

# The Singer

## Jump, Little Children

The singer steps forward  
He's not a tour-sung hero  
He's not the embodiment of a soul brother  
The unassuming troubadour  
Sings to himself softly  
And not a word escapes his lips  
They don't even try.  
His words would rather stay with him  
As long as possible  
But his melody is for me and for you.

I prefer to be alone when you're not around  
Sometimes when I speak, I can't stand the sound  
Of the voice. This great big destructive machine  
That takes too much time to say what it means.  
They tell me that my father is sick once again  
With the plague that has decimated many old men  
I settle once more into the long sad dread  
That reminds me that all loved ones soon will be dead.  
This is why I spend so much time making love to you  
In your arms I was searching for things that were true  
This is why I spend so much time making love to you  
In your arms I was searching for things that were true

It's a memory of mine that I'm watching for a moment  
I'm distracted just a bit by something less important  
I'm here for the part of the day that I crave  
I have caffeine in my system makes me feel brave  
The chill in the air is exactly what I want  
And with the sun on my face  
And my eyes tightly shut  
It's important for me to remember these things  
It's important for me to remember these things  
I'm pretending we're in Prague picking sodas by the square  
And the clock brought the masses to the ceremony there  
Every hour little puppet spun around the clock face  
Each figure represents one of the human race  
And somehow we were always on time for the show  
We'd arrive to the chaos of the people right below  
Those large chiming bells that had a song to sing  
It's important for me to remember these things

Absinthe and sex; black garters; cheap wine  
A hotel in Prague; a moment in time  
We were hungry and scary and so much in love  
We laugh with each other as we push and we shove  
Absinthe and sex; black garters; cheap wine  
A hotel in Prague; a moment in time  
We were hungry and scary and so much in love  
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And the singer keeps singing  
And the singer keeps singing  
And the singer keeps singing  
Keep singing singer...

That was the first time I really caught your eye

In the small italian shop with the coffee that you liked  
And when our eyes met I couldn't look away  
My mouth opened to speak but there wasn't much to say  
I was froze, transfixed, by the way that you looked  
How you grabbed me and pulled me into a small nook  
Where we kissed like we had never tasted lips before  
And I still wanted more... I still want more  
I'm frightened of what these words might bring  
But it's important for me to remember these things  
I'm frightened of what these words might bring  
But it's important for me to remember these things

You're too far away for this to make sense  
I feel in my heart every mile of distance  
I don't want him to stop because I know what that means  
The song will be over and so will you and me  
The song will be over and so will you and me  
The song...