

STREET NYMPHS

A photograph of a sunset sky with silhouettes of houses and trees. The sky is filled with horizontal, wispy clouds in shades of yellow, orange, and blue. The sun is low on the horizon, creating a bright glow. The foreground shows the dark silhouettes of several houses and bare trees against the bright sky.

The Night Wind

All songs written by Nash High
and recorded in his bedroom
in late 2011 and early 2012.

1. Waking Up

*As played on a Regal resonator guitar,
a Dean six-string banjo,
a Yamaha YS200 synthesizer,
and a Hofner Echo Harp harmonica.*

Everything happens so fast these days;
It wears my skin right out,
And I'm not sure of anything,
Except I sure am full of doubt
About the way that I've been living.
About the way that I've been sleeping through my life.

*And this whole big world is changing;
It's been spinning around the Sun,
And I have been asleep 'til now,
But now I'm waking up,
I'm waking up!*

The castle I built crumbled;
My dreams grow and turn to dust,
And the brand new bed I've been laying in
Has slowly browned with rust.
My black curtains are all moth-eaten,
But the Sun is shining in and I'm waking up!
I'm waking up.

Chorus



2. The Old Tuber Stream

As played on the Regal, the Dean, and the 'YS200.

The biggest stump in the Mossy Glen
Was on the banks of the Old Tuber Stream,
Where every night the Ancient Man
Would sit and tell stories and sing,
And we would gather on the ground;
All planted our roots in the grove,
Where the gnarled trees grown up all around
Would quietly watch us over.

But commercial zones outweigh the wilds,
Or so says the bottom line,
With the city walls all tumbling outward
It was only a question of time,
Before a TV store and a restaurant
Rose up where our stream used to be.
And now just the buzz of a streetlight haunts
Our spot on the Old Tuber Stream.

With this little voice

I can paint a whole Universe.

With these tiny hands

I can shape out a world.

And there is no place between numbers and time

For this little voice of mine.

The money-maker found our Ancient Man;
He was lying asleep on the street.
He says, "I'll get you out of the garbage can
If you'll sing your stories for me.
We'll churn out some albums,
Set you up with a crowd,
Unless, of course, you're afraid."

But the Storyteller just rose up
from the ground
And he stared the man square in the face,
And he said,

"With this little voice

I can paint a whole Universe.

With these tiny hands

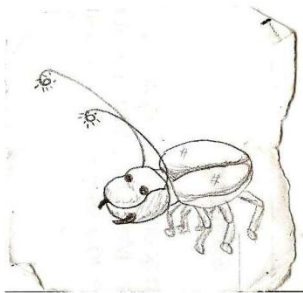
I can shape out a world.

But there is no place between numbers and time

For this little voice of mine."

Well, we never saw the Old Man again;
I sure hope he got out of this place,
But what I wouldn't give to see that crooked grin
That would wind through the lines on his face.
Now when we gather we're wasting fast,
We just sit around watching TV,
But we lost the fires that had lit our paths
To our spot on the Old Tuber Stream.

Chorus



3. The Movement

*As played on the Regal, the Dean,
and the YS200.*

We are the dolphins
in the tuna nets,
And it's a two-foot jump
to freedom.

But it's not the jump that scares us,
It's the Open Sea,
The bottomless, blue fog
that swallows everything.
It swallows me.

And there is a desert
without a single road,
And you can head in any direction
that you would like to go,
But I climbed a cactus,
And I will not come down.
I am not afraid of falling;
I'm terrified of the dirty ground.
But the world will move on,
The world will move on
Without me.

The Sun stopped setting!
The desert burned alive!
And as the Earth was bleeding oil,
I asked the Elf Owl why.
He said, "It's you.
It's all because of you.

*You are the Movement,
You are the Movement,
You are the only thing that moves."*

But I am a dolphin!
I cannot climb back down.
The Ocean would chew my heart to bits,
And so would this empty ground.
"Then we will die.
It's up to you.

*'Cause you are the Movement,
You are the Movement, oh,
You are the only thing that moves.
You are the only thing that moves."*



4. Tiny Hands

As played on the Regal and the YS200.

Oh, I can see the Sun rays shining
Across giant panes of glass in the skylight,
Thirty-five feet above my head.
But the air-conditioner makes the sound,
The sound of rain.

And the people move so fast
That they blur away.
And I am trying just the best that I can
To keep pace.
But this place was not made
For crooked backs and gnarled legs,
And I am balancing a spinning world,
On a Wooden Cane.

