

## Kevin Max

# "If I Could Make It Work In Life"

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I sit on a piano stool and I make up songs for these  
men who  
come in with dust on their faces and mud on their  
boots  
From these places that I'll never go.  
I sleep in a rented bed with a woman who gives me  
what little I get of the love we'd like to imagine is left  
Of the love that we never did know  
I slip out and scribble a note that reads like a million  
books  
It's a four cent nickel for my dime store theme, but it  
sure reads good

If I could make it work in life  
Like it works on paper  
If the love that I describe  
Could be anything but words  
Then I would wipe my eyes  
I'd dry this ink  
I'd trade my pen in for a pair of wings  
And I would fly  
If only I could make it work in life

And at the end of every night I add up the tips and I  
count for what's mine  
I come down to a thing that amounts to a lie  
And the sum of it all I'm afraid  
Is less than what I know I need  
to slip beneath the surface of my forgeries  
Where I buried my hopes where sometimes my dreams  
Still stun me and steal me away.  
I can still hear Dine Bikeyah call just like we were kids  
I could tell you all about it in a song  
But Lord I wish

If I could make it work in life  
Like it works on paper  
If the love that I describe  
Could be anything but words  
Then I would wipe my eyes  
I'd dry this ink  
I'd trade my pen in for a pair of wings

And I would fly  
If only I could make it work in life, make it work in life

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