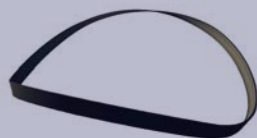


MÖBIUS STREET

JEFF & MAYA BOHNHOFF



MÖBIUS STREET LYRICS



THE EMPTY MAN

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ECHOES IN THE HALLWAY.
ECHOES IN THE YARD
THE SOUND OF PEOPLE TALKING.
BUT HE WON'T LET DOWN HIS GUARD.

IF NATURE ABHORS A VACUUM,
THEN HE MAY BE A MARKED MAN.
WITHIN THE WALLS OF HIS ROOM,
IS HE JUST EMPTY,
IS HE THE EMPTY MAN?

VOICES IN THE SUBWAY.
VOICES IN THE HEAT.
CROWDS OF PEOPLE WALKING,
SWEEP HIM FROM HIS FEET.

IF NATURE ABHORS A VACUUM,
THEN HE MAY BE A MARKED MAN.
WITHIN THE WALLS OF HIS ROOM,
IS HE JUST EMPTY,
IS HE THE EMPTY MAN?

WORDS COME TUMBLING,
ALL JUMBLED IN A RUSH.
A FLOOD OF SELF REVELATION,
FOLLOWED BY DEEP HUSH.
ONCE AGAIN HE IS EMPTY,
DOESN'T SEEM LIKE HE'S QUITE THERE.
THE EMPTY MAN WITH THE DISTANT STARE.
THE EMPTY MAN.
OH, THE EMPTY MAN.

HOLLOW AT THE CENTER.
NO USE FOR HOLLOW WORDS.
KICKS A CAN ON DOWN THE STREET,
THE SOUND OF THE ABSURD.

IF NATURE ABHORS A VACUUM,
THEN HE MAY HAVE THE LAST LAUGH.
JUST SILENCE, BUT NOT EMPTINESS.
IS HE JUST EMPTY,
IS HE REALLY THE EMPTY MAN?



MÖBIUS STREET

© 2001 JEFF BOHNHOFF

ARABESQUES OF SMOKE CURL INTO A TWILIT SKY,
FROM CIGARETTES THAT GLOW LIKE FIREFLIES.
I LOOK FROM MY WINDOW AT THE PEOPLE BELOW.
ALWAYS CHANGING, BUT NEVER REALLY NEW.

I'M NOT A PRETENDER, THOUGH I SOMETIMES PRETEND.
THAT I KNOW JUST WHERE THIS STREET WILL END.
ALWAYS BEGINNING, WE'RE NEVER QUITE DONE,
BUT THEN I THINK YOU ALWAYS KNEW.

WILL WE END UP ON MOBIUS STREET?
WHERE THE SIDEWALK BENDS AND TWISTS BENEATH OUR FEET.
I WILL MAKE AMENDS ON MOBIUS STREET.
THERE ARE NO STRANGERS HERE.

IF I SAID I WAS SORRY, WOULD ANYTHING BE CHANGED?
WOULD ALL THE PIECES FIT, THE PATTERN REARRANGE?
MOVING AHEAD WITH SUCH RELENTLESS PURPOSE.
FOREVER CHANGED BY LITTLE ACCIDENTS.

THIS STREET'S NOT FOREVER, BUT IT NEVER SEEMS TO END.
I KNOW WE'LL STAY TOGETHER, THOUGH NEITHER WANTS TO BEND.
THE HORIZON IS NEARER THAN WE COULD EVER DREAM.
BUT THEN I THINK YOU ALWAYS KNEW.

WILL WE END UP ON MOBIUS STREET.
WHERE THE SIDEWALK BENDS AND TWISTS BENEATH OUR FEET.
I WILL MAKE AMENDS ON MOBIUS STREET.
THERE ARE NO STRANGERS HERE.

