

WATSON



WILDMAN

The Proletarian  
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Eggs is Eggs  
I Met Her in the Black Eagle

Wildman  
An Album

by Sam T. Watson

# The Proletarian

The pretty little victim became a vicious vixen  
And what she lacked in wisdom  
She made up for with conviction

But what your smile  
It can't disguise  
Is the sadness that lurks  
Behind your eyes

She cried  
"I need to know  
Won't you let me know  
Where does it go  
The love we wasted?"

And so her conviction  
Became an addiction  
She longed for benediction  
But she invoked a contraction

I said  
"Crying out for a solution  
Is no way to reach a conclusion"  
She said  
"You're cruising for a bruising"  
I said  
"We are on the road to ruin"

So is it juicy in the middle?  
Because it's bitter on the skin  
I'm a mere citizen  
All your facetious friends  
And that knowing little grin  
I'm your mere citizen

And I need to know  
Won't you let me know  
Where does it go  
The love we've wasted?

Philistines ain't you had your fill?  
Sycophants aren't you sick of them?  
I'm your mere citizen  
And contrary to the company you keep  
The ones who just play pretend  
I'm a real life proletarian

And I need to know  
Won't you let me know  
Where does it go  
The love we've wasted?

Where does it lie  
Sedated  
Berated  
Unrequited?

Where does it die  
Hated  
Degraded  
Abominated?

And what your smile  
It can't disguise  
Is the sadness that lurks  
Behind your eyes

She cried  
"I need to know  
Won't you let me know  
Where does it go  
The love we've wasted?"

# Love, Bleeding Hearts & Death

I picked out two coffee cups  
I filled them up  
Cause I forgot

I can't accept it  
I won't forget it  
I might have done it  
But I don't regret it

It's just  
I'll miss you all

Let's pretend that we are  
We're the sort of people  
The sort of people who like  
To sit and talk about food

Cause I don't want to pretend like  
I'm the kind of person  
The kind of person who likes  
To sit and talk about you

And I don't just want to sit at  
Sit at a table  
Sit at a table and talk about..

War  
You want to go to war  
Sure, we can go to war  
War  
You tell me you want war  
Then I'll see you at high noon on the ocean floor

War  
You want to go to war  
Sure, we can go to war  
More  
You tell me you want more  
Then I'll see you at high noon on the ocean floor

Because the sea remembers nothing  
Not you or I my Love  
No the sea remembers nothing  
Not you or I my Love  
My Love  
The sea remembers nothing  
Not you or I my Love  
No the sea remembers nothing  
Not you or I my..

It won't remember me  
And it won't remember you  
The only thing it abides by  
Is Nature's omnipotent rule

And it doesn't care for you  
And it doesn't care for me  
But that doesn't mean we can't treat it with  
A little more decency

If we relinquish self serving greed  
And ideas of instrumentality  
Then maybe we'll welcome in a new age  
Of singularity

It won't remember me  
And it doesn't care for you  
And it doesn't give a fuck  
About the audition that you blew

Or the photo that you took  
Of your food or of yourself  
Or your apparent abundant wealth  
And the good time you're trying so desperately hard to sell

I know I'm being a cunt  
But can't you see  
I just want to be an anomaly  
Like all the other superfluous freaks  
So please have a heart  
When it comes to my vain attempts at art  
The truth is I'm terrified of spending my life  
In pretentious cocktail bars

And amounting to nothing more  
Than dying relatively poor  
Having always wanted more  
More more more

# Love's Young Nightmare

I  
I decided to fly

But you shot me down  
You shot me down

Cause you wanted me for a prize

And you ran to the river  
But you see  
I was lost at sea  
And you'll never get your grubby mits on me

Try  
You wanted to try  
You want to try  
You wanted to try, but you'll never be..

You wanted to try  
But I'd rather die  
You're wasting your time  
Cause I'm not for sale

And you can't afford to buy

You wanted to try  
I don't want to try

You're wasting my mind  
Now I'm soaking in lies  
I don't want to try  
You'll never be mine

After the hunt  
You said you wanted me stuffed  
And mounted on your wall  
I may be broken  
But I've got my soul  
And the minute you leave open that front door..

