



Invisible Heart

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These lyrics were written by extracting sentences
from the top of pages in John Boyne's novel
The Heart's Invisible Furies then adapting/reordering them,
in May/June 2021 then composing the music in July.

Long before my neighbour's moment across this place
With it between his fingers
He stood up no matter how invaluable
For two pence in a couple of hours
To show me something
Want to know what I do?

I cooked him and daddy threw me 'cos I'm a bad lad
Accustomed to the mocking in my head
In my mother's opinion I should have drowned
Do you two know each other?
The bleach of the buses in my nose and in the air
My mother took a feel of me
The boy needs a wash over she says
As minutes went by, I pushed her of course
I looked across, down and standing up
Some Germans got him, this could work
They give her guidance and chewed her ear
But it didn't come in in mid August
Haven't I been watching you?
He breathed a sigh against my mother
And stared at her, she said nothing, she said nothing
"Get down you have the wrong place, get off him"
He's back in his local
Where he first met the minister with no children

She understood fully that he had to accuse someone

A stutter came from my anxiety

Shoes disturbed the wooden floor besides my unmade bed

I have expression in her study

When it occurred to me that it's definitely bigger

My mother's conversation is confident

"Do you have a fascinating light?"

I think you'll enjoy turning in your sleep

You, in your committed victim's character

Imagine finding your mother walking through the door

Approaching the occasions when wealth charges back

Her cigarettes speak your language underneath the desk

We laughed and held onto it whilst eating

The other end was misconstrued well

Now to spill whoever heard me open my eyes

Do you need a hug after the guests leave?

I know she was the predator

But what do concluded dreams even mean?

Going towards fashion can help you

I stared at the book a day after sentencing men

Violence happily ever after

Actually his father lived with many languages

With clear blue eyes, clipping me

His toothbrush in my room

On a load of completely different levels

We paused for a moment

Announcement of history, art avoided analysing

If that's what you mean

Let me wipe that notebook

The virgin must have been debating to display

In the tearoom, how those days trembled

With him sitting there only because your father was a traitor

Death finally kicked in for good luck

In a pub where I sat and told you to jump before frowning

That's not my standard

It doesn't even mean you liked that it would be here

It was almost too much to resist slapping not taking the heat

The squirrel reminds her of your eyes

The solicitor wants his adoptive father

Why do people of such minds mind?

It made me grab and simply want to tell

It seems my solicitor opened my eyes
I have something she must have known
I know how he finally issued instructions
They pay an announcement in this affair
Growing alone and swallowing hard, his lips parted
Although looking at what he called tone
Our supposed multitudinous almost fell
Why should I not stare? please tell me!
I said *Jesus wept*, well where do you think I am?
The circumstances were of course stamped
After people address them at once
Being without her right for a moment of wearing next to nothing
A curious melange of mortality

I had no idea, well I couldn't do that
"*I don't think that's quite accurate*" she warned me
I had acquired a serious girlfriend
In a cathedral of young, of skin
Which was meant to be nice
Hold him like the key into the lock
You could stay later when he was gone and we could do it
The door again as if I was complete
I don't like my girlfriend
I'm a good lad, there's something about seeing
I don't know what an extra three pence makes

A few weeks later the media were parked there

Parked there

Sir, I didn't blow anyone but I'm not sure that's true

You can't fire me in time

So down with his trousers

She works fast so I'll give you three

I am holding it tightly, you've no need

I said nothing to you both

I couldn't go back, what did you want to say?

I rolled my eyes because you know exactly the same thing

Standing by a wall I had only ever had sex over his forehead

We did it before I could even move

Her face was in her hands as she stared at me

I cried well as I arrived at my flat

I was probably safe

His hands behind his head like being back at school

Anxious brush strokes a few months earlier

Had common sex, he occasionally glanced

I felt utterly uncomfortable

But let me get this straight

My path to his sister, oh no, sorry
The teacher's position when we got out of there was of no question
I've never even tried to play
Never subsided since I walked in here
Right now my mother likes you anyway
They right themselves and you have much to say about their friends

Wondering whether sorry is in and out of itself
Against me he has sex
We should go, would you like to have a family talk?
Yes of course, give me your phone number.
How did we all get here, by chance on a night out?
He's got to pop, it should be important

He's engaged now so shut up and get off the ground
Shopping bags marked on the safe side
I mean I'm sorry I said and they stared just at me
I entered slowly with my sister down wind of course
What's the matter?
But he wouldn't come out of it
He turned away, I don't know if he laughed
I laughed in disbelief because she loves you
Down that road at that table in that corner getting a few pints
I knew I should have given him no one

Different states independent of my will, all deluding myself

See the horse where I had once lived

Below there you see a crowd that had gathered

I could see up there but he flinched

Both ordered to make introductions

You must be stripped quickly to form some muscular type

The two mugs, joyful and unexpected

A spice company with no laughter

Of a very similar build I had forgotten

We studiously offered art galleries ourselves

We avoided just because

Well, you haven't missed much through it all

Still friends with a glass a moment later

Always telling me that the pain is too much

Had she ever cared?

