

jeff shuck brightest coldest blue

Shine Away You sparkle, Sara—like the dazzling gleam of a thousand glinting snowflakes; like the reds and the yellows that the setting autumn sun makes, you shine away. You shine away. You glitter, Sara—like the rainbow halo that the moon above the cloud takes and gives to the lake as the dowry for its soul mate, you shine away. You shine away. You glisten, Sara—like the rain of a river falling crystal down a hillside; like a midnight mirror set to soak up all the starlight, you shine away. You shine away. You scatter, Sara—like the drying leaves that the wind among the trees break; like a child's silver change that clatters through a street grate, you shine away. You shine away. You shatter, Sara—like a wine bottle breaking on a pavement pale behind her; like a tear on a cheek, you're a helpless heart's reminder: You roll down alone; and rolling, you are gone; and while the turning cheek turns on, you shine away.

Leighann Leighann I—I need a moment; I wonder, have you noticed that when I catch your eye, a little sun inside, it brightens? And I don't think that I have ever seen my sky this lightened. Leighann, dear, can you come over here? I need to touch you and see if you disappear. You see so many times I pledge my love to my mirages—but empty filigree yields to reality's barrages. And I'd rather that that didn't happen with you. I'd rather that didn't happen with you. Leighann, do my words upset you? Believe me, I wouldn't blame you... *but then again*... It occurs to me that life's too short to be so timid, and if we're just a dream, then tell me why it seems so vivid. I probably shouldn't show my emotions so completely: I'm old enough to know you'll likely only go and leave me... but I'd rather that that didn't happen with you. I'd rather that didn't happen with you. *When I catch your eyes I see something bright inside of me.*

Next Time He's tired of looking for an answer. He says, "I finally found a woman... but I never understand her. It's not a different language—it's a different set of thoughts." She's sick of living with a problem. She says, "When I think he's sunk as low as he can go, he drags my ass along the bottom. It's not a different pathway, it's a different way to walk." *I'm a little tired of what he says, I'm a little sick of it. I'm a little bored of waiting for another "better" ship to come in. Tell me what the water should be for... is it just for learning to sink or swim?* CHORUS: You take a step towards someone else, and then you end up stuck inside yourself. And "patiently waiting" becomes "wasting time." You say that you can't live apart but then you elevate it to an art—expectations and excuses intertwine; explanations and apologies combine; and if you wind up disappointed, you're never that surprised. *And so you take your steps all by yourself, but you're just wasting time. And then you try to say you like it that way... but expectations and explanations...* You pass time talking to the T.V. It's not

that you mind being alone... you're just tired of being lonely. And if nothing's really hurting, well, nothing's really healing. And I spend nights staring at the ceiling. I'm fairly sure that love is nothing more than just another sinking feeling. But then, being by myself yet again isn't any more appealing. *I'm a little tired of what he says, I'm a little sick of it. I'm a little bored of waiting for another, better ship to come in. Tell me what the water should be for... is it just for learning to sink or swim?* REPEAT CHORUS *With a sea of this size you'd think that I'd wind up a little surprised and a little less dumb-struck, but biding my time has been just wasting time. Is there a ship in the night with a torch that can find me? I've been looking for light but the ocean is empty—at least for tonight.*

Happy February CHORUS: Happy February, someone... Happy February, someone said "hello." Happy February, someone... Happy February, someone said "hello." I see her every Tuesday waiting in the snow. She stopped me the other day and asked me if I smoked... but I didn't know. She said, "Tell your pretty friend that I've been watching him and I have a question: Do you think he'd mind a little quiet time with me and my affections?" REPEAT CHORUS I saw her the other day with candy and a rose. She asked me if her "valentine" would send a note... but I didn't know. She said, "Tell your pretty friend that I've been watching him and I have a question: Do you think he'd mind a little quiet time with me and my affections?" REPEAT CHORUS Happy February, young love... You ask me, March just couldn't get here soon enough.

Rain in the Night "I'm feeling tired," she says, as she looks across the town. It's raining on the West Side; the sun is going down. She pours a glass of wine and contemplates the ground. The thunder is approaching; she startles at the sound, then absently looks around... She says, "I stopped asking for reasons because I tired of hearing lies—and I wouldn't know what to say to something genuine. I wore from torrid treasons and I tore from horrid lines—and if water could wash away what's inside, I'd jump from my window and fall like rain in the night." Each flash of lightening seems a disregarded prayer—they travel from her temples and burst into the air. "He probably doesn't notice; he surely doesn't care... Well, you know I stopped asking for reasons because I tired of being right—and if he isn't listening, why should I? I'm sore from sunless seasons and bored of trickling time—and if water could wash away what's inside, I'd jump from my window and fall like rain in the night." It's raining on the West Side.

