

Poetry Series

Murphy Payne
- poems -

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Murphy Payne()

A Leaky Week (Ode To Julian Ansange)

I used to be so strong
And my knees didn't quiver
Now I can hardly take a few steps
Without having my kidneys swivel

At least it seems like a week
Since they've been last tweaked
Even a few drops of relief
Would curse my mounting grief

Oh, the nerve of Sweden
Trumping up charges to get me back
When every Volvo made
Was created exactly for that

And I didn't have this problem
Until the U.S. poked in
Well they should have protected their data
Like my bladder is protectiong my urine

Now I must wait
As my body anticipates
The unjust rulings by the blokes
That will surely seal my Aussie fate
Good'ay mates, forever

Murphy Payne

But I Made Love To You

She came into my room last night
Wearing nothing but a smile
Her well defined playful physique
Was nothing less than Greek

She glided into my big bed, seemingly
On a cushion of air
I could smell her sweet eternity
Once inside the covers there

I kissed her lips
And touched her skin
Exteriorly excited but not from within
Still, I slept with her last night
But I made love to you

My lips were pressed
Against her face
But I was kissing you
My hands were rubbing both her legs
But I was touching you
Her gentle voice was saying a lot
But I was hearing you

I kissed her lips
And touched her skin
Exteriorly excited but not from within

Things we didn't say, pushed us apart
I'm trying to forget like my Uncle Mark
Yes, I slept with her last night
But In my mind, I made love to you

Murphy Payne

Cloud Art

Murphy Payne

© March 31,2011 (Washington, DC)

Sometimes I put myself up
On the highest mountain
Reach into the sky
And make cloud art for you

Figurines of humans and pets
That Lladro didn't make but wished they had
Life size statues not from bronze
Maybe Rodin copied from

So many days
My work goes unnoticed
'Cause you didn't look up and see
Inspiration and Admiration for you - floating by

I inhale a deep breath
And gently let it out
To push my art thru time
For all the universe to witness
My love and devotion to you

And somewhere out in a distant land
A young couple in love
Playfully laying on a dandelion hill
Notice my art and claim it as theirs
With my blessings and zeal

Murphy Payne

Dream Traveling

Good Morning, my darling
Did you think of me last night?
As your dreams floated around the universe
Bouncing off stars and being propelled by asteroids draft?
Lighting up black holes to bring on the daytime sol
Making Mr. Hawkins, smile

Did you take me with you?
On your midnight ride
Like Paul Revere Did?
While leaving his wears behind

I know you did, just had to ask
I felt the clutches from your arm's grip
As we whip around Mars at lightning speed
Going into tunnel vision at mach infinity

I was with you all the way,
Upon our return I was
Hungry and thirsty
For more of your love

Murphy Payne

Ducks Playing Hockey

In a field of many
Gathered on a frozen pond
Making the rules
Quacking in unison

Looks like the Northern Pinheads against the Webs
Same as yesterday far as I could tell
You see they rotate players in
Faster than the rotated player has played

One coach quacked,
Use your feet and your beaks!
Stretch out your neck
For a head fake feat
Flap your wings
To fend off another
Slide on your belly
Go duck brother!

The Anaheim Ducks, a rival gang flopped in
Clearly disrupting the games
The losing team flew on
With only the Pinheads to complain

The gallery quacked out loudly
In protest of this light brigade
The Pinhead Mallards didn't stand a chance
Unless 1854 was replayed

Poorly equipped and out "ducked" to speak
Their strategy had to be changed
So they moved the goals, and the puck they stole
Then flew off to a venue unsold

Murphy Payne

Fallen Trees

Throughout the forest
I see fallen trees
Old, wrinkled
And full of character

Year after year
They left behind
Their leaves, their bark
And good feelings about life

A resting place
For birds and squirrels
A shelter place
With food for others

They took in the sun
And made shade
They broke in the wind and rain
And gave us the calm

As they lay in state
Still giving
Lending life to those now
They could not while living

And when they died
The forest cried
Birds stopped singing
But their seeds survived.

