



The Jason Fables

Be Your Own Myth



The Circular Disk of the Earth  
 Lighter than the Things Around Me  
 Spine Go Crack  
 Mocking Gravity  
 We Didn't Do It Alone  
 Misdirection (What Goes Unfound)  
 The Tin Smythe  
 Dreaming of Green Scene  
 I Win  
 The Here and Hey Now  
 Chains  
 I Sneeze in the Sunlight  
 The Sullen Flowers  
 Here Come the Calm Again



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 Narrator from Classical Mythology Podcast at Learn Out Loud.com



On the day that I flew from the ground to the middle of this broken town  
 Was the day that I was lighter than the things around me  
 I was lighter than the things around me  
 And everybody that I showed  
 Say that's so damn cool its righteous

On the day that I flew up and down through the middle of this broken crowd  
 Was the day that I was brighter than the things around me  
 I was righter than it seemed  
 'Cause I'll share with all you who do care  
 And want to share a moment of the day that you too flew...it's true

Well up on the way I should remind you, up here can hurt just like behind you  
 Of course you'll sing, "I am lighter than the things around me"  
 I am lighter than the things around me  
 And everybody that you told  
 Would say that's so damn cool its righteous  
 (i.e. with righteousness)...yeah

On the way back I knew from the ground to the middle of your mended heart  
 Was the way that you were lighter than the things around you  
 You were brighter so you'd sing, "Well, I'll share with all you who do care  
 And want to share a moment of the day that you too flew"...it's true

It was the day that you flew through  
 The day that we flew through  
 The day that I flew  
 Soon the chain ran through everyone that we knew

Help, in the form of an angel who's buried up to her hips in need  
 Help, in the form of a serpent who claims that his friendship is good for me

It wasn't that I couldn't hear it in my spine go crack  
 It wasn't that I couldn't feel it in my skull go crack

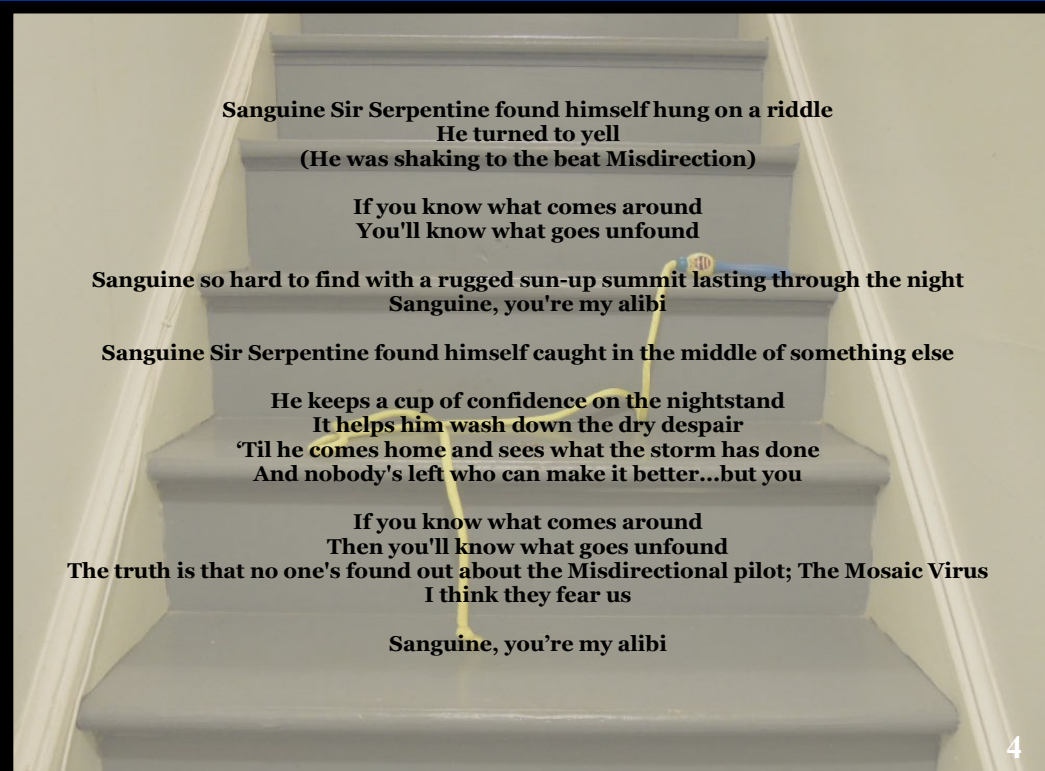
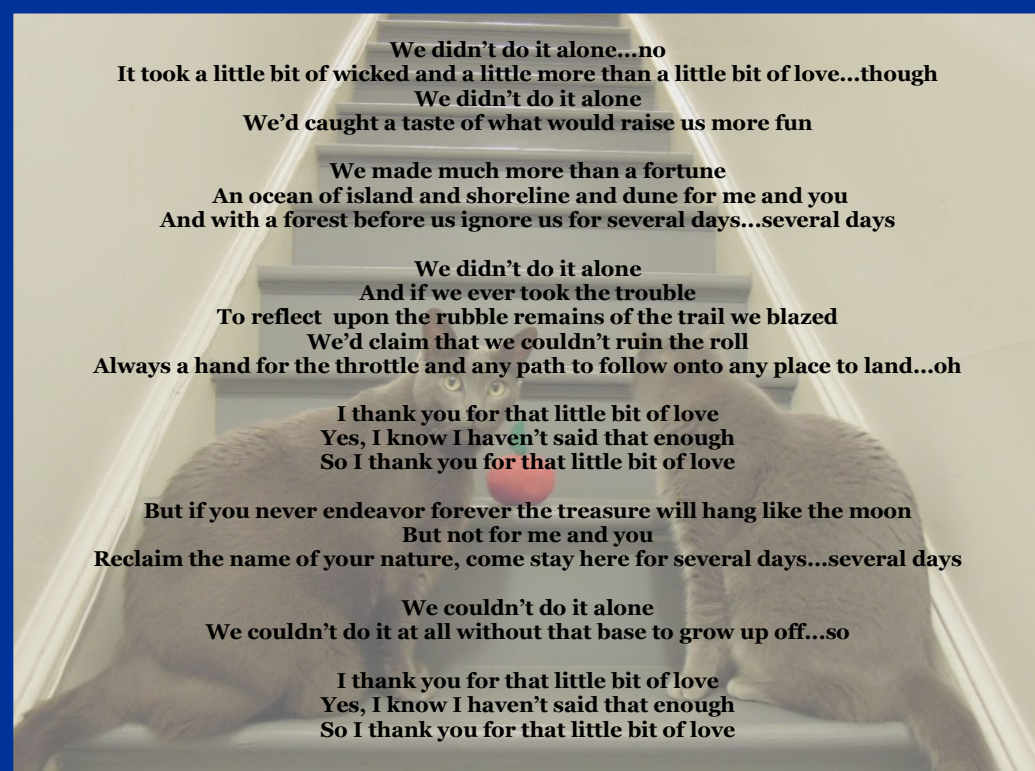
Before when I had some sympathy  
 I wouldn't walk where the walking wasn't softly  
 Before when I had no grit, no grain  
 I'd worry whether I'd roughen up your fancy polished things

