

Gonna Happen Again

I said it's all gonna happen again even after it ends.
When the light turns dark in the day and the laughter is spent
Then you'll take the long train from your name and the places you've been
Because you're right this is life and it's all gonna happen again.

I found you in the place in the beat of my heart
When you gave me a little bit of fond relation it gave me some confirmation
Never alone in the dark, waiting for lightning to start, lookin' at all of them stars.
I can make it alright, if you can make it tonight, break it open with the potion
'fore the end of the fight. Because

It's all gonna happen again even after it ends
When the light turns dark and the rays are going straight to the head
Then you'll take take the long train from your name and the places you've been
Because you're right this is life and it's all gonna happen again.

Why would you ever believe in somebody like me? You're crazy.
I could tell you a little bit about the stories before they began re-forming
See you could open the door, inside of every chore,
Never bored and you're floatin' and changin'.
Or you could follow the known, lettin' it swallow you whole,
Nothin' new with the blues and they're diggin' the whole
Or fly, far away in to space, where there isn't a place it's ancient
It could show you a little bit about the old you the whole truth is rather old school.
Or we could fake it again, act like we're happily in,
All this hard earned pain we're faced with
Or we could start making news with matter split into two,
A temporary sanctuary saturated with blues

Chorus

Adam and Eve

Back in the garden there was nothing else, nothing to call our own
Until creation separated time and space from the whole,
So we could be reaching for the fruit that we'd grown
The marrow is what's unseen, like the roots down below
So, aren't you amazed at what we have made to be so?

Just like the biggest joke waiting for the punch line to laugh
Oblivious and unaware of all the power and strength, for heavens sake.

I was crossing the border, something so foreseen, kicked my ass pretty good
And I flipped those coins for fun, and I won some, but,
I'm stuck in these blues.
I would like to play some different tunes
My callouses continue to ooze.

Well, if life is like a joke just waiting for the punch line to laugh, ha ha
Then in the nick of time, nickels and dimes will slide, all over that mask

They made a play at the plate, the fruits were loose and soon for the taking.
Round, red, and tasty, then found dead in waste on the ground,
Nothin' but the seeds.
At last ashes rose into clouds, to rain upon the days that we're making.
Fish on land comes the monkey with bibles and plans, written on the sand.

And on the 7th day, hail and rain crashed at bay
And when the work is done we leave the One and run to the maze, and slice into half.

Somethin' livin' deep within, Is showing early signs of decayin.'
For reasons that I don't expect to see till the day I don't need my two eyes
I don't know how long it's been, I'm definitely out of the deep end
Better buckle down and get a few of those good time licks in, while I can
Once it's done they'll come to understand, who's the man

But Adam and Eve would surely never leave a friend. Adam and Eve.

When You Call My Name

When you call my name, it fires off an odd response
I jump for joy and then land again
The higher that I get, the more momentum I have
When I finally crash
Lessons learned and lived, forgive my due process
It's just something that's been drumming on my skin
So don't you fall again into the shrub we've made
From our ignorance of common sense.

When you call my name
Touchdown this better be the end
Flush down this inner swirling
Hush now and baby don't you cry
Daddy's gonna buy you the process of your life

Solving silent games, It fires off the cards in your heart
Then you feel pretty relieved
The higher that I get, the more momentum I have
When I come back to ground
Confessions with friends, get used to the great indoors
And seeing your life within the four corners
So don't you call again, into the phone I own
Unless it plans to wake me up a bit

Chorus

I Don't Care

I don't care what you think or you say
Or the way that you act or behave
You could kill me or curse me,
But still it's all okay, cos there's nothing that hurts me.
I find society odd, I play it like a video game and pause when it calls
I hope you realize your sleep, is there just to remind you your freedom is deep.

When you finally find yourself no one's there, cos they're all scared
When I'm idly by myself, I'm hardly aware
When your life is flying by no one dares to stop in mid air

Puttin' pieces together with puzzles from all, who've got some pieces involved
Normally there's the corners and sides at the start, but then the middle gets hard
A tragedy and a comedy usually has a mixture of each (it's not real)
I can finally leave, but please I don't care you can have my seat
— Chorus

About These Things

And we don't talk about these things,
But that's okay, and that won't change
In face we barely talk at all, it's not your fault, it helps me write
And we don't play without our games,
But nobody gains, because it's always the same
The fact is every lapse and fall, is just a call to help me write

