Book 1

The Songs of Dave Greenfield
1980-1998

Edited by: B. L. Cooke

Part One

The Day of the Dreamer

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Three Mile Island (1980-001)

I can hear the nuclear thunder
Goin' three miles every way.
I don't know what is happening
And I don't know what to say.
I don't know why, on the three mile isle,
Why it should go, like a big explosion.
Radiation, poring out,
In the air, without a doubt,
In all directions,
From Three Mile Island, from Three Mile Island, from Three Mile Island.

Now Three Mile Island was a fishing resort
And suddenly it was banned.
No matter what the authorities said,
Three Mile Island was out of hand.
A red alert, to the area,
And all over the world, pandamonia,
Was the reaction,
To Three Mile Island, to Three Mile Island, to Three Mile Island.

Yeah I can hear the nuclear thunder
Goin' three miles every way.
I don't know what is happening
And I don't know what to say.
I don't know why, on the Three Mile Isle,
Why it should go, like a big explosion.
Radiation, poring out,
In the air, without a doubt,
In all directions,
From Three Mile Island, from Three Mile Island, from Three Mile Island, From Three Mile Island.

(Album, Voyage to the Dawn)

Full Participation and Equality (1980-002)

One, two, three, four,
We don't wanna be segregated any more.

We don't want no discrimination.
We don't want your sympathy.
What we want is full participation,
And equality.

Five, six, seven, eight,
Now it's time to integrate.

We don't want no more segregation.
We don't want your charity.
What we want is full participation,
And equality.

Nine, ten, eleven, twelve,
Institutions farewell.

We don't want no more separation,
From the rest of the community.
What we want is full participation,
And equality.
What we want is full participation,
And equality.

Sometimes we feel like rejects,
In a social machine.
Don't you believe,
In a just society.
Sometimes we feel like rejects,
In a social machine.
Don't you believe,
In social equality.

Sometimes we feel like rejects,
In a social machine.
Don't you believe,
In a just society.
Sometimes we feel like rejects,
In a social machine.
Don't you believe,
In social equality.

We want E, quality. We want E, quality.
We want F, P and E, F, P and E.
We want E, quality. We want E, quality.
We want F, P and E, F, P and E.

We want E, quality. We want E, quality.
We want F, P and E, F, P and E.
We want E, quality. We want E, quality.
We want F, P and E, F, P and E, F, P and E.

We don't want no discrimination.
We don't want your sympathy.
What we want is full participation,
And equality.
What we want is full participation,
And equality.
What we want is full participation,
And equality.

(Album, Foggy Monday)

Capitalism's Wall (1981-001)

Free enterprise will crumble.
The establishment will fall.
Big businessmen will stumble
With the Marxists walking tall.
There'll be peace, freedom, justice
And equality for all.
You can't erase the writing
On capitalism's wall.

Free enterprise will crumble.
The establishment will fall.
Big businessmen will stumble
With the Marxists walking tall.
There'll be peace, freedom, justice
And equality for all.
You can't erase the writing
On capitalism's wall.
We can read the writing
On capitalism's wall.

Yeah free enterprise will crumble.
The establishment will fall.
Big businessmen will stumble
With the Marxists walking tall.
There'll be peace, freedom, justice
And equality for all.
You can't erase the writing
On capitalism's wall.
We can read the writing
On capitalism's wall.

You can't erase the writing,
That crazy crazy writing,
You can't erase the writing
On capitalism's wall.

We can read the writing.
We can read the writing.
We can read the writing,
That crazy crazy writing,
We can read the writing.
You can't erase the writing,
On capitalism's wall.

(Album, Voyage to the Dawn)

Another Step (1981-002)

Across the lake we walk,
Stepping from stone to stone.
To the shores of opportunity,
Day by day, we go.

Another step today we take,
As we learn to make our way.

We do not know what the future will hold,
But let us celebrate this day, all young and old.

Accepting the challenge, and as we do,
Knowing as always that we will come through.

Leaving behind, and going on,
We walk to meet the breaking dawn.

Knowing our progress and accomplishment,
Leaving a rainbow of our achievement.

Leaving behind, and going on,
We walk to meet the breaking dawn.

Knowing our progress and accomplishment,
Leaving a rainbow of our achievement.

(Album, Kingdoms and Dreamlands)

How Is Everybody (1981-003)

How is everybody, all across the country.
Just how is our home and native land.
How is everybody, all across the country,
No matter how far and wide we stand.
No matter how far and wide we stand.

May we be a land, of freedom and justice,
A land where everyone belongs.
A land where no one is homeless or hungry.
It is justice that makes a people strong.

How is everybody, all across the country.
Just how is our home and native land.
How is everybody, all across the country,
No matter how far and wide we stand.
No matter how far and wide we stand.

May civil liberties, reign throughout our nation.
May we be a voice for peace around the world.
May there be healthcare for all, and an equal education.
May we respect all the biosphere, as life unfurls.

How is everybody, all across the country.
Just how is our home and native land.
How is everybody, all across the country,
No matter how far and wide we stand.
No matter how far and wide we stand.

How is everybody, all across the country.
Just how is our home and native land.
How is everybody, all across the country,
No matter how far and wide we stand.
No matter how far and wide we stand.
No matter how far and wide we stand.

(Album, Snowflakes on the Green)

I'm a Radical Leftist (1981-004)

I'm a radical leftist.
I'm a radical leftist.
I'm a radical leftist.
I'm a radical leftist.

You will try to shut me down,
But you aint gonna do it.
The time has come to change the world,
So come on, let's get to it.

I'm a radical leftist.
I'm a radical leftist.
I'm a radical leftist.
I'm a radical leftist.

You will try to shut me down,
But you aint gonna do it.
The time has come to change the world,
So come on, let's get to it.

I'm a radical leftist.
I'm a radical leftist.
I'm a radical leftist.
I'm a radical leftist.

Change the world. Change the world.
Change the world. Change the world.

I'm a radical leftist.
I'm a radical leftist.
I'm a radical leftist.
I'm a radical leftist.

(Album, Snowflakes on the Green)

Leo Tolstoy (1981-005)

Leo Tolstoy, Tolstoy Tolstoy,
Leo Leo, Leo Tolstoy.
Leo Tolstoy, Tolstoy Tolstoy,
Leo Leo, Leo Tolstoy.

There are those who thought he was a hero.
There are those who thought he was a fool.
There are those who knew him as a writer.
There are those who knew him as a man of peace.

Leo Tolstoy, Tolstoy Tolstoy,
Leo Leo, Leo Tolstoy.
Leo Tolstoy, Tolstoy Tolstoy,
Leo Leo, Leo Tolstoy.

Now we might read the things he wrote,
And we might dream the things he dreamed.
But let's not put people on pedestals.
Still let us all be people of peace.

Leo Tolstoy, Tolstoy Tolstoy,
Leo Leo, Leo Tolstoy.
Leo Tolstoy, Tolstoy Tolstoy,
Leo Leo, Leo Tolstoy.
Leo Tolstoy, Leo Tolstoy,
Leo Tolstoy, Leo Tolstoy.

(Album, Snowflakes on the Green)

Premier Blakeney Once Looked Out (1981-006)

Premier Blakeney once looked out,
On the feast of Stephen.
Saskatchewan lay all about,
Flat and plain and even.
Spending money left and right
In his crown corporations,
When a Tory came in sight
With no hesitations.

"Romanow come stand by me.
Tell me now the truth.
Yonder Tory who is he?
What's he trying to prove?"
"He's the man who tried to say
Our budget was no good,
Like we should stop uranium
And all go back to wood."

"Bring me power. Bring me votes.
I'm calling an election.
Now we'll see who gets the most,
And who will be regretting."
Ed Torzouski stood around,
Writing out his budget.
Until he should bring it down,
To the people's justice.

"O the votes are fewer now,
And the Tory's votes grow stronger.
Fails this party I know not how.
We can rule no longer."
Therefore socialistic men,
Ought to be regretting.
Democratic governments,
Cannot rule forever.

(Non-album)

When There Is Nothing Left to Say (1982-001)

When there is nothing left to say,
When all the world is dark and gray,
When life itself seems not to pay,
When you can't seem to find the way,
Remember, that you still have love.

When all is sorrow and decay,
When you can't find the strength to pray,
When you can't live another day,
When all your dreams are swept away,
Remember, that you still have love.

When human hearts and arms embrace,
And dream as one, one human race,
When all our hearts are filled with grace,
That we might face what we must face,
Then there, will be peace on earth.

When all of humankind unite,
Illumined by a peaceful light,
When we outlive the dark of night,
And learn that might does not make right,
Then there, will be peace on earth,
Then there, will be peace on earth,
Then there, will be peace on earth.

(Album, Glimpses of Arcadia)

Flowers to Grow Need Rain (1982-002)

Sing the song of a million people.
Sing the song of all songs.
Song of justice, peace and freedom,
Sing the song of God.

Sing the song of a hungry nation,
Song of a suffering world.
Sing the song of liberation.
Sing the song of the earth.

Sing the song out against oppression.
Sing the song to the sky.
Sing the song of a million questions.
Sing the song that asks why.

Why it had to be he, instead of me,
Who had to die.
Why it had to be them, instead of us,
Who had to hide.
The answer I do not know now.
But if I wait until the hour,
I believe I will know why.

Laughter comes with tolerance.
Answers come with pain.
Questions come with discord.
And flowers to grow need rain.

Laughter comes with tolerance.
Answers come with pain.
Questions come with discord.
And flowers to grow need rain.
And flowers to grow need rain.

(Album, Voyage to the Dawn)

Peace at Twilight (1982-003)

Dreams awakening in the forest.
Life pulsing in the cornfield.
Spirits sleeping in the shadows.
Ice melting on the lake.
Peace at twilight.

Rain falling on the garden.
Youth stirring in the nation.
Light shining in the darkness.
Truth turning in its grave.
Peace at twilight.

Birds flocking on the horizon.
Stars dimming in the morning.
Earth spinning on its axis.
Dark melting into light.
Peace at twilight.

Child growing in its mother's womb,
Now bursting forth from the darkness.
Now being forced to see a world of light,
Now being forced to acknowledge his or her own unimportance.
Now setting forth to find the true light.
Peace at twilight.

