

# FAREWELL FLIGHT OUT FOR BLOOD

## **SAILOR'S MOUTH**

It's clear to me. I never saw before what I now see: that I am never gonna be what I wanted me to be. Orphan kid, plying his tricks, trying to find himself in cute girls' lips. "I swear I'm okay," he starts to insist (as he's spending all his time with some college chick). All I need to set a fire is a spark. All I need to fall in love is a heart. Sweet Jesus, where'd you go? It's been four years since you've felt like home. You said you'd never leave me, but I swear I'm alone. If I saw you now, I don't think I'd know you. All I need to set a fire is a spark. All I need to fall in love is a heart. All I've wanted from this life is someone to love me unconditionally. I am nobody's son. I know that ship has sunk. I'm worthless and I'm a drunk. All I need to set a fire is a spark. All I need to fall in love is a heart. All I've wanted from this life is someone to love me unconditionally.

## **BEGIN AGAIN**

Watch the bodies hitting the floor. I keep them coming back for more, no matter what I do or say. Watch me heading for the door. I don't want to hear any more. There's nothing you could do or say to make me ever want to stay. After all this time, you say you don't like yourself. They just tell you, 'Get over it.' But you're not happy with the hand you were dealt. Are you content in your loneliness? Begin, again. Stop the wisdom that you're trying to give. You don't know the life I've lived. There's nothing you could do or say. Stop. All your words are hitting the floor. I don't want to hear any more. There's nothing you could do or say to make me change my ways. Doing the best you can. 'We'll build you up and make you a man', then tear you down. Begin, again. Just tell them, 'All is fine. Really, I blame myself because I couldn't get over it.' I'm sure not happy with the way things worked out, and now I've nothing to show for it. After all this time, you say you don't like yourself. They just tell you, 'Get over it.' But you're not happy with the hand you were dealt. Begin, again.

## **OVER**

I've got a way to win you over- just do it over, until you see things my way. I've half a mind to screw you over- just pull the wool over. You never see things my way. I see the darkness in your eyes. Running out of reasons, running out of time. Your hands are wrapped around your own life. You're strangling it. If you don't know by now that it's not over 'til I say it's over, then trouble is on its way. I'm pushing you away, but I want you closer. Just a little bit closer. Don't look at me that way. I don't know how to be loved, so I'm begging you- please don't say this...I can't take it. So let me gather my things, and I'll be out of your way. Away.

## **OUT FOR BLOOD**

I just wanna be alive. I don't wanna be alone. I just wanna be in love. I just wanna come home. Standing on a slippery slope and baby, it's a long way down. My heart sinks as it loses all hope, my body crumples when it hits the ground. If I was out for blood, I couldn't get filled up. If I was after sex, I'd never leave my bed. If I was out for drugs, couldn't get high enough. But, I am out for love, baby it's all I want. You're all I want. I don't wanna be down. I just wanna go out. I just need a real hot date with a cute young thing. Don't need another Friday night in front of the TV. I gotta stop this and do it again. I gotta break my habits and make some friends. I gotta pick myself up off the floor. I gotta swim real hard to reach the shore.

## **AMERICA WILL BREAK YOUR HEART**

With graced smiles, we pack up our summer clothes. The latest styles and dollars keep us from feeling old. There's a war on. With our checkbooks drawn, America will surely break your heart. Don't be alarmed, money's our love song. America will surely break your heart, in time. They say we're getting worse, and we've kept our ethics on the shelf. But we'll say, 'God Bless America and no one else.' Mortgages and shiny cars, vacations and credit cards- Big is the new small. Decadence can fill your holes. If it's tangible, it'll save your soul. Stranger, heed my song (lest you get it wrong): Money rights our wrongs. For what it's worth, our life on earth is limited. You gotta take what's yours. You gotta take what you can get. (It breaks my heart.) There's a war on. With our checkbooks drawn, America will surely break your heart. Don't be alarmed, money's our love song. America will surely break your heart. All we are will surely break your heart. Oh, my God, I'll surely break your heart.

## **CRUEL**

When we were kids, we would always climb the tallest trees in town. We never thought about what would happen if we lost our footing on the thirty-seventh branch, and fell down to the ground. When we were kids, we would always like the cutest girls in town. I never thought about what would happen if I ended up with one, and then she left me for a man more suited to her needs. I think both feelings are exactly the same as one another, especially when one considers they both have a crippling effect on your brain, your heart, your body (it's all the same in the end). Now that we are grown, we can look back and laugh at just how dumb we always knew we were. But there is a nervousness in our voices, and it's hard to miss. Now that we have shown a complete loss of faith in just how true we never knew we were, what would happen if we were honest with our hearts and tried to live for someone other than ourselves? I think that we are exactly the same as when we were little kids. The only difference is that we all have a crippling effect on our brains, our hearts, our bodies. We're all the same in the end, cause we're all alone in the end. I don't want to be alone in the end. Go ahead, and tear my heart apart.

