

Rheostatics, Mumbletypeg

Dave Bidini

I was like you - a dot, a figure or a point on a star.
I could be king, a knight, a fraggle or a Johnny Guitar.
Cast in the mirrored light, ten stories high,
the serpent lays below the light.
Don't look down.

I had a Mom, a Dad, a sister in the back of the car.
Frightened by every living creature
'till she cut through the dark.
Saw her reflection in the screaming ice,
fell in love not even twice -
or three times.

Love struck quick. Was like a razor's flick.
Hand to eyes to mouth.
The Angels cried when they sent you south,
but you will - you will - you will be happy
in spite of the shit and the pain of it.
A little dream of flags on an inky ship.
You will ride five colored horses.
Open sesame. Open your lips.
Oh, I will...

Everything big - so full of nothing
that I just didn't need.
Licking you like
an all day sucker game of Mumbletypeg.
You are the little thing that I understand
like playing in this Rock and Roll band.
We roll along

Something grew between the black and blue.
Heart to fill a house.
A love so true, now there is no doubt that you will,
you will - you will be happy.
In spite of the shit and the pain of IT.
A little dream of flags on an inky ship,
in a land of mock believe.
Open sesame, steady your knees.
Oh, I will...

Your love is a flower I pluck from your hair.
We park by the water; our bodies laid bare.
The right of the wrong. The sound of the song.
You will - you will be happy.
Despite of the shit and the pain of IT
A little dream of flags on an inky ship,
But you will ride five colored horses
Open sesame. Steady your knees.
Oh, I will...