Ayo, minutes from a wishful thinking process that got me to the dead end street
Of beats, rhymes, and a puddle of processes(Not one to muddle in long distance)
Yea, but travelling the globe made me feel optimistic,
(Yea, possibility prone to phone call crash collisions and accidents)
Man, relax a bit, no one's even heard the half of it
(All the letters that you never sent)
Y'all can't find a place to stash the rent?
(They're livin' in the quarters of our dome)
Still, I'm rentin' space to other saucy senioritas, so they won't be alone
(Better not pick up the phone, we're sick and tired of that)
Nah, instead I'll just pick up my pen, and get inspired
(By the fact of the matter that it's difficult to decode the messages
They're forgetting to send back?)
Nah, it ain't no thing, it's a millennium ago
I'm ready to just go for the gold on this yellow brick road
(Let's apply this coat of indifference and blood)
Mixed together to see which one she and I was?
(Are you feelin' the buzz?)
Man it's hard to tell, and just as well because
We don't talk about these things
(Nah, it's better to sing)
Until we do it all again

And we don't talk about these things, and that's okay, and that won't change
In fact we barely talk at all, it's not her fault, it helps us write
And no one walks without their kings,
And there's no blame because it's all in the game
The fact is every lapse and fall, is just a call, to help you get right

If I jump through a flame, fired up
Go through pain, air plain gonna boil my blues
And It's the day to day sentences that make it all relevant
And laughin' for the hell of it.
A story, tellin' it, a skill, gotta master it
Not getting ahead of it, but always getting after it
I gotta pass the test, enrolled with the same old goals,
And a little bit of ass and flesh,

Not being brash, God bless!
Sophisticated, he was traded from his team, got burned, now he's city jaded.
It's just a pattern kid, practice with the talented
Blast off to Saturn with the backwards flipping acid trip
Any disaster goes towards the show,
All this motivating news is my muse, gets me ready to go
Up in the zone when I'm working at home,
Plug in the three prongs, ready to flow, in case y'all ready to know

'Cos no one's talkin' bout these things, and that won't change, but that's insane
In fact we barely talk at all, it's making it so art's gonna shine a little light
And no one walks without their rings, and fortune and fame, just a trivial game
The fact is every lapse and fall, is just a call, to help you get life.

Triste

(Translated from Portuguese)

Sad is to live in solitude
far from your tranquil altitude
Sad is to know that no one ever can live
on a dream, that never can be, will never be
Dreamer wake up, wake up and see
Your beauty is an aeroplane
so high my heart can't bear the strain
A heart that stops when you pass by
only to cause me pain
Sad is to live in solitude
Your beauty is an aeroplane
so high my heart can't bear the strain
A heart that stops when you pass by
only to cause me pain
Sad is to live in solitude

The World is Cold

The world is cold and out of touch
We can't lose it now
Please help me feel somebody's love
And let that feeling ring out

The world's been sold for 20 bucks
We got control of it now
Please let me feel a whole lotta love,
And let that run through the ground.

The Fan

Did you know just how the show would go?
Before the script was filled with all the lines?
Was it your soul? It came so close
Physically gone, and dealing with ghosts in the notes
The world's flooding look at us both overflow
Storm's comin' so what, so

How would it be if the show didn't save his life?
Could you believe the ticket stub said he'd paid the price?
Lucky Sue, nice views, margaritas and blues
Take your pick what deepens is the truth.
Break your ties and find your summer youth

Sees in himself what can't be seen by me.
Friends or family or even evening company
Standing on stage 'till he comes down to talk
With a crinkled up page and a bottle of mead and a song
Doesn't need to dress cos he's already been hired
Coming back alive with the jets on fire

How would it be if the show didn't save his life?
Could you believe the ticket stub said he'd paid the price?
Somethin' to do and it's new this dude's sittin' cool
Take out a stick, replace it with a spoof
Fire and hit but save a bullet too.

How would it be if the show didn't save his life?
Did you believe the ticket stub said he'd
Paid a pretty high price,
It seemed that he'd realized, what they had all had in mind
The world was often surprised, his feelings were sublime
Ecstasy all through the night
The winter came from behind, it made him go so far
Realizing no one had died
His eye was a miniature sunrise, under a clear sky
Somebody came to his side

But how would it be if the show didn't save his life?
The fan is going to go away again, he's lost his only friend
Welcome back home.

No More Time to Think

So many atmospheres to change from,
It's hard to adjust, but Lord knows I must
In Time we trust, constantly in a rush
So I've got to be sure of myself when I talk, keep thoughts to a hush
The more you fuss, about your situation
The less you get somewhere, harder it gets to bare
Don't hesitate, or attempt to penetrate that
Soul inside, you'll lose your job and then your mind

No more time to think once or twice
Use your instincts and act right away
No one standing still gets a slice
But I'd rather think of my own cake to bake

So many faces to see, so little time to not say one word,
Keep walkin' these square street lines
Remember to not hold in too many memories,
This life is full of moments that might make it hard to leave
To pray or meditate is to pause for too long
Work for food, eat your dinner, write your lonely song
Ponder nothin' now, wait until you're retired
To find out that you're tired and you're uninspired.

Chorus