

DESPERATE UNDERTONES

7-22-96
(#16)

HIT SONG

1. So delicate, yet so temperamental,
my lovely *bonita mia preciosa*.
Tossed by every wind, my little ship emotion,
on the surface so refined,
but stormy seas blow . . . her mind.
She's a lady so in need,
holds it till her passions bleed;
she feels the ache down to her bones.
She lets me gently hold her as she sighs and she moans,
in those desperate undertones.

A-C-D-D-C-G-A
E-A-C-D-E-D-C-D-E
A-C-D-C-C-G-A
E-A-C-D-D-C-G-A
C-C-G-A
E-A-C-D
D-E-D-C-D-E
E-E-G-E-D-E
E-A-G-F-E-D-C-Bm
Am-C-Am-G-A

[HOOK] *

A-C-A-A-C-A-A-C-C-A-C
A-C-A-A-C-A-A-C-C-A
A-C-A-A-C-A-A-C-C-A-C
A-C-A-A-C-A-A-C-C-A

2. The whole world feels it; they just can't grasp it,
apocalypse coming, none dare wish to concede.
Rolls like quiet thunder, rising from down under,
in its wake shatters hope, and exploits their every need.
They don't know what to do,
so they turn on me and you;
they feel the dread deep in their bones.
Silent but sure, the whole populace groans,
in those desperate undertones.

[REPEAT HOOK]

3. He's a survivor, watching from the hill,
knowing that the masses won't be saved.
He sees the dying youth, defying simple truth,
and he feels the quiet aches, their lovely mothers braved.
In silence they wait,
sheep taken to their fate,
they sense their slaughter deep in their bones.
They fear there's no light, and their lives unturned stones,
— deep, desperate undertones.

[REPEAT HOOK]

[INSTRUMENTAL]

But she knew what truth was,
— even knew what real life was;
something both of us had known.
But madmen separate us — (whispered longings all alone) †
Another voice, of one more desperate undertone.

[REPEAT HOOK]

[END]

Written: June 29 – July 22, 1996 [H, L, G, M, C]

* The HOOK is the catchy guitar riff; no lyrics

† Whisper parenthetical words