ACROSS THE STREET, WE SEE OURSELVES REFLECTED.
IMAGES FROM SOME CRAZY FUNHOUSE MIRROR.
STRAIGHT LINES, ALWAYS SEEM DEFLECTED,
BRIDGE THE GAP TO MAKE AN IMPERFECT CIRCLE.

WE WILL END UP ON MOBIUS STREET
BELOW THE SURFACE EVERYTHING REPEATS.
I HAVE FRIENDS ON MOBIUS STREET
WE ARE NOT STRANGERS HERE.



BETWEEN

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BETWEEN THE NIGHTLIGHT AND THE STAR
THERE ARE NO WORDS TO SAY HOW FAR.
YOU SPIN YOUR ORBIT CARELESSLY,
WILL YOU COME BACK HOME TO ME?

BETWEEN MY CEILING AND THE SKY
SO MANY THINGS I'VE NEVER TRIED.
I CROSS THE T'S AND DOT THE I'S,
I DON'T REALLY KNOW QUITE WHY.

BETWEEN THE CANDLE AND THE SUN
YOU FEEL ITS HEAT AND THEN YOU RUN.
DOES YOUR FAITH COME EASILY?
OR DO YOU FIGHT FOR WHAT YOU SEE?

BETWEEN THE THOUGHT AND SPOKEN WORD
A UNIVERSE PRESERVED.
ARE YOU THERE?

BETWEEN THE TWILIGHT AND THE NIGHT
A LAST MOMENT OF PURE LIGHT.
THE SENSE OF SOMETHING FROM BEYOND
A SMALL SNATCH OF PERFECT SONG.

BETWEEN THE OCEAN AND THE VOID
LITTLE SHIPS THAT BOB LIKE TOYS.
I'M BLOWN OFF COURSE BY HEEDLESS GUSTS
BROUGHT BACK HOME BY UNSAID TRUST.

BETWEEN THE MEMORY AND THE DAY
PAINT THE WORLD IN SHADES OF GRAY.
AND YET YOU GRAVITATE TO LIGHT
I'M LEAVING ON YOUR OLD NIGHTLIGHT.

BETWEEN THE THOUGHT AND SPOKEN WORD
A UNIVERSE PRESERVED.
I AM WAITING...
I AM WAITING...



CANDLES IN THE SAND

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I TAKE A STEP IN YOUR DIRECTION,
AND FIND WE'RE JUST AS FAR APART.
WE'RE STILL TANGLED IN CONNECTIONS.
THE ILLUSION OF THE SEPARATE HEART.

WE'RE JUST CANDLES IN THE SAND.
EACH LITTLE POOL OF LIGHT SHOWS WHERE WE STAND.

THIS EDIFICE OF MISCONCEPTION,
LIES IN SMOKING RUINS.
MY HEART IS GUILTY OF DEFECTION.
YOU PULL IT LIKE A WAYWARD MOON.

WE'RE JUST CANDLES IN THE SAND.
EACH LITTLE POOL OF LIGHT SHOWS WHERE WE STAND.

I TAKE A STEP IN YOUR DIRECTION,
AND FIND WE'RE JUST AS FAR APART.
WE'RE STILL TANGLED IN CONNECTIONS.
THE ILLUSION OF THE SEPARATE HEART.



MOTH

©1982 MAYA BOHNHOFF

I HEARD THE QUESTION THAT HE POSED.
NOT MEANT FOR ME—WELL, ONLY GOD KNOWS.
I FELT THE ANSWER FROM INSIDE.
I HELD IT BACK AND I LIED.
NO, I SAID, I CANNOT TELL WHICH IS THE SMILE AND WHICH THE VEIL.
SO MANY LINES TO READ BETWEEN—NO WAY OF KNOWING WHAT IT MEANS.

I REALLY SHOULD HAVE KEPT APART.
I MIGHT HAVE SALVAGED MY HEART.
BUT I STOPPED TO LISTEN TO HIS WORDS,
AND IN HIS VOICE I SWEAR I HEARD
THE ROARING OF THE SACRED FIRE—A SOUND THAT FILLED ME WITH DESIRE.
BUT ONE THING THAT THIS MOTH HAS LEARNED: WHAT CAN WARM CAN ALSO
BURN.

