Out of My Brain

I woke up this morning as quiet as a mouse

Looked out my bedroom window, I was in a floating house

I can’t remember ever seeing this much rain

I’m out of my head over you, can you help me out of my brain

You can poke me; you can prod me; you can cut off my limbs

I always knew I’d be punished for these unoriginal sins

But I can’t remember ever feeling this much pain

I’m out of my head over you, can you help me out of my brain

So I tried to stop the bleeding, I thought I we had a chance

I tried to tell the truth; you turned the truth into a dance

I can’t remember, it’s getting harder to explain

I’m out of my head over you, can you help me out of my brain

They found me on the side of a railroad track

They couldn’t get pulse, but somehow I made it back

I can’t remember even getting off that train

I’m out of my head over you, can you help me out of my brain

Hey, Merry Christmas

Hey, Merry Christmas I hope you have one

And Happy New Year; one of those too

Hey, why not you

Sometimes it seems like the world is on fire

Burning with anger, hate and desire

Ambulance sirens, local police

Why can’t we all just live here in peace?

Hey, Merry Christmas I hope you have one

And Happy New Year; one of those too

Hey, why not you

But if you’re alone, all day or at night,

And everything’s wrong and nothing seems right

Hold out your hand, I’ll come if you call

I’ll be there to catch you if you should fall

Hey, Merry Christmas I hope you have one

And Happy New Year; one of those too

Hey, why not you

The Bear Eats You

Some days you eat the bear; some days the bear eats you

Some days you get your share; some days you just get screwed

In a world so full of ups and downs it’s hard to feel serene

But don’t despair; don’t you frown; at least you’re on the trampoline

Every single morning; with very little warning, your smart phone wakes you up

It shaves you and it bathes you, promises to save you, and fills your coffee cup

Your portfolio is swelling, because it’s buying and it’s selling; silver, gold and clay

It makes you start believing that as long as you’re still breathing, the bear has gone away

You’re another wise commuter on the way to a computer; you’re a tutor to the meek and mild

You’re thinking that maybe you’ll adopt a little baby, tell the world you’ve raised a child

And you swear you could be there for, someone that you care for, a laddie or a lass

But you’re stranded on the beltway, your dreams they start to melt away, because the bear just kicked your ass.

Everything you touching; starts to smell like English muffins; in a toaster in the fall

All the money that you’re earning; starts to satisfy a yearning you once scratched upon a wall

And though your politics are sleazy; everything comes easy; you’re living life without a care

And just when you think you got it; someone says “Hey do without it!”; here comes that fucking bear

I’ve been playing this for hours like I’m singing in the shower; I hope it made some sense

It’s just another ditty, littered with self-pity, in a world full of accidents

The moral to this story; kind of silly; kind of gory; before I turn the page sir

Is that when everything’s in place; and there’s a smile upon your face;

