

# GRAVITATIONAL FORCE

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(the lyrics)



## Gravitational Force

Despite calculations of an impending gravitational force  
We appear to be forever floating  
Despite our best attempts to close our eyes and just stay put  
We keep on finding a way to just move on

Spinning around the color wheel  
Looking for some contrast  
Something that will cover the color we've seen before  
Just below the visible layer  
A combination of black and white  
A different set of circumstances than we have seen before

Now if you've been around since Kennedy  
Though nobody would ever guess  
And no piece of paper exists that can prove that hypothetical connection  
It's easy to rewrite history  
Just pick up a pen  
And again  
Let the words come bleeding out

Cause nobody's going to question this  
once it's been entered into evidence  
Nobody's future has been balanced on this edge  
Still, it's easy to rewrite history  
Just pick up a pen  
And again  
Let the words come bleeding out



## Mojave

I got a house made out of leaves and a tendency toward procrastination  
It's in my nature, but not all of it -- it's just a habit, an inclination

Give us the paper, give us the pen

I'll take a moment, I'll take a while, I'll take a walk -- begin preparing  
It's all connected, these leaves, these vines  
It's just a landscape, with roads and straight lines

We can do better, we'll be just fine  
If we all concentrate and clear our fuckin minds  
We can do better, when we're all concentrating

Give us the paper, give us the pen  
Give us a moment to sign again

It's just a landscape, with roads and lines  
A testament to what we might find here  
Inconsequential, incidental  
You'd never notice it -- you'd never notice it missing

I got a mountain held together with paint  
Sticks and plastic or whatever they bring to me  
Nothing is drawn out, but it's all planned  
Each day it always comes together

Give us the fuckin paper, give us the fuckin pen  
Give us a fuckin moment to sign again  
Give us a fuckin moment, give us a fuckin moment

PROCRASTINATION



## Skylab

Turning back a page or two, they tend to stick together  
But no matter, it's all good  
Call in a favor, or use the skills you got  
To get that helicopter headed to the scene

Waiting in the 70s for skylab to fall  
Looking for the ball of fire  
Looking for the target painted on the ground  
Underneath where we stand

And we don't understand  
And we didn't then  
We don't understand  
And we didn't then

Jupiter is rising up over the edges of Tokyo Bay  
And I am sitting, waiting

Waiting in the 70s for skylab to fall  
Looking for the ball of fire  
Looking for the target painted on the ground  
Underneath where we stand

Resistance is useful  
Avoid the smoke & ash choking English Bay  
And I have been standing here, breathing  
All along

RESISTANCE



## Wall Of Sound

I want to continue  
Continue to make some noise tonight  
I want to continue  
Continue to raise my voice in spite  
Of circumstances  
These common things beyond our control  
The eventual outcome  
These common things that we can't know

I want to just bang on things good  
Take a stick in each hand and just pound  
Stretched skin, then metal, then wood  
Take a stick in each hand, create some sound  
Without really planning it out  
Without really knowing where this all will land  
I want to just bang on things good  
Take a stick in each hand, create some sound

Wait...  
What was that you just said  
Let's get it down, let's save it  
Let's do another  
Then we'll write it all down, and we'll save it

We'll do another  
We'll knock them all off, one by one  
Then when it's time to reset  
We'll change it all up, just cause we can  
We can always come back  
Backtrack and set to zero  
I want to just bang on things good  
I want to write my name on a wall of sound

BANG ON THINGS



## Tongue Tied

Cancel my prescription, I'm just fine-- don't need anything  
I was kind of buzzing, I was feeling tired and tongue tied  
But now I've taken a breath, now I've taken a page from back when  
Everything was fine, not so long ago

One foot in the present, one foot in the past  
In the center, in the middle-- the only place that's gonna last  
Standing here breathing in, breathing out

Cancel my prescription, I'm just fine-- don't need anything  
I was numb and poisoned, I was feeling tired and tongue tied to the tracks

Now the only thing that's impossible  
Is takin' that train back where I was before

Answer all of the questions, keeping track of the breadcrumbs  
The ending is uncertain, I don't know where this is leading  
But I'm gonna see it through now, gonna see it through now

Cancel my prescription, I'm just fine-- don't need anything  
I was kind of buzzing, I was feeling tired and tongue tied  
But now I've got my passport, and I'm packed to sail away  
I've stowed away with everything I'll need

Got some pens and paper, got some stories to tell  
Working on an idea, something to fall back on so that all will be well  
When everything I've planned goes to hell  
I'll be standing here breathing in, breathing out again

Heading for america, hoping for a miracle  
Something light and lyrical, spiritual and spherical  
Inspirational and minimal, tangible and physical  
Logical and sincere, cause you know I'm never cynical

I don't know, I don't know, I don't know

PRESCRIPTION



## This Little Car

This little car I'm riding in was made in Germany  
There is a little plaque, glued off-center on the back  
To prove it changed hands once in Oregon

Keeping to the center line by any means necessary  
License and registration  
Don't make a fuss, just hand it over

Practice for the singalong, the fun will be starting soon  
Memorize more than just the minor chords  
Remember what the scout leader taught you

