
you can rest assured
I will hear you
even though I hang
in an empty sky
like a cloudy jewel
or a yellow sigh
you can look to me
where the stars are strewn
and you will find me there
your man in the moon
Though my hands are wet with rain
I stoke this flame
this glowing ember
even if we leave no trace
these are days we'll remember

YOU CAN'T SEE YOURSELF

You can see the smallest crack
the subtle flaw, the total lack
of anything in anyone
you are the perceptive one
and you
stare down from your mountain
like a little guru
you see through anybody else
but you can't see yourself
They come to you
with bullet holes
in their eyes and in their souls
you sew them up with good advice
they never have to ask you twice
and you
you're very good at what you do
you can see the wrong in anybody else
but you can't see yourself
Have a seat
clear your head
think about the things I've said
you're a mirror to the world
you've got X-ray vision, girl
but you
could bring your own world into view
what's the point of seeing everybody else
if you can't see yourself?

YELLOW DRESS

A friend of hers dropped by
she wore a yellow dress
and she talked a lot about her
and her newest guest
smoke, it rose from half a dozen cigarettes
through an afternoon of changing names
and silhouettes
and there's no telling when the sun goes down
curtains fade and the flowers bow
and I'm thinking
I'm thinking of her now
"It's getting late & I only came for just awhile"
"Yes, I'm glad you came, you're quite the same"
I said with a smile
"And you can come again as a holy friend
or as yourself
You better hurry, it's cooler now
wrap this coat around yourself
I saw her once but thought that she was someone else
and I smiled as I remembered that she always was
like a painting with no title
like an alibi
she was somewhere in between
the faith and the lie

BOW DOWN

Stand up to the wind all around you
stand up to the fools that surround you
stand up to cardboard angels
stand up to the light that blinds you
stand up to the fear that finds you
stand up to the edict from above
but bow down
to the one you love
Rise up when they come to bury you
rise up to the things that carry you
so far away
but not far enough
stand up to the doubt inside you
stand up when they try to hide you
stand up to the weather getting rough
but bow down
to the one you love
to the one who ties her faith in you
to the wings of a dove
bow down to the one you love
Wake up when the world is sleeping
hold on to the things worth keeping
you may rule your world
with an iron glove
but bow down
to the one you love

AFFAIR

She evokes the past like cruel perfume
she fans her tail in a crimson plume
the silence in her eyes is vast
her soul is stained like leaded glass
I retrace every step I took
to find the word, the sign, the look
but the rain is thin like a diamond sheen
and I'm rolling home on the 6:15
Now we're in a dream with the windows down
her wrists as white as a wedding gown
moonlight sifts through a choir of trees
I'm saying something and she disagrees
profiled against the night
she flickers out like candlelight
and says, "We are the makers of memory
and that's all we'll ever be"
she stands with her hands in her hair
in a Victorian room
and I can't turn away
like a wolf bewitched by the moon
Tomorrow looms like a blossom clipped
it overwhelms me and she senses it
but it always passes and it always will
such is the nature of the unfulfilled

GO

Bird on a ledge/girl in a car
dog on a leash/fly in a jar
key in the door/swan on the lake
hand on the wheel/foot on the brake
spirits I can hear
whisper in my ear
take your mark

go

Out of my bed/step on the floor
out of a room/out of a door
into a car into the street
out of the cold and into the heat
into a plane into a chair
onto the runway into the air
an endless progression of stop
and go

He steps up
she steps back
she feels tight
he feels slack
she wants this
he wants that
she stands up
he stands pat
she is out of time
she has drawn a line and says
"If you want to go,
go"

WINTER

When the winter comes
hope you're going to stay away
when the winter comes
the light in your eyes will be grey
and I'll remember how I saw myself
in those same eyes yesterday
when the winter comes
hope you're going to stay away
When your days are done
I hope you feel satisfied
when yours days are done
I hope that the nights treat you kind
if you wake up to the sound of rain
you might think of me sometime
when your days are done
I hope you feel satisfied
When the winter's through
I hope you see everything clear
when the winter's through
I hope that the sun reaches here
I'd get over the way that I'm feeling today
if I could whisper in your ear
that when the winter's through
you're going to see everything clear
and when the winter's through
I'll be waiting for you right here

TRAIN OF THOUGHT

Someone is speaking
someone I love
with words like falcons
that perch on my glove
she thinks I'm somewhere else
but I'm not
I'm just riding on a train of thought
She paints a picture
that covers my wall
I focus on something
distinct and small
am I distracted?
I think not
I'm just riding on a train of thought
We're half in darkness just like the moon
I'm facing winter, you're facing June
our love is simple like a twisted plot
we're just riding on these trains of thought

