

Jeff Bridges

"Faith Salons"

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(Brenda Kahn/Jeff Buckley)

From the 1994 Brenda Kahn promotional EP King of Cairo and the 1996 Brenda Kahn album Destination Anywhere.

In the faith salons they do your nails for fifteen dimes a bottle, where
Someone in the darkness waits for your arrival. In the Faith Salons the
Deals are struck, making heroes out of dust and clay.
The man gives you
Sixty seconds on the dollar, and walks away. In the middle of your book
Of ages you write your dreams down to the letter. Tired of second
Chances and singles dances. Her robes were purple velvet feeling like
The king of Cairo. Prisoners to fools and slaves to paper gods. In the
Faith salons....The books of massacres and natural disasters, beguiled by
Belligerence learned from the dancing masters. The child on the train
Was a mimic mime of babble. The mother knitted sweaters that the child
Would unravel. In the faith salons....They have medicines for madness,
Madness caused by drugs, something for your headache and a spray to kill
The bugs. You walk the catwalk of polyphony, And your charades of
Destiny. To whose myth of creation will you finally fall upon your knees
And cry for forgiveness denied. In the faith salons....She'd appear like
A belligerent ghost in my dreams, in my living room, all torn apart and
Blue, where the ribbons flew and the sky tore like a sheet of rain, of
Dust. Peace is a distant mirage where the only truth is the path and

Chance the only landmark in the desert. Sleeping in
doorways.
Underneath the falling frescoes, She'd say, It's your
pain. In the faith
Salons....

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