



WHEN THE PAVEMENT TURNS TO GLASS

Buses exhale at the curbside,
Steam climbs up from the subway grate.
Yellow cabs blur into rivers of chrome,
Running red through the avenue rain.
A paper cup sails past a bodega,
Spinning slow by the corner deli lights.
Your coat carries cedar and city weather,
My shoes strike sparks from the sidewalk night.
Every storefront doubles our shadows,
Every window throws us back in blue.
As if New York, washed clean for a minute,
Can't stop looking at me and you.

Raindrops tick on the fire escape,
Scaffolds glitter over the street.
You say my name like a match on Broadway,
And the whole block warms at my feet.

When the pavement turns to glass
In New York City after rain,
We don't ask where the night went running,
We let it shine through every stain.
Every red-light blooms like a rose,
Every crosswalk calls our names.
In the shimmer between what was and what's coming,
We find each other changed.
When the pavement turns to glass
In New York City after rain.

The laundromat windows fog over,
The moon breaks up in Chinatown signs.
A saxophone spills from a basement,
Climbing rusted fire-escape lines.
Posters peel from brick in the Bowery,
Old shows slipping out of their dates.
The city shakes off yesterday's headlines,
Leaves gold in the gutter grates.
Someone laughs beneath a black umbrella,
A dog pulls hard toward a flooded tree.
And the sirens sound almost tender
Bouncing off Eighth Avenue clean.

Your laughter skips under the awnings
Like a coin down marble floors.
And all those hours we thought were over
Swing open like late-night corner stores.

When the pavement turns to glass
In New York City after rain,
We don't ask where the night went running,
We let it shine through every stain.
Every red-light blooms like a rose,
Every crosswalk calls our names.
In the shimmer between what was and what's coming,
We find each other changed.
When the pavement turns to glass
In New York City after rain.

Not every storm comes to break us,
Not every flood takes the ground.
Some weather moves like a street artist
Turning gray walls golden brown.
So let the gutters keep singing,
Let the rooftops answer in tin.
The sky wipes off its fingerprints
And hands us Manhattan again.
From the bridges to the backstreets,
From the stoops to the station stairs,
The city keeps its bruised-up beauty
And shines like it doesn't care.

When the pavement turns to glass
In New York City after rain,
We don't run from what unfolded,
We walk straight through the change.
Every red-light blooms like a rose,
Every window learns our names.
In the shimmer between what was and what's coming,
Nothing looks the same.
When the pavement turns to glass
In New York City after rain.

Clouds roll off like theater curtains,
The avenue starts to sing.
And we walk home through silver streets,
New as anything.

FEELINGS

Feelings in the moments,
As the rain descends,
Beneath a canvas vast and bright.
Feelings in your heart,
A tender glow,
Lifting spirits into flight.
And all who wander, passing by,
Can sense the light,
The warmth you gift,
An endless thrill that graces night.

When soft winds weave
Their whispered song,
The dawn unveils
Where dreams belong.

Feelings in the golden leaf
Dancing on the breeze.
Feelings in your gaze,
A gentle melody
That drifts with ease.
And wrapped in threads of harmony,
A quiet prayer for peace,
A solace found
In hearts that feel complete.

When soft winds weave
Their whispered song,
The dawn unveils
Where dreams belong.

Feelings when you shimmer
Like a sunlit day.
Feelings in the hush of your voice,
In every word you say.
And in the scent of earth and pine,
In the sway of graceful trees,
Memories blossom
With the rhythm of our ease.

When soft winds weave
Their whispered song,
The dawn unveils
Where dreams belong.

LINES OF TIME

Silence smells like you
It flips a hidden switch
And the room fills with yesterday
As the clock ticks noon
I watch the sunlight shift
And see you pass in the doorway

Wrinkles on my face
I set my worry down
When your smile makes space
With sparkle in your eyes

And lines of time
Follow the map we've drawn
Rivers finding home
Your hand is warm in mine
Lines of Time

Coffee's blooming as it brews
With a touch so rich
And citrus lifts the morning air
Across I watch you
You leave a sugared ridge
On cinnamon rolls with caramel

White hair on my head
Shyness in your eyes
On the road we used to ride
Grass stitches the cracks

