

# Soap for Joyful Hands

Sun Kil Moon

Walked back to the hotel last night, tired as hell with my band  
Madrid was canceled, yes, [?] with [?]  
Allegedly copied in staging  
They couldn't fix the calibration on the PA system  
And the snare drum was missing and the amplifier was blowing  
The feedback wouldn't stop hissing  
They talked in Spanish, I gave them two chances to fix the thing  
But they scratched their heads, and among themselves  
They kept whispering and whispering and whispering  
I asked a band member who understands Spanish, "What are they saying?"  
He shook his head and said, "Don't think this show is happening"

Got into my hotel room and I called Caroline, back in the States  
She was cooking a turkey with parents in southern California, it was Thanksgiving Day  
Though I was tired, I spent some time blow drying my socks  
And I washed in the sink a few V-neck T-shirts and a pair of pants  
Some hotel hand soap, the wrapper said "Soap for Joyful Hands"  
Then I laid down, I laid down under the three sheets of my Spanish bed  
Jerked off to the thought of one of the twin sisters  
Who were outside the venue one night  
Say that again, so I can get it just right  
Then I laid down, I laid down under the three sheets of my Spanish bed  
Jerked off to the thought of one of the twin sisters  
Who were outside the venue one night  
It would have been great to slay the crowd, to throw down on stage  
It could not be done with that old dusty outdated PA  
Down for performance art and showbiz plays and stand-up comedians and magicians  
It was not down in it for dynamic rock bands who play a few decibels above medium

Before I went to sleep, I called all the guys in my band  
About the lobby call in the morning and the basic layout of tomorrow's plans  
What time do we leave for the airport? When will the plane land?  
My socks were hanging to dry on the doorknobs and the curtain racks  
Whatever was around, even on the bedside [?]  
Washed with [?] and soap for joyful hands

Seat 9C, Iberia Air, Porto to Heathrow via Madrid  
Last night, we played a town called Espinho outside of Porto  
Our hotel was on the beach and the air smelled so, so wonderfully tide pool-y  
I went for a walk and went around and around some [?] the ocean  
The rocks started getting slippery  
When I got to the edge, I was about to take a photo with my disposable camera  
When a sleeper wave came out of nowhere and I got hammered  
I walked back to the hotel, drenched with ocean and tide pool in my mouth  
Getting drenched by that water out of nowhere, for me, that's what's life's all about  
Not even local routine stuff, the day-to-day-to-day  
I find poetry in the day-to-day  
I find poetry in the endless, pointless, most boring, and uneventful days  
It's the curveballs in life that hit us out of nowhere that make us say  
"Fuck, thank god I'm alive today!"  
Thank god I'm alive to taste the Atlantic Ocean today!

Thank god I'm alive to smell the fish soup and boiled shrimp in Portugal today!"

That wave woke me up and made me realize what a gift I've been given in this life

I've got friends who didn't get to my age because they committed suicide

I've got friends who didn't get this far because they had heart attacks

Or blood clots and fell off the couch and died

I've got friends who didn't get this far because from aneurysms, they died

I've got friends who didn't make it to my age because of cancer, they died

A sleeper wave woke me up and made me realize

What a beautiful gift I've been given in this life

To travel to places around the world

One day I'll wake up in Stockholm snow

And one day I'll wake up to the sunshine in Portugal

Came back to my still-wet clothes

Washed with soap for joyful hands and Spanish water

And hung them to dry on the balcony of the hotel with shirt hangers

I went to play the show in Espinho and we sang "I Love Portugal", "I Love Portugal"

I told them the story of the first time playing in the 90's with the Red House Painters

When we replaced Soul Coughing last minute at a festival

And how we got whistled at and pelted by garbage thrown at us by the fans

And how it made me smile like Satan, how I met two guys named Vasco and Miguel

Who became my very good friends

After the show last night in Espinho I met a woman who asked

"Besides music, what are your other passions?"

I said, "I'm 50, baby, I find laying on the couch very relaxing"

And I also enjoy reading books with my new reading glasses

And I also enjoy being 50, and unlike my uncle, I don't have pancreatic cancer

And I enjoy waking up after being anesthetized

After my colonoscopy and being told I don't have colon cancer

You want to know what my other passions are

Besides living my fucking dream of playing music?

