

WORDS—
A Collection of Poems and Song Lyrics

By
P.F Uhler

Preface

This volume contains the poems and songs I have written over the past four decades. There is a critical mass at this point, so I am self-publishing it online for others to see. It is still a work in progress and I will be adding to them as time goes on.

The collections of both the poems and songs were written in different places with divergent topics and genres. It has been a sporadic effort, sometimes going for a decade without an inspiration and then several works in a matter of months.

Although I have presented each collection chronologically, the pieces also could be arranged by themes. They are about love and sex, religion, drinking, and social topics—you know, the stuff to stay away from at the holiday table. In addition, although the songs only have lyrics, they can be grouped into genres such as blues, ballads, and songs that would be appropriate in musicals. Some of the songs defy categorization.

I have titled the collection “Words”, after my favorite poem, which is somewhere in the middle. Most of them tell a story about a particular person, or event, or place that is meaningful to me. It is of personal significance and perhaps not interesting or understandable to the reader. To that extent, it can be described as a self-indulgence or an introspection; but most of them are likely to have a broader meaning that can be readily discerned.

I’m sure I will add to them as time goes on, but I felt it was time to put them out. Let me know what you think.

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Poems

by
P.F. Uhlir

For All of Them

By
P.F. Uhler

This was the first poem I wrote. I was 13 years old and it was published in *The Town Crier*, my grade school newspaper.

A messy room
Covered with shadows
Looked upon by babies with glazed eyes
Pot-bellies and hungry faces
All hopeless

In the corner
Covered by untouched dust
Sitting on the dirt floor
A refrigerator looms
Unused and empty

A widow sits
On a three-legged stool
Trying not to think of the past
Without crying

Outside the shack
Five kids are playing
Cowboys and Indians
Not knowing

One of the children
Jokingly pokes another
It is returned by an angry look
Of a stupid face

The widow lifts her head
It is getting darker
And now the sun sets
For all of them

1968, New York, NY



Reel Sensation
by
P.F. Uhler

Insatiable lust
exaggerated
and X-rated
actions without emotions

a two dimensional
two-bit hump
with promises
of 3-D satisfaction

the marquees pander
Pandora's Many Mates
The Marquis' Grisly Fate
Casanova's Hungry Date

to what end?
in which end?

to titillate and arouse
mutilate the senses
educate to masturbate
with fantasies
hard to relate

libidinous images
and sexual phantoms
are all that remain
to caress your brain
when the lights come on

San Francisco, CA 1979



The Infatuation
by
P.F. Uhler

she was a persistent illusion
borne of lust
a gnawing temptation
craving to be realized

I molded her image
with my mirrored madness
and sculpted her ethereal charm

she had peerless passion

she was perfect

I was satisfied

but soon
her delicate charm crumbled
and fragile image blurred

her sensuous aura
vanished with the dawn

a comet's gleaming
shadow leaving
just
a trace
in space

San Francisco, CA 1979



Gill v. Middleton
105 Mass. 477 (1870)

by
P.F. Uhler

Note: I wrote this limerick for a contest to write the best brief in my 1st year Contracts course at the University of San Diego Law School in the fall of 1980. It won first prize. It is based on an actual court case in Massachusetts in 1870.

Ms. Gill, the plaintiff's dear wife
Had reason to fear for her life
When the john she was using
In a way not amusing
Gave way to a cesspool most rife

The privy, the landlord declared,
Was sufficiently safe and repaired
Yet Ms. Gill had to wallow
In that dark hole of sorrow
And the landlord cared not how she fared

A tort most foul! cried the Gills
This bastard must pay for our ills!
They hauled him to court
(He was not a good sport)
And his lesson cost 500 bills

The issue, the court ascertained,
Was which of the two could be blamed?
Can a landlord be guilty
For a mending too thrifty
On a warranty unrestrained?

