

BORIS SKALSKY : FIRST SONGS

Bright Eyes Gone

Careful boy where you go
You might end up somewhere you can't go home
But that might be the place you stay, you never know,
So go and auction up your soul.

And don't you shed a tear for me
I feel quite at home with my obscurity
Just sitting here making friends with my guitar
The best way to be is the way you are.

Careful boy what you feel
You might show more than you care to reveal
But all them people in your pockets will still smile
So go and laugh with them awhile.

And as for me I've paid my debts
There's nothing you can show me I ain't seen yet
I'm satisfied to go down in flames
Your's ain't a life I care to play.

But silly boy just the same
It's not so hard to beat you at your own game
Just strings some words along like your heroes do
And pretty soon they'll look to you.

A Love To Remember

There's nothing so sure as a passing illusion
or what a man would do for a girl.
It's the coldest December that I've yet encountered
and that's saying something, believe me son.
And I'm so afraid that's a sign for surrender
a penance for the bad things I've done.

I thought to leave here for good was a way to escape all the pain,
but that's just a way for the lonely to run from the weight of their worlds.

She says the morning is her favorite time
to be alive and breath in the sun.
She says the waiting is over and if nothing else

that's a good sign of good things to come.
And I'm sitting here by myself it's a Sunday,
the churches don't give me no comfort on Sundays,
my soul isn't safe from the wicked, I know that,
but that's just a notion where I'll take my chances,

And wait for something much more than I've been offered here before you.
I'll jump head first through brimstone just to taste the taste of your love.

And that's a love to remember.

Eleuthera

April does me down like a song, like a sweet melody sung,
and I hear the Springtime in my hand, the soft lavender sand
giving off its heat underneath both my feet—
the water comes forth and then it begins to speak to me
again and again it says flow toward me and you will be free.

Is it true? Does my dead heart now begin to bloom?
Is there joy in my eye is there a pride in my voice?
The boy speaks very near much too soft to hear,
but if I press my ear to the wound I can hear that broken heart
speak these words, they say, come drink with me and you will be made free.

You made me feel alive, you made it worth my trying,
and what I really wanted to say, what I wanted to say,
this is what I want to say, what I wanted to say is,

thank you.

It's A Truth

An autumn sun begins to shine
and goes reflected in your eyes
oh what a subtle sigh it makes
oh what a pretty song you made.

If there is one thing that I'm sure I know
wherever you end up that's where I will go—
it's a truth.

And then the day broke we were gone
just like a song been writ and sung

oh what a wild time we had
oh, man, what a wild, wild time we had.

I guess we decided not to long ago
to keep on living hard but not to live alone—
it's a truth.

Now the night begins to creep
there's nothing left to do but sleep
but if I'm too soon in the grave
that won't take nothing away from me.

Go write these words up above my name:
Here Died A Broken Man Who Didn't Die Ashamed—
it's a truth.

Learn to Grieve

Oh what fallow fields are forward flung
Pressed between you and me
Oh what shallow thoughts are often rung
Between the lover and the thief.

Wait a minute here, I've just begun,
Don't you take it away from me.
Wait a second longer, until I'm done,
And I will promise you the sea.

Oh what pleasures wait us in the time
Of our beginnings and our ends
Oh how foolishly we cast aside
All that time we had to spend.

Wait a minute here, I'm not quite done,
Don't you run away from me.
Wait a second longer, until I've gone
I will deliver all you need.

Wait a second man, I've not begun,
There's still a sorrow left to feed.
Come with me my brother, leave me not alone,
Together we shall learn to grieve.

Christmas Daydream

It's Christmas day
I'm dreaming away quite merrily.
My dear Marie,
allow me to speak sincerely.

I treated you bad
and for that I deserve no crown.
But with every mistake I make
I learn to stand on new ground
and I'll settle down
like you need me to.

It's Christmas day
I look at the gift you gave to me.
It's made of a smile
and two loving eyes that stare at me.

But I fear that the man I should be
resides a place I can't climb.
But with every misstep I make I'll try to regain my stride
and live my life like you want me to.

Oh Marie leave me be
I'm lost, I cannot pretend here no more.
There's a hurt that can not be healed, a pain without any cure,
and just like a wave on the shore
I recede.

Soft Rains

I am quite certain the winter moon will die
With the rising sun of the spring.
But having seen it occur for so many years
Must I wait once again for what it brings?

I thought a soft rain would come
Never knew it was already here.
A soft rain is coming down hard
Too soft to wash away tears.

There's only so much a lone man can do
Against his own bitter fate

And there's only so long a tired man can wait for change
Before he gets tired of the wait.

I thought a soft rain would come
Never knew it was already here.
A soft rain is coming down hard,
Too soft to wash away tears.

Why Do I Feel

I've been stripped of all my rage
That's quite a thing to claim
I only say it cause it's true.
Why do I feel like the lonest man in the room?
Why do I feel like two arms around your waist refuse to move?
Why do I feel the hardest road's the one that leads to you?

You said that there's something left
That's still worth saving yet
And hearing that I had to smile.
Why do I feel like the emptiness of fifty thousand sighs?
Why do I feel the hopeless gazing of unseeing eyes?
Why do I feel like a tear that's waiting for it's time to cry?

Well I've been passed by many times
Never asking why
That's just something about my fate.
Why do I feel like a racer pulling reins up at the gate?
Why do I feel like I'm chained up with no promise of escape?
Why do I feel like I staggered through a life a bit too late?

With all our dreams crashing down
I guess we settled down
I never thought we would.
Why do I feel that the thunder in your eyes is gone for good?
Why do I feel like crawling on the ground where I once stood?
Why do I feel like a hard rain coming down before the flood?

I thought you a bit naive
It's sweet you still believe
That love will save the day.
Why do I feel like a moon too frightened by the dawn to stay?
Why do I feel like the pages of my story burned away?
Why do I feel like my heart is just getting in the way?

You can't stay young I was told
I always knew I must get old
Never thought it'd be so soon.
Why do I feel like locking all the doors up to my room?
Why do I feel like reaching for the bottle and the spoon?
Why do I feel like the jokes been played and I'm twisting like a fool?

Here I am still going strong
Writing words, writing songs,
I did all I could.
But if I feel that everything will work itself out soon
And if I feel that there's so much left to love and see and do
Why do I feel like falling toward the comfort of a tomb?

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