More and more
Sometimes I think
That I am a tree
Or at least someday
Hope to be

Murphy Payne

Fifteen Years

Fifteen years with the woman I love
And the babies we had together
Waking up every morning with her by my side
And loving her forever

Until that Friday afternoon
When she called me at work
Said I'm picking up the girls
Don't you worry too much

That's when my life started ending
That's when my world started bending
Around me

Well they never came home
But I met her in court
She explained to the judge
Things I did wrong

In fifteen years
Not a single thing right
One can only wonder
Why she stayed so long

Fifteen years with the woman I love
Fifteen years and one big lie
Fifteen years and I never did see
For fifteen years, she was using me

The judge looked at me
And just shook her head
Said vacant your home
And I wish you were dead

Its men like you
Who make it hard for us
You have a good woman
Then you lose her trust

Somehow I knew I could not win this day
I was found guilty before my say
So I walked out the way I walked in
With my head held high, and wondering
Why fifteen years had been a big lie

Murphy Payne

Flavors De Mexico

What good is it, for intelligent men and women
To sail the world and never stop in Mexico
To drink tequilla and eat tortillas made from corn
As they ponder in their minds, about 2012 which soon will come

And as conditions at home
Put the squeeze harder on
Then day by day, wanting to get away
To a nice place warm and foreign

Well, my friends
All I can say is
What happens in Mexico
Stays that way (in Mexico)

Murphy Payne

God Needed An Angel

Born an angel fourteen years ago
She stayed that way throughout her life
Always helping those around her
Leaving her mother so very proud

Separated by work and school only
Mother and daughter were very close
Struck down in life so young
By a speeding bullet hit and run

You see, God needed an Angel that day
So he called upon the purest best
To join his team in heaven land
And change the lives of those behind

Every action is done with reason
We may never comprehend Why
But today God needed an angel
And angels have to die

Murphy Payne

Guess I Was Lucky

When I was in school
I broke a few rules
I never got caught
But my buddies sure did

Then in college
I didn't have a plan
I played with the ladies
Ooh! I was the man

They loved my moves
On and off the field
Whenever I touched them
They loved my skills

Guess I was lucky
Wouldn't you say
I never got caught
I got away

Big time lawyer now
That I am
I won some cases
Broke up a few scams

Life's been good
Wouldn't it seem
Big house, Wife, kids
And I still have dreams

Guess I am lucky
Wouldn't you say
Still doing well
Still getting away

Murphy Payne

Here In America

We are a nation of diversities
And that's all right with me
We have fought and died as enemies
In the name of liberty

In this great land of our fathers
Where our mothers gave us birth
We must now all join together
And build a better place for us

In the eyes of the world
We have never sank so low
With eight more years of what we have
And it's back with the status quo

Obama is the only one
Who will make this big change
And help us all proud to be
An American once again

Murphy Payne

Hypocrisy, Lies Or Bombs And Missiles

Murphy Payne

© March 22,2011

In the name of human decency
There is never been a purer lie
Than that which cause bombs and missiles to fly
In God's beautiful star lit night sky

What's more deadly?
With bombs and missiles you know the answer
But hypocrisy, and lies now that's a different cancer
Which will be spun and pervaded throughout history
Until we all believe the right thing was done
For generations to come

Since the Reagan days
This plan has been in motion not by chance
But tweaked along the way
As technology led the big dance

Now historians will surely believe
That justice is served when missiles leave their sleeves
Thus hypocrisy kicks in, followed by the official spin
Our way of life would forever be changed
If the monster maintained his head

Are missiles and bombs sorties more deadly at night?
Are the rockets red glare more beautiful in flight?
Are the surface ships at sea and planes above
The modern ramparts Mr. Key spoke of?

Only a billion dollars squandered this week
And no civilian casualties, well that's a relief!
Our elected officials cheering in the background
Because, suddenly we are not broke anymore

Let's hear it for the red, white and blue

Murphy Payne

I Know You

I know you
And I've seen your evil ways
On so many of your selfish days
As you suck life away from those
That which was given to you lovingly

And your words
The sour words coming from your mouth
Shaped like humongous hands
Around the neck of your victims
In the night

Yet still, that's not enough
You stand behind half cracked doors
Listen to conversations not yours
How else, would someone tell you their secrets?

You are quiet
Seemingly gifted with intelligence
Your words are chosen with precision of a sniper.
For that's what you are, deadly

And with cloaked skills under a magician cape
You promote your rhetoric
Like a politician running for office
Undoubtedly empathy is forthcoming
Because it's about you
It's always been about you

Yes, I know you
You're that old' so helpful, jolly good shoe
Just waiting to plunge that knife into my back
With a twist
And as the oozing blood eludes by frame
You actually cry out for help
As if, it was I that did me in

You are here and have always been with us
You are a master of deceit

Creator of disbelief
A Poor excuse for description
And you must be exposed for what you are

Were you not loved or did you reject that too?
Always suspecting the worst
Were you absent from life that time?
When compassion ruled the day
And happiness led the way to success

Yes I know you
You lend nothing to the subject of progress
Only criticism during redress
You are chaos and confusion
Bad dreams and bad illusions
Lies and rumors spreader
Human by default evil by choice

Yes, we all know you

Murphy Payne

'I Leave Grief'

What can I give to this world of our
To make it better for us all to live
What did I do to contribute to this madness?
Is there still time to change?

