**1 – WHO THE HELL?**

I’m going to miss you till I’m dead and gone, goddamnit

And I’ll still be singing these blues in heaven or hell

I’m going to miss you till I’m nothing but a meal for maggots

And if they put me in purgatory, baby, I’ll miss you there as well

Punched by your absence, every day now has its hole

Without yours to warm it my hand’s empty and cold

Every street is stark and dirtier, forever haunted by your sins

Every river dark and murkier where my love should have been

**This is my MY BABY LEFT ME, my BABY DON’T GO and BANG BANG**

**my GOOD YEAR FOR THE ROSES and my old EARLY MORNING RAIN pain**

**my HEARTBREAK HOTEL, my BACK TO BLACK, my ACHY BREAKY HEART**

**my oh so far, so far beyond LOVE WILL TEAR US APART**

All the spaces you once lit up have gone black with blues so big

Colors have all been drained from life, like blood from a stuck pig

**LOVING YOU FOR TOO LONG**, don’t know how to live **SINCE YOU’VE BEEN GONE**

Don’t know nothing better than to sit here writing another stupid song

**This is my IT MAKES NO DIFFERENCE, MAPS and NOTHING COMPARES 2 U**

**my I WANT YOU BACK, I FALL TO PIECES, and SAN FRANCISCO BAY BLUES**

**my ONE MORE CHANCE, my ONE LAST DANCE, and ANOTHER PIECE OF MY HEART**

**my oh so far, so far beyond LOVE WILL TEAR US APART**

And who the hell do you think I think of when it starts to snow?

Who the hell do you think I think of when I drive into Idaho?

Who the hell do you think I think of when I buy cherries in June?

Who the hell do you think I think of when I look up at the moon?

**This is my TOMORROW IS A LONG TIME, TRACKS OF MY TEARS, my SO LONESOME I COULD CRY**

**This is me trying to write a song, baby, when ALL I REALLY WANT TO DO is die**

**This is my PLEASE DO NOT GO, GOOD MORNING HEARTACHE, SMOKE GETS IN YOUR EYES**

**My BREAKING UP IS HARD TO DO, CAN’T GET USED TO LOSING YOU NO MATTER HOW I TRY**

**my MY WORLD IS EMPTY WITHOUT YOU, my NE ME QUITTE PAS and COLD COLD HEART**

**my oh so fucking far beyond LOVE, LOVE WILL TEAR US APART**

**2 – SO BAD**

(after *The Mating Mind* by Geoffrey Miller)

Like the peacock’s tail, this song is nothing but a lure

To make you want (to be with) me... *so bad*

Like that bird’s swath of eyes, it’s the best I could devise

It’s the money, the cool car and the house I’ve never had

I’m not doing it for the fame or to get on TV

This song’s only aim is to draw you closer to me

It’s an arrow I’m shooting here to touch you under the skin

A dream I’m mooting, dear, to make you believe in

And make you see how good we could be

I only sing this song to make you want to be with me... so bad

Yes, this song is my eruption of colorful plumes

My means of attraction, my courtship display

A proof of amorous fitness, the honey in my tunes

is all ardent sweetness to get you under my sway

This is my sage-grouse’s pumped up chest and strut

and the bower I’m building for you as a psychedelic hut

My pheasant’s harlequin hues and robin’s tuneful splendor

My hummingbird’s prism chartreuse, my bull elk bugle in November

To touch your heart and trouble your gut

I only sing this song to make you see what

a wonderful world you and I would be

I only sing this song to make you want to be with me... *so bad*

Modigliani didn’t need a Corvette to conquer all those creatures

Gauguin didn’t need money to mate and mate ad nauseam

Rivera had his murals to blind women to his porcine features

And while some say Picasso’s stare got the girls to succumb...