WATCH OUT for Ursa Major

Missing My Train

The station was dusty and sunny

The cowbirds and starlings gone mad

The scent in the air kind of funny

Feeling happy I wasn’t too sad

My back was all broken from bending

No freedom in commerce I find

The cold desperate thoughts were unending

Though I wasn’t quite out of my mind

The widows were watching the windows

The windows were murky and cold

The rain couldn’t wash all the pains from the panes

That’s a price that you pay growing old

When I got there the cars in the car park

Like sardines in a tin full of oil

Only handicapped spots were still empty

In frustration my blood hit a boil

But I wiped off that look of rejection

From my face like some waterborne stain

Moved on to the next railroad station

In hopes I could catch the next train

A quarter past nine and Glen Burnie

Was a quarter of an hour from that place

With a train bound to leave at nine-thirty

This was starting to feel like a race

Every lane on each highway I travelled

Was full of cars moving slow as live snails

Seemed obvious that some kind of karma

Didn’t want me to be riding the rails

My luck finally changed on the side roads

As I passed through six green signal lights

It was then I could see Cromwell Station

Up ahead on the left, in my sights

And there on the tracks, just awaiting

As I parked my car in the lot

Was the 9:30 train to salvation

Waiting for me in its spot

I ran to the kiosk all panicked

For my ticket intending to pay

And while choosing between debit and credit

I looked up and my train pulled away

So you see it’s been like this forever

I’m always one footstep behind

Chasing the sun toward the sunset

With both of my eyes going blind

Arriving to find glasses empty

And resting my eyes in the rain

Writing letters that you should have sent me

And constantly missing my train

A Million Things

I’ve been thinking about a million things but none of them are you

Not reminiscing, just looking forward, stuff I’m supposed to do

Paying bills and making plans, fixing what’s been broken

Thinking about a million things all of them unspoken

Wandering by the water as the sun pops from the sea

Egrets, Gulls, and Herons flying; I wish I felt that free

Introspective sunrise, ponderous notions in a slew

I’ve been thinking about a million things and none of them are you

AND I LIED

WHEN I SAID

THAT YOU’RE ALWAYS ON MY MIND

THOUGH I TRIED

LOVE IS DEAD

SO I’M LEAVING YOU BEHIND

Running through the pathways of my memories so sharp

Red, blue, yellow, black and white, that’s how they split apart

Shadows moving, music soothing, I’m not contented, restless or blue

I’ve been thinking about a million things, but none of them are you

Climbing out of the river valley always makes me feel so clean

Footholds out of roots and giant boulders just upstream

At the top I’ll find a vista and memorize the view

I’ll be thinking about a million things and none of them will be you

Solitude of Silence

The solitude of silence has its grip upon our minds

The innocence of wisdom once newborn leaves us behind

As we lay to rest the very best, and ponder as we may

What the world will feel like without Ronald Martin Gray

The solitude of silence, once we longed for has arrived

Time has done its dance again and only time survived

And although the world is quiet you can hear the music play

If you close your eyes and think a thought of Ronald Martin Gray

The solitude of silence leaves us here to find new roads

To unlock living mysteries and life’s mysterious codes

If you add the digits of his age, on the day he went to heaven

Then subtract ten years just to dry your tears, you get the number SEVEN.

The solitude of silence has its grip upon our minds

The innocence of wisdom once newborn leaves us behind

As we lay to rest the very best, and honor him today

Artist, husband, hero; Mr. Ronald Martin Gray

Long Song

It’s gonna be a long song

You’d better put your headphones on

You’d better shut out all the noise in this complicated world

Lace up your travelling mind and keep it strong

The music is just starting. The past will soon be parting.

And it’s gonna be a long song

It’s gonna be a long song

You’d better take your seat and yawn

You’d better find a comfortable place to face a heart in outer space

Hang up your travelling shoes, your maps were wrong

The music’s just beginning, and there’s no telling who is winning

And it’s gonna be a long, long song

It’s gonna be a long song

Spread that blanket on the lawn

You’d best prepare your inner self for the brightest of all lights

Hold tight to your road guitar and face the throng

The music’s breath is warming, and its consciousness is forming and

It’s gonna be a long, long, long song

Head in the Clouds

They gave me a number, asked my address,

Plugged me into a GPS

I’ve got an app for this and an app for that,

They know what I’m doing; they know where I’m at.

They’re tracking my movements, decisions I make,

The places I eat, the pies that I bake

The people I call, instant message or text,

What sets me at ease and what makes me perplexed

They know what makes me laugh and what makes me cry,

When I’ll weigh in, and when I’ll let it go by

They know if I’m faithful or if I’ve taken a lover

I’ve turned over my soul to this big data brother.

They got my head in their clouds; they’ve got my life up online

They know when I’m feeling down, they know when I’m feeling fine

And when I’m dead and gone, things will still be the same

Because up in the clouds, they’ve been cloning my brain.

They’re saving my emails, the websites I frequent

The letters I write, both pure and indecent

The checks I deposit, what I write on each wall

My sense of direction, yeah they’re logging it all

When I order Pizza, they record every topping

They know what I’ll drive by and where I’ll be stopping

Even out on the golf course, growing worse or improving

They know when I’m irate, and what I’ll find soothing

They list the games that I play and who I call friends

Everything that I like; and every dollar I spend

And the funny thing is, when this started I knew it

I clicked “I agree”; gave them permission to do it.

Big data, Go Daddy, Big Brother of mine

You’ve swallowed my soul and you’ve stolen my mind

I’ve been googled to death by the sum of your knowledge

More useless shit than they taught me in college

We know what everyone’s doing all at the same time

Everyone’s thoughts on each newsworthy crime

Politicians and rock stars, actors and thieves

I know exactly what each one believes

But now I’m stuck to this barstool; cause I’ve turned off my phone

There’s enough noise in this nightclub that I’m finally alone

And if I should die here, swallowed up by the crowd

You’ll find my name in my wallet, and my head in the clouds.

Vultures In The Fog

The vultures are lurking in the fog; perched in my backyard

On the power lines at sunset late today

I’m wondering what they want with me; was I acting much to free

Did they come to tuck my freedom away?

One by one they come to roost; stopping on my neighbor’s roof

And then “poof” more eerie shadows here at dusk

It’s not a blessing or a curse. It’s probably something even worse

Kind of haunting and incapable of trust

On the wire; on a damp October night

Cold desire; seems like something isn’t right

You’re not here; still I feel you in my soul

An icy fear; a frozen fantasy untold

A Hallo’s Eve; here comes the ghost again.