Venus and Mars shining at moonset.
Several perceptions of truth shooting through the sky.
One truth prevailing, bringing order to the kaleidoscope.
All other ideas passing away,
Before the eternal synthesis of God and man.
Peace at twilight.
Peace at twilight.
Peace at twilight.

(Album, My Earliest Songs)

The Cruise Missile Blues (1982-004)

Well I heard somethin' people,
I heard it on the news.
Up in northern Alberta, people,
They're gonna be testing the cruise.
And I don't really like it.
I've got the cruise missile blues.
I've got the cruise missile blues.

Well we've got thousands of nuclear weapons.
It's something we all should refuse.
'Cause if we keep on building weapons,
I tell you we're all gonna lose.
I say no to cruise missile testing.
I've got the cruise missile blues.
I've got the cruise missile blues.

What kind of a future do we want.
It's something we all have to choose.
I realize you may agree,
Or disagree with my views.
I say no to cruise missile testing.
I've got the cruise missile blues.
I've got the cruise missile blues.

Yeah I heard somethin' people.
I heard it on the news.
Up in northern Alberta, people,
They're gonna be testing the cruise.
And I don't really like it at all.
I've got the cruise missile blues.
I've got the cruise missile blues.
I've got the cruise missile blues.

I say no to cruise missile testing.
I've got the cruise missile blues.
I've got the cruise missile blues.
I've got the cruise missile blues.

(Album, Snowflakes on the Green)

Some Are Born to Love (1982-005)

Golden drops of poetry,
Are falling slowly from the clouds of wisdom.
Lightening filled with energy,
Is flashing through my mind as through a prism.

Some are born to question.
Some are born to quarrel
Some are born to bring,
Great changes to their world.

Title waves of joy and peace,
Are crashing on the shore of gentle being.
Windy windy hurricanes,
Dance across the sky of our perceiving.

Some are born to weave.
Some are born to bind.
Some are born to break down,
Every structure that they find.

Thunder storms of freedom,
Make their way across our vast imagination.
Memories and prophecies,
Haunt us with the word emancipation.

Some are born to build,
The day they're dreaming of.
Some are born to struggle.
Some are born to love.

Some are born to love.
Some are born to love.
Some are born to love.
Some are born to love.

Golden drops of poetry,
Are falling slowly from the clouds of wisdom.
Lightening filled with energy,
Is flashing through my mind as through a prism.

Some are born to build,
The day they're dreaming of.
Some are born to struggle.
Some are born to love.

Some are born to love.
Some are born to love.
Some are born to love.
Some are born to love.
Some are born to love.
Some are born to love.

(Album, Snowflakes on the Green)

In the Spirit of the Poem (1982-006)

I want to write a poem, that will represent my world.
I want to write a verse that will, express my deepest thoughts.
I want to write a poem, that puts meaning in my soul.
I want to write down all I know, of love and peace and God.

I need a poem like a river that will flow.
A poem that will be, the expression of my youth.
I need a poem like a flower that will grow.
A poem that will grow with me in truth.

I want to write a poem. I want to write a poem.
In the poem I will put my mind.
I will be one with the poem.
The poem and I will be free.
I am one with the poem.
The poem is one with my mind.
I have become the poem.
The poem is begotten of me.

I am the poem. I am the poem.
I am the spirit that wrote the poem.
I am the poem. I am the poem.
I am the spirit that wrote the poem.

I live in the poem.
My spirit lives in the words.
I love the poem.
The poem loves me in return.

What is the poem yet unwritten.
What is my spirit before conception.
Only an idea, in the mind of God.
Only a potential, not yet expressed in thought.

The poem will be written on paper.
I will be flesh, blood and bone.
The poem and I, will both have a soul.
And the poem and I will be one.

I am the poem. I am the poem.
I am the spirit that wrote the poem.
I am the poem. I am the poem.
I am the spirit that wrote the poem.
I am the spirit that wrote the poem.

(Album, Snowflakes on the Green)

Electron Shells (1982-007)

A whispering song, drifting lonely 'cross the plain.
A listening God, sympathizing with the rain.
A prayer or a poem, written by a man who could not live.
The page of a hymnbook, lying open on the floor on a lonely hymn.
Written by a man who could not face the world,
So he ran away and hid and left a pretty girl.

A spiritual river, flowing out of the sky.
A speck on a church bench, like a mote in God's eye.
A bright scream of lightening, from the gateway of Hell.
Another soul lost, that couldn't leave its shell.
Belonging to a man who could not face the Lord,
So he ran and hid his face beneath a row of corn.

One brought the Bible. One brought offerings to be burned.
The rich brought money. The scholars brought what they had learned.
The activist brought his lodestar, and issues of concern.
The poor man brought himself, and the kingdom he had earned.

One brought the Bible. One brought offerings to be burned.
The rich brought money. The scholars brought what they had learned.
The activist brought his lodestar, and issues of concern.
The poor man brought himself, and the kingdom he had earned.

(Album, Crashlanders)

One Dead (1982-008)

Red December winter's eve,
Disaster comes any time.
Nothing left for you to believe,
Disaster's fangs will strike.

What notions to betray.
Who knows when their fee's paid.
None left in the leeway.
One dead on the freeway.
One dead on the freeway.
One dead on the freeway.

This world in which we suffer,
Sometimes seems unfair.
With poverty and hunger,
Injustice and despair.

But what meaning would there be in life,
If there was nothing to change.
If everything was going fine,
There'd be a lot more pain.

What notions to betray.
Who knows when their fee's paid.
None left in the leeway.
One dead on the freeway.
One dead on the freeway.
One dead on the freeway.

Just a statistic, a blot of ink,
Just another number, the people will think.
But another life and another link,
In a living chain that's poised on the brink,
Of destruction.

Jesus suffered on the cross so,
We could break our chains.
You might think that it is impossible,
But this old world will change.
This old world will change.

What notions to betray.
Who knows when their fee's paid.
None left in the leeway.
One dead on the freeway.
One dead on the freeway.
One dead on the freeway.

One dead on the freeway.
One dead on the freeway.
One dead on the freeway.
One dead on the freeway.

(Album, Crashlanders)

Out Beyond Reality (1982-009)

Out beyond reality,
Where the daybreak now is moving,
Out where the moon is setting,
And the morning star still shines.
Out beyond reality,
That's really an illusion,
Out beyond the confines,
Of our collective mind.

I'm drinking in the spirit,
And breathing in God's love.
Caught in a nocturnal time warp,
I struggle to rise above.
I ran in fright from the black suns,
Of selfishness and terror,
And entered a newborn system,
Of love and truth and prayer.
Were they just the phantoms,
Of some nocturnal dream,
Or had I been riding the fantasy line,
Beyond reality.

I crossed a dreamy river,
To a land I'd never seen,
Where the dead had not been buried,
And the living had never been.
And there I met a people,
Who spoke a backward tongue,
And tried to start rebellions,
Among the poor and young.

Past this the sparkling mountains,
Were only a mirage,
As you forgot your purpose,
And the world forgot your cause.
There is glittering gleaming glee,
On the gloating global face,
But there is no glow or glory,
When the glass glides into place.

There is no way that silicon thoughts,
Lead shields or concrete blocks will stop,
The power of love begotten,
The power of Satya Graha.

There is no way that silicon thoughts,
Lead shields or concrete blocks will stop,
The power of love begotten,
The power of Satya Graha.
The power of love begotten,
The power of Satya Graha.

Out beyond reality,
Where the daybreak now is moving,

Out where the moon is setting,
And the morning star still shines,
Out beyond reality,
That's really an illusion,
Out beyond the confines,
Of our collective mind.

(Album, Snowflakes on the Green)

Know Yourself (1982-010)

Know yourself. Be yourself.
And maybe you can free yourself.
Know yourself. Be yourself.
And maybe you can free yourself.

Want the truth. Seek the truth.
And maybe we can speak the truth.
Want the truth. Seek the truth.
And maybe we can speak the truth.

Know yourself. Be yourself.
And maybe you can free yourself.
Know yourself. Be yourself.
And maybe you can free yourself.

Be in the world, and of the world.
Love the Lord and love the world.
Be in the world, and of the world.
Love the Lord and love the world.

Know yourself. Be yourself.
And maybe you can free yourself.
Know yourself. Be yourself.
And maybe you can free yourself.

Want the truth. Seek the truth.
And maybe we can speak the truth.
Want the truth. Seek the truth.
And maybe we can speak the truth.

Know yourself. Be yourself.
And maybe you can free yourself.
Know yourself. Be yourself.
And maybe you can free yourself.

Be in the world, and of the world.
Love the Lord and love the world.
Be in the world, and of the world.
Love the Lord and love the world.

Know yourself. Be yourself.
And maybe you can free yourself.
Know yourself. Be yourself.
And maybe you can free yourself.
Maybe you can free yourself.
Maybe you can free yourself.
Maybe you can free yourself.

(Album, Snowflakes on the Green)

Son of a Broken World (1982-011)

Here I am the son of a broken world,
Stricken by division.
There is only one religion,
To love and to do.

Here I am blown by uncertain winds.
The times are changing faster.
I can only serve one master,
Universal truth.

Let me be one with the hungry.
Let me be one with the most humble.
Let me be one with the most high.
Allow me to share in the suffering.
Let me work for peace and justice.
In you I will never die.

I'll need no umbrella,
To keep out all the rain,
If you let me feel the sunshine,
Of your love from day to day.

Let me learn to share your spirit,
With a world so troubled now.
Raise me from oppression's pits,
Where the world has thrown me down.

If I can love you Lord,
King of the universe,
I need not fear the world or its sorrow.
If I can calm the storm a bit,
While I am here on Earth,
Let your love shine on us tomorrow.
Let your love shine on us tomorrow.

Here I am the son of a broken world.

(Album, Kingdoms and Dreamlands)

Poem of Hope (1982-012)

Sometimes it seems this life,
Is just too hard to bear.
Sometimes it seems this world,
Is simply too unfair.
Sometimes it seems to me,
That the only way to be,
Is making all your life a silent prayer.

