




THRICE


BEO GAPS



ALL THE WORLD IS MAD

WE ARE SAINTS MADE OF PLASTER, OUR LAUGHTER IS CANNED;
WE ARE DEMONS THAT HIDE IN THE MIRROR.
BUT THE BLOOD ON OUR HANDS PAINTS A PICTURE EXCEEDINGLY CLEAR.
WE ARE BRIMMING WITH CUMBERSOME, MURDEROUS GREED,
AND MALEVOLENCE DEEP AND PROFOUND.
WE DO UNSPEAKABLE DEEDS, DOES OUR WICKEDNESS KNOW ANY BOUNDS?

SOMETHING'S GONE TERRIBLY WRONG WITH EVERYONE;
ALL THE WORLD IS MAD.
DARKNESS BRINGS TERRIBLE THINGS; THE SUN IS GONE—
WHAT VANITY! OUR SAD, WRETCHED FIRES.

WE CAN'T MEDICATE MAN TO PERFECTION AGAIN;
WE CAN'T LEGISLATE PEACE IN OUR HEARTS.
WE CAN'T EDUCATE SIN FROM OUR SOULS, IT'S BEEN THERE FROM THE START.

BUT THE BLIND LEAD THE BLIND INTO BOTTOMLESS PITS,
STILL WE SMILE AND DENY THAT WE'RE CURSED.
BUT OF ALL OUR INIQUITIES IGNORANCE MAY BE THE WORST.

OH, WHAT LITTLE LIGHT WE HAVE!
IT ONLY SERVES TO SHOW
THE SNARES AND SEEDS OF WRATH
WE HAVE ALREADY SEWN ON EVERY PATH.



THE WEIGHT

THERE'S MANY WHO'LL TELL YOU THEY'LL GIVE YOU THEIR LOVE,
BUT WHEN THEY SAY "GIVE" THEY MEAN "TAKE."
THEY'LL HANG 'ROUND JUST LIKE VULTURES TILL PUSH COMES TO SHOVE;
THEY'LL TAKE FLIGHT WHEN THE EARTH STARTS TO SHAKE.

SOMEONE MAY SAY THAT THEY'LL ALWAYS BE TRUE,
THEN SLIP OUT THE DOOR 'FORE THE DAWN.
BUT I WON'T LEAVE YOU HANGING ON.
ANOTHER MAY STAY TILL THEY FIND SOMEONE NEW,
THEN BEFORE YOU KNOW THEY'LL BE GONE.
BUT I WON'T LEAVE YOU HANGING ON;
NO, I WON'T BE THAT SOMEONE.

AND COME WHAT MAY, I WON'T ABANDON YOU OR LEAVE YOU BEHIND
BECAUSE LOVE IS A LOYALTY SWORN, NOT A BURNING FOR A MOMENT.
AND COME WHAT MAY, I WILL BE STANDING RIGHT HERE BY YOUR SIDE.
I WON'T RUN AWAY, THOUGH THE STORM'S GETTING WORSE AND THERE'S NO END IN SIGHT.

SOME TALK OF DESTINY, OTHERS OF FATE,
BUT SOON THEY'LL BE SAYING GOODBYE.
BUT I WON'T LEAVE YOU HIGH AND DRY.
BECAUSE A RING DON'T MEAN NOTHING
IF YOU CAN'T HAUL THE WEIGHT,
AND SOME OF THEM WON'T EVEN TRY,
BUT I WON'T LEAVE YOU HIGH AND DRY;
I WON'T LEAVE YOU WONDERING WHY.

AND STORMS WILL SURELY COME,
BUT TRUE LOVE IS A CHOICE YOU MUST MAKE
AND YOU'RE THE ONE THAT I HAVE SET MY HEART TO CHOOSE
AS LONG AS I LIVE, I SWEAR I'LL SEE THIS THROUGH.



CIRCLES

WE TALK TOO MUCH; WE TALK IN CIRCLES.
TILL WE'RE ALL SPINNING ROUND,
REACHING FOR RINGS, ON THIS MERRY-GO-ROUND.

THE SCENERY SPINS; WE CALL IT PROGRESS.
BUT I'VE SEEN THIS ALL BEFORE:
WHEN ALL'S SAID AND DONE, WE'LL WAKE UP ON FLOOR.

WE SET SAIL WITH NO FIXED STAR IN SIGHT;
WE DRIVE BY BRAILLE AND CANDLELIGHT.

WE'RE BUILDING TOWERS WITH NO FOUNDATIONS,
JUST STACKING STONE ON STONE.
WHATEVER IT TAKES—MIX OUR MORTAR WITH BONES.

BUT TRUE PROGRESS MEANS MATCHING THE WORLD TO
THE VISION IN OUR HEADS—
BUT WE ALWAYS CHANGE THE VISION INSTEAD.



