

## American Pie

A long, long time ago...

I can still remember

How that music used to make me smile.

And I knew if I had my chance

That I could make those people dance

And, maybe, they'd be happy for a while.

But February made me shiver

With every paper I'd deliver.

Bad news on the doorstep;

I couldn't take one more step.

I can't remember if I cried

When I read about his widowed bride,

But something touched me deep inside

The day the music died.

So bye-bye, miss American pie.

Drove my chevy to the levee,

But the levee was dry.

And them good old boys were drinkin' whiskey and rye

Singin', "this'll be the day that I die.

"this'll be the day that I die."

Did you write the book of love,

And do you have faith in God above,

If the Bible tells you so?

Do you believe in rock 'n roll,

Can music save your mortal soul,

And can you teach me how to dance real slow?

Well, I know that you're in love with him

'cause I saw you dancin' in the gym.

You both kicked off your shoes.

Man, I dig those rhythm and blues.

I was a lonely teenage bronkin' buck

With a pink carnation and a pickup truck,

But I knew I was out of luck The day the music died.

I started singin',  
"bye-bye, miss American pie."  
Drove my Chevy to the levee,  
But the levee was dry.  
Them good old boys were drinkin' whiskey and rye  
And singin', "this'll be the day that I die."  
"this'll be the day that I die."

Now for ten years we've been on our own  
And moss grows fat on a rollin' stone,  
But that's not how it used to be.  
When the jester sang for the king and queen,  
In a coat he borrowed from James Dean  
And a voice that came from you and me,

Oh, and while the king was looking down,  
The jester stole his thorny crown.  
The courtroom was adjourned;  
No verdict was returned.  
And while Lennon read a book of Marx,  
The quartet practiced in the park,  
And we sang dirges in the dark  
The day the music died.

We were singing,  
"bye-bye, miss American pie."  
Drove my Chevy to the levee,  
But the levee was dry.  
Them good old boys were drinkin' whiskey and rye  
And singin', "this'll be the day that I die."  
"this'll be the day that I die."

Helter skelter in a summer swelter.  
The birds flew off with a fallout shelter,  
Eight miles high and falling fast.  
It landed foul on the grass.  
The players tried for a forward pass,  
With the jester on the sidelines in a cast.

Now the half-time air was sweet perfume  
While the sergeants played a marching tune.  
We all got up to dance,  
Oh, but we never got the chance!  
`cause the players tried to take the field;  
The marching band refused to yield.  
Do you recall what was revealed  
The day the music died?

We started singing,  
"bye-bye, miss American pie."  
Drove my Chevy to the levee,  
But the levee was dry.  
Them good old boys were drinkin' whiskey and rye  
And singin', "this'll be the day that I die."  
"this'll be the day that I die."

Oh, and there we were all in one place,  
A generation lost in space  
With no time left to start again.  
So come on: jack be nimble, jack be quick!  
Jack flash sat on a candlestick  
Cause fire is the devil's only friend.

Oh, and as I watched him on the stage  
My hands were clenched in fists of rage.  
No angel born in hell  
Could break that Satan's spell.  
And as the flames climbed high into the night  
To light the sacrificial rite,  
I saw satan laughing with delight  
The day the music died

He was singing,  
"bye-bye, miss American pie."  
Drove my Chevy to the levee,  
But the levee was dry.  
Them good old boys were drinkin' whiskey and rye  
And singin', "this'll be the day that I die."  
"this'll be the day that I die."

I met a girl who sang the blues  
And I asked her for some happy news,  
But she just smiled and turned away.  
I went down to the sacred store  
Where I'd heard the music years before,  
But the man there said the music wouldn't play.

And in the streets: the children screamed,  
The lovers cried, and the poets dreamed.  
But not a word was spoken;  
The church bells all were broken.  
And the three men I admire most:  
The father, son, and the holy ghost,  
They caught the last train for the coast  
The day the music died.

And they were singing,  
"bye-bye, miss American pie."  
Drove my Chevy to the levee,  
But the levee was dry.  
And them good old boys were drinkin' whiskey and rye  
Singin', "this'll be the day that I die."  
"this'll be the day that I die."

They were singing,  
"bye-bye, miss American pie."  
Drove my Chevy to the levee,  
But the levee was dry.  
Them good old boys were drinkin' whiskey and rye  
Singin', "this'll be the day that I die."

### **A Day in the Life**

I read the news today oh boy  
About a lucky man who made the grade  
And though the news was rather sad  
Well I just had to laugh  
I saw the photograph.  
He blew his mind out in a car  
He didn't notice that the lights had changed

A crowd of people stood and stared  
They'd seen his face before  
Nobody was really sure  
If he was from the House of Lords.

