

## Fight the Devil

She wore her hair in a long blonde braid  
So you thought she's be easy to understand  
You couldn't have been more wrong but you didn't know it  
Till you saw her hair loose and fanned  
Across your pillow, and then it was too late  
You were woven in her web of masquerading  
In a way you would be unraveling forever  
Like her soft wild stands of hair unbraiding

Those hot endless August nights  
When you knew for certain she was gone  
You sat in your attic room; you were sleepless and burning  
With a pain as fierce and raw  
As a razor, as a tearing at your skin  
You were crazy with the pain, crazy with the heat  
A sort of fever dream floating on  
The sounds drifting up from the street

If you loved me, you would bring me roses  
You would lie for me, steal for me  
Fight the devil  
You would call me angel, forget your own name  
You would lie awake all night, lie awake all night

How trusting you were, how unafraid  
Of falling, or surrender, of the devil, of the dark  
When you called her name it was singing in your veins  
But it seems when she called you sweetheart  
It was just a title you vied for and won  
And then lost in the next round to a worthy foe  
Who met your standard and raised it  
And you were powerless then but to let it go

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You would lie awake all night, lie awake all night,  
Lie awake all night, lie awake all night

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## **For Money**

It was snowing in New York that winter, snowflakes big as feathers  
You helped me with my coat, complained about the weather  
And then held that lobby door for me and for one brilliant blur  
I could feel the cold and grit were real, then heated taxi at the curb  
We slid and steered the icy streets, veered toward your address  
I wondered how the hell I got myself into this mess  
Course you argued with the driver when we made our stop  
You said "All he cares about's his tip but does he want to do his job?"

We are loved for money  
We are hated for money  
We are judged, we are rated  
We are what we are for money

You lived on the twenty-second floor, you had a view  
You had a grand piano and a drink or two  
I was staring out the window at the swirling snow, the lights  
City seemed unreal and distant masquerading white  
You said "Come with me," you led me to your room  
It was awkward for a moment when I saw what you'd assumed  
And I'm certain I displeased you but you recovered well  
Offered me a nightcap as your poured one for yourself

We are loved for money  
We are hated for money  
We are judged, we are rated  
We are what we are for money

So you bought me a taxi back to my hotel  
Snow lay in dirty drifts and pools of slush and melt  
I tipped the driver double asked the desk clerk for the key  
And found a dozen roses you'd had sent there for me  
Yes, you would send roses with a wave of your arm  
Set the city's underclass in motion let the city swarm  
With meaningless commotion you blame, exploit and ridicule  
And use to make yourself the perfect gentleman by your own rules

We are loved for money  
We are hated for money  
We are judged, we are rated

We are what we are  
We are what we are  
For money

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## **Grandma's Best China**

If I was a little girl once, I don't remember  
No, no, can't remember that  
But I know there was a time when my Grandma was alive  
And her house was soft as an old felt hat  
Grandma herself corseted, powdered and stockinged  
Into an impressive dignity  
She was the cornerstone on which my family balanced like a circus act  
She gave a sort of grace to our uncertainty

Under Grandma's roof was a world unto itself  
With round corners, where everything was pretty  
I'd breathe in its sweet scents; it was beyond my life's experience  
This unchecked delight in femininity  
What will I ever love better than the deep mysteries  
Of her corner cupboard  
Under lock and key, in alluring secrecy  
Those treasures spoke to me like a lover

When the flowers would bloom in the spring  
Grandma's magnolia tree burst into teacups  
It was all her best china and the birds would sing:  
Cup-of-tea cup-of-tea, sugar sugar, cheer-up  
Oh, best of everything, best of everything

Grandma kept her house with the help of a hired girl she called Katy  
And a man who worked the yard  
He'd be out there on his knees among the roses and peonies  
She lived there 'til it got too hard  
They moved her away and they told her "Lie down, be still"  
They meant for eternity  
And she obeyed; she believed in the good book and heaven  
And the holy trinity

When the flowers would bloom in the spring  
Grandma's magnolia tree burst into teacups  
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Cup-of-tea cup-of-tea, sugar sugar, cheer-up  
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## Dancing With a Stranger