## **WIDOWER**

She chose me over her fiancée, and now I'm pulling away. Ding-dong, ding-dong. I am turning thirty-five. I want so badly to love you, Belle. I keep pulling away. 'You're full of holes no one can fill. You keep pulling away.' Ding-dong, ding-dong. I feel like a widower inside. My youth is quickly passing by. Turning thirty-five. I still sleep alone at night. Will I be alone for all my life? She chose me over her betrothed, and now I'm pulling away. I miss a man I've never known. I'm still pulling away. Ding-dong, ding-dong. I feel like a widower inside. My youth is quickly passing by. Turning thirty-five. I still sleep alone at night. Will I be alone for all my life? Ding-dong, ding-dong. I watch life pass me by. I see it flash before my eyes. Turning thirty-five. I feel like an old man inside, just waiting for his turn to die. Ding-dong, ding-dong. I am just a widower inside.

## **INDIANAPOLIS**

It's true that you are bad news- you are high all of the time. So do everyone a favor, and stay the hell away from her. It's true, that for you, I'm bad news. I'm just drunk all of the time. So do yourself a favor, and stay the hell away from me. All of my problems are melting away. I find new solutions every day. I'll get myself out of this by my own design. T-R-O-U-B-L-E, yeah, we got what you're looking for. It's true that you always knew that I'd be like this all the time. Don't blame yourself. Don't say these words. Just stay the hell away from me. Honey, it's not too late for you. If you ask me, I'll tell the truth. It's not the things you want to hear. Baby, you're running out of time. Leave. Now. Before I change my

mind. I'll tell you all you want to hear. All of my problems are melting away. I find new solutions every day. I'll get myself out of this by my own design.

## **PHONES**

Fifteen-passenger van with a faulty hitch, taking me to the things that I forget: All of the faces of my friends, all of the places I have been. Every time I go away, it gets harder to leave you, babe. Everywhere I go, I have been there before. I'm so tired of phones and living room floors. Fifteen hundred-eighty miles from your bed. All the disheartening thoughts that fill my head: How many nights of mediocre shows? How many fights and arguments on phones? Every time I go away, it gets harder to leave you, babe. Everywhere I go, I have been there before. I'm so tired of phones and living room floors.

## **ROPE**

Mama, I am covetous of my friends but not their stuff. It's of their wives and of their kids. Their ten year plans and career choices. I am so happy for my friends cause their hopes are working out the way they want 'em to. While I am grasping at the end of my rope and I'm terrified of squandering my youth. I watch my twenties go slipping through my hands. Spent and all alone, I can hardly stand. Darling is my life wasted  
If I live at home and I am uneducated? Cause some tell me it's all my fault  
if I am lonely cause I break all my girlfriends' hearts. I am so happy for my friends cause their hopes are working out the way they want 'em to while I am choking at the end of my rope and the choice that I regret the most is you. I watch my twenties go slip right through my hands, spent and all alone, I can hardly stand. Come back baby, please, hold me through the night. Say you still love me, tell me I'm alright.

## **A LULLABY FOR INSOMNIACS**

Tilt your glasses steep, and drain them if you're like me: filled up with apathy, worn out, accepting defeat. Concur if you're at home, getting drunk alone in front of the TV, stone-faced and falling asleep. Then smile, cause this one's for you, and the trouble you've gotten into, and the darkness you're still working through, and the dialogue that's haunting you. I'll tell them what they'd want to hear. I'm an expert. I've done this for years. They say, 'Hurt people just keep hurting people.' I've made my bed, but I don't want to sleep in it. Come back and keep me alive. I won't touch you or look in your eyes. I'll just lay there on my own separate side. Let me stay here as you slip into night. (Hallelujah.)

## **SLOW**

Slow down, Love. I'll always be enough. I'll always pick you up and hold you up above. Listen, dear. I'll make myself clear: You've nothing to fear, I'll always keep you near. Oh, my love is slowing. Love isn't all-knowing. It's quiet and it's strong, as wide as it is long. Oh, my God. Oh, my God. The way he loves you. I just want to slow down, Love. And always be enough. And always pick you up. And hold you up above. Listen dear, as I make myself clear: You've nothing to fear. I'll always keep you near. Slow.