I say it was his painting-a-day that let that cad have his way

A painting-a-day made the girls want to stay

Me, I don’t have the paintings and hardly have the looks

and who knows if you’ll ever bother to read one of my books

But I know a song is bait and the right tune a killer hook

So I came up with this ditty, darling, to get you all shook... up

It won’t hunt or forage for food or shoot down enemy drones

but I’m counting on this song to take me to your intimate zones

To dazzle your mating mind and rattle your mating bones

I’m going after your mating ear with these dulcet tones

The only way I know to stir your hormones

And make your river flow, flow to my sea

I only sing this song to make you want to be with me

I only sing this song to make you want me... *so bad*

**3 – YOUR BABY BLACKS, BABY**

Black Catalan eyes, black barely open Catalan eyes

Black barely open Catalan eyes like swallows feinting and dashing

Dive-bombing my brittle bones

Black Catalan eyes, black barely open Catalan eyes

Black barely open Catalan eyes like Zeros banking and crashing

In flames in my frangible zones

Black Catalan eye torpedos, raven beauties aglow

They’re dastardly deeds, those Stygian beads

depth charges blowing holes, undoing all I know

Shock waves of ebony overflow, seismic sardanas on a roll

Below-the-belt whacks, your baby blacks, baby...

Those ocular bells, oh they do toll, from the Pyrenees to the Ebro

Black Catalan eyes ajar, portals to dark waters

Windows all but open, doors all but shut

On the sun inside there burning, in the brightest of God’s daughters

As I stand outside there yearning to crack her nut

There’s splendor in her grass and wonder in her hills

and in her unstrung arms, a sassy siren’s song trills

I watched her and I listened, saw how her words glistened

Each one by her tongue christened in sexual water rills

Each one a mean machine that kills

Black Catalan eyes, black barely open Catalan eyes

Black barely open Catalan eyes like swallows darting and dashing

Dancing over the thunder

Black Catalan eyes, black barely open Catalan eyes

Black barely open Catalan eyes like Zeros barking and crashing

And tearing me asunder

With every shrine to ‘39 like the walls of Jericho

Tumbling down to cleanse the land of Jose Antonio

Pissing on the grave of the Generalissimo

You came to see the blood in the streets for Pablo

In Federico’s tracks, your baby blacks, baby...

Sing a Cante jondo

Kicking off her shoes she issues from the haze

Her inky eyes open just enough to charge my wires

With a mouth like a mortar firing curses ablaze

She’ll have from me all her heart requires

I’m praying for those Catalan eyes to give me a sign

Begging for those Catalan legs to walk my way

Dreaming of a time those Catalan lands will be mine

And the day those Catalan hands make me their clay

The day those baby blacks make me their prey

**4 – NEVER BOUGHT A BOTTLE OF WATER**

I’m ashamed to say I shot a bird as a kid, just to see if I could

and they had me believing God outdid any Zorro, Cochise or Robin Hood

I even tried to like the Beach Boys, to fit in in our neighborhood

But I hated The Smiths from the outset, so you know my ears were pretty good

Never did much for my goddaughter, and rarely see my niece

But I never bought a bottle of water... except maybe once in Greece

I never ever paid for sex, but confess I bought a Playboy way back when

for the interview with Marlon Brando – that’s what I told myself then

Alone and forsaken at twenty-one, a hick in New York oh so low-income

In no way missed by any beloved one, as unkissed as a dutiful nun

Rarely cutting my hair, I looked a lot less than fantastic

But I never paid for water there, not in glass or in plastic

When punk came around, I thought I was above it and got to the party late

Saving the world or caught up in survival, I almost sidestepped my fate

But it soon had me tearing up Bibles, the enemy better to bait

And brushing my teeth with vodka, the longing better to sate

Called my second combo Passion Fodder, was a wannabe poet desperado

But I never ever bought a bottle of water... except maybe once in Morocco

I avoid red meat but eat piles of chicken and much too much ice cream

And can’t stop believing that socialism will still reclaim the American dream

And a Republican creep – pardon my pleonasm – owning my favorite team

can’t stop me whenever the Cubs win, from having for joy to scream

Oh, I’ve killed and eaten tons of trout, abused and released so many more

And I once bought heroin for an old friend visiting (she wanted to explore

‘Twas thus that I did aid an evil trade (and that girl threw up on the floor)

