

## Sryan

### "Sizzle, Dizzle!"

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[Adam Maples]

We might be going somewhere  
but before we go we must make our things  
All I wanna see you do is the sizzle, dizzle  
the sizzle, dizzle  
sizzle, dizzle

[Sryan]

People living their lives for you on TV  
They say they're better than you and you agree  
He says "Hold my calls from behind those cold brick  
walls"  
Says "Come here boys, there ain't nothing for free"  
Another doctor's bill, a lawyer's bill  
Another cute cheap thrill  
You know you love him if you put in your will  
We try to hustle them, try to bustle them, try to cuss  
them  
The cops want someone to bust down on Orleans  
Avenue  
Another day, another dollar, another war,  
Another tower went up, where the homeless had their  
homes  
So we pray to as many different Gods as there are  
flowers  
But we call religion our friend  
We're so worried about saving our souls  
Afraid that God will take His toll  
That we forget to begin  
Some are walking, some are talking, some are stalking  
their kill  
You got social security, but that doesn't pay your bills  
There are addictions to feed and there are mouths to  
pay  
So you bargain with the Devil, say you're OK for today,  
You say that you love them, take their money and run  
Say it's been swell, sweetheart, but it was just one of  
those things  
Those flings, those strings you've got to cut,  
So get out on the streets, girls, and bust you butts  
You took your coat off and stood in the rain,

You're always crazy like that.  
And I watched from my window,  
Always felt I was outside looking in on you.  
You're always the mysterious one with  
Dark eyes and careless hair,  
You were fashionably sensitive  
But too cool to care.  
You stood in my doorway, with nothing to say  
Besides some comment on the weather.  
You're always brilliant in the morning,  
Smoking your cigarettes and talking over coffee.  
Your philosophies on art, Baroque moved you.  
You loved Mozart and you'd speak of your loved ones  
As I clumsily strummed my guitar.  
You'd teach me of honest things,  
Things that were daring, things that were clean.  
Things that knew what an honest dollar did mean.  
I hid my soiled hands behind my back.  
Somewhere along the line, I must've got  
Off track with you.

[Sryan]

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[Adam Maples]

Eighty years, an old lady now, sitting on the front porch  
Watching the clouds roll by  
They remind her of her lover, how he left her, and of  
times long ago.  
When she used to color carelessly painted his portrait  
A thousand times-or maybe just his smile-  
And she and her canvas would follow him wherever he  
would go  
Oil streaked daisies covered the living room wall  
He put water-colored roses in her hair  
He said, "Love, I love you, I want to give you  
mountains, the sunshine, the sunset too  
I just want to give you a world as beautiful as you are to  
me  
So they sat down and made a drawing of their love,  
they made it an art to live by  
They painted every, passion every home, created  
every beautiful child  
in the winter they were weavers of warmth, in summer  
they were carpenters of love  
They thought blue prints were too sad so they made  
them yellow

Until one day the rain fell as thick as black oil  
And in her heart she knew something was wrong  
She went running through the orchard screaming,  
'No God, don't take him from me!,'  
But by the time she got there, she feared he already  
had gone  
She got to where he lay, water-colored roses in his  
hands for her  
She threw them down screaming, 'Damn you man,  
don't leave me  
with nothing left behind but these cold paintings, these  
cold portraits to remind me!  
He said, 'Love I leave, but only a little, try to  
understand  
I put my soul in this life we created with these four  
hands  
Love, I leave, but only a little this world holds me still  
My body may die now, but these paintings are real.'  
So many seasons came and many seasons went  
and many times she saw her loves face watering the  
flowers,  
talking to the trees and singing to his children  
And when the wind blew, she knew he was listening,  
and how he seemed to laugh along, and how he  
seemed to hold her  
when she was crying

[Adam Maples]

Let the phone ring, let's go back to sleep  
Let the world spin outside out door, you're the only one  
that I wanna see  
Tell your boss you're sick, hurry, get back in I'm getting  
cold  
Get over here and warm my hands up, boy, it's you  
they love to hold  
And stop thinking about what your sister said  
Stop worrying about it, the cat's already been fed  
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[Sryan]

I hear the clock, it's six a.m.  
I feel so far from where I've been  
I got my eggs I got my pancakes too  
I got my maple syrup, everything but you.  
I break the yolks, make a smiley face  
I kinda like it in my brand new place  
I wipe the spots off the mirror

Don't leave the keys in the door  
Never put wet towels on the floor anymore' cause  
I called my momma, she was out for a walk  
Consoled a cup of coffee but it didn't wanna talk  
So I picked up a paper, it was more bad news  
More hearts being broken or people being used  
Put on my coat in the pouring rain  
I saw a movie it just wasn't the same  
'Cause it was happy or I was sad  
It made me miss you oh so bad 'cause  
I go about my business, I'm doing fine  
Besides what would I say if I had you on the line  
Same old story, not much to say  
Hearts are broken, everyday.  
I brush my teeth and put the cap back on  
I know you hate it when I leave the light on  
I pick a book up. Turn the sheets down.  
And then I take a deep breath and a good look around  
Put on my pjs and hop into bed  
I'm half alive but I feel mostly dead  
I try and tell myself it'll be all right  
I just shouldn't think anymore tonight 'cause

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[Adam Maples]

You find yourself falling down  
Your hopes in the sky  
But you heart like grape gum on the ground  
And you try to find yourself  
In the abstractions of religion  
And the cruelty of everyone else  
And you wake up to realize  
Your standard of living somehow got stuck on survive  
When you're standing in deep water  
And you're bailing yourself out with a straw  
And when you're drowning in deep water

And you wake up making love to a wall  
Well it's these little times that help to remind  
It's nothing without love  
You wake up to realize your only friend  
Has never been yourself or anybody who cared in the  
end  
That's when suddenly everything fades or falls away  
'Cause the chains which once held us are only the  
chains which we've made  
Turn to me with frozen lips  
Your hands are icy cold  
Your eyes burn bright against the frost-bit sky  
You never seemed more lovely than you do right  
tonight  
Pale on the horizon  
Like leaves frozen in the snow  
Our two shadows merge inseparably  
Will time stand still if it's pierced with cold  
The more I live  
The more I know

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