

# - LYRICS - A HELL OF A TIME - DIFTONG -

## Twin Justice

Who is without sin cast the first stone  
The usual suspect gets his windows broken  
The mob outside is crying for justice  
There's none of that until the law has spoken

When the sword of justice fails to make a clean cut  
Are hate mail and death threats all you can come up with  
Don't you understand that sword is all we've got  
It's all that keeps us from the big black nothing

We read about twin justice in a magazine  
How none of us are evil, we just do evil things  
Come to the defense of those that really need it  
Hatred only grows when you feed it

Always two sides to a story  
There ought to be a law  
A lady with a blindfold  
A pair of scales and a sword

*Can you tell, can you tell, can you tell  
Black crow from white dove  
At a crossing  
All we know for sure  
Is next to nothing*

## South

You can always count on Hope  
She is fearless and she is kind  
Whenever you're in trouble  
She will help you win the fight

When Hope turns a corner we start running  
Not to let her out of sight  
But it's hard for me to run these days  
It's getting harder all the time

Hope will help you kill your demons  
But I worry about mine  
Even she cannot be invincible  
Not all the time

So I have made my own plan  
I guess that she won't mind  
With all those demons to deal with  
She will not miss mine

*I'll just try to trick my demons  
Sneak my way around them  
Go down South  
Drink in that Southern light  
Before the sun goes down*

### Lyrics from the album

A HELL OF A TIME  
DIFTONG & the shipwrights

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## Circadian Driftwood

I walk this endless shore at night  
Still bewitched by the moon  
My feet in the surf that marks the line  
Between too late and too soon

A heart that's not broken once in a while  
Is just a machine pumping blood  
A lump in my throat tells me why  
You are gone for good

With all the strength I can muster  
I must go clean up this beach  
Burn this wood and forget you  
You are long out of reach

*Circadian driftwood  
Washed up on my beach  
All this debris  
Flooding me in my dreams  
The way things were going  
They could not go on  
I still dream about you*

## Alamo

Jim and Davy and some of their friends  
Fought for Texas independence  
When it looked like it was coming to blows  
They found cover in the Alamo

Santa Anna came up from Mexico  
Led his men down to the Alamo  
He got orders to straighten out things  
In a Tex-Mex reckoning

When in the end, soldiers stormed the fort  
They were met with Jim's last pistol shots  
Upon hearing the news his mother said I bet  
They found no knife wounds in his back

The young duke was thin and white  
He took his name from the famous knife  
Before long, he was known  
To sprinkle stardust on his song

Our lives come to us as a gift  
But time is sneaky and time is swift  
We should not forget to pay  
Respect to our heroes for more than one day

Even if Lazarus' resurrection  
Was nothing but a grand old lie  
That doesn't mean we cannot try  
To keep the memory alive

*The Alamo lies at the end of the road  
Ashes to ashes the cycle goes  
Some stand tall and some lay low  
We all face our Alamo*

## Ark #2

The deckhand is a soldier  
Who heard his death singing  
He sawed off a digit  
From his triggerfinger

The cook is a preacher  
Who got thrown out of church  
For preaching the truth  
Oh, how the truth hurts

First mate's an orator  
Who never made himself heard  
He's a silent man now  
Still a man of his word

The captain's a drag queen  
Who was living in sin  
Up high in the crow's nest  
You can hear her sing hymns

The dirt in our pockets  
Won't buy us a home  
The weight of the world  
Will make it sink like a stone

So we're out in the shipyard  
With our God-given tools  
And we're building a ship  
For drunkards and fools

*We're building a ship for drunkards and fools  
God will protect us and give us the tools  
The rich and the righteous say we'll never survive  
We're gonna have us a hell of a time*

## The Arkansas Toothpick

My father needed some kind of tool  
So we went down to the hardware store  
He watched his son stare at this killer knife  
Made him worry because he'd seen the war

I was just a young boy, an ignorant gazing  
At the display in the hardware store  
Saw this beautiful sharp and shiny blade  
A boy my age could never afford

