



anne donohue
wooden
guitar



rich dart
mamba
drums
djembe
bells
congas



anne donohue & rich dart
gabriel

gabriel

gabriel, i built my house over my hell. like a rug over a stain, a morphine coated pain...but now, when it's quiet, i can hear the whispered threats from the devils i had prayed this house would crush to death. o, gabriel, raise up your gold bell! gabriel, i know you don't know me very well, but the days fell into years since i've been stuck in here. now this hollow, dusty night is begging to be filled with sound, and these walls i've built are ready to come down. o, gabriel, raise up your gold bell! close your eyes, and breathe a moan for my aching heart. close your eyes, and breathe a spell of sex and honey. close your eyes, pull in the moon and stars. close your eyes, and topple these walls for me. o, gabriel, close your eyes...and breathe

this water

it's been a lifetime since i last stood here. i can hear the low roar of the wasted years. the ocean's mouth foams at my feet - you'd better be sure, boy, this water's deep. i feel the earth pull from beneath, and waves like black tongues lick at my knees. your sirens wake up and call to me - you'd better be strong, boy, i am weak. better be sure, boy, this water's deep. and now the same moon that lights your bed spins on the water over my head. i'll pull the sea in before i sleep. where did you go, boy? this water's deep

don't go out there

growing up with an eye to the peephole, don't we learn to keep some things to ourselves? it's a tightrope walk in a circus funeral, and the spotlight's burning for somebody else. risk your life for the eye of a stranger, her head in the air and an arm stretched out - a lie on her lips, truth in her bed, and a voice like a loop in your head: *don't you go out there if you don't have to - something's telling me that something isn't right. don't you go out there if you don't have to - honey, don't you do out there tonight.* all grown up, knowing all the right people - how did we lose so much from ourselves? all in white, and almost invisible, and still watching the door for somebody else. spinning around like a kid in your backyard, the sun on your face and your arms spread out. a moment alive, a moment that dies, cold and sick when you open your eyes... *don't you go out there if you don't have to - something's telling me that something isn't right. don't you go out there if you don't have to - honey, don't you go out there tonight.* the mirror is clearer when nobody's around to pull the gauze over my eyes. what you said in my head - but what can i believe? i know nothing's ever what it seems...

100,000 long miles

100,000 long miles, and four years since that december, and i still can't even pay my own rent. if i could be anything at the end of all this running, i'd be myself, only innocent. i still can picture your face as i drift through these empty waters, and i wonder if your heart is full. and if you ask what i've seen in your eyes, my sweetest brother, i'd say myself, only beautiful

stupid dress

i met a boy punctuated with tattoos - he might have liked me better in salvation army sweaters. i guess i'll never know the truth - i'm as hole-y as my fishnets, i'm as used up as a twelve-bar blues. driving home from another gig tonight in a dress that doesn't fit me, singing songs i didn't write. it's three a.m. and snowy on the streets. i got a quarter tank to burn, and sixty miles to go 'til i can sleep. god, get me home while i'm awake so i can live to see another day. please get me home alive 'cause i don't wanna die in this stupid dress. strange, the things that move us down the road, when money and affection throw a kink in our direction. we wonder why we struggle to go on 'til some near death collision blows the dust off of our vision. god, get me home while i'm awake so i can live to see another day. please get me home alive 'cause i don't wanna die in the stupid dress

my death will be

my death will be a naked tree; bony limbs to clobber me. a winter night at half past three - the devil's hour will die with me. my life will fly before my eyes, and from the dust a dove will rise. slow motion, silent, black and white. splinter the dark with silvery light. my soul will bloom electric blue; lies of the skin fall away from the truth. soft as weeping, velvet smooth - i'll find you sleeping and wash over you. my love will be strange and free - ginger sting and honey sweet. a golden, buzzing hive of bees, above and looking down at me.

how we fly across the ocean (instrumental)

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