

THE THEORY OF
Written and Arranged by J Scott Bergman
© 2000, Bergmusic Company

The Theory Of J Paul Jones

the theory
of J. Paul Jones
J. Paul Jones
the story
answers I crave to know
and then she began to show
father
driving with you in a car
and listening to the stereo
mother, mother
the theory
of J. Paul Jones
was never really in The Stones
this visit
to a garden like place
I read the titles and saw her older face
mother, mother
mother, father

Holds Five Years

I guess you'll go
and bloom under water
while I steer the boat above
that holds five years
waiting to become
stare at your shoes
mine lose traction
wading on my tears
I see your face
staring at you
I wonder what you're
offering
eyes that say no
instincts say so
I won't let go of this buffering
it's always wrong
it's always wrong with him
where's the structure
I'm so used to it
love not lose it

I'm drifting past
a stick on an old beach
I'm marking the water
the levels changing
and so are we
it's always wrong
it's always wrong with him
it's always wrong with him
it's always wrong
it's always wrong with him
it's always wrong with him

Push To Test

I sit alone inside my crowded room
a wounded face not mine is fading soon
this inattention is defeating me
I lie alone between two king size beds
on cold wood floors I keep bumping my head
that line was so sad I could nearly cry
but why
if I know I'm so blessed
then why do I push you to test
this Johnny knows how to pull back the pin
and kill the love that some great wish might send
and then it happens all over again
on perfect stormy no cloud days
it's circular this world and all we do
the best and worst always comes back to you
I'm no exception and I'm really through
...with you
if I know I'm so blessed
then why do I push you to test
by now you might just understand my dear
don't mean to condescend but listen dears
you go 'round once and then it disappears
beside a single glass of half filled years
so just decide as you sit at the cafe's
to order sweet and smile at her face
and see the miracle that soothes our race
on perfect stormy no cloud days

Your Release

something's wrong, it's so damn simple
think it might just be released
candles burn and stain and trickle
beside the brain of the beast
breaking down and taking down
with very little sympathy

I do prey on the cases
but I pray no disease
I pray for your release
(I pray for release)
our thoughts are roads well traveled
good lines passing over me
that smooth idea in the midst of your glory
was thought up well before you or me
it's craving and it's hating
all this negativity
so it ends with insistence
in that café reprise
over banquets of bullshit
and plastic harmony
(plastic harmony)
life is all you have
so just praise it
for the beauty that you see is just the sight of the willing
give it up, in fact, not sacrificially
for the secret's no secret, it's just what you will it to be
it's caving in and it's wheels are churning
out the words to create your plea
those clever girls are what you're seeking
the kind that see behind the story...
of breaking down and taking down
with very little sympathy
I do prey on the cases
but I pray no disease
I pray for your release

Discovered

you showed me the school
in your great neighborhood
then through the direction away
bought all the books
sent me the rules
bound and left to master
I turned it away
it showed on my face
while you lived it up in New Orleans
maybe you should consider this
over the jazz and your Jesus
that I didn't walk away
closing the door
and I have nothing to pay
anymore
lie with just enough
of a doubt left in
so that you'd get the benefit
to be left in your snow again

where my good nature's gone to pasture
but I didn't walk away
closing the door
and I have nothing to pay
anymore
and this is what you will discover
you broke it down, remained serene
transparently
a strategy not challenging
untangled and concluding that
I put you away with a knowing embrace
I didn't walk away
closing the door (I broke it down)
'cause I have nothing to pay
anymore
I didn't walk away
closing the door
'cause I have nothing to pay
anymore
and this is what you've discovered

Man In The Marshes

I think all my thoughts a mirror
something I might reconsider
mama won't you help me decide
streets are filled with beauty plainly
or are we invisible lately
mama won't you help me decide
'cause I'm riding
heavens highway
recognizing what's gone my way
in the bleachers
looking down upon the running man in the marshes
flying in the highs and glory
but is that the true blue story
mama won't you help me decide
thrown into a fathers cages
or were they the prizes wages
mama won't you help me decide
'cause I'm riding
heavens highway
recognizing what's gone my way
in the bleachers
looking down upon the running man in the marshes
why must we be so suspicious'
when it flows with all our wishes, lady
running hard to make it stable
I think I might be the latest crazy
carried under by the river
or were they to be delivered

mama won't you help me decide
if order is disorder traveling
finding ways to fill the empty,
mama did you hear them collide
'cause I'm riding
heavens highway
recognizing what's gone my way
in the bleachers
looking down upon the running man in the marshes

Greatest Way To See

some advise from me
break down the roof when it starts to rain
what will be will be
no matter what you do each storm will form a flow
so don't whimper in the street
and fall down to your knees
in the harlots rein
one and one is one
break down the rules right before it's done
you're going to be the one
ten thousand hearts couldn't jam this gun
there's a whisper in the trees
and it calls you to your feet
in the harlots reign
then the wisdom filters through
unraveling faith untrue
yet there's laughing in the streets
and they're all lining up to be in the harlots rain
in chaos lies the greatest way to see
in chaos lies the greatest way to see

Blue Evolution

breaking fourth in stare
the snake's a road that knows
tired with it's lids laid low
the art of all of this
is leaking from her lips
in a blue evolution
I cry for all the joy
that remains in void
longing for it's solution
I'm cradled in the dune
I see a bloody moon
a habit to employ
and one I must destroy
before it takes us too soon
I'm ravaged in the cold

this blanket's getting old
time for one more reunion
a seam that's stitched in gold
can still break at the fold
unless the whole shares its brilliance
a case of reason be
still mocks you in the street
with the lamp held curb low
the art of all of this
is leaking from her lips
in a blue evolution
I cry for all the joy
that remains a void
longing for it's solution
for it's solution
for it's solution
oh my love
still guilty in it's way
no mother would agree
to this blue evolution

Beautifully Delayed

always understood
this distance from "it could"
on a table made of stone
on legs of soft wood
wasted beauty feared
a sun covered in the clouds
but if you look into those forms
no light appears through self inflicted storms
under the fettered moon
I spun a web and climbed above
all the notions that left me blinded
then it opened up
so I sat there and crashed there
and felt so lawless and flawless
in a diner I found fate
winding barber straws 'round a plate
of consciousness stored plainly as I played
it was a story of a world
tied and bound by it's own gate
restoring glory as it chose
perfect fables beautifully delayed

Fading To One

Susana I know that you meant everything you said
not sure but one thing stands out it's over both our heads
and oh, before it's done

**in headlights you always run
we were the closest I've ever gotten to the light
almost surrendered but something overcame me tonight
and oh, before you run...
through the wreckage
we found it
and oh my god it's done
in the headlights...fading to one**