



Sweet thing

Sweet thing, come over here,
it's so good when you're near.
Sweet thing, colder than ice.
Sweet thing, you ought to be nice.
One look and I lose control:
sweet thing, you've captured my soul.
Sweet thing, I'm on my knees,
be sweet, I'm begging please.
Sweet thing, you're looking fine.
Sweet thing, please send me a sign.
Sweet thing, I'm on your string
but it won't be long til you're on mine.

Sweet thing, how you incite me
when you could delight me.
Sweet thing, I've suffered your sting—
I only could be lonely without you.
Sweet thing I need you tonight.
I know the time is just right.
Sweet thing, say anything
but don't forget me let me be with you.
Sweet thing.

Sweet thing, what can I say:
I can't let you walk away.
Sweet thing, who could despise
Such a sight for sore eyes?
Hot glance—it set me on fire:
sweet thing, I'm filled with desire.
Sweet thing, like no one before
make me the one you adore.
Sweet thing, you're looking fine.
Sweet thing, I'm drawing the line.
Sweet thing, I'm on your string
but it won't be long til you're on mine.

Sweet thing, don't walk by me,
I'm begging you to try me.
Sweet thing, I've suffered your sting—
I only could be lonely without you.
Sweet thing, you're miles above me,
but I'd love you to love me.
Sweet thing, say anything,
but don't forget me let be with you.
Sweet thing,
there's a cavity in my heart, sugar.

I didn't know you

(What do you mean by "know"?)
I know each day at dawn
de sun rise out of de ocean.
But oh,
oh god,
oh my dear,
I didn't know you.
I know at each moon's side
de waves swim out to see de tide.
But oh,
oh god,
oh my dear,
I didn't know you.

Dey say de islands make you happy,
(*Island happy?*—
but I dispute de above.
For der's no man
—no, man.)
who's an island
who'd not be a peninsulove—
For shore, for shore, for shore.

Love,
I know in each lagoon
a fish is likely to be harpooned.
But oh,
oh god,
oh my dear,
I didn't know you

Still alone

Still alone,
waiting for the sound of you at the door.
The doorbell rings, my feet have wings.
It isn't you, now what to do?
I dial you on the telephone,
but you're not home. I'm still alone.
Still alone.

Still alone,
waiting to decide if I should go to you.
Instead I stay, what would you say
on seeing me? It shouldn't be
so hard to do to be with you,
but you're not home. I'm still alone.
Still alone.

If I had it to d all over again . . .
but that's what I'm hoping to do.
Then we'd have to do it all over, my friend,
and I wouldn't need to get over you.

Still alone,
waiting here, pretending that you are near.
I see your face, but my embrace
cannot hold one who now is gone,
and only I am heard to cry
for you're not home. I'm still alone.

If suffering comes from desire
and loving causes pain,
then that's what I want it to be.
For I don't mind the time that I
spend wanting you again
if only you'd want to start wanting me.

Still alone,
waiting here, pretending that you are near.
I see your face, but my embrace
cannot hold one who now is gone,
and only I am heard to cry
for you're not home. I'm still alone.
Still alone.

Lies!

Lies! Don't you get tired
of prevaricating, overstating?
Underrating underhanded lies like yours
got me in deeper trouble,
burst the bubble, leaving rubble.
Double crossing lies!
You feign a phony smile—making lies.
But you'll change it in a while—faking lies.
And *all I get are** crocodile tears
that lash out from your eyes.

Lies! Don't you distort
your mendacity's tenacity.
The fast and loose audacity of lies like yours
shows me the sweet and sour
of your power. Deadly Flower,
now you're going down—
you've reached a lower level. Slowing down,
and the truth becomes disheveled. Going down,
say then,* you've got the devil inside:
it's burning in your eyes.

Lies! Oh no, not again!

Lies! There's no defense
from your pretense capability.
The counterfeit docility of lies like yours
puts me on. Misrepresented,
circumvented, unrepented,
sent from where it lies.
You've covered all the traces, where you've lied.
All the people and the places, there you've lied.
It's *heinous*,* your two faces disguise
what's lying in your eyes.

