

## Something

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Something wonderish, frightening, awesome, warm,  
Bright, feverish, scary, stupid overflowing  
Walks into your life on day

It comes right in without knocking  
You were doing the laundry  
Cleaning old clothes, hating new clothes  
And wondering somehow about clothes

And tickets and rain  
And in walks this something  
This never ending never beginning something

But you don't know what it is  
And I don't know what it is  
We don't know what it is  
And it won't say what it is

God's on vacation you're sure of that  
They say auras have been disproved  
You checked the lottery, it wasn't that  
So how come you feel so..

Absurd and dark but witty, stark  
Cold and warm, tragically untorn  
While not really quite thinking about  
Life and not life

Checked all the box tops  
Looked all along the rooftops  
But only silence was there  
It happened in the dark  
So if you turn on the light  
It won't be there  
It's a mystery  
Don't try to sell it  
Back to me

## World Stumbling

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I was listening to Tosca, driving in a bus  
With all the world stumbling, with all the world stumbling

There were hairy beasts and white clad men  
Telescopes and sitcoms, fractals and attractors,  
Corpuscles and laughter

I was crying in my oatmeal, you were sailing in a cartwheel  
With all the world stumbling, with all the world stumbling

The desert's all ablaze; the asphalt is heating up  
It slips into the shadows, we go running, yelling what's up

And all the world is stumbling, looking like a fall  
Hanging like a picture all askew on the wall  
And you sense the crumbling, the elephants tumbling  
So you're tall and like a manikin you see it all

I was stepping on an earthquake; you were chewing on the cornflakes  
With all the world stumbling, with all the world stumbling

It's like holocaust and bliss  
It's like you're strait and then you twist  
It's like save me from myself  
Its like help I'm someone else

And you sense the crumbling, the avenue is rumbling  
And all the world is stumbling, yes all the world is stumbling

It's just like a trip, like paper clips  
Breaking and shaking in a cup, then we press eject.

## Dragonfly

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You pushed me into your installation  
Designed carefully for de-education  
Walls ceiling floors door papered in foil  
Strobelight screaming at mortal coil

Smashing televisions with cheek-aching grin  
Sound apparatus with echoing tin  
You taught us to spin

Dragonfly; Lars  
Strange black silver star  
Only five minutes to paradox  
Then we can all smash the clocks

I don't know how to say  
But I digress, maybe this  
That the day after I was driving north  
But not thriving

Windows open wide then enter dragonfly  
There sucked into the car, landed on the scar  
And for a moment waited  
I thought that dragonfly was you

Dragonfly; Lars  
Strange black silver star  
Only five minutes to paradox  
Then we can all smash the clocks  
Mister cloudy Nic-o-teen  
Empty of the pseudo sheen  
Let us go insane again, again

~Someone handed me  
An empty dragonfly shell  
Temple of the wind~

## Buddha's Pillbox

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Buddha woke up crying  
He'd dreamed his pillbox was gone  
Upon sleuthing through his robes  
He found it was true  
Buddha's pillbox was gone

It was not for himself that he cried  
It was for the rest of us  
All life long he'd made  
His wisdom into pills  
Pills for you and I

It was a little golden box  
Oval, paisley, filigreed  
And a deep sea-blue lid  
A bottomless little box  
With enough pills for everyone

Buddha Buddha Buddha's pillbox  
Filled with his wisdom and cotton  
One for desire and economy  
One for rapture forgotten  
Buddha Buddha's pillbox

Then he found himself one day  
In the streets of Nepal  
And as a peddler approached  
He saw the sea-blue lid  
In the darkness of the hand

But Buddha was just a beggar  
And could make no good offer  
And the peddler moved on  
But I put it to you, dear listener  
Did Buddha really wake up?

