

Painted Face

The Adam Burns Band

Dirty Water

Howling at the harvest moon
The candle and the silver spoon
I kissed the lips that cursed my soul
The fruit was sweet but the juice was cruel

Voices in my bedroom walls
Claws are scratching at the door
Darkness creeps and shadows moan
A storm above and a fire below

I drank the dirty water
I drank the dirty water
Oh, cleanse my soul of taint and stain

I was born an anxious boy
Sticks and stones my only toys
Now I play with knives and fire
A slave to unwholesome desires

Confined myself to solitude
I bit the hand that brought the food
Crawling on my hands and knees
Is there no cure for this disease?

Cleanse my soul of taint and stain
I disgraced my mother's name
Where pious angels fear to tread
That's where I find my daily bread

Forgive me father, I have sinned
I coveted the shiny things
Took a walk in the woods
Where the green wood grows
I said a prayer to the lord
But the lord said 'No'

Don't rock the Heater

Jimmy, he's a decent kid
He'll fix your car for twenty quid
But something in his eyes
Says, 'I'm not afraid to die'
Oh don't rock the heater Jimmy Jones

Never knew his daddy's eyes
And Mummy worked all day and night
So he found his kith and kin
With the bullies and the skins
Oh, Don't rock the heater Jimmy Jones

The story of a troubled youth
Makes better copy than the truth
Your generation takes the blame
For the condition of today
Oh, don't rock the heater Jimmy Jones

The disaffected libertine
In your braces and your drainpipe jeans
We've seen it all before
You've got no respect for the law
Oh, don't rock the heater Jimmy Jones

There's dogs that bark and dogs that bite
And fear that haunts your soul at night
Sometimes you break the law
To keep the wolf from your door
But don't rock the heater Jimmy Jones

The look upon your dirty face
Is all it takes to seal your fate
And if they catch you with a gun
You've seen your last day in the sun
Oh don't rock the heater Jimmy Jones

Sunsets and shooting stars

My mind is a tangle of wires
That buzzes and sparks
This device could explode
If it's left to long alone

My heart is a digital clock
That counts in reverse
Dropped my guard and let you in
Felt the rain upon my skin

*I dream of desert skies
I dream in red and green and blue
Sunsets and shooting stars
They never shine as bright as you*

I dream through a monitor screen
That flickers and fades
I thought I saw your face,
In an unfamiliar place

I touch with fingers of steel
They scratch and they burn
I thought I heard you breathe
Like the Moonlight through the trees

The Dark Waltz

A room with no door, a knife on the table
You don't know the answer, but you tell me
the riddle
Tied to the chair, no way to break free
You can ask all you want to, I'll never speak

*Raise your glass, dance the dark dance
Keep me alive just as long as you can
Close your eyes, turn out the lights
Break every bone in my body*

Far from my home, in terrible danger
The night is less cold in the arms of a stranger
The touch of the moonlight, that drifts
through the window
The smell of your neck and your hair on the
pillow

A voice in the darkness, the saint and the
sinner
I'm losing the game with no rules and no
winner
The night it is cruel to weak and the ailing
When love leaves you cold, I will be waiting

Drink

Moving through the city like the rising tide we
got
red shoes on our feet
Moonlight dancing on the cobblestones and
there's
witchcraft on the streets
Well it's a cruel, cruel world and it can break
the heart of
anybody with a heart to break
So hand me that bottle and I'll sing you a
song about the
beauty of a careless day

Drink your pain away

Wash your worries down the open drain

I got a devil on my shoulder gonna lead my soul astray

Dancing on the tables with the landlord's
daughter,
she took a little shine to me
She led me to a room on the second floor
where she
put me under lock and key
Well the mind was willing but the body was
weak.
Couldn't stand for falling down
She laughed like a drain at my naked shame
and told the
tale to every girl in town

When the clock struck three, I was on my
knees,
singing ballads to the waning moon
A copper with a face like a twisted boot came
and
burst my red balloon.
He said 'Son, you're as drunk as the fiddler's
girl
and you smell like a northern bum'
I said 'I may be a drunk but you're an ugly
bastard,
I'll be sober when the morning comes'

Brenda, the Teenage Arsonist

Girl, you've got a pretty face,
But you walk like a boy and your hair's a
disgrace
You're nobody's baby
You're always the thorn, girl and never the
rose

Everybody knows your name
'cos you came to school in overalls and got
good grades
You're nobody's sweetheart
You're only as strong as the one that you
break

When the lights go out in your room

Do you dance by the light of the moon?

Do you pray for the day that you're free

From the girl with the dirt on her knees?