But I’ve never bought a bottle of water on a street, in a bar, or a store

Well, not in France, where the tap water’s fine and the wine ever unbeaten

And I didn’t need Assange to toe the Trump line, to know he was always a cretin

So despite all there is to blame in this litany of mistakes

I claim all the same to deserve a few breaks

I’m not asking for a medal or expecting a plaque

Just that you kindly cut me, cut me some slack

For I’ve spared the world my spawn, will leave it no offspring

to amplify my carbon contribution to the terracidal silent spring

And except for one time in Tangier when there wasn’t any beer

I have never bought a bottle of water, no, never let my resolve falter...

Except that once on the Strait of Gibraltar

**5 – IN A SAUNA YOU SWEAT**

Blood is red

Snow is white

Water is wet

And truth is light

Elvis is dead

Day follows night

In a sauna you sweat

Fraught with trauma you might

Truth is or it isn’t and can hardly be plural

The point is to find it brooking no demurral

To cut through the sh\*t and corner the conclusive

Let truth be our holy writ, no matter how elusive

Calling up Orwell to draw the line on fiction

On fantasy, fables, and wormy superstition

On pie in the sky and pious illusions

Oh Lord, give us science and cogent conclusions

Some roses are red

Some violets are blue

Some friends call me Ted

And one calls me Minou

The ice caps are melting and sea levels rising

And Trump gets way too much free advertising

Jerk’s a callow cretin a-cheatin’ and polarizing

And the debasement of his base is mesmerizing

Here’s me getting up on my high horse

There’s you lost in a drawn-out divorce

From fact-based reality as you’re disagreeing

With what your eyes tell you they are now seeing

With what your ears say has been said

And what your brain would know if it weren’t dead

Some states are red

Others true blue

But now our daily bread

Is spread with lies in orange hue

There were not “fine people on both sides” in Charlottesville

And if he ever gets his dumbass wall, Mexico won’t pay the bill

A Pinocchio of the people and a dumbass Putin puppet

He misleads like he breathes and his dumbass faithful love it

**6 – BURY ME STANDING**

(after “Lady Lazuras” by Sylvia Plath – with thanks to Gwenaëlle Aubry)

Now I’ve gone and done it once again

In a trio of decades, this one’s my number three

It’s a song I sing a year out of every ten

And the peanut-munching crowd shoves in to see

Yes, gentlemen and ladies

Step up for the big striptease

Farewell flesh, hello Hades

Take my hand, take me please

The first time it happened I was ten

The second time I meant, meant not to come back at all

Oh, that artful event was no accident

Rocked shut in a seashell, you know I still heard the call

But with the third time a charm, I bought the farm

And now they have me pushing daisies

Though ever lyrical, this two-time miracle

Is done rising like a Lazarus lady

Out of the ash I once rose with red hair

A smiling woman, oh, I ate men like air

And like the cat, I had nine times to die

But by the tenth, you know my end was nigh

Now the food the grave cave ate

will be at home on me

And the brood left to brave their fate

will surely hate my memory

Yes, gentlemen and ladies

If you have my disease

Don’t go making babies

Get a dog or adopt some trees

And do bury me standing

I lived too long on my knees

Farewell flesh, hello Hades

Take my hand, take me please

**7 – SCRATCHING THE SCRUFF**

Like an animal you sing, a sweet lupine thing

I want to tickle your borzoi neck

Or let’s say *flatter*, in both senses of the French word

To compliment or to pet

Honor it on the one hand, caress with the other

That’s how I’d approach your golden throat

Praising the pipes hijacking my nights

And scratching the scruff I’m dying to stroke

Oh, sinnerman’s sister, nurse practitioner

Of Frenchtown moans and Acadian sighs!

