

Jordan White

"1993"

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Riding in a fast car along the shore
Never understood what those brakes were for
Say, Elliot Smith -
Can you tell us who you're up there with?
Is misery still lost between the bars
Within the stab of an acoustic guitar

What defined you was not what you had earned
Deserts filled with shock and awe
Prince George has burned
Who's mouth is full of lithium
Who's face is set in stone
Shining by a moon
We long have left alone

(Chorus)

But where were you in '93
When Kurt was on the radio
And Brenda Walsh was on the T.V.
We had somewhere to go
But we had no where to be
In the troubled years that followed 1993

You and I on a phone
Cast away of four years
The prophet's talking stone
Now there's time left to start again
Closing time, have you found a friend
In fields of gold inside the lion's den

(Chorus)

To be live on a Saturday night
To be an angel on a Sunday despite
The one who knew but gave up his song
Swore there was no gun all week long
But a trigger he became
Aimed from you and me

And Philly nearly had a winning team
Hit the ball hit the needle

But just missed the dream
Fifty two times the Buffalo cried
Shot down in Texas -
Where only seventeen survived
A truck took seven and who took warning
No one there until a warm September morning
On abandoned April evenings
A greenhouse painted red
From grade 4 bleeding

There were few left to fill the space
Middle school dance and shock on their face
They left me dry without a trace
One less song to sing
One more ghost to see
Lyrics lost amongst summer days in 1993

One less ticket you won't be paying for
Hovering beyond my bedroom door
Echo from outside the inside of the spring
Of 1994

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