OH, YOU ARE A FIRE IN THE NIGHT.
OH, A WARM FLICKER IN THE DARKNESS.
OH, I AM A MOTH TO YOUR FLAME.
COME DRAW ME TO YOUR HEART.
DRAW ME TO YOUR HEART.

I STOOD WITHIN THE FIRE'S LIGHT,
LONGING TO STAY, PREPARED TO TAKE FLIGHT.
BUT NOW I'VE SEEN MY MASTER'S FACE.
I WILL NOT LEAVE HIS WARM EMBRACE.
NO FEAR IS GREAT ENOUGH WHEN YOU STAND FACE TO FACE WITH LOVE.
ANOTHER LESSON HAS BEEN LEARNED: ONE CAN FIND WARMTH AND NOT GET
BURNED.

OH, MY LORD, YOU ARE A FIRE IN THE NIGHT.
BAHÁ'U'LLÁH—A WARM FLICKER IN THE DARKNESS.
OH, I AM A MOTH TO YOUR FLAME.
COME DRAW ME TO YOUR HEART.....



RADIO FREE LUNA

© 1989 JEFF BOHNHOFF

YOU GET UP EVERY DAY
GRAB A CUP YOU'RE ON YOUR WAY
ANOTHER DAY OF LOWERED EXPECTATIONS.
IN THE CAR AND TO THE JOB
DRIVE TOO FAST AND FIGHT THE MOB
IT SEEMS YOU RUN IN TINY CIRCLES.
BUT YOU KNOW YOU'VE GOT A PLACE YOU CAN GO.
JUST FLIP A SWITCH AND TUNE IN THE RADIO.

IN YOUR CAR OR AT THE BEACH
IT'S NEVER OUT OF REACH
RADIO FREE LUNA.
IT'S THE SOUND OF SANITY
IT'S THE HOPE OF WHAT CAN BE
RADIO FREE LUNA.

GET TOGETHER WITH SOME FRIENDS
DULL CONVERSATIONS NEVER END
ANOTHER NIGHT OF WISHFUL THINKING.
BUT YOU FEEL THE QUIET PULL
THE MOON IS GETTING FULL
IT'LL BE A NIGHT OF CLEAR RECEPTION.
AND YOU KNOW YOU'VE GOT A PLACE YOU CAN GO.
JUST FLIP A SWITCH AND TUNE IN THE RADIO.

IN YOUR CAR OR AT THE BEACH
IT'S NEVER OUT OF REACH
RADIO FREE LUNA.
IT'S THE SOUND OF SANITY
IT'S THE HOPE OF WHAT CAN BE
RADIO FREE LUNA.

IT'S A PEACEFUL BLOW
AGAINST THE STATUS QUO
RADIO FREE LUNA
IT'S THE SOUND OF SANITY
IT'S THE HOPE OF WHAT CAN BE
RADIO FREE LUNA.



HIGH DESERT

©2005 JEFF BOHNHOFF

IF WHAT'S DONE IS DONE
WHY WON'T THE WIND FORGET?
BLOWING SAND THAT CUTS LIKE GLASS,
FRAGMENTS OF THE PAST.
ACROSS THE HIGH DESERT.

LIGHTNING ON THE DISTANT PEAKS,
BUT IT DOESN'T FEED THE GRID.
HIGH TENSION IN THE WIRES,
GOES TO GROUND BENEATH OUR TIRES.
WE CROSS THE HIGH DESERT.

WE TUNE THE RADIO
TO A STATION FAR AWAY.
GHOSTLY VOICES MOVE US,
THOUGH WE CAN'T HEAR WHAT THEY SAY.
THE BLACKTOP SNAKES AND COILS,
A SCAR THAT CUTS THE LAND.
AND WE DO ALL THAT WE CAN
TO CROSS THE DESERT.