Three stars in a line represent a hunter's belt  
Three words in a certain order recreate everything he felt

This little car I'm riding in is only temporary  
I'll be riding in some other car  
Before I've set all of the radio stations

And I know before I know it  
I'll be mercifully, thankfully, definitely, probably  
Riding in some other car that might have been made in Sweden  
There might be a little plaque, glued off-center on the back  
To show it changed hands once in Copenhagen  
Edinburgh, Amsterdam, Barcelona, Escondido  
Marseille, Bangalore, Tokyo, West Vancouver

TEMPORARY



## Science

You seem to know a lot about science  
You always recognize the patterns and the tendencies  
You are familiar with the principles defining this  
You must have memorized the forms and the shapes they take

Little pieces of energy and motion

Science is golden  
And gold means we won  
One little push starts the universe expanding  
A million gold coins scattered in the silence

I want to study the silence  
I want to take it apart  
I want to write it down and file this  
I want to see how it all ends and then restarts

I want to watch the sound waves  
I want to see the way they settle down  
I know they're bound to start building up again  
I know they're bound to start building up again

You want to take another look at the sky  
A microscopic glance at extrasolar galaxies  
But in this neighborhood they tend to leave on all the lights  
In this neighborhood, they got too many damn lights



## Classic Rock

Left my umbrella lonely in another life  
In some other place -- in another state of an alleged mind  
The place where I was living, this place I was representing  
All the tea leaves signify good luck, as raindrops puddle on the floor of a bus

I still look for you -- I still listen for the most unlikely words  
I remember only doing that, do you?

Left my invisibility cape with my x-ray specs  
And my never-fail sleeping powder  
And gave all of my childhood to these people I do not know  
These people who thank Jesus  
For all this shit I loaded into my car

But me, I remember you  
I remember those most unpromising words  
I remember mostly that  
Do you?

Classic rock in my head  
All the hits from '73  
Covered boat, suburban driveway dock  
Alice, T. Rex, Iggy Pop

And all these songs, they were written for you  
They were unleashed into a most unpromising world  
I remember mostly that  
Do you?

X-RAY  
SPECS



## Capistrano

Earth and sky meet the eyes of a dreamer  
Morning brings reality with its heat  
Quiet interrupter with right of first refusal  
Determined, with a certain sense of uncertainty

Return to Capistrano, man, just in time  
I was born as feathers spiraled into Spring  
This reality we are swallowing, not fast enough  
Footprints in the snowflake sand, with dreams trailing

Set it all up, just one part catches fire  
Turn it up to 10  
Play it all out, down to the wire

My sister's married to a serious survivalist  
Their kids are getting drunk on holy water in Florida  
Well, that's a hell of a thing for an earthbound atheist  
With dreams of running from guns and bibles  
In the mountains of Canada

My neighbor's buried in delirious anonymity  
His bones are scattered randomly at the bottom of a reservoir  
Although it doesn't do much to help an eternal soul's salvation  
the combination of bones and ditches isn't bad for irrigation



## Balanced Impossibly

If we just wait the next wave might bring us back to shore  
Sometimes if we hold our breath time will stay in place  
Sometimes if we close our eyes that one star will share just enough light  
Sometimes it's just enough, just enough

To lift our bodies a little higher  
A little higher with each inhale  
So our toes won't even touch the whites of the cresting seventh wave

Goddess on a shell, staring off into infinity  
Birth of Venus -- balanced, impossibly  
Arms lengthen from the weight of all the universe  
All that's offered, all that you can see

As far as I can tell, this is almost at capacity  
What's between us, challenged and chosen  
Words highlight the lightness of all that's been  
All that's offered, all that you can see

If we hadn't seen it first  
If we hadn't just seen the final cut  
If we hadn't yet memorized each establishing shot  
You know it's gonna be quick  
You know it's gonna be painless and light  
When the 8th grade band tunes up  
And takes the inhale for measure one, two, three

JUST  
ENOUGH



## Parameters

On more than one occasion, I've had to stop and turn around  
Before this information gets buried in the ground again  
I hardly ever notice, I hardly ever see  
Exactly when the best time is  
To take it out and burn it or to bury it again in the dirt

You know I'm not complaining  
I'm not one who'll take that route  
You know I'll never question, the working notes or the final report  
Cause memory is selective  
And what's written down, is what memory sees  
And certainty certainly seldomly covers  
Six of one, half dozen of the other

Nothing is exactly the same  
From minute to minute  
Everything begins again  
From minute to minute

With a screwdriver, wrench and a hammer  
You can get yourself out of many things  
And sometimes, get back into them  
When parameters change  
But there's one thing you'll never get out of  
Or find a way to get back into again  
Even if you study hard and take lots of notes  
And get extra credit and never act up

EXTRA CREDIT



## Exhale

Inhale this breath -- exhale the next  
Inhale energy -- exhale the rest

Inhale a grounding presence  
Exhale fear of change

Inhale silence  
Exhale fragments of energy lost

All these things  
All these days  
All is given  
Everything is given

Inhale this earth -- exhale your dreams

Inhale the warmth of this breath  
Exhale the thoughts that don't comfort you anymore