And lines of time
Follow the map we've drawn
Rivers finding home
Your hand is warm in mine
Lines of Time

Winding paths
Memory ripened, bitter and sweet
Winding paths
Truce between want and what it is

Seam marks on my hands
Hope keeps a pilot light
The years will never end
The warmth you leave behind

And lines of time
Follow the map we've drawn
Rivers finding home
Your hand is warm in mine
Lines of Time

Lines of time
Follow the map we've drawn
Rivers finding home
Your hand is warm in mine
Lines of time
Lines of Time
Lines of Time

BOUNCING MEMORIES

A ball rolls in the hallway, from years long gone,
Echoes fill the kitchen, where sunlight lingers on.
Your laughter in the stairwell, skipping every step,
Like a tune I almost lost, but can't forget.

Old photos in my mind, jumping from the past,
Little sparks of yesterday I thought I'd laid to rest.
They bounce against the walls, shining bright with thrill,
Every goodbye finds a path that bends to how I feel.

Bouncing memories, coming back to me,
Like rubber hearts that echo what we used to be.
Up to the ceiling, down into the dark,
Landing softly in the spaces where you left your mark.
Bouncing memories, I can't let them go,
They rise when I'm falling, they catch me when I'm low.

Your sweater on my shoulders, that winter by the train,
We turned a thunderstorm into a game of rain.
We wrote our names on windows, watched them fade away,
Yet all those blurry moments suddenly feel so gray.

I tried to pack the past, tie it tight with string,
But memories keep moving, they don't heed a thing.
They dance in quiet rooms, float across the dust,
Turning pain to melodies, weaving them to us.

Bouncing memories, coming back to me,
Like rubber hearts that echo what we used to be.
Up to the ceiling, down into the dark,
Landing softly in the spaces where you left your mark.
Bouncing memories, I can't let them go,
They rise when I'm falling, they catch me when I'm low.

Maybe time's a mirror, reflecting all we've known,
Every piece holds a future, every past we own.
And every time I think it's done, a moment starts to shine,
A little piece of you is always bouncing back through time.

Bouncing memories, gentler than before,
Not breaking through the windows, just tapping at the door.
Up to the ceiling, down into the dark,
Teaching my lonely soul how to carry a spark.
Bouncing memories, I'll let them come and go,
They rise when I'm healing, they fall when I need hope.

A ball rolls in the hallway, from years long gone,
And I don't stop it anymore—
I just watch it roll along.

QUIET

The engines fade into the night,
Their thunder lost, it takes its flight.
I've crossed the edge of all I knew,
Now the heavens stretch so wide.
An echo sings without a cry,
City lights now far from view.

And the quiet will carry me,
Through the spaces in between,
Where every signal fades and burns,
Like memories that twist and turn.

And the quiet will carry me,
Carry me, carry me.
The quiet will carry me, carry me, carry me.

After speed, the world unwinds,
My body sheds all earthly binds.
I'm floating free, rising slow,
No compass found, no path to show.
Just my heartbeat in the dark,
Still I long to feel your spark.

All the planets trace their paths,
But I'm drifting, lost in drafts.
Calling you through empty air,
Where the stars, they never care.

And the quiet will carry me,
Carry me, carry me.
The quiet will carry me, carry me, carry me.

Your name unspools in lunar dust,
No echo calls, no hand to trust.
I lose the shape of who I was,
No map, no time, just silence, because
The quiet will carry me,
Carry me, Carry me.
The quiet will carry me,
Carry me, Carry me.

I close my eyes,
Beyond the light,
And the quiet will carry me, carry me, carry me.