I am dancing with a stranger in a strange bar in a strange town  
It's crowded, we bump the other dancers as he turns me around  
He holds me pressed too close against him on a night so warm  
Sweat is running down the collar of his uniform

I am dancing with a soldier. He's putting on a pantomime  
Desperately going through the motions of a good old time  
As though this were the dream brought him back halfway around the world  
A hero in his uniform is dancing with a girl

He moves me round the floor like he's running a machine  
As though he's learned to do a job, not to question what it means  
Drum rolls out machine gun beat, rhythm he understands  
Thunder underneath his feet and the power in his hands

I am dancing with a hero. There's agitation in his touch  
Overcompensation, in the style of one who's seen too much  
Accustomed to the forcefulness, anger, hatred, longing, fear  
Nothing's ever strong enough, lose a taste for simple and sincere

I am dancing with a stranger, our lives connect right here right now  
And when the dance is done he'll disappear into the crowd

I am dancing with a stranger

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## You Can Run

There are nights when I sleep like a baby  
And dream without words, just color and form  
And there are nights of barking dogs, lightning and thunder  
What I know about angels I learned in a thunderstorm  
So many storms, first summer on my own  
Burning with fever and drenched to the bone  
Waking in a strange room, my long legs strange to me  
Saying—this is not my body, this is not my home

Oh, you can run...

So I'm driving down the street in a borrowed car  
With my eyes wide open for the very first time  
It's the age of Aquarius and everything is new  
From the litter in the gutter to the curve of my spine  
James Taylor on the radio  
Making me long for love and experience

I can do what I want 'cause I have all the time in the world  
To take it all back, make it right in the end

Oh, you can run, but you cannot...

I was born the right time for trouble it seems  
Can make your own rules if you know where to run  
But there's too many words coming into my dreams  
Too many lies rolling off my tongue  
Dog barking and the porch light on  
But no one home I can look in the eye  
Send me down lightning and angel's wings  
No one's going to see me cry

Oh, you can run but you cannot fly

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## **So Easy**

It's a summer rain  
You stand on the porch in your cotton blouse  
Watch the raindrops falling through the linden trees  
That grow around the house  
And you're thinking; I've had too many lovers  
You picture them all back through the years  
As a line follows the curve of the earth  
'Til it disappears

It's so easy, so easy, it's so easy

Summer nights when darkness fell  
And fireflies hovered winking on  
You were a child in a pale nightgown  
Running barefoot across the lawn  
And fireflies were an easy catch  
You see it now as a flawed design  
But then you held magic in your hands  
Watch the little lights shine

It's so easy, so easy, it's so easy  
So easy, so easy

How could you grow up jaded  
Here where summer rains fall sweet  
On ragged rows of white petunias  
The air smells like wet concrete  
And you wonder what you're missing  
It's something you don't understand

'Cause everything you ever reached for  
Fell into your hand

It's so easy, so easy, it's so easy  
So easy, so easy

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### **As If You Were There...**

As if you were there in that darkened room,  
Smoky bar, looking tough and mean  
In your shades and your beat-up bomber jacket.  
It was a phase; you were James Dean.  
You had a fascination for self-destruction.  
I'd have followed you anywhere, I was such a fool!  
I wanted to talk about growing old together.  
You talked of living fast and hot and dying cool.  
"Grow up," I said. "Grow up and I'll come back and find you."  
That's how I left you; that's how you let me go.  
I didn't say good-bye, didn't close the door.  
I just walked out into the blinding sunshine,  
Running down the road.

As if you drove up in your '54 Chev  
And let me in as though no time had passed.  
I thought "My god you've come to look just like your father  
But you still smoke Camels and drive too fast."  
You told me you were working for the family firm.  
I said "I thought we were going to change the world."  
Your eyes crinkled up in a smile. You said  
"So you still think only swine wear pearls?"  
We were flying down 357  
Past Ed Rosen's purple mailbox steaming,  
The road was smooth, it went on forever,  
That's how I knew that I must be dreaming, 'cause

No, it won't be that easy to find you,  
It's a broken trail that you've left behind you.  
You quit this town, unknown address,  
But you are somewhere, you are somewhere, yes.