WE STOP AROUND MID DAY
AT A TOWN THAT HAS NO NAME.
JUST A WIDE SPOT ON THE ROAD,
AN OLD WOMAN SELLING POLISHED STONES,
COLLECTED FROM THE HIGH DESERT.

CATARACTS CLOUD EYES OF BLUE,
REFLECT BACK HER INNER LIGHT.
IT LEAKS FROM EVERY PORE
BUT SHE SMILES AND SAYS NO MORE
DEEP IN THE HIGH DESERT.

WE TUNE THE RADIO
TO A STATION FAR AWAY.
GHOSTLY VOICES MOVE US,
THOUGH WE CAN'T HEAR WHAT THEY SAY.
THE BLACKTOP SNAKES AND COILS,
A SCAR THAT CUTS THE LAND.
AND WE DO ALL THAT WE CAN
TO CROSS THE DESERT.

LIGHTNING ON THE DISTANT PEAKS,
BUT IT DOESN'T FEED THE GRID.
HIGH TENSION IN THE WIRES,
GOES TO GROUND BENEATH OUR TIRES.
WE CROSS THE HIGH DESERT.

DUSTY DAY TO PURPLE DUSK.
WE BUNDLE UP AGAINST THE CHILL.
WE SEE OTHER MOVING LIGHTS.
THEY GATHER IN THE NIGHT.
A CARAVAN ACROSS THE DESERT.



DIVIDE BY ZERO

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"I'M A TUNNEL-VISIONARY"
SAID THE WOMAN ON THE STREET.
"I WATCH THE PIXELS DANCE AND PLACE MY BETS WITH CHANCE,
AND SEE WHAT I WANT TO SEE."

"WE UNDERSTAND THAT CHANGE IS SCARY."
FOUR OUT OF FIVE DENTISTS AGREED.
"WE MAKE AN ART OF WANTS, AND TELL YOU WHAT TO FLAUNT,
BUT NEVER WHAT YOU NEED."

YOU CAN'T DIVIDE BY ZERO.
THAT ANSWER WILL NOT COME.
YOU CAN'T DIVIDE BY ZERO.
THE GAME'S NOT ZERO SUM.

A THOUSAND SUNDAY PUNDITS
SING A ONE NOTE HARMONY.
THEY RAGE IN GREAT DEBATES ABOUT AFFAIRS OF STATE,
AND ARGUE FALSE DICHOTOMIES.

"YOUR OUTRAGE IS OUR ASSET".
SAID THE POLLSTER WITH A GRIN.
"YOU'LL QUICKLY LEARN TO CRAVE THE ANGRY BURN.
WE'LL FEED IT WITH UNENDING SPIN."

YOU CAN'T DIVIDE BY ZERO.
THAT ANSWER WILL NOT COME.
YOU CAN'T DIVIDE BY ZERO.
THE GAME'S NOT ZERO SUM.

I'VE HEARD THERE IS THIS GREAT DIVIDE.
THE WAY IS BARRED THE WALL IS HIGH.
AND WE'RE ALL TOLD TO CHOOSE A SIDE.
I'LL MEET YOU ON A DIFFERENT ROAD,
WE'LL LEAVE BEHIND THE THINGS WE HOLD.
WE'LL TAKE SHELTER FROM THE NUMBING COLD.

YOU CAN'T DIVIDE BY ZERO.
THAT ANSWER WILL NOT COME.
YOU CAN'T DIVIDE BY ZERO.
THE GAME'S NOT ZERO SUM.



LOVE TOUCHES EVERYONE

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FOGGED BREATH AND SMOKE RISE THROUGH THE AIR.
DEEP UNSPOKEN PRAYERS.
WHILE CITIES ROT IN SPLENDID RUINS,
WILL YOU MEET ME THERE?

LOVE TOUCHES EVERYONE, IF OBLIQUELY.