Was it my greed to take all that I could?
While watching others suffer
And blaming it on them
For not being like me

In a world I did not make
In a world I did not shape
I went along with the plan
By pretending everything was right and
Good for me

In this life so short and no so serene
I leave grief

Murphy Payne

I Mucked Up, Didn'T I

My name is Chris Lee, Congressman from New York
I'm sure some men would agree
That my email account was hacked
That's my story, ok I take that back

Alright, I only showed some skin
And she didn't say no
But after she saw my Pecs and read my true bio
She said hell no, and told the world

My discretion was bad but
It's not like I accepted bribes like (Rep. Andrew J. Hinshaw, R-Calif)
 (Rep. Michael Myers, D-Pa)
 (D- Reps. John Murphy of NY, Frank Thompson of NJ)
 (John Jenrette of S.C. and Raymond Lederer of PA)

And I don't know Jack Abramoff like Bob Ney (R-OH)

I would never leave a lady to drown (Ed Kennedy (D-MA)
And I pay my taxes unlike some (Duke Cunningham (R-CA)
Nor did I extort money from anyone (Rep. Mario Biaggi (D-N.Y)
And Congressional Page boys are not my bag. (Mark Foley, R-Fla)

I was just investigating internet dating
And the effect it has on family and friends,
And future Congressional investigations
Oh hell, I mucked up, didn't I?

Murphy Payne

I Once Was

I once was now no more
In the form you liked as you held me close
With precious moments so well defined
Which we thought would last tomorrow

And they really do if you would only undo
What you haven't learned
But someday shall
On the playground of bliss

For when it happens again we shall be sojourn
And continue our journey
Of finding our garden that was made for us
In the beginning

We had to leave
We wanted to leave
In order to discover the gifts we received
So divinely rich we didn't know we had

For wondering and existing,
Not living but learning
Changing and seeing from the end to the beginning
That put us back home in our garden remiss

Because you were chosen to tell the stories
To the unborn forms
About life in the skin like bark on trees
We lose in the end

The Adams' and Eves', Cains' and Abels' we are
The Marys' and Jesus' we are not
While wondering through these times with
Unseen errors that we often conceive in our hearts

Murphy Payne

I Shall Always Remember

When the wind in the air
Is blowing through your hair
And the sunlight shows the halo
That is there

And as I walk
Through the park
Where I first kissed your sweet lips
And I see that big oak tree still standing there

When the autumn leaves
Are floating from the trees to the ground
And the snow on the mountain
Hurts my eyes

These are times in my life
I shall always think of you
Even though life pushed us
Miles and miles apart

They say when people fall out of love
Sometimes it's a shame
When we don't control things in our life
Destiny is to blame

But just like the sun everyday
We'll get a chance to shine
Remembering all the things we've got
And leave those whoa behind

When my long day is ended
And I drag myself along
To this cold empty place
I call home

I would never mind the trip
If you were here waiting for me
In our house, in our castle
We call home

Murphy Payne

In The Name Of The Children

While chilling one Saturday at home
My door was darkened
By a pair of campaign workers

As they explained their candidate's position
Which I vehemently disagreed with
They hit me with the big one
In the Name of the children

In the name of the children
Has been evoked hundreds of times
By disingenuous people
Trying to infiltrate and pollute my mind

I think about
What all mankind is done to children
Over Hundreds of years with their stratagems
In the name of the children

They have closed down factories and offices
Escorted moms and dads from premises like criminals
Created wars and limited incursions, leaving children
Fatherless, motherless, homeless and with less
In the name of the children

They exploit their names without shame
Spend their money with impunity
Cut back on school learning programs
And blamed it on them for wanting to learn
All, In the name of the children

So I implore these bottom feeders
In the name of the father, Son and Holy Spirit
To really do something positive for the children
In the name of their own salvation

Murphy Payne

Life's Journey

As that lucky old sun shows his face at dawn
And erases the morning dew from the pastures and beyond
The busy worker bees are busy kissing their blossoms not for fun
But to feed their family and propagate life's journey

Tiny shoots on trees poke out through limber limbs
That survived the winter winds and little furry creatures crawling on them
And as hard working farmers prepare their tractors' morning run
Not for fun but to feed the world and propagate life's journey