Sometimes my world is crumbling,
And I cannot cope.
But then I know there's one more chance,
To catch the rope.
This broken heart you see,
Will find it hard to beat.
When will the tempest shatter,
In a stream of hope.

My life has been a mockery,
From ecstasy to misery,
And now, where is there left to go.
But there's hope coming into sight,
On the new horizon of my life.
With it I hope my life will leave this low.

The future can be faced,
When I find my time and place.
And then I hope,
That God will help me find the road.
Yes I know that God will help me find the road.
Yes I know that God will help me find the road.

(Album, Foggy Monday)

The Wheel (1982-013)

Born on the wheel, where freedom is not,
Spoon-fed your thoughts, to which you respond,
As they supposed and expected you to,
For they know the mind of rebellious youth.

Spin after spin, you stay in your spot,
And there is no chance for spoken thought,
To spread to spirits with minds of their own,
Or span the spaces between the spokes.

For generations of despair,
The mothers and fathers passed on to their,
Children and grandchildren, their oppressed spot,
From which the speed of the wheel is wrought.

Spring after spring, the salmon spawn,
While fished for sport a little beyond.
Although our comrades living and dead,
Sang songs of freedom under their breaths,
And although the slaves speak out and spit,
They still must live with the club and the whip.

The wheel is the system that binds our hands.
The wheel runs on money, on people and land.
A little grease here and a little more oil,
So the servants don't squeak,
And yet are not spoiled.

The wheel is in order, from axle to rim.
The system is happy, so let the wheel spin.
The wheel is in order, from axle to rim.
The system is happy, so let the wheel spin.
Let the wheel spin. Let the wheel spin.

(Album, Foggy Monday)

In the Machine (1982-014)

Is this the thing they call the universe.
Is this the place they call the world.
Is this the object they call Planet Earth.
Is everything what I behold.

Is this the space they call infinity.
is it what it appears to be.
Is this the time that they call history.
Then let the winds blow free.

I remember the night,
He escaped from their dream.
They did not want the world,
To know about their regime.
They went after him,
And brought him back that night.
It was the first time,
Anyone had ever tried to leave.

They thought we all,
Had been deceived.
When they told us,
He'd been kidnapped by the enemy.
We knew what they said,
Usually wasn't right.
So few of us,
Were naive enough to believe.

Welcome back, to the big machine,
Where everyone is a part.
This big machine does not believe,
In freedom of thought or art.
And if a person tries to leave,
They'll trample on his heart.
When a person is injured or diseased,
They simply replace the part.

The machine is always there,
Driving you on until you break.
Just waiting for someone to error,
To punish them for their mistake.
The machine it doesn't care,
If its parts have pains or aches.
It doesn't want to repair,
A system that seems to be okay.

When will it set us free.
When will it let us be.
If we work for this machine,
Then we serve its destiny.

If we left the machine,
And all we have known,
We would be like a star,

Shining alone.
There would be more room,
For the twilight zone,
But might not the machine,
Reclaim its own.

If some day,
We set ourselves free,
They'd track us down,
With the swiftest speed.
We'd all be sent,
To the guillotine,
And then ground up,
For tomorrow's meal.

But what is worse,
Yes what is worse,
Is that the others would say,
What fools we were.
But then we'd be lucky,
If they were even told.
Everything is not,
What we behold.

If we revolted, against the machine,
We'd shut it down forever.
They would call it anarchy,
But we would call it Heaven.
We would call it Heaven.
We would call it Heaven.

(Album, Foggy Monday)

Mind Fire in the Library (1982-015)

Thoughts collecting dust in your mind
Like books on a library shelf.
Most of them were written by others,
Co-authored by yourself.
Some of the books are old,
And some of them are new.
Some were written by parents and teachers,
And some were written by you.

Some of the books you haven't
Opened in many years.
Many of your earlier books
Now seem childish and weird.
The books that were lies
You've convinced yourself to be truth you know.
The books you are not proud of
Stand on a distant shelf
Where you never go.

All ideas, memories and beliefs
Are burning in a bonfire at your feet.
Your personal culture is on fire tonight.
It was never shared with anyone in your life.

Mind fire in the library,
Mind fire in the library,
Mind fire in the library,
Mind fire in the library.

All ideas, memories and beliefs
Are burning in a bonfire at your feet.
Your personal culture is on fire tonight.
It was never shared with anyone in your life.

Mind fire in the library,
Mind fire in the library,
Mind fire in the library,
Mind fire in the library.

(Album, Wild Cats and Freedom Trains)

Flower and Desert (1982-016)

Truth will often be trampled on by lies.
Light will often be persecuted by darkness.
Love will often be crushed
By the weight of hatred.
Life will often be bound
By the chains of death.

How little grows the flower
In the desert sand,
Without God's rain for encouragement,
But only the hot dry wind
Intent on destroying the flower.
Still we plant our seeds
In the desert and,
Amid the hot dry winds
We wait for the blessed rain shower.
We wait for the blessed rain shower.

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(Album, Wild Cats and Freedom Trains)

The Same Mistakes (1982-017)

Time after time
Humankind has tried
To do the best we can.
We thought it was right.
We didn't realize
What we had done to our fellow man.

Then time goes by
And memories die,
Fading into history.
And what humankind
Did in another time
Is shrouded in mystery.

Then one day we don't remember any more,
The crimes that we've committed once before.
Then we'll be making the same mistakes
In another time and place,
And the words will be the same
As memories slip away.
And after it is ended
Everyone will say,
We've finally learned our lesson
And freedom's here to stay.

Then it will be accepted,
But as people come along,
Someone's going to question,
"Did that really go on?"
Distorted more and more the truth becomes,
While slowly your consciousness is numbed.

You learn to take for granted
And you learn to accept,
Crimes that before
You would have spoken out against.
Then slowly anything
Seems to be allowed.
Til someone from outside
Who is not involved,
Steps in because it's gone too far,
And sets it right, and there you are.

I believe this is the way
That oppression operates,
And how it is able to rule the day.
But things will continue to be this way,
Til someone with a strong enough will,
Stands up, speaks out, and says what they feel.

And the people of the world
Are able to listen,
And able to act
To change conditions.

Only then will we see a better day.
Meanwhile we make the same mistakes.
Meanwhile we make the same mistakes.

(Album, Wild Cats and Freedom Trains)

Mystic Flower (1983-001)

The mystic flower has endured
Through winter's banks of snow.
To the edges of the universe,
Let this patient flower grow.

Though our world spins in darkness now,
The flower still remains,
Though the shadows of our nightmare fears
Sometimes distort the day.

Its leaves are often trampled on.
Its buds have been abused.
But it outshines all the guns and bombs
Upon the evening news.

The flower spans the universe
And peace is in its buds.
The flower blooms in all of us,
The flower that is love.

The flower spans the universe
And peace is in its buds.
The flower blooms in all of us,
The flower that is love.
The flower that is love.

(Album, My Earliest Songs)

Comrades of the Cosmos (1983-002)

Spiritualised energy
Is flowing back from Earth to Point Omega.
Love and truth and human thought
Are moving mountains and they're making changes.
Mystic ripples from the clouds beyond,
Christic ripples on the cosmic pond,
And the people of the world behold an angel.

From a place of beauty deep outside
The shadows but not in the afternoon,
A place that is a mystery
That some have called the dark side of the moon.
Beauty sleeps until the end of time.
Angels dance upon a hedge of pine.
The world prepared to wake and leave the womb.

Comrades of the cosmos,
Brothers from a billion light-years away.
Sisters from the stars,
Neighbours from across the Milky Way.
Friends from foreign systems,
Common loving spirits of the all.
From whatever distance,
We welcome you as allies under God.
We welcome you as allies under God.

Comrades of the cosmos,
Brothers from a billion light-years away.
Sisters from the stars,
Neighbours from across the Milky Way.
Friends from foreign systems,
Common loving spirits of the all.
From whatever distance,
We welcome you as allies under God.
We welcome you as allies under God.

(Album, My Earliest Songs)

Behold (1983-003)

Freedom sleeps in the heat of the summer afternoon.
The children of God awaken in the earth's womb.
Justice cries out in the night from the stone walls.
The Kingdom of God is inside us in our souls.
Truth will not be stopped by the cold rain.
From far beyond the storm there comes a voice.
Behold o behold, the Holy Grail.
Behold o behold, the Holy Grail.

Brainwashed by the rain we go on.
Searching for some sign of the approaching dawn.
Rainbows appear in the darkness of the northern sky.
The heat of the sun warms our faces and melts the snow.
The stones beneath our feet still echo with the cold sound of night.
But the world greets the last morning with a smile.
Behold o behold, the Risen Christ.
Behold o behold, the Risen Christ.

(Album, My Earliest Songs)

Dream of the Owl (1983-004)

The thought song of a dying hope,
Two minds in a kaleidoscope,
The owl spreads its wings above the sky.
The lines run to infinity,
While we can serve divinity,
The three who are most high.

A man who’s never seen the moon,
Or heard the lyric laughing loon,
Who thinks that he can drink the ocean dry,
Will never learn to sing along,
To nature's holy cosmic song,
Or listen to the tide.

The owls watch throughout the night,
Until a name's called to the light.
We die when dawn is breaking, blue and pale.
The ghosts that haunt the mysteries,
Come back to taunt the Pyrenees,
In search of the Holy Grail.

The thought song of a dying hope,
Two minds in a kaleidoscope,
The owl spreads its wings above the sky.
The owl spreads its wings above the sky.

(Album, Season of Sparrows)

Altruvian Dream (1983-005)

While wandering through the park
Before the sky grew dark,
I met a man I thought I'd seen before.
He sat upon some stones
And looked toward the unknown,
And he said that I should come his way no more.

I asked if he was God.
He said that he was not,
But that he'd had a kingdom in the north.
He said his name was John
And that he faced the dawn,
From a quiet three floor brownstone in New York.

Another crossed my path
And greeted me with wrath,
And as I turned to face him he did hear,
A voice within the wind
That spoke like pine trees in
The forest that my childhood heart had feared.

A scarf concealed my face
And they brought me to a place
Where truly I had never wished to tread.
I met a peasant boy
Who'd have the world destroyed
As soldiers brought the injured and the dead.

