

songs recorded on a corrupt device (lyrics)

Keye Martin

Unpublished. Copyright © 2016 Keye Martin. All Rights Reserved.

Contact: bliss@keyemartin.com

Titles

repetition 1
enough for two 2
things i won't keep 3
corporate prison of the mind 4
fractured verse 5
slash your wrists with sun 6
hostage 7
a midnight kiss 8
sometime near sunset 9
a corporate week 10
thinking about a girl 11
sorrow 12

repetition

oh this age that they're passing through
swears its seen more than both me and you
is that sparkling or maybe just glitter?
is that wis-dumb or maybe just bitter?

learning from experience
is the key to never taking a chance
throw your hat off if you want to enter this discussion
throw your vodka out (unless you are russian).

oh the world is covered in night
like a bad cliché you couldn't write
and its ruled by imitation and flight
and its ruled by repetition, repetition, repetition.

oh there's passion when they're under the cover
and then afterwards when they're strangling one another
and then real love that rises in the silence
while the world outside calls it domestic violence.

so just tell me what i gotta do
so that i can live my life more like you
disposition that depends on the company
and self-worth that's determined by money

oh the world is covered in night
like a bad cliché you couldn't write
and its ruled by imitation and flight
and its ruled by repetition, repetition, repetition.

sunday spent all alone
is that isolation or part of the way home?
open your ears if you got a memory
throw your cabernet away –
unless you can see.

enough for two

i'm not really lost
i know
that it's bad for my health
i don't care what it costs
the sun
can go and fuck itself
you see my life is
going nowhere
but the difference between me and you
is that i know it
and i don't care
'cause there's nothing i can do
except to sit here
and drink enough for two.

don't pretend that you care
we both
know it isn't true
just go get some air
you'll be fine
before the day is through
you see i know now
that there's really
nothing we can do
and that this bond that
is between us
is not enough for two.

things i won't keep

just yesterday on a bed asleep
with all the things in my life that i won't keep

wedding rings and tiny things that pass through me

just yesterday
in circles
in december
a kiss is nothing
that we will remember

wedding rings and tiny things that pass through me

and when the light is something you know
and in the night i hear an echo
and when it's time to let go

and in the night i hear an echo
and when the light is a thing that you know
and when it's time to let go

just yesterday on a bed asleep
with all the things in my life that i won't keep

wedding rings and tiny things and wedding rings and tiny things
with all the things that i won't keep

corporate prison of the mind

i can't quite put my finger on it
and i refuse to put my finger in it
but there's something making the night creep
minute by minute

so all you good people be sure and save your money
for the rainy day when you're too god damned old to spend it
and be sure to get your hand held
so that you never have to lend it

oh you can't hear that god of yours right now
but best believe you'll hear him before too long
and he's gonna say that you must be blind
to spend your days in a corporate prison of the mind
oh he's gonna say that
minute by minute.

fractured verse

i woke up this morning with the red queen off her head
sleeping in my kitchen, when i should of been in bed
and all the stars were shining as if the night had just passed out
and left the bed sheets stained with six years of self doubt
and i been trying to explain that there really is no me
it could happen in a day or year
so just paint what you see
before i disappear
into your memory

there were bloodstains on my bruises in the saturday afternoon sun
like some kind of s&m pollock
that didn't know where it came from
we killed each other friday night
and it was about that time too
our characters were getting old
having run out of things to do
and now they're no longer aimless and in broken mental health
these cookie cutter houses
the blind pursuing wealth
this empty soulless city
can go and fuck itself

i woke up in mourning with fractured verse in my head
sleeping on the floor, when i should have been dead
and all the stars were shining as if they had hoped for something more
and left the carpet stained with visions of before
and i been trying to explain that none of this is real
that color has more to do
with how the eyes watching feel
that the only things that are true
are the things no one can steal.

slash your wrists with sun

up at 6 am
and watching from above
pretty's made of something
but i'm not sure just what of

up on this rooftop
she's wearing a tight skirt
this moment just is perfect
but one day it'll hurt

so slash your wrists with sun
slash your wrists
it's fun

up at 6 am
and watching from above
pretty's made of something
but i'm not sure just what of

up on this rooftop
she's wearing a tight skirt
this moment now is perfect
but one day it'll hurt

so slash your wrists with sun
slash your wrists
it's fun

slash your wrists with sun
slash your wrists
you're no one

hostage

reason is a really stupid reason for doing anything
worse than being caught up in a moment
and hearing the words you can't sing
along the streets these strangers are lost
you're a klepto, i'm an artful con
then through the blind
the light hits your back
i see an origami swan

and i'll take you stealing
if you drive the getaway car
and i'll keep this feeling
if you sit with me at the bar

and i'll drink your cham-pain
if you bring the razor blades
and i'll hold you hostage
if your moonlight never fades

reason is a really stupid reason for doing anything
worse than being caught up in a moment
and hearing the words you can't sing
along the streets these strangers are lost
but they're walking around like they've won
then through the blind
the light hits your back
i see an origami sun

a midnight kiss

don't open your legs and show me the sun
it's the rain i miss

i got something that'll wreck your soul
like a midnight kiss

you know it takes a lot of life
to die like this

sometime near sunset

sometime near sunset
let's hop a train
'cause it ain't no way to live in pain
and i don't want
to see this place again.

sometime near sunrise
just close your eyes
and though its hard
accept that it always dies
no matter how hard anyone tries.

a corporate week

i bet you drink until dawn
i bet you're sorry you're gone
i bet you're sorry this ain't paris anymore

i once heard you say
you never wanted to leave
but you really couldn't stay
up late and high
and though you never got to live
you sure as hell got to die
a corporate week
until the lies that you speak
equal the truth that you seek
in paris lights
cursing out all our days
drinking away all our nights

i bet you're sorry you're gone
i bet you drink until dawn
i bet you're sorry this ain't paris anymore

thinking about a girl

just nodding out during sex
with the lights half on
haunted by this picture
of drowning in the dawn

well i reached for that bottle
and i finished off my rage
and then fell fast asleep
with a girl that was half my age

pray that the rain'll stop
oh these memories never quit
and damn the night is long
but i don't give a shit

reaching for the top
i finished off that fifth
thinking about a girl
i was supposed to die with.

sorrow

this ain't sorrow
'cause i don't care
so put your fake smile on before
you go back there

and i been dreaming
of something true
and i've wasted so much time trying
to make it you

and this ain't sorrow
'cause i still see
pictures of all the lies that
you told to me

and i been wishing
for something true
and i've wasted so much time trying
to make it you

and maybe the truth hurts
i hope it does
'cause i ain't happy here with you
and i never was