I saw a film today oh boy  
The English Army had just won the war  
A crowd of people turned away  
But I just had to look  
Having read the book.  
I'd love to turn you on.

Woke up, fell out of bed,  
Dragged a comb across my head  
Found my way downstairs and drank a cup,  
And looking up I noticed I was late.  
Found my coat and grabbed my hat  
Made the bus in seconds flat  
Found my way upstairs and had a smoke,  
Somebody spoke and I went into a dream.

I read the news today oh boy  
Four thousand holes in Blackburn, Lancashire  
And though the holes were rather small  
They had to count them all  
Now they know how many holes it takes to fill the Albert Hall.  
I'd love to turn you on...

### **Blackbird**

Blackbird singing in the dead of night  
Take these broken wings and learn to fly  
All your life You were only waiting for this moment to arise.

Blackbird singing in the dead of night  
Take these sunken eyes and learn to see  
All your life You were only waiting for this moment to be free.

Blackbird fly Blackbird fly  
Into the light of the dark black night.  
Blackbird fly Blackbird fly  
Into the light of the dark black night.

Blackbird singing in the dead of night  
Take these broken wings and learn to fly  
All your life You were only waiting for this moment to arise  
You were only waiting for this moment to arise  
You were only waiting for this moment to arise.

### **Eleanor Rigby**

Ah, look at all the lonely people  
Ah, look at all the lonely people

Eleanor Rigby picks up the rice in the church where a wedding has been  
Lives in a dream  
Waits at the window, wearing the face that she keeps in a jar by the door  
Who is it for?

All the lonely people  
Where do they all come from ?  
All the lonely people  
Where do they all belong ?

Father McKenzie writing the words of a sermon that no one will hear  
No one comes near.  
Look at him working.  
Darning his socks in the night when there's nobody there  
What does he care?

All the lonely people  
Where do they all come from?  
All the lonely people  
Where do they all belong?

Ah, look at all the lonely people  
Ah, look at all the lonely people

Eleanor Rigby died in the church and was buried along with her name  
Nobody came  
Father McKenzie wiping the dirt from his hands as he walks from the grave  
No one was saved

All the lonely people  
Where do they all come from?  
All the lonely people  
Where do they all belong?

### **You've Got to Hide Your Love Away**

Here I stand head in hand  
Turn my face to the wall  
If she's gone I can't go on  
Feelin' two-foot small

Everywhere people stare  
Each and every day  
I can see them laugh at me  
And I hear them say

Hey you've got to hide your love away  
Hey you've got to hide your love away

How could I even try  
I can never win  
Hearing them, seeing them  
In the state I'm in

How could she say to me  
Love will find a way  
Gather round all you clowns  
Let me hear you say

Hey you've got to hide your love away

### **Spinning Wheel**

What goes up  
must come down  
spinning wheel  
got to go around  
talkin' 'bout your troubles  
it's a cryin' sin  
Ride a painted pony  
let the spinning wheel spin

You got no money and you got no home  
spinning wheel all alone  
talkin' 'bout your troubles and you,  
you never learn  
Ride a painted pony  
let the spinning wheel turn

Did you find the directing sign  
on the straight and narrow highway  
Would you mind a reflecting sign  
Just let it shine within your mind  
and show you, the colors that are real

Someone's waiting just for you  
spinning wheel, spinning true  
Drop all your troubles by the riverside  
Catch a painted pony  
on the spinning wheel ride

Someone's waiting just for you  
spinning wheel, spinning true  
Drop all your troubles by the riverside  
Ride a painted Pony  
let the spinning wheel fly

### **Where do the Children Play?**

Well I think it's fine, building jumbo planes.  
Or taking a ride on a cosmic train.  
Switch on summer from a slot machine.  
Get what you want to if you want, 'cause you can get anything.

I know we've come a long way, We're changing day to day,  
But tell me, where do the children play?  
Well you roll on roads over fresh green grass.  
For your lorryloads pumping petrol gas.  
And you make them long, and you make them tough.  
But they just go on and on, and it seems you can't get off.  
Oh, I know we've come a long way,  
We're changing day to day,



But tell me, where do the children play?  
When you crack the sky, scrapers fill the air.  
Will you keep on building higher  
'til there's no more room up there?  
Will you make us laugh, will you make us cry?  
Will you tell us when to live, will you tell us when to die?  
I know we've come a long way,  
We're changing day to day,  
But tell me, where do the children play?

