

SHAWN PHILLIPS - CONTRIBUTION LYRICS

Man Hole Covered Wagon

In a street of many colors
Dripping rain and running water
Galli said to Mr. Troster
Have you found your seven sons
Yes I have for that conclusion
He was suffering from delusion
From an honorable institution
And he came very close to losing
And I know the one that's choosing
Any name you've been perusing
And he walked down in the gardens
Said to prosper

(Chorus)

And you take his hand when he starts crying
'Cause he's lost his band from too much flying
In his manhole covered wagon in the morning yeah

So now Fanny is resting easy
On a crocheted quilt in town
Making love to Johnny Colter
In his home outside the sound
And they're thinking of creation
With their gathering elation
So to populate the nation
With a thought to emancipation
And a silent exclamation
With its current constipation
And its dead-set against malasian
Kind of thinking

(Chorus)

Then he spoke to all his children
Said we're building up the brawl
Just you keep your fists from flying
In its holographic cause
And bring your love and guitars
While we sit and count the stars
And talk about faith among us
Without visiting any bars
Mr. Troster replies to Galli
Among the bright and heavy cars
And the truth about life among us

That it's trying very hard

(Chorus)

'L' Ballade

In the consecrated chambers of a mountain's winter day
I left her at the turning to go on her seeking way
To pass o'er meadows green and bare or brown as her auburn hair
O'er all the waters on the face of the earth to find that I really care

And the myriad reflections of myself
In her buttons on her oversize navy coat
But only reflections and never an image
In her mind's unfathomable moat
But some castles where she wanders are yet crumbling into dust
In this house of visions on top of the hill the glass has turned to rust

So never again will I look in her eyes
Nor shall she hear my voice
But I hope she will find a better man
To love him and rejoice
And he will turn the secret key
May, I know it's not up to him
But somehow in his words and love
Answer her every whim

So seek ye lass for what you wish
But in your troubled heart
And let not your mind race ahead of your breast
For the quicker shall you part
And wait for the click that you speak dear of
And ever will you run
And the light will splinter through open clouds
And you'll look straight in a face like the sun

Not Quite Nonsense

Hey Mr. Crumpet can we find another trumpet
Man to help us lead another round
Because it's early in the morning
And everybody's yawning
And we plan to do it one more time

So now cancel reservation

And conditioned elation
For this orchestra is just now getting formed
And with this banjo sitting here
And will the lady in the rear
Please be kind enough to take her lovely hat off

Mr. Grainger the arranger will be here in seconds flat
'Cause he's left his motor running on the sidewalk
But he's far away to sea
Writing notes on what should be
But he's coming back in time to lead the band
Don't you hear him a coming round

And when everyone is there
Mrs. Klotch and Mr. Pear
Little Lennie and his brethern in the front row
Then we'll all begin to sing
While the bandsmen do their thing
And we'll call a stop to all that's not harmonic

No Question

In the days of tomorrow
In the time of the passing years
I will look through my window
And my window will see my tears
And the green rocky hillsides
Are the shade of a lonely man
And the blue ever changing
Sea of gold lends a helping hand
In a minute there can be an hour
In a second there can be a day
And a thousand years may pass us by
And we will be that near, be that near
And the black gray night will fall around
This glasshouse that I'm in
And the day will break onto my bed
And I will see again, see again

In a minute there can be an hour
In a second there can be a day
And a thousand years may pass us by
And we will be that near, be that near
And the black gray night will fall around
This glasshouse that I'm in
And the day will break onto my bed
And I will see again

See again, see again
See again, see again
See again

Withered Roses

Withered roses were around me
Now the winter's come and gone
And I can feel the clarity drifting
The haziness of Spring song
Mine eyes seek out
And yet with futile try
Can find no line of distinction out there
Between the sea and sky
Scattered scarlet specks announce their arrival
On a distant mountain side
In carnadine fields of crystalline fragrance
And in the solitude there abide
Build a flaming fire 'till coals are asleeping
Trouble not your facets when you will begin to weeping
Remember now the earth from a fish to a fawn
And rest not, no rest not
In the shimmering, shimmering, shimmering, shimmering dawn

For J.F.K., R.F.K. And M.L.K.

