

Isolation Tapes

David Keenan

A strange bird came to my window last night
Powdering her nose
She recommended it was time for me to go home
Rain drops they fell the size of pool balls
I'm proud of all we are, of all we've been
And all we've yet to become still

A strange illogical light shines bright from within
Informing you of what is wrong and what is right
It spiked you with awareness
Chewing on your jumper sleeve
Maroon bruised face in a drafted doorway
Clinging onto something
Holding on to something blatantly real

Leave it all behind
The systematic thinking, the shaking and the sleepless nights
Tomorrow you'll be fine
Fourteen days in solitude
Will give you all the time that you need
To record your Isolation Tapes

The listeners reports they fire rounds a plenty
The newsreader in a John Marlboro t-shirt looks bemused
Give yourself up to the current climate
Do you want a glass of water?
Do fancy a glass of water?
I fancy a glass of wine and a heavy dose

The frost bitten mongrel dawn gives way to another play
I'm a streetsinger in a sweatbox
Rain falls the size of pool balls
How can you wake up if you've not been sleeping?
And though the facts they may be right
The mood it is certainly wrong

Leave it all behind
The systematic thinking, the shaking and the sleepless nights
Tomorrow you'll be fine
Twenty days in solitude
Will give you all the time that need
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Open up your door
Settle this old score
Let me in, give us a kiss