

Courtney Marie Andrews
No One's Slate Is Clean

Bumper in the Hail

Barnyard creeks,
Your mother speaks,
Will you head into town to get her some things?
That night the moon wasn't sharp enough to cut through the clouds,
Another rainy night with you, locked inside,
Another dream, another dim lit light.

Let's not talk about things that we can break,
There's no going back once it's made,
No taking back the things we say.

My bumper's fallin' off again,
We'll duct tape it in the hail,
I'll call you when I'm back on the 5.
That night we talked about our doctors,
And the valley of the sun,
I laughed with ten strangers, and I could've called it love,
The problem is you see, I see a little bit of me in everyone I meet.

Let's not talk about things that we can break,
There's no going back once it's made,
No taking back the things we say.
My mind the critic has nothing to complain about,
I have nothing to say.

Monkey on a Chain

Motorbike on the island,
Steering like an angry hornet,
I don't belong in this ritzy palace,
Show me your shanty,
Show me your corrupted churches.

There's a pearl in the mud,
There's a penniless child next to a mansion in the sun,
There's a monkey on a chain,
While his puppeteer pulls his strings for change.

I'm a honey-haired lonely traveler,
You're a rice-picking lonely sailor,
And despite the language barrier,
I appreciate the gesture.

The museum is filling up with flies,
A rosary from the man with ebony eyes,
The barefoot children stick out their hands for coins,
The barefoot street men advertise their tricks and their noise.

I'm an empty bar storyteller,
You've just made enough for dinner,
And despite the language barrier,
I appreciate the gesture.

Songs For Tourists

Songs for tourists; some from France.
They like the ones with weird instruments.
Songs for people that I used to know;
they send me invites, but I never go.
An ode to heavy eyes, too much space,
Too much time to think about this awful place.

I've got nothing to prove,
I aint' nothing but molecules,
I'm doing nothing but wasting words,
And breaking my own rules.
So I've broken a heart or two,
Whose to say mine aint fucked?
Whose to say I mean anything to anyone?

They're throwing coins in the case,
I'm singing out your name, but saying the truth out loud, it just aint the same.
We're crossing state lines, robbing rich food banks,
I tried to call you from a payphone last night in some southern state.
An ode to our traveling band whose home is the time it takes, to get from gas stations to the ends of
interstates.

I'm living in this sleeping bag,
What city am I in?
I've taken advantage, I miss my best friend.
So maybe I've taken you for granted,
Maybe it's the mind frame I'm in,
But none of it means anything if you're alone in the end.

Mistress of the Stone

My thoughts are dirty when there's no one in the room,
If you were a lonely traveler like me you'd be the same way too,
I could have gone out dancin' at the fancy opera house,
Instead I ordered room service,
I bought a ticket home, drunk dialed my brother, and ignored every message from you.
You say my desires are outlandish,
That I'm weak minded and half-true,
It's just when you think you got a hold of it all,
It all gets a hold of you.

But when I'm back in town,
You won't see me hanging around,
Cause I was who I was and I am who I am now.

I heard you ran off with Penny Lane,
Your Irish mistress of the stone,
She calms your sailor mouth and keeps you sane, Makes your garden grow.
When I'm back I'll hear the useless talk,
A piece of news on everyone;
Those that are fixed, and those now that are lost,
Those forever no one.

But when I'm back in town,
You won't see me hanging around,
Cause I was who I was and I am who I am now.

When this highway ends I guess I'll write you back,
We'll catch up and paint the town.
When this highway ends, I'll guess I'll empty my sack and meet you on your side of town.

Ballad of a Home Once Left

Diving for the gold in the Lake Geneva cold,
Swimming for your grandpa's lost treasure.
Your tobacco fed the birds,
Your tongue it cast a curse on whoever dare try and keep you there another year.
And the town it gawked at you as you sailed your wooden canoe through the lake in the harsh Swiss
winter.

Cut the strings,
And leave if you need to leave.

Find the marvels of the world but keep that rusty spoon,
Keep the gifts that your dear ones shed you.
And always remember the lake, but never the eyes of your mistakes,
Keep your past as a reminder for your future.

Leave if you need to leave,
Just know that your home is with me.

Sex Dreams

Indoor flight,
Time to say goodnight, time to call it a day.
Men in drag, smoking in the taxi cab,
Dancers wave as we pass them on the strip.
Fancy white sheets,
You call to talk of your sex dreams,
I remember when you meant something to me.

