

Lyrics

Run Remedy

'WIFE'



WOMAN: Bella Donna

He said you're as a picture and I'm hoping it won't be a fixture in your mind.

Oh dear it's such a pity, all hunting for some committee we can't find.

I know it shouldn't matter, but say it once and I'll shatter the two of me, three of me.

The idols I admire, the title I aspire most to be ...is pretty.

(Spoken samples of damaging beauty practices and cosmetic warning labels)

Curl your hair. Look at the shape you're in. Ten shades of 'fair.' You could have perfect skin if you... Don't you care? Peel off and blend it in. Still a child. It's just a starting place. Give us a smile. You could be losing face. If it burns a bit, well...

darling it's worth it.

A mother or a daughter, each make for easy fodder on the eyes. All voices and opinions, buried underneath the battle cries of...

pretty.

LOVER: Tear down the wall

After the fall, you will call me and beg me for a cure to heal you. Lock up the hall. After all, there are far too many lures and snares to reel you in.

You'll be home all too soon and I will stare at our room as I claw at my arms.

Artfully stalled, we will lie and deny and carry on and on and on. So cool and withdrawn, we belong to the laws of others gone for far too long.

And now they ask you 'what's to show?' and I don't know. I don't know how to lie on my own.

...

I'm under the call of a wild and unruly ne'er-do-well and it's not going well, but I'll play along to the sad song of fare thee well.

Not too fast, not too slow. Take our time letting go because someone out there's gotta know how to tear down the wall.

SISTER: Jenny

Jenny's filling up my cup, then she'll take it. Tell me when she's had enough then she'll break it.

Rolling down the garden state, slowly, getting high and feeling great singing 'holy holy'

Oh my eyes widen tight with surprise. I see the blood flowing down to your eyes. Someone call the hospital. Someone needs to take control of these lives.

Shout again you can't come in. I'll defy it. Tell me how you always win. I might try it. Play with me but change your name. I'll erase it. Older now but still the same. Can we change it?

I know you're not a fan of this space, the pictures and words splayed all over the place. Reading by blue light doesn't feel right. Jenny, it seems such a waste. These competitions aren't meant for winning. They're not a way to show Grace.

Jenny's calling out to me, 'Are you climbing?' Well, I'm swaying from the tops of the poplar trees like I'm flying. Call again another time, maybe later. Brush it off and say I'm fine, but do I hate her?

Jenny's filling up my cup, she can take it.

SPECTRE: Line if your sight

Leaning on the window pane, I'll tie my laces. I can see your face in so many others' faces, but those possibilities slip through the creases. You'll never know you're my secret weakness.

The space between our seats, like so many miles. Well I guess it's just my hands and just your smile. Your smile.

You play yours and I'll play mine. God I hope that this passes in time, cause there's this sweet painful tension to breathe freely, pushing down all my burning questions. Are you happy to see me?

Did you see the future, that I was coming? On the floor outside your door, laughing, screaming, and running.

Is it too clear now, what I'm saying? If you were here would I keep on waiting? Is there some way I can remain in your light, saying nothing in the line of your sight?

WIFE: Song for Stephen in the garden

Someone combs my hair at night, folds the brown and keeps the white, kisses me and tells me that he's mine.

We go places others go to dance between the heaving rows at music shows and bars that have cheap wine.

Well I love him and he loves me and we're fine.

But sometimes I can't sleep at night and sometimes I like picking fights and sometimes when I know I'm right, I'll cry.

Often he knows what to say but other times he'll look away. It must be hard to stay and answer why.

Well I love him and he loves me, and we try.

My friends all say be glad for what you've got. I know it means a lot and I know I'm blessed, but people seem to think that I forgot, reminding me that out of 'us' they know that 'he's the best.'

Well, someday he might lose his hair. Our love could wither thin and wear and maybe I won't even care by then, cause falling is the easy part, but after time resentment starts to tear the corners of your heart, again and again.

My friends all say be glad for what you've found. I know they're right but I can't stop this urge to look around me, and sometimes when I'm in my darkest place I think of all the pure and tender moments I'd erase.

Well I try not to think that way, but everybody has those days where dwelling on what others say can kill. So when they come I step outside, to find the place beside my anger, patience, and will.

To realise how much I love him, still.