

Kite Hawker on the Beach
Lyrics

O'Reilly
Susnara

Before we begin
You conclude, you impart
We de-emphasize
This tattling, battling barrage of words
It's safe to assume in a room
Full of stuffed shirts and bottom lines
The best they will offer is always their worst

Wood grain whorls can occupy your time
Clock spin tick twelve ways to lose your mind
O'Reilly is as O'Really does
I really think it's that way because
whenever O'Reilly questions things
O'Really does and who pulls the strings

That's when O'Really cuts off the checks he'd send
O'Really butts in our lives again
O'Reilly's, one and all, grin and vent
Into their consoles

O'Really thinks that he rules the world
His wiley insights and business grrrr
Affecting O'Reilly to the point
Of desperate measures and chosen locales
That's when O'Reilly takes off the gloves again
Boxes O'Really to phlegm again
Just don't hold your breath for the how and when
Just do your part and

Withdraw, fantasize
Re-group, satirize
Their stagnated lies?
Compartmentalize

(radar)
sweigert

Pins and needles don't have to
Cross their Ts and dot their Is
Spare the rod and spoil the child
Break their knees and close your eyes

Sticks and stones may not break my bones
But words always escape me

I'll rake the leaves and mow the lawn
Clean the eaves until the dawn
Work the weekends, however long
Don't tell me nothing unless it's wrong

My Poor Old Blue Projector

Sweigert, Susnara

A ring is hovering overhead
A reputation, something disguised in the face
Like a spider's web, confidence
Misplaced and stronger than steel, diamonds or lead

I have nothing but a wide screen and a haircut
That makes you this way, I'm sorry to say
You don't know me, but if you knew all about me
What would you want to do?

Escaping gravity, a suit of wings
Flying Titan dissolved in a sunset remote
Above a spider's web, hovering
Replaced and stronger than steel, diamonds or lead

When you see me in the restaurant
Deception's been vandalized
And what you seek from me
And why it's sought
Are both misconceptions and lies

And what's your gain if I should sign my name
And how would this enhance your life?
When after dinner I must wipe my chin
So go wipe yours and live your life

I have nothing but a blue shirt and a haircut
To make you this way, I'm sorry to say
I have nothing but a grimace and a handout

Stole the autograph
To cover a reputation for spilling the milk
"15 minutes", they said.
But you need an hour to make your sound
To break new ground
To bend steel, diamonds or lead

I have nothing but a dead locksmith and Wesson
To chase you away, to beg you to stay
You don't know me, but if you knew all about me
I have nothing but a blue shirt and a haircut
That makes you this way, I'm sorry to say

Gist

Susnara

Far across town
They meet in the rain with the sun falling down
Identified only by codes, clasps, dots and gestures

Three days pass
They converse in tents till the first trucks arrive
They secret themselves 'hind a series of panels and planks
And gradually new constellations form

On they drive
Through valleys and forests, up hills, down ravines
With bulldozers they unearth what they will call the Machine

They work all night
Armed with a fistful of smeared, scribbled notes
They devise a system of being and blending
While taking over all of us, all of us
Somewhere in Spain, a calf is born
With three revolving remarkably human-like heads
They rejoice!

This is the gist of it
This is the moot you crave
I am the source you chase

Why should I lie to you
When I can lie to the world?
How can I make you see?

That I'll be your Blarney Stone
If you'll be my rabbit's foot
We'd make a dashing pair

I'll be your Cool Dog Bane
If you'll be my Bongo Breath
Exist and hide like thieves

Frank of Maryland

sweigert

I work the late shift
And it works for me
Cause the nights are long
But my days are free
I clean the halls of the university
Then there's 83 miles of curiosity
Just waiting for me

Carving them up in the anatomical hall
If you can get to the 3rd story window, you'll find them all
Get what you can cause you know it's forbidden
Underneath Paris all our fathers are hidden

Arachnid, Apple and Mulch

Susnara

An arachnid from the coast of Spain
On a clothesline south of Bangor, Maine
Destinations mannequins explain
And maps obscure
Sunken treasures are a pirate's friend
In your spare time try to comprehend
At your coaxing how all match-heads cease to be

Here it is, it thrives, a helicopter farm
Apple portions gray, displayed too long

You're attracted, moth into the flame
To refracted light through windowpane
You can choose all that you lose or gain
And pay the cost
An arachnid on a telephone wire
Cased in plastic 'neath a tow truck tire
Motivations to which you aspire
To crash or burn

Who will drive the helicopter farm?
Where to run from games that play too long?