### **When all the laughter dies in sorrow**

When all the laughter dies in sorrow  
And the tears have risen to a flood  
When all the wars have found a cause  
In human wisdom and in blood  
Do you think they'll cry in sadness  
Do you think the eye will blink  
Do you think they'll curse the madness  
Do you even think they'll think  
When all the great galactic systems  
Sigh to a frozen halt in space  
Do you think there will be some remnant  
Of beauty of the human race  
Do you think there will be a vestige  
Or a snuffle or a cosmic tear  
Do you think a greater thinking thing  
Will give a damn that man was here?

### **Like a Rolling Stone**

Once upon a time you dressed so fine  
You threw the bums a dime in your prime, didn't you?  
People'd call, say, "Beware doll, you're bound to fall"  
You thought they were all kiddin' you  
You used to laugh about  
Everybody that was hangin' out  
Now you don't talk so loud  
Now you don't seem so proud  
About having to be scrounging for your next meal.

How does it feel  
How does it feel  
To be without a home  
Like a complete unknown  
Like a rolling stone?

You've gone to the finest school all right, Miss Lonely  
But you know you only used to get juiced in it  
And nobody has ever taught you how to live on the street  
And now you find out you're gonna have to get used to it  
You said you'd never compromise  
With the mystery tramp, but now you realize  
He's not selling any alibis  
As you stare into the vacuum of his eyes  
And ask him do you want to make a deal?

How does it feel  
How does it feel  
To be on your own  
With no direction home  
Like a complete unknown  
Like a rolling stone?

You never turned around to see the frowns on the jugglers and the clowns  
When they all come down and did tricks for you  
You never understood that it ain't no good  
You shouldn't let other people get your kicks for you  
You used to ride on the chrome horse with your diplomat  
Who carried on his shoulder a Siamese cat  
Ain't it hard when you discover that  
He really wasn't where it's at  
After he took from you everything he could steal.

How does it feel  
How does it feel  
To be on your own  
With no direction home  
Like a complete unknown  
Like a rolling stone?

Princess on the steeple and all the pretty people

They're drinkin', thinkin' that they got it made  
Exchanging all kinds of precious gifts and things  
But you'd better lift your diamond ring, you'd better pawn it babe  
You used to be so amused  
At Napoleon in rags and the language that he used  
Go to him now, he calls you, you can't refuse  
When you got nothing, you got nothing to lose  
You're invisible now, you got no secrets to conceal.

How does it feel  
How does it feel  
To be on your own  
With no direction home  
Like a complete unknown  
Like a rolling stone?

### **Mr Tambourine Man**

Hey ! Mr Tambourine Man, play a song for me  
I'm not sleepy and there is no place I'm going to  
Hey ! Mr Tambourine Man, play a song for me  
In the jingle jangle morning I'll come followin' you.  
Though I know that evenin's empire has returned into sand  
Vanished from my hand  
Left me blindly here to stand but still not sleeping  
My weariness amazes me, I'm branded on my feet  
I have no one to meet  
And the ancient empty street's too dead for dreaming.

Hey ! Mr Tambourine Man, play a song for me  
I'm not sleepy and there is no place I'm going to  
Hey ! Mr Tambourine Man, play a song for me  
In the jingle jangle morning I'll come followin' you.

Take me on a trip upon your magic swirlin' ship  
My senses have been stripped, my hands can't feel to grip  
My toes too numb to step, wait only for my boot heels  
To be wanderin'  
I'm ready to go anywhere, I'm ready for to fade  
Into my own parade, cast your dancing spell my way  
I promise to go under it.

Hey ! Mr Tambourine Man, play a song for me  
I'm not sleepy and there is no place I'm going to  
Hey ! Mr Tambourine Man, play a song for me  
In the jingle jangle morning I'll come followin' you.

Though you might hear laughin', spinnin' swingin' madly across the sun  
It's not aimed at anyone, it's just escapin' on the run  
And but for the sky there are no fences facin'  
And if you hear vague traces of skippin' reels of rhyme  
To your tambourine in time, it's just a ragged clown behind  
I wouldn't pay it any mind, it's just a shadow you're  
Seein' that he's chasing.

Hey ! Mr Tambourine Man, play a song for me  
I'm not sleepy and there is no place I'm going to  
Hey ! Mr Tambourine Man, play a song for me  
In the jingle jangle morning I'll come followin' you.

Then take me disappearin' through the smoke rings of my mind  
Down the foggy ruins of time, far past the frozen leaves  
The haunted, frightened trees, out to the windy beach  
Far from the twisted reach of crazy sorrow  
Yes, to dance beneath the diamond sky with one hand waving free  
Silhouetted by the sea, circled by the circus sands  
With all memory and fate driven deep beneath the waves  
Let me forget about today until tomorrow.