The stars began to shine,
But still beyond the line,
The darkness reigned unchallenged and unchecked.
The towers in the dream,
The flowers and the theme,
The people in the orders they were pecked.

Then I was left alone
In a nuclear free zone
With records spinning backward in the spring.
The sprouting flowers cried,
"I'm all shook up inside,
From what I've viewed on Earth from angel's wings.".

The tempest slowly died,
Yet everything I tried
Was trampled as the troopers thundered on.
The land and sea and sky
Could not escape the lie,
As I lingered on the broken brink of dawn.

The dust rose from the ground
And formed a mushroom cloud,
And slowly it all settled down again.
I choose the path that calls
For beauty in the small,

Against which all the world's techniques are bent.

The love that calls forth truth
And questions from our youth,
It flows within the mystic poet's heart.
To come this way no more
Would be to close the door
On all I learned while wandering through the park.

To come this way no more
Would be to close the door
On all I learned while wandering through the park.
On all I learned while wandering through the park.

(Album, Voyage to the Dawn)

The Timeless Question (1983-006)

Many men and women
Down this dusty dreary road,
Have asked their timeless questions,
Before they turned to go.
They've asked about will and wisdom
And what makes the wind blow,
And many have found answers by and by.

They've shattered shallow shadows
With poet's thoughts and dreams.
They've delved into deeper darkness
While wincing, the world was weaned.
They've thrust back thorny thickets,
Just to have them replaced by weeds,
But still we should commend them for their try.

From foreign torture chambers,
From war-torn capitals,
From the screaming mouths of hunger,
Reality unfolds.
Reality can kill you
In body, mind and soul.
Still we shout our timeless questions to the sky.

Do you remember that young man,
Through whom the world will bloom,
As he hung there dying
On that darkened afternoon.
I heard you breathe a silent
Prayer of mercy I presume,
And then you asked the timeless question why.
And then you asked the timeless question why.
And then you asked the timeless question why.

(Album, Voyage to the Dawn)

Beyond the Sunset (1983-007)

Heaven, Nirvana,
A oneness with the Power.
The Happy Hunting Ground,
The Land of the Owl.
Paradise, Valhalla,
The Kingdom of God.
Elysium, the spirit world,
Or just the place beyond.

Where spirits come to rest,
On Mother Nature's breast,
The heartbeat of the universe
Is pounding in our ears.
Her blood is in our veins,
Removing all our pain.
We've lost ourselves inside the flowing
Music of the spheres.

Absorbed into the light,
Where we are satisfied.
We have no need to hear or see
Or smell or touch or taste.
Our souls hear feel and see,
To all infinity.
We live in everything that dwells
Throughout all time and space.

Our hearts and minds and souls
Are one, and we are whole.
We know that death was conquered
As we watch the new day break.
The temporal now fades
Into the distant shade.
Our ship is in the harbour of
Life's great eternal lake.

Heaven, Nirvana,
A oneness with the power.
The Happy Hunting Ground,
The Land of the Owl.
Paradise, Valhalla,
The Kingdom of God.
Elysium, the spirit world,
Or just the place beyond.

(Albums, My Earliest Songs, and, Tomato Club)

To Calm the Storm (1983-008)

The Lord has called this planet out of darkness,
And planted on it seeds of hope.
He calls us to a change of heart and,
He lets our spirits be made whole.
He lets our spirits be made whole.

In the light of the resurrection,
In the light of love and truth and peace,
We can see the way to live forever,
But we need the strength to follow and believe.
But we need the strength to follow and believe.

May God's forgiveness make us humble.
Let our hearts experience rebirth.
Let us work for freedom, peace and justice,
And for His kingdom here on Earth.
And for His kingdom here on Earth.

The one who broke the bred at the last supper,
Knew His blood would flow to fill the Holy Grail.
He knew that soon He'd have to suffer,
And that His mission would not fail.
And that His mission would not fail.

Though wicked men did send Him to Golgotha,
And made Him wear a crown of thorns,
Still He goes before us all and lights the pathway,
And in our hearts He comes to calm the storm.
And in our hearts He comes to calm the storm.

To calm the storm, to calm the storm.
To calm the storm, to calm the storm.
And in our hearts He comes to calm the storm.
And in our hearts He comes to calm the storm.
And in our hearts He comes to calm the storm.

(Albums, My Earliest Songs, and, Dragonfly Sutra)

A Candle Lit at Dawn (1983-009)

Three hours of suffering
On a Friday afternoon,
The lonely lodestar
Shining through it all,
Surrounded by silent darkness.

The candle
On the sacrificial altar
Burns low.
It flickers in the wind of injustice.
Then the flame goes out,
And the wick grows cold.
And the melted wax hardens.

At the break of dawn,
The night is pushed aside.
The power of evil is broken.
The bonds of death are snapped.
The eastern wind, aglow with truth,
Illusion dies, as truth goes on,
Lighting the new candle,
That shines on us,
And lives in us,
And walks with us,
Forever.

Lighting the new candle,
That shines on us,
And lives in us,
And walks with us,
Forever.

(Album, Voyage to the Dawn)

And Onward Ever Climb (1983-010)

There is a path.
There is a path,
A winding through this world.
Its message delves
Inside ourselves
To bring out what lies burrowed.

The journey's long
But we grow strong
When on the path to light,
And bear in mind
That those who find
This path shall never die.

Once on the track,
Do not look back
To ways of former times,
But forward look,
Past brier and brook,
And onward ever climb.

It's when we turn
That passions burn
And we can be misled.
We follow then
A poisoned end
That shoots our spirits dead.

But when we fall
The path still calls
For us to be reborn.
With outstretched arms
And voice so warm,
He gently calms the storm.

A pillar bright
Burns through the night
And guides us higher still,
Until at dawn
We break death's bonds
And find our hopes fulfilled.

So run the race
With love and grace
And fight the goodly fight.
His pathway leads,
Like well-sewn seeds,
To freedom, peace and life.

So run the race
With love and grace
And fight the goodly fight.
His pathway leads,
Like well-sewn seeds,

To freedom, peace and life.

There is a path.
There is a path,
A winding through this world.

(Albums, My Earliest Songs, and, Big Blue Hurricane)

What Greater Joy (1983-011)

To search for a road without stoplights,
Or a street where the doors have no locks.
Where truth lives without stained glass windows,
In small smiling towns without smog.

Where freedom flies high without flagpoles,
But like a flower grows from the earth.
Where love is not measured on paper,
But by being there witnessing birth.

To swim in a stream without sewers,
Or bridges of concrete and steal.
To walk through a park like a pilgrim,
And know what a poet must feel.

What greater joy can there ever be
Than knowing somewhere we're living free.
What greater joy can there ever be
Than knowing somewhere we're living free.
What greater joy can there ever be
Than knowing somewhere we're living free.

(Album, My Earliest Songs)

The Day of the Dreamer (1983-012)

Somewhere in the wind
Is a rabbi in a synagogue
With candles that burn through the night.
And somewhere in the world
Is a man who can help us all.
Somewhere in this land there's a light.

The power of Rome
With its occupying legions
Has tried shutting us in the dark.
But somewhere nearby
With the people of the countryside
Is a man with more might than the armed.

He has spoke not of war
But of love and forgiveness,
And once he turned water to wine.
He has not promised wealth
Or power to the sinless.
No it seems steeper paths lead to life.

Anywhere that he is
There are those who seek his guidance,
But many have proclaimed him false.
He's brought sick men to health
And brought dead men back to life again.
Now his voice echoes from Zion's walls.

Many chief priests and scribes
And both Sadducees and Pharisees
Who've heard this man speak are amazed,
But many are not
And they accuse him of heresy,
And Pilot returns in three days.

It seems that his heart
Is with the suffering people,
And he wants their exploiters' hearts changed.
But the ones he wants changed
They are his greatest haters,
And their influence gets things arranged.

Now some they expect
Him to fight the Roman legions,
And others expect him to stop.
Still others say he
Is another false messiah
And he ought to be hung on a cross.

Though he says he's the light
And he's called God his father,
To me, he has done nothing wrong.
Now many are in town
To observe the great Passover

When the twelve tribes were freed by our God.

In an upstairs room
He has gathered his twelve
To eat bred and drink wine for this feast.
And one among them
Is controlled by the evil one,
And soon he'll betray this prince of peace.

Now he's led James and John
And the man he calls the cornerstone
To a nearby garden to pray.
Twelve had drunk from the cup
Of his blood, and ate his body.
Now the blood sacrifice would be made.

One betrayed him with a kiss
So the temple guards could take him
To be taunted, accused and abused.
He had nothing to say
To Pilot or to Herod,
And Pilot thought aloud, "What is truth?".

Now many they whipped him
And laughed at his meekness,
And some made a mock crown of thorns.
Although Pilot said
That no crime had been committed,
The crowd shouts more loudly this morn.

Then they made him walk
And had him hold his tree of death,
As they led him to the mountain of skulls.
For the three longest hours
Humankind had ever witnessed,
He suffered on the cross for us all.

Then his head it dropped down
In the afternoon darkness
And the day of the dreamer began.
For two nights and a day
All his followers wondered,
Til the sun and the Son rose again.

Now the church bells have rung
Down through twenty querying centuries,
Of love, war and bitter sweet sorrow.
And somewhere in the wind
The candles they still flicker
And they burn for a brighter tomorrow.

Though the kerosene lamps
Have been replaced by light bulbs,
And the bells by progressive rock music,
They continue to tell
Of his truth and forgiveness.

They continue to call people to him.

Though the centuries change,
The message remains.
Love all people as God loves humankind.
And this truth it will stay
In the sunshine and rain,
Til the stars tumble out of the sky.

Though the centuries change,
The message remains.
Love all people as God loves humankind.
And this truth it will stay
In the sunshine and rain,
Til the stars tumble out of the sky.

And the day of the dreamer lives on.
And the day of the dreamer lives on.
And the day of the dreamer lives on.

(Album, Voyage to the Dawn)

Ballad of Twilight Rock (1983-013)

'Twas long ago
Upon this stone,
Upon this rock of death,
Through bright blue eyes,
Two young folk cried,
And drew their brave last breath.

