

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
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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...