

GEOFF SIMPSON & GEOTRIO – READ MY HEART - LYRICS (2018)

Plenty of Clarity (October 2002)

Words and music by Geoff Simpson

Always a struggle between death and birth:
pushing and pulling, heaven and earth.
The tensions of opposites stealing our breath
may tip the balance while decades are left.

Keeping in mind the unwritten account
of unruly conflict no stranger can count.
But stranger than no one experience be,
so, take them and leave them for no one to see.

So, I'm dancing, dancing away.
Tomorrow I may not be able to say
the things that are pressing upon me today.

Plenty of clarity gliding through air,
leaving the tarmac or kicking the chair.
Seconds are hours, a month or a year,
but a half-life and poetry aren't as clear.

And what if the unfinished thoughts on this page,
still in the process of finding a way
or woven in fabric for quilted display,
are never permitted to lighten the day?

So, I'm dancing, dancing away.
Tomorrow I may not be able to say
the things that are pressing upon me today.

There is no fear or no shame in the truth.
Redemption and light in the darkness is proof,
leaving no worry about legacy,
for swallowed in grace will the memory be.

Now, I'm dancing, dancing away
The matters of urgency that were yesterday
are no longer things of importance to say.

I'm dancing, dancing away.
I might go tomorrow; I've just got to say
the words of unending importance today

Geoff Simpson - acoustic guitar, vocals; EJ Simpson - bass, mandolin, vocal; Owen Osborne – drums; Tim Peck - organ

Chemical Love (July 2013)

Words and music by Geoff Simpson

My love for you is chemical,
Your beauty my opinion.
I am only physical,
a pawn of this dominion.

So, what to thee shall I compare
if I apply denial?

No mystery, no miracle,
no providential smile.

I know too much to turn away
from all the contradiction.
Taken to experiment
for what is real or fiction.

The universe is all there is.
No Other can be proven.
Every gap will disappear
to shatter the illusion.

No bread or wine, no cause divine
attempt to justify disease.
No better life, devoid of strife
will ever bring me to my knees

I am no a slave to God or grave,
to any ancient myth or creed.
My inner voice gives me no choice.
It tells me never to concede.

Geoff Simpson - acoustic, electric guitar, vocals; EJ Simpson - bass, piano, vocals; Owen Osborne –
congas, drums; Tim Peck - organ

I CAN'T HEAR YOU (2007, 2010)

Words and music by Geoff Simpson

I can't hear you. I can't hear you. I can't hear you.

I can hear them shout and cheer and wave their hands up high.
I can hear them sing out loud and look up towards the sky,
marvel at the lightning, hear the thunder roll and roar,
watch the sun descending or catch a falling star, but

I can't hear you. I can't hear you. I can't hear you.

I can walk upon the shore and follow in your steps.
I can climb the highest peak or wallow in the depths,
read and mark the poems and the letters to a friend.
Still I wait in silence but the silence doesn't end.

I can't hear you. I can't hear you. I can't hear you.

Are you even there? Do you ever hear?
Do you know what they say about you here?
'You are in my head, not alive or dead,
you're the reason for all the blood that's shed'.
Yet, it's here I stand with a ready case
for an audience in the dwelling place where
I can hear you, but I can't hear you, no, I can't hear you.

I endure the nightmare and the dreams of what may be,
living in the moment, into eternity,
live among the poorest ones or make a decent wage,
count upon the promises or ponder ancient sage.

Geoff Simpson - acoustic guitar, vocals; EJ Simpson - bass, vocals; Owen Osborne – drums;
Bethann Dilione - vocals

Read My Heart (Autumn 2013)

Words and music by Geoff Simpson

Clever words mean nothing here, in case you hadn't heard;
a criminal suspended by the justice you've incurred.
In desperation, mockery or any other cry,
another breath is wasted on another useless try.

Hanging higher on the cross than any but the best.
So, what the hell has brought you here, you're just like all the rest:
the cynic and the critic and the pauper and the priest -
all victims of indifference and fodder for the beast

Read my heart, read my lips,
read my mind, read my hips.
Every thing I bring to you, the ranting of a liar,
every vowel and consonant, ashes in the fire.

