

Bardo

Sheila Nicholls

In the desert by myself i can
find the goodness in you again,
when the wind conducts an orchestra,
creosote, sand and juniper,
while Mrs. jones worries about
what Mrs. smith will think tomorrow,
while Mrs. smith worries about the same,
and how much she might borrow,

liberate liberate liberate
songs you can hear in the bardo
liberate liberate liberate
songs you can hear in the bar

Lack of ceiling was something I sought
to meet you beyond fallible
so the sky and I we schemed and thought
but one of us was too gullible
an' all the tv's around the world,
broke out in unison, you've used us wrong
gone on too long
organized, got our own union

liberate

....here we are, well it's so nice to see you again,
it's been so long and I don't even remember when or how
we lost touch
what was so important then don't mean that much,
nah don't mean that much, don't mean anything at all.

liberate.....