

Cloud Cult: The Meaning of 8

Lyrics by Craig Minowa

Chain Reaction

You have eyes like mine. Are we strangers, or am I you are I?
Put your face on mine
What you feel makes part of what they'll feel (it's a chain reaction).
Put out fear and they'll feel fear (it's a chain reaction).
Put out love and they'll feel love (it's a chain reaction).
Put your face on mine

Please Remain Calm

His Sunday best includes the helmet of an astronaut: a tablecloth cape, with an embroidered number 8 sayin', "I am a proud man, I am a proud man!"
Dancin' to the beat of a mother coming down, sing it: "Please remain calm."

It's hard to tell the difference of a prophet from a crackpot. I wouldn't blame you if you'd rather stay in bed. We'd go smilin', we'd go down smilin', dancin' to the beat of a mother coming down. "Please remain calm."

This is a test of the emergency broadcasting system.
This is a test, this is only a test.
You can stand single file, put your head between your legs
You can stop drop and roll 'cause this is only a test.

Chemicals Collide

I was out paying close attention, or was I lost inside my thoughts?
These days it's hard to tell what's outside from what's in my mind.
But, oh God, it's beautiful and insatiable the way our chemicals collide.

I was out catching up to tomorrow, or was I caught up in the past?
These days it's hard to tell what's out in front from what's behind.
But, oh God, it's unforgettable and unpredictable the way our chemicals collide.

I was sleeping in the lilies, or was I up all night?
These days it's hard to tell what's half asleep from fully alive.

We were loving like a landslide, or were we in a fight?
These days it's hard to tell what's right from wrong and wrong from right.
And oh God, it's beautiful and insatiable the way our chemicals collide
And oh God, it's unforgettable and unpredictable the way our chemicals collide.

Pretty Voice

The scene begins with a hermit's melody sung by a bashful bird, hung in a violet sky.
There are no words, but there's understanding. It's been so long, since I've heard that pretty voice.

Raise up the lights, and enter hero-girl. She makes me calm. God, she makes me calm. And then she hears the song, and she starts singing. It's been so long since I've heard that pretty voice.

Strike up the band. Here comes the storyline about the usual struggle between fear and love. This is the lifelong song that we're all singing. It's been so long, since I've heard that pretty voice.

When it begins, I miss your harmony, but you're so shy, such a bashful bird. And here's a song that no one's singing. It's been so long since I've heard your pretty voice.

Brain Gateway

I'll turn my stupid brain into a gateway. Meet me in the place where life comes to get away.

Here it comes... Here it comes... "Hello! Hello!"

"It's nice to meet you! You are a special one, don't you know? Go back and show them a hopeful show."

Back inside my body I pick up the pieces, count up my friends and welcome another day.
Damn that stupid brain

Take Your Medicine

I got myself a new look,
(Something gave me another chance to see).
Each time, each time I will try to do better.
Right now, right now is where I guess I belong.

Pulled my fist from my mouth.
I beat myself for a quarter century.
Remind, remind that it's bigger than me.
Dissolve, dissolve into evergreens.

These are things that I keep hidden in belly.
I can't see them but they control my life.
For a moment you could see right through me (see right through me).
Help me make this right
Look at all those skeletons running from their closets, get them in the light!

You can take it in stride, or you can take it right between the eyes.
Suck up, suck up and take your medicine.
It's a good day, it's a good day to face the hard things.

I pulled my fist from my mouth.
I beat myself for a quarter century.
Remind, remind that it's bigger than me.
Dissolve, dissolve into evergreens.

(We found beautiful babies sleeping in our ribs. Get them in the light.)

Your 8th Birthday

Who could hang a dead man's swing-set from the moon?
You did, and then you gave it to the ghosts and the witches.

Who can say goodbye with a yodel-ay-hee-hoo?
You did, with the promise that the dead are now magicians

Kaidin
Kaidin

This hymn rings with the singing of three cheers for the king of the jungle gym.
He's the kid who's sword it is a worm handshake...a birthday cake invitation.

You make traffic jams feel like parades.
You bury the dead with the faith that makes lightning bugs swarm as if it was graduation.

Kaidin
Kaidin

Who could change a silly life into a screaming supernova?
You do.

Who could change my sleepy brain into the eye of a hurricane?

Kaidin
Kaidin

Dance for the Dead

This is the dance that brings the dead to the living.
Just say "I miss you every day, you know."

This is the dance that brings the dead to the living.
They say "I'm with you, every day you know."

Can you hear them come? (x8)

This is the dance that brings the dead to the living.
Just say "I miss you, every day you know."

Purpose

There must be purpose here, cuz most of us keep waking up.
(Don't you think it's pretty here).
It's so unexpectedly predictable, so sloppily intentional.
Does anyone know the punch-line yet?