A TICKET TO YOU

I got a ticket to you
I crossed the world for déjà vu

I've in my boots so many miles
And I could not forget your smile

The years feel long and thin
And longing pulls from within

A place in my heart was for you
And all this time is coming through

I got a ticket to you
The sound of rails beneath the skies
Shatters the silence I locked inside
I took the ride I see it through
I got a ticket to you

The track ahead is clear and wide
It breaks the silence deep inside
Where your memory used to hide

No longer bound by time and space
In my head I draw your face

An old picture in black and white
Is all I'm keeping from the past

I got a ticket to you
The sound of rails beneath the skies
Shatters the silence I locked inside
I took the ride I see it through
I got a ticket to you

I got a ticket to you
The sound of rails beneath the skies
Shatters the silence I locked inside
I took the ride I see it through
I got a ticket to you

WILL BE MINE ONE DAY

I caught a little sunlight
In the corner of my hand
It warmed me for a moment
Then slipped like grains of sand
I smiled at the morning
But something stayed unnamed
A quiet room inside me
Still waiting for a flame

And I don't know the distance
I don't know the way
But every step I'm taking
Turns the dark into day

There's a happiness that aches inside my chest
Like a song that hasn't found its ending yet
There's an empty space, but it's calling me home
To a place I've never been, but somehow know
I won't turn around
I won't let it fade
What feels far away
Will be mine one day

I've danced beneath the bright lights
With shadows at my side
Felt joy rise like a river
With a hollow undertide
But every lonely echo
Is pointing to the sound
Of something I've been chasing
That someday will be found

And maybe it's a mountain
Maybe it's the sea
But I can feel it waiting
Somewhere ahead of me

There's a happiness that aches inside my chest
Like a song that hasn't found its ending yet
There's an empty space, but it's calling me home
To a place I've never been, but somehow know
I won't turn around
I won't let it fade
What feels far away
Will be mine one day

I will carry the longing
Like a lantern in the rain
I will keep walking forward
Through the beauty and the ache
Every tear has a shimmer
Every silence has a name
And the dream that feels distant
Is still calling me by name

There's a happiness that aches inside my chest
But I believe the road is leading somewhere blessed
There's an empty space, and it's making room
For the light I know is coming into view
I won't turn around
I won't let it fade
What feels far away
Will be mine one day

One day I'll reach it
One day I'll know
The joy that was waiting
Beyond the unknown
One day I'll reach it
I'm already on my way
What feels far away
Will be mine one day

SLEEPLESS NIGHTS

2 a.m. coffee on the desk
Blue haze glowing on my skin
Thoughts like birds on the power lines
All this quiet, but my head's not silent

Curtains breathe in the window draft
Street hum hiding in the back
Blank page waiting like an open hand
So many pictures, I can't even stand it

Every shadow looks like a story
Every sigh turns into glory
I find fire in the fractures of midnight
In the cracks of the night

These sleepless nights keep painting in my mind
Little moving movies on the ceiling
I close my eyes, the colors only rise
The dark knows exactly what I'm needing

When the whole world rests
I come alive inside the mess
These sleepless nights
Are where I find my truth

Moonlight laying stripes on the floor
Like a path I'm scared to ignore
Old hurts sitting in an easy chair
Watching while I turn them into prayers

Faces I lost float in the air
Laugh lines, soft eyes, silver hair
I sketch them fast before they fade
Turn the ache into something I can play

Every question hums like a chorus
Every tear shines under this light
I'm alone but the visions adore us
They show up right on time

These sleepless nights keep painting in my mind
Little moving movies on the ceiling
I close my eyes, the colors only rise
The dark knows exactly what I'm needing

When the whole world rests

I come alive inside the mess
These sleepless nights
Are where I find my truth

I tell myself (sleep, just breathe)
But the words keep tugging on my sleeve (come on)
Every memory asking to be seen
Every fear wants to be redeemed

So I stay up talking to the dark
Till the dawn draws (halos on the park)
If I lie down, I might lose this spark
If I get up, I might save my heart (oh)

These sleepless nights keep painting in my mind
Little moving movies on the ceiling
I close my eyes, the colors only rise
The dark knows exactly what I'm needing

When the whole world rests
I come alive inside the mess
These sleepless nights
Are where I found you too

These sleepless nights keep painting in my mind
Little moving movies on the ceiling
I close my eyes, the colors only rise
The dark knows exactly what I'm needing

When the whole world rests
I come alive inside the mess
These sleepless nights
Are where I found you too

2 a.m. coffee going cold
Still the brightest story ever told
In these sleepless, restless rooms
I trade my tired eyes for truth

HOLD ON

Your shirt still hangs by my door
Like you forgot it on purpose
I count the days on my phone screen
But none of them get smaller
You say my name like a promise
Then the line goes thin and cold
I keep your laugh in my pocket
Like a coin I never spend

