

Song Lyrics - Woe Begone - Akhila & the Alchemists

1. Chinese Rocket

every time i dream of black holes
i can't find my way inside
they dance curiously like tadpoles
wiggle jiggle, can't abide
by the rules i set for sleeping sweetly
turning off the lights discreetly
tumble into beds, made neatly,
sheets that swallow me completely

*you step up like a chinese rocket
i ain't got one hand in my pocket
no phat cigar no crystal locket
just another case on the docket
we'll work it out, no fear
spin round about, for love
we'll work it out
spin round about*

the mirror says i'm waiting for you
i'll tell you what you want to hear
do as i say not as i do
don't look so petrified, for fear
of losing everything you've got, just fake it
smile and smile again and you will make it
put a sock in it and learn to take it
Lift it off the shelf, buy if you break it

*you step up like a chinese rocket
i ain't got one hand in my pocket
no phat cigar no crystal locket
just another case on the docket
we'll work it out, no fear
spin round about, for love
we'll work it out
spin round about*

skulking in bright reefs of coral crown-of-thorns sea stars wing past
 matelasse quatrefoil floral
 a quilt of shadows built to last
 through the dead of night, when we're all sleeping
 the moon across the sky is creeping
 listen to the lovers weeping
 for joy until their hearts are leaping

*you step up like a chinese rocket
 i ain't got one hand in my pocket
 no phat cigar no crystal locket
 just another case on the docket
 we'll work it out, no fear
 spin round about, for love
 we'll work it out
 spin round about*

2. House of Cards

Will you see me to the back door?
 We'll make plans, think anarchy and smile
 We'll devise opportunities for equal exchange
 It's just a house of cards

We'll make a world of space-age demons
 Solar systems far from here
 We'll explode the myths overnight

*Somewhere in between pain and pleasure
 Is the place i like the best
 Somewhere through here and forever
 We'll find the ways to heal ourselves*

It's hard to say what's going here
 It should be clear we're all in it for a lark
 There's no sense in dreaming rules that don't make a difference
 It's just a house of cards
 We'll make a world of uniformed men
 With fire breathing steeds that fight
 We'll learn to say goodbye throughout our lives

Somewhere in between pain and pleasure

Is the place i like the best
 Somewhere through here and forever
 We'll find the ways to heal ourselves

3. Think Miyazaki

*she be really wacky, think miyazaki
 hokusai just won't do, basho tickles too few
 butterflies surround her, no bell jar but an arbour
 fear not trusty feline, poised to make a beeline
 she's so high on life, higher than a kite, drifting out of sight*

anger welling deep inside
 nails bitten to the quick
 peonies that bloom and bubble
 cloy and cling and kick
 questions delicately posed
 curiously daunting
 deliciously haunting

*she be really wacky, think miyazaki
 hokusai just won't do, basho tickles too few
 butterflies surround her, no bell jar but an arbour
 fear not trusty feline, poised to make a beeline
 she's so high on life, higher than a kite, drifting in plain sight*

infidels in cheap hotels
 drowning in their drink
 tolling bells and gaming hells
 bordellos painted pink
 this is where we see ourselves
 celebrate the seasons
 the work of fickle elves

*she be really wacky, think miyazaki
 hokusai just won't do, basho tickles too few
 butterflies surround her, no bell jar but an arbour
 fear not trusty feline, poised to make a beeline
 she's so high on life, higher than a kite, drifting in plain sight*

moons have whiskers, tongues, and tails
 serpents hiss and kiss

they fly and flounder, faint and flail
 don't tell me nothing's amiss
 I saw your eyes glisten and fill
 Hope warring with hate
 I'm in that moment still

*she's so high on life, higher than a kite, drifting out of sight
 she's so high on life, higher than a kite, drifting out of sight
 she's so high on life, higher than a kite, drifting out of sight*

