

MARK SHEEKY
REMEMBRANCE SERVICE FOR THOSE
WHO DIED HOMELESS POSTPONED

# Mark Sheeky Remembrance Service For Those Who Died Homeless Postponed



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Lyrics by Mark Sheeky

Music composed, produced, and performed by Mark Sheeky

Track durations refer to CD version

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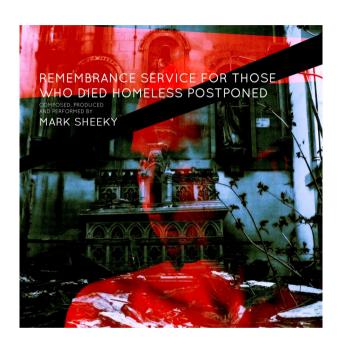
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## Remembrance Service For Those Who Died Homeless Postponed

- 1. The City of Fog and Shadows (04:35)
  - 2. An Empty Service (03:24)
  - 3. Remembrance Service (05:11)
- 4. I Don't Really Go Out Any More (01:44)
  - 5. The Unremembered (06:23)
  - 6. Photograph of Heaven (04:06)
- 7. We Liked Him He Had Something to Say (02:13)
  - 8. The Leaves of Autumn Are Many (03:20)



# REMEMBRANCE SERVICE FOR THOSE WHO DIED HOMELESS POSTPONED

#### Remembrance Service

All the hopes. All the tears. All the dreams over years. All the worries, wasted. All the scrape, and struggle.

All the rain poured away from tomorrow to yesterday. All the rainbows. All the sun. All the endings re-begun...

And through it all we had each other, even when we were apart.

All the steps we walked together.

All the wishes of happy ever. All those moments in my heart even when we are apart.

# I Don't Really Go Out Any More

I don't.
I don't really.
I don't.
I don't really go out.
I don't really go out any more.

#### The Unremembered

Hey friend, do you recognise me? No? We were brothers once. We were lovers once. But nobody remembers, it seems my contributions have become the material of dreams.

I'm the unremembered in the undersun. The unremembered. I'm the unremembered in a dying end.

Hey girl, hey boy, I'm as hollow as a lie. There's no voice here, it seems The world has woken up today but left me in its dreams.

They walk with you, the unremembered in the pale light of the unthought.

Have you forgotten all those people you once called friend but now pass by, the unremembered?

You are remembered by the souls whose virtues were not recorded, by the souls, like me, the unremembered.

## Photograph of Heaven

That was how it was supposed to be, I was supposed to win. Have a home of my own. Someone to love within.

I was supposed to use my genius to help and heal the world, to solve the complex problems of global enmity,

and with the wealth conveyed upon me, create a wondrous masterpiece of an enduring beauty...

but the fractures started early on, those tracks were somewhat broken I became derailed, distracted, and then I died...

...but it's not over, perhaps my life has just begun perhaps my tale will twist again under heaven's sun

supplanting Sparks on the second week to get to number one with my photograph of heaven making Time.

Who can say?

We never know how things are going to turn out.

# We Liked Him, He Had Something to Say

We liked him, he had something to say. We liked him, he had something to say. We didn't think we'd miss him when he died today but we liked him, he had something to say.

We want him, want a piece of the pie. We want him, want a piece of the pie. We didn't really think of it when he was alive but we miss him, why did he have to die?