Hey ! Mr Tambourine Man, play a song for me  
I'm not sleepy and there is no place I'm going to  
Hey ! Mr Tambourine Man, play a song for me  
In the jingle jangle morning I'll come followin' you.

### **The Times They are A-Changin'**

Come gather 'round people  
Wherever you roam  
And admit that the waters  
Around you have grown  
And accept it that soon  
You'll be drenched to the bone  
If your time to you  
Is worth savin'

Then you better start swimmin'  
Or you'll sink like a stone  
For the times they are a-changin'.

Come writers and critics  
Who prophesize with your pen  
And keep your eyes wide  
The chance won't come again  
And don't speak too soon  
For the wheel's still in spin  
And there's no tellin' who  
That it's namin'  
For the loser now  
Will be later to win  
For the times they are a-changin'.

Come senators, congressmen  
Please heed the call  
Don't stand in the doorway  
Don't block up the hall  
For he that gets hurt  
Will be he who has stalled  
There's a battle outside  
And it is ragin'  
It'll soon shake your windows  
And rattle your walls  
For the times they are a-changin'.

Come mothers and fathers  
Throughout the land  
And don't criticize  
What you can't understand  
Your sons and your daughters  
Are beyond your command  
Your old road is  
Rapidly agin'  
Please get out of the new one  
If you can't lend your hand  
For the times they are a-changin'.

The line it is drawn  
The curse it is cast  
The slow one now  
Will later be fast  
As the present now  
Will later be past  
The order is rapidly fadin'  
And the first one now  
Will later be last  
For the times they are a-changin'.

### **Carey**

The wind is in from Africa  
Last night I couldn't sleep  
Oh, you know it sure is hard to leave here Carey  
But it's really not my home  
My fingernails are filthy, I got beach tar on my feet  
And I miss my clean white linen and my fancy French cologne

Oh Carey get out your cane  
And I'll put on some silver  
Oh you're a mean old daddy, but I like you fine

Come on down to the mermaid cafe and I will buy you a bottle of wine  
And we'll laugh and toast to nothing and smash our empty glasses down  
Let's have a round for these freaks and these soldiers  
A round for these friends of mine  
Let's have another round for the bright red devil  
Who keeps me in this tourist town

Come on, Carey, get out your cane  
I'll put on some silver  
Oh you're a mean old daddy, but I like you

Maybe I'll go to Amsterdam  
Or maybe I'll go to Rome  
And rent me a grand piano and put some flowers 'round my room  
But let's not talk about fare-thee-welis now  
The night is a starry dome.  
And they're playin' that scratchy rock and roll  
Beneath the matalla moon

Come on, Carey, get out your cane  
And I'll put on some silver  
You're a mean old daddy, but I like you

The wind is in from Africa  
Last night I couldn't sleep  
Oh, you know it sure is hard to leave here  
But, it's really not my home  
Maybe it's been too long a time  
Since I was scramblin' down in the street  
Now they got me used to that clean white linen  
And that fancy French cologne

Oh Carey, get out your cane  
I'll put on my finest silver  
We'll go to the mermaid cafe  
Have fun tonight  
I said, oh, you're a mean old daddy, but you're out of sight

### **Morning, Morgantown**

When morning comes to Morgantown  
The merchants roll their awnings down  
The milktrucks make their morning rounds  
In morning, Morgantown

We'll rise up early, with the sun  
To ride the bus while everyone is yawning  
And the day is young  
In morning, Morgantown

Morning Morgantown  
Buy your dreams a dollar down  
Morning any town you name  
Morning's just the same

We'll find a table in the shade  
And sip our tea and lemonade  
And watch the morning on parade  
In morning, Morgantown

Ladies in their rainbow fashions  
Colored stop and go lights flashing  
We'll wink at total strangers passing in  
Morning, Morgantown

Morning Morgantown  
Buy your dreams a dollar down  
Morning any town you name  
Morning's just the same

I'd like to buy you everything  
A wooden bird with painted wings  
A window full of colored rings  
In morning, Morgantown.

