

# THE RESTLESS DREAMS OF YOUTH

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## Skipping the Cracks

When I woke up I was older than that,  
I was colder than that,  
But I'm finding the groove.  
Roll out of bed... grab my coat and my hat,  
Say goodbye, and that's that..  
And I'm making my move.

Concrete and sidewalk skipping the cracks.  
So I won't be guilty about breaking your back.  
Breathe in the air it's a bright sunny day and it's my getaway  
I don't care if I'm lost...

And I don't really miss you and I don't even feel bad.  
When you said you would see just how you felt I wasn't even mad.  
And it's only when someone asks me...  
That I'm reminded of your silly face  
And the stack of vinyl records you left at my place.

When I went out I was bolder than that,  
In my red Stetson hat,  
talking back being crude.  
Rolling me home in a cab with a phone,  
And I'm happy alone without hearing from you.

Concrete and sidewalk skipping the cracks.  
So I won't be guilty about breaking your back.  
Laughing at how I am still nowhere near,  
Getting rid of my fear but I'm finding the groove....

And I don't really miss you and I don't even feel bad.  
When you said you would see just how you felt I wasn't even mad.  
And it's only when someone asks me,  
That I'm reminded of your silly face.  
And the stack of vinyl records you left at my place

## Shadow Clues

You know I never know what you're thinking.  
I can stare at you all evening.

Because all that you learned was a solid stare.  
And a stiff upper lip and a handshake grip.  
And a deadpan expression with a frigid touch.  
Unresponsive to the needles that stab you so much.

You know I never know what you're feeling.  
Look for the shadow clues on the ceiling.

Because all that you learned was a solid stare  
And a stiff upper lip and a handshake grip  
And a deadpan expression with a frigid touch  
Unresponsive to the needles that stab you so much.

## Socrates & Me

Socrates & me  
not the best combo lately.  
No regrets just bent and out of stately.

Braiding wool and shredding glass.  
Glowing face an aftermath.  
It's an afterthought, and after that,  
Well, I'll go home in monochrome.

Dictate words onto tape.  
To cellophone and meditate.  
Slamming pours and stirring dots.  
Sliding hands and taking shots

Braiding wool and shredding glass.  
Glowing face an aftermath.  
It's an afterthought, and after that  
Well, I'll go home in monochrome

New Case

What a waste.

A head case.

There's nothing I like more than being right.

But right now, I adore the fight.

What a night.

So uptight.

There's nothing I hate more than you seeing me this way.

And I'm nothing more than a lump of clay.

And a change will take place.

When I learn to embrace the unknown and untested new case

I'm just an untested new case.

What a lie.

To amplify.

There's nothing I want more than to say how I feel.

But I'll just grip on to the steering wheel.

What a plan.

A leading man.

There's nothing I wish more than for it all to work out.

But right now, it's a round-about.

And a change will take place.

When I learn to embrace the unknown and untested new case

I'm just an untested new case.

## Better Off Meditating

I'm not gonna wait around.  
For you to make a sound.  
And your heavy breathing against my skin while I pretend I'm sleeping.  
But I heard everything you said.

Do you know what it feels like?  
To be here when you're really not?  
Might as well be at the movies all by myself it would be easier.  
Do you know what it feels like?  
When you can't even pretend to be  
Listening to what I'm saying I'd be better off just meditating.

I'm not gonna say a thing.  
I'll just let your last words ring...  
While I'm walking down the hallway your words still echoing.  
But I heard everything you said.

Do you know what it feels like?  
To be here when you're really not?  
Might as well be at the movies all by myself it would be easier.  
Do you know what it feels like?  
When you can't even pretend to be  
Listening to what I'm saying I'd be better off just meditating

I'm not gonna wait around.  
For you to come around.  
And this heavy petting is nothing like I, I keep forgetting...  
But I want everything you said.

## Cleveland

I've traveled for one week  
To find that I've gone back to Cleveland.  
And even, when I was alone  
I was dealing with feelings I've had all along.  
And I've traveled for one week to find that I've gone back to...

What ever happened to me?  
I feel like I'm stuck somewhere back in the Midwest.  
And that might be unfair, but I've got some regrets.  
And now I just wanna be free.

I've traveled for one year  
To find that I'm lost in the same place.  
But your place is where I was found.  
In the morning, I'm mourning the parts that are gone.  
But I've traveled for one year to find that I've gone back to...

What ever happened to me?  
I feel like I'm stuck back there somewhere in the Midwest.  
And that might be unfair, but I've got some regret  
And now I just wanna be free.  
I just wanna be free  
Just wish I could be  
I just wanna be free.

## Heavy and Abusive

You woke up with that look on your face again.  
The one that says, 'You better not say the wrong thing.'  
So I walked out, I walked away, I walked outside  
Where I thought, I better not say the wrong thing.

How could things that seem so simple be so heavy and abusive?  
And how could things that seem so perfect be so bad?  
And how could things that seem so clear be so sarcastic and elusive?  
And how could things that seem so lovely be so sad?

I woke up with that feeling in my head again  
The one that says, 'You better not do the wrong thing.'  
So you walked out, you walked away, you walked outside  
Where you thought, you better not do the wrong thing.