From the smoky waves rolling over your listener

Blades of bitter beauty rise to tear up the skies

Primeval mating calls, rattling all your walls

The price you pay, singer, for all your gift defies

Relieving me of reason, you clinched my adhesion

With the feathers in your hair and the diamonds in your eyes

With a soft sweet *wow* diphthonging about my spirit

I stumbled out of your lands heading home in a cloud

Your song beating deep where I could still hear it

Troubling all my waters with that howl unbowed

Oh, Maggie Belle, I fell, went down for your animal heat

Your vulpine grooves, feline moves and carnal canine highs

Oh, equine dame I’ll never tame, oh, baby blessed by the beat

I’ll eat your blues and be the muse to catalyze your cries

Oh, sinnerman’s sister, nurse practitioner

Of Frenchtown moans and Acadian sighs!

From the smoky waves rolling over your listener

Blades of bitter beauty rise to tear up the skies

Where the angels lust for your lows and covet those ungodly highs

They all want to work on Maggie’s farm and your fields fertilize

But me, in your meadows I will lie and cradle your countrysides

Wrapped in the strains of your feral charm and the life you vocalize

**5 – RAINING EMBERS**

It’s China out here in the wilds of the West where the air is bleeding smoke

The sky on high is all Shanghai, and the chipmunks have given up hope

The half-wit hicks of these burning sticks are all whining while they choke

A-blaming the Evergreen deep state, Soros, the Jews and the Pope

Let their whitewashed brains go dark before it rains

So come November, they won’t remember… won’t remember to vote

I know it’s mean, but I’ve seen what I’ve seen and how the country now goes

Reduced to a hash of MAGA mash, they’re nothing but food for trolls

Waving stars and bars and swilling the rot the collaborator-in-chief tweets from the pot

They’re making America crap again, rolling any way their Duce rolls

With smoke replacing air, and their brains beyond repair

Let the inferno engulf them whole and keep them away… away from the polls

With CO2 up and IQ down, they’re blessing President Pussy-grabber

Forgive them, Lord, for they know not what they do with their oxygen-depleted gray matter

And chic-fil-A, cheez-its, Fox News and corn chips making them fatter and madder

Now they’re sitting ducks lolling in the muck of a con man’s lies and blather

Nothing supreme about the white supremacy

Now making America dumb again... dumb, dumber and sadder

With the forests aflame raining red state embers

don’t know if we’ll even make it to November’s

election to save our poor battered land

from a piece-of-shit traitor and his quisling band, but...

I sort of don’t care... because Lucy Lucy...

Lucy Lucy Lucy... might want to kiss me

And that’s how I dare... to just stop thinking

And forget about the fact that our ship is sinking

The fires are getting closer I can smell elk a-roasting

An apocalypse cookout, mother earth’s final solution

It’s sad for the trees and the squirrels and the bees

But we’ve been asking for it forever, nature’s retribution

We’re too damn many here and God, do we stink!

Reaping what we’ve sown, we’re cashing in our chips

But after looking for love for as long as I could think

All I care about now is reaching Lucy’s lips...

With the wall of flame approaching, and the smoke all a-swirl

I’m jumping into the Yakima to go with that flow

A-praying that that river will get me to that girl

Get me to Lucy Lucy, far from this inferno

Oh God, let me live, let me have that Lucy kiss

Never had nothing I asked You for, so Lord just give me this

Don’t care about no fires, don’t care about no air

as long as I can just get to where...

Lucy Lucy is a-waiting, ain’t no time to be hesitating...

