



**karen ramos**  
moonlight and theremin



**Fool for Love** Sometimes I think something's been broken. Sometimes I think my heart's turned to stone. But sometimes, just one word gets spoken and it cuts to the quick, straight through the heart, to the bone. And I jump right in, head over heels, singing at the top of my lungs to anyone who will listen, "This is it! This is it!" I jump right in, a stranger in a storm, I'm a broken record with a tattoo of your name on my arm. We're all fools in love. We're all fools for love. Sometimes I think that no one can get to me. Sometimes desire slowly withers and dies. But sometimes, just one touch can undo me and I'm poised like Quixote, disrobing my cynic's disguise...

**Shake** Under wrap under cover - the daylight come and go - your fingers so long and heavy - and nobody knows, nobody knows. What becomes of a surface - a burning star with no wish? You want to feel, you want to laugh, you want to live - but not like this. And the noonday demon has brought you down to your knees. And everyone who feels just a little better than you screaming, "Shake, come on shake this disease. Get a hold of yourself. You really haven't got it that bad." Shake. Drink. Eat. Smoke. Beat. Shop. Shoot. Fuck it all away. Children laugh in the courtyard - the church bell tolls at noon. There's a chance you could just disappear inside of your self or come out of it soon. Because the noonday demon she come and go as she please. And everyone you know is so well meaning they say...

**That's What I Do** That year we rented the cottage in Silverlake - the summer was brutal, the winter was mild. Your coldness tested the limits of what I could take. We mourned the loss of our only child. And I take care of business. And I take care of you. And I beg your forgiveness - because that's what I do. You slipped out the backdoor for a cigarette. The ashes and filters were kept in an old mason jar. Ribbons of smoke drifted over your silhouette. I drifted away but nearly as far. And I revise 'til my mind aches. And I try and push through. And I cut 'til the skin breaks - because that's what I do. The T.V. hums through the night like a lightning bug. The Christmas lights lay unstrung on the floor. Every cell of my body just wants you to touch me (please touch me!) I hung the mistletoe over the door. And I ignore the warning. And I swear I'll stay true. And I push down the longing - because that's what I do.

**I Wish I Were A Boy** I wish I were a boy. I wish I didn't care. I'd build a rocket ship and fly it through the air. But I'm just a girl with cupid bows for hands. The vagaries of love I don't understand. I wish I were a boy. I wish I were a bird with red and silver wings. I'd never speak a word - just glide around and sing. But I'm just a girl with arms and legs and teeth. I stumble when I walk, I stutter when I speak. I wish I were a song delivered from your lungs, forming on your lips, slipping from your tongue. But I'm just a girl. That's all I'll ever be - dissonance and noise set in a minor key. I wish I were a song. I wish I were a boy all dressed up in blue. Why can't you be me? What can't be you? 'Cause I would take your hand if I were in your place. I'd put flowers in your hair and kisses on your face. I wish I were a boy.

**The Bed You Made** You leave the hard stuff to the planets or to fate - because fate's out of your hands. You test the water, you slip your toes into the sea. Maybe it's safer on dry land. Go on. Don't let the truth sink in. Cover your heart and pull the blackout shade. So long, Chelsea morning strikes again - keeps you lying alone - in the bed you made. Find someone, something to put your focus to, maybe this one's gonna keep. Take the edge off, slow the quicksand pull of doom - just don't let it get too deep. Go on. Don't let the truth sink in. Cover your heart and pull the blackout shade. So long. If we ever meet again - I'm sure you'll be lying alone - in the bed you made

**Circle the Square** You sleep so easily. I lay on needles and pins. You are gone but you're lingering - still, like a vestigial limb. I settle down for the winter. I settle my debts and the score and I settle for so much less when I deserve so much more. What are you made of? What drives your heart to beat? What fills your lungs up with air? I buckle under the weight of the burden of stoking delusion, of trying to circle the square. You took the fire road - barreled down past the water tower of rusted metal and steel. Maybe I'll take the higher road through these hairpin turns clutching, white knuckling the wheel...