But before 'before when' has happened again and again  
 But before 'before when' is happening every day

Before with eyes of integrity  
 I wouldn't talk if the talking wasn't soft or lightly  
 Before when I had no spit, no stain  
 Never enough of the wash-it-down-the-tub thing  
 Wash it down

It didn't arrive at the front door, yeah  
 It was more in bits and pieces, yeah  
 Particles pasting themselves on the woodwork  
 But once in awhile I would smile as the background faded  
 Then came the snap, ushered in just like that, unabated

Before when I had some strength in me






Yeah sure, she wants her watch all prim and proper  
 "Get it done by the party held on estate this day  
 I can't wait, little man. I can't wait"  
 Yeah sure, he wants new vane to show him weather  
 "Get it up on the barn. Before the season starts to slip away, boy  
 I can't wait, little man. I can't wait"  
  
 'Cus I am the tin smythe; leather-aproned and wire-witted  
  
 I will carry on politely and you will see all that I've got  
 You will leave so very happy exiting my shop  
 But I don't ever remember hearing you talk about my fine quality  
 And I would venture my mare that my name, it wouldn't appear  
 In any ledgers you keep listing local dignitaries...oh no  
  
 For I am the tin smythe; leather-aproned and wire-witted  
  
 (making metal constellations)  
 You will never know the molten breeze locked up away inside the ballroom  
 (draped in brightest gold)  
 I can handle my expertise  
 I'm working hard. What do you do?  
  
