

## **Sheila Nicholls**

### **"Bardo"**

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In the desert by myself i can  
find the goodness in you again,  
when the wind conducts an orchestra,  
creosote, sand and juniper,  
while Mrs. jones worries about  
what Mrs. smith will think tomorrow,  
while Mrs. smith worries about the same,  
and how much she might borrow,

liberate liberate liberate  
songs you can hear in the bardo  
liberate liberate liberate  
songs you can hear in the bar

Lack of ceiling was something I sought  
to meet you beyond fallible  
so the sky and I we schemed and thought  
but one of us was too gullible  
an' all the tv's around the world,  
broke out in unison, you've used us wrong  
gone on too long  
organized, got our own union

liberate .....

....here we are, well it's so nice to see you again, it's  
been so long and I don't even remember when or how  
we lost touch  
what was so important then don't mean that much,  
nah don't mean that much, don't mean anything at all.

liberate.....

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