At His Cordial Best

Susnara

There, between the dust and books
And remnants of his past
Lies the by-product of loves not meant to breathe
He's switched from cans to bottles
And their contents stick to floors
He slumps, distended, too removed to speak

He left the party early
Angry that he couldn't fit in
With the simple puzzles people tossed to him
He broke a window on your car
Wrote his name in piss in the snow
Soon, he'll graduate with honors from Death Row

Sentimental goings on
In unincorporated areas
A perfect plaster of her face
Floats in an aquarium downstairs
He loads another bong...

He tape-records the things he'd say
If he only had the nerve to dance
Un-severed links to yesteryears
Brood like Siamese twins joined, if, by chance
As he breaks into song...

Triad*Sweigert*

I like to sit here under the stalactites
Cools me off
Make my confessions echoing against the rocks
Submerge intentions under expectations
Baby cries
Tried not to notice my name was written in the sky

I guess I couldn't see the light, had to nurse the lie
Knowing all the time there was no hope for your dream

She is an actress
A little bit pretentious, so they say
Plays the villainess, temptress, intensive maintenance
After the Olympics, she made an entrance
Now, I'm taking her home to meet my family
Knowing she will leave me dry

But then you made a sacrifice in the nick of time
His life was on the line, not only his, but so was mine

"You've got to take this opportunity by the horns
And don't let go"
"He's a mover and a sportswear sweatshop shaker!"
"He'll take you as his wife, make a better life"

Marty, you knew it was a lie, everything is fine
Knowing all the time you had made another way

Trampoliner*Susnara/Sweigert*

And when your motor runs make it stop
Shut off your thunderstorms 'fore they drop

She lives in a house on Veranda Wayda
Cold helicopter can complicate 'em
State this fact, I'm a trampoliner
Somebody step on my concertina

Nobody can tell you who the people will be
Nobody can tell you do it for me

Some take it overdone pipin' hot
Then make 'em everdons when they drop

He sleeps in the house of the concertina
Cold mellonchopper can confiscate 'em
State this fact, I'm a trampoliner
Pulling on the strings of an eggo-beater

Ballad of Tony and Angel

Susnara

When she was in my life
We didn't have no problems at first
She opened up my eyes
Then all we did was argue
When she opened up her mouth, mouth, north to south

She had a thing for snakes
I guess that's what she sought in me
She didn't make mistakes
At least none she cared to admit to me
I admit nothing at all

There's a girl downstairs
And she looks a lot like you
Doncha ask me where I've been
Tell ya what I'm gonna do

I'm going to make you her clone
I'm going to transport her home
And then we'll drink too much and
Pull down the shade before we
Wake up hung over the next morning
First ones on some weird last bus to dawn
And we called this a life

There's a world outside
And we gotta catch back up to it
Before it gets too wrong to change
Before we get too lame to want to

Never looked beyond ourselves
Never tapped into these patterns
That regulate our lives and choices
Guess it was easier not to

When she was in my life

Everdons

Susnara

Greet the dawn of another day
With your clock radio too loud
As you're packing your toys away
In a cloud

And your breakfast is meaningless
As the punch lines 'some of your jokes
When they're laughing a bit too fast
To enjoy themselves

Grab some transport to get you there
And a caffeine to jack you up
There's a schedule that cuts you down
To size

And we scream for democracy
Working years towards a brighter day
When we're slaves to hypocrisy
Anyway

Why, why
We base our lives on growth and change
But stay the same at night?

Everdons is as Everdons was and
Everyone smiles as something shoves you
Into the world of no one special
Laughing, they vie for your dispersal
Everything's not the way it should be
Perhaps they lied about what could be
Inching so close, yet miles behind a
Dream you enclosed yourself inside of

Alibis

Sweigert/Susnara

In Colorado

My compass spun, the sidewalks bubbled
The smoke was hard to see through and was burning up our eyes
Burned the note; she said she'd had it
Now they say it was a sorry ploy
All to gain our sympathies, so they would let her go

Through tangled woods and lives
It magnifies
It grows and thrives
On random acts and thirst for quick revenge

Last autumn when the towers came down
Her anguished cries rang through down town
Her husband's cell phone rings into the ground
Oblivious, he lies in bed
She thinks he went to work instead
He's with his mistress somewhere across town

He clicks his beeper on
His cell phone screams
His wife's unhinged
"I called all morning! How and where are you?!"
It catches him off guard
"At work", he says.
The TV glares, the whole world stares
The cameras prove him wrong

Head firmly stuck in the sand
Don't brush away
The residue that hides the face
The one you hate the most
Just someone along for the ride
So thankful for
The uncertainty behind the face
The one you hate the most