

O, TO BE A RAISIN

(a/k/a Hospital Still Life with Fruit)

O, to be a raisin, to be a raisin, O.
O, to be a raisin, to be a raisin, O.
O, to be a raisin, to be a raisin, O.
Raisin' hell outside,
raisin' one hell of a garden outside.

O, to be an orange, to be an orange, O.
Repeat twice
Orange you peelin' good today?
No, I got a pain in my "navel."

O, to be a blueberry, to be a blueberry, O.
Repeat twice
Be a blueberry but I'm feelin' bushed,
feelin' a little bluesy.

O, to be papaya, to be a papaya, O.
Repeat twice
Papaya comin' to take me home,
papaya bringin' the bacon home?

O, to be a mango, to be a mango, O.
Repeat twice
Be doin' the mango down the hall
if I weren't feelin' kinda seedy.

O, to be a cantaloupe, to be a cantaloupe, O.
Repeat twice
Can't elope with you tonight
'cause you're just a little fruity.

SOUVENIRS AND TRIANGLES

Is it toothpaste or shaving cream spattered on the leaves of your plant
sunning on my windowsill now replacing the man?
SOUVENIRS AND TRIANGLES define me bereft
Dust-motes furnish the chambers of my heart ever since you left.

An animated odd couple as we Jay-walked across the street
Thirty years between us and your heart missing its beat.
You must never have been loved before if you thought that I could forget
Omens are now irrelevant, and you owed me a heartnote debt.

What did you mean, renting a room
from your ex-wife you said; was she sharing her bed?
And were you killing our bloom
or were you preventing our doom?

Such a cliché we were and a scandalous one to trace
and what a genius you were although your heart could not keep pace.
"I don't do triangles," you said to me one day
and you my apex, the other my base, but your feet were made of clay.

In a series of caesuras your silences soothed my heart
as did our funny bus rides and cafe coffees with our wit so tart.
I collected some souvenirs; now I kiss your chewed pencils
Sunlight is much more brilliant, giving toothpaste sudden poignance.

Chorus

Repeat first two lines of first verse.

IN MY HEART A HOLE

Of nothing, I shaped it all;
Of fragments, I formed you whole;
I wished a short man tall,
And in my heart, a hole...

You hacked a hole, in my heart,
By filling the role of hero.
I created you whole, from the very start,
But now I have minus zero.

I hold a vacuum in your name,
I fill it deep with anguish.
Solitude can never comfort the same,
My soul is out to languish.

Of nothing, I shaped it all;
Of fragments, I formed you whole;
I wished a short man tall,
And in my heart, a hole...

You thrust a void into my life,
And packed it down to empty.
Now I twist lifeless on the knife,
Impaled on a non-entity.

Of nothing, I shaped it all;
Of fragments, I formed you whole;
I wished a short man tall,
And in my heart, a hole...

IF WE MISS YOU IN ADVANCE

Do you mind if we miss you in advance?
Do you mind if we kiss you, every chance?
You said life is very tentative, and you were right, you know
but quality beats quantity and makes the time go slow.

Do you mind if we shed a tear or two
or if we wrap our arms around you?
Do you think of Hansel and Gretl whisp'ring sweet before the fire
and will our love be adequate to save you from forces dire?

And we stand here on the corner
singing goodbye to the winds of change
and we miss you in advance
but we don't miss out on any chance
to seize the day and stay it.

Do you mind if we steal your melody?
Do you hear all that it's intended to be?
There were times we saw the forest but lost sight of some of the Woods
yet the trees grew tall and leafy and we went way beyond the shoulds.

Yes, we mind that your beer truck slipped its brake
Do you mind that our eyes can't conceal the ache?
In the photographs you've taken you leave a void we all can see
but you will never leave us, because in our hearts you'll be.

Chorus and repeat last line twice, then repeat "and stay it."