

Pete Bernhard

"Warning"

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dont do too much before the show, there's so much no
one needs to know, so many heavy hands to shake,
smiles that flash fast tend to be fake, and the lines of
time in dressing rooms, pills to ward off blacks and
blues, chances pass don't hesitate a dripping tap
becomes a lake, there watching close so don't make no
mistakes.

Just a warning to you, Emily things here they aint what
they seem and you might want what used to be,
sometimes what you want-it aint what you need.

Everyone has some mouths to feed, some too close
now to be seen. The fires are doused with gasoline.
The prices rise the hungers mean. The highest is
strong, but it leaves to fast, seeming never to come
back. It will return but not every night, knowing what
your worth to make you write, it's not a ball so come
prepared to fight.

It's just my warning to you, Emily things here they aint
what they seem and you might want what used to be,
sometimes what you want-it aint what you need
Strings on the dollar from every purse, what seems
free now could be cursed. if you want to walk you must
fall down. People talk but don't hear a sound. Whispers
climbing ladders up. the ecstasy of a moments luck.
ships smashed built so carefully and someday your
eyes have to see, the thicker skin, the less you have to
bleed.

Just a warnin' to you now from me there are things here
they aint what they seem and you might want what
used to be, sometimes what you want-it aint what you
need

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