Lies!

* Pronounced: 1). Alligator, 2). Satan, 3). Janus

Sometimes

Why light a candle,
when you could curse the darkness?
Insecurity, depression, and self pity . . .
(*A digression!*) It seems to me if you're the
focus,
then all we must do is change the angle.

Sometimes to keep something,
you've got to give it away.
Sometimes to reach somewhere,
you're better off if you stay.
Sometimes when things are getting
you down somehow,
some times are sure to get better soon,
if not now. Remember,
sometimes there's a someplace
when somebody will say,
some times you made it through,
and they always knew
you'd do it, too, someday.

Sometimes to win something,
you lose a little before.
Sometimes to have someone,
you let them walk out the door.
Sometimes, if circumstances
go wrong somewhat—
some times a setback advances,
no fooling. But remember,
sometimes there's a someplace,
you'll be able to say,
"Some times I made it through,
and I always knew,
I'd do it, too, someday."

Anytime means now or later, tomorrow or
today.

So anytime includes lots of sometimes,
and one of these times could be the sometime
that anytime might come your way.

(...And no a somersault..)

Curse the middle ages

All clocks in the world cannot be my friend:
the dark age advances portending the end.
It's futile to stop time, you can't halt a trend;
it only keeps turning the pages.
And thoughts of a black death
plague me when I wake,
collapsing the pillars of each Rome I make.
Believe in a god?—well, I doubt it, chrissake.
And I curse the middle ages.
I curse the middle ages.

It's a little bit late to decide what to be:
there's no renaissance in the future for me.
Will I remain unenlightened? I say,
the question's rhetorical yet still historically
pertinent when put that way.

"He's neither so good nor so wicked," they've
said.
"He's only mid-evil and easily led."
And hordes of confusion migrate to my head,
which causes these byzantine rages.
The sixties high rollers have come and then gone,
but look at me here: I just didn't move on.
I'm out of step, out of sorts, *hors de mes temps*,
and I curse the middle ages.
I curse the middle ages.

Nothing endures but change

The pendulum's turning, a fire is burning:
discontented flames spring from the ground.
Cut through the confusion, it's not an illusion:
it's an idea coming around.
Nothing endures but change.
Nothing endures but change.
You think you've got it arranged?
Nothing endures but change!

High up on Wall Street, the life has been too
sweet,
but the towers are built out of cards.
And what's now in fashion is sure to come
crashing,
smashed down into tickertape shards.

For nothing endures but change.
Nothing endures but change.
You think you've got it arranged?
Nothing endures but change!

Cash calculations reduce all relations
to commodities bought and disposed.
Ironically funny: pursuing that money
you miss prophets right under your nose.

Generals revealing they'll not be caught
kneeling,
for the sword's mightier than the pen.
They won't hear us stammer 'cause we've got a
hammer
and its ploughshares for them once again.

"But what's there to fear, since it can't happen
here?"
and "They'll never let us get that far."
It's really no mystery: go study your history
or ask the kaiser, king or the tsar.

Smiling bourgeoisie, your future (as I see)
was laboriously carved in the sand.
As it becomes hectic und komms dialectic
then, in theory, you may understand
that nothing endures but change.
Nothing endures but change.
You think you've got it arranged?
Nothing endures but change!
Nothing endures but change.

Rosalind

WORDS BY W^{MM}. SHAKESPEARE

From the east to the western Ind,
no jewel is like Rosalind.
All the pictures fairest lined
are but black to Rosalind.

Run and carve on every tree
the fair, chaste unexpressive she.
Her worth being mounted on the wind,
through all the world bears Rosalind.
Let no face be kept in mind
but the fair of Rosalind.