Yes! said the judge and the jury
The landlord agreed to a duty
To assist and repair
(The reliance was there)
And the Gills were deceived, to their fury

San Diego, 1980



Unrequited Love
by
P.F. Uhler

A caged lion my love is
defiant of doubt
assured of its strength
proud of its existence

You
are my ardor's keeper
and the sustenance of the dreams
on which I feast

but I am on the inside
my pent-up passion confined
by the cruel bars of circumstance

unlock my love
My Love

Guadalajara, Mexico 1981



Alone Again

by
P.F. Uhler

I
wage battle with time
unarmed but for my pen
able to record these thoughts
in just two dimensions

what constraints!

it's so hard to recall
all the joys and sorrows that were ours
the shared intimacies and disappointments
the lusty love...

now my mind begins to wander
unfocused
betrayed
time's piracy accomplished

alone again

San Diego, CA 1981



Punk Bunk
By
P.F. Uhler

He
was just another
vasectomy fuck
filling her void

She
was just another
pig on a blanket
heaving in sweat

They
grunted in discord

It
was good

Guadalajara, Mexico 1981



The End of Love

by
P.F. Uhler

I let go of you today
It was a moment of relief
for us both

Those bitter tears flowed sweetly
cleansing my eyes of false images
and desperate daydreams

They say that love is blind but it's not so—
ardor's heart is clear
just the mind is closed

My prison's door was opened
by the key left in my hand
and the lion that is my love
regained its freedom

San Diego, 1983



Decree

by
P.F. Uhler

The Authorities have declared
that poetry is a vice
Any attempt forthwith to express oneself lyrically
will be treated as an immoral and subversive activity
against the interests of the State
and subject to appropriate disciplinary actions

San Diego, 1983



Pimp's Lullaby
by
P.F. Uhler

You
came to me
like some slum slut in heat
foraging for a...
buck

You
were young and stupid
of five and dime fame
pumped
full of false promises
and
misconceptions

but I rescued you
you
lucky
bitch

Washington, DC 1985



My Greek Tragedies
by
P.F. Uhler

the Unknowns
and the Unfathomables
moved in this week

they've been here before
preying on my menu of fate
inviting in the Unexpected
changing my course
without remorse

next time
I'll be ready

Alexandria, VA 1985



Have Yourself a Very Merry Xmas
by
P.F. Uhler

Gifts are bought
greetings sent
blessings sought
paychecks spent

and the pine tree
slowly
dies

Alexandria, VA 1985



The Bachelor Party
by
P.F. Uhlir

I take this moment
to reflect upon the bond
that brought us here

it is a bond not easily forged
yet hard to break
built of shared experience
and vintage memories
sealed with sympathy
and understanding

this binding of our souls
is not restraining
nor confining
but the triumph
of forthright affection
and genuine respect

for we are friends

Washington, DC 1987



Words
by
P.F. Uhler

I take these words out
and dust them off

well worn they are
fallen from so many lips
passed through so many minds
reformed so many times

mere words
common run-of-the-mill types
stumbling across this white expanse
in awkward fashion
egged on by the whip that is my pen
timidly obeying
the master
they've so cunningly enslaved

why persist?
what compels us to drag them out
to juggle them about
to proudly display them as our own?

they belong to no one
of course
perennially prostituting themselves
to salacious fantasies
and vicious ideologies
serving altruist and sycophant
like lyricist and commandant

you see
we're but lexical junkies
addicted to seductive symbols
victimized by artful creations
constantly searching
for that next conscious fix

so now I put my works away
leave the words I used today
and await
tomorrow's
obsession

Washington, DC 1987



**A Poem in Four Acts Purporting to Expound Upon the
Intrinsic Substance and Meaning of Art
Without Any Accompanying Music
Or Other Mitigating Factors**

by
P.F. Uhlir

Act One

Art deceives
Art enrages
Art (gasp!) seduces
and amuses

Act Two

Art is
a song on a stick
a book in a vault
a picture in a purse

Act Three

Art is an unnatural act

Act Four

Art becomes

(curtain, applause)

San Francisco, CA 1987



Hard Questions
by
P.F. Uhler

We live on the same planet
yet our paths do not cross

We speak the same language
yet we do not communicate

We have years of shared experience
yet we no longer share

I write
as only a friend would write
and I ask hard questions

What have you done with your past?
How do you see your future?
Is not the past a part of the present
and the foundation for the future?
Have you lost touch with your former self
or merely those who were a part of it?
Have you experienced a true rebirth
or true denial?
Is your life filled with joy
or is there just bitterness
and indifference?