At daybreak if
The tide is in,
The water drowns this stone.
At sunset now,
If tides are out,
This rock is dry as bone.

The sun shines just
From dawn til dusk,
Between two twilight zones.
From dusk to dawn
The sun is gone
From the sight of this bold stone.
From the sight of this bold stone.

Night after night
By springtime light
As the breath of May brought life,
And the branches on
The trees beyond
Blew sweetly in their sight.

A girl and boy,
Amid love's joy,
Were lovers on this stone,
Til spring blew wild
And spawned a child
Amid flesh blood and bone.
Amid flesh blood and bone.

Three months ago
Upon this stone,
Without a thought of death,
Three months ago
Their eyes did glow
In life's united breath.

But now the youth
And love and truth
Are gone from both their eyes,
For now the facts
Strike like an axe
And time has made them wise.

He will not shame
The family name,
And she cannot afford,

And so tonight
Beneath the light
Of brightly shining orbs,

His knife he takes,
While she still shakes
And shivers in the cold.
He then does grab
Her and does stab
Her heart that loved him so.
Her heart that loved him so.

Then from her heart,
The blade blood dark,
He pulls the awful knife.
And then he slits
Both of his wrists,
And lays him down to die.
And lays him down to die.

Upon this rock
Beyond the talk
Of gossiping neighbourhoods,
Upon this rock,
This twilight rock,
They loved whene'er they could.

But now upon
This rock beyond
All time, he and his girl,
In death do lay
Til borne away
By the ocean's tidal swirl.
By the ocean's tidal swirl.

Upon this rock
Beyond the talk
Of gossiping neighbourhoods,
Upon this rock,
This twilight rock,
They loved whene'er they could.

But now upon
This rock beyond
All time, he and his girl,
In death do lay
Til borne away
By the ocean's tidal swirl.
By the ocean's tidal swirl.

(Albums, My Earliest Songs, and, Dragonfly Sutra)

New World in the Making (1983-014)

There's a new world in the making.
All the people are awaking
To the new dawn that is breaking
To the east.
For the darkness is disbanding
And the new day is expanding,
One of sharing, understanding,
Love and peace.

There's a new world in the making.
There's a new world in the making.

There is no need to be fearing.
All our doubts are disappearing.
We can see the fog is clearing
Down the road.
For so long we have been dreaming
That a day would come with meaning.
Golden justice banners streaming
Lift our load.

There's a new world in the making.
There's a new world in the making.

For so long it has been storming.
Now the night gives way to morning.
New relationships are forming
'Cross the land.
All our hearts and heads are healing.
We shall know each other's feelings
In the new bond we are ceiling
With all man.

There's a new world in the making.
There's a new world in the making.

There's a new world in the making.
All the people are awaking
To the new dawn that is breaking
To the east.
For the darkness is disbanding
And the new day is expanding,
One of sharing, understanding,
Love and peace.

There's a new world in the making.
There's a new world in the making.
There's a new world in the making.
There's a new world, new world, new world in the making.
In the making, in the making.
There's a new world in the making.

(Albums, My Earliest Songs, and, Land of the Shooting Stars)

Ode to the Servants of Justice (1983-015)

Not in the holy temple prized,
That's not where He was sacrificed.
But on a hill outside of town,
With common highway thieves He's found.

Not under windows of stained glass,
That's not where we will find our tasks.
But in the streets with banners raised,
On social issues of the day.

Once on the path, as it does wind,
You have not left the world behind.
For you still hear the loud despair
Of those in struggle everywhere.

Don't be afraid to walk through mud,
Though you might have to shed some blood.
These words are harsh, but they are true,
If we're to make this old world new.

Now some have said you cannot serve
The Lord and be concerned with Earth.
But we recall Teilhard's Third Way,
To feel the Lord in every day.

There'll be a time for reverie,
When we will see the heavenly.
There'll be a day when we can rest,
But until then we must protest.

There'll be a day when we can rest,
But until then we must protest.
But until then we must protest.
But until then we must protest.

(Albums, My Earliest Songs, and, Dragonfly Sutra)

What Was and What Is (1983-016)

Thus a morning star
Destined to shine but only,
For five chrysalid years
Like short precious moments.
A blooming rose to whom
The autumn came too soon
And left an empty space in the row.

Now a shadow dark
Silent and long seems looming,
Over our hearts and souls
As we wonder what time's proving.
But life it must go on
And we must face the dawn,
And swiftly does time's rushing river move.

Remember now what was,
Not what was not or would be.
Treasure now what is,
Not what is not or could have been.
From all things do we gain,
So too with loss and pain.
So let the fruit you gain from this be good.
So let the fruit you gain from this be good.

(Album, Voyage to the Dawn)

The Piper Ponders (1983-017)

The piper's people pen their prose
Upon the passive page.
The piper's people pen their prose
Upon the passive page.
The poet's power poring pure
And planting paper sage.

The patient pawns and puppets dance
And part the planet stage.
The patient pawns and puppets dance
And part the planet stage.
The prophet's purpose points out pain
In poking probing rage.

Oppression's profits pocketed
In plastic porn displays.
Oppression's profits pocketed
In plastic porn displays.
Complaisant players peer surprised
Just past their Packman games.
Complaisant players peer surprised
Just past their Packman games.

(Album, Voyage to the Dawn)

Still in the Game (1983-018)

I remember a long lost time ago,
In a place so far away,
To which I know I can never return
Again for just one day.
We are lost souls that haunt the night
And reach out in the dark,
And remember the time we spent expanding our minds
At a place called Turnie Park.

I was gonna be an astronaut
And you were gonna fly a plane.
Now here I am writing poetry,
And I hope you're still in the game.

I think as I write this poem
Of what I saw within the dream.
I think about the pinecone bottle
Sinking in the quicksand stream.
Did it ever get to China?
I guess none of us will ever know.
But I still recall those playhouse walls,
And the pink and green still glow.

My friend I feel a shadow
Across my window pane,
But here I am writing this poem down,
And I hope you're still in the game.

Now some are born to live a long life
While others die so young.
Some die for God and country,
While some die just because.
I remember that cheerful bright sign we made,
It said, "here comes Sonny and Dave".
I think about that as I wake from the dream,
And I wonder what it all has to say.

My friend I hear an echo
Calling through the rain,
But here I am writing final exams,
To keep myself in the game.

I ran into your sister.
I asked how things were goin' these days.
She said life and school were draggin' her down,
But things were okay anyway.
I keep forgetting the stage-line
That I have to say just once more.
So I'm sitting here practicing politics
With all the folks next door.

My old house is now a daycare
But your house still remains.
But here I am writing this poem down,

And I know you're still in the game.
Yeah here I am writing this poem down,
And I know you're still in the game.

Still in the game,
Still in the game,
Still in the game.

(Album, Voyage to the Dawn)

To Our House (1983-019)

The winter, summer, spring and fall,
Our house has seen, has seen them all.
She's seen the seasons come and go,
As those who live inside her grow.

As evenings fall and mornings break,
She's felt us sleep and dream and wake.
She's seen the sunshine and the rain,
The times of joy and times of pain.

She's wept with every broken heart,
And cheered with every winning card.
She's seen the years slip slowly by,
As we have laughed and loved and cried.

And through her windows looking out,
She's seen the world with all its doubt.
And through her mirrors looking in,
She's known us deep inside our skin.

She's felt the changes we have made,
Within her bones and on her face.
For she is every nail and board,
And every tile in every floor.

She's every windowpane of glass,
And every shingle front to back.
She's every doorknob, hinge and screw.
She's part of me and part of you.

She is this house within our yard
Who broods here like some ancient bard.
She looks out on the lawn and road
And each day sees us coming home.

She knows the deep down inner soul
Of all who dwell inside her fold.
And for millennia untold,
She's worked to make existence whole.

And for millennia untold,
She's worked to make existence whole.

(Albums, My Earliest Songs, and, Dragonfly Sutra)

How Can You Take (1983-020)

Can you take a songbird,
And set it in a tree,
And then not allow it,
To bring forth the sweetest,
Melodies,
Of a sunlit spring.

Can you take an artist,
And put him in some scenic landscape,
Then give him his easel and his paintbrush,
And tell him not to paint,
With all the joyful expressions,
Of his loving heart.

Can you take a fisherman,
Down to an unpolluted seashore,
And give him his rod and then forbid him,
To fish and eat his catch,
Until his stomach cries out for no more.

Can you take a poet,
And inspire her,
And then give her pencil and paper,
And then prohibit her from writing,
One word, and expressing,
Her thoughts and emotions,
In verse, for time to read.

Can you take a flower,
And give it sunshine, rain and fertile soil,
Then tell it not to grow,
And not to blossom out,
Into a shining season,
Of beauty and life.

Can you take a poor-boy,
And show him all the wonders of wealth,
All the great toys,
That the rich boys play with,
And then tell him not to be sorry,
He is poor,
And expect him not to be jealous,
Of the rich.

Can you take a spirit,
Made to be wild and loving and free,
And chain it to a tree,
Of hatred and oppression,
And then tell it not to dissent,
Not to protest, and not to rebel,
With all its heart and strength.

We are your flowers,
Your songbirds, your artists.

We are your fishermen,
Your poets, your poor-boys.
We are your spirits.

How can you. How can you. How can you.
And yet you do. And yet you do.

(Album, Foggy Monday)

Season of Gold (1983-021)

Brown turn the leaves
As the autumn calls
From the depths of fall.
Bare grow the trees
Vanished summer gold
We no longer hold.

Short grow the days
Later breaks the dawn
Faster dusk comes on.
Cold turns the wind
Snowflakes falling bright
Turn the world to white.

Near draws the day
When the one was born
One to calm the storm.
Close grows the end
Of another year
Not without a tear.

Close grow our hearts
Touching something gold
Warmth in winter's cold.
Love is the spark
Truth its blossoming
Keeps us warm til spring.

Love is the spark
Truth its blossoming
Keeps us warm til spring.

(Albums, My Earliest Songs, and, Big Blue Hurricane)

There Is in All a Living Force (1983-022)

There is in all a living force,
A taking force, a giving force.
A hording force, a sharing force,
A killing force, a caring force.