*she's so high on life, higher than a kite, drifting out of sight
 she's so high on life, higher than a kite, drifting out of sight
 she's so high on life, higher than a kite, drifting out of sight*

4. Woe Begone (Woebegone)

Woe be gone
 From dusk to dawn
 No tears, here comes tomorrow
 Woe be gone
 No sighs forlorn
 No need to beg or borrow
 Look, the moon,
 Cries the loon
 where weeping willows wallow
 Dark and bright
 The starry night
 Archangels, elves, Apollo
 Woe be gone
 Though weary, worn
 No place for pain or sorrow

*If only I could fly, take a quick spin around the sky
 If only I could die, heaven or hell, just passing by*

Woebegone
 Faces drawn
 The pill is hard to swallow
 Woe be gone
 Let love adorn
 Each hill, each hearth, each hollow
 Fame, fortune

Too late, too soon
 Sirens wail, foghorns bellow
 In tender light
 Wildflowers white
 Green grass, soft breezes, mellow
 Woe be gone
 Though weary, worn
 No place for pain or sorrow

*If only I could fly, take a quick spin around the sky
 If only I could die, heaven or hell, just passing by*

Woe be gone
 A new day is born
 No tears, here comes tomorrow

5. Here It Comes

“akhilANDEshvari rakSamAm Agama sampradAya nipuNE shrI
 akhilANDEshvari rakSamAm...”

*Translation: Akhilandeshwari (goddess of the universe), please protect me...
 The one who is adept in the traditions of the Agamas (Vedas)*

- written and composed by Muthuswami Dikshitar (1775-1835)

i see the world outside
 bathed in the early light
 trees so perfectly still
 patience worn petal thin
 loops and lines form the gloom
 mirror lake, mystery rune
 there's no turning back now
 wait for the day to come

*and i say, i will play,
 as long as I know I can stay
 and i know, i will climb
 better today than yesterday
 and i feel, all the pain,
 i'm not afraid, i hear you say
 that you know, there's a song rising in my mind*

*and i feel, all the love,
i'm waiting for the sun, here it comes*

how do i count the ways
howl in despair, disgrace
bird in hand, stitch in time
once again, two makes nine
why did it take so long
lost, forsaken, forlorn
how could i be so sure
i'd go nowhere no more

*and i say, i will play
as long as I know I can stay
and i know, i will find
a better today than yesterday
and i feel, all the pain,
i'm not afraid, i hear you say
that you know there's a sun
rising in my mind
and i feel, all the love,
i'm waiting for the sun, here it comes*

akhilANDEshvari rakSamAm...

6. Endling

~in memory of George the indigenous snail and inspired by biologist David Sisco~

endling, n. The last surviving member of a species.

i've got nothing to say today
there's nothing to say
i can't keep your demons at bay
or chase them away

*come to me, where are you now?
come to me, somewhere somehow
come to me ...*

i wander lonely as a cloud

alone in a crowd
stand tall, head bloody yet unbowed!
These words disavowed

*come to me, where are you now?
come to me, somewhere somehow
come to me ...*

out of time, nowhere to go
out of time, nothing to show
out of time, no tale to tell
out of time, no cold like hell

*come to me, where are you now?
come to me, somewhere somehow
come to me ...*

Sonnet by [John Keats](#):

When I have fears that I may cease to be
 Before my pen has gleaned my teeming brain,
Before high-pilèd books, in charactery,
 Hold like rich garners the full ripened grain;
When I behold, upon the night's starred face,
 Huge cloudy symbols of a high romance,
And think that I may never live to trace
 Their shadows with the magic hand of chance;
And when I feel, fair creature of an hour,
 That I shall never look upon thee more,
Never have relish in the faery power
 Of unreflecting love—then on the shore
Of the wide world I stand alone, and think
Till love and fame to nothingness do sink.

