

Pagoda

"Song 1"

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Just droning.
August 24th 2004 (2004)
It's the first morning of our little experiment.

(It's the first morning)
I'll try and write a little bit each day
but I don't know if I can be consistent.
(I'm never consistent)
It's hard for some reason
while I'm making music, to keep a journal.

(It's impossible.)
Sitting now, at this table,
looking out at the industrial mock warehouses,
the lawn. (the green)
They line the perimeter of my vision.
(protruding)

The sky gray, orange, (into the earth)
waking up. (into the clouds)
Got here last night with Ryan.
We have to find Luca, an engineer.
He set up...
he set up these um, (looks pathetic) these sessions.

He was waiting there with his girl, Isa. (they were cool)
He's on a honeymoon.
He took us to the apartment
(been here a long time)
along with his friends...
(almost a month)

some of his friends who had been in the city
to create a sea diving business.
(almost a month now)
It's nicer than I thought it would be.
(Sir James)
I assumed it would be some warehouses

with cold water which I probably would've rather-ed.
(passed out)

Whenever I'm working it seems
that the closer I am to the ground, the better.
(his hand clutching)
We went and dropped off our stuff, took a shower,

and we head over to the studio.
(last night)
When we get there (I left a note)
we start rehearsing.
Horrible, sloppy, zombie-like (Jamie)
incoherent babble of sleep deprived

walking dead (it was quarter to 4)
headaches, and jet lag. (in the morning)
Took a break in the alley. (can only stand)
People came.
They talked, they laughed.
Some things had no meaning to us.

(moved across)
Smoked some hash (rolled to sir James) had a beer.
Offered to sleep, we received.
(make sure)
I reminded myself. (turned on the clock radio)
Went back to the room. (church choir)

It was better. More coherent.
(went back to the kitchen)
Relaxed.
Still can't sleep.
I've decided that if I'm going to be awake,
I might as well do something productive.

My room was filled with dirty dishes,
bread crumbs, walnut shells, empty cigarette packs,
beer cans, candle wax.
I grabbed a plastic bag,
held on the Virgin Mary's head.
The cast iron one that black eyes

bought for me at a flea market while she was here.
I filled the plastic bag full of garbage
and I laid the head of Mary against my boots.
I emptied all the cigarette butts into a dish
and I started sorting through the ones
that still had tobacco in them.

I pinched all the butts dry dripping the tobacco
into a small espresso cup.
I swept up. I organized my things.
Telephone, masking tape, EQ pedal, four double A

batteries,
a dish with three candle's melted into each other,
two razors, a small cassette recorder, three lighters,

ummm... three bottles of spices
I use when we have food to cook.

I went into the other room.
I saw sir James roll over on the couch
muttering something in his sleep.
Fuckin' bugs.

I went into the bathroom, I turned on the water.
Then I went to the kitchen, got the boiling water.
I went back into the bedroom.
I swept up under the rug, under the bed, I made the
bed.
I made a small pile.
Put the shoes under the door until later tomorrow.

I made the bed even though I knew
I was going to mess it up.
Then I wrote a note to sir James explaining I couldn't
sleep.
Can't sleep. I can't sleep. Make sure I'm up by 8.
I turned on the clock radio.
The only station I could find was church choir music.

I walk back into the kitchen, and pour some boiling
water
in a tin cup sitting up upside down under the sink.
A brown paper bag in the sink.
I look inside. Nuts. I remember sir James telling me to...
I found some nuts today. Some of them are still good.
I put one in my mouth. I cracked it open.

I cracked the shell with my thumbnail.
Rotten. Cracked another one. It was good. I ate it.
I walked back into my room. Sat down.
I set the tea down on a stool I had in the corner.
Got a chair.
Sat in the chair. I burned some incense.

The last of it. The last we have.
I lit a cigarette out of the tobacco in the cup.
I lit it. I sipped the tea. I smoked.
I picked up my journal. I wrote this.
I'm gonna try and sleep again. Gonna try and sleep
again...
sleep again, sleep, sleep, sleep...
So much for keeping a consistent journal.

It's day 6 or 7. I laid the blueprint of 16 songs after
Ryan left.

So in addition to the 10 that we laid down,
we're beginning a very ambitious project.
Luca's worried (faith is undivided)
we're gonna lay down so many with the intent

of dropping some. (of a piece)
I noticed (willing mind)
a change
(rewind to find, go find, find)
less optimistic.
I realize it has a lot to do with me. I feel.

I think that's because I'm afraid.
I'm narcoleptic. It's true.
for helping me, like Luca, Jamie, Ryan, black eyes...
wash my hands. Give them something worthwhile.

(Child voice laughing: Pagoda!)

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