As if you were there in Cody, Wyoming  
When I stopped for gas at the edge of town.  
You were standing by a black Ranchero  
In a Levi's jacket and a hat pulled down.  
It was your gesture, your shoulder's curve.  
I crossed the street to see you better.  
You were picking up a little girl  
In cowboy boots and a pale pink sweater.  
I just stood there and stared at your face.

Not a trace of any man that I ever knew.  
It was a false alarm. There's one in every crowd,  
But somewhere there's a road I know that's following you, but

No, it won't be that easy to find you.  
It's a broken trail that you've left behind you.  
You quit this town, unknown address,  
But you are somewhere out there, you are  
Somewhere, yes.

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## **All Those Fools**

There are things he does without joy  
Loving me is one  
There's pain in his eyes  
As he says he can't live without me  
There are things I do  
Without understanding why  
I don't know why I tell him  
All the sad things about me

All those fools  
All those crazy fools in love  
All those fools  
The world is full of crazy fools in love

He says "I knew from the first I saw you  
That I would love you  
There was a loneliness in the way  
You looked at me and frowned," yeah  
I remember that day  
The sun was shining in my eyes  
And the darkness closes in now  
As he puts his arms around me

All those fools  
All those crazy fools in love  
All those fools  
The world is full of crazy fools in love

I say "I have to go now"  
He says "Yeah,, I knew you would"  
I say "It's not what you think"  
But he sees right through me  
I walk away and say  
"I can leave and not look back"  
But I'm angry that he saw my pain  
And thought he knew me

All those fools  
All those crazy fools in love  
All those fools  
The world is full of crazy fools in love

All those fools  
All those crazy fools in love  
All those fools  
The world is full of crazy fools

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## **Steak & Eggs For Breakfast**

I love you baby, I love everything about you  
I love the man who cuts your hair, his shiny little buzzsaw  
Skimming across your scalp like those ears have got to go  
While you contemplate the stillness at the center of your wristwatch  
Even with that razor at your throat, ooh, it's such a thrill  
Living on the laser's edge, one foot in the gravy  
Little dab of something, ooh-la I love you baby

Love your steak and eggs for breakfast  
Steak and eggs for breakfast  
Love your steak and eggs for breakfast  
Steak and eggs for breakfast

I love you baby, I love the man who makes your clothes  
His little lapping measure mapping every gleaming inch of you  
Every wrinkle, every curve, he's taking up the slacks  
You're steady as a statue while he sticks you full of voodoo  
Little flicking scissors snick and snip, snip and tuck  
Ripping down your, nipping up your, clipping past your windpipe  
Take my breath away, ooh-la, it's Romeo in pinstripe

Steak and eggs for breakfast  
Steak and eggs for breakfast  
Love your steak and eggs for breakfast  
Steak and eggs for breakfast

I love you baby, I love the man who makes your  
Steak and eggs for breakfast  
Steak and eggs for breakfast

I love you baby, I love the man who drives your car  
Tearing through the traffic like stiletto through a dishrag  
Burning on the curves while you light a cigarette  
Drink coffee in a clean white shirt while we do zig-zags  
Run 'em in the ditch, leaving taxis in the dust



Sixty from a dead stop in one-point-three-four-zero  
Still my beating heart, ooh-la, you're such a hero

Love your steak and eggs for breakfast  
Steak and eggs for breakfast  
Love your steak and eggs for breakfast  
Steak and eggs for breakfast  
I love the man who mows your lawn  
I love the man who keeps your swimming pool clean  
I love the man who does your taxes  
I love the man who taught your dog to be so mean  
Love your steak and eggs for breakfast  
Steak and eggs for breakfast  
Love your steak and eggs for breakfast

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## **There Are Rules**

There are rules but you don't know them  
It's going to keep you guessing  
Make a thousand big mistakes  
Learn a thousand lessons  
Someday someone looks at you  
In a way you can't explain  
And you keep it in your memory  
With the tea leaves and the cold falling rain

