

Meaning
08-27-03

I can hear it now – can't you?
the calling away – the calling to
the heart urges – and the mind still waits
the fever purges and procrastinates

she never told me that she loved me
lots of murmurs held then freed
and all this time her distant eyes
have always failed to recognize

I see this wrinkled canvas – bare
create new worlds – create – CREATE
what meaning is there in despair
what good is hope that comes too late

show me the reasons for this world I've built
does everybody do this dance with guilt?
guilt for all history – guilt for these words
time shows we're mortal, fame just absurd

sand slips through fingers held way too tight
I thought I held oceans – so far from right
conforming these forests to footpaths inside
if destiny's planned, when did I miss the ride?

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create new worlds – create – CREATE
what meaning is there in despair
what good is hope that comes too late

the weight of all this now acquired
created pressure makes me tired
and self created reasons for
these purgatories at my door

and if I told you one more time
and if the call was on my dime
would you still hang up alone
and leave me with the dial tone

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what meaning is there in despair
what good is hope that comes too late