

Where It Should Be

Like my Da walking up that hill to the hospital
With his heart full of *joie de vivre*
Blue sky up above where it often is
But even further than normally
I assume the world will do a normal turn
And everything will be where it should be
Like my Da walking up that hill to the hospital
Where his heart full of *joie de vivre*

Here in Tompkins Square where the hawks reside
In a tree that has lost its leaves
There are those who have come from so far away
To observe how the hawks proceed
The millennial's drift to the bicycle boom
Of a drunk who believed he'd be reprieved
Like his Da walking up that hill to the hospital
With his heart full of *joie de vivre*

It's a warm autumn night in New York town
And everybody has settled down
The moon was full a few days ago
Now it's passed we're all a mite relieved
But sometimes when all fits where it should fall
I begin to address what could deceive
Like my Da walking up that hill to the hospital
With his heart full of *joie de vivre*

Blue sky up above where it often is
But even further than it's known to be
We assume the world will do a normal turn
And everything will be where it should be

Set a Few Things Up

So let's sleep now and don't worry
I'll go out in the morning
And set a few things up

And set a few things up

Sometimes I can't get out of my car
And sometimes I drive too far
Sometimes I stare at the silent trees
And think of sweet nothings
And think of sweet nothings

I know it's expensive and scary
When nothing's coming in
And we're almost out
But don't be afraid
I'll make a trade
And turn this beast around
And turn this beast around

So let's sleep now and don't worry
I'll go out in the morning
And set a few things up
And set a few things up

Sometimes we hang the sun in the sky
And sometimes hang the moon
Sometimes we live too close to a lie
Or suffer from the truth
Or suffer from the truth

Sixteen hour days and seven day weeks
God I have my dreams
But I'm not that kind of freak
Somewhere on the streets
There's enough of what I need
I like a bit of toil
But I see no need to bleed

So let's sleep now and don't worry
I'll go out in the morning
And set a few things up

Love Never Fails

Love never fails me
It never failed me yet
Ye know love
Never gave me fret
It's one thing I know
Time has told me so

Truth is the kingdom
A reign that is safe and sound
Ye know truth
Is reliable ground
It's the same growing up
As it is coming down

Hope never holds me
It never held me down
Ye know hope
Wears eternity's crown
Sees good in the bad
And accepts what is found

Love never fails

And greed is our jailer
It keeps our failure in shoes
Yes greed is humanity's bruise
For everyone who wins big
Many millions will lose

Love never fails

Love of Angels

I pulled into a gramophone yeah and filled up on Chopin
I asked them for the Rolling Stones yeah
They said hey man, don't ye know
We only deal in romance

We are what comes in
We are what we hear
We are what we think
We are what we feel

Our eyes our ears our nose
Our mouths
What goes in
Is what comes out

I sat with Paul Bowles
Alone on a stone yeah
And dreamed I was in the desert
I came across a no-go zone on my phone yeah
And found a garden of heaven

We are what we breathe
We are that aroma
We are what comes in
We already know that

Our eyes our ears our nose
Our mouths
What goes in
Is what comes out

I talked with fifty children
Who were under five years old
And felt the love of angels
And felt the love of angels

The gift that I was given
Was reflected in the eyes of their souls
I felt the love of angels
Felt the love of angels

We are what we breathe
We are that aroma
We are what comes in

We already know that

Our eyes our ears our nose
Our mouth
What goes in
Is what comes out

Stephen

Stephen's preparing to leave
He has to go to the sea
He's been so mesmerized
By glistening porthole lights
Along the horizon line
Imagining the life inside

Stephen believes in the blue
Nothing but water and the roof
Just like a burial ground
Where the mourners are gone
And there's nothing around
But the silence and the corpse best friend
The weathered stone
And the massive wild deep sky

He wants to leave while he can
Otherwise he could lose his chance
He knows he's blessed with this
A curious need to leave the nest
Before the heart inside his chest
Becomes too old to experiment

He wants to conquer his fears
Counting the mounting years
He wants to face the place
Where nothing is but thoughtlessness
A bed of sea
And a roof of stars
And there to be until he feels

At peace with the dark

Oh darkness
I know you are my friend
And in the end
I'll be with you all alone
I know you every night
And I knew you in the womb
You wait beyond the light
Inside my tomb
And I know I have to kiss you
Before our wedding day
And I know I have to kiss you
Every night
And I know I have to love you
Before I let you go
Then I'll laugh at dark grey clouds
Then I'll see the setting sun with you
And know darkness

Stephen's preparing to leave
He has to go to the sea

Rocket Man

My father was a rocket man
He often went to Jupiter, to Mercury, to Venus, or to Mars
My mother and I
Would watch the sky
And wonder if a fallen star
Was a ship becoming ashes
With a rocket man inside

