

Words to 'Origami' LP  
as performed by

# The Velcro Leaves

words by Jonathan D. Shadel  
(except "Highlands, Lowlands" with Jane Rittenhouse)

*Origami* track list:

Colors, Technically!  
Tourists, Part 1 (Time Will Lead Us To Pretend)  
Origami  
An Umbrella Parade  
Mirrored Faces (Transcend This Compass!)  
A Dark Room  
Glowing Coals of the Broom Tree  
Feather In The Tides/Shipwrecked  
Highlands, Lowlands  
Tourists, Part 2 (The World Is On Fire!)

(Available at [www.thevelcroleaves.com](http://www.thevelcroleaves.com) for free download available through  
Trapage! Records on CD and cassette.)

## 1. Colors, Technically

All just colors  
All just colors  
All just colors  
...technically.

White light shimmers through the pines  
Their needles splitting colors, forming patterns  
Yet wait, some say it's all just pigment.  
Autumn leaves reacting with your eyes  
And with your Brother's and your Sister's  
(I wonder if they see the same, vivid dyes?)  
If we all could look through just one lens  
And filter out this kaleidoscopic spectacle  
Of hunting tigers and torching jungles  
And sailing seas on television, don't worry

All just colors  
All just colors  
All just colors  
...technically.

White light shimmers through the snow  
And every footstep traces subtle patterns  
I often wonder when you piss in the cold  
Do the dogs insult our vision and domain?  
Perhaps if we all could share the same eyes  
We'd see this prism of shades, wash to one

When faces dance on the ceiling  
It's all! It's all just colors!  
When panthers pounce across the hall  
It's all! It's all just colors!  
When mummies crouch in the closet  
It's all! It's all just colors!  
When dinosaurs pace along the walls  
It's all! It's all just colors!  
When dawn finally breaks, darling  
It's all! It's all just colors!

## 2. Tourists, Part 1 (Time Will Lead Us To Pretend)

It was her tortured face on the postcard  
Weaving like a kite through the wind  
Among autumn's rustled leaves  
I snatched from the frigid West Berlin  
Those years had sent a dour reminder  
Mascara damp, evening set in her eyes  
I soberly swore she'd never tremble  
Yet even I shiver as night descends  
It's cold cloak to envelop the time  
The engine calls to board another train  
*Are we mere tourists in the end?*  
*At mercy of places we've been?*

It was her glassy eyes in the sea  
Turning to almost drown in salty tears  
As the waters brushed against my feet  
Her gaze swarmed around my heels  
The lure—younger, naïve years past  
Each fleeting second tightened the reel  
Now as days turn to a hundred years  
How might her eyes reflect the night  
And will the dark sky still hold us both  
Perhaps time will lead me to pretend  
*Are we mere tourists in the end?*  
*At mercy of places we've been?*

### 3. Origami

This is where the umbrellas parade  
And filter rain on churning sulfur seas  
Dangling from the night to softly sway

This is where her feet brush the waves  
The origami forms of the fishes in the depth  
Flee with fear from her shimmering shadow  
In contrast to negative spaces in her eyes

She traces the forms  
She traces the lines  
She traces her fingers  
The origami seas swallow deep  
And her shadow disappears

This is where the lines of the ocean meet  
And her blue eyes drown in the horizon  
No sense of time, no sense at all  
Her naked figure sways and turns  
Her face is white, her face is white  
And she drowns in something deeper  
Not where the ocean meets the shore  
But where the ocean meets the sky

She traces the forms  
She traces the lines  
She traces her fingers  
The origami seas swallow deep  
And her shadow disappears

This is where her hands touch the glass  
And feel for what must be a way out  
of the aquarium, of the aquarium

## 5. Mirrored Faces (Transcend This Compass!)

Mirrored faces—their voices echo  
Beams of color shoot from their eyes  
I see your tears concealed in patterns  
As a kaleidoscope permeates the lines

Lights flash as you kiss my neck  
Oh, we'll transcend this compass  
Eyes blink, faces fixed in trance  
Oh, we'll drift to tranquil

Mirrored faces—their eyes as prisms  
Tint the forms of naked silhouettes  
Your shadow ripples in rainbows  
A kaleidoscope pixilates the elements

Lights flash as you kiss my neck  
Oh, we'll transcend this compass  
Eyes blink, faces fixed in trance  
Oh, we'll drift to tranquil