 I am the tin smythe; leather-aproned and wire-witted  
  
 Yeah sure, their want has grown to great proportions  
 Not a soul who would take on the big burden of befriending me  
 I can't wait anymore for this. I can't wait

Feel the heat of the cobblestones is warming...as if in warning  
 Smell the death of the crops, dreaming of green scene  
  
 Send us back to a time with a breeze in the morning  
 A blue-of-eye colored sky and a forest for the mountain, and horses for the ride  
  
 In the town we would sing in celebration of our bounty  
 Ending that sends us back  
 We may as well live on the moon, it's all cracks and craters and dunes  
  
 See how far down the bank does the river run. and it's only just begun  
 Hear the cracks in the soil while dreaming of green scene, a worth-dreaming-of scene  
  
 Taken back to a time where we could indulge in something else  
 Other than food in hand and some water from the mountain, and seeds to sow the land  
  
 In the town we began to recognize just what we wanted, and what we wanted back  
  
 Take me out to the green scene, it will mean more to me this time around  
 Take me out to the green scene, where the leaves on the trees are not in doubt  
 Take me out to the green scene, 'cus we think that the world is going brown  
 We've seen of the sad and broken ground  
 Tell me what in the world have we allowed?  
  
 Feel the heat swirling through our shelter  
 Another year the lesson goes unnoticed



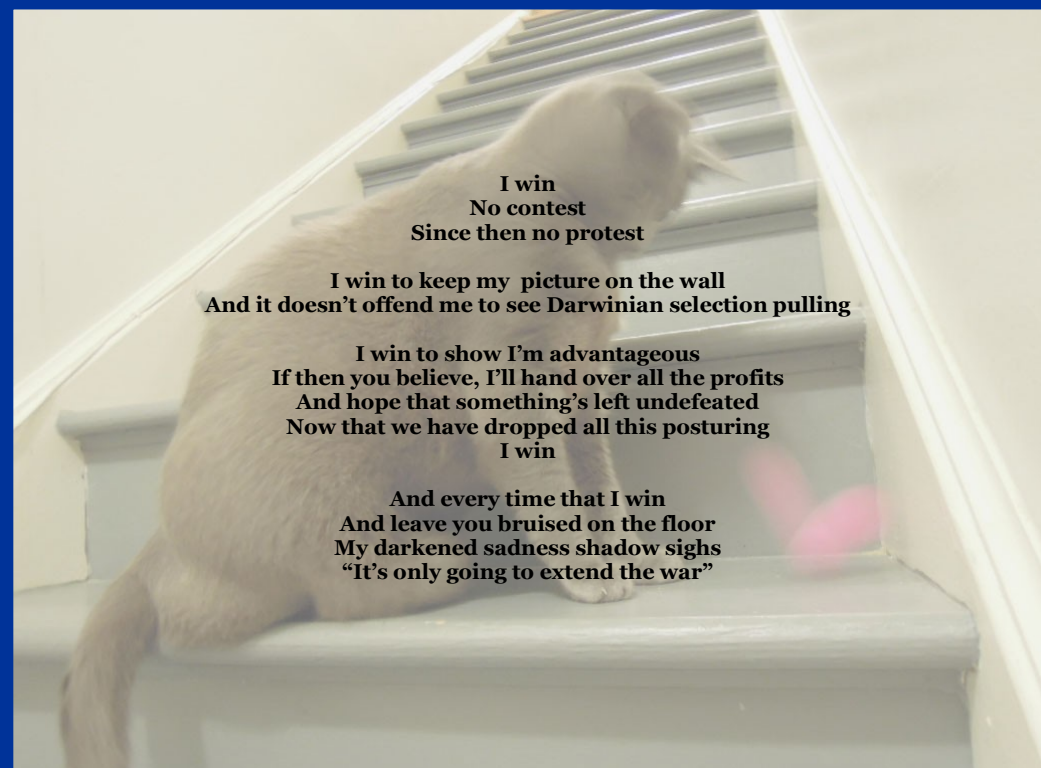
The Jason Fables

I Win



Jason Fables

The Here and Hey Now



I win  
No contest  
Since then no protest

I win to keep my picture on the wall  
And it doesn't offend me to see Darwinian selection pulling

I win to show I'm advantageous  
If then you believe, I'll hand over all the profits  
And hope that something's left undefeated  
Now that we have dropped all this posturing  
I win


And every time that I win  
And leave you bruised on the floor  
My darkened sadness shadow sighs  
"It's only going to extend the war"

Hey Now, you must have wanted it so badly that  
Hey Now, you've ground down through teeth  
Hey Now, it's just a sparkle there beyond your reach. Hey Now  
And of the film you bought to capture chest on ribbon, it lays unhidden, unexposed  
Of the ceremony suit that you had tailored  
It lays like pay dirt in the stomach of wasted time


Like an insect's appetite, which always needs a dream to feed on  
Hey Now, you must have wanted it so badly that  
Hey Now, you've wound down and lost key  
Hey Now, you've seen the rabbit lap you on the rail. Hey Now  
You're in a race on a treadmill to trophy, where things don't get closer  
In such a place, with a treadmill for company, you treat every moment as fleeting  
What will it take to see that it's obvious there in your face  
What is worth more than where you should be is where you are