Now you're dealing packs of cards for dollar bills,
When we all know that sadness doesn't sell,
I think that you need help.
Is it wrong to say I think that you need help?

Record temperatures,

The Memphis blues in our ears,
The washed out junkies sing for a beer.
Laughs of prostitutes,
They're smiling to try and escort you,
But they really just need somewhere to go,
I'm trying to be myself, cause I'm 20 now and I already know the routes around Hell.

So I'm selling everything that I have,
And I'm moving this twisted heart to the Northwest
to have an affair with my new found prince,
And we'll drink away our nights with poker hands and sinner grins, and no one can say anything,
Yeah, no one can say anything.

Unbalanced Suns

I think it was in the basement that I saw you let up;
Our naive eyes wandering like four unbalanced suns,
Our New Years was shared ten days in, when the light came on without rhyme or reason.
I'd never believed in such childish things, but my contentment was filled in our slumbering sleep, when
the light came on like a dream.

I could plow the snow, but I'd like to stay,
With all these innocent pursuits, I have much more to say.
I've heard longing can turn into a creature of fear, 'til you're talking to yourself in some truck stop mirror.

The letters have been sent, and we'll continue to write, sincerely and always, we have plenty of time.
I'm somewhere in the Southwest helping brothers cut Mesquite, but I've heard things often blossom
come Spring.

So when March hangs its' coat, I will see you through,
'Til then I'll be thinking of your basement, I'll be thinking of you.

Canals of Amsterdam

My fear has settled in like the canals of Amsterdam,
I see romance in the cobblestones among debris and trash,
Looking for love wrongly I am a display in the glass,
For strangers, under the red light.
I only know the eyes of men who know my disguise.

I know no one, and no one dares to know me.

My trust is a rag doll, wearing thin, running out,
You can't hold me to nothing now.
I saw your face in every town that I was in across the sea, but I tend to let it go when I'm with others in
my sleep,
Some I just meet,
Some mean nothing,
They mean nothing to me.

I wanted someone, but someone never wanted me.

Georgia Guilt

Holy bible,
Note from mother says to stay clean,

On the table,
Religious fable,
Kid your guilt reeks, it reeks.
Conscience, fuck off, along with cheap talk,
Out to ruin me,
Out to get me.

It's hard to care for another,
When you hate your father.
It's hard to show you why I am comfortable when we fight.

Boy says mean words,
Don't just say words, just because,
Boy is right though,
Steady and slow wins the prize.

It's hard to care for another,
When you hate your father.
It's hard to show you why I am comfortable when we say goodbye.
Let's say goodbye.

Dear Sister

My sister Mary Lee is drunk again,
She's barging in my room and bawling on my bed.
With eyes just like cups she pours just enough for the two of us,
Until it's me and Mary Lee just cursing at our luck,
Even though I don't care all that much.

The days keep getting shorter,
It's been ten months of winter,
It's been a rough year on everyone, I know.
It's just one thing after another when you truly believe nothing gets better, but I wish that you'd just let it
all go.

Mary Lee is in the front yard,
She's taking off with our used car,
For once I'm not the one bidding goodbyes.
Her steering wheel's an ashtray,
Her cassette deck plays my demo tapes,
And she lends us all a cheap farewell, but I know that she means well.

You finally got away,
A cure will come in another place,
At least that's what you told me.
But your head goes along with you and with everything that you do, and if you hate it now, you'll hate it
again.
Mary Lee, don't you see that it's all in your head?

Come back home.

Magician's Best Trick

Take me back, I won't do it again.

Nothing has an end, Parmenides once said.
So forget what was once fallible and written in lead,
Forget me not if today is all we have left,
Tomorrow is a magician's best trick,
Put your yesterdays back into that pretty head.

Take me back, teach me how to change.
You can't mold me, you can't shape me,
You can't fit me into your little frame.
Know your soil before it rains,
I suppose no one is really to blame,
For this endless and recycled shame.

Take me back, but keep your expectations low.
Don't you give to receive,
It'll leave you ample with greed,
And when you look at your reflection don't you try to find me,
Judge not the colors but the whole painting.
Don't go searching for the bad that could be,
'Cause you will find it comes subconsciously.

Take me back, but take me how I come.
My slate it aint clean, but I will not forget where I came from.
So don't tell me how to do things when that's always how they've been done.
I've always taken the road less traveled on,
So you can meet me here when you've moved on,
But you can't me how you want,
The truth is you can't have me at all.