

# Red Lyrics

## SCENT

His scent is in my bed.  
Sheets I shared with him just once before  
I'd even decided how much of him  
To let in.

His scent lingers still.  
I haven't smelled it yet, but I know it's there,  
Like the others who have come and gone-  
Their scents always linger there.

Oh, what a scent can conjure in my mind, in my  
soul!

Oh, what your scent conjures in my body.

Do I change my sheets?  
Do I sleep in his memory?  
How pervasive is his smell?  
Is it enough to make me want to wrap  
Myself in it once more?

Oh, what a scent can conjure in my mind, in my  
soul!

Oh, what your scent conjures in my body.

So, on a cloudy day  
In the afternoon,  
When my mind  
Has nothing else to do,  
Already steeped in melancholy I look to my bed.  
His scent is in my bed.

## SUNDAY

Sure, I could wish to never be alone,  
Never feel the empty bed beside me,  
Never walk into any empty apartment with a  
fridge  
That only has some baby carrots and sour mix

Or I could wish for days like Sunday,  
When I wake in your arms and never leave,  
Just feel them around me

But there's always something missing, like  
something I'm forgetting,  
When you occupy my mind and my time  
And the truth is if I enjoy you too much, I may  
forget how fun it is  
To laugh at nothing by myself

Or I could wish for days like Sunday,  
When I wake in your arms and never leave,  
Just feel them around me

I may forget my own private jokes,  
And that tune I hum in the bathroom.  
May forget that pen and paper exist.  
May forget the ache I feel when you're not  
around

Or I could wish for days like Sunday,  
When I wake in your arms and never leave,  
Just feel them around me

No, it's good to be alone sometimes.

Or I could wish for days like Sunday, when half  
my heart is happy.  
Will there ever be a day like Sunday, when my  
heart can be whole?

## SO YOUNG

I've seen in a day what some never see in an  
entire life-  
Loved, hated and lived through it all.  
I've made love out of bed, outside of my head,  
Earned my own way and been damn tired too.  
Oh, if you could only see what behind these  
eyes.

So, why am I still so "young?"  
There are some things years can't provide.  
I don't have to prove or make them see.  
Younger, but not young inside.

I've done in a day what some never do in an  
entire life-  
Come, seen and conquered with money left  
over.  
Heard my own my ears bleed, burnt with  
offense.

Bitten my tongue not to hurt them too.  
Oh, but you can choke biting too much tongue

So, why am I still so "young?"  
There are some things years can't provide.  
I don't have to prove or make them see.  
Younger, but not young inside.

And now, I'm old.  
I'm holding it all.

A good use, but now I'm old.

## NEVER COULD TELL

How does the person you love become the person you  
hate?

Become the person you long for again?  
Become the person left in photographs and memories?  
Become another lesson to learn in the hindsight of time?  
Become the person who steals away in a small hidden  
part of you forever?

Good times are meant to end,  
So bad times end too,  
So I never, never could tell what sort of time  
I had with you.

How can two people love without needing too much?  
We tried to heal each other's wounds.  
We wanted to be whole again.  
I only asked for what I was willing to give,  
But these wounds are only big enough for one.  
And we grew distant from the differences in our own  
expectations.

Good times are meant to end,  
So bad times end too,  
So I never, never could tell what sort of time  
I had with you.

Squeezing my eyes tight, oh, I can see how it began,  
And it doesn't make it any easier now that it has to end.  
Sure, we needed each other once,  
And I'll always treasure that.  
Yes, I'll always treasure that.

Good times are meant to end,  
So bad times end too,  
So I never, never could tell what sort of time  
I had with you.

## ONCE UPON A WALK

You and I used to know where to walk.  
Rivers flowing over our feet.  
Sunlight pouring over your face.  
Wind through your hair, casting shadows everywhere.

I'd call your name in the games that we'd play,  
Warm inside, looking out on the snow.  
Searching through rooms that grew silently cold.  
Echoes of my voice calling yours all I heard.

Where did those days go?  
Where did those days go?

Looking back in the days after you,  
Light and shadow begin to look the same,  
And I don't know which to believe.  
What was real is not important, because it's over now.

It was so easy to know where to go.  
Didn't feel the need to know myself.  
Never felt lost in days full of you.  
That time is gone now what remains?

## TO HER

It never did take much to keep us talking all night,  
To keep us sharing all night  
In that place  
That felt so right.

It would start with a knock, a tear, or a joke,  
A drink, or just too much  
For one.  
We needed two.

And now, I miss that place.  
Right now, I need that place.

So many times, same old shit,  
Same old lies.  
Oh, when  
Would we ever learn?

Boys may come, they definitely go,  
And then you're on your own  
To give  
To yourself again.

You're the most deserving person I know  
To receive the gifts you've wasted on everyone else.

It's nights like this, with skies so black,  
The mystery of the stars  
Can't even escape,  
And I want you near again.

But always remember the ocean.  
She's there when you need her,  
Pounding the shore,  
She'll carry you.

