

Page Tommy

"Voices"

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I watch that open flame
Bright light and beautiful orange
I watch that open flame
I watch that open flame
Dear God it's calling my name
I watch that open flame
It was our job to make the money
And it was he who took all the risks
And we would sit down and wrestle our tummies
Some serotonin to kill the dope sick
But as you may know
Lying face first in the snow
I dreamt of days so long ago
Do you remember them?
Where did they go?
Ah aaahhh?
What'd you say?
Oh no don't reply
It's just the voices inside
Oh no I can't decide
They say you're not here
I'm not
To feel no fear
It's just my sickness
You're nothing you're no one
You don't exist
It's the voices inside
Which is mine
I wasn't born with a silver spoon
That was then but I got one now
This ritual will kill me soon
Hey mom and dad be proud
Wednesday night they sweep the street
With my record they play for keeps
I don't have any words to say
And we would wonder what took him so long
Half humming this unsung song
Did they find his works in his cold
Dead hand, a sunny day at Riker's Island
More to say the least and never would it last
It was the nature of the beast

It meant present, no future, no past

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