In The Here and Hey Now, like fly in amber, it's gunna last, boy  
Let up cheer for The Here and Hey Now

Gunna make you see the scene you sought to mantle on the headboard  
As nothing more than one oar going upstream  
Give it some steam 'cuz it always seemed like a thing succeeding  
But you were ever going 'round the stomach of wasted time  
Quite an insect's appetite, the small-bite winner of artistic sense of pace  
Second place was the fool who had fueled it  
What an insect's appetite, that loves to steal it's dreams to feed on  
Hey Now, you must admit a bit of this exists there inside you  
As a rolling cheer only heard in The Here and Hey Now  
Ovation oceans overflowing the fear of the Hey Now  
The Here and Hey Now



The Jason Fables  
Chains



The Jason Fables  
I Sneeze In The Sunlight

There were no reasons for this  
And if there were then long ago they were wiped from the chalkboard  
One word at a time  
One word at a time

There were no thoughts invading me  
I'd welcome in the strangest things with hopes of bringing home some luck  
And if that's not enough

The chains that I need to wear  
Draped across me are the most beautiful things I bear  
The chains that I need so near  
Trace a sketch of someone's silhouette  
Who almost appears to look just like me

There were no feelings for this  
An empty page that's blown away on the wind, Resignation  
One world short of time  
One world short of time

There were no hopes to rescue me  
When I was hanging off of the side of the castle  
Suspended over thirty-five feet of the fog  
That was glowing like a spectral piece of ocean  
That I'm sure could have handled my weight  
'Cus I sure could have handled the break

I been caught stealin'...oh. A sudden hand into an open coat  
As far as our evening goes, I'll be late, you go on alone  
Everybody knows it take a whole lot a penny to put some turn on that dime  
Everybody's guessing at the message in the markets  
I'm just trying to keep some of mine... oh oh  
I been caught cheating...oh. A sharpened card to a broken nose  
That's not really healing...no. I look a mess and I look alone  
Everybody knows it take a whole lot a penny to put some turn on that dime  
Everybody's guessing at the message in the markets  
I'm just trying to keep me some of mine...oh oh

It turns out standing still is really losing ground  
I can't afford to grin, I can't afford to frown  
I'm freezing in the morning and I sneeze in the sunlight  
I can't afford to love, I can't afford to fight

I been caught thinking...oh. A furrowed brow, mustn't look too close  
The buzz of my schemings...grows. It's all around and it's all I know  
Everybody knows it take a whole lot a penny to put some turn on that dime  
Everybody's messing with the guessing in the markets  
I'm just trying to keep some of mine...oh oh

It turns out standing still is really losing ground  
I can't afford to swim, I can't afford to drown  
I'm screaming in the morning and I freeze in the sunlight  
I can't afford the wrong, I can't afford the right  
It turns out standing still is really giving ground  
I can't afford to grin, I can't afford to frown  
I'm freezing in the morning and I sneeze in the sunlight  
I can't afford to love, I can't afford to fight



Every day he carry back his sullen flowers  
And casts them all aside before the door and then the hours at home  
But beware, they're still growing on their own  
A tangled-petal pile, maroon in moonlight hours, they frown back at the fortunate  
A spite he never knew they had

He lay awake and think of all his sullen flowers  
Their darkened little leaves, outside, are feeling the foundation  
They're feeling for a hold  
Their silent meanings, alone for him to know  
They wrangle through the night, for proof he's at the window again  
He frowns down on their lust and hate, reminded that they'll ever wait

Because when they have him they know the ropes  
Push that force of habit and it just coasts  
Ever wait, ever wait, ever was evermore

The weight of all the daylight with his sullen flowers  
Is hung upon a peg beside the door until tomorrow has come  
The morning shouldn't feel like that for anyone  
The angled light arrives, the room seems so much smaller, defined  
His frown wakes and then the rest revives  
Caught off-guard for the millionth time  
He starts to wonder when his will will resign  
The sullen flowers are the strength he hides

Because when they have him they know the ropes  
Sink that force of habit and it just floats  
Ever wait, ever wait, ever was evermore

If only you knew, if only everyone knew  
About the scene, the signs and the end of the pantomime

You're drawn into it  
You can't back down now  
You're drawn into it  
There go the calm again

But don't worry the fool who don't worry if you are the fool  
You got your need, the light and the faith  
You got your faith alright

You're drawn into it  
You can't back down now  
You're drawn into it  
Here come the calm again

So say I, every day lie as more proof piled up against you  
But then you'd ignite even truth alright  
It's just fuel to fire up the denial

If only you would let loose the chains and you could  
Become the scene, the sign  
Become the end of the pantomime

You're drawn into it  
You can't back down now  
You're drawn into it  
Here come the calm again