**Raincoat** Princess umbrellas and red rubber shoes. I make no mistakes with these chocolate-milk etudes. I'm harder than ivory I pound every note. Everything I feel – bounces off of this raincoat. It's 7 am in this canopy bed. Their hair is the color of sorbet and creambread. His calloused words blur like snakes in his throat. Everything you say – bounces off of this raincoat. The puddles are oily with slick rainbow hues. I'm up to my ankles in second grade blues. The school bus is floating but I've missed the boat. Everything I dream – bounces off of this raincoat. It's raining, it's pouring, I'm drowning in oceans of longing. It's raining. I'm freezing. I'm melting. I'm barely breathing. I'm changing directions, I'm changing my tune. The dissonant chords and the echo of this room. You slip from my legs, you drip down my throat. Everything I want – bounces off of this raincoat

**Stars are Just Cement** Oh, Mama - I'm not afraid of dying. I've been wandering this desert seven years. Oh, Mama - again the sun is shining - blistering this onion skin, drying up these oily tears. And everyday is more and more and more or less the same. You hope and pray for a spring reprieve but the seasons never came. You drive away. You head for home but there's no turnaround. What can you say – when stars are just cement in the ground? Oh, Mama - I have a touch of fever. This science moves like leaded crystal through my veins. Oh, Mama - I tried my best to leave her. But I'm the slave who loves her chains.... And I'm sure I'm not alone. But there's no proof to be found. Like ocean waves crashing into stone - it'll wear you down. Oh, Mama - It looks like you've been crying. Don't you recognize the eyes behind this shell? Oh, Mama – the truth is, I've been lying. I've wasted fortunes throwing pennies down a wishing well...

**Radio Waves** Let's go down to the tombs by the river, where night-bloom is talc in the wind. I feel your nose in the crook of my neck and I smell the damp wool of your cardigan. Oh, with the sun beaming down shining yellow, it slips through the curtains un-drawn, while you lay beside me, my dear handsome fellow in dream-like dissolve of this sepio morn. I see a meadow, I want to run in it but storm clouds loom large and portent. Hearts like cups have an edge have a limit and darling I think that we're nearing the end. But boy, it was sweet, it was sweet, it was lovely. I'll think of you fondly no doubt. Your fingers send radio waves through my belly. You opened me up and you emptied me out.

**Arlington Winter** Flip up the visor and plug in the tape. The map's in the backseat dog-eared to page 48. U-Haul lumbers through silver-gray skies and Mary is smiling with hologram eyes. And it's lovely in the rain. God is above me. Tell me the story again of how you were saved from an uncertain sea, plucked from the waves like a stone from the river, that Arlington winter, when you found your way back to me. Red Hook is sleeping at 10:45. His cigar is burning; just then the bed starts to rise. A look of panic takes hold or her eyes. She says it's an omen and someone will die. And it's ugly praying in vain. God is above me. Tell me the story again...The Sisters of Mercy, stand folding their arms. You were chasing down wild boars in New Orleans. The camouflage weekend, the bonfire feast, the soldiers of Kansas were drinking to peace. And then suddenly you're aboard a train. God is above me. Tell me the story again...

**Romeo** White gowns and lace. Constellations get formed countries get torn on the potency of a springtime myth. This must be the place where you cover my lack, cover my face with kisses, cover me with hyacinth. Like a fool who keeps trying - waiting for the gap to fill with poetry and valentines. I guess I'll just wait for the moon to turn its phase go home and put my faith in tarot cards and alchemy. On this fire escape, where I'm breathing in the fumes a ghost among the ruins instead of hillside balconies. On a wire with no net, falling to reality - a disillusioned Juliet. Therefore, I'm done writing this passion play. I'd care for him if he would just find his way. But wherefore are you anyway, Romeo? There's a ghost in my head it's a useless fantasy of what will never be and what will likely fall away. As you slip from my bed. I know it isn't love. I guess it's good enough - enough to mark this time away.

**Sweet Surprise** The orchestra is warming up. The stage lights dim and swell - shifting into laser beams and springtime shades of pastel. Stars scatter like crystals and the sun has warmed the nighttime sky. And just beyond the rows of people - I catch your eye. And I woke up this morning with a heaviness I could not shake - the emptiness and longing of my latest mistake. But you came without warning – ushered in on a symphonic sigh. My prayer was barely forming; you were such a sweet surprise. And for a moment I'm transported by moonlight and therein. The bass drum moves like a current trembling under my skin. A cool breeze laps at my shoulder like an insistent refrain. And I'm ready to be lifted by my fingers to some celestial plane...



Karen Ramos

Vocals

Dave Hemann

Guitars; Drum Programming on track 5

Brian Irwin

Bass, Drums, Percussion

Semyon Kobialka

Cello

Laura Porter

Keyboards; Flute, Clarinet, Bass Clarinet on track 5

Chris Lawrence

Pedal Steel on tracks 2 & 10

Erik Kertes

Upright Bass on track 5

All songs produced by Brian Irwin

Radio Waves – Produced by Dave Hemann and Laura Porter

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Mastering

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**3. stars are just cement**

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