UNSEEN STARS ON ARCS OF NIGHT.
ABOVE THE GLARE OF YELLOW LIGHTS.
WHEN THE WEIGHT OF COLD RESTS ON YOUR HEART,
WILL YOU SPEAK OF ME?

LOVE TOUCHES EVERYONE, IF OBLIQUELY.
YOU'RE NOT THE ONLY ONE WHO WANTS TO BE FREE.

IT'S A FESTIVAL OF LIGHTS, FLICKERING THROUGH THE CITY.
NEON GLOW AND ALLEY FIRES, SPUTTER IN THE NIGHT.
A SILENT ARMY GATHERS, HUNGRY FOR THE GLOW
IN THE SHADOWS OF TALL BUILDINGS, AWAY FROM WHERE THE TATTERED WINDS
BLOW.

LOVE TOUCHES EVERYONE, IF OBLIQUELY.
YOU'RE NOT THE ONLY ONE WHO WANTS TO BE FREE.



WHO CAN EXPLAIN THE HURRICANE?

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I CAME HERE,
AMONG SPRAY-PAINTED RUINS.
SENDING UP SOME TRIAL BALLOONS.
BUT I NEVER REALLY HAD THAT MUCH TO SAY.

I WANDERED,
MY BETTER ANGELS EASED MY WAY.
I PLED WITH THEM TO STAY.
BUT I NEVER READ THE SIGNS ALONG THE WAY.

WHO CAN EXPLAIN THE HURRICANE?
IN THE SILENCE OF THE EYE
THE WIND WON'T BE DENIED.
WHO CAN EXPLAIN THE HURRICANE?
FEEL THE GRAVITY OF NEED
WHEN THE WESTERN WATERS BLEED TO RED.

A RAINDROP,
SUSPENDED ON A HANGING LEAF.
ON THE EDGE OF DISBELIEF.
BUT SOMEHOW IT JUST NEVER SEEMS TO FALL.

I KNOW YOU.
FROM SOME OTHER PLACE,
OR A MOMENT OF PURE GRACE.
THE WIND WILL HELP US RAZE THESE CRUMBLING WALLS.

WHO CAN EXPLAIN THE HURRICANE?
IN THE SILENCE OF THE EYE
THE WIND WON'T BE DENIED.
WHO CAN EXPLAIN THE HURRICANE?
FEEL THE GRAVITY OF NEED
WHEN THE WESTERN WATERS BLEED.

WHO CAN EXPLAIN THE HURRICANE?
WE ALL GUARD OUR FRAGILE SEEDS.
WATCH THE TATTERED STORM CLOUDS SPEED.
WHO CAN EXPLAIN THE HURRICANE?
WHEN OUR BETTER ANGELS CALL,
SOMETHING BETTER FOR US ALL THIS TIME.

MOTHER OF EXILES

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NOT LIKE THE COPPER GIANTESS OF FAME,
WITH SANDALED FEET UPON ATLANTIC SAND.
HERE AT OUR SEA-WASHED SUNRISE GATES ARE BANNED

THOSE THE WOMAN WITH HER TORCH ONCE CLAIMED.
THOSE SOULS IMPRISONED, THOSE WHO CRIED HER NAME:
"MOTHER OF EXILES," FROM WHOSE BEACON-HAND
GLOWED WORLD-WIDE WELCOME. NOW HER EYES COMMAND
THE NE'ER-BRIDGED WALLS ALONG WHICH RIFLES AIM.

"KEEP, BROKEN LANDS, YOUR HARRIED POOR!" CRIES SHE
WITH SMILING LIPS. "GIVE ME YOUR TRADE. YOUR POOR,
YOUR HUDDLED MASSES, MATTER NOT TO ME,
NOR WRETCHED REFUSE OF YOUR TEEMING SHORE.

SEND THESE, THE HOMELESS, TO SOME OTHER LEE.
I DOUSE MY LAMP; JUST SEND YOUR GOLD ASHORE.
MOTHER OF EXILES LIVES HERE NO MORE.

