



A Thousand Girls – Lyrics

A Thousand Girls

(Christine Kane/Lee Baby Sims Music/ASCAP/1997)

Late nights in strange rooms
Cheap wine and cartoons
And city lights below me
I got all this time
I got you on the line
But somehow I'm still lonely

Well, I made my mess
Lost my courage, my kindness
'Cause everything just ended
And I pray to God
'Cause I'm wiped out and I'm tired
And I'm old enough to be mended
And all in all, this is just a Friday night in one lifetime
And even though I try, I'm on the wrong side tonight
All alone, thinking there's a thousand girls who are just like me

When it's half-past midnight
Strangers in streetlights
Will put you off with their glances
And it's smart to ask
Just when we get too cool to laugh
And when we start building fences

And all in all, this is just a Friday night in one lifetime
And even though I love, I'm on the wrong side of the light
All alone, thinking there's a thousand girls who are just like me

Well, I'm alright I guess
I could use a little rest
And a gentle voice to console me
Someone might want to be my friend tonight
And then again, someone else might want to just hold me

Chorus

Tucson

(Christine Kane/Lee Baby Sims Music/ASCAP/1997)

Way out west a girl could lose her given sense
In all the truth that old desert sky can tell

That horizon's just too much for me
But if I could count infinity, I'd know the desert well

These days I chalk it up to restlessness
You loved my loneliness I loved your smile
We put the wild in the wilderness
Made turquoise into timelessness in every dusty mile

Maybe we played with fire
Maybe it made me wiser, but
I should've left you in Tucson

There's no replacement for your innocence
When you leave it up to circumstance
To toss you where it will

And so you led me on
And so I went along
Now open space ain't nothing I can fill

Maybe we played with fire
Maybe it made me wiser, but
I should've left you in Tucson

After you disappeared in Phoenix
Not even blazing summer days
Could keep my body warm

I have no doubt you found serenity
Or turned some woman's fantasy
Into a rising storm

Maybe it's all behind me
Maybe it still reminds me that
I should've left you in Tucson

And now I've been so long away
Two months, a day, and seven years
But I won't go back to Arizona

I still have battles with this emptiness
You'd call it uselessness
I call it noise

I found a city where the rainy season's overdone
There ain't no dust
There ain't no damn turquoise

Maybe the pain's subsided
Maybe the rain can hide it, but
I should've left you in Tucson

Breeze

(Christine Kane)
ASCAP/Lee Baby Sims Music/1997

We were in between lovers
At the peak of a sigh
Hit the beach in December
'Cause we barely survived in the month of July

And what I want to know is
The very thing that you choose to ignore
Why we go back again to a place when we know
That we've already been there before

Now the breeze all over me
Breeze, let everything be
Set it free
And me, I will leave all the rest behind

We had scars on our spirits
And bruises that swelled like the sea
We were gun-metal grey, but you say that's the shade
That a heartache is just meant to be

But what I want to know is
Why at night when I climb into bed
Instead of resting my mind, I'm rehearsing the lines
That I tell myself I should've said

And the breeze all over me
Breeze, let everything be
Set it free
And me, I will leave all the rest behind

It's night, I'm afraid, and the dark unfolds
It's a fog and a rain that surrounds my soul
What's the size and the weight of the kind of love
It would take to repair what I'm so scared of

Let them fall by the wayside
You say, just leave them behind
All those tough words are wrong, baby, I'm not that strong
And the tenderness suits me just fine

But what I want to know is
Why I'm so quick to climb into their heads
And pointedly stare, and then judge me from there
When I could just dance by the sea in the breeze instead

And the breeze all over me
Breeze, let everything be
Set it free
And me, I will leave all the rest behind

An Uneventful Evening

(Christine Kane)

It was the batting cage, it was the middle of June
It was an uneventful evening
She said I think it's rage that's eating up at you
She said, I think I found the remedy
You know, I wouldn't normally lecture
And I would never pontificate
But consider every fracture
That has busted up your mental state
So, here's a stack of tokens
Here's a bat that feels just right
She said pretend that ball is Death Star
And you're a Jedi Knight

Chorus:

Sometimes you get a little uneasy
Sometimes you come a little unglued
Sometimes you know a little lettin' loose
Is gonna do a world of good for you

He missed a dozen balls, he hit a lady's head
He said, it's no use can't you see
He said, my favorite thing is the Grateful Dead
And these stupid sports are not for me
She said, aw put away your cigarette
Hit you one round more
Pretend that ball is corporate
And you're a general store