A thousand masks on a thousand faces  
I can feel the echoes, hear the vibrations  
No sense is right, no sense is sure  
Yet a vacancy must wait to be full

A thousand hands reach a thousand places  
I try to sleep, but I still see their faces  
Recounting each step to no amount  
The entrance is the only way out

## 6. A Dark Room

A dark room  
She had turned down all the lights  
She seemed to think we  
Wouldn't see her smile  
But we did—and it was beautiful

They say it was cold  
I wasn't there, I wouldn't know  
But I was... well sort of  
With NBC and the room's TV  
She had turned its volume up  
So we wouldn't hear her cry  
But we did—and it was beautiful

I could see their faces and hands  
The lemongrass dress and the swearing-in  
She crouched beside my chair  
And held my arm pretty tight  
I think she hoped I wouldn't feel  
But I did—and it was beautiful

## 8. Feather In The Tides

Mother, brush those autumn leaves aside  
With wrinkled feet in shoes miss-sized  
The laundry's still dripping from the lines  
So fetch my overcoat, it's time I bid goodbye

Shipwrecked, I find a feather in the tides  
If I live as a sinner, at least I know I'm still alive  
What eager fate awaits, in a sailor's grave?

Redemption—as strange as a compass  
That points to these coastal towns for release  
Haunted by the ghosts of this bitter past  
Her final words confess, “A son I still have.”

Shipwrecked, I find a feather in the tides  
If I live as a sinner, at least I know I'm still alive  
What eager fate awaits, in a sailor's grave?

What eager fate awaits in a sailor's grave?

## 9. Highlands, Lowlands

I'm goin' home to the highlands  
I'm goin' home to the highlands  
I'm goin' home to the highlands  
I'm goin' home, I'm goin' home

I'm steppin' back up this mountain  
I'm steppin' back up this mountain  
I'm steppin' back up this mountain  
I'm goin' home, I'm goin' home

I'm crawlin' back from the lowlands  
I'm crawlin' back from the lowlands  
I'm crawlin' back from the lowlands  
I'm goin' home, I'm goin' home

I'm climbin' back Jacob's ladder to the sky  
I'm climbin' back Jacob's ladder in the night  
I'm climbin' back Jacob's ladder when I die  
I'm goin' home, I'm goin' home

## 10. Tourists, Part 2 (The World Is On Fire!)

The world is on fire, she once said to her mother  
As her paper arms climbed an old bonsai tree  
A paper doll in the grocer's front window  
She'd catch the sun shimmering off the steeples  
In her paperweight prism, beside her toy bed  
I'd often pass by the storefront on sundays  
And stare in as she undid her newsprint dress  
To a young boy, this was so unfamiliar  
My eyes tracing the lines down from her neck  
The delicate creases of each joint in motion  
As her arms covered her gentle, white chest  
With time, she would soon feel my presence  
Perhaps embarrassed, or perhaps violated  
Covering her naked form with a bath gown  
Her innocence shriveling on the vine  
The vines of maturity, and the prophecy  
The prophecies of old age to be fulfilled  
As the glimmers of youth flickered out  
I'd hear her gentle heart beat lessen, softly  
And the sun would caress her neck  
(As I'd often wished to do, as a boy)  
And smoke would arise with ashy embers  
Her form lit like my very first cigarette  
With hesitant flames upon first lighting  
And soon her paper form surely aglow  
The room covered with ash-like snow  
Tears would well; I'd wipe them aside  
And walk down the streets of the town  
As the sun caressed my soft, white skin  
Testosterone seeping from my glands  
Soon bore a sailor by a ripe age  
And the sun and stars guided my years  
To unknown places of angels and demons  
Where I'd stroke the soft parts of a girl  
And think back to that first paper sighting  
How the sun would set fire to innocence  
As I'd follow these flames to surreal places  
The edges of the world soon approaching  
And while many have thought it a fall  
A great fall to the dark places of time  
My men saw there on the horizon's line  
Not a great darkness, but a brilliance  
The sun slowly burning the earth's crust  
I have glanced the Absolute, I muttered  
So then why fear the end of fornication?  
Let's be joined as one in purity's flames  
With the light glowing in my eyes

Our ship thrust headlong to the burning  
I whispered softly, the world is on fire.