Inhale and close your eyes  
there's no need to keep on keeping score

All is in place  
Everything is balanced and accounted for

Breathe in information  
Breathe out the afterthought

B  
A  
L  
A  
N  
C  
E  
D



## Coyotes Of Hollywood

He had the open heart of a stereotypical Hollywood drifter  
But an unrelenting voice in the wings always whispered, "Stand still"  
Right below the sole of your borrowed wingtips, there's a masking tape mark  
And the lights have all been rigged just to find you standing right there

A stationary soul in a planetary spin  
Each scene brings another chance to reinvent yourself, to see within  
To take the words that writers write and memorize what comes around again  
To live the other worlds that live inside someone else's pen

Typecast, at the end of a thin line  
Rewritten, just this afternoon  
Looking for the right take, the right spin, for the right feel  
And then on to the next reel, on to the next reel

Coyotes run through these hills, you can see them every night  
You can always recognize them when you see them mirrored in your headlights  
Cautious, and questioning, symmetrical in size  
Staring straight out into the night, at exactly coyote eye height

Guided by clouds and stars, running from fires  
Flying over Mulholland, Topanga, to the sea  
We used to dream in black and white  
We used to see what isn't there, but used to be  
We never thought that we could swim  
We were never taught that we could fly  
What we see tonight, we could never imagine when we were pups  
Howling in our pack  
We could never've imagined this, even just last night

We hold the script closer to our squinting eye  
We wonder if those cautionary tales might, at last, hold an ounce of truth  
We settle into the sense of ease that only hard-won years can bring  
We sing along with anthems that only catch what our memories can prove

Sailing down Sunset, to Malibu, and up north along the coast  
We sometimes take what isn't freely given  
And sometimes ask for just a little bit more  
We never thought that we could swim  
We were never taught that we could fly  
What we see tonight, we could never imagine when we were young  
We could never imagine this, even just last night

SUNSET  
G



## Such Tiny Stars

Feel the shift, from seconds to hours  
So much heat from such a tiny star  
Feel the way the moon pulls the water  
Such a presence from something so far

Such a radiant glare from such tiny stars  
So much weight from objects made of light  
Tumble and fall, without any sound  
Broken dot motion lines follow  
Broken dot motion lines follow

Follow us around  
Follow us all around

Here in the hexagon, we're all about the subtle buzz  
All about just letting it go, and just flowing about, forgetting  
If it never happened, we'd all just hum along  
We're all about angle, all about the line  
All about the corner pocket

All of the time

So follow us around  
Follow us around, all of the time

P  
R  
E  
S  
E  
N  
C  
E



## One Way Street In Chinatown

Born on a summer night  
On a plastic-covered backseat  
Of an overheated Crown Vic  
Pulled up outside a bakery  
Underneath a flashing yellow light  
On a one way street in Chinatown

Found yourself across a famous bridge  
In a less-than-famous neighborhood  
A little more quiet there  
But not in a good way  
Taken away before you even started school  
Right-hand side of the water, left-hand side of the road

It was like, what are you looking at --  
Where do you come from, kid?

Lived above a souvenir shop  
Just a ceiling and a floor  
Separating you from  
Union Jack T-shirts, and posters of the queen  
And a row of little snowy globes,  
An underwater, hand-painted  
Changing of the guard

Up on Abbey Road  
Zebra crossing tourists in groups of four

Golden slumbers, yellow submarine  
Norwegian wood, come together, let it be  
The long and winding road, while my guitar gently weeps  
Eight days a week, all you need is love

S  
O  
U  
N  
D  
M  
E  
N  
I  
R



## Cluster Of Separate Sparks

When asked about funny stories  
A little slice of your life  
To make those who are crying, smile  
I try to remember when you were smiling  
I try to remember that

Technicolor memories, left to others  
It's lots of fun, til somebody gets hurt  
Cabinet full of blue and green, and unopened bottles  
Disregard the medicine and always stay alert

Shepherd show me how to go  
Cause this hillside is so steep  
How to gather, how to sow  
And how to feed sheep  
If you don't remember

A cluster of separate sparks  
Headlights on another highway  
Sleeping rabbit painted on the moon  
Familiar prayers whispered in your ear nightly  
And you memorize the rhythm of the words  
And you recognize the parts that you have learned

When we look into the sky  
We always see the same constellations  
It's lots of fun, til somebody gets hurt  
Swirling in the blue and green, with flowcharts and models  
Disregard the medicine, always stay alert



## **In The Wind**

Oh baby, oh baby  
There are blue skies  
Just around the bend  
Can't you see the blue skies  
Up around the bend  
Soon the sun will be shining  
And our tears will scatter  
In the wind

BLUE  
SKIES



Gravitational Force  
Mojave  
Skylab  
Wall Of Sound  
Tongue Tied  
This Little Car  
Science  
Classic Rock  
Capistrano  
Balanced Impossibly  
Parameters  
Exhale  
Coyotes Of Hollywood  
Such Tiny Stars  
One Way Street In Chinatown  
Cluster Of Separate Sparks  
In The Wind



All words and music by David Roos  
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