Chorus

She said, I do believe you have it now
And it's pretty safe to say that
I'll bet your feeling better
And I'll bet Jerry hit some in his day
So pretend that ball's a shopping mall
Pretend that you're a tree
Pretend that thing's Columbus
And that you're a Cherokee

It was the batting cage, it was the middle of June
He said my body's getting sore

I've knocked every ugly Wal-Mart down
If I'm, in fact, the general store
I got one more token, one more game
And if you leave it up to me
I'll pretend that I'm a human brain
And that ball's a great big TV

Chorus

Hot Kind of Nights

(Christine Kane)

Layin' there looking nowhere
Through the rusty screen to the street
And the steam is rising, it seems like you're dying of heat

The sun may be half way to China
But its attitude is hangin' around
And the wind's in Peru what the hell's keeping you in this town

Where the hum of the fan in the windows
And the way that the neighbors fight
Are there to remind you it's one of those hot kind of nights

A light hits where the insects meet
Chapped lips and a barefoot street
Someone's whistling a tune while a three-quarter moon keeps a beat

And you're kicking at all of your covers
There's a haze in the back porch light
It's there to remind you it's one of those hot kind of nights

Out there the neon glows
They kick cans and break windows
And they wait for a breeze to blow

There's something alive, some kind of drumbeat within
It's the sweat on your thighs, it's all the people you've been
There's something like violence rising up from inside of your skin

It's the memory of old time lovers
It's their bitch and their breath and their bite
It's the fire and the fix, man, you're sick of these hot kind of nights

You're kicking at all of your covers
And you're wondering what sleep would be like
There's no way to win, so give in to the hot kind of nights

Isn't That What Makes You Cold?

(Christine Kane)

You're the changing mood
In a crowded room
It's the image you wear
Indirect and cool
They're all in awe of you
In a sense it's not fair

'Cause you let everyone believe it
You're pretty good that way
But you'll be all alone this evening
It's the lonely you can't take

Yea, life is so unsure
You think you'll find a cure
You think of fortunes instead
Another crazy scheme, another flying machine
Another lover in bed

And the shadows on your wall won't scold you
And the shades of night won't beg
'Cause she casts away the constant cold
When she wraps you in her legs

Isn't that what makes you cold
Isn't that what makes you cold

Nightfall sneaks up on you
Finds you in your solitude
Sometimes it can catch you off guard
There's silence everywhere
You give up and climb the stairs
Go to bed you won't fall so hard

Someday you might hear the voices
And perhaps admit they're there
The numbness hides the needs and noise
And that's the part that's got you scared

Isn't that what makes you cold
Isn't that what makes you cold
Isn't that what makes you cold

Big Ol' Full Moon

(Christine Kane)

There's a wind on a western night
There's a fire and something in the fire light, like hope

But she doesn't want to name it that soon

She says a prayer for what remains unknown
And another for the past that's back home
Then she smiles 'cause she's alone and there's a big ol' full moon

It's a funny thing 'cause everybody said,
Why you going alone, whatchya doin' and
If you're running away you'd better think about the reasons you would

Well, they'd sing their tunes and she'd sing along
Always making the room for being wrong
But the voices of doom, you know, they never really done her much good

Everyday, it's been another big loss
She's let down until more often than not
Her will just seems to be gone

But there's something about the night, something unknown
Something right about a girl on her own
And there's something inside and it's gonna keep making her strong

It's late, and she stays on
And she waits for the way home

Well, the world's had a way of breaking her down to the wrong size
But the world ain't supposed to be kind
And tonight there's a moon that says there's light in these dark skies
And the moon says she's doing just fine

'Cause here she is on a western night
By the fire and warmed by the firelight
There's a little bit of peace and a little bit of restlessness, too

And all the things that remain unknown
And the things that cast her back home
Make her sing to the shadows of the big ol' full moon

It's late and she stays on
And she waits for the way home
It's late and she's all alone
And she waits for the way home

Rise

(Christine Kane)

I'm staring at stars tonight
I've fallen in mid-flight
Dropped in a moment from the sky
Another mistaken path

Now I'm covered in dirt and grass
Born of the earth am I

You say I fly in search of storms
You're not entirely wrong
I hear the church bells Sunday morning
Lonely their song
They ride the wind a gentle friend
To all that breaks and dies
I broke my wings and now they sing for me
To rise

You see me the way you must
Say I'm candid and dangerous
You say you want light, not fire
It's hardly the way to live
To be sorry for what you give
Apologies have made me so tired

You chase your dreams, who'd believe
You'd be stung and struck down
It breaks your will until you don't know how
You'll rise

