

# - LYRICS - THE ROCKET SWING - DIFTONG -

## *Vintage Van*

Living on-line on Dismal Street  
Horror stories coming in  
A load of Joe the Plumber's tweets  
Who did what where when and since  
Who did what ever since  
Devoid of any imagination  
It's copy, paste and water down  
We must log off and flip the switch  
Now is the time to shut it down  
Time to shut it down

We have long planned our escape  
In our own small mobile home  
A sturdy van of vintage make  
That will take us down the road  
Takes us down the road  
We don't need SatNav  
We don't need shortcuts  
To leave it all behind  
Two old hippies in a van  
On their way to paradise  
All the way to paradise

Hey let's go find El Dorado  
Hey let's go find the Holy Grail  
Find the Fountain of Youth  
Let's go find us a muse

Vintage van, way to go, way to go  
Carry us down the road  
Vintage van, take it slow, take it slow  
Let's take the long way home

## *Cormorant*

A cormorant tattooed in black  
Sits next to the monkey on your back  
Those two working together  
Are like birds of a feather

Mesmerized by your sleight of tongue  
Nobody senses anything wrong  
While you're showing off your self-inflicted wounds  
A long shot aimed at the moon

Night after night the crowd explodes  
They watch as you leave your heart exposed  
Beg for you to take of your shirt  
They love to point where it hurts

Those stupid birds can hardly fly  
We once saw one crash from a clear blue sky

You pour yourself another  
You prance and holler  
Declare you piss on it all  
Better watch your back  
That bird is reckless  
It will take you down in its fall

## *The Rocket Swing*

A city girl and a son of the forest  
Born in the best of times  
With two great wars in the past and heavy fruit on the vine

Those were magic days we spent  
Childhood never seemed to end  
Still, we grew up and we went our separate ways

Building castles out of sand  
And flying the rocket swing  
All we had to do is stick out our hands and we had wings

The postman came by and dropped a card  
The words hit me pretty hard  
Something cruel curtailed your life and where was I?

Building castles out of sand and flying the rocket swing.  
All I had to do was stick out my hands and I had wings

Summer Solstice comes and goes  
Fronts move in and bring the cold  
Though you are gone my train of thought goes on and on

And I see us  
Building castles out of sand and flying the rocket swing  
All we have to do is stick out our hands and we'll have wings

And now I like to think  
That you found that rocket swing  
You can stick out your hands and you'll have wings

## *A Storyville Blue Note*

Picking tobacco, picking cotton  
Picking sad redemption tunes  
No chance of freedom  
Anytime soon

Full color delta in black and white  
Was the scene of the crime  
Twenty lashes  
Buffalo hide

Brother tied some strings to a gourd  
He locked horns with the truth  
He played some chords  
And sang the blues

Sister danced with moist eyes  
Came the time to kiss goodbye  
Her man was gone  
The blues was on

Storyville was built on blue notes  
And so the story goes  
Losing sorrow  
Into song

## *Heart of the Matter*

Building a wall that cannot contain  
The far-flung hatred and stones  
Ancient grudges no longer explained  
In the rise of the settler's homes

A temple's ruins on sacred ground  
Where unctuous voices betray  
Where bells cannot ring safe and sound  
Where mothers are always afraid

Why do you keep looking at God  
While innocent children are shelled  
What makes you think that you are heaven bound  
When you make this world into hell

The heart of the matter is a matter of the heart  
You'd think that his message was clear from the start  
Yet who was denied three times in a row  
Time and again the rooster crows

Time and again he has been denied  
Time and again the rooster cries  
The heart of the matter is a matter of the heart  
And it's not and it's never too late to start



**Lyrics from the album  
The Rocket Swing  
by Diftong**

**All songs © Diftong 2015  
except chorus of Dying of the Light,  
by Dylan Thomas**

**[www.diftong.nl](http://www.diftong.nl)**

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## Jubilee

She's the one that I selected, or did she select me?  
Not all what I expected, she is all that I need  
Now it's business as usual and she is always on my side  
I am taking her for granted and that can't be right.

Despite our creaky joints we walked and walked some more  
We often kept on walking until our feet were sore  
We covered rocky ground on our quest for holy bones  
But it always felt so good to be back home

Twenty five years is about as long  
As I have been trying to write this song  
After all this waste of paper, all these crossed-out words  
This is what I've got for what it's worth

We climbed the Devil's Mountain to our silver jubilee  
All the way up and back and we came away scot-free  
My lady and me

## Voodoo 22

I never learned to draw the line or question the rules  
Must have been a sitting duck from your point of view  
You were smart and ruthless and I was a coward  
I had a craving for truth and you had a craving for power

Everyday you drove me up against the wall  
With your bullhorn opinions and your bittersweet drawl  
Desperate for an answer, I tortured my mind  
The moment always past before I found my reply

One day I'd had enough and set myself free  
I covered my tracks and hoped that you'd forget all about me  
You kept some of my hair, took some wax and straw  
And when the moon was dead you made yourself a doll

You have got the nerve to spook my dreams  
Sticking needles in a doll that looks just like me

I'm a foot stomping soldier on a mission to find you  
A one-man firing squad with a rusty 22  
I know I might get caught, convicted, crucified  
That'll be the day after you died

## The Hole

Our paths crossed under lucky stars  
We found one that was lost  
Pledged that we would follow it  
Follow at all cost  
Follow at all cost

We grew a crop on common ground  
Shedding sweat and tears and all  
And now they've gone and ripped it out  
Left nothing but a hole  
Nothing but a hole

Down there I can hear them whisper  
We have a right to reap what we sowed  
What's happened 's not our fault  
We want our reward  
We want our reward

Be careful what you wish for  
There are two sides to a coin  
There is heaven in a small dose  
A little more is poison  
A little more is poison

In the hole, who I thought were my friends  
They hiss and show their sharp ugly fangs  
Hold me now  
If you don't hold me now  
They will drag me down

## Dying of the Light

Gran sits in her chair all day  
And her light but slowly fades  
Sometimes she must wonder  
Why she has to wait  
Her time will come

The light fades much too fast for some  
They have trouble holding tight  
So we must rush to help them stop  
The dying of the light  
Their time will come

I went to see the poet's house  
And left with a chorus line  
To pound these strings and rage against  
The dying of the light  
My time will come

(Chorus lines by Dylan Thomas)  
Don't go gentle  
Into that good night  
Rage against  
The dying of the light

## One for the Road

Home is where the heart aches  
And home is where the heart breaks  
And life is what you make it  
So at daybreak I'll lug my suitcase into the yard  
And leave home with a broken heart

I'll be wandering alone, with my hopes held high  
On narrow ridge, steep slopes on both sides  
I will carefully place my feet on the track  
And never, never look back

At least while you're drinking, Bukowski wrote  
The world doesn't have you by the throat  
Sobriety is but a state of mind  
So, my friends, this round I'm buying

And it's one more for the road, boys  
Time for me to go  
One for the road  
Time to go



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