DOG EAT DOG

Well, I look in my yard
and what do I see?
I see another little puppy
looking back at me
I look for my bone
I look for my bed
I see another little bitch
with a ribbon round her head
it's a dog eat dog world
I wait for the sound
of her car pulling in
sniffing in the air
for the smell of her skin
she might be here soon
and she might be late
but I've learned how to sit
and I've learned how to wait
In a sweet dream
I'm driving in the rain
got my head out the window
in the fast lane
with the wind in my face
and my foot to the mat
I'm gaining on that little pussy cat
Now the sun's going down
and I'm lying in the shade
thinking to myself
that I got it made
I'm all fenced in
but she'll be home soon
and until then
I'll be howling at the moon
in a dog eat dog world

EVEN MONKEYS FALL FROM TREES

I hear the sound
of footsteps falling on the ground
she's my skeleton key
with no clear identity

I can't convey
what I think at all
when I hear her say
"even monkeys fall
from trees"

Your shadow men
making movies with their hands
that shiver on your wall
they don't have to speak at all
that's you in the mirror
that's you when they call
that's you purring in their ears
"even monkeys fall
from trees"

I see you climbing
up high
where it's hard to breathe
drunk on colors
of the sky
hanging like a leaf
I remember days
you would play that polonaise
that floated in the air
and left its sorrow everywhere
If I seem far away
if my engines stall
all I can say
is even monkeys fall
from trees

GLAD WE MET

I don't know where or when
I'll ever see that girl again
and though she left me here
with these revolving ghosts
that I can't forget
I'm still glad we met
And does she feel the same?
of everything, does something remain?
is every memory tinged with regret
or is she still glad we met?
You know there'll always be a place
in my heart for her
there will always be a place
Like a summer rose
this wistful feeling comes and goes
and though she left me here
with these revolving ghosts
that I remember yet
I'm still glad we met

WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

The pretty one with the lonely eyes
the brainiac with the hands of a child
a catholic girl with criminal ties
the chronic one with a broken smile
My father when he was younger than me
my best friend when I was ten
the first girl who wasn't enough
the first girl I ever loved
where are they now?

My first steel string guitar
the old songs I wrote in your room
old friends scattered so far
the victims of faith and doom
The wide streets I used to walk
to your house in the heart of July
hot tar on the soles of our feet
the laser of youth in your eyes
where are they now?

The thin line between good and bad
the skyline of Shangri-la
the clear views that we once had
now as clouded as the Kabalah
The pretty one with the lonely eyes
the brainiac with the hands of a child
a catholic girl with criminal ties
the chronic one with a broken smile

A LONG WAY FROM HOME

I lay across the dune
and stare straight up
into the sky
I see the stars conspire
to sketch your face
from where I lie
It's quiet
it's lonesome
it feels light years away
from places and people I've known
I am struck by
how far I have roamed
and it sure feels a long way from home
I gaze across my bow
here and now
into the past
the crooked roads I took
allowed me to look at you at last
and the echoes of all those
voices I loved
interconnected like bone
I am tied to a fate of my own
and it's brought me a long way from home
With no time to spare
we aim to get
from here to there
the incandescent man
must make his stand
in mid air
and I'm falling, I'm falling
but I am not afraid
though I may sink like a stone
we are tied to a fate of our own
and it sure feels a long way from home

KEEP ON KEEPING ON

Every day the whistle blows
every night I lay in bed
and in between I chase a dream
that circulates inside my head
one more taste of your lips
and one more song
give me the strength
to keep on keeping on
I live in a house of cards
in the eye of a hurricane
and all around I hear the sound
of wind and howling rain
I count the stars
from a chair in the middle of my lawn
if they can, I can
keep on keeping on
I'm blowing rings of smoke
I'm half way to the end
I'm clinging to a point of view
that might break before it bends
I feel like I'm right on track
(but I could be wrong)
all I can do
is keep on keeping on

HISTORY

You and me were made of summer
you and me, hey, we were younger
than we are today

no one knew you like I knew you
I could always see right through you
but we had things you could not see
we were moving pictures

we had history

Say you know how much you'll miss me
tell me things that won't bring misery

I need no more of that

one day you'll be thinking of me
overcome by how much you loved me

but much too late, you will see
miles behind you, baby

strands of history

as far as the eye can see

You and me were made of summer
you and me, hey, we were younger