The Wolfman's Driver

I remember when, long ago, I was satisfied.
Now I've reached the stretch, and I've found
everything changed.
Can I trust my sight anymore? Life's pretty
tough on the eyes.
When I look through years,
will you think I'm mad or deranged?
"First put out your left foot then you swing it
around,
get it unwound, don't let it touch ground.
As you grab your right foot and you put it up high,
try not to cry: I'm going. Goodbye."
That's what we called The Wolfman's Driver.
That's what keeps calling me back to where
I'm there with you.
Seems funny to me to realize the die has been
cast:
who'd have thought I'd be dreaming of the good
old days?
But I find it hard to go ahead without this part
of my past.
Each of us needs light
to get through this Dantéesque maze.
"First put out your left foot then you swing it
around,
get it unwound, don't let it touch ground.
As you grab your right foot and you put it up high,
try not to cry: I'm going. Goodbye."
Goodbye.

"Pardon me one more time,
I don't mean to be gettin' outhline.
Did I misread any subtle sign
you'd talk with me?
Don't know what I'm gonna say,
it'll surprise us both, anyway.
If lady luck is with you today,
please try yours with me."
Make it right.
I guess I'll have another
(maybe another one or two);
please ignore my cover
(one more and I'll ignore it too).
Make it right. Ahhhh.
So I hope that you'll understand my nostalgic
mind
as it breaks away and relives memories of you.
Though the images are soft and blurred,
the feelings are sharp and defined.
Until we meet again
my daydreams will have to make do.
"First put out your left foot then you swing it
around,
get it unwound, don't let it touch ground.
As you grab your right foot and you put it up high,
try not to cry: I'm going. Goodbye."

Yes, it happens

Just when I felt that all
was lost you came to me.
My blindness dealt me a fall.
I didn't see you
and what had finally happened to me.

But though most things appear
to go from bad to worse,
your gentle wings now have steered
me from that curse.
And now its finally happened to me.

Yes, it's happened. Yes, it's happening.
Yes, it's happened. Yes, it happens to me.

Can't stand the spectacles I've seen
and all the farces in between.
I know, I've been there.
Almost believed I'd given in,
when you set my head to spin:
you brought me back and
turned me 'round.
When everything was upside down,
you put it right side up
and got me looking
on the bright side now.

To think I thought so long
I'd up and call it quits.
You proved me wrong:
odds and ends are perfect fits.
When at least, at last, they happen.

Yes, it's happened. Yes, it's happening.
Yes, it's happened. Yes, it happens to me.

Classy lady

There are times we agree
and there's times that we disagree.
I often wonder why we fight.
But the times that I see
just how marvelous she is to me
I know everything is all right

Classy lady drives a man to drink,
you never know what makes her stop and think.
Sassy lady, lips and mouth to match,
you'd think she'd be the one and only catch.
Brassy lady needs a little shine
to bring out all of the goodness she's got
hiding there behind.
But everything's fine:
Classy lady is mine.

Sexy lady putting on the airs
and strutting her stuff getting all the stares.
Vexing lady giving me such grief.
She taxes my love far beyond belief.
Perplexing lady—can't figure it out,
just what it is she is up to and what
it's all about.
But everything's fine:
Classy lady is mine.

Sometimes I think I'll find somebody else
who'll treat me with more tenderness,
but then I think without her
I'd be lost in a wilderness.

Classy lady drives a man to drink,
you never know what makes her stop and think.
Sassy lady, lips and mouth to match,
you'd think she'd be the one and only catch.
Brassy lady needs a little shine
to bring out all of the goodness she's got
hiding there behind.
But everything's fine:
Classy lady is mine.

The only thing classless I want
is my society.
My classy lady is mine.

This red white is blue

Some got the sun every morning,
some got the moon every night,
homeless get layers of cardboard.
President lies "It's all right."
Don't mean to criticize,
can't help but realize
I don't know what I'm gonna do.
This red white is blue.

Fortress America besieged,
adversaries making a fuss.
Got to be dealt with, but I've seen
the enemy and he is US.
Don't mean to criticize,
can't help but realize
I don't know what I'm gonna do.
This red white is blue.

Oh say can you see the difference
between the rhetoric and reality?
Seem's they've made Old Glory gory
and turned a dreamed into a macabre fantasy.

Oh beautiful for spacious skies,
home of the brave, free, and loyal.
Amber waves crashing on beaches,
bringing in needles and oil.
Don't know which way to turn.
Who said, "Burn, baby, burn?"
I can't help, I can't help
what I'm gonna do.
This red white is blue.

