**Andrew Cedermark Lyrics**

**Lean on Me**

Sometimes in our lives

we all have pain, we all

have sorrow, but if I

keep on at dollar beer

night I'll also ruin tomorrow.

So barely I swallowed my

pride, rode the train home

past solo trees and houses—

a snake in every garden

where nothing depends

on anything anymore.

But you leaned on me

when you were not strong

and I tried to be kind for

wanting to be loved, but

it wasn't long till I had

but a beer and nobody

to lean on.

Just call on me,

brother, if you need

a friend; we all need

somebody to lean on.

**Tiller of Lawn**

And with a new season

some wild affection, wild

geese in stormclouds

above my lawn, my friends.

Still I go out and get some

in the moonlight; then it's

tomorrow and I am a mess.

Still I cling to that old

midnight hoot-owl as if

I could ride from night to

the next — how everything

seemed to me from way up

there to be so sweet, so

sublime; down here seems

all everybody's got is a little

hard luck sometimes.

I look back and see the dead

grass and it feels so good.

Oh, but everything seems to

me from my train window to

be getting so much worse!

Come on, save me love!

Moving never soothes my

worries, so come on! Oh,

come on and save me love.

**Canis Major**

In the dark of the night

my star shines bright,

awake in my bed,

just listening:

The sheets are

in curls and beside

me my girl, her chest

heaves as she dreams;

oh, how I love her

with my cicada-shell

heart.

Sometimes

I need you but don't

know how to get there.

My soul's not at ease.

It's like I need my dog

to come when I call but

there's no dog to call,

and you need it all.

Despite our hopes let's

try to be well, knowing

we won't, and invest

our hopes in beating

hell although we won't.

Ask not what you can

do for your pain; ask

what you can do with

your pain.

**Canis Minor**

What fool looked at

two points and saw

a little dog? I guess

all things bright and

low need what thought

you can give them.

But that, friends,

looks like true love:

the rounding off of

distance between

two things with

anything. Oh, to love

me dream with me!

**Trash Heap**

Sometimes I wonder

if you remember August's

day and the cricket hiss.

We listened where

balance peace,

maybe sometimes.

There was no end to

the drinks and to the

daylight, sad music —

we were living by the

river at the time.

Thought I needed that

cool, cool, cool water

because I couldn't cool down.

From wanting to losing,

Jesus, I wanted you ...

And I remember,

how the kudzu coiled

over everything —

the old buildings

where we found

three paintings of

Jesus in a heap of

trash. People kept

saying, "It's alright, it's

alright, it's alright,

have some more, be

secure, ululate —

whatever, just be

alright." I've got the

wrong kind of energy,

Jesus, things are better

now we left. Thought I

needed that cool, cool,

cool logic, though I'm

still not true now.

From wanting to losing,

Jesus, I had you ...

Jesus! Let us eat

when we're hungry;

let us drink and drink

when we are dry, and

let's try to keep ourselves

wandering beyond the

quiet of our little lives.

And oh, if you find you

really need someone

to always lift you up,

Jesus, I cannot ...

**Train Window Man**

Haha rain! I'm the train

window man, anywhere

traveling as far away as

I can from anything.

Licking up valleys, in

search of a new word for

the then-trees but "sad,"

I am feeling better, mostly,

about where I don't know

where I am, but it feels

like I'm getting there,

and when I get there

again I just hope I

recognize it.

Just then my car passes

the old memory yard,

heaped tall with old

friends and empty cans.

I pull the thing to get

off but I can't get off. Oh!

**Nothing**

I couldn't tell you where I come from

but to say it's where human kindness

is overflowing. To some that leaves

nothing unsaid — to others, it just means

nothing. But I made a sad attempt to

get back again. Ah, yes! To be a kid again

I licked the spoiled nectar of youth, got

sick, shit my shorts and lost my shoes,

hoping that a sweet need to create could savage

a sour to disapprove, but it did not — it didn't —

but nothing could.

I'm going home.

The taste, the taste, sometimes comes back to me

the taste of how youth so sweetened reality tea ...

we suburban basement boys kumbayaed so sweetly

before packing, like stock to the auction, in sedans from 1990

to the city, through the Meadowlands, in their evening glory,

and the next day's rainy waking to the smell of the Nabisco factory ...

and oh, how our cups were running over with just about everything

for our pots were all full and so hot nightly ...

Do you remember how it felt when the next scene was revealed?

Light shifts, factory closes, everything's shuttered, town is empty,

and just then something mounts in your gut, a kind sickness for

want of need, indeed, I'm soured and sick, don't follow me.

I'm going home, I'm going home, I'm going home to nothing.

**Back on Home**

Never forget

to give due praise to the old masters,

to recognize the genuine article, and,

when doubting, to please breathe,

and to listen to me: everybody

needs a chance to feel so low

it feels like you can't ever

come back.

Just keep holding

my hand through the crisis of taste: There's

no time to read, no will to make something

to be proud of, and it's nothing to be

proud of, my love, to be nothing,

and I'm nothing, oh!

God one goes and goes and hopes

the getting there will even feel good.

Come on, how should I know? I wanted to learn

and bring it all to you back on home. Come on, how

could have I known, once you go you can't go back

home anymore?

But I remember what I said: That if we could skip these

few hard years we'd be set. Yeah, I remember what I said,

now I regret it because once you go, then, you know, you

can't ever come back. Once you go, then, you know

you can't ever come back.

Autumn Leaves (Again)

The falling leaves pass by my train window

in reams of dead old red and gold. Will the

getting there then cure me of the sunburned

hand that I used to hold?

Once where there was a bed, we would lay in it;

Once where there was food, we would eat it.

And in having what we needed we forgot how

it's supposed to hurt to love.

So Sunburned Hand, come on, that's how you

know that it's working: If you're not hurting,

then you'll know it's not working.

And I miss you most of all, my darling, when

I can see the autumn leaves start to fall. I miss

you most of all my darling when I can feel the

autumn leaves start to fall.

Meanwhile memories of "my darling" become

acid-damaged negatives of memories of memories

of memories of memories, ah!

**Men in Jail**

Now we live in an old fleabag apartment

where pigeon shit is copied and pasted

all over. It's ugly, otherwise we like it: You

can almost see the river, there's a good

bar near, and we know a couple people.

But if we were food, this is how we'd be

farmed: In sky-scraping brick cages with

windows to expensive stuff.

 And if they

milk us for a little bit more, baby, that

could be ours!

 Well, listen! Nobody's

here to make any friends. And I just

want to be your lover; that's all I ever

wanted from this place that wants

nothing from us.

I wish I could say that I moved to New York

for a dream, but it was on a lark. The world

has no use for another fuckin' idiot who aims

to do no harm but can't help anyone.

 All is lost!

Jail couldn't be worse suffering ... but I couldn't

hurt anyone!

I walk around rapping my tin cup, just

a-wonderin' what I'm a-gonna do ...

I wonder if, in jail, men dream too?