The silence is deafening

San Francisco, CA 1987



Rozloučení s Jaroslavem **P.F. Uhlíř**

Ty
Milující a oddaný manžel a otec
dědeček a pradědeček
Slavný restaurátér a hostitel
Vůdce odboje proti nacistům a komunistům
Vlastenec a hrdina
Spěvák národních písní
Rybář velké i malé Callicoonské
Zakladatel MEZKULINŮ
A pardál extraordinaire

Můj drahý dědečku

Vždy budeš žít v mém srdci
Proudit v krvi
A zůstaneš v mých myšlenkách
Až se znova setkáme v nebesích¹

1996, New York, NY

¹ English translation:

Saying Goodbye to Jaroslav

by
P.F. Uhlir

Loving and devoted husband and father
grandfather and great grandfather
Famous restaurateur and host
Leader of the resistance against the nazis and communists
Patriot and hero

Singer of national folksongs
Fisherman of the big and small rivers of Callicoon
Founding member of MEZKULINY
And pardál extraordinaire

My beloved grandpa

You will always live in my heart
Course through my veins
And remain in my thoughts
Until we meet again in the heavens



**God Breaks the Laws of Nature
(but remains on the lam)**

by
P.F. Uhler

God
is in perpetual motion

God
has no sex

God's
yin is yang

God
is infinite

God
is a free lunch

Washington, DC 1998



Remembering Harold

by
P.F. Uhler

don't gimme no
apopleptic apocalyptic
no Haight street hallucinogenics
no Sun Dance trance

don't need no
tinseltown televengefulists
bushleague spinmeisters
technicolor dream jerks
or megamedia muggles

my vision
don't come in no damn bottle
or in high-school thrills
from dime-store pills

no sir
no way

so keep your
sanctimonious claptrap
your self-righteous admoneyshuns
and perverse pandering

I can see just fine

in my own way
in my own time...

Washington, DC 2000



psssst
by
P.F. Uhlir

psssst

psssst!

pssst
hey!
psssst

hey
hey yoo!

pssst
psssst!

yoo wan somma dis?

psssst

psssst!

hey!
yoo!

psssst
hey yooo
kammeer!

wanna buy somma dis?

psssst

pssst
hey
psssst!
hey!



tokkin to yoo!
hey!
take a looker!

pssst

psssst

pssst
hey!
psssst!

psssst

pssst
hey man
psssst!
yoo defosamthin?

psssst

hey psssst!
got somthinfoya
pssst

psssst
looker!
pssst

psssst!!

fukkin' dooshbags...

Washington, DC 2000



The Lynching
by
P.F. Uhler

THAT'S HIM!!!
WHO ME???

GET HIM!!!
WHAT DID I DO???!

KILL HIM!!!
I DIDN'T DO NOTHIN!!!

HANG HIM!!!
NO NO!!!

BURN HIM!!!
NO GOD NO!!!!

BURN THE BEAST!!!
AAAAAYEEEEEEEEAAAAAAAAAAAAAaaaaaaaaaaaaa

BURN HIM GOOD!!!!!!

Daddy, can we go home now?