(Six a.m. in) Yorkville

Six A.M. in Yorkville,
mourning doves chant cooing their tune.
Six A.M. in Yorkville,
and the kids start stirring too soon.
Six A.M. in Yorkville,
sunlight streaming into the flat.
Six A.M. in Yorkville,
trying to find where everything's at.
It's getting up time in Yorkville. Try to get
going before the day's end.
Eight A.M. in Yorkville,
job-bound legs increasing their gait.
Nine A.M. in Yorkville,
poor remaining wretches are late.
Ten A.M. in Yorkville,
Magyar Hentes opens its doors.
Twelve P.M. in Yorkville,
mobs surge in and out of the stores.
It's getting on time in Yorkville.
Try to get by just as much as you can.

Grab a bagel and lox, cup of coffee, black, to
go.
Watch the girls on sidewalks looking yes but
saying no.
Spanish music gliding down First Avenue.
In our uptown UN, they concentrate more on
the "U."
(that's how it goes here: around and around)

Thunderclouds summon a storm
that rains upon the warm and cold
hearts down here.
But the rain can't wash away what tears
were shed today from hope or from fear.
For the only Light Opera left is on the street.

Red light, amber and green:
a symphony made of horns.
No strings save those of the heart—
most of them seem to be torn.

Quiet. Central Park. Thinking about you.

Carrousel is turning; I'm burning without you.
Carriages begin quickening their canter,
echoing the sounds and the fury
of Avenue banter.

Down by the East River (never know
which way it flows).
Sharp wind sends a shiver
and reminds again of how love goes.

Uptown Local/Express are suffering some delays.
Can't tell for sure if that's right: I heard it on
the Transit PAs.
(and couldn't make sense out of any of it)

Six P.M. in Yorkville, everyone is hurrying back.
Eight P.M. in Yorkville, reëmerging for the
attack.

Ten P.M. in Yorkville,
noisy crowds are hanging 'round bars.
Twelve A.M. in Yorkville,
transformed into divas and stars.
It's getting down time in Yorkville;
it's setting up time in Yorkville;
it's making up time in Yorkville;
it's faking out time in Yorkville.
But even Yorkville must keep
some precious moments for sleep.

Happy Birthday

Oh my god, is it that time again?
We can't deny it, though we try, it
keeps returning when we least expect it.

Happy Birthday wishes for you.
Happy Birthday kisses to you.
You look so different, unrecognized.
A year gone in one day in front of my eyes.
So Happy Birthday, yes all the best.
Life will look after all of the rest.
You're getting older, what can I say?
But Happy Birthday, Happy Birthday.
Happy Birthday, dear.

Happy Birthday. Hard to believe.
Happy Birthday. There's no reprieve.
Years flying by us, time on the take.
There's one more candle on your birthday cake.
So Happy Birthday, heart of my heart.
Life is a stage, we're playing a part.
Your scene is ready: take it away!
And Happy Birthday, Happy Birthday.

Seasons change, and glaciers melt,
and hills turn to dust.
The question's not whether they do,
but simply they must.
And with the world's uncertainties,
in this you can trust.
It's as sure as "as sure as" can be.
As each today goes rushing by,
with sorrow regret
that there is now one fewer of tomorrows to get.
Though time is spent,
no one has ever borrowed more yet.
And I guess that includes you and me.

Time's been called a thief,
so let's steal some of it back his way.
And use it to celebrate with you
on your birthday.

Happy Birthday wishes for you.
Happy Birthday kisses to you.
You look so different, unrecognized.
A year gone in one day in front of my eyes.
So Happy Birthday, heart of my heart.
Life is a stage, we're playing a part.
Your scene is ready: take it away!

And Happy Birthday, Happy Birthday.
Happy Birthday.

Sleep

QUOTATION, HENRY VAUGHN, d.1695
Sleep why must you come so soon?
This day's thread's not yet spun,
arbiter who delimits and
ends all that's begun.

Sleep, do you awaken us,
embraced fast to your breast?
What's not given is taken,
thus peace in rest.

"There is in god, some say,
a deep but dazzling darkness."

