

Lazy Preacher

Dreams, Seams & The Sun (2004)

lyrics

Funny	1
thx to the angels	2
home on in.....	2
Backward	3
pleasure	4
told me to	5
dream seam	5
9mm finger	6
drone	7
Golden Rose	7
concrete box.....	8
Voice.....	9
some day.....	9

Funny

I want a lot of hours that funny
I want a cup full of coffee and honey
I wanna get your pleaser while you a
teaser and function like cunning

I wanna eat broccoli like money
I wanna spread butter on toast like sunny
I got it easier and greasier than
and old engine that's still running

I wanna quote chapters and story
to what there is and isn't for me

I is stupider farther than jupiter
and under the fronter of foggy

Star focus the origin of fortune
the face on the front of the cold wind
I'm a cheater than a reacher please
show me what for and when

thx to the angels

yell keep me, keep your body
we ugly intervention
we know that random is order
but it's nothing much to talk about
I don't know quite how to say that

So thanks to the angels
For aguardiente
Thanks to the angels....

Illusion hold me so tight
don't force bliss or make this serious
we know that stupid is normal
or more or less American
I don't know quite how to say that

home on in

Lift me up because I'm gone-ing
and you're shining and
I see the light of day by your moves
It's all this bad confession
all about the hard-learned lesson
what about a conversation to see me through

'cause we're
one day home on in
you move your muscles to see your skin
everybody's got a living sin
one day home on in

The bastard trapped I was set inside
a box of flames and torching nostrils
burning scene after scene
Hey, Hey, Ho - what do you know
Gotta get old, gotta get on
and ride the tide that's
gonna see me to shore

[chorus]

And if the tide is snide
I'm gonna confide in what I find
I'm gonna see it all come through
Through the sound-hole
I'll manage the cold, manage the fold,
Manage what's told
I guess it's meant to be
I guess it's meant to be

Backward

You plant the seed
And I'll hammer the nail
In and out of dreams
We're silly little things

The moons were my eyes
The planets let me breathe
The suns warmed everything

You shake the sea
And I'll shovel the earth
Back into the seams
Of an invisible scene

The comets were chaos
They made the space unsettle
Can't stop a river with a dam
The moons were my eyes
The planets let me breathe
The suns warmed everything

pleasure

her voice is integrating muscle with
molecule make up emotion
her touch is mitigating misery
mattress, two thousand kisses

oh and she pleasure

move in and out of heaven in trouble
with my double that fakes contemplation
myself, itself, is fading. I don't want
to miss her every invitation

oh and she pleasure

there's still more that I'm singing
turn around backward and face the negation
myself, itself, is fading. I don't want
to miss her every invitation

told me to

You didn't have to say what you told me to
No, you didn't have to do that now
You didn't have to say what you told me to
I did it and now I'm down

Five past eight and I'm running late
Fell asleep and passed my street
(and that was the second time)
(I was lost and couldn't find my way, no way)

Circle took a turn and made a loop
Made a sound and the sun went down
Circle took a turn and flew the coop
And now the circle did done frown

May, may, may, may, may it be fate
I lost my way and went back to sleep
(waiting for the alarm to kick in)
(so to wake me up)
(ring ring ring that thing)

Then the dog did done it made it too
Learned my lesson sharp as a point
But the dog did done know the scoop
Got depressing and it all came loose

Sun up, sun down, sun wake
Landing on my feet as the tweety
Bird does go tweet

dream seam

difficult address, every day awake
sticky undertaking, oh my god

oh my god

unsettle quiet, leave it behind
flesh seals nothing, oh my god

oh my god

break another brick, our heads get so thick
everyone's led astray, oh my god

dream seam
that's enough for me

9mm finger

9mm finger
Chinese death finger
Parade of sex
Puzzles heading east
in search of the right earth
The police help
Train of cars on foot
on Leavenworth & Clay

Sitting in the Iron Shade
Not giving a damn was the dead leg
watching waves of breathing, feeling
caffeine jumping over plastic beds
not dreaming on a quite blue hill
in San Francisco

Wake up in the morning lost
but feeling right
Put my sunglasses on cause my eyes
are sensitive to the sunlight

and it's a bright shiny day
thank you freeway of the distant gaze
Making way for the sunset
smelling of the fruit by the bay

drone

drunk nighttime 11:48 p.m.
only me and that fucking endless t.v.
drone, drone

when you're free won't you come
and have a drink with me
when you're through
and you don't know what to do
leave, just leave

11:48 p.m.

drone, drone

Golden Rose

Golden Rose, my golden rose
I'm just sitting here waitin for my golden rose
hope she knows she's my rose
I don't want to sit here waitin if she doesn't know

And I'm waitin, waitin, waitin
For that train
That will be stopin, stopin, stopin on by

what ever they tell her
I'll ride with the seams
I'll cool with the rules

that we see in dreams
And never, never fall again

Golden Rose, my golden rose
I'd be lost without my golden rose
as it goes the choices were chose
but it still remains a mystery I can't control
But I'm waitin waitin waitin
on that day
that I may never, never never even see

It's clever the weather from salt in the sea
whatever with pleasure as we start to sing
and never never lose again

The waves they come and go
Like they breathe and wash away
away sorrow that's planted like seed
and never never see it till when

concrete box

I didn't do this to the sky
even as I run to away, hey,
a grey soot coat swallows my throat
and all the poor souls that never knew better
that never saw a night full of stars

In a concrete box
Yeah, a concrete box

with dollars, brain wallet squalor
a daydream atrophy the son, hon
continue agitate because explosives mutate
and all the empty pockets
with the lousy change leaking

just to get a little bite to eat

In a concrete box
Yeah, a concrete box

sure the sticky are strands I create
and all the unintentional is scary and binding
combustion is reminder of the heart

In a concrete box
Yeah, are we lost?
Yeah, a concrete box

Voice

The leaf you put in my hand
could scoop and drink gutter water
Later on my hand caught a moth
like a butterfly but only smaller
Well, I float like her with limbs

The walk from my heart to my head
is give or take 20 miles
Sirens blare that same old song
That's the night we start to wobble
Well, this shit ain't true, my voice

Good and evil just struck a deal
To lend a hand to one another
Well, the truth ain't true
Your voice, your skin

some day

some day the music will stop, some day
some day there'll be no more dreams, some day

when there's just a wistful sigh
from a dead end plan to fly high

some day our rhythm will stop, some day
some day there'll be no more drums, some day

when evil spurred by greed
steals our only life and seed

some day when there's just a wistful sigh
from a dead end plan to fly high