Washington, DC 2000



An Encounter with God under the Shirley Highway
by
P.F. Uhlir

beatific apparition
the essence of innocence
divine presence incarnate
spreading searing truth
amidst this city of lies

He
is all these things and more
wending His way
among us sinners
the fatuously infatuated
dispensing His grace
testing our souls
making us see

closer and closer He comes
hiding nothing
in naked glory
then face to face

His
grotesque shape so moving
abject destitution enriching
mute silence warning
of our mortal coil

my moment of truth arrives
I hand Him my penance
a dollar
my gift

an eternal instant passes

and I am forever changed

Arlington, VA 2001



My Wedding Vows
by
P.F. Uhlir

My dear, sweet Love

Like the vastest ocean floor
reaching to the inner core
That's how deep for you my love is

Like a comet's endless flight
on a course that's always right
That's how long for you my love is

Like the dazzling sun's flame
that will always burn the same
That's how hot for you my love is

Like the hardest beam of steel
that won't bend and that's so real
That's how strong for you my love is

So deep, so long
So hot, so strong
That's how my love for you, My Love, is

I adore you
and give myself to you forever

Fairfax, VA 2003



les rêves fous de mon ordinateur américain stupide

by
P.F. Uhlir

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Washington, DC 2004



Isms
by
P.F. Uhler

leggo of my dog ma
it's old and tired
can't stand being pushed around
or made to bend

leggo of my dog ma
it was young and fresh once
full of hope and promise
a beacon of light
in our past darkness

surely you understand
a dog like this should be venerated
respected for what it was
not for what it has become
or for what we think it is

after all
it's my dog ma
and you can't take it away

Brussels, Belgium 2011



Virginia
by
P.F. Uhler

The leaves are almost down
softly whispering their song

I reminisce

it was not always so
the history lush and verdant
a mirage of beauty
manicured to a fault and
polished to perfection

you were the essence of it then
a joy to behold and caress
undeterred
unflinching
unfazed

perhaps I have awakened
and dreamt before
perhaps I am now dreaming

strands of stories wrapped as gifts
remembrances past
or just comforting fictions

I was yours once
but
Virginia is for lovers

Louvain-la-neuve, Belgium 2012



Songs

by
P.F. Uhler

The Burglar

by
P.F. Uhler

I'm just a soft-hearted burglar
without a knife
tryin' to break and enter
into your life
you know it's you that I'm after
to share my life
so won't you read this letter
and stop your strife

for I'm the thief who wants your dreams
and the burglar of your tender heart

I'm doin' time in a prison
of my device
wantin' the heart of a woman
who won't look twice
but I've made my decision
I'll pay the price
so please give me a listen
it's not a vice

for I'm the thief who wants your dreams
and the burglar of your tender heart

Alexandria, VA 1984



I'm Gonna Take You to the Cleaners Baby Blues
by
P.F. Uhler

I woke up this mornin' with a rock in my head
was a quarter past four had a feelin' of dread
you'd left me a note by the side of the bed
I knew what it said tho' it hadn't been read

Refrain

I'm gonna take you to the cleaners baby
cause you won't treat me like no lady
I'm gonna take you to the cleaners baby
and rid my ass o' you

Your lies I surmise with little surprise
your excuses could win a Pulitzer prize
but the truth just gets lost behind those big brown eyes
the eyes of the girl I've grown to despise

(Refrain)

Washington, DC 1984



The Bar Nun

by
P.F. Uhlir

she shake her hip
she shake her thigh
she shake her shakers
'til they make her cry

she shape her lip
in a sexy sigh
an' she lift her skirt
'til it's way up high

but when da boys
come by to try
she act as if
she not know why

'cause she's a bar nun
yeah a bar nun
just a bar nun
to me

she thinks she might
but she's so uptight
she won't go down
without a fight

she's always right
tho' her mind's so trite
she's hardly known
for bein' bright

an' tho' she makes
the scene each night
you'll never score
that sweet delight

cause she's a bar nun
yeah a bar nun
just a bar nun
to me

New York, NY 1985



Night Crawler Blues

by
P.F. Uhler

I open my eyes when the sun goes down
ain't nothin' to do but go into town
my baby she left just wearin' a frown
said she won't come back never turn aroun'

Refrain

I got them night crawler blues
an' I got nothin' to lose
you know dem night crawler blues
got me

my baby she said I'm jes' a low down worm
ain't no damn way that she'll ever return
her screamin' an' cussin' jes' made me burn
a woman like dat I can easily spurn

