

## Moonman

« Necessary alibis »

**\*\*Necessary alibis\*\***

Greyhound bus , thrash along the Pacific coast  
Desperate minds deal with unspecified ghosts

Half asleep bums not moving for a whole day  
Nothing to eat, we're not hungry anyway

Gonna get high on what we can still afford  
We're gonna smoke until the end of the world

Why do we need necessary alibis?  
I was the first to put my hands on your thighs

I know  
I know myself  
myself  
Nobody else  
We're drawing names in the sand  
We see odd shapes in the clouds

When the girl's in a sacred mood  
We get lost in a liquid mountain

When the blind man's misunderstood  
Ask advice from the quiet captain

[plastic monster /static youngster]

he's sorry  
he's empty  
filling himself with existential worries  
issues  
stories  
don't put yrself in my shoes  
they don't fit

forensic  
administrators show us  
it's magic  
it's genius lack of focus

a wounded man is running  
shouting  
warning  
uncanny things are happening  
unfolding  
they're frightening  
amusing  
exciting  
it's sprawling  
we're lucky  
it doesn't get too nasty  
we don't feel shocked  
not out of luck  
in case i'm locked  
a dangerous deal  
i'm sitting still  
everything's fine  
it's not a crime  
we're not quite sure  
if there's a cure  
a troubling race  
huge open space  
he still feels safe  
run out of time  
in the sublime

Porn movies stacked in a hidden cupboard  
I think we're in for (a) major grapefruit gallore  
He looks at me with his solitary eyes  
Why does he need necessary alibis?

**\*\*Careless cigarette burn\*\***

Careless cigarette burn again  
Hopeless negative turn again  
Careless cigarette burn again  
Stop this glistening flash again

Careless cigarette burn  
When you chose  
When you chose  
To lose / to lose / to move

Careless cigarette burn  
Careless cigarette burn burn burn burn burn  
Airless parachute stuck  
Thoughtless fingertips run

And i feel so confused  
And so underused  
As if bound to lose  
When it keeps on coming around  
With this ludicrous sound

And i feel so confused  
And so underused  
As if bound to lose  
When you keep on coming around  
With this familiar smile

**\*\*Mascara and glitch\*\***

I don't remember the time  
It's hard to rewind  
when you think u're through

Let's just say nothing has changed  
And then erase  
what is bothering you

But when it comes from behind  
The ideas we find  
They are not the same

Like a liberating speech  
Mascara and glitch  
Let me seduce you

Dropping flames  
Barricades  
In a shade  
I betrayed

**\*\*Self-made man\*\***

When you take me by surprise  
Selfish as you are  
Talk with absent-minded eyes  
Always insecure  
Are you self assured?  
Always back for more!

Separated quietly  
Healing wounds and scars  
Traveling extensively  
I'm your only son  
Trying to feel pure  
Bring it back , it's yours!

Baby i'm a self-made man  
And i'm hard to tame  
Witness of your own demise  
You're a faded star  
Take your stuff, don't stare  
Take it anywhere....

And complaining endlessly  
In the dead end yard  
On mechanical duty  
This is an absurd  
Point of return

**\*\*Victim of your own device\*\***

Diego stares straight ahead with unflinching  
intensity.  
The restless manipulation of the surface  
is typical of the religious man who spent his life  
obsessively trying to reproduce the appearance of  
the human form.

He's a victim of his own device!

The juxtaposition of the two elements strikes a  
discordant note  
and conveys a deep sense of unease.  
The white bridal gown symbolizes moral and bodily  
purity,  
She's a victim of her own device!

The message in this work is conveyed subliminally  
to the passing crowds .  
A series of short, simple statements which comment  
on a diversity of personal, social and political  
issues.

They're victims of their own device!

By using the techniques of mass communication,  
it questions the values of our modern society.  
A thick layer of deep red powdered pigment is  
sculpted into ridges  
and covers a wooden base.

We're victims of our own device!

Their inner cavities or voids suggest the interior of  
the human body,  
an unknown space, both comforting and fearful,  
inviting discovery,  
and it's charged with the primal forces of the  
unconscious.

You're a victim of your own device!

The giant swirls and grids superimposed on a  
caustic orange ground appear at first sight to be the  
result of grand, energetic gestures.  
But the separated components are carefully built up,  
one element at a time...

I'm a victim of my own device!

A young man sits with his head bowed,  
perhaps in grief or caught in a moment of deep,  
sinking thought.  
The harsh angular forms of his body  
add to the mood of brooding introspection.  
His sorry eyes seem to maximize...  
The emotional impact!