"The message is the medium," the fortune-teller said.
There's nothing new beneath the sun in anything you've said.
The news is just as bad or good as any to ignore:
Eternity demanding that we open up the door

Read my heart, read my lips,
read my mind, read my hips.
Every thing I bring to you, try'ng to take it higher,
every vowel and consonant, unable to inspire.

Above the crowd, beneath the cloud, beyond the wall, no health at all,
Upon the hill: O love that will not let me go, I need to know.

Clever words mean nothing, but there's something that you spoke.
And, given where I am today, I hope it's not a joke.
And, while I may know why I'm here, I know what I don't know.
So, if you would, remember me, please, anywhere you go.

Read my heart, read my lips,
read my mind, read my hips.
Every thing I bring to you, a filthy bunch of nothing,
every vowel and consonant, my ragged offering.

Geoff Simpson – acoustic guitar, electric guitar, vocals; EJ Simpson - acoustic bass, vocals; Owen Osborne - drums; Bethann Dilione - vocals

I DON'T WANT TO BE LIKE YOU (September 2010)

Words and music by Geoff Simpson

I don't want to be like you,
to follow you,
to swallow what
you have to say,
or give away,
to those who would believe you.

I don't want to look like you,
to talk like you,
to walk the road
where you have sown
and harvested
the meaning of your bleeding.

Where does it begin? Now, or in the end?

I don't want to laugh along,
or sing a song

to bring a tear
or raise a cheer from
those who hear
the wisdom of your story.

I can't follow what you say
or, given where you are today,
explain the meaning of the lie
as if it were an alibi for
giving me
the things I see...

Where does it begin? Now, or in the end?

Geoff Simpson - acoustic guitar, vocals; EJ Simpson - bass, piano, vocals; Owen Osborne - congas, drums; John Davis - theravox, shaker

Said and Done (May/June 2016)

Words and music by Geoff Simpson

When all is said and done,
and these coins lay scattered in the sun,
can't find a way to carry on.

I thought, and I was sure,
my strategy would bring the cure,
and I'd go on, as if I'd won.

But in this fog of disbelief, between remorse and relief,
I tie a knot around this bough.

Tomorrow will not see
the vision that I thought would be,
nor any hope in what was done.

My failure on the hill -
the innocence, the overkill -
leaves me to decide which way to fall.

But in this fog of disbelief, between remorse and relief,
I tie a knot around this bough.

When all is said and done,
and these coins lay scattered in the sun
can't find a way to carry on....

Geoff Simpson - acoustic guitar, vocals; EJ Simpson - bass, mandolin; Owen Osborne - drums; Bill Pratt - pedal steel

Common Prayer (November 2014)

Words and music by Geoff Simpson

Move over, you moron!! Get out of my way.
I'm trying to get out of this desperate maze.
I can't make it happen; I come unprepared.
I'm losing control and I'm caught in despair.

This is my prayer; this is my prayer; this is my prayer

I don't understand this happening to me.
Oh, please make it all go away.
Guide and hold and protect.
Don't leave me now with unfinished regret.

This is my prayer; this is my prayer; this is my prayer

It is so credibly clear:
there is hope surrounding me here,
with peace and blessing to spare,
and beauty beyond compare

This is my prayer; this is my prayer; this is my prayer.
This is my prayer; this is my prayer; this is my prayer.

Geoff Simpson – acoustic guitar, electric guitar, vocals; EJ Simpson - bass, vocals; Owen Osborne - drums; Tim Peck - organ

Too High (April 2014)

Words and music by Geoff Simpson

Too high to get over,
too wide to go around.
The thought of digging under is buried in the ground.

Colossal, impossible to be so good.
Any way to the top is misunderstood.
Under the shadow and ashes in the valley we toss
about in the fog and the haze with no way to cross.

Too high to get over,
too wide to go around.
The thought of digging under is buried in the ground.