(refrain)

I roll outta bed 'cause night's fallin' fast
hit on the bottle to drown out the past
take two for the road to make the feelin' last
ready to go with my night crawlin' mask

(refrain)

Washington, DC 1987



Inner City Blues

by
P.F. Uhler

all my life I've lived in crime
hit the streets to score a dime
every day I'm doin' time
imprisoned in this life of mine

Refrain

inner city is my home
concrete jungle where I roam
on this system I've been thrown
like a dog without a bone

fancy cars and limousines
famous stars on movie screens
gorgeous babes and get-rich schemes
these are all part of my dreams

(refrain)

someday I will find some peace
inner vision seeks release
one day I will surely feast
'til that day I will not cease

(refrain)

Washington, DC 1987



Whiskey Sour Blues

by
P.F. Uhlir

wiltin' with the flowers
drinkin' whiskey sours
whilin' 'way the hours
as time drags on

thinkin' 'bout my baby
hardly seen her lately
thinkin' she is thinkin'
a bit about me

Refrain

you know the blues ain't got the power
of a double whiskey sour
no the blues ain't got no power
over me

can't believe she's left me
can't believe she'd hurt me
doesn't seem too likely
that she'd stay away

somehow I will find her
'cause I trust my whiskey sour
an' someday I will guide her
back on home to me

(refrain)

Cincinnati, OH 1988



Ivalo
by
P.F. Uhlir

rollin' into Ivalo
thoughts adrift like swirlin' snow
there's so much that I need to know
rollin' into Ivalo

Refrain

Ivalo oh Ivalo
why'd you let me drift here so
can't you make those feelings go
cast them out before they grow?

the answer's in your midnight sun
that brings to light all that's been done
and everything that's yet to come
including love that's just begun

(refrain)

your midnight sun has made it plain
some love brings joy and some brings pain
with some you lose and some you gain
the saddest love's the love in vain

(refrain)

rollin' into Ivalo
thoughts adrift like swirlin' snow
there's so much that I need to know
rollin' into Ivalo

Muonio, Finland 1988



My Special Sauce
by
P.F. Uhler

you know you can suck it an' lick it
let it drool down your chin
lap it up baby
and eat with a grin

Refrain

'cause it's mmmm baby
oooooh baby
aaaah...
my special sauce

I'll serve it for lunch and for dinner
or a midnight snack
at less than one calorie
it won't make you fat

(refrain)

they say it's the best sauce in town
they ain't foolin' around
enjoy it for hours
you won't leave feelin' down

(refrain)

so get down and suck it an' lick it
feel that cream on your skin
lap it up baby
and eat with a grin

(refrain)

Hailuoto, Finland 1988



Dem B'looga Blini Blooz

by
P.F. Uhler

you know how you feel
when the world gets too real
and your problems seem larger than life?

when your chauffeur leaves town
and you need a new gown
and your maid is no longer polite?

Refrain

it's dem b'looga blini blooz
when there's no one to use
an' da blinis no longer amuse

you know how you feel
when the world gets too real
and your poodles won't jump on demand?

when your gigolo's late
and you can't fornicate
and there's no one for you to command?

(refrain)

you know how you feel
when the world gets too real
'cause you've run out of ecstasy pills?

when your drug dealer's pissed
about payments you've missed
and your trust fund won't cover the bills?

(refrain)

you know how you feel
when the world gets too real
and the tabloids all call you a slime?



when your lawyers and brokers
turn out to be jokers
and you can't even borrow a dime?

(refrain)

you know how you feel
when your world gets too real
and your pedestal suddenly breaks?

when you first realize
that you've wallowed in lies
and your friends are all phonies and fakes?