A learning force, a knowing force,
A burning force, a growing force.
A sleeping force, a waking force,
A building force, a breaking force.

A shouting force, a silent force,
A peaceful force, a violent force.
A cooling force, a warming force,
A healing force, a harming force.

An inward force, an outward force,
An upward force, a downward force.
A changing force, a coping force,
A despairing force, a hoping force.
A running force, a fighting force,
A loving and uniting force.

There is in all a living force,
With many folds from one same source.
Each fold each season runs its course.
There is in all a living force.

There is in all a living force,
With many folds from one same source.
Each fold each season runs its course.
There is in all a living force.
There is in all a living force.
There is in all a living force.

(Album, Voyage to the Dawn)

When I'm Out There (1983-023)

There's a feeling I have when I'm out there,
As an early bird rower at dawn,
On a river that flows to the sunrise,
In a summer that soon shall be gone.

All around is the cool crystal water,
And the morning so peaceful and calm.
And the splash of our ores is the one sound,
Blending through this Davidian psalm.

On the smooth gliding waves we are riding,
With the soft summer wind in my hair.
Forward catch drop and pull on the ore now,
Through the morning milieu that we share.

From the watery depths of the ocean,
On to sun-beaten prime evil sand,
On a bright afternoon in the springtime,
We were cast and all land life began.

Through the sun lighted sand-covered eons,
Over hundreds of millions of years,
We emerged from the gene pools of Terra,
Building dams, bridges, sailboats and peers.

But two-thirds of the world is still water,
And it calls for respect from us each,
For a river can still swamp a rower,
And an ocean can still flood a beach.

And a part of us all is still flowing,
With the rivers and oceans and streams.
We are one with this watery planet,
In our hearts, in our blood, in our dreams.

There's a feeling I have when I'm out there,
As an early bird rower at dawn,
On a river that flows to the sunrise,
In a summer that soon shall be gone.

On a river that flows to the sunrise,
In a summer that soon shall be gone.

(Albums, My Earliest Songs, and, Rivers Sage and Sand)

To Live and Love and Learn (1983-024)

You're the first and the last,
The beginning and the end,
And you're all other things in between them.
You're the light of the world.
You're the truth now revealed,
As the sun's light shines down on the greenness.
The clouds have parted in the sky.
The roses touch us as we cry.
These are not tears of sadness,
For they are tears of joy,
Parted from the shadow.
And we have the strength to live and love and learn.
And we have the strength to live and love and learn.

There's a lamp on a hill,
Sending light across the field,
And it will never run out of oil.
At the first light of dawn,
There's a farmer at work,
For the seed must be sewn in good soil.
The frost has fallen from the trees,
And washed into the distant seas.
The leaves they leap with gladness
In golden Christic peace,
Now one with all the meadow.
And we have the strength to live and love and learn.
And we have the strength to live and love and learn.

There are those who will search,
Search and search til they've found,
Something whole that will give their life meaning.
There are few known rules
On this new nameless shore,
But it gives us a reason for being.
Our old illusions have to change.
The landscape curves away so strange.
So chant your golden mantras
And sew your silver seeds.
Plant your holy flowers,
Until the winter wheat is winnowed well.
Until the winter wheat is winnowed well.

Whisper truth in the ears
Of people everywhere,
Share the thoughts of the ages and guide us.
There's a force now in place.
It will come and it will
Start a new revolution inside us.
The flowing wholeness of the song,
That calls the cosmo-christic dawn,
Will lead to Point Omega
Where we will touch the truth
With adoration charging.
And we have the strength to live and love and learn.

And we have the strength to live and love and learn.
And we have the strength to live and love and learn.
We have the strength to live and love and learn.

(Album, Voyage to the Dawn)

Run Run Run (1983-025)

Remember that bright morning,
We left the starting gate.
The dawn was breaking clear in eastern skies.
Although the clouds were storming,
We threw off all our weight,
And began to run the race to win the prize.

Our fellow human beings,
We met along the way,
They helped us to our feet in troubled times.
And after every meeting,
Each one of them would say,
"I hope I see you at the finish line.".

Run run run. Run run run.
Run run run. Run run run.

Now some run best long distance,
While some run quick in spurts,
While others find it hard to run at all.
So let us show persistence,
When fighting for his word,
And help our fellow runners when they fall.

Throughout the last four circuits,
We've made around the track,
They've helped us through the thorns as we've matured.
We're all his humble servants,
Both students and the staff.
I pray that what they've taught us will endure.

Run run run. Run run run.
Run run run. Run run run.
Run run run. Run run run.
Run run run. Run run run.
Run run run.
Run run run.
Run run run.

(Album, Voyage to the Dawn)

Pilgrims (1983-026)

There is a foreign spaceship
Drifting through the cosmos.
It travels on its journey
From some distant planet.

Behold it brings a message
Of love and satyagraha.
It travels through the blackness
Coming ever earthward.

The pilgrims on the spaceship
Reach out to all God's children.
They call to hidden yogis
To make them mind guerrillas.

They know the day is coming
When Earth must join the cosmos.
They call us into action
To build a bridge to cross on.

And the knowasphere is waiting
For humans to transcend her.
She knows there will be a long fight
Before the past surrenders.

But the spaceship's coming closer
And closer every minute.
The pilgrims love the cosmos
And all who dwell within it.

The spaceship's coming closer
And closer every minute.
The pilgrims love the cosmos
And all who dwell within it.

(Albums, My Earliest Songs, and, Rivers Sage and Sand)

Inward (1983-027)

We're drifting in
On an inward wind
That blows inside our souls.
The litmus test
Shows at worst or best
Ourselves as we are in whole.

The night is gone
And a mind-wide dawn
Now lights us up inside.
The morning star
Shows us where we are
And gently tries to guide.

The shadows move
In subconscious grooves
To where we do not know.
They're ganging up
To destroy the cup
Of love and truth that flow.

A black sun pulls
Downward on our souls
And tries to keep our thoughts,
Confined within
Just to save our skins
While all else is forgot.

It's known by some
That the purpose of
The introspective eye
Is not to keep
All our thoughts so deep
We miss the seagull's cry,

Then go and make
All the old mistakes,
Because we have not learned,
Or tried to change
Egoistic ways
Or start to be concerned.

The purpose in
The search within
Would clearly seem to be
To know ourselves
Just as we've been felt
By human, bear and tree.

To see our good
And our bad as would
Another from outside,
So change can start
From within our hearts

And flow forth far and wide.

To see our good
And our bad as would
Another from outside,
So change can start
From within our hearts
And flow forth far and wide.
And flow forth far and wide.
And flow forth far and wide.

(Album, Voyage to the Dawn)

Aquarian Fire (1983-028)

In the soul's golden east
Where the sun rises first
Where its first rays will grip the horizon,
There's a place out of time,
Out of space, out of mind,
That no human has ever cast eyes on.

It's a place God has kissed
With such beauty and bliss,
Yet there's no one to tell of its glory.
So come listen my friend,
And I hope to the end,
As I speak and I tell you its story.

O the tale is not mine.
It's been told many times,
But I feel it my duty to teach it.
It belongs to the race
And it tells of the place,
But it cannot tell you how to reach it.

I can only advise
That you look in your minds,
And you may take some steps toward the gateway.
I'll refer to this place
By its improper name.
I will call it the Lesser But Great Way.

O there once was a man
From a far distant land
Who'd grown tired of comfort and leisure.
So he trekked 'round the earth
On a passionate search.
He desired no riches nor treasure.

He had searched east and west
And had not been impressed
For he knew they had nothing he hadn't.
He was not filled with awe
By the things that he saw,
So he turned from the plans and the patents.

Both the east and the west
Both the right and the left,
He rejected but he did not panic.
What he wanted to have
Was a truth that would last,
Well beyond his few years on this planet.

Having seen all the sites,
Having climbed all the heights,
He sat down on a log by a river.
With his eyes tightly closed
While the universe froze,

He did ponder the meaning of living.

While the storm winds blew not,
Here he sat deep in thought,
Til the morning had dawned on the eighth day.
Then he broke with his fast,
Said, I've found it at last,
The key to the Lesser But Great Way.

In the river he swam,
Til a woman named Pam
Came and pulled him right out of the water.
And he asked her her name
And she smiled with no shame,
And declared she was Venus's daughter.

When he asked her just how
She had come here just now,
She replied that she had always been here.
Then he asked her just who
Is the master of you,
And she answered that she was supreme here.

Now the owls may hoot
And the hunters may shoot.
They disturb not the woman's discourses.
And they looked back not once
On the bombs and the guns,
As the two of them mounted their horses.

Now together they ride
Through the forest at night,
On their quest for Aquarian Fire.
And sometimes in the dark
She will play on her harp,
While he follows along on his lyre.

And the music they make
Makes the night wind to shake,
As it rings in the ears of the sleeping.
And some say he'll awake
And his fancy will break,
But it really is they who are dreaming.

For the woman and man
They can travel the land,
And give guidance to all those who come there.
While we live our facades,
While we grapple with gods,
In the end each of us must be somewhere.

With the ground golden green,
Only some can be seen,
By each person but all feel the wholeness.
With this hope in our hearts,
Like a light in the dark,

We are charged with the fantastic fullness.

In this place out of time,
With its space in the mind,
We will move while all the time centred.
As we rise to our feet,
We return to the street,
Once the Lesser But Great Way is entered.

First of all we were knights
Who would fight the good fight,
As we tried to bring change to the people.
Then we went deep inside,
Some to search, some to hide,
And the world lost a million idealists.

Like the man on his search,
Against state, against church,
We had wanted to burn into cinders.
But as each found their grail
They would lift off the veil,
And return to the summers and winters.

We have changed in ourselves,
Like the wind in the shells,
And we know that we need have much patience.
But we are ready to lead
All of humanity
Through the Lesser But Great Way's soft cadence.

We have changed in ourselves,
Like the wind in the shells,
But we know that we need have much patience.
But we are ready to lead
All of humanity
Through the Lesser But Great Way's soft cadence.

The Lesser But Great Way's soft cadence.
The quest for Aquarian Fire.
The Lesser But Great Way's soft cadence.
The quest for Aquarian Fire.