They passed us with tourists to just leave him there

Turning to me though I could see it was only two hundred

You're hardly old but what's your name?

The war knocked and looked closer

Well maybe I just needed to eat

But why with some Russian?

I don't owe you anything, you've been fucking him, yes?

I said nothing, just pointed at a dying girl in a doorway

His chances staring

Just opening the boot every wednesday

Danger's way is even worse

We frightened the straight choreographer

In the restaurant I couldn't name that stays that way

He's not stupid he just stares a lot

At old cows then basically shrugs

His mother says anything then turns to look at me

Nineteen people this year she said leaning stronger towards our neighbours but none of us have it yet

No self control so I always feel uncomfortable

I loved eventually turning to myself again

I can't begin to describe how I got it five minutes later

She took a carton, very analytical, very smokey

You can always send me to your childhood home

I think they really take something on the side that doesn't go around

He talks to the patient, walking down a thought

Life suddenly begins to pulsate

I'm sorry, yes the file

I stepped inside and came into my mind very differently

And why would I have never had imaginings?

You were very much loved, this thing was so important

He could have talked words that are not true

Fuck my blood pressure because I don't want them to know

So you're saying it's my fault, how?

Look tell me I'm not well

I wasn't sure you needed more sleep

I thought about it and I made my way
He blinked, there's still time, what's he like?

You visited him when you were obsessed
Leaping to my feet I hesitated not
During the early game, your father was a jovial young man

Thousands of pounds throughout my years
When you worked here you were frightened of death too
Oh they're the worst ones
Some gay fella, I've never really given it much thought

In some cheap flat I can't recall
No he died, I shrugged

Do you mind these small white tables?
I'm fine you should congratulate me
What was it she called it?
No well you do that.

We were doing life [x12]

Old age didn't necessarily come for all
Young lads turned forty-nine
Different types Will make money

All her friends should have gone

Had laid eyes on you

Trying to sabotage you in a bar

But how was I to know?

It's been years since I was caught sitting and taking a photograph, photograph

Jumping up and down on my eighteenth birthday

I had put this down, of course, to the retirement party

But as it turned out... sorry

I will do exactly that, why wouldn't I?

I told you yes but only a little bit

Deep thrills hand out the medals together

Not into gay labels, just good conversation

Three years although you're right, is that another one of your jokes?

Most people run and run, did your wife mention that?

He told me and we're even thinking I'll try to resist

She said that he'd worked in Amsterdam

Mum said nothing more of the summer of 2001

I'm sure I wasn't actually present then

We must eventually try finding ourselves twenty-one years earlier

You know of course I do and if someone showed you up, I'm not sorry

I remember the picture, you felt a little shiver

Your teeth were missing, you reached out a hand

And I never did as well as I used to
Sounding half outraged, sorry to disappoint you, don't be so defensive
Would you get away?
She was talking but you certainly don't need her money
The sound was muted so I turned to her,
She seemed to be falling from the window
Opening presents hoping to see someone I suppose
I suggested that maybe you just shouldn't buy any
Let's not talk religion, but she did not shut up
Did you ever get to see it?

Well be quiet like we'd known each other
What's that like? Almost as much as...
Have you always been alone?

His parents left first, that's all

It makes me like you
It took me there with only one person
I don't doubt what's happened
No, but you will in time
Peace like a shock of electricity arriving, climbing
Thanks a bunch and how did it go, how did he take it?
I held a shrug, I took the bus away
Just a chance away from him

We should have had seven decades

He's long gone, they loved me, they laughed

Good, I don't want to know

He was so handsome

Have a word with them

Loss of trouble, loss of a good man

I'm not praying at this gravestone

I woke up looking down

I enjoy an enormous television which for no reason was still going

It was difficult but you're still dead

One person went up to his room

Not all of them will be difficult

Us, dressed in our finery, for his younger brother

Know that children are standing outside

Grandchildren standing next to him

One hand touched my arm

Everyone can get married when I am gone