A Farewell to Seven Sisters You don't know how hard I've tried to figure out exactly why I've given you so much time. I've defended; I've

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pretended; I've tried to leave you behind. You don't know how much I need to really feel like I believe. But dropping water in the sea may teach humility, but it's all futility—and I think there's more in store for me. And seven sisters cry the night away for seven husbands who they hoped would stay. I'd offer comfort if I knew what to say... but with seven brothers gone, I say "Goodbye my sisters, I'm movin' on." You don't know how much it seems like being here's entirely the past and future of me. But reassurance just tests endurance if it only blurs identity. And you don't know how many nights I've seen the lows and glimpsed the heights; but whispered secrets by candle lights may tear open the air, but will never take you there unless you bring your own wings for flight. And seven sisters drink their sorrows down for seven husbands buried underground. You can't teach a dog to sing if it don't like sound, so goodbye my sisters... I'm leavin' town.

One Good Reason Tell me something—something I'm afraid to hear: A secret; a message that you've nestled underneath your perfume drawer, hidden in the back. Draw me something—something pretty that you see: A picture; a portrait that you've lovingly prepared by candlelight and colored with your curls. CHORUS: Well I'm waiting for one good reason to take you away from here—so please offer me something soon my dear. Well I'm waiting for one good reason, but reason is scarce, I fear—so please offer me something soon my dear. Show me something—something special that you keep: A locket; a necklace that you've tucked away inside your jewelry box, waiting for the day. Write me something—something I can read again: A poem; a story of a suitor who enthralls a maiden fair, happy in the end. REPEAT CHORUS Your album is full of images I don't understand. It's open... explain them. Sing me something—something beautiful and clear: A love song... REPEAT CHORUS

Letter to Richard Rich, I'm scared my memories will fade away. I've spent some quiet nights looking for your face, but things that should be changing stay the same... and things that should be stable break away. And if breathing means being then please breathe in me—the air here is leaving my lungs half-empty. In sixteen years you haven't aged a day, but the image in the mirror is getting gray. Like a corner of your picture, I have changed... as lines I thought were black blurred to lighter shades. If breathing means being then please breathe in me—the air here is leaving my lungs half-empty. *Just a breath from your being; something left to believe in. Just a breath—well I've needed something from you.* If grieving brings healing, then where is my peace? Tell me the world's more than it seems to be. Than it seems to be. Well, I can see why you would leave, but your distance, it doesn't help my disbelief. Oh, Richard, come

breathe in me... come breathe in me. I wish I knew what closure I still need; my family, they have their brand of eulogy—but I've never had the taste for straight whiskey, and silence doesn't seem like you to me. *Someone say something... something more than:* If breathing means being then please breathe in me—the air here is leaving my lungs half-empty. *Just a breath from your being; something left to believe in. Just a breath—well I've needed something from you.* If grieving brings healing, then where is my peace? Tell me the world's more than it seems to be. Than it seems to be. *You're breathing inside me, but I need something more than your breathing inside me. But I need more...*

The World is Just Waiting You say you're sick of trying—it doesn't seem to help, and you're getting tired of lying to yourself. You say that after each night, you see a weary face—and there's something gone that daylight can't replace. But I see something else in you: I see vision. I see dreams—a pocket of potential that is bursting at the seams. I see lightning in the night—a brilliant bolt of blue about to burst across the sky... CHORUS: You know the world is just waiting for someone to see—open your eyes to the difference you can be. The world is just waiting for you to believe—The hope that you hold in your heart... set it free. You say you're growing older despite your best attempts—and the chip upon your shoulder is like cement. But I hear something in your voice: I hear courage; I hear faith; a solitary robin on a cold December day. Soon your ice will melt away to the multicolored melody of magnolias after May. REPEAT CHORUS And you will uncover others who need a world to discover and a difference to be... set them free.

Sunday Morning Jill, grab a jacket—it's cold... the one made of wool, with the hole in the pocket. See last night the city was gray, but look outside—it's heaven today. Maybe God does have something to say. Think of the brightest, coldest blue, trim it with cotton, and then dust it with sugar. See last night the city was gray, but look outside—it's heaven today. Maybe God does have something to say. Jill, I think it's divine—so much white at one time. Jill, grab a jacket—it's cold—then stand in the sunlight so you look like an angel. See last night the city was gray, but look outside—it's heaven today. Maybe God does have something to say.

Lullaby Close your eyes—be quiet. What you feel isn't new. The truth that you seek is concealed within you. Close your eyes—be silent. All your dreams will come true. If you fall asleep, I will be here with you.