

WORDS FILL MY HEAD

The Oh Mercy Outtakes

Born In Time

Everything Is Broken

God Knows

Political World

Series Of Dreams

Shooting Star

Born In Time

In the lonely night,
In the stardust of a pale blue light,
I think of you in black and white
When we were made in dreams.

I walk along to the shakin' street
Listenin' to my heart beat
In the record breaking heat
When we were born in time.

Just when I knew, you were gone, you came back
Just when I knew it was for certain

You were high, you were low
You were so easy to know
Oh, babe, now it's time
To raise the curtain, I'm hurtin'

On the rising curve,
Where the ways of nature will test every nerve,
I took you close and got what I deserve,
When we were born in time.

Just when I knew, who to thank, you went playin'
Just when the home fires were smoking.

You were snow, you were rain.
You were striped, you were plain.
Oh, babe, truer words
Have not been spoken, or broken.

In the hills of the mystery,
In the foggy web of destiny,
I think of you from deep inside of me
When we were born in time.

[Source: tape, with help from Åke Jonsson, Anthony Kapolka, Rebecca Buck, and Ron Mura]

Everything Is Broken

Broken glass, broken days
Broken leaves on broken trees
Broken treaties, broken vows
Broken hands on broken plows
Ain't no use running, honey, ain't no use joking
Nothing's working, everything broken

Broken lives hanging by a thread
Broken bones in a broken bed
Broken mirror, broken chair
Broken roads going nowhere
Broken words never meant to be spoken
Can't help it, honey, everything broken

I sent you roses once from the heart that was full of greed
Sent you roses, someone else must have received

Broken clock on a broken wall
Broken voices in a broken hall
Broken beginnings, broken ends
Streets are filled with broken friends
Take a deep breath, baby, feel like you're choking
Tell me the truth now, everything broken?

Seen James Dean in a picture once coming in from the cold
Say "Geez I hope I look that good if I get to be that old"

Broken plants on a broken floor
Broken key from a broken door
Broken idols, broken heroes
Broken numbers adding up to zeroes
Brown dogs howling, bull frogs croaking
It ain't easy, baby, everything broken

[Source: tape, with help from Åke Jonsson, Anthony Kapolka, Rebecca Buck, and Ron Mura]

God Knows

God knows I need you
God knows I do
God knows there ain't nobody
Ever gonna take the place of you.

God knows I can take it
God knows that I care
God knows everybody's gotta have someone
To love somewhere

God knows there's an answer
God knows it's out of place
God knows it might working right now
But then it snaps straight into space

There ain't no rhyme or reason
I know it can't be wrong
It was supposed to last a season,
But its been so strong for so long.

God knows I'm ready
God knows you're hard to find
God knows you stepped right there before my very eyes
Messin' up my mind

There ain't no rhyme or reason
I know it can't be wrong
It was supposed to last a season,
But its been so strong for so long.

God knows there's a purpose.
God knows there's a chance.
God knows we can rise above the darkest hour
Of any circumstance.

[Source: tape, with help from Åke Jonsson, Anthony Kapolka, Rebecca Buck, and Ron Mura]

Political World

We live in a political world,
Love don't have any place.
We're living in times where men commit crimes,
And crime don't have a face.

We live in a political world.
Icicles hangin' down.
Wedding bells ring and angels sing.
And clouds cover up the ground.

We live in a political world.
Wisdom is thrown into jail,
It rots in a cell, misguided as hell,
Leaving no one to pick up the trail.

We live in a political world
Truth is the outlaw of life
It's hunted and slain, in the snow and the rain
And put under the doctor's knife

We live in a political world
Where the word is a broken down lie
The peddlin' of dreams, nothing's what it seems
Nothing more than hello and goodbye

We live in a political world
Where mercy walks the plank.
Life is in mirrors, death disappears
Up the steps into the nearest bank.

We live in a political world
Conscience don't have a clue
You climb into bed, dropped out of your head
You're not even sure that it's you

We live in a political world
Courage is a thing of the past,
Houses are haunted, children are unwanted,
The next day could be your last.

We live in a political world,
The one we can see and can feel.
But there's no one to check, it's all a stacked deck.

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We all know for sure that it's real.

We live in a political world,
In the cities of lonesome fear.
Little by little you turn to the middle,
But you're never sure why you're here.

We live in a political world,
Under the microscope,
You could travel anywhere and hang yourself there,
You always got more than enough rope.

We live in a political world,
That's what it's all about
As soon as you're awake you're trained to take
What looks like the easy way out.

We live in a political world
Everything's a little bit strange
Prayers are prayed and orders are obeyed
Everything is subject to change

We live in a political world,
Senseless men set the pace
You can force yourself into the snarl of men
But you better just stay out of the race

We live in a political world,
World of wine, women and song
You can make it through without the first two
Boy, without the third you wouldn't last long

We live in a political world,
Everything's hers and his,
Climb into the flame and shout God's name,
But you're not even sure what it is.

[Source: tape, with help from Åke Jonsson, Anthony Kapolka, Rebecca Buck, and Ron Mura]

Series Of Dreams

I was thinkin' of a series of dreams
Where nothin' comes up to the top
Everything stays down where it's wounded
And comes to a permanent stop
Wasn't thinking of anything specific
Like in a dream where someone wakes up and screams
Nothin' too very scientific
Just thinking of a series of dreams

Thinking of a series of dreams
Where the middle and the bottom drop out
And you're walkin' out of the darkness
And into the shadows of doubt
Wasn't going to any great trouble
You believe in, it's whatever it seems
Nothin' too heavy to burst the bubble
I was just thinking of a series of dreams

Thinking of a series of dreams
Where the time and the tempo drag
Suddenly the gate is thrown open
And you're left there holding the bag
Wasn't making any great connection
Wasn't falling for any intricate scheme
Nothing that would pass inspection
I was just thinking of a series of dreams

Dreams where the umbrella is folded
And into the path you are hurled
And the cards are no good that you're holding
Unless they're from another world

In one the surface was frozen
In another I witnessed a crime
In one I was running and in another
All I seemed to be doing was crying
Wasn't looking for any special assistance
Nor going to any great extremes
I'd already gone the distance
Just thinking of a series of dreams

[Source: tape, with help from Åke Jonsson, Anthony Kapolka, Rebecca Buck, and Ron Mura]

Shooting Star

Seen a shooting star tonight,
And I thought of you.
Something reaching out to me
Something coming through
I wondered what it would do
I seen a shooting star tonight,
And I thought of you.

Seen a shooting star tonight,
Against the grain
Up in the hotrod sky
Across the prairies of pain
I's lookin' up and dreamin' like I sometimes do
Seen a shooting star tonight,
And I thought of you.

Listen to the engine, listen to the bell,
As the last fire truck from hell goes rolling by,
All good people are praying.
It's the last temptation, the last account,
The last time you might hear the sermon on the mount,
The last radio is playing.

Seen a shooting star tonight
Cross a flatland road
I's a thousand miles away
>From where the end of time explodes
I was lookin' up and wondered if the dawn was breakin' through
I seen a shooting star tonight
And I thought of you.

[Source: tape, with help from Äke Jonsson, Anthony Kapolka, Rebecca Buck, and Ron Mura]