On a bright murky Tuesday dawning
Over all those mountain crowns
Come a young cat swinging softly
Laying truth down on all the town
And the people come a digging his gentle lick
While the fuzz stood around and frowned
And the church was aghast at this blasphemy
Said we've got to put this cat down
But you may not know he's been there till a long time after he's gone

And the church said you know we stand for truth
But we've got to be organized
We've got money in the pocket
Anybody don't like it
Can be excommunicized
And you can't buy back a single soul
That's been lost in all those wars of sides
And he didn't believe money or political power
Could be seen in God's great eyes
But you may not know he's been there till a long time after he's gone

And his face was a mirror of lovely light
While he went around hearing sounds
People talking this, people talking that
Saying we're based upon these grounds
But you could tell he was thinking of other folks
People living in far off mounds
People who'd never seen a movie or nothing
While the fuzz stood around and frowned
But you may not know it's been there till a long time after it's gone

So he was here a few weeks and spread his good word
Said looking inside is right
'Cause the inside is where you'll find your freedom
Your happiness and your sight
When the power party went and found a pawn with a rifle
Said put him into your sights
And the man went out and he found his mark
And he turned off his lovely light

So when you're walking in the evening
Or you're awaking to a lovely dawn
Or you're running round telling people what to do
Or just out to cut your lawn
Or you're going to build a mighty bridge
Or write out a lovely song
Remember that the word goes on and on
And forever is mighty long
Remember that the word goes on and on
And forever is mighty long
But you may not know it's been there 'till a long time after it's gone

Lovely Lady

Lovely lady
Never shady
Running up the mountain side
Purple brocade
Woolen top coat
She cast away her useless pride
On her own
Her soul has grown
To bring about her peace of mind
In her hand
A lovely land
To help her look and search and find
Swirling forms of tantric art

Are filling out her schedule planned
And she's without a man

Woman blonde
Climbing on
To reach a level in her heart
It's the same
Without a name
You're doing fine with a running start
In the door
You'll work some more
You're finding where it's at for sure
Every other day
It will pay
You'll love to live and be the way
You feel the start of day

You'll be sad
It won't be bad
But you can get away from that
Crystal facet
Not an asset
You have your friend the jet black cat
He will follow
Crying hollow
Scratch his head and stroke his ear
He will bring you in your love now
Ever close and ever near
And you will feel no fear

I am glad
It's now a fad
But there are some who won't go on
Full expression
No suppression
But she is strong
The woman blond
Lovely lady
Never shady
Running o'er volcanic land
Make your curry
Never worry
It is settled in your plan
And you will find your man

Screamer For Phlyses

She was cleaning her house
When a temple souse
Came knocking at her purple door
Saying wait right here
Cause the cycle's near
And we can communicate some more
And the very last session
Gives a good impression
Of the things that are to come
Like a laser beam rays
And Confucius says
On earth thy will be done
And like an ion sun
You're on the run
And capable of causing fun, summer sun

Now old King Kong
Is a merry old song
And it goes on the twenty-three hour
And like a diamond is ice
With pale fire thrice
And you've gained your gentle powers
And a kiss to the mind
Like lacquer thinned
To emulate a fine violin
Brings a silent range to your subtle change
Or more commonly yclept being
And your double track sphere
Is uncommonly clear
And it outshines all the seas and all the seething

And spun gold hair
Is your common flair
For covering what makes your art
And a small detail
Is a billowing sail
And you've just begun to start
And an elephant book
Is but one outlook
Yet it lacks not a thing in size
And the etiquette of grass
Will have to last
And we'll save it for the very last prize
And the utilization
Makes a unified nation
We may see it with our very own eyes, very own eyes

And the vestiges of an air hammer
Received with the coming light

And the moon wanes
Over the looming crags
With its silver bluish light
She came with the grace of an angel here
And her melting doelike eyes
In her velvet dress
Like the soul she is
As open as the starry skies
And we made love in the morning
With the red sky dawning
And our souls merging into one
And the olive trees
Had a gentle breeze
When she took her silent leave
We made love in the morning
With the red sky dawning
And our souls merging into one
And the olive trees
Had a lovely breeze
When she took her silent leave
And then was gone