

# Jim Carroll, Work, Not Play

The bell rings . . .  
It's a decade past my decadence  
My beast wears rings and he's waiting  
In the shadows of my hesitations, my silent  
Hesitations . . . Each image is so clear;  
It seems I have no hands  
The gestures of the air confuse all my demands

And the beast hears the bell; he comes  
Out of the shadows. He rips apart the shadows . . .  
And he says:

"This is work and not play"  
And he says:  
"There's always more than one way . . .  
This is work not play"

Refrain:  
I see the ghosts of my childhood . . .  
Dressed in blue, they trail me in the night  
They drive these cars with real upholstery  
They trail me until . . . here comes the night

She was standing, standing on the balcony  
Her black, black eyes folded over her eyelids  
Like sheets on motel beds . . .  
She must be eatin' reds  
This place is filled with mirrors  
It echoes what she said  
And she said:

"I need a judgement day" And she said:  
"I know there's more than one way,  
But I want my judgement day . . ."

Repeat Refrain

To sleep without dreams  
So distant from the mirror  
Imitating clarity, disguising  
All the terror . . . I heard a thousand bells  
From a thousand old cathedrals  
They rang . . . I haven't heard them since  
A decade past my decadence  
The beast hears the bell

I'm cursed to be a singer  
A singer of the flames  
A thinker of a fire  
And a son without a name