My mother and I never went out
Unless the sky was cloudy
Or the sun was blotted out
To escape the pain
She only went out
When it rained

My father was a rocket man
He loved the world beyond the world
The sky beyond the sky
On my mother's face, lonely as the world in space
I could read her silent cry
But if my father fell into a star
We mustn't look upon that star again

My mother and I never went out
Unless the sky was cloudy
Or the sun was blotted out
To escape the pain
She only went out
When it rained

Tears are often jewel-like
My mother's went unnoticed by my father
For his jewels were the stars
In my father's eyes I knew he had to find
In the sanctity of distance
Something brighter in the stars
One day they told us
The sun had fled
And taken him inside

My mother and I never went out
Unless the sky was cloudy
Or the sun was blotted out
To escape the pain
She only went out
When it rained

Don't Get Too Fallen

Cool down let it blow on to another part of town

Don't get too fallen on the hard times
When they come

Down along the West Side Highway we sped
In the poorly sprung cab with the Gypsy Reg
Going home after drinking all night in Harlem
Slabs of ice water floating past
A tug boat pulled a barge of trash
A forfeited day, while running away
From the hard times

Don't get too fallen on the hard times
When they come

I found myself envying everyone and everything
The tug boat pilot and the earnest intent
Of the drivers sat in the next lane
All for their right to deserve this day
I think of my past
Sunday mass
Fields of grass
And resign in guilt to the dark clouds

Don't get too fallen on the dark clouds
When they come

Just like the darkest clouds
Filled with cumulus rain
Nothing stays in the same place
Or can lay claim
Don't reach up and bring it down
Let it blow on to another part of town
Don't get too fallen on the dark sword

Australia

She was sure we were made for each other
But I wasn't there when she made that decision
Before she went away
She cursed my indifference
And told me I'd be sorry

For what I threw away
Then she boarded a plane
For Australia
And left me in the mist
I still see her face
And wonder what I missed
I really can't say
'Cos we never even kissed

Brown eyes from Donegal
Bedsit in the basement
Barely acquainted
But you made your mind up
Forgot to make mine

I watch her face on my phone
And wonder why
I couldn't hear her
Make that decision
Psychic love
Is sometimes beyond me
And I'm not really sorry
For what I threw away
I saw her at the baggage wheel
Heading for Australia
She scolded what I did
I still see her face
And wonder what I missed
I really can't say
'Cos we never even kissed

Brown eyes from Donegal
Bedsit in the basement
Barely acquainted
But you made your mind up
And forgot to make mine
And I wasn't there
When you made that decision

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More

What about the five day week
Or aimless walks on Saturdays
What about the Sunday drive
Or a pint at night in a pub where people speak
Ooh baby that's what I like

There must be more that we can do than mock
More that we can say than squawk
More that we can hear than pep talk
There must be more that we can feel than adequate
What about sob sob
What's so naff about sob sob
Must everything be sweet and white
What about the stars in the black of the night
There's a whole rake of stuff losing ground
We're starting to drown in taffy
What about big bold craziness
Or fat old lazy days
Ooh baby that's what I like

There must be more that we can do than deny
More that we can do than drive by
What about the shrubbery in that field
Filled with butterflies
There must be more that we can do than count
One to ten and back again
Surging on full speed to our tombstones
What about the five day week

Or aimless walks on Saturdays
What about the Sunday drive
Or a pint at night in a pub where people speak
Ooh baby that's what I like

There must be more that we can do than shout
More than clout to throw about
The quiet man in the corner almost never gets singled out
And he can sing a song so sweet and free
Like a bird up in the Tree
He's not trying to impress
He's simply getting something off his chest

Ooh baby that's what I like

Tommy and Timmy

Last time I saw Tommy and Timmy
Together they were standing on a bridge near Croke Park
Home for a tour - for once I timed it
So that I could see Wexford playing a game in that park

Tommy and Timmy looked like they'd been waiting there for hours
Standing there with the cool breeze blowing through their hair
They seemed entirely at home there on the bridge,
Didn't look like they ever intended moving it

I knew they'd been at the match 'cos Timmy's from Wexford

'Twas a huge surprise to seem them there
But they didn't seem surprised to see me at all.
I mighta thought they were waiting for me
Except they didn't even know I was there
We talked like there was nothing unusual
About the fact I'd never seen them in Ireland before
And the only time I did was at my gig in the Village
When we went out and got pissed together

We're going to the west, 14th is best

Take a right on the Avenue
We're gonna look after you
Take us to McManus's

Last time in the City was
In a yellow taxi going home at God knows what hour
I remember singing Rogers and Hammerstein
The song that is the one that comes from *Oklahoma*

Oh the cattle are standing like statues

Tommy and Timmy howled with laughter

Tommy we'll miss you forever after