

Cloudless Innocence

Sun Kil Moon

My dad turned 87 yesterday
His sister would have turned 83 on Monday
I gave him a call, gave him my condolences
And told him Happy Birthday
And I could hear it in his voice that he had the blues
Damn if I was the only one left standing of nine siblings
I'd have the blues too

But we talked awhile and as always through his blues
I could hear his positive spirit
Don't know how he manages to shine so bright
But he made it to 87 so he must be doin' something right
I talked to cousin yesterday from about one to two
We talked about the old days and of course we talked about
Her mom passing away too
We talked about the new days and how far we've come
From bein' little kids playing out Navarre on a lawn

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Oh my god what a year's it's been
I lost three friends and one of those friends was a relative
To a bug that I was skeptical of back in March
But when you lose loved ones to that bug
You know it ain't no farce

Then I spent all day in bed tryin' to decompress
To give the high-pitched tinnitus ringin' in my ears a rest
And to not look at a computer glowin'
Or a phone all day
And to bask in the digital-less-ness

I read three chapters of John Connolly's The Dirty South
Takes place in small town Arkansas
Black women are bein' found dead and Charlie Parker's at the local jail
Tryin' to figure it out

And Thanksgiving is approaching
On the cement sidewalks small traces of fallen leaves are encroaching
And it gives me comfort to know I'll be spending Thanksgiving with you
And your family in Telegraph Hill
I'll be around for the holidays this year just like Jimmy Stewart

Last Thanksgiving we spent together was years ago Reykjavík
It was so cold and dark in the hotel we stayed and never left
Looking back that time was like a dream
I was playing to a full house, playin' my guitar and singing

I miss my mom and my dad but word has it, it ain't time to travel
Numbers spiking in Ohio, best to stick around San Francisco
We can get on the phone and we can laugh and cry
We laugh about Panera Bread adventures
And cry about Aunt Mimi who less than a week ago died

I got a flu shot today and had a nice talk with a bank teller
About her year and how it's turned out for her family and her
And we talked about gratitude
She said "Mark, for things being so grim you seem to have a good attitude"

I said "You never heard that song PMA by the Bad Brains?"
She said "Who, what are the Bad Brains?"
I said "Ah they were a punk band with a song called PMA it means
Positive Mental Attitude. There's a documentary on them. It's called"
Then she interrupted me said "Have a nice day Mark."

I'm grateful to my friends who've gotten
On the phone with me and talked to me
And to those of them who took the time out to tell me that they love me

We all agree it's been a bad year but I've gotten to know
Some people better this year than I have in the last 20 years or so
People start opening up when the world is full of chaos and fear
Us songbirds are scared because we don't fall under what constitutes necessity
WWE will be back in full swing before live music and that's a pity

And yeah somehow I got gratitude
For my health, for the roof over my head, and you
And my mom and dad are still livin'
And I got music, so therapeutic and soul nurturing
And each day I can hear my higher powers

Foghorns blowing, birds chirping
Kids playing, the wind blowin' the tree
With pink flowers

I look outside and see other higher powers
My succulents thriving
The wet parking lot from last nights' rain showers
The seagulls flyin' from my fire escape toward the Wharf
The blue sky that fades into creamy blue/gold as the sun sets

I feel like a speck of dust in light of all of it
I feel invisible and at peace and I embrace
All the small things
The soggy wet leaves contrasting
The cold crispy Northern California breeze

And I remember bein' a kid and the first songs I ever sung
"Comes a Time" and "Sugar Mountain" by Neil Young
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