When one looks down at the ground and sees
Caissons of ants marching away from a newly made mound
Drill sergeants all over the world, would be so proud
If their columns of men were dedicated to propagate life's journey

You see playful boys and girls happily off to school
Leaving behind at home those heavy bulky threads
Jumping, jousting, talking and running freely to class
Mostly for education, fun and propagating life's journey

Some may say all these things are just harbingers of spring
And that may very well be so, however
If mankind is to survive, we must be true to future generations
And propagate life's journey as we go

Murphy Payne

Love Is

Love is hot like the Arizona desert
Love is strange not depending on the weather
Love is pure as that very first day
Love is many things when you make it that way

Love is sweet like no fruit known
Love is cutting like a rose bush thorn
Love is complicated like April the 15th
Love is suffocating when it doesn't fit your needs

Love is a disease when your love is gone
Love isn't like losing everything you own
Love is a fire with a volcano's burn
Love is a precious thing like a new born baby
in her mother's arms
Love Love Love

Love is needed, love is giving
Love is wanted, love is silly
Love is desirable, love is killing
Love is peace, and understanding

Remember when your parents would scold you
You went to your grandma she would hold you
As she explained the way of life to you
That was l o v e
Love is painful, sometimes

Love is a snake tempting your fate
Love is in the air on your first date
Love is a hyena laughing at you
Love is friendship your whole life through

Love is marriage love is missing
Love is the word you never said
Love is delicate
Now it's too late your love is gone

What's wrong with you man

Love is beautiful

Love is life

Murphy Payne

Murder Vs. Killing

What do murderers get?
Once caught for their crimes
A hangman's noose? Or some midnight juice?
Some stuff in their veins? Or a lifetime of jail shame
A bullet through the heart? Street time 'cause their lawyers were smart

At least, justice was served
As prescribed by law
And some justification left in the mind
Of the coalition of the willing, US!

What do killers get?
For dropping bombs and missiles on strategic targets
While claiming no civilians were harmed
On those midnight runs

They get,
Ribbons around their neck and two kisses on their cheeks
Adulations from world leaders everywhere,
Membership in the Carlisle Group; just ask Toni Blaire
Speaking engagements explaining the concepts of freedom and democracy
As they collect \$250K for a 45 minute spiel
And \$10 million book deals.
I wonder if Haiti got a cut of that 10mil

The killers walk the earth freely
After having ousted their Dictator counterparts
Freeing the world of Tierney,
Saving civilians lives in the name of human dignity
And we, the coalition of the willing now complain
Because the penalty was too harsh

At one time, the bible read
Thou shall not kill!
This had to be changed to
Thou shall not commit murder!
Changed In order for the righteous killers to
Explain to their kids the difference
Lord! Help the bastards

Murphy Payne

My Black Bottom

My black bottom
Playing baseball in Carolina
Sweating salt, looking ghostly
Can't wait for tomorrow game

Hiding in tall grass
Stepping on broken glass
Wrap it up boy and
Just keep on trucking

Hot tar oozing
From the blistering road
Running on the shoulder's sand
Feeling that warm dirt between my toes

Early morning swim in the creek in the woods
Don't need no trucks people
Just us boys jumping in
That cold water will get you anyhow

They choose the teams
And I'm chosen last
Don't matter to me none
'Cause I'm playing baseball in Carolina

Grandma is calling me boys I gotta go
This won't take long she needs her snuff
My sister can hit she just can't throw
She's in my place till I get back

The company stor is just up the road
I run to and I run fro
Grandma says drink some water boy
Ain't got no money to pay no doctor

I get back the game's still going
Up by three run and my sista did good
My teammates say let her take her bat
You sit down and drink some water boy

I knew exactly what that meant
I ain't ashamed, and don't live in vain
Don't matter to me none
'Cause my sista's playing baseball in Carolina

Murphy Payne

My K-Porn Poem

Karachi is hot, politically speaking and
Kilauea is too, with lava leaking
Kansas my boy, we're not there anymore, and sadly speaking
Kalamazoo Michigan still is quiet poor, while

Kilimanjaro is the mountain to climb and
Khayyám Omar, still loves his women, songs and wine
Kabul Afghanistan is the place you don't want to be, because
Khyber rifles my friend, lurk behind every rock and tree

Khartoum, Sudan is dry like ice, combined with
Kentucky bourbon now that sounds nice, but
Kommissioner Bob is off the wagon again and speaking
Kimbuntu like a native son from Luanda while

K-tel records play the hits very well, and
Kay Bee toys are not own by Mattel, However
Ken and Bobbie were sadden to see, the break-up of
Ken and Barbie on national TV, well