The Arkansas Toothpick wants an eye for an eye  
Like an assault rifle, like a hand grenade  
Now I understand what it meant to him  
To see his son crave such a cruel blade

*How about the sermon on the mount  
How about we count to ten before we hit  
How about we cut this perpetual crap  
How about we let all this blood  
Dry up*

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## Black Leather Jacket

Crap on the radio  
Crap on the internet  
24/7 crap, it can't get worse than that  
Once again, counter-culture was dead before it died  
Ripped off and squashed  
At least it up and tried

Music recorded in a benign conspiracy  
A brave attempt to circumvent the industry  
A rebel act against a shareholder's format  
Where only revenues matter

Where's my black leather jacket?  
I suddenly, desperately need to wear it  
What do you mean, it's in a box in the attic  
I need to wear it right now

*Elvis on pills in his latter days  
Such a sad King  
We love him anyway*

*Elvis growing fat in his latter days  
Such a sad King  
We love him anyway*

## 3.5"

The man had one of these expensive phones  
He streamed me pictures of paradise  
I had to pay him everything I owned  
Still, that's not much for a better life

All that I could take with me  
Were my child, my wife and my prayer beads  
I left behind my friends and family  
For a better life upstream

I witnessed things I cannot tell, they lie  
Behind a wall that I built in my mind  
All that I can say right now  
Is "Thank God, we are alive"

*I've seen a better life  
Framed in 3.5 inch  
With my own eyes I've seen  
A better life*

### Lyrics from the album



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## Crossfade

Old times are fading out  
While waiting for the second coming  
New times are fading in  
All this waiting seems for nothing

When vilifiers have their say  
They always use the biggest words  
And the Devil has his way  
When they knock down the church

What if maybe there are  
Different views on the same thing  
Ask yourself, will you follow?  
When someone else does the thinking

For everything gained  
Something else was lost  
Not until deliverance  
We calculate the cost

*Heard a choir of listless angels  
Sing in an empty church  
They followed the old arrangements  
Seemed lost for words*

## Record Store

Johnny B. Bad was struck by a lightning bolt  
Heard ten strings and a drum and he sold his soul  
End of each month, he was browsing the record store  
Spent his cash, all his cash  
On just one more  
Just one more

He spun those discs again and again  
Never played them backwards  
Heard the Devil all the same  
At night in the club they were jumping up and down  
Spilling beer on each other  
When told to behave, they could not be bothered  
Could not be bothered

It is just hormones, that's what it is boy  
Just wait until you grow up  
Those guitars and drums are just toys for boys  
Wait until you have a proper job  
Well, I'm still waiting...

*Roll, roll to the record store  
See what they've got  
I still need more  
Come on to the record store  
See what they've got  
I still need more  
From the record store*

## Something White

Here's what I fear  
Curl up and listen  
It grows underground  
Comes up in the mist and  
I cannot let it pass  
I feel angrier than that

Here's what I hear  
You can hear it if you listen  
Hear them scream  
See them raise their fists and  
You should not let it pass  
You should feel angrier than that

Here they come again  
They won't listen  
They swing their crowbars  
Draw up their lists and  
They start waving flags  
Start sticking on those tags

Go tell your brothers  
Go tell your sisters  
Gather them around you  
And make them listen  
They cannot let this pass  
They should be angrier than that

*There is something white  
Fluttering in a corner  
Of my eye*

## Darkness Rising

There must have been a line  
I did not see when I crossed it  
That must have been the time  
That I lost it  
I lost my nerve

Something is hiding in the dark  
I cannot see it, I can feel it  
And I know it means to harm  
It summons the darkness  
Around me

This darkness looks so dense  
It is slowly creeping up  
I can barely see my hands  
It's creeping up  
On me

I wish the moon would light the way  
Like it always used to do  
Back in its radiant days  
Back when the moon  
Showed the way

*Darkness is rising, not falling  
And I lost sight of my feet  
Will you light a candle  
And shine a light for me*