

Conversations
by Martin Flett

Can you hear Me?

I stare across the room, are You staring back at me? Or am I alone?
As awkward silence reigns, I see the tears stream down Your face, "you've been avoiding Me
again..."

Can you hear Me? Are you listening? I've got so much I want to say
Won't you talk with Me? I have given everything, why do you still turn Me away?

I'm not ignoring You, I just don't know what to say. Drifting further away.
There's static on the line, my words rebounding off the sky time after time.

Come (I know it anyway)

Come, bring it all to Me, tell Me everything, I know it anyway.
Come? I don't know the words. What would You have me say? You know it anyway...

As I kneel at the foot of Your cross, how can I ask for anymore?
Still You bid me come and share my hopes and all my dreams
"Take my load and walk with me."

Come, though you feel ashamed, no need to hide your face, I know it anyway.
Come? Look at what I've done – I don't deserve Your grace...You'll give it anyway.

Between the lines: 1

There's a cry within my heart and I don't know where to start.
Things weren't meant to be this way; they were supposed to be ok.
You showed me the door, and there's a lot to answer for
And so many things I know I can't ignore...

And they say life isn't fair, so pour another drink and just get over it.

(But) what am I supposed to do? And where in this hell are you?
What am I supposed to do? And when will the light shine through?

A broken heart, well that's a start!
And sometimes this empty space seems such a God-forsaken place.
And all I ever seem to do is keep on whining on at You
But it seems to me there's nothing else to do.

Between the lines: 2

Beyond the horizon the sun still shines
On things forgotten on better times
Behind the curtain lie grand designs
Perfect meanings between the lines...

Closed doors

Breaking down or pushing through, turning round is all you can do.
Missed chances and failed romances; shards of glass from windows walked passed.

And you followed the wrong signs at all the wrong times.

"Did You keep me from something? Have You planned something more?
Is the path that I'm on just another detour, or what I'm living for?"
We reach a labyrinth's purpose by walking in circles though the end is unsure
Reasons why and secrets lie behind closed doors.

Walking away looking over your shoulder; risks that you take...now another year older.

So many questions and supposed suggestions.
Contrived connections with confused conjectures.

Time and again

Chasing a dream my thoughts turn to you. What would you say if only you knew?
Feeling surrounded, bound by the rules. What would You say? What would You do?

Falling again for you.

And I know that You've told me time and again, and I've made my excuses time and again
But I still need You to hold me, and time and again I'm asking: please can You forgive, one more time
and again?

I can't see so clearly with this light in my eyes, but if I look away, won't a piece of me die?
Here in my darkness, now here alone. I tried to know your heart, but I didn't know my own.

Nothing's wrong

"Can't you spare a little change?" asks a man out in the rain.
He's been moved along again, there's no compassion here today.
Left alone with a coffee cup from another Starbucks.
No-one sees the tears fall down, no-one cares in this ghost-town.

What do we have to say? What is going to take?

How long will we turn away? How much time are we going to waste lost in our disgrace?
How long will we carry on singing the same old songs, pretending nothing's wrong?

He left his country all alone, the only home he'd ever known
There's too much killing on the streets and no-one's seen his family for weeks.

We're screened by our TV sets from hunger and violence. How easily we forget all those less
fortunate.

Struggle

I don't know what's going on, through the tears I can see you've been hurting for so long.
Nothing else matters anymore: longing just to feel secure.
Will you find a way to make it through? So many dreams lie broken in two.
It's so hard to understand: what happened to everything you planned?

And you struggle through this life alone never making sense of it all.
Can't seem to find the answers, never known it like this before.

Turning now you try to run and hide. Maybe it's your fear, maybe it's your pride.
I don't know how I can get to you, it seems there's nothing anyone can do.

You search this world for something that satisfies never really knowing why.
You know there's something for you in this life, but it's a place you can't find.

The things you hope in always fade away. Doesn't anyone ever mean what they say?
Holding back you feel you can't go on trying to find somewhere to belong.

What makes you?

A silent night, a glorious day, rapturous joy or quiet dismay.
The sound of the sea, the deserted land; the love of another, a harsh reprimand.
A sunset sky, windswept sands. Mountains high, or fertile lands.

Poetry read, or a story untold. Fiery passion and shoulders, cold.

What makes you think? What makes you feel? Is there a difference between what you dream and
what's real?

Where do you hide? Who do you run to? How do you decide? What makes you, you?

The lonely soul, a family man; completed works, and unfinished plans.
Deep discussions, simple ideas; courageous adventures, irrational fears.

If I were you, what would I do? If you were me, who would I be?
We try and fail, our character shows. What we will be, God only knows.

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