We're sisters of wind and storm
We're waiting to be reborn
But let's not give in this time
So don't blame me for what's not there
Or try to tame my tangled hair
Or take all the fight from inside me

But take my hand let's pray for hope
Let's make a whole new God
Get up and walk let's shed the talk
Of all that we're not
The strength in me sometimes she bleeds
Sometimes she wants to die
Sometimes she falls and falls again, but then
She'll rise

I'm waking up I'm shaking off
These tired old ways
And I say to the world, I'm no girl
I'm all grown up these days
And all the violence, all the rage
And all the reasons to cry
All that life is, oh it's calling me
To rise

If I Were Me

(Christine Kane/Suzi Katz)

Everyday she's exhausted
Everyday she works til too late
Everyday it's the boss behind her
Bad breath on her shoulder blade

Everyday is a bad mood
And take home pay is a lie they tell you
She drowns her sorrow in Thai food, cartoons
And Joni Mitchell "Blue"

All the boys in their business suits
Go golfing on the weekend
She gets annoyed but the plain truth is
That she just might end up like them

And all the sudden it's pitch black
And all the sudden she's one year older
And all the sudden the clocks turn back, today in fact
And she says, no no no

If I were me I'd live my life
Get out and see what the world is like
The only thing they'll be saying is she's different now
And she lives down south
And she says to say hello to you

She's walking into the wind this weekend
Walking by the train tracks
If she were Kerouac, she'd jump this train and not look back
Man, she swears that she loves that sound
Makes her feel like she's someone she don't know
Who'd really care if she left right now?
Her mom might frown and her dad, well, he'd say no
(no no no)

If I were me I'd live my life
Maybe at least I'd do one thing right
The only thing they'll be saying is she's different now
And she lives down South
And she says to say hello to you

Everyday she's exhausted
Everyday she's up at sunrise
M&M's and a coffee
Are the best part of the subway ride
Then the rain starts, and there's something about the rain
And she thinks, aw hell I'll just go home

If I were me I'd live my life
Go sea to sea on a three speed bike
The only thing they'll be saying is she's writing a novel

If I were me I'd be just my type
Get out and see what the world is like
The only thing they'll be saying is she's different now
She lives down south
And she says to say hello to you

The Problem with Jazz

(Christine Kane)

It's just an apartment, she must be a fool
It's the size of a jewel box, the price of a jewel
The landlord is lazy, the winters are cold
She thinks often of old love, and often feels old

She's got too many t-shirts and not enough time
She takes out the trash every Monday at nine
She says, No sir, I don't wanna work,
I don't wanna waitress, I don't wanna do this
I told you I just want to play.
Tell me to go back to school, man, you've got to be pulling my leg

Chorus:

She says it seems I could turn around take back what time has sold me
Absolutely everything they ever told me
Resolutely I'm inclined to fight the blows
Incompletely I resign myself to the highs and lows

He grew up in Nashville, how 'bout that
He says he moved out of Nashville so he could play jazz
And he learned all the rules and the well-tempered tunes that he could
Now, ten years of schooling that accent is gone for good

Now, he's in New York City, plays jazz all the time
He says the problem with jazz is you don't make a dime
He's got a big sax and a bad back and a black cat named Miles
He may be somewhat abrasive, but that's just his style

He says, it seems I could turn around take back what time has sold me
Absolutely everything they ever told me
Resolutely I'm inclined to fight the blows
Incompletely I resign myself to the highs and lows

Said the cook to the waitress, I can't stand to be here right now
Life's a mess and the wife just walked out
The laundry is sky high, and I'm close to tears

The waitress she shrugged she said, Man, I never wanna be here

Chorus

All the Rest

(Christine Kane)

You leave the moment and stare
At all the boats on the bay
And children wave
And it grieves you to be lonely
On a lovely, lovely summer day
What's wrong, you say

'Cause all the rest feels like a hard wind, cold rain
And any peace just passing through
All the rest feels like it might just lead to
Endless days of gloom for you

You sought the solitary
And had affairs with solitude
Didn't you?
But he caught you unaware, and
He offered something like the truth
And he loved you too

And all the rest was lost in tears and tall tales
And all the secrets kept from view
All the rest was lost in should's and supposed-to's
There was no chance to choose for you

Today you wake up early
You watch the wind while morning moves
From your room
Apart from all the stuff we say
Apart from damage we might do
We know what's true

And all the rest is up to long nights, lost words
And all the sleep you're bound to lose
And all the rest will heal, but nice and slow, so
Time will have to do for you