

GREAT AUNT IDA_UNSAYABLE

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SHOES

Seems like I am always singing old songs
I am never sure who they were for
But there are days that I remember clearly
And it's all I can do to put on my shoes

I can see the view from every window
I can hear the conversations play
But I can't help my own imagination
And it's all I can do to put on my shoes

It's nothing you can lose
It's an age-old story, a case of the blues
You're not the only son
They say two can carry but carry which one

It's the picture I cannot remember
It's the one that brought me here at all
And held on to whatever made you notice
That's it all I can do to put on my shoes

SPIDER

In the afternoon, lover, outdated plans swim in the stillness of our loss, suddenly relevant and I might change my answer.

When the square of light hits you - outlined idea pointing a through way as if one even existed where we are, not that we meant it.

Crawl along, creepy spider, let me get through to you. It's the love that I'm after, soon there'll be two of you. One that won't be forgiven, one that is strange and new. Crawl along, creepy spider.

PROMISED LAND

I'm thinking more about the promised land
folding papers,
touching hands
I'm making notes on what I need to do
bridges burned between me and you
I'm looking further than my tv screen
This little room is not all I've seen

(PROMISED LAND cont.)

Maybe it's not all understood
I would change, baby, if I could
Go find the horse I rode in here on
I wouldn't know him but maybe you would

I'm getting springtime in the strangest way
so peculiar, green from grey
I hear their footsteps and the way they laugh
the sounds of all the regular staff

HORSES

It is a horse but I'm not satisfied
Just what I wanted but I barely tried
To see the wisdom that it represents
A lonely soldier of the present tense

It is a horse but it's been tampered with
It doesn't look right but they say it is
Who can remember how it used to be
The bravest warrior and the willow tree

Make me some headphones for my eyes
I wanna focus in [settle down]
I wanna see the blinding light
Not be a victim of this time
Overwhelmed and empty
In search of something I can recognize

It is a horse but it's been mechanized
Become a symbol and computerized
Who can explain how fast they're traveling
Can you describe it as it's happening

Make me some headphones for my eyes
I wanna settle down
I wanna see the blinding light
Not be a victim of this time
Overwhelmed and empty
In search of something I can recognize

MAKEUP ARTIST

She was the makeup artist, covered the marks and the imperfections. They were on 10 of 12 straight, just enough time for a shit sleep. Not enough time for a big fight, not enough time for the same big fight.

It can happen so slowly, you think it's sorta your fault, after all, you should have spoken up such a long time ago. You make a story to tell yourself.

She was the makeup artist, she knew their skin so deeply. She planned around the problem, still, there was always some problem.

COMBINATION

Somewhere on the way in or out it had fallen from my pocket. I dunno why I had to hold it; surely I cannot be trusted. It was hours before I found out; it was too late to retrace it. There was no way I could explain. I didn't have the courage to face it.

You hold a face inside a face so long
You find that one can change the other one

If this road is made out of glass, maybe you could walk in gently. It's a favour I have to ask;
it is not what I'd be doing.

You hold a face inside a face so long
You find that one can change the other one
You hold a face inside a face so long
You find you can relate to either one

SOFT ROCK

Won't you come downtown? I am in a bar surrounded by sad eyes and half smiles, new shoes and hairstyles, thinking 'bout the night you were still a stranger 'til we found a flashlight - tired eyes in half light. If I ever had the words, they would blow us all away. It's not that I cannot understand; it is more than I can say. And what is inbetween? Looking through the strange stumbling, the light we've seen.

Once I thought I'd gone everywhere there was already; so, I found a good place, stayed in and saved face. But, even in the shade I could feel the sun changing and I ran for cover, found something under.

If I ever had the words, they would blow us all away. It's not that I cannot understand; it is more than I can say.

COLLECTOR

When all the silver that you've sold has made its way onto the table there is only one collector you can sell to here who feels the pull between the pieces
this is not new information but it's still a thrill to hear
I think when it stops being fun

(COLLECTOR cont.)

I think one day it might not register at all

It was the last thing that you saw

It was a solid indication like the afternoon you took apart a broken day and put it back just like you found it
but this time it turned off and on again

OPEN WATER

All the stars you knew the names of, they were out there in the darkness. Going nowhere, it's us that's
turning, it's just we're moving away, re-emerging.

I can see your breath; it is freezing, late October. Crystal ceiling blocking me from you, some kind of shelter,
makeshift windbreak, open water.

This is the light I'm referring whenever I speak of light. It's the one I've been searching. It never looked so
right as on that cold night.

What's the difference once you've thought it? Does the action change the content, making something new?
You can fight it; you can try your best to confine it.