

Lyrics for "The Free Will in Patrick Ames"
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- *Come Back to Me* -

When was the last time you were high
Chemically or otherwise
When was the last time you smiled
Mechanically or just mild

And when you go to bed at night
And there's no one by your side
And if that makes you cry
There's no one to listen and ask why
Come back to me

When was the last time you wrote
Romantically about love
When was the last time you spoke
Emotionally about hope

And when you go to work each day
And there's no one to kiss goodbye
And when you come home oh so tired
There's no one to greet you with a great big smile
Come back to me

When was the last time you kissed
Enthusiastically on the lips
When was the last time you missed
Gyrationally your hips

- *Hold Me* -

Now I see you / soon I won't
Do you agree that / time does run
I won't be with you / for several months
It's going to seem like / punishment

Hold me, hold me, please hold me, hold tightly

Can you feel my / outstretched arms
They're open wide for / you to warm
Feel this body / as we hug
It's held together / by hope and blood

And at that moment / when we embrace
And I feel your presence / I can feel your grace
Hear my whispers / please hear my voice
Letting go is our / only other choice

- *And the Angels* -

There was a beacon / of light
In the angst / of the night
It was my neighbor / who waited in queue
For an angel — for an angel — overdue

He had fought / in all the wars
And when a soldier / his mind was torn
Does he kill / and hence agree
That no angel / that no angel — would come for he

Wars are never really over /
They live on in the minds of their soldiers
Where every night / it's the same dream
A lack of angels / lack of angels — in battle scenes

Beams of light / they shun down
Brave angels / they came down
But so many souls / left to die
Not enough angels / not enough angels
He opens his eyes

Wars are not about a nation's might
It's a checkerboard for expendable lives
Where hatred and justice bloom
And the angels / and the angels — have to choose

- *Mi Gato* -

I'll know you / in my heart
Between beats / and sudden stops
I'll know you / every day
When shadows grow / and dance and sway
When afternoons / just melt away
When it's time to sit / and watch the way
We smile, we smile, we smile, We smile

I'll feel you / in my heart
Between beats / and sudden stops
And remember that look / you had in your eyes
When happiness spread / to a vineyard wide
And every vine / had to be scrutinized
Tomorrow. Tomorrow. Can't wait Tomorrow. Tomorrow.

I'll see you / in between dreams
Every time when I / go to sleep
I'll hear you / late at night
Restless feet / on the kitchen tile
Pacing for / the sun to rise
When I'm awaked / by the morning light
And you go outside

- *On the Next Sunny Day* -

On the next sunny day with you
This old garden is going to bloom
The finches will spread the news
When I confess I love you
And these garden walls that seem
Too tall to be climbed by our dreams
Well, they'll come alive and grow
Helped by a bee hive and a farmer's hoe
On the next sunny day

On the next sunny day with you
This garden will be pink and blue
The peonies will tower
Top-heavy and then they'll flower
And that bench we always share
Will have excitement in the air
Because I'm going to ask you,
Darling, please say I do
On the next sunny day

- *My Nightly Prayers Are Getting Long* -

Twenty candidates running for president
Twenty politicians can give you the chills
They spend all their money to buy your vote
While they promise to eliminate your bills
Now, I'm not a mathematician
But that math looks funny to me
It's been this way for years and years
It's American as Machiavelli
My nightly prayers are getting long

Twenty candidates tell us what we have become
Twenty times they share our pain
It's a preview of what's to come
Self-politics and personal gain
I happen to like a president
Who has but one thing on their mind
That is to serve and protect us all
And then move on with the rest of their lives
My nightly prayers are getting long

Twenty fools compounded twenty times / Could it be
the reason we're falling behind?
My nightly prayers are getting long
(Fade Out)
Yeah, tho I walk through the valley of the shadow of
death, I shall fear no evil...
But these politicians, they scare me

- *Freedom Summer* -

We're not going to bow down anymore
We're not going to bow down like before
We're not going to back away in court
We're not going to use separate doors
And we do declare / when there's conflict in the air
We will face our oppressors / with ideas that can't be
scared
We're not going to bow down anymore

We're not going to bow down anymore
We're not going to bend under your force
We're not going to drift away off course
From this governmental chore
We are united / that wrong laws can be righted
That without equality / there's no justice and no
liberty
We're not going to bow down anymore

- *There's No Answer* -

I call but there's no answer
I knock but there's no one home
The place is completely empty
How long have you been gone?
The last time was a disaster
You seemed fresh, I seemed old
And that last goodbye is now forever
As hollow as it was cold

There's no answer / there's no one home
The place is empty / when did you walk on?

You're a question without an answer
You're a poem with missing lines
I wonder what might have happened
In another place, another time
It's funny how expectations linger
Distant yet bound
And you feel the dirt between your fingers
As you pick up your heart off the ground

- *Tomorrow* -

Tomorrow / what are you made of?
A wish and a dream / this song in good 'ole G
What are you made of?

From nothingness / comes ordinariness
What are you made of?

The only thing I know / there's always tomorrow
Doesn't that make me immortal? Tomorrow.

- *Throw Away People* -

Throw away people / throw away minds
Throw away seniors / throw away advice
Throw away the poor / for being so blind
Throw away any variation / of humankind

We can't escape from our own time lines
And so we waste and waste whatever we can find

Throw away animals / just for their hides
Throw away trees / for the views they hide
Throw away houses / built over thrown-away farms
Throw away cities / that expand past their charm

We can't escape from our own time lines
And so we waste and waste whatever we can find

Throw away love / before it starts
Throw away God / and all its many parts
Throw away peace / throw away its art
Throw away the mild and meek / and the weak at heart