Kadaffi, my Colonel what can I say but
Khoda Hafez in Persian Farsi doesn't means
Kool and collected, but that as in Spanish, which is
Kadiós mi amigo, adiós

Murphy Payne

My Light Is Out (A Screener's Lament)

Standing at the Walk-thru
Big and tall
Left hand held out
For a boarding pass from all

Two quick flashes
From my light of blue
With question mark faces
They simply walked through

All were fine
Until that sad day
I got busted
In the wrong kind of way

Reportedly using a stroke
That surely wasn't mine
I would never infringe upon another screener mark
He also would be so kind

Yet, bulb beaming
And battery strong
I was told by the suits
To leave my blue light home

My light is out

Murphy Payne

Nilo

Nilo my son
What are you doing in there?
Are you having fun?
When will you come out of there?

Nilo my boy
Your mother's waiting anxiously
Just to hold you in her arms
Just to kiss you tenderly

For nine months or so
She is been your lifeline
For nine months or so
You have been her lifeline

And if you only knew
The changes she's been through
Just to make you possible
Just to make you; you

Some others may disagree
And they surely have the right to
But the reason why we are here
Is to make beautiful babies just like you

Vanessa I'm your father
And your mother
You already know

Murphy Payne

Nine Percent Proof

It's late Friday night
I am ready for bed□
As I think about you
Red wine jogs inside my head

You have all the answers
The questions are known
Never to be revealed
As I wait her alone

True words don't come
I ponder here in vain
It's all that I have
With so much pain

Someday is now which I don't need
Longing for changes so that I may breathe
Happiness on the run, somberness take its turn
As nine percent proof makes my brain numb

One more damn sip
To change the score
No one is watching
So I pray once more

But my words turn to vapor
Like fog in the air
Never to be heard
By anyone who cares

Still I must try
Long as there is hope
Still I must cry
It helps me to cope

Now living this way in self pity mode
One might say time is the key
The key that I control

No Ambitions

Gaddafi!

That's what he has, no ambitions

Being a Colonel for 41 years

Living in a tent and

Watching Black & dust TV

If he had only promoted himself

Allowing others to move up

Surely would have saved his ass

Leaving those below him, ever so glad

Now look how sad he is

Wearing that 'Snoopy" cap on his head

While denying Pierre Cardin the chance

To upgrade his dusty threads

One must ask though

What does he do, with all that money?

Clearly, not that many toys like Kenny

But he does prove the point

That opulence is over rated for many

Murphy Payne

Oce Ol' Oce A Canon Company

Oce ol' Oce with an accent on the "e"
You trained me once to repair your copiers
I begged John to train me more
He only gave me promises
But his boss Bill said never senor your numbers are atrocious

But when you give me number that clearly can't be met
Unless I lie, unless I cheat like everyone else did
I would never to that for you nor to myself
My integrity is worth more than this job I like
So you made your case, and didn't show your face
And let your drone John do it

Murphy Payne

Other People's Mail

Frequently I get other people's mail
Sometimes addressed to
Resident, occupant or friend
Of course, I never break the law; by opening them

Today was no different except
On the number 10 envelop was written
In 18 point, new century schoolbook fonts
Dear Jesus, "we pray that you will bless someone in this home..."

Although, the stuffed envelope was addressed to 'resident'
Clearly it was meant for Jesus
What I don't understand is why
The sender thought Jesus lived here

Just like in the Garden of Eden
My wife's curiosity got the best of her
She opened the letter
But asked me to read it

To maintain harmony in the home, I did
The first inser I removed
Was a folded 22x8 inch washed out paper
When unfolded looked like a rug with a picture in the center

I did not recognized the rug's motif
Nor the picture in the center
However, the small print said it was Jesus
Who am I, to question Jesus' new look?

Under the picture read, 'Church Prayer Rug'
With instructions to kneel on this rug of faith
Then check off my needs, (all selfish ones)
And return the prayer rug, along with my seed gift for God's work

The next inserted sheet was filled with testimonies
Of people whom had received the pseudo prayer rug and followed the
instructions
The "Caveat lector" warning read, " donation and prayer rug must be sent back

today,
Or tomorrow at the latest" so that someone else could benefit from this covenant
possession

The last folded sheet was a sealed prophecy page;
which advised me not to open
Unless, of course I had returned my 'need' sheet and donation
And if my intentions were not to send the donation
Then I should destroy the sealed prophecy page unopened, unread

Normally I would write, "Return to Sender" on the envelope
But frankly speaking, there was no room to do that
Especially since the letter had been open
Surely God knows by now I have read his words
However, unlike the sender; I don't believe Jesus resides in Kansas City, KS.