(refrain)

San Francisco, CA 1989



The Sculptor

by
P.F. Uhlir

A lump of soft clay
In my hands I caress
Primordial substance
I cannot suppress
I mold and I shape
Your traits as they grow
A pleasure to wait
As all sculptors know

Refrain

I am the artist
you are my art
I am your sculptor
The work of my heart

A plain block of wood
Your edges are rough
The material's good
You have the right stuff
I use all my tools
Although it's quite clear
You're nobody's fool
Have no one to fear

(Refrain)

A nugget of gold
A gleam in my eye
Your future is bold
The limit's the sky
I forge the soft metal
So precious yet strong
You're made of fine mettle
I'm sure I'm not wrong

(Refrain)

Stafford, VA 1990



Drastic Plastic
by
P.F. Uhler

Drastic plastic
so fantastic!
drastic plastic
drastic plastic
it's a classic!
drastic plastic

When your money has run out
and your baby wears a pout
use your plastic!
When you're shopping at the store
and your bank won't lend you more
give them plastic!

(concurrent chant throughout)

drastic plastic
so fantastic!
drastic plastic
drastic plastic
it's a classic!
drastic plastic

Refrain
drastic plastic
so fantastic!
drastic plastic

drastic plastic
it's a classic!
drastic plastic

When your breasts are falling down
and your face is in a frown
get some plastic!
If it's implants that you need
so that others will take heed
get that plastic!

(refrain)

If you need to make some dough
to generate cash flow
sell some plastic!
Plastic makes the world go 'round
keeps us all from feelin' down
'cause it's plastic!

(refrain)



If it's power that's your game
and all you crave is fame
look like plastic!
It's the image you create
that will make you seem so great
'cause it's plastic!

(refrain)

You know our nation feeds
on our false priorities
'cause we're plastic!
So our culture spirals lower
toward that glitter in the gutter
'cause it's plastic!

Washington, DC 1991



Drinkin' Scotch on Bourbon Street
by
P.F. Uhlir

Ah went on down to New Awleans
to clarify mah views
Dat city's got da ways an' means
to nullify yo' blues
Ah cruised aroun' de ole French part
searchin' fo' some clues
on wheah to cure may achin' heart
an' lose alla mah bad news

Refrain

Been drinkin' scotch on Bourbon Street
aroun' some badass bars
Lookin' fo' somethin' fahn to eat
some Cajun voodoo dolls

Ah cannot say Ah's had enuf
to sate mah raw desire
Keep lookin' fo' some foxy stuff
to quench mah burnin' fire
Dis town has got a lotta kicks
o' dat ya can be sure
A paradise fo' derelicks
a place ya CAIN'T be pure!

(refrain)

(repeat first stanza)

New Orleans, LA 1995



Your Loving Eyes
by
P.F. Uhler

You bring me joy
and share your gladness
you make me smile
and shed my sadness

but what sends me most
and brings me highs
is the magic gaze
of your loving eyes

your loving eyes
they melt my heart
they heal the soul
that's torn apart

I came to you
so sad and blue
I needed you
and you came through

you rescued me
and made me sane
it's plain to see
I'm not the same

your loving eyes
they melt my heart
they heal the soul
that's torn apart

Washington, DC 1998



Water
by
P.F. Uhler

flowing flowing flow flow
flowing flowing flow flow
flowing flowing flow flow
flowing flowing flow flow
(repeat)

water water sun sun
water stream and water run
water come and water flow
round&round&round it go

water steams and waters ice
ocean tides our souls entice
water stream and water flow
round&round&round it go

water is the font of life
water is the source of strife
water come and water flow
round&round&round it go

water makes all live things grow
water kills in undertow
water ebbs and waters flow
round&round&round it go

water air the earth and star
water is the way we are
water come and water flow
round&round&round it go

flowing flowing flow flow
flowing flowing flow flow
flowing flowing flow flow
flowing flowing flow flow
(repeat)

(concurrent chant throughout)

flowing flowing flow flow
flowing flowing flow flow
flowing flowing flow flow
flowing flowing flow flow
(repeat)