There must be rhythm here, cuz all of us have a heartbeat.
(Don't you see the music here).
Inside our ribs we tick an average of 60 beats a minute--
A-rum-pum-pum-pum-----
A-rum-pum-pum-pum-pum-----

There must be forgiveness here, cuz most of us have our weaknesses.
(Tell me what are your weaknesses).
I don't know myself, and I'm afraid of you.
I'm happiest on chemicals.
The goings come and the comings go.
Forgive me I'm just an animal.

There must be healing here, cuz everybody here has been damaged.
And we'll wear it like a tattoo, every scar is a smile.
To hell with the going down

There must be afterlife here, cuz we all pray for resurrection.
You see, the end comes quick as a bullet.

A Good God

And for a moment I saw God.
And it was so effing precious.
It was an 80 year old dog,
A little girl kissing a frog,
A little boy who thought Jesus was He-Man.

And then, and then

I found divinity in the hole in the front of your head.

You spoke of bubblegum bombs.
You dressed the devil in a thong.
You turned funeral cries into lullaby songs.

The Girl Underground

Freddy fell in love with a girl underground.
He was only 8 years old when he first started digging down.
Singing "I love you more than you know".

Mother said, "Fred, people underground are dead
You've never even seen her, something's wrong with your head
And I love you more than you know"

Freddy disappeared when he was 80 years old.
Still digging for his lover in a bottomless hole.
Singing, "I love you more than you know".

Some say he's still digging, others say his love is found.
You can still hear him singing, put your ear to the ground.
Listen: "I love you more than you know"

2x2x2

You and I make a lovely shape (two circles and cubed root of number 8).
It's a perfect day to dress the kids in snowsuits, while we bake bread for the monsoon.
Cuz I'm in love with you,
and all that we've been through.
We're finally coming to.
Two by two by two.

This is the meaning of the number 8.

Shape the pain into something great.
Disintegrate and reintegrate.
Let's go live like Sunday morning cartoons.
Grow Christmas trees from tombs.
Cuz I'm in love with you,
and all that we've been through.
We're finally coming to.
Two by two by two.

This is the meaning of the number 8

Thanks

It's 4-o'clock in the morning, and I am staring at the ceiling plaster: a movie screen of all my days that came and left with grace. It's Halloween, and the smell of burning pumpkin takes me back through all the people I have dressed up as to tell myself I have a pretty soul.

And I give thanks to my youthful days of grass-stained knees and trick-or-treat face.
I pray I'll find as innocent a place when I am 88. And I give thanks to my present day. It just got here, so please don't go away. I finally see it's what I choose to make, and I choose to make it into gold.

And it is so wonderful and beautiful.

Alien Christ

You're invited to the party
Down by the rocket crash

No one knows what happened there
Cause the thing went down so fast
And they've gathered up the pieces
Still burning with blue radiance
Some say it's just a missile
Others say it must be aliens

And the only eye-witness
Is a Russian widow and she says
"It's clear that he has come again
Sell your SUVs for Jesus"
But the merchants were the first to come
With popcorn stands and freakshows
Selling everything from religious relics to plastic UFOs
And the news teams come with cameras cameras cameras thick as flies
A Pulitzer Prize to the first of you who talks to the alien Christ

And the days they came and went
With no sign of the mystical
So they all went back to the daily drone
Of the practical and predictable
And Farmer Johnson built his rambler house upon that rocket hole
As if to prove man's domain
Over everything unknown

And he fell in love with the neighbor girl
And had a baby shortly after
That kid never made a single sound
Except the sound of laughter
And the words first came at 8 years old
When she spoke about the crash
And she said and she said and she said
"Someone as God came
And ran its fingers through my hair"

The Deaf Girl's Song

Did you hear about the deaf girl, the one who sang a silent song?
Although it's totally quiet, you can't help but hum along.

Did you hear about the deaf girl, the one who wrote the silent CD?
Although there's nothing to hear, I swear that there are things to be seen

She'll make the world stand still.

And someone sing us a song that makes us feel like raspberries in the middle of June,
when the garden's just getting going. Someone sing us a song that makes us feel like the
coolest kid on the first day of school. You're as big as you're gonna get but you're still growing

Did you hear about the deaf girl, the one whose song's gone number one?
Three minutes of silence on the radio is the best damn gift for everyone.

Did you hear about the deaf girl, the one who made everything clear?
If we could just shut up for a second, my darling, my dear, we might actually hear.

She made the world stand still.

And someone sing us a song that makes us feel like the dead are breathing birthday balloons,
and they blow and they blow and they blow. And someone sing us a song

that makes us feel like the fourth of July and New Year's Eve are making love in the snow .
Uh-oh, Uh-oh

Hope

In just a little while, I will find **It** out.
(just hoping makes me better for **It**)