I'll ride  
Right into the night  
I tried  
I tried to describe  
Describe  
These feelings inside

Try  
I tried to describe  
These feelings inside  
So I cut out my eyes

I gave you my eyes  
But you couldn't see right  
And now I'm fucking blind  
I don't really mind

*"If you snatch at it, it'll turn to dust in your fist,  
If you breathe me in, I'll slip out through your skin.  
Let it land"*

# Thespian False Affair

Enter CTA: Delusions of grandeur, unwavering. Imagination, running wild.

CTA: Another late night alone again,  
This pack of ten, my only friend.

Those thoughts my dear, do they haunt you?  
Don't worry my love, they hound me too.

It couldn't be contained in that small, dark room,  
Where I'm supposed to lie,  
But it's here I shield my truth.

Stolen glances,  
Over your shoulder,  
Could it be,  
It's not just me,  
Who really wants this?

I know this is just a game of pretend,  
But I can't pretend I don't play to win,  
But now I see your machine is rigged,  
Because you'll never be mine no matter how much I give.

Watch those stolen glances,  
You pour them over your shoulder,  
Could it be,  
It's not just me,  
Who really wants this?

So tell me now,  
Is this how you get your kicks?  
When the lights go down  
And you bite my lip?

And you'll go back to them and then,  
I'll reunite with my friends,  
The bottle and the ten.

Pour me, pour me, pour me another,  
Pour me, poor me, pour me another,  
Love is such a slippery fucker,  
Pour me, pour me, pour me another.

# Heart Throb

I know you all, and I will uphold  
Our wicked ways,  
So let's be friends.

And the sins of the fathers go round and round in cycles.

I know that you are flawed,  
But aren't we all?  
And maybe, I like scars.

So let's take chunks out one another, and we will watch the blood bubble.

So what's yours, well now it's mine,  
If only for a short time.  
And you can be, be forlorn,  
But save that shit for after I'm gone.

Cause this ain't for life, it's just for tonight,  
It ain't for life, it's just for tonight.

Now you've seen it all,  
And maybe we could go far,  
But you must, you must uphold,  
You must uphold our filthy manifesto.

And then  
We can be lovers  
We should be lovers  
We could be lovers  
We should be lovers  
We could be lovers  
We should be lovers  
We could be lovers  
We should be lovers

Good morning, goodbye  
Good morning, goodbye.

*(Be weary of any individuals that wish to dictate or govern how others exist)*

# Tiger Striped

You changed everything for better, for sure,  
But how can I show you I'm grateful when you've pinned me to the floor?

I dedicate this song to you, in spite of every 'change of the moon.'

*"All my life, the days went by,  
I, who lived, wildly and madly, I was happy,  
To die, to die, not afraid to die,  
I must've died about 100 times, time.*

*All of my owners, none of them I cared for, they came and went while I lacked what  
I longed for.*

*Then one day she stepped into, stepped into my life,  
Her golden soul made me feel whole, the part of me I'd been denied,  
We danced on the walls, and we dined on our scraps, strays with such pride,  
My soul was hers, my bones they yearned, she was mine, mine.*

*But time took its toll and she grew old and then one day she died.*

*I was alone,  
Lost, without a cause,  
Without a home,  
My Love, she was gone, I cried.  
I must've cried about 1000 times, time.*

*Then I died, I died, never came back to life."*

You pinned me to the bed, I beg you brand your name on my chest,  
And I confess,  
I felt blessed.  
I'm so ashamed to say, that I, I felt so afraid,  
Cause I felt safe,  
With you I'm safe.  
When you pinned me to the floor, did you know that I'd beg for more?  
Don't go,  
Baby, don't go.  
Bloody, broken and destitute, there's nothing I want more,  
Than you.

I love you, whatever. Whatever, whatever. It's better together. I love you, whatever.

# Stay Lucky

One.

‘Caught on the blindside.’

You.

Skipping over the puddles and pitfalls of your life.

The air.

Turning blue between your skull and your mind

It permeated from your beautiful, foul mouth, quite a sight.

Because you were never this eloquent when you were mine.

The pain within, it peppers my sins. But the love inside, escapes me one more time.

The shame within me is what permits me. But the love inside eludes us one more time.

The symptom of a sliding scale,

A touch in order just to feel,

The poster on the prison wall,

A little vile of poison.

Two.

‘...’

Having lost more than a few sheets to the wind, I was slipping home through the streets like a feline, licking my wounds. I stumbled past a familiar house and though it was four in the morning there were still lights. Some other prick must have been in there blowing your mind.