For Lucy Lucy Lucy, Lord... might want to kiss me

**9 – 1963**

(after *American Tabloid* by James Ellroy – with thanks to Nicolas Bigards)

“That chick is twisted,” yeah, I know what they’re saying

But when she’s done with you, you’ll be a hound dog braying

For a full body punch from your twisted honeybunch

You’ll be on your knees saying please and praying

For the good Lord, yeah, to make me never stop

With my guns trained on you, you’ll be begging to be shot

I’ll twist you into a knot and tie you up in a ball

And when you see all I got, you’ll be mine, baby baby... and that’s all

Oh you old son of a bitch, she’ll make you twist and shout

She’ll strip all your gears and blow your tires out

She’ll twist the strings of your heart around her little fingers

And tear your soul apart with her sex song zingers

Yeah I know you’re hard and you got shoulders like mountains

But I got songs that flow like gossamer fountains

And once you’re caught in my web and twisting in my bed

Oh God, baby baby, you’ll wanna twist again... until you’re dead

I’ll twist you so high you will think you’re flying

I’ll twist you so hard you will think your dying

I’ll twist you in my flesh and the love in my fist

Oh God, baby baby, when we’re dancing my twist

Yeah I know you’re hard and you got shoulders like mountains

But I got songs that flow like gossamer fountains

And once you’re caught in my web and twisting in my bed

Oh God, baby baby, you’ll wanna twist and twist again... until you’re dead

**10 – WEAK IN THE KNEES**

(for Pierre Guillaume and the Maison de l’Architecture de Franche-Comté)

Weak in the knees, you make me / That’s fine, I don’t need to walk

As long as I can have you, baby / I can still roll, Lord, and I can rock

Breathless, speechless, you make me / That’s no crime, I don’t need to talk

As long as I can have you, baby / I can sign or mime any damn thought

Don’t need no words, don’t need no voice

Got hands and a tongue to spell out my choice

And I choose you, darling, won’t you choose me? / Won’t you be mine, be my baby?

There’s no thing on earth I wouldn’t do / if doing that thing meant I could have you

There’s nowhere in the world I wouldn’t go

if I could get you to reap what I’m dying to sow...

You were the hardest row I ever had to hoe

And I weeded and watered you to make love grow

*Very pretty, yes, pretty and poetic...*

She was my favorite Martian / with a silver scent that lingers and golden legs

She was a rhapsody in blue / with voodoo in her fingers and kiwis in her gaze

Pale green peepers like wet reflections / of all I’ve ever been looking for

An A minor chord with amber inflections / and all I ever wanted evermore

All poems and paintings and the first buds of spring

*Hel-lo, I hear you, I’m here and listening...*

All having and holding till death did its thing

*Hold on there, boy, of what death do you sing?*

>

She did a 180, yeah, slammed it into reverse... *Nooo!*

Broke the law of our love, ran it over with a curse... *Come on!*

Tossed our life and lust into the back of a hearse... *N’importe quoi!*

And drove off into the dust of our unfinished verse...

*Hearse schmurse! Give me a break, that’s a lie!*

You just upped and killed us, and I don’t know why

*Man, you can’t go off the deep end and expect to stay dry*

But... I was your boyfriend, you said I was your guy

*You paid no attention, you made me have to pry*

*your cold hands from my throat, your cold feet from my high*

*Grounded gander, flightless fowl, you were afraid to fly*

*Below or above the clouds, you were scared of the sky*

*I was reaching for the stars and you were happy behind bars*

*When all you want is little things, yeah, you might as well die*

When you’re so close you can taste it and hold it inside

You cherish and embrace it, you don’t just let it all slide!

We were on our way to Eden making bodies collide

When you just let love go and sat back while I died

*Nobody died, baby boy, so stop your crying*

*I tried all I could till I was sick to death of trying*

What you did, pretty thing, was you went in for the kill

*Kill schmill, you ding-a-ling, I’d just simply had my fill*

We were right, we were light, we were day against the night

*No, we were wrong, a bad song with a refrain way too long*

***Oh it gets so cold, so cold down here, you have to at least try***

***If you can’t reach the heavens, you got to at least go for the sky***

***But the boy paid no attention and made the girl have to pry***

***his* *cold hands from her throat, his cold feet from her high***

***If you don’t want to die alone, boy, go where you’ve never been***

***You have to dive in deep, baby, to get under her skin***

***You gotta fight for life, man, if you want a lion for a wife***

***You gotta stand up to God and applaud her every sin***