

Walkabouts

"More Heat Than Light"

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I never met your castanets
I never met them Spanish singers
Said you drank with them
In a Hamburg bar
Drank all night
Though they were younger

And in the taxi home
You lost your phone
But you say, you're better off without it
I never lose, my temper anymore
But I know just where to find it

There are moments of grace
In the heat of the chase
More heat than light

A freeway overpass, in the fog
The future catches, up with us quickly
And though the sky is what I, wish I saw
I'll settle for your memory

Crippled pigeons
Earthquake stores
Gypsies point you to the door
Terra cotta traces
I remember all the towns
But not the faces

There are moments of grace
In the heat of the chase
More heat than light

Tremblin' hands
Tremblin' knees
The shiverin' of souls
The surrenderin' of greed
Your friends all told me, that you
Knew what you were doin'

Silk or cedar

Ivory or bone
Not a single kiss is worth a stone
Unless we say it is
Unless we pray it is
Come on, and say it is
More heat than light

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