Watchtower

"Restoration"

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Written by Don Chaffer on 3/18/99 (from about midnight to 8:00 am)

Got to restore
Got to restore
Got to restore
Got to restore

Sometimes it's late at night
I'm thinkin but I'm not quite
There. Everywhere that I turn
It's a county fair
This booth, that booth, I'm everything that's uncouth
And I can't keep nothing straight except my front tooth

Late night NPR
Programming'll go far
Listenin to Kerouac
In a French Quarter bar
I was not a beatnik
I didn't do the speed
But I could get high on the pages I'd read

CHORUS
Oh, got to restore
Oh, got to restore
Oh, got to restore
Oh, got to restore

I get fascinated by the strangest things
And my wife has to deal with my wide mood swings
Some nights are mellow
Some nights are okay
But I don't want things to just stay this way
I left the bacon fryin in a pan last night
I heard a baby cryin in the man inside
Untended, unmended, my needs are open-ended
But I believe you can heal the way I feel

The river I'm thinking of
Doesn't have a stink above

The water from the waste that's been dumped therein
This river is crystal, not method, not madness
The river is rolling, and the river is life
Now I ain't being funny
And I ain't being queer
I'm gonna say it simple
And I'm gonna say it clear
The bridegroom is coming
The bridegroom is coming
Are you ready to be a member of his wife?

Now, let me take you to a place
Farther than outer space
Everything is different
And you love it that way
Every tear is dried up
Every demon tied up
Nothing of the aching is around out here

All the things you hated
Have all been decimated
Even those things inside of you
No more being worried
And no more being bored
Everything ever lost has been restored
Restoration
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