

First Release

Karate

I knew a love that could scare all the wings off the doves,
Outside my window as they'd stretch out their lungs.
From rooftop to rooftop it would come with new weather
As the blank dormers stared at each other,

Or into thick Autumn air.
Was that Allston in late 89, or some other place,
Some other time?
Anyway, it doesn't change what I'm trying to say.

It's just that something seems to be missing these days:
Come's still around but the band doesn't play.
Gone is gone from Diskovery piles.
Chinatown seems like 3 more miles,

And I can hardly discern between styles or
Kids' twisted looks, and genuine smiles.
When I'm alone, I want to feel like one kid getting stoned,
Only to keep things a little more clear,

Just to be able to hold on to a simple idea.
And when I'm with you,
I want to notice everything as we do,
To catch every bit bit of blur, squint,

Chill, and red, from sand dunes, San Soliel, and sunsets.
You know that all was both heaven and Hell for me.
Smashed more than one glass gesture of jealousy.
Remember, three to two rooms, girlfriends made it more,

And you always left my singles on the bedroom floor.
Now I've got some friends.
They've been hanging around since God knows when.
They still like to tell me each and every time

I mouth off or get out of line.
But these days I know to watch what I say,
Although I still do things my own way.
I still spin the same sounds for these unsatisfied ears,

Because there's always something new to hear.
You know that all was both Heaven and Hell for me.
Smashed more than one glass gesture of jealousy.
Remember, three to two rooms, girlfriends made it more,

And you always left my singles on the bedroom floor.
I should not have left that shit go for so cheap.
I wish I still had that first release.
I was just trying to pay my rent,

To keep on my feet.
I guess there are some things I should keep from back then,
And some things I could leave.