The air is heavy with the smell of salts and fat,
And the tiled floor gleams beneath a thick coat of wax,
All the flocks of people chatter lightly as they pass,
And everything for sale is alive
And screaming.
But I haven't got the time for that siren scratch,
When your body and mind are under attack
All you can think about is getting back to safety.
And I am praying in mumbles under my breath
That I've been dreaming.

*Tiny hands,
Running across my crooked jaw.
Tiny faces,
Peering over a foggy ocean.*

And I am hardly standing out
Against the Motion of this crowd,
Standing up, and rubbing the side of my face
As the children go find somewhere else to play.

The escalator is a black, humming monolith
Which the credit-card sinners line up to ascend,
And they race each other across the gold-paved streets
Of Technology.

Well, the veins on my hand turn a thick purple pale
As I grip the plastic sliding safety rail;
I am pressing up against the side,
So the speed-shoppers only brush me as they pass me by
On their way to Heaven Never-Lasting.

5. Auburn Stains

*As played on the Regal, the Dean,
and the YS200.*

Well, rip the arrow from your leg;
We'll have to carry on.
And I will put my bow away
Until the day the Storm is done.
But I don't regret the things I said;
I couldn't hold my breath any longer.
Now we'll have to strain to bear the weight
Of this airborne pain we've exhaled.

*But let's stop trying to fix this ship,
And just focus on the shore.
Because in these waves we'll need all our strength
Just to try and find a port.*

So I will draw the dagger out
From in-between my ribs,

But when I reach the top
And my feet step off,
I feel my cane tip catch
On the conveyor belt,
And without a cane
The ground's a shakey flame,
Flicking 'round and jumping up
To meet me.
But a second passed,
There was only ash,
And tiny hands...

Chorus



We'll wrap ourselves in rain-damp cloths
And just try our best to live,
Through the beating rain,
Through these auburn stains,
Through the slow decay of avarice.
We'll mount our oars,
We'll patch these boards,
We'll rinse the gore away.

Chorus

So help me lift our histories,
Our feeble frames of mind,
And we will cast them overboard
Though they'll always tow behind us,
Like the smell of blood,
Like the setting Sun,
Like the ghosts of what we've been.
But we'll split the load in this broken boat,
'Til we hit sand or stone again!

Chorus

6. Henry the Wizard

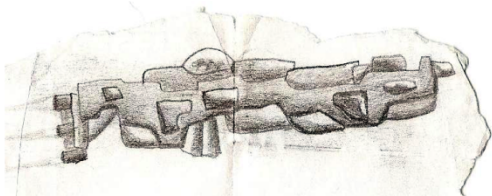
As played on the Regal, the Dean, and the VS200.

I have magical powers.
I'm a supernatural being.
And nothing in the Universe
is inaccessible to me.
I'm something of a Wizard,
Though I'm less than a god.
I can open my front door
with little more than a nod.
I can summon a creature
Of any shape, size, or form.
But I never bother
I don't like them indoors.
And I am not confined
By geography,
But I'd just as soon stay at home
and enchant my tea.

*I am Henry the Wizard.
I am Henry the Blue.
And I can do anything,
But I have got nothing to do.*

I can cast fire and lightning
Upon my enemies,
But in all of my travels
I haven't made any.
I can charm any woman
With a vial from my shelf,
But I've learned that love potions
never work on yourself.
And the women already love me.
Or at least does Mary Jo.
She's the only one I'd have passion for
if I could just make my heart say so.

Chorus



7. Box Boat

*As played on the Regal and the VS200,
with a Lee Oscar harmonica.*

I had a dream that I sailed with Columbus,
And we were just kids in a cardboard box boat.
Not even the mightiest waves could've stopped us
From finding a land full of secrets.
The Taino natives met us on the shoreline,
Their king rode in on the back of a goat.
He led us up across wood planks and rope vines
To his village high in the tree limbs.

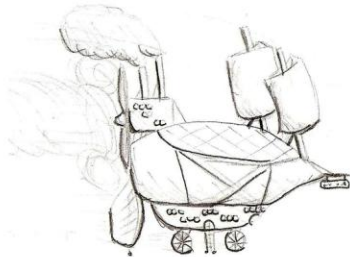
*'Cause you cannot ride home
in a ship full of slaves and gold,
When you're sailing a cardboard boat,
on an Adventure.*

I set off alone for the land of the Aztecs,
Where I played ulama with Hernando Cortez,
As Moctezuma sat and watched from the grandstands,
His bronze hands applauding our attempts.
That evening we ate in his Temple of Gold,
Where the morning Sun woke us from the straw of our beds,
And I listened, wide-eyed as the native king told
Me the legend of the Feathered Serpent.