But the only thing I have to give  
To make you smile, to win you with  
Are all the mornings still to live  
In morning, Morgantown

### **The Circle Game**

Yesterday a child came out to wonder  
Caught a dragonfly inside a jar  
Fearful when the sky was full of thunder  
And tearful at the falling of a star  
Then the child moved ten times round the seasons  
Skated over ten clear frozen streams  
Words like, when you're older, must appease him  
And promises of someday make his dreams  
And the seasons they go round and round  
And the painted ponies go up and down  
We're captive on the carousel of time  
We can't return we can only look behind  
From where we came  
And go round and round and round  
In the circle game

Sixteen springs and sixteen summers gone now  
Cartwheels turn to car wheels thru the town



And they tell him,  
Take your time, it won't be long now  
Till you drag your feet to slow the circles down  
And the seasons they go round and round  
And the painted ponies go up and down  
We're captive on the carousel of time  
We can't return we can only look behind  
From where we came  
And go round and round and round  
In the circle game

So the years spin by and now the boy is twenty  
Though his dreams have lost some grandeur coming true  
There'll be new dreams, maybe better dreams and plenty  
Before the last revolving year is through  
And the seasons they go round and round  
And the painted ponies go up and down  
We're captive on the carousel of time  
We can't return, we can only look behind  
From where we came  
And go round and round and round  
In the circle game

### **The Priest**

He said, ";You wouldn't like it here  
No it's no place you should share  
The roof is ripped with hurricanes  
And the room is always bare  
I need the wind and I seek the cold";  
He reached post the wine for my hand to hold  
And he saw me young and he saw me old  
And he saw me sitting there

Then he took his contradictions out  
And he splashed them on my brow  
So which words was I then to doubt  
When choosing what to vow  
Should I choose them all-should I make them mine  
The sermons, the hymns and the valentines  
And he asked for truth and he asked for time

And he asked for only now  
Now the trials are trumpet scored  
Oh will we pass the test  
Or just as one loves more and more  
Will one love less and less  
Oh come let's run from this ring we're in  
Where the Christians clap and the Germans grin  
Saying let them lose, crying let them win  
Oh make them both confess

### **From the Air – Laurie Anderson**

Good evening. This is your Captain. We are about to attempt a crash landing. Please extinguish all cigarettes. Place your tray tables in their upright, locked position. Your Captain says: Put your head on your knees. Your Captain says: Put your head on your hands. Captain says: Put your hands on your head. Put your hands on your hips. Heh heh. This is your Captain-and we are going down. We are all going down, together. And I said: Uh oh. This is gonna be some day. Standby. This is the time. And this is the record of the time. This is the time. And this is the record of the time. Uh-this is your Captain again. You know, I've got a funny feeling I've seen this all before. Why? Cause I'm a caveman. Why? Cause I've got eyes in the back of my head. Why? It's the heat. Standby. This is the time. And this is the record of the time. This is the time. And this is the record of the time. Put your hands over your eyes. Jump out of the plane. There is no pilot. You are not alone. Standby. This is the time. And this is the record of the time. This is the time. And this is the record of the time.

### **Daydream Believer**

Oh, I could hide 'neath the wings  
Of the bluebird as she sings  
The six-o'clock-alarm would never end  
Puts it's rings and I rise  
Wipe the sleep out of my eyes  
My shaving razor's cold and it stings.

Ref.: Cheer up sleepy Jean  
Oh, what can it mean  
To a daydream believer  
And a homecoming queen  
You once start of me

As a white night on his deed  
Now you know how happy I can be  
Oh, and our good time starts and ends  
Without dollar one to spend  
But how much baby do me really need

## **Stoney End**

I was born from love and my poor mother worked the mines.  
I was raised on the good book Jesus till I read between the lines.  
Now I don't believe I want to see the morning.  
Going down the Stoney End, I never wanted to go down the Stoney End.  
Mama, let me start all over. Cradle me, mama, cradle me again.

I can still remember him with love light in his eyes,  
but the light flickered out and parted as the sun began to rise,  
now I don't believe I want to see the morning.  
Going down the Stoney End, I never wanted to go down the Stoney End.  
Mama, let me start all over. Cradle me, mama, cradle me again.

Never mind the forecast cause the sky has lost control,  
cause the fury and broken thunder's come to match my raging soul,  
now I don't believe I want to see the morning.  
Going down the Stoney End, I never wanted to go down the Stoney End.  
Mama, let me start all over. Cradle me, mama, cradle me.  
Going down the Stoney End, I never wanted to go down the Stoney End.  
Mama, let me start all over. Cradle me, mama, cradle me again.