If a doddering fool, so quick to deceive,
lies behind the veil, then what is the need?
The pill, the bottle, the needle is no way to go -
by the stars on the road in the light, and the examples they show.

But from the other side
flesh and foe collide,
break down the great divide
and bury all the foolish pride.

Leaning back and looking up toward the sky:
Shining beams on the mountaintops, treetops, and the birds singing by.

Too high to get over,
too wide to go around.
The thought of digging under is buried in the ground.

Geoff Simpson – acoustic guitar, electric guitars, vocals; EJ Simpson - bass, mandolin; Owen Osborne - drums; Bethann Dilione - vocals

Mourning Morning (2004)

words and music by EJ Simpson

A Morning Song, the sun is rising,
The birds are sounding, temperature is climbing.
Not much longer for you and I,
Our time together makes us both cry.

And I reach for you at night,
No matter what bed I lay.
And at the break of the day
A mourning morning is on its way.

The morning song for what we had
Will be all we have, and then no more...
Loving you sweetly, just remembering fondly,
Recalling with longing and replaying achingly.

And I reach for you at night,
No matter what bed I lay.
And at the break of the day
A mourning morning is on its way.

There wasn't a shortage of feeling,
There wasn't a shortage of love,
There wasn't a shortage of feeling,
Only a shortage of time.

And I reach for you at night,
No matter what bed I lay.
And at the break of the day
A mourning morning is on its way

And I'll reach for you tonight,
No matter what bed I lay.
And at the break of the day
A mourning morning is on its way
A mourning morning is on its way
A mourning morning is on its way.

EJ Simpson - mandolin, vocals; Geoff Simpson - acoustic guitar, vocals;
John Davis - acoustic bass; Owen Osborne - percussion; Tim Peck - organ

PAY ATTENTION (January 2017)

Words and music by Geoff Simpson
(with thanks to Ben Capps & Jeff Moretzsohn)
(chorus & bridge inspired by Mary Oliver's poem, Sometimes)

The crunching underneath my feet,
beneath the canopy of stars,
upon the frozen glassy edge,
above the placid darkness deep.
Six feet in concert, hearts of three,
Far from the headlights and the breeze:

Lie down, look up, and gasp – amazed.

Pay attention. Be astonished. Tell about it.

One weekend in the company
of longing pilgrims to be free,
to hear the challenge offering,
from any pressing urgency,
the gift of moments calling me
To deep and stepping o'er the line

between the captain and the Chief.

Pay attention. Be astonished. Tell about it

This is how to live a life. This is how to live... in time

Upon an island in the sound,
beneath the canopy of stars,
the music from the barn below

is working on this heart of stone
while sitting with a friend, in need,
and pondering eternity:

Fall down, give up, and gasp – amazed.

Pay attention. Be astonished. Tell about it... Some time. This time.

Geoff Simpson – acoustic guitar, electric guitar, vocals; EJ Simpson - bass; Owen Osborne -
percussion; Bill Pratt - steel guitar; Bethann Dilione - vocals; Todd Carder - echo effects

Bonus track

Wilt Thou Forgive words by John Donne, 16th/17th century; music by Geoff Simpson,

WILT THOU FORGIVE words by john donne

Wilt Thou forgive that sin, by humans begun
Which was my sin, though it were done before?
Wilt Thou forgive that sin, through which I run,
And do run still, though still I do deplore?
When Thou hast done, Thou hast not done,
For I have more.

Wilt Thou forgive that sin by which I have won
Others to sin, and made my sin their door?
Wilt Thou forgive that sin which I did shun
A year or two, but wallowed in a score?
When Thou hast done, Thou hast not done,
For I have more.

I have a sin of fear, that when I've spun
My last thread, I will perish on the shore;
Swear by Thyself, that at my death Thy Son
Shall shine, as He shines now and heretofore;
And, having done that, Thou hast done;
I fear no more.

Geoff Simpson - acoustic guitar, vocals; EJ Simpson - bass; Owen Osborne - drums