Murphy Payne

Sometimes I Wake Up

Although padded down
With blankets and rags
Sometimes I wake up from
The hardness of the concrete floor
With soreness in some body parts
I wobble up and stretch

Although wearing my clothes
Under one covered blanket
Sometimes I wake up from
The coldness seeping throughout my body
First my feet, then my hands
An uncovered face will soon be next

But unlike so many others
I do wake up
And I give thanks
For that crook in my neck
The coldness in my bones
And the urine in my bladder

I seek relief from all three
MacDonald's is nearby I can brush my teeth
I don't drink coffee but I have a cup
I inhale the steam to touch my throat
I take a sip and suck it down
My nerves chill and thank me

My car is good and I can buy a little gas
I wait for Borders' opening
Where I can relax with a
Few good books and a cup of tea
I never finish one
But always my tea

Although unshaven, but still neat
People look at me as I am human
Not knowing I am homeless
They say hello, I smile and return it

Sometimes we chat weather
Which I don't want to

Someday, I won't wake up

Murphy Payne

That Look In Her Eyes

She was intelligent and beautiful inside
You sent her to me to give meaning to my life
I fought her off but there was no defense
'Cause this is the way you wanted it

The place we met, through friends of ours
The distant we kept, did not help
We seldom spoke and when we did
The languages were different, so I pretended

One day during Christmas week
You sent her back but not to keep
In a medium length black dress
With time spent at the beach
Her face all tanned nice and brown

I did not see her at first but she did me
Walking right up, threw open her hands
And said, chico que pasa?
Don't you recognize me?

Now I do and was I surprised
Not by her statement
Or her presence in general
Only by the look in her eyes

It was the look of a jealous girlfriend
Waiting for an explanation from her man
After he had been caught with another lady
With the goods in his hands
At a Christmas party we were
And I was dancing with a friend
But why should she care
I didn't really know her then

That weekend was short
For I was only visiting
I saw her once more and
We dined and danced

Nothing more was said
No long good byes
We never even talked
But I can't forget that look
In her eyes

Murphy Payne

The Balance And The Greed

While looking north, from my upstairs den windows
The snow was raining down at an angle of 30
Coming from my left the view was pretty
And so it was for an hour or more
Until it shifted right with the same vigor
I could only imagine, the balance was off
And compensation was need to ward off that tilt

Now it comes straight down, at a much lower speed
To give us all time to look up and catch those crystal beads
While looking up through the trees, where there once were leaves
The birds in their nest, get fed before any

It's only fair, they were up early
With their small little mouths chirping and
Thanking the Gods for another day of plenty
Still there are new ones for us,
If we open wide and don't breathe
Will we give thanks to the Gods and
Don't take what we don't need
Of course, we won't

Murphy Payne

The Canopy

I have tried to live in American cities
From Boston to San Diego
And every place I stayed, I loved
I just couldn't afford to live there

From the age of twelve DC was home
Even though I lived in other places
Where ever I lived I lived alone
Now I am a denizen of the canopy ages

In summers, spring, and fall it's not that bad
Living Under stars and reading old newspapers
But wench comes winter the papers become shelter
In a doorway built for nomads

At this stage of my life I was laid off
By Oce Inc a Canon Company
With forty four billion in cash in banks
They decided my salary was much too depressing

Of course, Oce will spin our breakup
Like I wasn't doing my job
But with no complaints from the customers' I served
One would clearly surmise that greed was the nod

But let us not be vindictive here
They did what they thought was right
And now with sales going through the roof
Clearly my demise is justifiable proof

Murphy Payne

The Same

In this troubled world of our
We simply should not be
Alone and sadden by things in life
That bugs us constantly

Some friends will come, some friends will help
Well, they have problems all their own
But the blues don't care who's at fault, you see
They will comfort you, tenderly

The Latins call it Rancheras
The brothers call it the blues
The good ol' boys call it country
I just call it good news

It makes no differences, which name you choose
The feelings always the same
Just people telling their life stories through song
To help them feel good again

And we sing about the unpaid bills
My car won't start today
I lost my job, I lost my gal
The factory moved away

Now I have a dog
And he's as true blue as the sky
He never question anything I do
And of course, he never ask why

Murphy Payne

There Is Nothing More Precious

There is nothing more precious
Than a loving lady
That brought you into this world
And protected you dearly
Scarifying her body, and giving her all to you

