

Harder Harmonies

La Dispute

Like a shadow on a shadow, a phantom in a film strip,
Faint glimmer of the past trapped in mother's old slides,
Sits still in the apartment while sifting through some pictures
Of the child that he once was and the sense of hope they framed.
"It's a shame,"

And I fear that fate while the humming from the street keeps me awake,

He says, "I let life get twisted.
Get worn out, torn up, and late with the rent. And
Now nothing makes sense except the bench and that piano,
A feeling nearing order when I'm pressing down the chords."
And he plays,

And it swells and breaks, but what'll it take to make my life sound like that.

And brings a fever, a dream of sweat and ecstasy.
A kiss on every hammer hit that follows as the keys fall down and
Bring an order first, then chaos, then a calm, that
Paints every shift in murals on the wall. And
It presses to your neck,
It clutches to your hips,
Softly sings to you of fireworks and God and art and sex and it's strange-
That it feels so right when nothing else does.

But all the while he's playing there's a humming
Coming up and through the window from outside.
And even he has to admit a certain melody in it, but then why can't he harmonize?
It's like the city's got its own song but he can't play along.
He sees the notes as they fly by but always plays them wrong.
And in the bathroom it gets blurry, gets warm and distorted,
Like light pushed the orange of the pillbox he poured in
His palm. It falls to the floor, he smiles as it hits,
"Sounds a little like an instrument."

Like a voice in the choir, that hum and that drumbeat of life as an art-form and
Fire through the streets that keep moving us in silence to phantom baton sweeps,
Keep tapping to the tempo of our feet.

And all the ones who seem to fit the best into the chorus never notice there's a song
And the ones who seem to hear it end up tortured by the chords when they fail to find
A way to sing along.

And when you sing the wrong thing it all starts collapsing.
Starts to ring out and feedback, starts lapsing and crashing, on notes that don't clash
But that never quite feel like they match.

And I never quite feel like mine match.

There's a melody in everything,

I'm trying to find a harmony but
Nothing seems to work,
Nothing seems to fit.

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Nothing seems to work,
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There's a melody in everything,
I'm trying to find a harmony but
Nothing seems to work,
Nothing fits.