

Selected Lyrics

Kyle Orten

Comparing Her

She is almost like a breeze
if she weren't so ill-at-ease
but there's a comfort that she brings.
There is something in her touch
of the bristle of a brush
painting on my numbered scene.

I see her shifting in her sleep,
a gentle rising from the deep.
Her sorrows hard to count as hairs,
a girl eavesdropping on the stairs,
is always what she seems.

Her body like a trembling reed
in a hurricane of need,
but she still knows how to laugh.
A fragile light that sets the stage,
a steel bar inside a cage,
calculations of the aftermath.

Her voice is like a question mark
that hangs twisting in the dark.
He sorrows hard to count as hairs,
a girl eavesdropping on the stairs,
is always what she seems
to be
to me.

She is almost like the wind,
but comparisons must end there.

Given, Taken

The cold wind,
the thin coats,
the leaves that blow to God knows where.
The pale sun,
the old clocks,
old ladies that sit and stare at air.

A man begins to write a letter:
“Things haven't changed for the worse...
or for the better.”

The straw hats,
the bare fields,
a bird is landing on a broken plow.
The lived through,
the laughed to,
darker hallways to the here and now.
It's time for liquor in your coffee.
The leaves are changing and so are all
your misdeeds.

The tried on, the shrugged off,
her clothes are lying on a chair.
He's turned on, he's tossed off,
the weaker union of a pair.

There's something given in the taken.
And I know that we are all
badly shaken.

Goodbye on Time

Oh, it seems the schedule didn't lie -
the bus is right on time,
so I guess this is goodbye
and don't forget to write.

Toothpick chandeliers,
the chemistry of tears,
the vague traces disappear like a bruise.
Boxes of matchbooks and old keychains,
the pertinent remains of the hours and the days.

Fool's gold, chase it to the hills.
Mend the bag it fills, like your heart
when it is splitting at the seams.
God speed, the wind is at your back,
there is nothing that you lack.
If it ain't in your hands,
you'll find it in your dreams.

So, it seems the schedule didn't lie -
the bus is right on time,
I guess this is goodbye...
and don't forget to write.

Curtains

The borders are closing,
Swan Lake is frozen.
The minstrels are playing,
charging a dime for a dozen
The winds blow stronger
from just east of nowhere.
The ladies are chanting
to the god of discretion.
While bloody-lipped bandits
tell tales of their mission.

And I am taking my keys from my pocket.
The sky is falling and no one can stop it.
The fearless are fearing as they stand in the clearing.
Looking for roads in the maps of the heavens.

The dogs are all crying
they've missed their last supper.
The virgin prince wishes
he just once had touched her.
But the castle stands dark
like the end of the rainbow.
No one will bow -
but it's the end of the show.

Breeze from China

There's a strong breeze blowing from China
carrying a history that's yet to be torn.
There's a freight train coming out of heaven
carrying the screaming, reluctantly born.

A heavy march on the road to salvation.
A scattered war they fight in the fire.
There's a whistle on the lips of a soldier,
because a better man is likely to die.

Take us now, take us green.
Blow our cover, lower the screen.
The long dark fall that ended the dream,
we never hit ground.

A sad wide picture that tells the whole story.
Nothing is real but everything's true.
Like a memory long since forgotten,
the characters fail in all that they do.

Every tongue, every eye, every storm cloud hitting the sky,
is searching for a peace to deny
and they found it in me.

Where She is Now

She cleaned up her act like a small apartment,
putting things where they belonged.
Straightening shelves, tucking in corners,
righting whatever was wronged.
She pulled out the maps, found her a husband,
turning her back to the past.
Looked through her brain to find something that mattered,
something that really might last.

She's over the rainbow.
And she's over the hill.
She goes where the wind goes.
Sometimes, she simply stands still.

She took to her bed like rainfall in forests,
closed her eyes to the world.
All the frustrations and small complications
becoming completely absurd.

She's over the rainbow.
And she's over the hill.
She goes where the wind goes.
Sometimes she simply stands still...

Half On, Half Off

She dressed the naked truth in rags,
I must say, it didn't look half bad
dancing on her lips.
The sun and the moon turned on their heads,
rolled into our beds
and made a great eclipse.

