

Jim Carroll **"Work, Not Play"**

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The bell rings . . .
It's a decade past my decadence
My beast wears rings and he's waiting
In the shadows of my hesitations, my silent
Hesitations . . . Each image is so clear;
It seems I have no hands
The gestures of the air confuse all my demands

And the beast hears the bell; he comes
Out of the shadows. He rips apart the shadows . . .
And he says:

"This is work and not play"
And he says:
"There's always more than one way . . .
This is work not play"

Refrain:
I see the ghosts of my childhood . . .
Dressed in blue, they trail me in the night
They drive these cars with real upholstery
They trail me until . . . here comes the night

She was standing, standing on the balcony
Her black, black eyes folded over her eyelids
Like sheets on motel beds . . .
She must be eatin' reds
This place is filled with mirrors
It echoes what she said

And she said:

"I need a judgement day" And she said:
"I know there's more than one way,
But I want my judgement day . . ."

Repeat Refrain

To sleep without dreams
So distant from the mirror
Imitating clarity, disguising
All the terror . . . I heard a thousand bells

From a thousand old cathedrals
They rang . . . I haven't heard them since
A decade past my decadence
The beast hears the bell

I'm cursed to be a singer
A singer of the flames
A thinker of a fire
And a son without a name

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