(Album, My Earliest Songs)

The Old Experienced One (1983-029)

The old experienced one
Has watched the rising sun,
And later seen the setting sun to sleep.
The old experienced one
Has seen the seasons come,
And seen the slope grow slippery and steep.

The lode's been lightened though
The seed still has to grow
In these the hardest rows to sew and hoe.
The hawks they hang around
And snatch truth from the ground,
From where it falls along the central flow.

Sometimes his hopes and fears
Seem fallen on deaf ears,
But somewhere in the classroom someone heard.
One sees it in their care
Expressed in loving prayer,
And what they pray is not just hollow words.

To pass on Jesus' truth
To reckless rowdy youth
Has never been the easiest of tasks.
To shout above the noise
Of nighttime's neon toys,
Where evil hides behind a million masks.

While some they go astray
And lose the gentle way,
Upon a solid rock He built His church.
Through thunder wind and rain,
A remnant will remain,
To guard the grail within for which we search.
To guard the grail within for which we search.
To guard the grail within for which we search.
For which we search.

(Album, Voyage to the Dawn)

The First Last Line (1983-030)

I am the early bird,
Singing out the song,
That beckons to the dawn.
I am the waking world,
Arising from the dream,
To tell of what I've seen.

I am the morning wind,
Blowing love upon,
The dewdrops on the lawn.
I am the waking mind,
Flowing in the stream,
That is humanity.

I am the frightened child,
Waking in a storm,
Before the day is born.
I am the bright and wild,
Burning in the night,
Not knowing wrong from right.

One with the breaking day,
Plenty in the horn,
The sunlight slashed and torn.
One with the cosmic grail,
With the day in sight,
To bring forth ever light.

I am the arrow's flight,
Homing in upon,
The creatures of the dawn.
I am the sparrow's fright,
Shot out of the sky,
Dropping down to die.

I am the echo's edge,
Not a sound beyond,
The boundary of the pond.
I am the forest hedge,
Where the prairie starts,
With freedom in our hearts.

I am the road's last bend,
Shadows of the trees,
And meadows filled with weeds.
I am the poem's end,
Born of poem kind,
And I'm the first last line.

I am the poem's end,
Born of poem kind,
And I'm the first last line.
And I'm the first last line.
And I'm the first last line.

(Album, Passages)

The Swimmer Sings (1983-031)

The swimmer sings his satire.
The listeners laugh along.
It seems they do not realize who it's pointed at.
The foolish play the wise ones.
The wisest play the fool.
In silence the indifferent ones just nod their heads.
For all their thoughts are shallow,
And hollow as a hull,
Their parties and their Pollyanna poetry.
They have a sense of humour,
But they have no sense of truth.
Their revelry has purged them from reality.
Their revelry has purged them from reality.

I am the silent swimmer.
I swim along alone.
And all I have observed is sweet complacency.
The language of my spirit
Has given me the means
To bring forth deadly stanzas from a pounding dream.
The method is the message;
The medium, the theme.
Non-violent flowing poetry expresses peace.
Blank verse expresses freedom
Of individuals,
Who glide on waving wings above conformity.
Who glide on waving wings above conformity.

(Album, Passages)

Ode to Agape (1983-032)

To love is to forgive.
To forgive is to be free.
To be free is to be able to create.
To create is to bring change.
To bring changes is to add,
To this world in which we make our whirling waves.

To make waves is to share,
And to share is to bond.
To bond is to grow
With others in God.

To grow is to rise.
To rise you leave behind.
To leave behind is to come and be made whole.
To be made whole is the end,
And loving is the means.
So come let us love and be made whole.
So come let us love and be made whole.
And be made whole.

(Album, Voyage to the Dawn)

Youthshine (1983-033)

The flowing foaming fount of youth
That flowers in the sun,
We give it names like innocence
And morning just begun.

Its sweet refreshing water flows
Forever free and new,
And yet this fluid fount of youth
Has coils as all springs do.

The drifting wind of live-long time
Blows droplets from the fount,
And shows them all the universe
In pondersome amounts.

It shows them pain and sorrow and
The droplets turn to tears.
It shows them shouts of laughter which
Are often hard to hear.

A haunting cold inhuman heart
Will hurt the drops to ice.
Each other's warm embrace of love
Will comfort and entice.

So droplets leave the fountain's warmth,
So butterflies, cocoons.
So youthshine leaves its innocence,
To face the world at noon.

So Droplets leave the fountain's warmth,
So butterflies, cocoons.
So youthshine leaves its innocence,
To face the world at noon.

(Album, Voyage to the Dawn)

That All May Stop to Hear (1983-034)

The blooming rose will wither.
The marigold will die.
The blades of grass turn yellow.
The fields of green grow dry.

The herbivores are hunted.
The carnivores are killed.
All animals stop running.
Their carcasses lie still.

Each human being some day
Will too grow old and fade,
Beyond the final sunset
In dark old chilly graves.

The tallest trees are trampled.
The finest forests fall.
All these are well adapted,
But time out-lives them all.

The stars themselves shall shrivel,
And shrinking sink to black,
A black so everlasting,
There shall be seen no crack.

When everything grows quiet,
And all these things grow still,
When sound itself is silent,
And warmth has turned to chill.

There is but one light shining,
That shines forever more.
There is but one path winding,
That leads us to the shore.

There is but one voice calling,
That all may stop to hear.
There is but one warm welcome,
That gently calms our fears.

Beyond the neon plastic,
Beyond the false facades,
There flows a cleansing river.
There flows the realm of God.
There flows the realm of God.
There flows the realm of God.
There flows the realm of God.

(Albums, My Earliest Songs, and, Dragonfly Sutra)

How Many (1983-035)

How many nations have risen,
In nationalistic pride.
How many have been put in prison.
How many soldiers have died.

How many towns have been looted,
Their citizens sent to their graves.
How many families uprooted,
Men women and children made slaves.

How many rights have been trampled.
How many flags have been burned.
But have any bombs been dismantled,
And have any lessons been learned.

How many teardrops are falling,
From the eyes of war's broken souls.
And how many voices are calling,
In the night air dark and cold.

And how many hear an answer,
As the night grows long and mislead.
You can never pay a ransom,
For the beaten or the dead.

How many, Lord, how many,
From age to age to age,
The countless, nameless, empty,
Statistics from page to page.

And how many more must follow,
On land, on sea, and in sky,
Til our weapons' warehouses ring hollow,
And the blood in our veins runs dry.

Til our weapons' warehouses ring hollow,
And the blood in our veins runs dry.
Runs dry.

(Album, My Earliest Songs)

Sandcastle Song (1983-036)

Whatever happened to our sandcastles?
Were they all washed to the sea?
Along with all of our ideas,
Our ambitions and our dreams.

Whatever happened to the people in the castle?
The thrown of sand, the sand king and the queen.
Were they all drowned long ago in stormy oceans?
Or are they still alive in submarines?

What about this morning's towers of Babel?
When we awoke this afternoon.
Did they burn at noon the towers made of paper,
Our imagination, and balloons?

Did the walls of Troy burn down,
In the depths of a darkened night?
Were they blown away by the midnight wind,
Or hidden from our sight?

This is the point between the ages,
Where you can't tell where to go.
The time between the moonlight and the dawn.
This is the step astride the stages,
The stages of our growth.
We cling to past things while we look beyond,
We cling to past things while we look beyond.

A drink of wine and a cigarette,
With a girl who sings the blues.
Yesterday's bold spaceman X,
Has vanished from our view.

The life-long lyric lines unfold,
And come to bathe our minds,
In every gentle heart untold,
The morning's rhymes still chime.

This is the point between the ages,
Where you can't tell where to go.
The time between the moonlight and the dawn.
This is the step astride the stages,
The stages of our growth.
We cling to past things while we look beyond.
We cling to past things while we look beyond.

Whatever happened to our sandcastles?

(Album, My Earliest Songs)

Raindrops Cast No Shadows (1983-037)

Raindrops cast no shadows
Falling from the sky,
Falling to the land where raindrops die.

Leaves will make no echo
Crushed down in the street,
Trampled by sadistic children's feet.

The earth has no reflection
In the dark of space,
We cannot see the questions we must face.

The dead can make no protest.
The living see no wrong.
The future shows us only dream and song.

Calling to the children
Trampled, torn and tossed,
The daughters and the sons of midnight lost.

Raindrops cast no shadows
Falling from the sky,
Falling to the land where dreamers die.
Falling to the land where dreamers die.

(Album, My Earliest Songs)

Shore of Silent Dunes (1983-038)

No starlight shines. No flower blooms.
No dolphin swims. No insect crawls.
No laughter rings. No seagull calls.
Upon the shore of silent dunes.
Upon the shore of silent dunes.

And in the sand the children play
Beside a crater deep and wide.
Where once a city stood inside,
Now there's just poison and decay.
Now there's just poison and decay.

They are the children of the dead,
Who gather here and have no homes.
They play amid their parents' bones,
Asleep in their atomic bed.
Asleep in their atomic bed.

The world was once, the young are told,
A place of truth and beauty too,
A place with haunting heights of blue,
And depths of brown and green and gold.
And depths of brown and green and gold.

The children slowly wrought and die.
Their bones are buried on the shore.
Now pierced with silence ever more,
Devoid of beauty, void of life.
Devoid of beauty, void of life.

Upon the shore of silent dunes.
Upon the shore of silent dunes.
Upon the shore of silent dunes.
Upon the shore of silent dunes.
Upon the shore of silent dunes.

(Album, Voyage to the Dawn)

Dynamite City (1983-039)

Dynamite City
Asleep among the star,
Dream of your children
So scattered and far.

Dynamite City
Weeping in the night,
Tell me of your towers
So ivory bright.

Dynamite City
Going up in flames,
Mourn for your dead ones,
Bury your shame.

Dynamite City
Weaver in the wind,
Your laws have been broken.
Your citizens have sinned.

Dynamite City
Dancing in the sun,
Dream of your great day
That never is to come.

Dynamite City
Drowning in the sea,
Tossing and turning
Unable to be free.

Dynamite City,
Dynamite City,

Dynamite City
Singing of the mote,
In the eye of your neighbour,
But what about your own.