How could things that seem so simple be so heavy and abusive?  
And how could things that seem so perfect be so bad?  
And how could things that seem so clear be so sarcastic and elusive?  
And how could things that seem so lovely be so sad?

I don't know why we keep having these kinds of mornings.  
When every little look feels like a warning.  
And walking away feels exactly the same as saying goodbye

How could things that seem so simple be so heavy and abusive?  
And how could things that seem so perfect be so bad?  
And how could things that seem so clear be so sarcastic and elusive?  
And how could things that seem so lovely be so sad?



'Til I've won

when I took you out to play you wanted to run away.  
i was lingering by your side and I wanted to keep you tied.

and don't ever turn your back on me  
'cause you see I'm in one of those moods  
it's a typical ruse that you use but I won't be moved.  
and it's not what you think, it's not what you think, boy...  
everything so unsure, but the truth.  
it's just me and you and this hillside view.

when I put you on my plate my mouth watered for the taste  
and I lifted the fork and knife and I looked you in the eye.

and don't ever turn your back on me  
'cause you see I'm in one of those moods  
it's a typical ruse that you use but I won't be moved.  
and it's not what you think, it's not what you think, boy...  
everything so unsure, but the truth.  
it's just me and you and this hillside view.

I've got a little bit, of whatever you have to give.  
but i need a little bit more.  
I'm pulling you into it but you won't move another inch  
So I guess we'll keep fighting this war....

when I tucked you in at night was it wrong or was it right?  
then I let you fall asleep, and I prayed your soul to keep.

and don't ever turn your back on me  
'cause you see I'm in one of those moods (*and i wanna explain myself*)  
it's a typical ruse that you use but I won't be moved (*and i wanna restrain myself*)  
and it's not what you think, it's not what you think, boy (*I want to sell to you*)  
everything so unsure, but the truth, (*and I wanna control myself*)  
it's just me and you and this hillside view (*my services will do*)

*(and i wanna explain myself)*  
and don't ever turn your back on me (*whatever needs to be done*)  
'cause you see I'm in one of those moods (*and i wanna restrain myself*)  
it's a typical ruse that you use but I won't be moved (*to keep you 'til I've won*)  
and it's not what you think, it's not what you think, boy. (*I wanna control myself*)  
everything so unsure, but the truth, (*I want to sell to you*)  
it's just me and you and this hillside view (*and I wanna convince myself*)  
and don't ever turn your back on my cause you see it's the truth  
it's just me and you and this hillside view

## Red Ball

I broke my rule last night. I think I said too much.

I must have taken a special medication that made me talk until the sun came up.

I broke my promise last night. I think I spoke too soon.

I must have taken a certain contradiction and laid it out on the floor in my room.

And I said go ahead, call me on it all.

But i am just following the red bouncing ball.

And I'm doing whatever they say to me

Without much dignity.

I broke some plates last night. I think I screamed too loud.

I must have dished out a bad combination of everything I know I'm about.

I broke my rule last night. I think I said too much.

I must have taken a special medication that made me talk until the sun came up.

## Outdated (G)

There's no way to know which way we should go.  
Just assume the worst cause I've been cursed.  
It's not like I care, but I'd rather prepare.  
Cause if I lose, it's just bad news.

There's no time and space when I gotta face it.  
Just tell me the truth and I won't waste it.  
Cause I fail at the small things and that's pretty clear.  
So don't ask me to whisper dear.

'Cause this story is old like the ones before that I told.  
And it's been said, and it's been stated...  
I'm the one who's feeling outdated.

Where's the moon that I wanna follow?  
There's nothing here that I wanna borrow.  
And distance will bend like a delicate stem.  
I close my eyes and count to ten.

'Cause this story is old like the ones before that I told.  
And it's been said, and it's been stated...  
I'm the one who's feeling outdated.

Daylight savings grace me with darkness.  
I'll have a drink and I'll be guiltless.  
'Cause waiting around, for any old sound.  
Is better than nothing, dear.

## In The Wild

I'm digging for something old and inside.  
Bringing it back up out in the light.  
And I'll just ask a friend what they remember.  
About me in the wild last December.

I'm looking for something warped and frayed.  
Dusting it off and having it framed.  
I'll just ask a friend what they recall.  
About me in the wild last fall.

And I'm not one to cry or hold your hand,  
During the sad parts of the movie I'll just smile and pretend,  
That I'm doing fine, but inside I'm a mess.  
'Cause even the previews make me weepy, I confess.

I'm looking for something, sealed and hidden.  
Ripping it in half, right in the middle.  
I'll just tell my friends, I think that I'll be alright.  
Out there in the wild tonight.

And I'm not one to cry or hold your hand.  
During the sad parts of the movie I'll just smile and pretend.  
That I'm doing fine, but inside I'm a mess.  
'Cause even the previews make me weepy, I confess.

## Suitcase & Gun

I'm packing a suitcase & gun  
I'm carrying a six pack and stun  
Got my foot to the floor i'm on 90/94 on the run

I'm listening to Dylan and Queen  
I'm burning out my engine clean  
I've got speed and a need for escaping  
I'm grinding my teeth

And all I need is the sunshine following me.

I'm following stars to my left  
I roll down my window and yell  
The guy to my right honks his horn  
I know I'm alright.

And all I need is the sunshine following me.