Bardo

Sheila Nicholls

In the desert by myself i can
find the goodness in you again,
when the wind conducts an orchestra,
creosote, sand and juniper,
while Mrs. jones worries about
what Mrs. smith will think tomorrow,
while Mrs. smith worries about the same,
and how much she might borrow,liberate liberate liberate
songs you can hear in the bardo
liberate liberate liberate
songs you can hear in the barLack of ceiling was something I sought
to meet you beyond fallible
so the sky and I we schemed and thought
but one of us was too gullible
an all the tvs around the world,
broke out in unison, youve used us wrong
gone on too long
organized, got our own unionliberate .....here we are, well its so nice to see you again, its been so long and I
dont even remember when or how we lost touch
what was so important then dont mean that much,
nah dont mean that much, dont mean anything at all.liberate.....

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