Milan, Italy 2011



Icky Picky
by
P.F. Uhler

picky picky
icky picky
I'm so picky
icky picky

icky icky
picky icky
you're so icky
icky picky

I pick at food
'n choose my mood
I must really work
to be so crude

icky tricky
quicky tricky
I'm so tricky
icky tricky

I'm so hot
'n your so not
I'm so hot
'n your so not

icky dicky
dicky picky
you're so icky
icky dicky

tricky tricky
quicky tricky
I'm so tricky
icky tricky

Chant

picky picky
icky picky
I'm so picky
icky picky

picky picky
icky picky
I'm so picky
icky picky

icky icky
picky icky
you're so icky
icky picky

icky icky
picky icky
you're so icky
icky picky

picky picky
icky picky
I'm so picky
icky picky

Alexandria, VA 2012



Get It On

By
P.F. Uhlir

Get it on on 'n on
Get it on on 'n on
Get it on on 'n on
Get it on on 'n on

(Repeat)

I live to love and love to live
I want to love and love to give
I share my love and dare to live
I love to love and live to give

Get it on on 'n on
Get it on on 'n on
Get it on on 'n on
Get it on on 'n on

(Repeat)

I live to love and love to live
I want to love and love to give
I share my love and dare to live
I love to love and live to give

Get it on on 'n on
Get it on on 'n on
Get it on on 'n on
Get it on on 'n on

(Repeat)

Beijing, China 2013



The Ghosts of Jim

by
P.F. Uhlir

I begged, I cried, I hid my pride
My love for you, you cast aside
I bared my soul and opened wide
My love, my goal, was still denied

I heard instead a daily hymn
A lonely song, the song of Jim

I dreamed of us, my Love, my quest
I gave my best to pass your test
But love to you was a just a jest
You thought of me like all the rest

And what I heard instead was Jim
The daily song to ghosts of him

Perhaps I'd stayed and passed the grade
I tried to fix mistakes I made
Your heart is hard—a heart of jade
So I must go, my love will fade

And what I heard—a daily hymn—
That's haunted by the ghosts of Jim

Wuhan, China 2013



With / Without You
by
P.F. Uhler

Your sweet caress, your gentle touch
just holding hands, it means so much
To lie, to sleep, to dream, to wake
with you, my love, my queen, my fate

It's all so true
but leaves me blue
'cause I am with
and without you

Your trust in fate I can relate
I was meant to be your mate
It's plain to see it's planned to be
but I'm living a dichotomy

It's all so true
but leaves me blue
'cause I am with
and without you

So please don't go, I need you so
I love you more than you can know
I also know that life's not fair
I left and it's my cross to bear

It's all so true
but leaves me blue
'cause I am with
and without you

Callicoon, 2017



Just Nineteen Bucks to Save Your Soul
PF Uhler

Save a dying child today
One for which you need to pray
One who lies in bed all day
A child for which you ought to pay

Refrain

Nineteen bucks is all it takes
To wipe away your past mistakes
Just nineteen bucks per month it takes
To wash your blues away

Save a soul in need today
One for which you have to pray
One that's poor and sad all day
A soul for which you ought to pay

Refrain

Nineteen bucks is all it takes
To wipe away your past mistakes
Just nineteen bucks per month it takes
To wash your blues away

Save a cat or mutt today
One for which you need to pray
A stray is like a child they say
One for which you ought to pay

Refrain

Nineteen bucks is all it takes
To wipe away your past mistakes
Just nineteen bucks per month it takes
To wash your blues away

Savannah, 2024



I Don't Care Do U?
by
P.F. Uhlir

throw it under the bus
I say
throw it under the bus
throw it throw it throw it throw it
throw it throw it throw it throw it
throw it under the bus
no muss no fuss

jes' throw it under the bus
I say
throw it under the bus
jes' throw it throw it throw it throw it throw it

jes' throw it under the bus
no muss no fuss
I say
throw it under the bus
I say
throw it under the bus
throw it throw it throw it throw it
throw it throw it throw it throw it

no muss no fuss
I say
jes' throw it under the bus

Callicoon 2024

