

1. You've Your Spy Map Out

You lost your shoes next to the nudes in the park. And I convinced you to put them on so we could walk. We walked around the Victory Column we were west. Prussia victorious. I've been watching you. You've your spy map out. The sky is blasting around. As the tower broadcast signal straight into your eyes. You were such a fucking surprise. Set the mood, light the candles in the corners of the room. From the smell of your neck I'm quick to realize full bloom. Take me out and I think I said, "History!" And you smile like a child. You point the camera at me. Over the hill there's the hedgerow. They split it in half when they built that road. Always your face in the castle. You're safe because you're home. They're feeding me the seeds in Chicago. It was funny at first like the bus I rode. Always my face in the rain cloud. Am I even safe at home?

2. Oh, Randomness

The lord comes down and puts something good into everyone. I got mine when I was just a kid and I kissed it on the mouth. And it crawled up my throat and knocked on bad teeth. So I spit it into Jackson Branch. And I laughed at the dicks and the tits that the older kids spray-painted on the bridge. I'm letting you go and I don't know how. After the laughter died there was a camera eye pulling surveillance for a number of years. It was there for the townhomes, the shit lies I lived through and the patterns I carved into yards. These are disastrous films but they're important to me. Educate myself from myself. And tie those film cans around my waist when I hurl myself over the bridge. I felt young for a second, it was all my fault. Oh sloppy kiss this situation seems random to me. Oh randomness you tip your toes across our faces, our necks and our wrists.

3. Fancy Forest

Kicking at the forest floor I'm bored. Looking up the sky looks weird, not bored. Of course I'll go your way my love. You might call me a forest boy if you breathe the city out of me. And a cloud just died. And that bird, his noise it rhymes. As I look around it's right. You can teach me bird names every night and give me new ideas. Standing on the highest hill it's warm. Looking at the sky looks full, it poured. Of course I know the way my love. You might call me a hilltop boy if you breathe the city out of me. There's twenty toes on the floor and a black dog waiting at the door. I'm loaded. Another night of sleeping over. Another rooftop hour. I'm greaseball in the shower. Stationed under the tiniest tower.

4. Flame Out Flyboy

And I'm at the 7-11 debating breakfast in tinfoil. And I got the hell out of there, took my coffee from the bake sale. Sat on the steps of the church and then service let out. And then the man with the camera said, "Boy you'll have to leave, the bride's coming down". Brushing the rice out of my hair. Letting love disaster in the distance. I guess I been there before and I sort of got bored. So I made a line through the city. She learned me and then she did me. And then she laughed at my arms and said, "Boy your arms, they were never meant to hold me." Go fly around with fadeout wings. Flame out you flyboy. How could you? Go bounce around. Check new surrounds. Get gone, go run but don't never learn from what you've done. Sitting in the corner of the room pretending certain things never happened. Or tram into town, kicking around. At night I thought it would get easy but the creatures they've got the keys to me. And then the girl with the yellow hair said, "Boy your eyes, it's been a while since they've seen me."

5. Judge on the Horn

You better watch what you wish for. You might get what you wanted. You been stoned like a sophomore. Exactly what you paid for. You might find me in your hometown using the scissors on the corners or. Licking up the taverns or fucking in an auto. I been crooked from the day I was born. You ran to me screaming, "The judge is on the horn." He reminded me I had time to be confused. I recalled I've never gone it alone. You can reel around the resource, lending your hand in my disasters. I heard you crying through the payphone. It only kills me faster and I might walk around our old town if I wasn't tripped up on your phone bills. My heart needed a beat, not a drum fill. We barely made it through the intro.

6. Event Camera

Drawing circles in the grass with my toes. Watching you scan the spy map's rows. Asking you for any number of things. You find them within and you give them to me. Now I'm in the kitchen whispering weird with the wine. You're chopping the produce. It's late afternoon and it's right. Bring my camera when I'm anywhere with you to archive our day to remember what you do. There's a photo of us in your place that night when you bit my neck and then you saved my life. Now I'm in the bedroom comparing our passport stamps. And you're in the bedroom and those are our hands.