There is nothing more precious
Than a loving lady
That stands by and with you
And loves you to the end
Feeling your pains and
Touching your soul
Making your life happier
And giving you the credit

There is nothing more precious
Than a lovely lady
Who can feel and see
That the woman in his life
Is the woman in thee

Murphy Payne

Together As One

In all these days
He is taken us
Through his forest
In his own way

He gave us the physical strength
To take the rough roads
He left us the mental will
Of sharing the heavy loads

For being worthy in his eyes
Is to enjoy the glory
That comes with defeat
For in defeat there is learning

Together as one
I could be
The most beautiful person
You always wanted me to be

Together as one
You could be
Right up there
With the highest c o m p a n y

Together as one
We could be
The best example
Of a family

Together as one
We could find
The love and peace
To soothe our minds

Together as one
We have found
The meaning of forgiveness
As he asked us all to do

Murphy Payne

Twelve Years Of Pain

Twelve years of silence
Mostly in pain
Trying to pretend
Trying to fit in
Twelve years of torture
Mostly by you
Rubbed off on me,
too

When things go wrong
And nothing is said
Pressure builds up
The heart goes dead
Your body gets weak
Don't want to fight
Soon you give up
The struggle is lost

Friends are no help
They wants to have
Pressures off themselves
And we are the valve
They talk To each other
Like notes on a scale
Its all about us
'Til the tune formed is theirs

Twelve years of hope
There must have been
A few moments of happiness
To take us this far
'Cause we can only endure
Until the heart is full
Twelve years of all pain
Would have busted it good

Murphy Payne

Waking Up

Waking up
By the touch of your hands
Rubbing my back and
Searching gently for that itch
You didn't know I had

There is one there
A little more to my left
If I could only speak
So early dear

I turn my head
And let go a sigh
You know it's working
As I contemplate a rise

Almost there to that sacred spot
Where my chill bumps wait
To be released
From their captive

Here they come
We rise with joy
Good morning world
We are one

Murphy Payne

When I See You Again

When I see you again
I shall speak in silence
With all my emotions
Using unspoken words

For speech alone
Could never express or show
How much I have missed you
In all these many weeks

When I hear your voice
And watch the words
Roll off your tongue
I know my body will shiver
From chills I will sustain
As each syllable paints
My mind with happiness

Murphy Payne

When There's No One

When there is no one here to tell me
Everything is going to be all right
When there is no one here to comfort me
To keep me whole throughout my life

When the pain has reached its peak and
My world is no more
My tears can love me all the while
Until my love comes through this door

When I need my love to love me
And I need her to love me all the time
When I want my love to kiss me
Until I feel her rolling rumbling tides

Now my tears are not joyous anymore
But surely they make me believe
My love is on her way back
From the depth of heaven's love

Yes really my tears do me some good
Not even caring if my face is messed
They come rolling out in furies of streams
Guiding me through this horrid dream

Somewhere hidden away inside they are calm
Out here in plain sight they are the bomb
For that I love my tears attackingly wet
And rolling down my cheeks at heaven's bequest

Murphy Payne

When You'Re In Love

When you're in love
There are many things to laugh about
Like little green apples
Holes in your shoes
Irate clerks, showing their blues
Such things just don't matter
When you're in love

When you're in love
The rain feels so good
Bouncing off your face
As you stick out your tongue
Trying to catch the drops
That's when you're in love

But when you're like me
The apples are much too sour
The clerk has an attitude
Ripped off buying these shoes
And the rain only gets me wet
When you're like me

I used to be in love
Now things have changed
Don't be like me
I've only myself to blame.
I ruined it all
For all of us
I didn't see
That life's more than being
All about me

Murphy Payne

Who Painted The Leaves

Who painted the leaves?
While I lay sleeping last night in my dreams
As my thoughts wondered through time
In the abyss of my mind

Who chose the colors unlike the rainbow
So dull and gloomy but fitting to those
Who feel this way when
The party is over

Was it Vincent or Paul or someone else of late
Depressed by his own fate
Yet showing us all
How life really is

Was it the color of the paint?
Or the love,
That didn't go into every stroke or thought
Resembling that of an unwanted child

Who made the leaves fall from their home place
To the hardness of the ground to be stepped on by everything
And leaving a void
On the branches of life

When on soft breezy days they would dance for fun
Drawing in living things to admire their beauty
Tempting butterflies to mock their steps
While promoting the image that life is easy

Maybe it was the heavy rain and wind
That came down so fierce when the sky went dark
That mysterious force that takes unsuspecting souls away
So violently and sneaky, no matter their state of being

