

## mending dreams

I've been doing all right, lately  
but I'm home on a Saturday night, safely  
my mind an untrained dog on the run, lashing out  
hurts and thoughts chasing me around, blindly

oh, the tide won't hold anymore  
as these dreams of mine  
shatter on the floor

oh, dream me  
a dream so fine now baby  
that keeps the monsters  
under the bed at night

'cause wounds heal, dreams you mend

I've been saving these lines, lately  
for a day far away and out of sight, I'm hoping  
I think I couldn't bear it all year round, this heaving  
a thorn in the side of all that's sound, just breathe in

oh, the tide won't hold anymore  
with these dreams of mine  
I got nothing to show for

Oh, dream me  
a dream so fine now baby  
to keep the monsters  
under my bed at night

god knows I've been trying  
god only knows  
god knows I've been trying

I thought it was dying  
my beautiful nightmare

## most times

learned how to run  
before I could walk  
bruising my knees  
on the slope by my house  
and you were somewhere  
in dreams of things to come

weekends would come  
and go in a blur  
and I couldn't tell you  
how or why I know it  
but hearts are meaner now  
I feel it in my bones

c'mon, let's go out  
oh no, I don't want to  
tomorrow, I promise  
most times I don't  
so I keep myself hidden  
and speak in softer tones

hold on, I'm walking  
not sure, should call you?  
sometimes I'd hate it  
most times I'd love it  
rode by your house  
but I feared you weren't home

message on your phone almost rings as sad as  
a story from a book that nobody ever read  
it said most times I'm fine  
I'm fine  
fine  
most of the time  
I'm fine

bruises and aches  
unseen, half-forgotten  
call me at night  
most nights I fight 'em  
pain was in exile  
I fear it found a home

## how to love

I remember not knowing if you'd be there  
all the while whipping my head around  
like some kind of crazed hunt dog

I remember I caught you near the funhouse  
teasing you for lack of other means then  
oh, how far I've come

a smile and a comeback  
wait should I backtrack?  
I'm done for

I wonder if and how  
I can take it back  
I'm alone now

how to love and  
how to love and be kind

were your eyes brighter or the neon?  
I didn't really have much going for me  
but I was in it for the long haul

was that smile for me or for someone else?  
who won it? who claimed it? what did he say to earn it?

how to love and  
how to love and be bold

oh the lonely nights spent in a dream so glorified  
ode to the lonely, doesn't it seem like long ago?  
cold and lonely hearts on this silly merry-go-round  
oh the worry

how can love keep its secrets so far away and out of sight?  
what use is rigging a ship, trimming its sails at low tide?

how to love and be cool  
how to love and not be cruel

how to love

## **where things grow mean**

remember taking you to a concert  
first time around  
waiting by your window  
when lights come out

car radio is playing  
summer songs  
for the dumb and downtrodden  
I turn it up and shout in my head  
listen to this song  
it speaks  
in ways I never could  
nor ever would  
watch me hang the moon with it

she suddenly tells me  
love needs loving  
but baby, our love won't tire  
love needs loving

I'll meet you out in the streets  
where things grow mean  
I'll meet you out in the streets  
where I'll break your heart  
I'll meet out in the streets  
I'll mend your heart  
baby, out in the streets  
baby, now

somebody asked me  
if I'd say a word  
for love has died  
just two in attendance

smothered by sins  
slowly, as it's custom  
a lifetime grown  
tell me when I blossom  
into devil may care what  
so I sat back down  
and hung my head

baby, I put in the time  
for love needs loving  
real love won't tire  
for love means loving

I'll meet you out in the streets  
where things grow mean  
I'll meet you out in the streets  
where I'll break your heart  
break your heart

## **nothing on you**

so you put yourself out there  
oh, they got nothing on you

hold on, don't let go  
oh, they got nothing on you

somewhere, somehow, you decided you're not worth it  
that your dreams are selfish and come after anybody else's  
that somehow people overtaking you deserve it  
that what you got ain't even worth a song

well, hold on, hold on  
they got nothing on you

hold on, hold on  
they got nothing on you

somewhere, somehow, I'll show you that to me you're worth it  
that your dreams speak to me as my own do  
that others' achievements won't say anything on ours'  
that even apart we've got more than they can chew

go and get it

somewhere, somehow, I'll show you that to me you're worth it  
that your dreams speak to me as my own do

## haven

I've been docking at night  
slight touch on the side  
ropes get thrown  
I watch them glide

by and by on my own  
I quicken my pace  
as though I'm in a race  
till I'm at your door

would you let me in  
lay me down  
would you let me sin  
all night

who decides how much time we own?  
oh lord, will the tide delay, if implored, its flow?

