

Oxymoron

"A Careless Life"

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If nothing is given
Nothing is required
Sent early to bed
The boy never tired
Alone in the dark
He learned not to cry
Then in his dream
He could fall, he could fly
(the bird's on the wing
There's blood on the thorn)
Alone in the dark
He learned not to cry
Then in his dream
He could fall, he could fly
(the bird's on the wing
There's blood on the thorn
The snails on the runway
A comet is born)
It was a careless life in any sense
A long way out with no defense
Another careless life
Another tilt at staying free
Blessed are the poor in spirit
We'd better be
The women fell silent
When trouble began
They carried the babies
They carried the can
They carried his cases
Out to the car
Waving him off to
Another small war
(everyone thinks and
No one knows
Everyone knows and
No one thinks)
It was a careless life in any sense
A long way out with no defense
Another careless life
Another tilt at staying free
Blessed are the poor in spirit

We'd better be
Trawling the desert
The whole press-card jive
Tempting the guns
To be sure he's alive
Dictating impressions
For memoirs to come
The sky held it's breath
The stones were dumb
They blew his driver
Out of the jeep
Headlines on Sundays
Make editors weep
All these adventures
All of these rhymes
Don't stand a prayer
In desperate times
(the bird's on the wing
There's blood on the thorn
The snails on the runway
A comet is born
Everyone thinks and
No one knows
Everyone knows and
Nobody knows)
It was a careless life in any sense
A long way out with no defense
Another careless life
Another tilt at staying free
Blessed are the poor in spirit
We'd better be

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