## **Time and Love**

So winter froze the river  
And winter birds don't sing  
So winter makes you shiver  
So time is gonna bring you spring  
So he swears he'll never marry  
Says that cuddles are a curse  
Just tell him plain  
You're on the next train  
If love don't get there first

Time and love Everybody  
Time and love  
Nothing cures like  
Time and love  
Don't let the devil fool you  
Here comes a dove

Nothing cures like  
Time and love

So winter froze the river  
And winter birds don't sing  
and winter makes you shiver  
So time is gonna bring you spring  
You've been running  
You've been rambling  
And you don't know what to do  
A holy golden wager says  
That love will see you through

Time and love, everybody  
Time and love (Oh, time and love)  
Nothing cures like time and love  
Don't let the devil fool you  
Here comes a dove  
Nothing cures like  
Time and love  
(Nothing cures like  
Time and love)

Jesus was an angel  
And mankind broke His wing  
But Jesus gave His lifeline  
So sacred bell could sing  
Now a woman is a fighter  
Gather white or African  
A woman is a woman, inside  
Has miracles for her man

Time and love, everybody  
Time and love (Oh, Time and love)  
Nothing cures like  
Time and love  
Don't let the devil fool you  
Here comes a dove  
Nothing cures like time and love  
Nothing cures like time and love

## Timer

Uptown, going down, old life line,  
walking down faster, walking with the master of time.  
My lady woke up, she broke down, she got up, she let go,  
Take me Timer, shake me Timer, let it blow, let it blow.

My darling friends, oh, I belong to Timer, he changed my face.  
You're a fine one Timer, you've got me walking through the gates of space.  
I keep remembering indoors that I used to walk through,  
baby, I'm not trying to talk you down.  
But I could walk through them doors onto a pleasure ground.  
It was sweet and funny, a pleasure ground.  
Didn't know about money, did not know about Timer, did not know about Timer.

Holding to my cradle at the start but now my hand is open  
and now my hand is ready for my heart.  
So let the wind blow Timer, I like her song.  
And if the song goes minor, I won't mind.  
And Timer knows the lady's gonna love again.  
Time says the lady rambles never more.  
If you love me true, I'll spend my life with you and Timer.  
You're a jigsaw Timer, God is a jigsaw souling with, souling.  
You're a jigsaw Timer, God is a jigsaw souling with, souling with Timer, Timer

## Nightswimming

Nightswimming deserves a quiet night.  
The photograph on the dashboard,  
taken years ago,  
Turned around backwards  
so the windshield shows.  
Every streetlight reveals  
the picture in reverse.  
Still, it's so much clearer.  
I forgot my shirt at the water's edge.  
The moon is low tonight.  
Nightswimming deserves a quiet night.  
I'm not sure all these people understand.  
It's not like years ago,  
The fear of getting caught,

Of recklessness and water.  
They cannot see me naked.  
These things, they go away,  
Replaced by everyday.  
Nightswimming, remembering that night.  
September's coming soon.  
I'm pining for the moon.  
And what if there were two  
Side by side in orbit  
Around the fairest sun?  
That bright, tight forever drum  
Could not describe nightswimming.  
You, I thought I knew you.  
You I cannot judge.  
You, I thought you knew me,  
this one laughing quietly  
underneath my breath.  
Nightswimming.  
The photograph reflects,  
Every streetlight a reminder.  
Nightswimming deserves a quiet night,  
deserves a quiet night.

### **April Come She Will**

April come she will when streams are ripe and swelled with rain.  
May, she will stay resting in my arms again.  
June, she'll change her tune, in restless walks she'll prowl the night.  
July, she will fly and give no warning to her flight.  
August, die she must. The autumn winds blow chilly and cold.  
September I'll remember, a love once new has now grown old.

### **At the Zoo**

Someone told me it's all happening at the zoo. I do believe it, I do believe it's true.  
It's a light and tumble journey from the East Side to the park,  
just a fine and fancy ramble to the zoo.  
But you can take a cross-town bus if it's raining or it's cold, and the animals will love it if you do.

Something tells me it's all happening at the zoo. I do believe it, I do believe it's true.  
The monkeys stand for honesty, giraffes are insincere

and the elephants are kindly but they're dumb.  
Orangutans are skeptical of changes in their cages and the zookeeper is very fond of rum.  
Zebras are reactionaries, antelopes are missionaries,  
pigeons plot in secrecy and hamsters turn on frequently,  
what a gas, you've got to come and see at the zoo, at the zoo...

### **The Dangling Conversation**

It's a still life watercolor of a now late afternoon  
as the sun shines through the curtain lace and shadows wash the room.  
And we sit and drink our coffee, couched in our indifference  
like shells upon the shore, you can hear the ocean roar.  
In the dangling conversation and the superficial sighs: the borders of our lives.

And you read your Emily Dickinson and I my Robert Frost  
and we note our place with bookmarkers that measure what we've lost.  
Like a poem poorly written, we are verses out of rhythm,  
couplets out of rhyme in syncopated time.  
And the dangling conversation and the superficial sighs are the borders of our lives.

Yes, we speak of things that matter with words that must be said:  
"Can analysis be worthwhile? Is the theater really dead?"  
And how the room is softly faded and I only kiss your shadow,  
I cannot feel your hand, you're a stranger now unto me  
lost in the dangling conversation and the superficial sighs, in the borders of our lives.

