

TANGLED UP IN BLUE

You don't get the blues, the blues get you. They will rule you and rue you, they will leave you knotted and besotted, all but forgotted. You try to go twinkle-toes but find your feet chained to your concrete heart. This is not a job for some jackhammer flim-flammer—fetch me my un-knitting needles. Pull the thread that gets me out of this.

KNOCKIN' ON HEAVEN'S DOOR

Once I met a bad man all a-tremble. Ghosts in his ears, death on his breath.

Darkness where his lungs should be.

He dragged me to his mirror, I saw nothing but a shadow beside me.

Bring me angels, he begged of me. Bring me angels to sing to me.

Father if you are willing, take this cup from me.

MAN IN ME (clean drumstick count-in)

My sisters called me in, my sisters, my wife my daughters, all a-circling me, it's time we talk about the man, they said. The brittle man, the bully man, the dilly-dally man, the shilly-shally man, the anyway the wind blows man, the supplemented man, the maxxied man, the jacked man, the super soppo surreptitious sensitivity man, the missing man standing right in front of me man.

"Well," I said—

"La-la-la-la-la," they said, "la-la-la-la-la..."