We kept a secret from ourselves, we didn't want to delve
into something too extreme.
After all the fear we touched, our flesh was getting rough,
but love ain't always clean.

This is how Man and Woman melt when the heat of desperation swells.
There comes a time when two hearts can collide, trying to decide
just how to fill the time.

She left with a smile and a wave
and I knew I had been saved
from disaster and decay.

But I can't help but feel the itch
of the wound beneath the stitch -
ain't that just the way.

Too Real

The curtains are dancing,
while the sun, it is slanting,
the talk and the wine
are all so enchanting.
I'm trying to push outward,
it's shifting me backward,
I'm stating my case stammering
like a dullard.

The streets have all emptied
of their second-rate soldiers
who carry the weapons
to make enemies older.
The roofs of the buildings
slowly ascending
to cloud-filled perfection
of innocent wandering.

This dream is getting to real.
My eyes are wide open and I feel
that this dream is getting too real.

Finally make good and do what I should,
burning passion in a heart made of wood.
The clock rings its bell,
night and day start to melt,
the divisions and borders,
I really can't tell.

This dream is getting too real.
My eyes are wide open and I feel
that this dream is getting too real.

Find a Way

Stepping over ticket stubs in the gutter by the curb,
you broke me with your honesty without saying a word.
You can finally get a glimpse of it, when you close your eyes.
Stars are falling endlessly from sentimental skies.

The story started once-upon-a-time.
It ended with a princess lost in the forest of her mind.
Find a way to find a way to lie,
or be condemned by a society where sincerity's a crime.

Strolling by the graveyard where tombstones are hung like doors,
guarding sacred passageways to what lies in store.
Restlessly the spirit stirs inside a cage of bone,
Dreaming of the wandering that will someday take it home.

The bed is made you may as well lay down -
one last fragile spectacle for the grieving to surround.
Find a way to find a way to laugh,
and walk carelessly on open roads that lead you through the past.

Find a way to find a way to die,
that doesn't find you looking back
on how you spent your time.

Blood on the Door

There are tears in the sink,
blood on the door,
land mines in the garden,
one way or another I'm going to even the score.

You wounded me in love, clung to me in hatred,
no one ever said you wasted any time...
but mine.

You said "Let's get out of here,
I want to feel the wind."
You took me on the grand tour to hell and back again.
But I'm back again, clenching my fist,
split right up the middle, and crumbling into bits.

You clung to me in hatred, never wasted any time.
There's blood on the door, I bet you thought that it was mine.

I'm burying your whip, burning your abuse.
As for your circumstances, I couldn't put them to any use.

But don't suspect any crime.
There's blood on the door, I bet you're thinking it is mine.

Where is your master now?
Where are your slaves?
Where are your Indians or were the braves afraid?
Of your warrior cry? The scalps in your field?
The buffalo have trampled everything you used to feel.

Water Falls

Goddamn, look at the water
rolling off the side of the bell.
It's been raining forever,
tell the bucket, warn the well.

I see the shadow of the devil
creeping to the edge of the porch.
Somebody lift a prayer to Jesus,
somebody get me a torch.

Goddamn, look at the river
coming up into the road.
The radio is sick but surviving,
I hope this burden will float.
Oh Lord, I hope this burden will float.

When Charles Drives

Charles sits on porches,
his body sloping forward,
watching wasted lives go by
measured by wristwatches.

Charles is a dreamer,
but his dreams hold no excitement.
Windows open and windows close,
that's the depth of their involvement.

Charles gazes downward
to unbending breezes.
Gray streets speak in a neutral voice
and lead to a place that's just like this.

Charles when he drives,
goes out on the highway;
to rearrange his destiny,
he drives too fast for safety.

Speed and steel conspire
to build another border
defended by men who die
having nothing to protect.

The wind against the window
is like a holy whisper.
The engine screams that motion means
the future can be met.

It never really matters
how the spirit shatters.
Eternity is the enemy
to the body and the ride.

No, Tom

No, Tom, no ride this river.
I can tell you've been staring
at its water all your life.
It winds down into the heart of the city,
there where you'll find not a shred of pity
for your fear.
Put down that bottle
and your daddy's suitcase.
Turn your head around and find a way
to face all your pain.
What is the dream that you keep on chasing?
Promises have a way of breaking
on their own.