7. House / Hotel

I moved to the basement. I got my own phone line. I hung the posters and I looked in the mirror, looks all right.

Under the mattress are little containers, pieces of paper and shots for the shotgun. I'd walk to the station but I'm here to protect. I'm guarding the nest and talking on the phone. Baby's big time. She stays as long as she wants but you, you're feeding off someone's space. Now you're asking for some cheese on your cake, some sandwiches or something to drink. My baby's big time, stays as long as she wants but you, you just wanna face. I want to cough. I want to put it on your plate. I want to say that this house is not a hotel. I took out the light bulb. It burned in my hand. I stuck it under water, the bulb, not my hand. You're creeping around here. You're doin' the floor. The room smells like a lake. There's a package at the door.

8. Rats Were Comrades

Just another boy breathing in the gas life. Living by the bridge, the one with the spray paint. When I walk through the rain I contemplate a pattern. I'm smiling at the crows and blackbirds and the rats they are comrades oh. Arms around my neck and you should know I'm in control when I'm leaving or letting go. Colored perfected houses crowded into rows. And if the road rose to meet me would I navigate controls? Just an only child choking on some new life. Swallowing aloud, life is intricate in a crowd. When I'm buried under snow it's quiet like a heartache. I been feeling young as snow. There's a white light. It's a bloodhound. I'm a thousand years old. I'm right for the first time. Found a new home. Made a slow sound. You can have me if I can let me go.

9. Seizure to a Strobe

Oh lover lose the cloak. Let me take you out of the weather. I'm going to bring you to the sound machine where we can dig out and feel the fade. Club lights, they dance in your eyes first from floor to ceiling to faces. I seizure to a strobe. I've been told we're being watched. We've always been. Cameras are here to make you feel more important. Close your eyes not to impress the machines. As I hide inside you I'm warm. I'm safe from the gaslight. Oh lover there's spaces in time when I can't look inside you. Oh lover there's periods of time when I'm rolled back inside your eyes.

10. Phonio

Wake up. We can't sleep in. I'm warm and my heart just beeped again. You're ear against my skin. I'll telephone all my friends and you write the sound down. Bare feet on cold air floor. Coerced us to dance with sideways morning hair. And then back into the bedroom glow. Trace your lips and check you out. And fall asleep again to the audio of a foreign film. I'm learning your sounds now. I'm no use in a hostile world that hides me from the sound. Bending tones through terrible phones. There's a pulsing noise when they jam our codes. Prepaid phonio. It's a shame about us they way they spread us out. It's the worst part. It's the worst part dear when you're not in zone. I'm blinding eyes and you're an optical tone. I could use gears to grind out a road. But the story starts when I gain some control.

11. Less Car

I shot the shit for a bit with a girl and she wasn't you. I watched her mouth as she talked imagining braces on her teeth. The notebook she kept was Sharpied up. Not like I wanted to read. And then I caught the eye of a boy cycling up the street. He's one less car to me. He's perfectly in line. Knows what he needs and what he doesn't know in a city that shoots to kill. I loose interest pretty quick with the girls when they're not you. So I talk to the boys and they have ask me, "Do you like me too?" Because I never had a sister to fight over the phone or put on my makeup. But boys learn pretty quick. They shoot the shit and then they take to the streets. Well the girls like to dress you up but it's the boys that want to take it off. And it's your friends that'll rat you out. And then you couldn't thank them enough.

12. I'm an Engineer (and things get weird)

Close your eyes. I require my privacy. But with your eyes closed you look different to me. So they're feeding me the seeds under the city sheets. They're paying me to dream but then it's cheap to sleep. I'm a cloud car coming down. Sounding around those who favor me. I'm an engineer and things get weird when they go right you know. I'll be the cardinal if you'll fly me through your backyard lawns. I am the camera phone on Cinema Street. I'm just a cloud boy coming down. Hanging around those who favor me.

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