So who ends up with egg on their face?

Is the joke on I?

The hate within, it seasons their sins and the love inside eludes us one more time. The shame within them, it’s what permits them and the love inside escapes us one more time.

The syndrome of a sliding scale,

A touch in order just to feel,

The poster on the prison wall,

A little vile of poison.

# Child Of Lilith

You told me you want to, want to get off  
Well I can hardly blame you love  
You had four years bad luck  
And then you think you've found love  
"Maybe this guy can change my luck"  
But after six months shackled up  
You're knocked up  
And all he does is give a shrug  
So you tell that fucker where to get off  
And that's when his love, it gets a little rough

So instead of a hug, you start receiving the cuff  
He smacks you up, then he cleans you off  
Then he sends you out to get fucked  
You best believe there's a price for his love  
But with your 'big old gunt' and your mouth swollen shut  
How do you expect to get them off?  
So he sells his ass to keep the baby intact  
Don't think that he'll let you forget about that

"Maybe my baby just needs some more love,  
And that will get him to straighten up"

You told me want to, want to get off  
Well I can hardly blame you all  
Because the distance between the life that you dreamed  
And the one you received  
I can hardly believe  
Opportunity knocks, you say  
"I don't give a fuck"  
Is it any wonder that you've grown numb? (no)  
How many more genera\*tions must succumb?  
With your finger on the trigger, your head under their thumb

"Maybe my babies just need some more love, maybe these babies just need  
some more love, and that will get them to stand up"

She told me she wanted to get out from under  
Well I could hardly refuse her  
So don't worry honey, there is no need to hurry  
Lets take our time and bury the body  
Because the love you gave me, it's made me crazy  
But you know that I'll always be your baby.

\*help me

# No More Pipe Dreams

This just won't do, no this just won't do, the trees that we grew don't bare  
any fruit.

In the morning it hits you abrupt.

"How the fuck do I get up?"

You lie awake at night, vexed, your chest is tight. You know that she waits  
behind your eyes.

In the barren place where the trees unwind, it plays host to a shrine and its  
borders are infinitely wide. It doesn't adhere, it don't adhere, she won't  
adhere to time. Time out of mind.

She stands there naked, bathed in light. She wears that perfect smile, that to  
trust would not be wise. Because she is just the kind to break a man's heart  
twice, she whispers

"I was right."

And you know she is right.

Now you live like a train on the tracks. You didn't ask for that, but there is  
no turning back and it seems, well, it seems we have come apart at the seams  
and there will be no pipe dreams. No more pipe dreams.

If seven billion people aren't willing to try, then why oh why, why the fuck  
should I?

If ten thousand generations have gone by, what chance my dear have you  
and I?

If they granted us twenty thousand more successful fucks, would that be  
enough?

This just won't do, no this just won't do, the trees that we grew don't bare  
any fruit.

This just won't do, no this just won't do, things you want from me, I can't  
give them to you.

This just won't do, no this just won't do, the dreams you promised me, they  
are not coming true.

# Untitled

You can ask questions  
I promise I won't answer  
Something happened to me  
I'm never going back there

You can cry out  
Through bone about  
Some tragedy  
That's forgotten in seconds  
If I'm honest  
I find you subtractive and detracting

So I began  
So I ran  
From door, to door, to door, to door

A carcass in a hallway that's endless  
As we pirouette and plummet through sheets of glass  
We leave a shard-coated corridor  
Free at last  
To separate our souls  
Line up all our loves and entwine in a single strand  
Of eternity  
But don't remind me  
Of the children we were  
Curating cruelty

The treaty was brief  
We killed liberally  
Chose treason over reason  
Your war set us free

Now there's a debris of relief  
It's under my feet  
It's made up of tiny skulls, dust and concrete

But what I have found the hardest to keep down  
Is the poison I suck from your swollen mound of flesh  
I think it would be best  
To concentrate on the sound of you slicing the hair from my scalp

Blood runs thick and fast  
As it dribbles through the cracks  
In the floorboards  
To the basement  
It feeds the children in the basement  
And they grow stronger

Meanwhile  
You all hang from the ceiling  
Self indulgent, make believing  
I, like chains  
Will drag you to the sea  
All of you, none of you  
Enemies  
None of you, all of you  
Enemies

So look to the animals  
If you can't believe  
Sad and obedient  
Obedient to nature

While all your feelings  
Feel distracted

# Eggs is Eggs

*H Mr. D: "Were you expecting all of your friends?"*

*B E B: "Well it would have been a very small party then"*

(Seventeen)

What did you think was going to happen?  
What did you think would happen?