## KATY'S LULLABY

How could such a little sound  
Fill so much of my life?  
The sound of feet, of gentle babbling,  
Sleepy sound of your breath.

Laughter sounding from rosy cheeks,  
Your delight becomes mine.  
Daughter-you are home.

Dream child, dream come true,  
Travel half the world for you.  
To hold your smile in my arms again,  
I'd travel the other half for you.

Tiny fingers with surprising strength,  
Grasping for security  
In your nursery rhyme world.

As many times as I've pictured you,  
They don't compare with having you.  
As much as I can give to you,  
What you teach is so much more.  
Tiny person with enough power  
To answer dreams,  
To answer dreams.

Not of my body, but part of my heart,  
Oh, child, how I've dreamt of you.  
May you never know the ache I felt,  
As I longed for you.

Now that you have answered all my prayers,  
Let me answer some of yours,  
As a mommy should.

What you can't understand right now,  
I will sing for you.  
When you know,  
And are ready to learn,  
I will sing with you.

## DRIVE

I drive and I drive through the colors of the setting  
sun.  
This distance has gone on too long.  
I know where I'll be at the end of the day,  
Even though it's not where I planned.  
When does anything go as planned?

I wish you were here, sitting beside me,  
Keeping me company all through this ride.  
Talking of love, talking of some things we both know  
a little of.

I sit and I sit through the hours of the passing day.  
This disease has gone on too long.  
I'll sit till I learn how to be  
Comfortable in the company,  
Company of only me.

And so I remain, sitting in silence,  
Listening to what my soul has to say.  
I don't want to know,  
But there are some things she knows a little more of.

## IF I KNEW

It's only when words finally tumble from your cold  
narrow lips  
That your pain reaches my ears, and my heart  
knows its match.

You have kept everything from me for, oh, so very  
long.  
Now, we're both hurt, and it didn't have to be that  
way.

If I only knew,  
would I still choose  
to know the taste of your sweet lips?  
the softness of your touch?  
If I knew.

Thought I would hear you cheering for me, thought I  
could wave your flag,  
But when I turned around, you had disappeared.

I thought what I wanted was what you wanted too.  
Why the hell didn't you tell me? Maybe we just don't  
know.

If I only knew,  
would I still choose  
the distance of your pained heart,  
the thrill when you're near?  
If I knew.

And all these little things don't matter any more.  
They've already driven us apart.  
So many little things we could have done right.  
So easy to get them all wrong.

If I only knew,  
what would I choose?  
trade in every risk,  
strength that I've gained,  
for the comfort of my heart?  
If I knew.

## SECRETS OF THE BODY

I can taste the scent of your skin on my lips.  
The memory of your touch lingers on my skin.

But after you've gone, I sleep alone,  
And when morning comes, I've already forgotten  
till now.

Every secret caress lingers in my body,  
Like a hope chest, to open, to finger, to remember.

But after you're gone, I'll find another,  
And when morning comes, I'll think of you.

Yes, you've made your mark, but only because I let  
you.  
It lingers even in the light of morning.

## DANCING

Two candles left burning,  
The rest, long extinguished.  
She wanders, dancing, room to room.  
What do you do with too much life for one person?  
No one to share.  
Dancing, friends gone, they'll come back,  
And she'll be dancing.  
(Feet moving, body following,  
Breath breathing life and joy  
And sorrow.)

So, tell her goodbye  
And miss the dance of your life,  
Cuz it wouldn't be the same,  
If you were there anyway.

Hips sway and body moves  
In rhythms running rampant.  
She dances for no one but herself,  
Imagining all the while  
Freedom in those undulations.  
If they could see her now.  
Then, they'd come back,  
And she'll be dancing.  
(Every movement, celebration!  
Rhythm coursing in every vein!  
Do you dance for yourself  
The way you dance for others?)

So, tell her goodbye  
And miss the dance of your life,  
Cuz it wouldn't be the same,  
If you were there anyway.

## THE MAIDEN

Come gather, all ye maidens, come see what you'll  
become.  
Come gather, all ye wise ones, remember where  
you've been.

Once she had the chance to be like all of the others,  
To be in the middle of their reindeer games,  
Instead of timidly watching them through curtains in  
the window  
Of candy-cracked sugar with fingerprints on every  
pane.

Who was this girl that she was so different?  
Didn't she understand how to play their games?  
If she knew too much, she couldn't play.  
If she knew too well, she wouldn't want to.  
Brilliant at such a young age to fade in the useless  
pursuits of other's whims.

Hold back, little girl.  
You know you know the answer,  
But they don't want to know you know.

She packed herself away with all of her unspoken  
words  
And unused thoughts for another day,  
Hoping that her thirst to belong would dam the  
seething inside her,  
But sometimes lace ribbons and pretty masks just  
don't cover what they should.

Hold back, little girl.  
You know you know the answer,  
But they don't want to hear it from you.  
No, they don't want to know it can come from you.

Staring out the window at virgins in gilded gold  
Who play with babies, play with fire,  
Play with gods and other forgotten souls,  
So it goes,  
Feeling like she's forgotten something.