DOUBLESPEAK

I DRUG MY HEART WITH DOUBLESPEAK,
ALL MY MISGIVINGS DISAPPEAR.
IT HELPS TO KEEP MY CONSCIENCE CLEAN
(THE ENDS WILL JUSTIFY THE MEANS)
BUT STILL I'M ALWAYS CAREFUL WHAT I HEAR.

I DON'T WANNA KNOW WHO REALLY PULLS THE STRINGS,
JUST AS LONG AS IT'S NOT YOU OR ME.

THERE'S A JACKBOOT TOE TAP KEEPING TIME, WHILE THE CHILDREN DANCE AND PLAY.
HONEY, IF YOU THINK YOU'VE SEEN A CRIME, YOU JUST LOOK THE OTHER WAY.

I SLOWLY CARVE MY SOUL AWAY,
PIECE BY PIECE I SACRIFICE
TO COMFORT AND PEACE OF MIND
(I KEEP MY TOES ON THE PARTY LINE.)
THERE'S NOTHING WRONG DEAR, DON'T THINK TWICE.



IN EXILE

I AM AN EXILE—A SOJOURNER; A CITIZEN OF SOME OTHER PLACE.
ALL I'VE SEEN IS JUST A GLIMMER IN A SHADY MIRROR,
BUT I KNOW ONE DAY I'LL SEE FACE TO FACE.

I AM NOMAD—A WANDERER; I HAVE NOWHERE TO LAY MY HEAD DOWN.
THERE'S NO POINT IN PUTTING ROOTS TOO DEEP WHEN I'M MOVING ON;
I'M NOT SETTLING FOR THIS UNSETTLING TOWN.

MY HEART IS FILLED WITH SONGS OF FOREVER—
OF A CITY THAT ENDURES, WHERE ALL IS MADE NEW.
I KNOW I DON'T BELONG HERE; I'LL NEVER
CALL THIS PLACE MY HOME, I'M JUST PASSING THROUGH.

I AM PILGRIM—A VOYAGER. I WON'T REST UNTIL MY LIPS TOUCH THE SHORE
OF THE LAND THAT I'VE BEEN LONGING FOR AS LONG AS I'VE LIVED,
WHERE THERE'LL BE NO PAIN OR TEARS ANYMORE.



*and resolution to
the*

AT THE LAST

IT'S A SHAME THAT SOME MUST GO WITHOUT,
BUT I WAS NO FOOL, TO THINK IT MIGHT BE MY PROBLEM.
NEEDY HANDS WERE REACHING OUT,
I KEPT MY SPARE CHANGE AND MY PRIDE IN A TIGHT FIST.

AND NOW AT THE LAST, EVERYTHING IS CHANGED IN THIS PALE LIGHT
THAT DEATH HAS CAST ON ALL I'VE DONE.

I'M A GOOD MAN ON THE WHOLE;
WHO COULD BLAME ME FOR LOOKING OUT FOR NUMBER ONE?
I NEVER KILLED, I NEVER STOLE;
A SMALL INDULGENCE NOW AND THEN, SO WHAT OF IT?

I'M A GOOD MAN.
I'M A GOOD MAN.
AM I A GOOD MAN?
I THOUGHT I WAS,
BUT THE REWARDS OF THIS LIFE NOW COUNT FOR NAUGHT.
MY BODY: SOON BURIED AND LEFT TO ROT.
THE TIME'S GONE, HOW QUICKLY IT ALL HAS PASSED.
MY GOD, NOW I SEE HOW I'VE SQUANDERED EACH AND EVERY BREATH.

NOW AT THE LAST, EVERYTHING IS CHANGED IN THIS PALE LIGHT,
AND LOOKING BACK I AM UNDONE.



WOOD & WIRE

14 YEARS BEHIND THESE BARS,
IN 12-FOOT SQUARE OF COLD CEMENT,
I'VE LOST NEARLY EVERYTHING,
FOR A CRIME OF WHICH I'M INNOCENT,
BUT ALL MY SUFFERING'S A LIGHT AND MOMENTARY PAIN,
WHILE THE WEIGHT OF AN ENDLESS GLORY STILL REMAINS TO ME.

A DEAD MAN WALKING DOWN THE HALL,
TO MEET A MESS OF WOOD AND WIRE.
THEY LEAD ME WHERE MEN FEAR TO TREAD—
BUT TOWARDS THE THING I MOST DESIRE.
FOR ALL MY SUFFERING'S A LIGHT AND MOMENTARY PAIN,
WHILE THE WEIGHT OF AN ENDLESS GLORY STILL REMAINS.
THROW THE SWITCH SON; I KNOW YOU AIN'T GOT A CHOICE.
THE DAWN IS COMING; ALL IS WELL, I WILL REJOICE.





TALKING THROUGH GLASS / WE MOVE LIKE SWING SETS

IT NEVER TURNS OUT RIGHT WITH ME AND YOU,
NO MATTER HOW I TRY TO SEE IT THROUGH.
SO WE GATHER OURSELVES AND WE START AGAIN,
BUT IT FEELS LIKE WE'RE CHASING AFTER THE WIND.