A ribbon in your ponytail
But you curse like a sailor and you chew your
nails
You're nobody's baby
Love like a landmine, you care like a knife

You just want to disappear
But if you dress like that, they're gonna think
you're queer
You're nobody's sweetheart
You're rather be lonely, than act like you care

The beauty of a structural fire
In the evening sun could bring a tear to your
eye
You're nobody's sweetheart
With a fresh box of matches and the gasoline
fumes

The music of the siren's cry
Washes over your body like a lullaby
You're nobody's baby
There's so little time and so much to destroy

You're not alone

When they came for the Rabbi,
I turned my face and looked away
When they came for the communist,
I didn't know what I should say

One for the crime in the color of your eyes
Two for the sins that are written on you skin
Three for the law, when they're knocking at
your door
Four for the day when they carry you away

*So sing it loud with every breath that's in your lungs,
'Cos apathy's as deadly as a bullet from a gun
So sing it loud while there's a conscience in your soul
Don't live in silence 'cos you know you're not alone*

When they came for the black man,
I locked my lips and held my tongue
When they came for the Muslim,
I knew my turn would not be long

One for the crime in the color of your eyes
Two for the sins that are written on you skin
Three for the law, when they're knocking at
your door
Four for the day when they carry you away

Don't Call Me Zero

We're the awkward silence, we're the story left
untold

We're your inconvenient relation
You can see our faces but you dare not speak
our name

We're the shit you never tell your children
Did you see a silhouette upon your bedroom
wall?

Is there someone knocking at your window?
Look me in the eye and tell me I am not your
brother

You can call me one but don't you call me
Zero

Hello, can you hear us, are we loud and are we
clear?

Can you hear my voice above the screaming?
The writing's on the wall but you don't
understand the words

That came from your own lips when you were
dreaming.

Did you see a flicker on your television
screen?

Did you hear a buzzing on your cell phone?
Look me in the eye and tell me I am not your
brother

You can call me one but don't you call me
Zero

I saw ten thousand roses on the streets of
New Orleans,

Growing through the cracks in the pavement
I the sound of voices singing 'I shall be
released'

Coming from the rooftops and the basement
I heard ten thousand telephones, ringing in
the sun

The voice was loud and clear in the receiver
Look me in the eye and tell me I am not your
brother

You can call me one but don't you call me
Zero

Down in the alley

Down in the alley by the record store,
Knock three times on a yellow door
If you have to ask, you'll never know
A Fifty-Seven and a Fifty-Eight,
A twelve-inch Speaker on a beer crate
Factory blues and deep fried southern soul

Licks and kicks and hickory sticks,
Clap your hands and shake your hips
You can leave your worries at the door
Jackson kings and Memphis queens
Banging on cans and tambourines
If you got the blues they got the cure

I'm just a poor boy, second hand jacket and
corduroy
If I was a rich man, I'd put a gold ring on
your hand
I got style in stereo, a song you never hear on
the radio
I got everything I'll ever need

Green eyed girl in a cotton dress
Handing me a napkin with a street address
'Lets go someplace we can be alone'
Thank you baby but I must decline,
I got a woman got me satisfied
She pulls my hair and she rocks my lazy bones

The Godless Girl

You took your pretty dress, Left your mother
on the farm
And the streets of New York city, held you
gently in their arms
And liberty was waiting, when you stepped
onto the quay
'Cos the one you love the most, that's the one
that sets you free

The murmur of the el-train, whispered secrets
in your ear
And the footsteps on the pavement, said you
never need to fear
Manhattan was your playground, we were rag
dolls in your game
From the village up to Harlem, everybody
knew your name

*This is, the golden age
The queen of the Ziegfeld stage
Breathe in, and close your eyes
As the lights go down for the last time*

Your body was your weapon, as if beauty was
a crime
Your face made you a fortune, so you
gambled every dime
You danced above the skyline, on the
commodore hotel
As the paparazzi waited, to catch you when
you fell

You put on your lipgloss, tied your hair
behind your head
And said, 'Take me to Chinatown, and buy
me something red'
You were laughing like a madman, on the first
day of the war
As I held you by your ankles, from the 32nd
floor

Painted Face

On a warm and idle summer evening
They came upon the village green
With a band a-playing
And the flags a-waving
Of a crimson wheel on blue and green
Lift the veil that suffocates your mind
Feel the fire that burned within the child

*Oh Momma, don't you weep and moan
There's no shame in what I've done
But I've seen my fate in a painted face
And I won't be coming home*

They call her the queen Zorita,
The ruler of your heart and mind
And nobody, ever calls her 'Ada',
Except her mother and the FBI
Watch your mouth she's not your girl next
door
Save your breath, she's heard it all before

Well the gypsy laid her cards upon the table
And took a hold of both my hands
The moon and the tower, the fool and the
lovers
And a tree where a man did hang
She said 'Oh my child I've seen your face
before
Long before you knocked upon my door'