MY LAMP LIES SHATTERED ON THE SHORE
AND BLIND, I SEEK THE SHARDS.
MOTHER OF EXILES—WEEPING IN THE BONE YARDS."



FALLING

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I'VE WALKED SOME CROOKED HIGHWAYS.
STRAIGHTEST PATH TO WHERE I AM.
DUSTY ROADS AND STORM DRENCHED SKIES -
AND EMPTY HANDS.

I'VE BEEN A CHILD OF MERCY.
MADE A LIVING AS A FOOL.
I'VE TAKEN STANDS ON QUICKSAND -
WITHOUT YOU.

DO WE LIVE LIKE LIARS?
PRETEND WE'RE LESS THAN WHAT WE ARE?
IS THE FEELING GROWING
THAT IT'S GONE TOO FAR?

FALLING TOGETHER.
OR FALLING APART.
LOOKING FOR A CHANGE OF WEATHER -
TODAY.

LOST IN MY OWN WAITING
FOR WHAT I CANNOT SAY.
TRYING TO SEE THE FUTURE
THROUGH YESTERDAY.

LIKE LEAVES THAT BLOW IN AUTUMN -
MY SCATTERED PLANS.
I THOUGHT I WAS WITHOUT YOU,
YOU WERE TRUE.

FALLING TOGETHER.
OR FALLING APART.
LOOKING FOR A CHANGE OF WEATHER -
TODAY.



SEVEN CITIES
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THE SUN RISES COLD ON A CITY SO OLD
AND YOU HAVE COME ASKING QUESTIONS.
THE MOMENTS WE KEEP BETWEEN THE SECOND HAND'S SWEEP
EPHEMERAL SUGGESTIONS.
IS LOVE THE ANSWER?
OR A DOOR TO SOME OTHER END?
AND WHEN ITS FLAME STOPS BURNING,
WHAT'S LEFT TO DEFEND?

FOUNDATIONS ARE BUILT, ON YESTERDAY'S SILT.
A THOUSAND YEARS OF CONNECTIONS.
SPIDER WEB CRACKS, A MOSAIC OF TRACKS
LEAD ME IN ONE DIRECTION.
WERE WE MADE TO WANDER?
TO MAKE A HOME OF WIND AND DUST?
AND WHEN THIS JOURNEY'S OVER,
WHO WILL YOU TRUST?

OOH SEVEN CITIES
FEEL THE STONES BENEATH MY SOLES
OOH SEVEN CITIES
THE BLOWING DUST WILL MARK MY GOAL.
I'LL LEARN TO LOSE CONTROL - IN SEVEN CITIES.

CONTENT WITH THIS GROUND I IGNORE LIGHT AND SOUND
AND SEE NO BEGINNING NOR ENDING.
THE PROLOGUE WAS LONG NOT SURE WHERE I BELONGED
I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF PRETENDING.
AMAZED I HAVE TO WONDER
HOW DEEP IT GOES TO STAND SO LONG.
A BRAND NEW SUN CRACKS THE HORIZON.
WITH LIGHT AS OLD AS THE FIRST SONG.

- CHORUS -

WHEN IT COMES TO THE LAST,
WHEN PROLOGUE IS PAST,
TO LEARN THAT I HAVE NOTHING,
AND IT'S ENOUGH.



GHOST LIGHT

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CARD IN THE SCANNER
TO BUY YOU SOME CHEER.
THE GREAT STATIC OCEAN
WILL SWALLOW ALL FEAR.
AND WE WILL GO DANCING
BY GHOST LIGHT.

A PHOSPHOROUS BEACON
LIGHTS THE ROOM IN BLUE-GRAY.
SCANNING FOR MEANING,
DOTS FLICKER AND SWAY.
AND HERE WE ARE DANCING
BY GHOST LIGHT.

AND WE WILL GO DANCING
BY GHOST LIGHT.