Buddha Buddha's pillbox  
Filled with his wisdom and cotton  
One for the meek and the lowly  
Down the esophagus slowly  
Buddha Buddha's pillbox

## Sad Bird

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In some far corner of the earth  
A restless wind in the leaves  
A young boy loses his cart  
They know that bird is sad

Manuello lets his papers pile up  
And old Jento sets aside his figurines  
To gaze softly out a window for  
There are greater things to attend to

There is no place more mysterious  
No lion truly tamed  
Only salt weeds and cookies resting  
Calmly in the rain

Sad bird flies in a sad universe  
The bees in Kashmir will leave you their honey  
Sad bird flies in a sad universe  
The bricks of the great wall will let you peck their mortar

In some small corner of the world  
A pebble with glowing ore  
A small traffic jam  
They know that bird is sad

I swallow again and again  
Stones in my throat  
Wish only to be the singing sand  
Under her feet

The bees in Kashmir, The bricks of the great wall  
The clouds around Venus, The DNA of our genus  
Jento's figurines, The swamp ants of China  
The porcupine whales, The cucumber snails  
The great flowing lava, The roots of sweet java  
The wrinkles of heat, The Labradorian peat

## Nothing Day

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Wake up it's nothing day  
And here are the rules  
Do as little as possible  
Play brilliant as a fool

You can follow whim perhaps  
But don't think accomplish  
That word is as thorny as busy  
Or as best

Today is nothing day

Call it a holiday  
But take no vacation  
Doing negative's plus

No exuberant stories  
But candle cloaked in lace  
Or tender sameness  
Of bread and mice  
(today is nothing thrice)

Today is nothing day  
Wake up ~ Wake up!

Dig no holes  
Build no knolls  
Spend no time  
Cart no slime  
Carry no weight  
Fish without bait  
Issue no test  
Don't digest  
Climb no hill  
Pay no bill  
Cut no wood  
Think no should  
Claim no smarts  
Break no hearts  
No need to toil  
It's nothing day

## Purple

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My wilderness waits  
While time slips away  
Ten Carriages full  
A see-saw muse push-pull

I wish for my past  
Don't know who I am  
Ten carriages full  
A see-saw muse push-pull

And all that purple meant to me  
Goes flying over trees and towns  
And leaves me standing on the  
Precious ground

My way is obscure  
I'm feeling estranged  
Ten carriages full  
So beautifully arranged

Acceptance is brave  
Love reaches across  
Ten carriages full  
A see-saw muse push-pull

And as she slips away from me  
I walk in circles aubergine where  
The wall know something's  
Something's happening

My wilderness soars  
Such time spinning towards  
Ten carriages full  
A see-saw muse push-pull

## Berlin at This Train

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My, my ticket hasn't brought a station  
No station I, sit in the train, watching atoms fall  
Sea, seashells, that sang in my pocket  
Where are the seashells, where is the station?

My name, I think perhaps I've forgotten  
In the noise, the clangorous noise of the train  
The comics, a month ago I read some comics  
Where is Shanghai, Bangkok, Manhattan?

When will Berlin arrive at this train  
When will Berlin arrive at this train

So far away I'm close  
So quiet I'm verbose

Stand, I stand in a world made of motion  
Thinking I'm spinning and dizzy and strange  
The wire I write may not reach you  
Yet perhaps then Berlin will arrive

When will Berlin arrive at this train  
When will Berlin arrive at this train

So happy you're sad  
So beautiful you're mad



## In The Dirt

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You heard the last wave  
Made my house disappear  
I went home that night  
And the damn thing wasn't there

So do I sit in the grass  
Draw with a stick in the dirt  
Hide behind an exit sign  
with a ball point in my shirt?

The heart is in the dirt  
The food grows in the dirt  
Grandma is in the dirt

In the dirt, in the dirt  
Brightly wild and sane-crazy  
In the dirt

Naked is so disrobed  
The skin it truly shows  
The shine of a bella rose  
Definitely unclothed

Cape myrtle for the hair  
Curvingly luminous despair  
The autumn divine  
The belly and the vine

The sensual the free  
The roots of the tree  
Even water is polished by the dirt

In the dirt, in the dirt  
Salty eyed and force-lazy  
In the dirt

## Love and Hate

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On a January night as snowflakes  
Drum on the windowpane  
She waits until he sleeps  
The man who drinks and hits her  
Then for good she sneaks into the white

No one can hate you  
They don't even know how to  
The skin and bones were made to  
Love and hate the mirror  
Love and hate the mirror

Your footsteps are so light  
How could anyone find offense with you, and  
How does anyone break this spell  
And erase these threads of heaven and hell

No one can hate you  
They don't even know how to  
The skin and bones were made to  
Love and hate the mirror  
Love and hate the mirror

Like cats and bats scratch and fly  
Like city's breath betrays the sky  
We only hate the one called I

The tyrant can't hate you  
The moon can't hate you  
The sad ones can't hate you  
The hateful can't hate you