... out of time, nowhere to go
out of time, nothing to show
out of time, no tale to tell
out of time, no cold like hell
out of time, nowhere to fly
out of time, the end is nigh
out of time, no songs of old

out of time, no one to hold

come to me, where are you now?
 come to me, somewhere somehow
 come to me (repeat once)

7. The Owl and the Pussycat

-poem by [Edward Lear](#)

The Owl and the Pussy-cat went to sea
 In a beautiful pea-green boat,
 They took some honey, and plenty of money,
 Wrapped up in a five-pound note.
 The Owl looked up to the stars above,
 And sang to a small guitar,
 "O lovely Pussy! O Pussy, my love,
 What a beautiful Pussy you are,
 What a beautiful Pussy you are,
 What a beautiful Pussy you are!"

II
 Pussy said to the Owl, "You elegant fowl!
 How charmingly sweet you sing!
 O let us be married! too long we have tarried:
 But what shall we do for a ring?"
 They sailed away, for a year and a day,
 To the land where the Bong-Tree grows
 And there in a wood a Piggy-wig stood
 With a ring at the end of his nose,
 With a ring at the end of his nose,
 With a ring at the end of his nose.

III
 "Dear Pig, are you willing to sell for one shilling
 Your ring?" Said the Piggy, "I will."
 So they took it away, and were married next day
 By the Turkey who lives on the hill.
 They dined on mince, and slices of quince,
 Which they ate with a runcible spoon;
 And hand in hand, on the edge of the sand,

They danced by the light of the moon,
 They danced by the light of the moon,
 They danced by the light of the moon.

8. **Apocalypstick**

i could have sworn you said
 we've got some miles to go
 but then it seems we don't
 have too much time left here
 for now the world is burning
 everywhere flames are swirling
 will it all end before us
 while we sing verse and chorus

*apocalypstick, a
 shade so delicious, it's
 just shy of deep blue, and
 custom made for you, we're
 so solipsistic, this
 new doomsday dipstick, for
 sure we're no prophets, and
 we'll make no promise
 try it on for god's sake you will not find a sweeter deal, there's no way, there's no way*

whatever happens next
 i mean to tell no lies
 the future rich and strange
 we smile and we drown inside
 there's no room here for questions
 we've got to leave for certain
 we'll never fully understand
 how this game got so out of hand

*apocalypstick, a
 shade so delicious, it's
 just shy of deep blue, and
 custom made for you, we're*

so solipsistic, this
 new doomsday dipstick, for
 sure we're no prophets, and
 we'll make no promise
 try it on for god's sake you will not find a sweeter deal, there's no way, there's no way

i could have sworn it's fine
 we'll make it through somehow
 but then it seems we don't
 know how to live and love
 just now it's hard for you to see
 realms of new possibility
 peering at fear, uncertainty
 vanish into obscurity

apocalypstick, a
 shade so delicious, it's
 just shy of deep blue, and
 custom made for you, we're
 so solipsistic, this
 new doomsday dipstick, for
 sure we're no prophets, and
 we'll make no promise
 try it on for god's sake you will not find a sweeter deal, there's no way, there's no way

Tamil verse by Subramania Bharati (1882-1921):

Agni kunjondru kaNden - adhai
 Angoru kaattilOr pondhidai vaithaen
 Vendhu thaNindhadhu kaadu thazhal veerathil kunjendrum mooppendrum uNdO?
 Tatarikita tatarikita dhithom (4)

[I found a tiny spark and
 placed it in a forest hollow
 the entire forest was burnt to ashes;
 When a fire blazes, are there such categories as spark and flame?
 Tatarikita tatarikita dhithom (syllables representing the fire's dance)]

Coda:

As the seas rise
Will there be no tomorrow?
Yes, there will be no tomorrow
Darkling the seas rise
(repeat verse)

What are you thinking of
when you wake with a start?
Who in the world to be?
Which play? And which part?

How must the show go on?
When you cannot know
where in blazing hell to turn?
We've nowhere to go.