YOU ARE A DOOR TO WHICH I'VE LOST THE KEYS;
WE ARE A PUZZLE WITH A MISSING PIECE.
WE GATHER OURSELVES AND WE START AGAIN;
IT FEELS LIKE WE'RE TRYING TO CATCH THE WIND.

AND I CAN'T CARRY ON LIVING LIKE THIS, TALKING THROUGH GLASS.
YOU KNOW THAT I CAN'T BE THE ONE TO BANISH THE MIST, AND GHOSTS IN YOUR PAST.

YOU'RE SO COLD TO TOUCH—YOU AND YOUR HEART,
AND WHEN I CARE TOO MUCH, WE FALL APART.
WE GATHER OURSELVES AND WE START AGAIN;
IT FEELS LIKE WE'RE TRYING TO CATCH THE WIND.

AND SO I'M LEFT WITHOUT A CHOICE BUT WALKING OUT,
THOUGH I'VE NO HOPE I'LL EVER FIND SOMEONE LIKE YOU.
MY HEAD SCREAMING I HAVE TO LEAVE YOU, BUT MY HEART IS FILLED WITH DOUBT;
I DON'T WANNA LEAVE, BUT TELL ME WHAT ELSE CAN I DO? WHAT CAN I DO?

(WE MOVE LIKE SWING SETS.)



THE GREAT EXCHANGE

I CREWED ON A FAIR GOLDEN SHIP THAT
WENT DOWN AT THE DAWN OF THE WORLD.
WE MUTINIED AND SENTENCED OUR CAPTAIN TO DIE,
'FORE OUR SAILS HAD BARELY UNFURLED.

WE SANK SHORTLY AFTER OUR RIOT; -
WANTON FLAME AND OUR POWDER KEGS MET.
WHILE I SWAM FOR MY LIFE THERE CAME VOICES ALOFT—
JOYFUL, UNEARTHLY, AND DREAD—

SINGING OF A VIOLENT, TIRELESS MYSTERY:
THAT ONE WOULD GIVE HIS LIFE TO SAVE HIS ENEMY.

TOO BONE-TIRED TO KEEP MY ARMS MOVING,
TO SWIM OR EVEN GRASP AFTER STRAWS.
THE UNDERTOW DREW ME DOWN INTO ITS COLD
AND INFINITE INDIGO JAWS.

I HEARD SINGING OF A VIOLENT, TIRELESS MYSTERY:
THAT ONE WOULD GIVE HIS LIFE TO SAVE HIS ENEMY.

I THOUGHT I MUST BE DEAD OR DREAMING,
WHEN MY CAPTAIN—STILL BATTERED, BETRAYED—
PULLED ME UP, LAID ME OVER THE BEAM HE'D CLUNG TO,
BREATHED HIS LAST, AND SANK UNDER THE WAVES.

(YOUR BODY IS A BRIDGE
ACROSS AN ENDLESS SEA.)



BEGGARS

ALL YOU GREAT MEN OF POWER, YOU WHO BOAST OF YOUR FEATS—
POLITICIANS AND ENTREPRENEURS—
CAN YOU SAFEGUARD YOUR BREATH IN THE NIGHT WHILE YOU SLEEP?
KEEP YOUR HEART BEATING STEADY AND SURE?
AS YOU LIE IN YOUR BED, DOES THE THOUGHT HAUNT YOUR HEAD
THAT YOU'RE REALLY, RATHER SMALL?
IF THERE'S ONE THING I KNOW IN THIS LIFE: WE ARE BEGGARS ALL.

ALL YOU CHAMPIONS OF SCIENCE AND RULERS OF MEN,
CAN YOU SUMMON THE SUN FROM ITS SLEEP?
DOES THE EARTH SEEK YOUR COUNSEL ON HOW FAST TO SPIN?
CAN YOU SHUT UP THE GATES OF THE DEEP?
DON'T YOU KNOW THAT ALL THINGS HANG, AS IF BY A STRING,
O'ER THE DARKNESS—POISED TO FALL?
IF THERE'S ONE THING I KNOW IN THIS LIFE: WE ARE BEGGARS ALL.

ALL YOU BIG SHOTS THAT SWAGGER AND STRIDE WITH CONCEIT,
DID YOU DEVISE HOW YOUR FRAME WOULD BE FORMED?
IF YOU'D BE RAISED IN A PALACE, OR LIVE OUT IN THE STREETS?
DID YOU CHOOSE THE PLACE OR THE HOUR YOU'D BE BORN?
TELL ME WHAT CAN YOU CLAIM? NOT A THING — NOT YOUR NAME!
TELL ME IF YOU CAN RECALL,
JUST ONE THING, THAT'S NOT A GIFT IN THIS LIFE?

CAN YOU HEAR WHAT'S BEEN SAID?
CAN YOU SEE NOW THAT EVERYTHING'S GRACE AFTER ALL?
IF THERE'S ONE THING I KNOW IN THIS LIFE: WE ARE BEGGARS ALL.