

A scenic landscape photograph capturing a sunset over a fjord. The sky is filled with soft, wispy clouds, transitioning from a pale blue at the top to a warm, golden glow near the horizon where the sun is setting. The sun's light reflects on the water, creating a shimmering path. In the foreground and middle ground, dark, silhouetted mountains and islands frame the water. The overall mood is serene and atmospheric.

foreign skies ep

from dawn to dusk

hello there, mr. passerby.
won't you stop and stay a while?
listen to this song, and you'll hear why.
don't have to tip more than a smile.

i'm not a drunk, so please don't glare.
there's nothin' in my case, so why look down?
come now meet my eyes, please, if you dare.
just lookin' for some change to change that frown.

take a moment from hurrying.
take a breath, then go on if you must.
don't feel guilty, stop worrying.
tomorrow i'll be here from dawn to dusk.

why hello there, dearest little child,
you remind me why i stay to sing these songs.
make me beam but don't dance too wild,
or mom and dad'll say "run along."

take a moment from hurrying.
take a breath, then go on if you must.
don't feel guilty, stop worrying.
tomorrow i'll be here from dawn to dusk.

be you sad or lost or stressed, relax,
and sing along.
smile along.
smile along.

hello there, mr. passerby.
won't you stop and stay a while.
listen to my song, and you'll hear why.
don't have to tip more than a smile.

take a moment from hurrying.
take a breath, then go on if you must.
don't feel guilty, stop worrying.
tomorrow i'll be here from dawn to dusk.

purple dress

follow me circular
up spiral steps in sickly light.
relax your lips, your eyes, your cheeks;
let the weight you hold fall on me.

your purple dress in sharp relief
on the dirty blue of my couch.
you whisper, strained, "i'm too good for this,"
i know, but i can't show you.

it's not my place.
it's not my place.
it's not my place.
it's not my... my place.
not my... my place.

a single tear crawls down your face,
and i can only watch it.
your shoulder trembles beneath my palm.
i just want to pull you tight...

but it's not my place.
it's not my place.
it's not my place.
it's not my... my place.
not my... my place.

i ask if i can sing for you,
or if you need to be held.
you shake your head with a little smile.
your eyes dry up, and you wall yourself away from me.

it's not my place.
it's not my place.
it's not my place.
it's not my... my place.
not my... my place.

car no. 5

an endless dusk settled down over trondheim one night,
girls from zürich, men from paris with no sleep in their eyes,
on a train whistling northwards to the land of unending sun,
found themselves a cabin - empty to their delight.

with ham, beer, and cigarettes, olives and some hamburger buns,
speakers, cards and a guitar from a shy man who needed some fun,
drinking in the coolest air and the feeling that all things were right,
smiled at the controller and with that their adventure'd begun.

for he said, "go to car number five, go to car number five,
go to car number five right now."
he could not be reasoned with, didn't hear a thing they said,
"go to car number five right now, right now."

body stench wafted rancid from each wagon door.
café closed and no haven free from those snores,
stopping at the very back, brows smoothing with no one around,
laughed with some beers in hand, slicing olives on the floor.

"go to car number five, go to car number five,
go to car number five right now."
he could not be reasoned with, didn't hear a thing they said,
"go to car number five right now, right now."

nowhere else to go, they stayed.
the controller returned and unwound,
named himself the chief, quite irate,
but neither gave a bit of ground.
voices began to escalate,
when suddenly a way was found.

adieu, adieu, adieu to car number eight.
crammed between cars five and six - gone tension and hate.
standing as one to let the restless into the loo,
played their cards and chattered till their energy waned.

then they slept in car number five, slept in car number five,
slept in car number five 'til morn.
they could not be reasoned with, didn't hear a single thing,
slept in car number five 'til morn, 'til morn.

squirrel song

i see a little girl, and in her lonely eyes
there is a little world with clearer brighter skies.
and i hear a little bird, and he's singin' me to sleep.
a love song without words that he's beggin' me to keep.

singin' la la la la la. la la la la la.
la la la la la la la.
la la la la la. la la la la la.
la la la la la la la.

now perhaps it sounds absurd, but in that melody
i chanced upon a verse that i joined in harmony.
when a creature small and furred chattered lyrics right in time,
spitting diction seldom heard steeped in reasoned, witty rhyme.

singin' la la la la la. la la la la la.
la la la la la la la.
la la la la la. la la la la la.
la la la la la la la.

well we rambled o'er the earth in sickness and in health,
spreading laughter, spreading mirth to those of little wealth.
and our dragons' wings unfurled, and flew us to the moon,
where a cowboy tall and spurred hummed to our merry tune.

singin' la la la la la. la la la la la.
la la la la la la la.
la la la la la. la la la la la.
la la la la la la la.

now a large part of me yearned to stay forever there,
where no one would be spurred for the color of their hair.
then something in me stirred as i gazed upon the scene,
so i smiled until the birds sang and roused me from my dream.

singin' la la la la la. la la la la la.
la la la la la la la.
la la la la la. la la la la la.
la la la la la la la.

a thousand post-its

perfect shade of green,
checklists sewn between
pillows - soft corduroy
thrones for missing toys.

post-its, broken leaves
of grass, gymnopedie,
fierce eyes, wavy bangs,
not quite an octave hands.

your light across the street,
head bowed to hurried feet,
the courtyard never sleeps
when iron & wine sing.

calendars of moby dick,
lemon tea when i'm sick,
massages in fluid french,
italian songs... i finch.

overwhelmed with empathy,
sing my song for you so quietly.
winkled nose, thoughtful lips
kissin' every fingertip.

your light across the street,
head bowed to hurried feet,
the courtyard never sleeps
when iron & wine sing.

scented candles, halting pens
woven thick with arrogance
writing cambria on patterned quilts
of piano keys that strum their guilt.

the meaning of a name:
no one is the same.
bridge the gap with compliments.
hold the dark in longing silence.

your light across the street,
head bowed to hurried feet,
the courtyard never sleeps
when iron & wine sing.

stamsund

i've been to a place
where the sun never sets.
life moves at a slower pace
and gives my voice a rest.

but like that lonely sun
hanging aching in the sky,
though my body recovered some,
my feelings wouldn't die.

maybe summer never ends
and with it never love.
maybe i'll just hover
in circles forever up above.

i'm still on the road.
people say i'm free,
roaming 'cross the globe;
they say they envy me.

but each new face i greet
calls back to one i've known.
i sing days on busy streets,
but each night i sleep alone.

will autumn ever come
and with it let me fall,
or will i keep flying
in circles and never move at all.

no matter how i sound,
each time i perform,
couples gather round
and keep each other warm.

i know i should find hope
in the shimmering of their eyes,
but i know when my sun-goes,
a new one wouldn't rise.

tell me why won't summer end
and with it let me love?
tell me will i hover
in circles forever up above.