Those are my fucking answers"

She said, "I just mean other passions, you know, things besides playing music, dude"

I said, "If I put any effort into other passions

I'd not be here in Portugal standing here, talking to you"

I said, "Do you get what I'm saying?"

If I had any other passions like dairy farming or finding animals from the zoo

I would not be standing here right now in Espinho, Portugal talking to you"

She said, "I'm not sure if you know what I mean

When I ask you about your other hobbies, your passions"

I said, "Look, there are three things I do

I play music and fuck and I watch boxing matches

To do what I do for a living, baby, other passions would be called distractions

Having other passions would make me one of those hobbyist musicians

Who takes twenty years to make four lousy fucking albums"

It was raining outside and I said, "Hey, I gotta go, it's been a nice conversation"

And I got in the van with my band and we went to the hotel by the ocean

And I was like, "Fuck, my socks are still wet"

The socks that I washed with the soap for joyful hands

And now they're even more drenched in Porto rain

And I was like, "God damn it, fuck, god damn it"  
Now I made my Madrid connection  
With my plastic bag of wet socks in my luggage bag  
On my way to Heathrow and when my plane lands  
Going right for the little towel room to hang my socks  
And dry and wash with soap for joyful hands  
On my way to Heathrow and when my plane lands  
Gonna pray that my socks washed with soap for joyful hands  
Are dry for my show at Shepherd's Bush tomorrow night  
Because I don't feel like going to Sheffield Mall  
Or to the Westfield Mall, right? The Westfield Mall down the street  
And shopping for socks, because god, I fucking hate that place  
I hate the Westfield Mall, it reminds me of being a kid when I was small  
And going to the mall with my mom and folks and my niece and going  
"Mom, let's go home, I'm fucking bored!"

I know you're all thinking, "What's the big deal?  
Just go to H&M and buy some new socks"  
But maybe you don't think like I do, you see, I'm sentimental about my socks  
They're Christmas gifts from my father  
And my sister and my ex-girlfriend's grandmother  
And there's a pair in Oslo, Norway I bought  
I'm very sentimental about my socks  
I wanna sleep tomorrow until 3:30 in the afternoon  
I'm fucking tired and I need some fucking sleep  
I've been to fourteen different countries in the last three weeks  
Not for the money, not for the ego trip, and not for the potential after-  
show action  
I'm here right now because this is my passion  
I'm up here right now in front of you  
Not because of the decision I made to become a musician  
This life chose me, if I wasn't doing this, what else would I be doing?  
Do I strike you as a man who would be English teaching?  
I'm on airplanes every fucking day  
Trying to get from Amsterdam to Helsinki to Espinho to [?] to Warsaw  
To Oslo to Copenhagen to Dublin to Tel Aviv to Reykjavik to Athens  
Because baby, let me tell you something, this is my one life's passion

And if that girl I met in Espinho was here, I think she'd say  
"Well, I think I've tapped into one of your other passions  
You're on some trip about socks, you're totally neurotic"  
And I'd say, "Whatever you say, look, I wrote a song about it  
I wrote a captivating song about washing socks in hotel sinks  
Who else can give you that? Steely Dan, Graham Nash, or Ed Sheeran?  
The only guy in this whole world  
Who could write a poetic song about hotel soap is Jonathan Richman  
But it wouldn't be quite like mine, because I'm a unique motherfucker  
It wouldn't be quite like mine, because I'm a unique guy from a town called  
Massillon  
Nobody can catch the poetry in washing socks and hand soap and hotels like I  
can  
Asking me, 'Mark, what are your other passions?'  
Would be like me asking Robert DeNiro  
'Hey Robert, what are your other passions besides acting?'  
He calls his assistant and asks  
'Please remove this person, he's breaking my concentration'  
Now have I made my fucking point? I hope so"

And when my plane lands, I hope my socks are dry overnight  
That I washed with soap for joyful hands  
And when my plane lands, I hope my socks are dry overnight  
That I washed with soap for joyful hands  
And when my plane lands, I hope my socks are dry for tomorrow

That I washed with soap for joyful hands  
And when my plane lands, I hope my socks will be dry for tomorrow night's show  
That I washed with my drink tap water and soap for joyful hands  
And when my plane lands, I hope my socks will be dry overnight  
For tomorrow night's show at Shepherd's Bush  
That I washed with my drink tap water and soap for joyful hands