Planned "O"

Shawn Phillips

Thought that I could come to Columbus
'Twas a ship with voided sails
There seemed a cavalier independence
In the way that they told their tales
About the riots kin to muted thunder
And the bloodfall of useless hail
Yet they revelled in an Indian summer
While the sky was a silver pale
And no one seemed to have an answer
To the things that that entailed
And she kept on lookin' at me
Through a veil, through a veil

Simplified lovers in a whirlwind
Scattered in the sparkling breeze
Stronger in the mounting chaos
Praying on a calloused knee
Acting out their short devotions
To the nonexistent one above
Playing on the soul's emotions
In the act of making love
And it seems that they have found an answer
In the memories they recall
And it looks like we are going to the ball

And in their time they spoke of things appalling
Of monarchs past and men to come and pray
And though the prisoners were acquitted
And the jury was committed to be slaughtered
No presence graced their passing on that day

Planned obsolescence on a planet
Begging for the basic needs
All we got to do is sit and plan it
Leaving out the guilt of greed
Soaring through the years of fullness
Stillness in the corpse's repose
Space is at the edge of taking
Peace is still the only road

Ain't nobody really going nowhere
'Till we learn to bear the load
And I think I feel a surging in my soul

Vague moon hiding in the winter
Tired sleepy people on the prowl
Mountain standing so majestic
Listening to the motor's howl
Everywhere children with potential
Learn to play the same old games
Etna gave a needed warning
Hurricanes do the same
Power to the people to protect them
In the fast and driving rain
And I think that we're about to use our brain

Lyrics Submitted by Pete Tate

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