I must be off and leave you  
here's a song  
god knows in how long I'd see you  
hope I'm wrong

had to lay down once more  
at your side  
hope I'm too late to board  
this time

who decides, how many oars to enrol?  
who divines, who will chart our course?  
I hope this time I'll find it sooner than before  
this hallowed ground underneath my soles

may the heavens collide  
and storm me back on safer grounds  
may the stars realign  
and misguide us back ahead of time  
before I ran my course  
before I'm swallowed whole  
before I even left you at all  
before I left you at all  
before I left you at all  
back before I left you at all  
before I left you at all

## **anywhere the wind blows**

sailed in the morning  
no one else nearby  
these heavy waters  
leading me out of sight

I'm going anywhere the wind blows  
so close to it I'm flying  
oh, anywhere the wind blows  
though now the wind is dying out

no breeze in sight  
sails in mourning  
nothing left but sighs

I'd go anywhere the wind blows  
were it only to quit dying  
yeah, anywhere the wind blows  
were it only to quit dying out

c'mon, harness  
charm it with a song  
a few words and a chorus  
where is my reward?

I'm going anywhere the wind blows  
so close to it I'm flying  
yeah, anywhere the wind blows  
seems like everything is dying

behold  
stuck in the deepest lull  
or in stormy weather  
I got a wind of my own

I'm going anywhere the wind blows  
sing it till it feels like drowning  
yeah, anywhere the wind blows  
till it feels like drowning

## **keep me from drowning**

come friend  
I'll show you how it's done  
tune that old guitar  
I'll show you how to use it

I know it must be hard for someone like you  
to help, keep me from drowning  
I know it must be hard for someone like you  
to help me, keep me from drowning

come friend, mend up the light  
and keep the night undone  
choose a song and  
fool the morning star  
we'll sing along with hoarse and feeble voices

I know it must be hard for someone like you  
to help me, keep me from drowning  
I know it must be hard for someone like you  
to help us, keep us from drowning

keep me from drowning  
keep me  
sing to me of drowning  
sing me a song



## **stranded**

I'm a little lonely  
I'm a little all right  
got on out of need  
or was it greed  
well now I'm here  
is there a little secret?  
that says there's nothing in it for me?  
oh my, I barely scrape by  
as it is

seems like I have nothing on me

I've been waiting, waiting, for so long  
a boat, for anyone  
should be easier  
this is a known route  
should be easier  
should've already been found  
shouldn't I?

seems like I have nothing on me

I'm a little tired  
just a little all the time  
only dreaming  
changes the scene  
but it doesn't feed me  
they say finders keepers  
well I guess I own this island now  
oh my, too bad I never see her  
anymore

seems like I have nothing on me

I've been waiting, waiting, for so long  
a boat, for anyone  
should be easier  
this is a known route  
should be easier  
should've already been found  
shouldn't I?

on that night  
I wish I said a lot of words  
I might have made her mine

at least I'd have something on me

I'll be waiting, all night  
stranded  
but not for anyone  
where are you now?  
with whom I wonder?  
who loves you now?  
who do you love?  
seems like I have nothing on me

## left my heart at a rest stop

tears shed on a counter  
as a rule, I'm not the teary kind  
weak knees hold me up still  
as I'm waiting for it to subside

a country song was on  
it broke my heart in two  
got up, paid and made to leave  
but I couldn't move

left my heart at a rest stop  
I didn't want it, not even at all  
I don't want it  
left my heart at a mend shop  
it didn't cut it, not even at all  
I don't want it

pianti in autostrada  
su note americane  
storie di lupi in esilio  
di botte che verranno

a country song was on  
a story made for weeping  
it spoke of aches and pains of yore  
yet I'd never heed 'em

left my heart at a rest stop  
I didn't want it, not even at all  
I don't want it  
left my heart at a mend shop  
it didn't cut it, not even at all  
I don't want it

left my heart in a mess now  
it just flutters, barely beats anymore  
what a mess now

I don't want it

## that place

I'm going to build you a house  
I'm going to build it right on top of the hill  
I'm going to build you a house  
I'm going to build it right out of dreams and concrete  
but I fear dreams will run out on me

we're going to have a place that feels like a mother's arms  
a place people believe to have been grown out of my own guitars  
a place where formerly contemptuous people are welcomed with open arms  
where blood and sweat and tears have been used to water the lawn

I want to build us a house  
don't know nothing of stonework, I think I will  
I want to build us a house  
I want to build it right out of songs and earnings  
but I fear chords giving out on me  
chords and earnings  
but I fear them drying up on me

we're going to have a place that feels like a mother's arms  
a place people believe to have been grown out of my own guitars  
a place where formerly contemptuous people are welcomed with open arms  
where blood and sweat and tears have been used to water the lawn

I'll start out with its walls  
I'm going to try and build them straight from the foot  
I'll go on to the roof  
I'm going to build it right out of bricks and drumbeats  
but I feel them fading out on me

we're going to have a place that feels like a mama's arms  
a place people believe to have been grown out of my own guitars  
a place where formerly contemptuous people are welcomed with open arms  
where blood and sweat and tears have been used to water the lawn