I swear I hear footsteps in the hall; spider legs creeping up the wall

The faucet in my bathtub starts to drip

My pulse is racing like a mouse in a maze in a haunted house

So I douse the lights and bite my lower lip

The vultures descend into the field; something’s fate is finally sealed

They’re strutting around and pecking at some feed

I wonder just what they’re chewing on; as I wait here for the dawn

I carry on and pray it isn’t me.

One More Song

One more year; one more song; one more night that goes on too long

Tossing, turning, upside down in bed

Losing my mind; going out of my head

Apples, oranges, pomegranates, some of my thoughts come from other planets

I keep yearning, and the yearning goes on too long

One more year; one more song

Ice cubes melt into the snow; as if they’ve got some place to go

Love is burning; love is burning strong

One more year; one more song

Silence stutters; bites its lip; afraid to let its secret slip

I keep learning; I keep hanging on.

One more year; one more song

The Turtle

Having arrived there at the turtle far ahead of schedule,

Faster than I ever have before

I attempted to engage him in some idle conversation,

He refused to stop and talk about the war

I walked along beside him, just a step every few minutes,

Trying to soak up all the wisdom from his load

Geometric markings, shell all yellow-green and foreign;

Like some language too encrypted to decode

Twinkle, Twinkle, little shell

Was that you, it’s hard to tell

If we chance to meet again

Please don’t say you remember when…you passed me and left me far behind.

Slowly and steadily, I’m quite readily, losing my mind

We barely covered ninety-seven yards in thirteen hours,

Yet he answered every question that I asked

When I was out of questions, he offered me advice,

He said, “Once you’re down the road you can’t go back.”

I was in a hurry, and I left there in a flurry,

Running fast like I was running out of time

But somehow his connection left me with a recollection,

That each moment of reflection is a crime

The River

I found my way down to the river

To the river, deep and green

Water running, running ever,

Ever running fast and clean

Tree limbs bending to the water

To the water, down to the earth

I found my way down to the river

I found the savior, I found rebirth.

I had to ask him, “How’d it feel when

They revealed you were the son of God?

Was it quite a mighty weight when

They told you this, did it feel quite odd?”

He stared me down like a weathered gambler

I weary rambler, in a bar

He said his weight was no more great

Than anyone who finds out who they are

I hiked back out of the river valley

The river valley far below

Found my way back to my doorstep

Through my doorstep, I did go

Sat myself down in the kitchen

The words he spoke where finally sinking in

Though each life brings a heavy load

The best we can do is try to act like him

My Last Flight

Another ride across this absent skyway

Oblivious to struggles down below

One more chance to puzzle through the questions

Answers to which I will never know

The earth below is shrinking ‘neath the white clouds

Puffy as ones face on Sunday morn

Problems once to massive for to solve there

Now tiny drops of conflict all forlorn

It’s a long way down, to the planet down below

Can’t find the sound, can’t find the voice I used to know

Got a frozen dream, that I’m trying to defrost

Ain’t what it seems, it seems like something that I lost so long ago.

Easily examining the contours

Flatter now in reference to my eyes

Mountains once imposing, broad and mighty

Are dwindling beneath me in the skies

Holy angels watching from the heavens

Eyes ablaze with brilliant sacred light

Beckoning me onward in my journey

Curiously tracking my last flight

Light Railroad Guy

Sunrise on the tracks this morning, glistening on the rails

Someone tell the engineer this ship lost all its sails

Stranded in this lifeless depot, humid, hot, and worn

The summer slowly dying, and the winter still forlorn

All my life I’m sitting here just waiting for a train

Nasty fly lands on my thigh and spits out half his brain

I’ll never be a hobo, all drunked up and getting high

I ain’t hopping any freight trains, I’m a light railroad guy

Rain starts falling, memories calling, in shades of black and white

1960’s TV shows in the living room at night

Children griping, parents sniping, pipe tobacco glows

Mr. Ed says “Wilbur”, and sister starts to doze

The station dries out; empty now; with cigarette butts strewn

On the sidewalk, on the tracks where the flowers should have grown

No overtime; no rock gut wine; not shadowed by the moon

This place has lost its romance, its melody, its tune

Call the porter, punch my ticket, my mind begins to bend

Lean your head, look down the tracks, it’s like they never end

Crowds of people are wobbling around, as if from Doctor Seuss

They clutch their trumpers, their gee-ji-jumpers, tweeting out their juice

The bus just left, the train’s pulling up, I’m almost on my way

A pretty girl sits next to me and she tickles yesterday

Wheels thump at the crossing like a teen-age heart afraid

Someday they’ll fade into the darkness; oh my God I wish she would have stayed

It’s all aboard, and find a seat, slip into way back when

Back to where I had no cares, just singing with my friends

Years of days and nights have made me frozen, damp, and torn

But I’ve had this ticket in my pocket since the day that I was born