There are rules but you don't know them  
Your Grandma had a mandolin  
The fiddle you were given  
Was too hard and flat to fit your chin  
And you played it badly  
Always aching to the bone  
To feel that mandolin's round belly  
Pressing close against your own

There are rules but you don't know them  
You can only suspect  
Theme and variation, reap and sow, last straw  
Cause and effect

There are rules but you don't know them  
There were mannequins in all the stores  
That had no hands. Their arms just ended  
At the wrist or sometimes before  
And of course it made you wonder  
Course you just took what you got  
But one day you might meet a stranger who'll say  
"Keep your dirty hands to yourself, kid"

After that your hands would always feel dirty  
Whether they were or not

There are rules but you don't know them  
You can only suspect  
Theme and variation, reap and sow, last straw  
Cause and effect

There are rules but you don't know them  
You reach to touch his silky limbs  
And feel the universe contract  
To fit the space you make with him  
And your mind says "this is it"  
Or "sweet romance"  
Then it's gone. It's just a movie  
Camera pulls back, pans to the scenery  
It's a place you thought you'd like to go  
But never had the chance

There are rules but you don't know them  
You can only suspect  
Theme and variation, reap and sow, last straw  
Cause and effect

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## **About Freedom**

I want to talk about freedom  
Because it's something I don't understand  
I've got this automobile, I've got the wide road  
I'm heading out to see the land  
I've got this gravel truck in the lane ahead  
Downshifting up a long climb  
And I'm thinking "yeah, that's heavy"  
I'm bouncing off the centerline

I want to talk about freedom  
I want to talk about the open road  
But I've got to get past this gear-grinding  
Black smoke choking heavy load, oh

I want to talk about freedom  
Because I lost good love to it  
Love that felt like two gears meshed  
And moving forward interknit  
He said "I want my freedom back"  
And though I let him go, I knew  
I had never felt so free  
As when I thought the search for love was through

I want to talk about freedom  
I want to talk about the open road  
But I've got to get past this gear-grinding  
Black smoke choking heavy load

My grandfather lost his leg in the war  
It was something that I owed to him  
As though he himself had bought me my freedom  
By cashing in his limb  
It was too abstract for me  
Now he's old and his mind's adrift  
Free from time and space and purpose  
Seems like a kind of grace, a gift

I want to talk about freedom  
I want to talk about the open road  
But I've got to get past this gear-grinding  
Black smoke choking heavy load, oh

Well I'm glad I've got this road to drive on  
I always like to think I'm free to go  
And I want to talk about freedom  
And what it cost to build this road  
And all of my time that I've traded away  
So I can buy into the machine  
That drives the gears that drive the world  
To keep pushing beyond its means

I want to talk about freedom  
I want to talk about the open road  
But I've got to get past this gear-grinding  
Black smoke choking heavy load, oh

I want to talk about freedom  
And the illusion of an open road  
And all of these cars and all these people  
Where we all came from and where it's all going to go

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## **If I Loved You**

If I loved you  
It would make no sense  
You are slouching in the doorway like cartoon coyote  
Sidelong, studied indifference  
If I trusted you  
No, only a fool would trust you  
I want fingerprints

I want the mark of your poet's hands  
Pressed against my skin

If I loved you  
If I took you home  
If I gave you soup with heart of palm and Chinese noodles  
Would you write me poems?  
Or would familiarity make you flat  
Discernible and banal  
Would you thwack my knee with a rolled up magazine  
Say "hey, old gal"

If I loved you I would buy you things  
I'd dress you up in black on black  
I'd take you out then take you home  
Walk barefoot across your back  
If I loved you I would wrap myself around the mystery  
I'd wind you up and watch you going down in history

If I loved you  
Like a mother would  
If I sheltered you underneath my wings  
Would you still need to be misunderstood?  
Would you ramble in abstraction  
Quote Rabelais for hours  
Would you answer a question with a question  
To hold me in your power

If I loved you  
It would make no sense

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