### **Faking It**

When she goes, she's gone. If she stays, she stays here.  
The girl does what she wants to do, she knows what she wants to do  
And I know I'm fakin' it. I'm not really making it.

Such a dubious soul and a walk in the garden wears me down.  
Tangled in the fallen vines, picking up the punch lines,  
I've just been fakin' it, not really making it.

Is there any danger? No, no, not really, just lean on me.  
Take the time to treat your friendly neighbors honestly.  
I've just been fakin' it, not really making it.  
This feeling of fakin' it, I still haven't shaken it.

Prior to this lifetime, I surely was a tailor, look at me...  
("Good morning, Mr. Leitch, Have you had a busy day?")

I own the tailor's face and hands, I am the tailor's face and hands.  
I know I'm fakin' it. I'm not really making it.  
This feeling of fakin' it, I still haven't shaken it, shaken it.  
I know I'm fakin' it. I'm not really making it.

### **Flowers Never Bend with the Rainfall**

Through the corridors of sleep, past shadows dark and deep,  
my mind dances and leaps in confusion.  
I don't know what is real, I can't touch what I feel  
and I hide behind the shield of my illusion.  
So I'll continue to continue to pretend my life will never end  
and flowers never bend with the rainfall.

The mirror on my wall casts an image dark and small but I'm not sure at all it's my reflection.  
I'm blinded by the light of God and truth and right and I wander in the night without direction.  
So I'll continue to continue to pretend my life will never end  
and flowers never bend with the rainfall.

No matter if you're born to play the King or pawn  
for the line is thinly drawn tween joy and sorrow.  
So my fantasy becomes reality and I must be what I must be and face tomorrow.  
So I'll continue to continue to pretend my life will never end  
and flowers never bend with the rainfall.

### **Hazy Shade of Winter**

Time, time, time, see what's become of me.  
While I looked around for my possibilities, I was so hard to please.  
But look around, leaves are brown and the sky is a hazy shade of winter.

Hear the Salvation Army band down by the riverside, it's bound to be a better ride  
than what you've got planned, carry your cup in your hand.  
And look around, leaves are brown and the sky is a hazy shade of winter.

Hang onto your hopes, my friend. That's an easy thing to say  
but if your hopes should pass away simply pretend that you can build them again.  
Look around, the grass is high, the fields are ripe, it's the springtime of my life.



Seasons change with the scenery, weaving time in a tapestry,  
won't you stop and remember me at any convenient time?  
Funny how my memory skips while looking over manuscripts  
of unpublished rhyme, drinking my vodka and lime,  
I look around leaves are brown and the sky is a hazy shade of winter.  
Look around, leaves are brown there's a patch of snow on the ground.

### **Patterns**

The night sets softly with the hush of falling leaves,  
casting shivering shadows on the houses through the trees.  
And the light from a street lamp paints a pattern on my wall  
like the pieces of a puzzle or a child's uneven scrawl.

Up a narrow flight of stairs in a narrow little room,  
as I lie upon my bed in the early evening gloom,  
impaled on my wall, my eyes can dimly see the pattern of my life and the puzzle that is me.

From the moment of my birth to the instant of my death,  
there are patterns I must follow just as I must breathe each breath.  
Like a rat in a maze, the path before my lies and the pattern never alters until the rat dies.

And the pattern still remains on the wall where darkness fell  
and it's fitting that it should, for in darkness I must dwell.  
Like the color of my skin or the day that I grow old,  
my life is made of patterns that can scarcely be controlled.

### **The Boxer**

I am just a poor boy though my story's seldom told,  
I have squandered my resistance for a pocketful of mumbles, such are promises.  
All lies and jests, still a man hears what he wants to hear and disregards the rest.

When I left my home and my family, I was no more than a boy  
in the company of strangers in the quiet of the railway station, running scared.  
Laying low, seeking out the poorer quarters where the ragged people go,  
looking for the places only they would know.  
Lie la lie, lie la lie lie lie lie lie. Lie la lie, lie la lie lie lie lie lie, lie lie lie lie lie.

Asking only workman's wages, I come looking for a job but I get no offers,  
just a come-on from the whores on Seventh Avenue.  
I do declare, there were times when I was so lonesome I took some comfort there, lie la lie lie.

Then I'm laying out my winter clothes and wishing I was gone, going home  
where the New York City winters aren't bleeding me, leading me, going home.

In the clearing stands a boxer and a fighter by his trade  
and he carries the reminders of every glove that laid him down or cut him till he cried out  
in his anger and his shame, "I am leaving, I am leaving," but the fighter still remains.  
Lie la lie, lie la lie lie lie lie lie. Lie la lie, lie la lie lie lie lie lie, lie lie lie lie lie.