**\*\*Everything is kind of grey\*\***

We don't close our eyes  
And watch this war  
Destroying their minds  
And wrecking their souls  
Shopkeepers get out!  
Nothing in store  
everybody fights  
You're inferior

And i become aware that there's nothing left to say  
Everything is kind of grey  
And i become aware that there's nothing else to lose  
Everything is in the news

Blame me if you can  
But close the door  
You're better than I am  
You're really hardcore  
Push me in the trenches

You can't score  
I'll get my revenge when  
You're bored of being broke

And i become aware that there's nothing left to say  
Everything is kind of grey  
And i become aware that there's nothing else to lose  
Everything is in the news

**\*\*Female democracy\*\***

I have tried,  
Compromized,  
But it's not enough  
Tie and die  
It's all right  
I can see the way you're watching me  
Is female democracy

You are not  
On my side  
And that's not quite right  
I have met  
someone else  
I can see this possibility  
Of female democracy

Was your whole body made of clay  
When mine is made of steel?  
It's available on display  
In your daily day dreaming...  
I need clarity, you're a maze  
In a bundle of skin  
Excuse me i beg to differ  
Paradoxically...

I can try  
To stay calm  
But it's not enough  
Let's make sure

Sinecure  
I can see the similarity  
It's so easy for me...

**\*\*Lipstick rebel\*\***

I scream  
I yell  
Lipstick  
Rebel

It strikes me when  
We're insane  
It strikes me when  
It's in vain  
Lipstick rebel

**\*\*Smother\*\***

It is always symptomatic the way people look at  
you here  
It is never sympathetic the lengths people take to be  
free  
I could talk and i could cry  
I could smother, i could die  
I may wake and i would see  
Your jail is your favorite tree

And i'll be my own best friend  
And i'll do the best i can  
So that there's noone to blame  
I'll be better than i am

We are almost schizophrenic when we're drifting on  
the gold sea  
This is as melodramatic as a badly written movie  
I could talk and i could cry  
I could smother, i could die  
I may wake and i would see  
You're my only history

And i'll be my own best friend  
And i'll do the best i can  
So that there's noone to blame  
I'll be better than i am

**\*\*Bunch of liars\*\***

There's no chance  
You're a bunch of liars  
I don't mean no harm

Come inside  
It's as cold as ice  
I don't mean no harm

They all decide  
What's it's really like  
To be a stranger  
In a lady's eyes

They all decide  
What's it's really like  
To be a monster...

**\*\*Team of secret rivals part.3 : the dropping  
elevator\*\***

...where it's at  
who's waiting for a miracle?  
Cynical  
Illogical  
When we're not  
Obsessively hysterical

Physical  
Dysfunctional

You tell me off  
I see  
What is in your body  
When it's all we have  
We fear  
It might be regrettable

... where it's at...  
don't be so hypocritical  
radical  
and especially  
when we're so  
compulsively untouchable  
animals  
above all  
metaphysical  
magical  
accessible

you're making women so confused  
faking solid secrets with abuse  
with abuse  
with abuse...

**\*\*Team of secret rivals part.4 : the bloom of an unexpected explosion\*\***

A lover is an ache in waiting  
A frantic belch of supernova  
An obligatory bow to circumstance  
A prospect turned to dusty heirloom

A lover is an ache in waiting  
A laundry list of thoughtless allowance  
A double back of expectation  
A living tomb of scant collections  
An encouraged glutton grown cold with wealth

An unpolished lock worn thick with rust

A lover is a waiting faultline  
With the cities of everybody else  
Built stupidly atop  
A lover is an ache in waiting  
A wingclipped bird with wallowing eyes  
A rich dessert without a dinner  
A desperate team of secret rivals

A snippet of rainbow in a stagnant oil puddle  
A deer with splayed limbs in the beam of a  
headlight  
A faint shadow puppet in a room full of statues  
A tapering candle with a wick made of iron

A lover is the moving shadow  
Within the bloom of an  
Unexpected explosion

A lover is the tinkling echo  
That gives you startled pause  
When you're walking  
In the dark

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**All songs by Moonman - 2005, except "Team of secret rivals part.4: the bloom of an unexpected explosion", from a poem by Patrick Porter, originally titled "3<sup>rd</sup> street" (in "Nervous Halo", published by The Academic and Arts Press in 2001.**



**greed recordings**

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