When the ghosts in your cells  
Became mine as well  
Trapped in this vessel  
Do I wear them well?

What can I do?  
To not become you

I've done all I could  
Do you think I've done good?

They say  
"The sins of the fathers, go round and round in cycles,  
Cyclical and cynical, despicable disciples"

*"Oh what a way, with the ladies"*

The only thing you left me with is a name I'm ashamed to use  
Do you think you've done good?

*"Give him a hand!"*

Do you think you've done good?

(Twenty-seven)

What did I think was going to happen?  
What did I think would happen?

When I signed off on my soul  
And became your picador

A protégé  
A renegade

But I can't go on  
I'm no longer young  
I crave no more thrills  
All that blood has been spilled

Fighting a war  
Against a beast unknown  
I suggest that we lose  
You said

*"The only thing worse than not getting what you want, is having it all"*

You taught me more than anyone ever could  
You should know you've done good  
You know you've done good

(Seventy-eight)

What did you think was going to happen?  
What did you think would happen?

When you became smitten and gave your love to that kitten  
If you stroke that thing for too long my boy, you are sure to get bitten  
She was built to enchant you  
That special kind of dancer  
She wraps you up in a tantrum  
Then she plays the phantom

Of course she is going to clean you out  
That's what it is all about  
You wind up in her litter  
Thinking, "*Maybe I could have done better*"

When you see her thighs shake and her top lip all aquiver  
You think, *Yeah, I've done good*"  
But as she walks alone through the streets, her stockings full of your loot  
She thinks, *Yeah, I've done good*"  
You know she's done good.

*"pay attention now.."*

(Thirty-eight)

What did you think was going to happen?  
What did you think would happen?

When the sins that they sew, began to grow  
When the hate that they spewed, began to take root  
When the ideas you were sold, began to take hold  
And the lines that they drew, became real for me and you

What did you do when the lies became true?  
Maybe the things we have done have spurred them on?  
Who's really to blame?  
*"Surely not me"* you proclaim  
But saying *"I did my best"* won't take the weight off your chest

So when *"Oh, sorry son"* is all you've got for your young  
And their future has been laid to ruin  
What good will all your feelings be doing?

Will you say *"I've done good"*?  
Can you say you've done good?

Once they have siphoned off all the cream  
And left us barren on a hot tin roof

What will you do?

*"What will YOU do?"*

# I Met Her In The Black Eagle

I was perpetually underwhelmed and you astounded me,  
You surrounded me,  
In a love that made it hard to breathe.  
Like hot breath on a window pane,  
You left me mystified.  
When you stared into my eyes, you made me realise,

That the more we love, the more we love,  
The less we recognise.  
You took the cobwebs from my eyes,  
And you tore off my disguise.

Everything paled and went faceless, like the strangers in the night.  
The blue plumed strangers of the night,  
That line the doorways of my life.

Debase, forlorn, stupid and crude,  
I know it weren't right to be the type, it just weren't right to be the kind,  
The kind that's never nice.

But you,  
You were more shrewd,  
I guess you knew,  
You really put a winch in my screw,

And so in death abandonment,  
Abandonment it grew,  
With the disposition old,  
And your sentiment so new,

I no longer rang true.  
It's true,  
I grew to you,  
You said "Here's what we will do,  
We will leave this town and run with the wolves."

But the truth was far worse than any of us,  
Than any of us could have guessed,  
Than anyone did expect.

I watched you in that hospital bed,  
Lying on your side,  
You clenched your eyes and cried,  
Because you didn't want to die.

I watched you in that hospital bed,  
As you searched in my mind's eye,  
With your chest clenched to your thighs,  
Whispering "Sammy, I don't want to die."

I know that it's been difficult,  
Lately baby,  
Lately baby,  
But it's out of our hands my dear.

I know that it's been difficult,  
Lately baby,  
Lately baby,  
But it's out of our hands my dear.

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Lately baby,  
But it's out of our hands my dear.

I know that it's been difficult,  
Lately baby,  
Lately baby,  
But it's out of our hands my dear.

Thank you for your time.