

LILIBENDER

LYRICS

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1.EVERYTHING YOU WERE BORN FOR - When the music's telling you about yourself and the generation gap is closing in, they will sneak in while your self absorbed and sponge up everything that you've been born for. The headlights hypnotize you off the road. Your friends are strapped in they pull on your coat, screaming, hey! keep your eyes on the highway, we need you around just a little bit longer Ch. Would you buy me some air to breath, so I can live to pay you back? Would you loan me some elbow room, so I don't freak out and drive on the sidewalk? Bow down when she comes up to you, kills the things you once knew. She said, it's all about you. Wait, it's all up to you. When the music's telling you about yourself, slow down to draw the chord out. Do you ears ring to keep up with the theme? I guess it's too late to ask what you were born for... Ch...

2.ROLLING BACKWARDS - Hiding in my room, I saved the stains, I knew you were coming. My voice is out of tune, that's ok you're used to shrieking. Ooh, I am putting all my thoughts down on paper. Fold the page in half, I'm an open book. Don't look so confused, you're the one rolling backwards. I'm not staying still, because I'm afraid to be a fixture. Ch. Every time I bite my tongue I leave a blood stain on your lips. I show you colors to distract you, then take your money from you pocket. The houses line the hill. A shooting gallery reminds me of it. Take me to the range. We are carnivores with bad aim. Twenty-seventh in a line of 27, I wont get inside cause I never do. You brushed on my instincts with an open flame, scraped away the soot, but left a stain. Ch. Talk is cheap and I'm in deep. Shit talking dreams, land of free. Held together at the seams, bailing wire for submarines. Conversations suddenly are leaving. Inhale the juice to keep me breathing. Ch. You've got the neighbors wrapped in plastic. Every day they get their ass kicked. Some are dumb right from the start, their children play iconoclastic games.

3. MOTEL SIX - We're cold, the blankets are thin. Legs down won't stop the room spin. Champagne and popcorn stuck to the floor forever. I'm so sorry. We're loud under a nailed down lake scene, like a trash truck in the morning like two lights when stuck on green. I'm so sorry. Everything is dirty now. Everyone's on filthy sheets. Waking up in soiled knots, I'll get what I can until the road stops.

4. MINE TO KEEP - Corn cob man can drink your weight in gasoline. Swallow crow claw, spit up cherub wing. Douse the neighborhood in kerosene, these rows and rows of house need a good cleaning. My dreams still have meat on the bone for you to sink you teeth in deep, but what is left is mine to keep. Moon follows you, backs off with a grin. To die laughing let the cool light in. Ch. I can smell the man smell wafting through the trees, bees die in a wind swell, honeysucker seas, plastic mustard seeds, glass jar gum disease, broken to set free and oh how black chrome shines, like noon time fire flies. Ch

5. STRETCH OF BEACH - This stretch of beach smells like tar and wax. We burn incense to invite the freaks back, but I'm uninvited again. That's because I don't eat my vitamins; That's because my eyesight is poor. I can't see the forest for it's core only stumps. Her lips are all candy apple, she got rings on your toes, lets everyone know she's pierced down there and cranky no one cares about it. I'd be too if I had to bleed to be different. I am too when you don't call back. I can't see the card house being stacked for the joker. What's the caution for when you used to adore my letter bomb advances? My name is goodbye the minute you drop by I'm leaving with my time. This stretch of sheets reminds me of her taste, like blood on pillows, I bit my tongue through the down and you were gone. I'm sorry you wanted a star, but you can't push a wish that far. we can't see the love under war without attraction.

6. NEW LEAVES - I'll cover you in new leaves to cool your skin, to ease you into the green. Quiet intersection, where red lights sway and mad dash lights flash go time's slow, it's not the last circumstance you'll ever remember. Bounce off the Grapevine, backspin road grind. Across her chest you wet picture. She's stretched on your grass, you're gravel road rashed. You made a splash in the bone orchard. Crack a joke man. Whistle past the headstone. Ch. Crack a joke man. You are never far from home... ease into a new womb...Asphalt red, scrape the pink, at speeds not meant to make you think. I've seen you through spider glass; membrane, seems you'll never pass away. Exploding seedlings and I'm sure I'll see you in new leaves. Reborn baby, then get behind the wheel to steal a shell than crack it open. Ch.

7. RAZOR BURN - Tell me I'm as strong as bleach. Tell me I'm the apple tree, fruit bearing and fresh as spring. Tell me I'm the buzz spiked in the drink. Hey yeah love is razor burned. What do you have to offer her? Wallow in this city's dazzle. Treat the fixtures with respect. So many of us born past Hitler so many barely walk erect. Property of Church and State. Mother says to propagate. Father says to open legs. Shoot with speed to crack the eggs. Slice off a little piece and place it on her tongue. Temptation is natural to a body that's begun to show signs of another starving someone. Soils perfect for weeds and thistle. Trailer shakes to make new born coo. Feed them to a nursing world. Feed them fish so they know what to do. Ch.

8. WICKED COTTON BEAST - A Baptist minister in Tulsa, Oklahoma closed his sermon reprimanding his parishioners on the evils of untidiness. Denegation of a souls ticket to eternal bliss could be caused by carelessly strewn undergarments or trousers tossed about one's living quarters "I remember a boy ", the preacher drawled, "who thought he saw the gnarled faces of demons in his unfolded Osh Kosh overalls. Clumped up in the corner, the wicked cotton beast tempted his innocence". He spat on, "any God fearing man could be driven to fits of sinly desire at the sight of stockings hung from the shower rod. Useless clutter ,in general, is one of Satan's ways of distraction. Ample closet space could aid in your salvation". Satisfied by his lecture, the sweaty clergyman drove his Chevy Cavalier to his immaculate buckle of a bible belt home and changed in dutiful style. on the wall of of his stark living room hung a large mahogany cross, next to the old glory on a small flagpole with a gold eagle on top, and over his mantle hung a fully stocked gun rack with an AK47, an M16, a shotgun and various assortment of rifles. his shiny Glock pistol twinkled at him, he smiled, murmuring, no, no devilish distractions here.

9. YELLOW SUN - Yellow sun frees the chill of where you're from. Colors run, off the wall to grab you, trip you on the pretty face that breaks your fall. The wilderness is cold and shameless. Patterns clash, synapses blast in lush surroundings to spread the flow around, going counter against the clockwise. Time is wide to swallow you whole. The wilderness is cold and shameless. Uncle smiles as he pulled the trigger, he painted big, but I thought he was bigger. There's a pallet for him now, billion colors oozing out on a canvas that dwarfs the yellow sun.

10. LOOKS LIKE MEAT - Beef Jerky takes forever to dissolve in Coke. Like head cheese and spam, its tradition lingers in old historic minds, for those who stood in long lines when wars were bulging and food was scarce. Brightly packaged meat-by-products coagulate the blood flow process. These gelatinous slabs, cigarettes and beer grow hair on the TV trays of veterans slumped over their golden years. On wheels choked in weeds, like smoked meat on arteries. There's a lump in the Airstream's belly that pink bismuth turned to black.