### **One Morning in May -- James Taylor**

One morning, one morning, one morning in May  
I spied a young couple, they were making their way  
One was a maiden, so bright and so fair  
And the other was a soldier, and a brave volunteer

Good mornin, good mornin, good mornin said he  
And where are you going, my pretty lady  
I'm goin out a-walkin, on the banks of the sea  
Just to see the waters glide, and hear the nightingale sing

Now they had not been standing, but a minute or two  
When out of his knapsack, a fiddle he drew  
And the tune that he played, made the valleys all ring  
Oh hark, cried the maiden, hear the nightingale sing

Oh maiden, fair maiden, tis` time to give o`er  
Oh no, kind soldier please play one tune more  
For I'd rather hear your fiddle, at the touch of one string  
Than to see the waters glide, and hear the nightingale sing

Oh soldier, kind soldier, will you marry me  
Oh no, pretty maiden, that never shall be  
I've a wife in olde London, and children, twice three  
Two wives and the army's too many for me

Well I'll go back to London, and I'll stay there for a year  
It's often that I'll think of you, my little dear

And if ever I return, it will be in the spring  
Just to see the waters glide, and hear the nightingale sing  
To see the waters glide, and hear the nightingale sing

### **Riding on a Railroad**

We are riding on a railroad, singing some else's song  
Forever standing by the cross road. Take a side and step along.  
We are sailing away on a river to the sea. Maybe you an me can meet again.  
We are riding on a railroad, singing someone else's song Sing along.

Time to time I tire of the life that I've been leading  
Town to town, day by day  
There's a man up here who claims to have his hands upon the reins.  
There are chains upon his hands and he's riding upon a train.

We are riding on a railroad, singing some else's song  
Forever standing by the cross road. Take a side and step along.  
We are sailing away on a river to the sea. Maybe you an me can meet again.  
We are riding on a railroad, singing someone else's song.

### **Soldiers**

It was just after sunrise  
And down by the sea  
Down on the sand flats  
Where nothing will grow  
Come drumming and footsteps  
Like out of a dream  
Where the golden green waters come in

Just nine lucky soldiers had come  
Through the night  
Half of them wounded  
And barely alive  
Just nine out of twenty was headed for home  
With eleven sad stories to tell

I remember quite clearly when I got out of bed  
I said, oh, good morning what a beautiful day

## After The Goldrush

Well, I dreamed I saw the knights  
In armor coming,  
Saying something about a queen.  
There were peasants singing and  
Drummers drumming  
And the archer split the tree.  
There was a fanfare blowing  
To the sun  
That was floating on the breeze.  
Look at Mother Nature on the run  
In the nineteen seventies.  
Look at Mother Nature on the run  
In the nineteen seventies.

I was lying in a burned out basement  
With the full moon in my eyes.  
I was hoping for replacement  
When the sun burst thru the sky.  
There was a band playing in my head  
And I felt like getting high.  
I was thinking about what a  
Friend had said  
I was hoping it was a lie.  
Thinking about what a  
Friend had said  
I was hoping it was a lie.

Well, I dreamed I saw the silver  
Space ships flying  
In the yellow haze of the sun,  
There were children crying  
And colors flying  
All around the chosen ones.  
All in a dream, all in a dream  
The loading had begun.  
They were flying Mother Nature's  
Silver seed to a new home in the sun.  
Flying Mother Nature's  
Silver seed to a new home.

### **Tell Me Why**

Sailing heart-ships  
thru broken harbors  
Out on the waves in the night  
Still the searcher  
must ride the dark horse  
Racing alone in his fright.  
Tell me why, tell me why

Is it hard to make  
arrangements with yourself,  
When you're old enough to repay  
but young enough to sell?

Tell me lies later,  
come and see me  
I'll be around for a while.  
I am lonely but you can free me  
All in the way that you smile  
Tell me why, tell me why

Is it hard to make  
arrangements with yourself,  
When you're old enough to repay  
but young enough to sell?

Tell me why, tell me why

### **There's A World**

There's a world you're living in  
No one else has your part  
All God's children in the wind  
Take it in and blow hard.

Look around it, have you found it  
Walking down the avenue?  
See what it brings,  
could be good things

In the air for you.

We are leaving. We are gone.

Come with us to all alone.

Never worry. Never moan.

We will leave you all alone.

In the mountains, in the cities,

You can see the dream.

Look around you. Has it found you?

Is it what it seems?

There's a world you're living in

No one else has your part

All God's children in the wind

Take it in and blow hard.