

Evidence Of Living

David Keenan

A little boy sits on a doorstep, lifting his hands for to dampen the sound
Of a bitch who's informing the neighbours of intimate acts with some waif she had found
Where the chimneys of steam emanate from the gutter in a dive bar where the hungry all stew
It is here that the brilliant blasphemers are sitting and cursing us under the moon

Ah with every name under the sun, as the young ones are banging their drums

Is there any evidence of living left in this town?
Would I find any evidence of living amongst you saddening crowds?
Is there any evidence of living within them? Within us?
Would I find any evidence of living left in this town?

The dishwasher had spoke of the new testament, so I picked up a German edition
Though I could read nor decipher one single cold word, I was joined by the strange apparition
He'd a face like an old painter's radio, disgrace was his family name
We played cards, I was happy just to be there. Happily losing, happily lucid

Waiting for morning, waiting to be saved

Is there any evidence of living left in this town?
Would I find any evidence of living amongst you saddening crowds?
Is there any evidence of living within them? Within us?
Would I find any evidence of living left in this town?

We gathered our traveling circus, one and for all, we must hoist up the mast
We must move now to set an example for every kid whose dreams died in 5th class
In the name of that choice, in a cracked anemic voice, that tall girl she did silence the crowd
She awoke in the spirit; "we all washed ourselves in it"
Oh, I shook, I tripped, and I moaned

Being wounded, she then brought me home
By her bedside while combing her hair
She undressed and then whispered in prayer:

Is there any evidence of living left in this town?
Would I find any evidence of living amongst you saddening crowds?
Is there any evidence of living within them? Within us?
Would I find any evidence of living left in this town?

Shall we make it to the meadow?
Is heaven just another ghetto?

The ankle ripped by a stiletto
We are the living in this town

Cois, cois eile, a haon, a dó
We are the living in this town