I tell everyone I'm fine
But the night keeps asking
Why the bed feels wider
Why the phone keeps flashing

Hold on, hold on
Don't let go tonight
Hold on, hold on
Love learns every mile
I can feel you
Even in the dark
Hold on, hold on
You're still where I start

Your coffee mug by the sink swears
You were here in the morning
The house gets loud when it's empty
Every room keeps your outline
I walk past the old front window
Like I might catch you arriving
Like the road might give you back
Like the world might change its mind

And I try to stay still
But the hallway keeps waking
Every room feels colder
When your voice is missing

Hold on, hold on
Don't let go tonight
Hold on, hold on
Love learns every mile
I can feel you
Even in the dark
Hold on, hold on
You're still where I start

If the distance is a river
Then I'll learn how to cross it
If the night gets between us
I'll keep a light in my chest
Say my name when it hurts
Say it soft, say it true
I'm not made of the distance
I'm still reaching for you

Hold on, hold on
Don't let go tonight
Hold on, hold on
Love learns every mile
I can feel you
Even in the dark
Hold on, hold on
You're still where I start

Hold on, hold on
Don't let go tonight
Hold on, hold on
Love lives through the miles
I can feel you
Even when you're far
Hold on, hold on
You're still my heart

UNCONVENTIONAL (KEVIN'S SONG)

For all those affected by ALS, and for those who care for them

I dreamed of a voyage
That was not an instant mirage
of distant shore in golden light
and skies above so fair and bright

Where palm trees sway in the gentle breeze
Far from the icy wind's cruel freeze
Whispering waves in the ebb and flow
Wash over me in the depths below

When the path is rough and steep
When the light's fading into blue
Just walk away from the fears
Start a journey that is true
And unconventional

In this haven where time stands still
The silver sand is a soothing thrill
So warm so dry beneath my feet
And standing firm against the seas

Feeling the sun's heat upon my skin
Far from the shadowed cold from within
The sun's caress is a healer's hand
Melting sorrow like small grains of sand

When the path is rough and steep
When the light's fading into blue
Just walk away from the fears
Start a journey that is true
And unconventional

(Trust in your faith)
We walk side by side
(Trust in your faith)
In your heart hope resides
Not every dream is pure and true
(Believe in you)
When shadows linger
And dangers creep
(Believe in you)

When the path is rough and steep
When the light's fading into blue
Just walk away from the fears

Start a journey that is true
And unconventional
Unconventional

BALKONY SKY (Song for YoYo)

He was so young with thunder in his shoes,
A silver moon caught in his eyes,
Laughing at the city lights below him,
Like the whole world was a prize.
He said, "I can fly, I can do anything,"
With the night wind in his hair,
One hand raised to the open heavens,
One foot floating in the air.

And for a second, time went silent,
All the stars forgot to move,
He believed the sky would hold him,
Like belief could make it true.

I can fly, I can fly,
That's what he told the night.
I can rise above the rooftops; I can burn brighter than light.
But dreams don't always break your fall,
And fate can lose its wings.
He closed his eyes and touched the sky,
Believing anything.

Then he woke up in the morning,
To a ceiling pale and still,
Thinking, "What a crazy dream I had,"
With a strange and distant chill.
But the room was full of flowers,
And his father's tired face,
There were whispers in the hallway,
There were bruises time could trace.

He tried to laugh, but no sound followed,
Tried to stand, but something changed,
And the dream he thought was fading
Stayed beside him, wide awake.

I can fly, I can fly,
That's what he told the night.
I can rise above the rooftops,
I can burn brighter than light.
But dreams don't always break your fall,
And fate can lose its wings.
He closed his eyes and touched the sky,
Believing anything.

Now the balcony is quiet,

Now the city hums below,
And the sky is still inviting
Every heart that wants to go.
But he learned the ground has memory,
And the body keeps the truth,
Not every leap is freedom,
Not every dare is youth.

I can fly, I can fly,
He whispers to the light,
But now it means "I'll heal somehow,"
Not vanish into night.
Dreams can lift you, dreams can call,
But living is the way.
He opened his eyes and chose the day,
Still believing anything.
Still believing anything.
Still believing anything.