Chorus

Well Columbus grew old, and so did I.
And our cardboard box got tossed in the trash.
The Queen of Spain had other plans in mind
When she set us all back on the Sea.
And when my hopes all froze in the winter,
The Queen said I could not have them back.
But I guess I'll just have to make some new hopes,
I'm taking over this dream!

Chorus



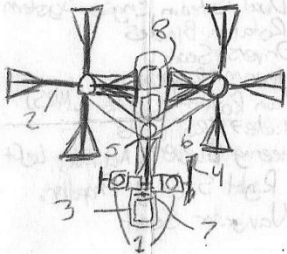
8. While the World was Bright with Snow

As played on the Regal, the Dean, and the YS200.

Snowy seashore; I've been waiting,
Singing sphinxes, the smell of salt,
But the lights I'm anticipating
Fail to pierce the biting fog.
You are like a choir of angels,
I'm a soldier; you are Death.
If you want to, you can take me
From the swills of my last breath.

*And I will sink your eyes, my love,
'Til the water becomes the sky.
And we will live our empty lives
On the surface of the Sea.*

One foot in the icy Ocean,
Steady snowstone; the tugging tide,
Can you capture in the Motion
What it's like to live and die?
When you land, please, just embrace me.
I'm a wild heart; you are wise,
But I'm not certain to survive waiting
For your vessel to arrive.



Chorus

Well, I had never felt so lonesome
Than huddling close on the crowded shore.
How I threaten the folks who love me,
"I'll drift away forevermore."
But how's a friend supposed to help me?
What's a friend supposed to do?
So without knowing what I had wanted
I set myself into the Blue.

Chorus

I should have hopped off while the ice was cracking,
But you know me; I always have to hold my ground.
And how I hate to watch the shoreline fading,
But when I look ahead there's Ocean all around.

1. Dual Steam Engine System
2. Rotator Blades
3. Drivers Seat
4. Steering Propeller
5. Main Rotation Splitter (MRS)
6. Blade → MRS Bits
7. Steering Blew (Activates Left or Right Steering Propeller)
8. Navigator Seat

9. To This City

As played on the Regal.

I don't notice
 when I get fevers anymore.
I can't remember
 what it's like to feel the burn.
You've got a nice face;
 I'd love to see you every day;
I don't remember
 what I was just about to say.

You can't confuse me;
 my thoughts would need someplace to go.
We don't stop moving
 but I still always move too slow.
You pull the curtains,
 we watch the cars breeze through the street.
I can't be certain,
 but think I've got someplace to be.

*And how do we belong,
And how do we belong,
To this city,
To this city?*

I'll keep on walking;
 I'm never sure when I get tired.
I still drink coffee,
 but never seem to reach that
Wired feeling,
 Like when you've rinsed your legs away.
You're leaving early;
 I'd like it better if you stayed.

Chorus

There's one decision:
 Follow the cars; they'll light your route.
I'm not a cynic,
 I just never seem to like the truth.
I feel so queasy
 when I lift my eyes up from my feet.
"Just take it easy;
 Forget you've got a life to lead."
It's not so simple,
 I can't just herd myself around.
A wild songbird,
 When told to sing won't make a sound.

Chorus



10. The Concept of Flight

As played on the Regal and the YS200.

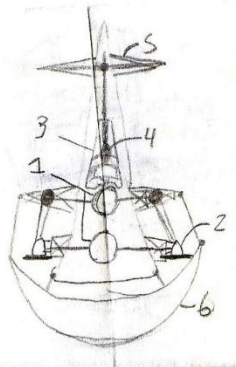
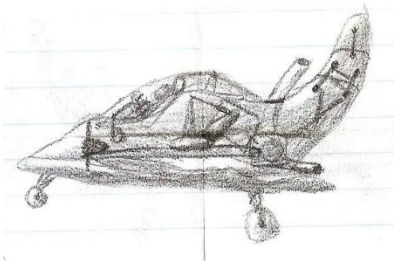
As they sat on the bough at the top of the tree,
Says the gull to his love, "What has happened to me?
All the Beauty in life I am failing to see.
I am weary."

"Oh, the concept of flight is a marvelous thing!
Lift the weight of your heart with the tips of your wings
And you'll smell in the air what the night wind brings
To the morning."

*Lift your heavy bones
From their empty home
Let your troubles all roll away.*

When the weight of the world starts to draw you back in,
Simply fan out your wings and take heart in the wind,
The next thermal's ahead; you'll be lifted up again,
And away you'll go.

Chorus



1. Two Steam Engines
2. Dual Propellers
3. Cockpit
4. Steering Wheel
5. Steering Pins
6. Main Wing