However, we must continue with our lives
Or fall prey to the forces described
And stepped on by those whom are selfish and alive
With wickedness

They will bring you down, just like the leaves
They will dampen your senses
And come at you strong
Leaving you weak and old so defeatable

Your color is now black, and not that it's wrong
Until you look up at that summer sky hue
Then you fight with yourself and realize that
You are alive and well because you appreciate everyday that's given
Especially today

Murphy Payne

Words On My Skin

If I cannot touch you
Will you write me today?
'Cause I feel so lonely
Since you've been away

My skin is so tingle
Its crawling all inside
Miss you so much dear
Just trying to survive

Your words on my skin
Honey, I just need to feel
Please make them expressive
Please make them all real

Your words on my skin
Takes the place of your feel
They even last longer
I can read them at will
I want to hear your voice
Resonating in my brain
I want to feel the vapors
Leaving your lips again

For when we are one
Then the joy will become
Mixed with our love
To give strength to the fun

Murphy Payne

World Peace Will Come

When leaders of the world
Solve their own problems
By fighting it out
With the other leader in doubt

There can be no representative
On either side off the line
They choose their weapon of choice
Barring the guns and knives

Yes, I'm talking about rocks and sticks
Mano a mano, to test their nerves
Winner takes all
Anyway he can

Two thousand years of education
Is served us all wrongly
When the goal is to maim and kill
As many people as one can

A neutral place will be sought
To hold this debate
I bet you then Peace will break out
When the fight to the death is within

Fewer butt holes will be in the race
To hold the highest office in their land
Only nut cases would run
Not knowing their ass would be on the lamb

Murphy Payne

You Can'T Always Believe

They told me sport cars
And girls would be beautiful
If only I worked in this field

So I enrolled in their school
And I learned all the rules
I got me a job in computers

Now the money is ok
And the work sure is fine
Sport cars and girls are beautiful
but not mine
You see dealers aren't impressed
With micros and diskettes
And the girls well I guess it just me

Last week in my easy chair
The newspapers told me
Blue skies fun and tennis
On this island for free
So I hopped on a plane
Arrived at noon
The sky was black
But the rain really felt good

That night in the dance hall
Went down for a drink
The joint was really jumping but
not with my kind
You see the men folk were dancing
cheek to cheek
And when they played ol' Willy
they even got close

You can't always believe, everything that you read
Especially in those picture magazines
It used to be a time, if it was print it was fine
But now, well I guess it's just me

Today on the telephone
While I was away
My baby told me forever we'll stay

When I got back home
All my furniture was gone
Just a not on my door
Saying goodbye sucker you're alone

Six short years
We were surely one
Whenever separated
Our hearts were together

In six short years
We had a few fights
No more than usual
I swore things were all right

Now that she is gone
I've read this before
No guarantees in life
Least worth fighting for

Take what you can get
While you can get it
And the next time around
Step up ask for more

Murphy Payne

You Never Told Me

You never told me feelings were missing
Words with compassion now I see
You never told me your heart was slowly breaking
I would have done things differently

You never told me I'm your Genie
Who filled your world with happiness
You never told me that you needed
All my loving and caress

How can it be?
So many years together
We have learned nothing
From each other

Alone in our room
In our big bed
Before the loving is over
Our feelings are dead

I tried a few things
That never seemed to work
I cried a few tears
That got my eyes wet

We never listened
We gave all the signs
We should have been more direct
Instead of lying in our minds

You never told me, I'm your hero
Just like the ones in real life
You never told me you wanted to go
And be with me 'til the end of time

You never told me

Murphy Payne

Your Anger

I woke up this morning
From holding you all night
As I stroked your hair
You let go a sigh

You did not respond
Neither verbally or physically
I felt your sadness
I felt your anger towards me

Remember our promise to each other
To talk and discuss our differences
Think of our love which means more
Than any petty dispute we may have

I thought about how lucky I am
To have you in my life
And to have all the happiness we share
Is more than words can express or explain
So I shall keep on loving you
Over and over again

Murphy Payne

Your Tonto (Stupid)

I fell in love with you so very fast
You never really did believe it
For you have lived, loved and lost
You think I will only deceive you

Today is really meant to be lived today
Tomorrow never comes
Yesterday is filled with memories
Of things we should have done
I'm not going to be your tonto
If you are not going to be my tonta

I never really told a woman
Exactly how I felt
At least not before knowing
She felt the same way too
So why do I constantly tell you;
You are my heart and soul
And your response in return to this is
"Are you sure? "
But still, I'm not going to be your tonto
If you are not going to be my tonta

Murphy Payne