

Wishing Chair, Meditation 23

I was writing in my diary
And the X-File rerun was on TV
And the Taylor boys with their dinosaurs
They were capturing the halls
In the apartment that is next to mine
Mr. Nolan he is right on time
With a carton of Luckys,
A bottle of wine
And a new toy for his dog

Miracles happen everyday
Blacks and whites and shades of gray
It doesn't matter to who you pray
Somebody's listening

Well Sarah's drinking her first beer
To a shoplifted copy of Everclear
Wishing she could disappear
Or at least pierce her nose
And I'm wonderin' if you noticed it
That there are straight people on the cover of the Advocate
Well maybe they're gay and don't know it yet
But you think that they would know

Miracles happen everyday
Blacks and whites and shades of gray
It doesn't matter what you say
Somebody's listening

So you and I are on the roof
With a guitar, some blankets, and something 90 proof
Trying to recapture our reckless youth
Or at least just see the stars
And you took the chance to tell me then
That I would always be your friend
I just kissed you on the hand and said
Part of me is who you are

Miracles happen everyday
Blacks and whites and shades of gray
I'm thinking it'll be okay if
Somebody's listening

"Is that it?
That can't be it!
yiyiyiyiyi..."

Run, Toto, Run!

This has been a test of the Wishing Chair Broadcast System
You're either on the bus, or off the bus"