Dynamite City
Shrieking in the storm,
You'll never surrender.
You'll never reform.

Dynamite City
Falling with your tears,
Speak of your hungers,
Your passions and your fears.

Dynamite City
I'm praying for you,
That you'll some day awaken,
That you'll some day be true.

Dynamite City,

Dynamite City,
Dynamite City,
Dynamite City,

Dynamite City
Singing of the mote,
In the eye of your neighbour,
But what about your own.

Dynamite City
Shrieking in the storm,
You'll never surrender.
You'll never reform.

Dynamite City
Falling with your tears,
Speak of your hungers,
Your passions and your fears.

Dynamite City
I'm praying for you,
That you'll some day awaken,
That you'll some day be true.

Dynamite City,
Dynamite City,
Dynamite City,
Dynamite City.

Dynamite City,
Dynamite City,
Dynamite City,
Dynamite City,
Dynamite City.

(Albums, My Earliest Songs, and, Dragonfly Sutra)

New Lodestar Rising (1983-040)

So you've climbed every step on the stairway,
And you've broke every chain to be free.
And you've followed the courses of rivers,
Just to find that they end at the sea.
Just to find that they end at the sea.

Through the cold rain-soaked night you have wandered,
Just a lone restless man on the road.
Like you've come to the end of a good book,
Like you've written your final great ode.
Like you've written your final great ode.

You remember the freedom of childhood,
And you ponder the thoughts of your youth,
And the problems that came with maturing.
All and all you're still searching for truth.
All and all you're still searching for truth.

O the rivers may flow to the ocean.
Awe but one day the seas will run dry.
And the summits of mountains seem distant,
But they are nothing compared to the sky.
But they are nothing compared to the sky.

O the fields they are ready for harvest,
But the labourers they are so few.
To the world comes the dawn of a new age,
And the spoils of its peace wait for you.
And the spoils of its peace wait for you.

There's a new lodestar rising.
There's a new lodestar rising.
There's a new lodestar rising.
There's a new lodestar rising.

(Album, Voyage to the Dawn)

She's the Song (1983-041)

She's the song of the morning; she's the song of the night.
She's the song of the afternoon.
She's the song that they sang to the new born sun.
She's the song they sang to the moon.

She's the song of tomorrow; she's the song of today.
She's the song of our smiles and our tears.
She's the song of the future; she's the song of the past.
She's the song ringing down through the years.

She's the song that they sang on the first great day,
When the cosmos took off with a bang.
She's the song that they'll sing when the last day comes,
And the cosmos comes in with a clang.

She's the song of the darkness; she's the song of the light.
She's the song that we sing ever more.
She's the song of the ocean; she's the song of the land.
She's the song walking down by the shore.

She's the song of a flower; she's the song of a field.
She's the song with no start and no end.
She's the song of a lyre; she's the song of a flute.
She's the song of a very best friend.

She's the song that a vulture can never learn to sing.
She's the song of the starling and dove.
From the north to the south and from the east to the west,
She's the song that we all call love.
She's the song that we all call love.
That we all call love.
That we all call love.

(Album, Voyage to the Dawn)

Forever is His Hour (1983-042)

Age after age after age after age,
The world it has waited; the storm it has raged.
Forever we've been waiting for the one,
Anointed and enlightened,
The one who we were told was soon to come,
When all the fruit had ripened.

Page after page after page after page,
The books have been written; the wars have been waged.
What artists, bards and mystics, east and west,
Right down through all the ages,
Have prophesied, has slowly come to pass,
Though slowly come the changes.

For he will not come in the clouds from above,
But into our free hearts, he'll enter with love.
He will not come in one big blinding blast,
Of overwhelming power.
He'll grow in us as ages come and pass.
Forever is his hour.

He will not come in one big blinding blast,
Of overwhelming power.
He'll grow in us as ages come and pass.
Forever is his hour.
Forever is his hour.
Forever is his hour.

(Album, Voyage to the Dawn)

In a High Tech Garden (1983-043)

In a high tech garden, by a silicon stream,
With fibreglass flowers, with microchip leaves,
Hundreds of creatures, fight to compete,
Keeping in time to, the technocrat beat.

There's a neon sun, and a neon moon,
But there's kind-hearted humans, to help you get through.
Though there still remain, some Second Wave weeds,
Some people are planting, Aquarian seeds.

People awake on, industrial lawns.
They push back the night to, see the silicon dawn.
We're destroying the last of, the impersonal thorns,
As the Third Wave crashes, on the psychotech shores.

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With fibreglass flowers, with microchip leaves,
Hundreds of creatures, fight to compete,
Keeping in time to, the technocrat beat.

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As the Third Wave crashes, on the psychotech shores.

In a high tech garden,
In a high tech garden,
In a high tech garden.

(Album, My Earliest Songs)

Highways and Rivers (1983-044)

Many are the highways that lead to the city of light.
Many are the rivers that flow to the ocean of love.

Some highways are more icy than others.
Some rivers are harder to swim.
Some choose to drive their family cars, down along the highway.
Others choose to take the bus.
While still others choose to walk their lonely road alone,
Through rain, through ice and through snow.

These men and women are, to be admired.
Let there be in all our lives,
A trace, a fragment, of the inspiration,
The faith, love and humility, they have demonstrated.

But not everyone can take the iciest narrowest winding trail,
Next to the precipice.
Not everyone can swim the fastest flowing river,
With the most rapids and the longest course.

Many are the highways that lead to the city of light.
Many are the rivers that flow to the ocean of love.

Many are the highways that lead to the city of light.
Many are the rivers that flow to the ocean of love.

(Album, Crashlanders)

Leeward Shadows (1983-045)

The children of the January frostbite,
Make tunnels in the snowbanks as they play.
Now coming out to whisper in the dawn light,
The restless youth of April turn to May.

The drummer drums a cadence for the marchers,
To lead them in the holiday parade.
The poet pens another sun-drenched stanza,
While meditating in the dream-lit shade.

September brings a brave new breeze of feeling,
That moves the water ripples and the leaves.
A politician stumbles on a loophole,
Of hoarsely clearing throats and rustling sleeves.

There are a few who read the newborn poets,
Their worried words that will not rhyme or chime.
There are a few who hear the lone voice calling,
A half a million seasons out of time.

There are a few who disobey the cadence,
Deliberately walking out of line,
Who leave behind the drums and guns of triumph,
To cast the deep reflections on their time.
Who leave behind the drums and guns of triumph,
To cast the deep reflections on their time.

We are leeward shadows. We are leeward shadows.
We are leeward shadows. We are leeward shadows.

(Album, Crashlanders)

River Song (1983-046)

Long long ago, upon a hill,
A spring burst forth to flood and fill,
An empty dark and quiet world,
Til then without God's loving word.
With first a trickle, then a torrent,
A mighty river soon was formed.

It's flowed along through many jams,
Now under bridges, now through dams.
A riverbed of shifting sand,
Below the current's rushing span,
The windy eons weather down,
This river's place upon the ground.

There soon are plants and fish and weeds,
To share the flowing living stream.
Then soon these waters, flowing forth,
They feed the life that grows on shore.
They feed the fertile farming fields,
As every year men reap their yields.

Now one may ask, without surprise,
In what the river's purpose lies.
It is to nurture all the life,
That flows around it, and likewise,
It is to flow forever free,
And guide the fishes to the sea.

It is to nurture all the life,
That flows around it, and likewise,
It is to flow forever free,
And guide the fishes to the sea.
And guide the fishes to the sea.

(Album, Snowflakes on the Green)

Free Fall (1983-047)

Last night's eyes are opened wide,
In the morning light.
Frightened by the world outside,
With no place to hide.

Cosmic cries are ringing out,
Through between the stars,
Raising all the pondersome,
Questions of our hearts.

Snowflakes falling in the rain,
Wanting to be free.
Melting as they strike the ground,
Water fills the streets.

Starlight charging through the night,
Shining on the earth.
We were once the stuff of stars.
Now we must return.

Feelings washing over me,
Take me by surprise.
Cars upon the cloverleaf,
Blind the eyes of time.

Moonlight blocked by window blinds,
Raindrops blocked by roofs.
Blackness blocks the candle-shine.
Falsehood blocks the truth.

Conscience speaking quietly,
Pounding in our souls,
Falling to reality,
Melting like the snow.

How must fading flowers feel,
Dying in the field,
Like the last long hours til,
Darkness drops her shield.
Like the last long hours til,
Darkness drops her shield.

(Album, Snowflakes on the Green)

The Road's Shoulder (1983-048)

A traveler stopped to think,
On the shoulder of the road,
To wonder where he came from,
And where he was to go.
The cars and trucks roared by him,
And left the man behind.
He had so many questions,
To answer in his mind.

He could see the city lights,
There waiting up ahead,
But something made him choose,
The countryside instead.
And season after season,
He stood beside the road.
He saw the springtime come,
And watched the autumn go.

Exactly where he's going,
He doesn't really know.
He stands there doing time,
Like a cypher in the snow.
He hears the shadows whisper,
A tale of something more,
Beyond the superhighway,
Beyond the traffic's roar.

The city lights still linger.
The traffic still roars by.
The shadows point their pencils,
Painting signposts in the sky.
The traveler still ponders,
And contemplates his day.
He knows not what he misses,
And he knows not what to say.

No he knows not what he misses,
And he doesn't really care.
He is sunk in such deep sorrow,
And drowning in despair.
He knows not what he misses,
And he doesn't really care.
He is sunk in such deep sorrow,
And drowning in despair.
And drowning in despair.

(Album, Snowflakes on the Green)

Is Your God (1983-049)

Is your God a dead God or a living God,
Who wants you to follow his path.
Is your God a loving and forgiving God,
Or is he a God of wrath.
Is your God a truly just and merciful God.
Will we all find forgiveness by and by.
Is your God really a personal God,
Or is he an abstract phantom in the sky.

Is your God a pro-eastern or pro-western God.
With which nations does he side.
Is your God a left or right of center God,
Or, his politics, does he prefer to hide.
Is your God a transcendent or an immanent God.
Does he sing his songs in space and time.
Is your God a finite or an infinite God.
Or does your God refuse to be defined.

Perhaps we can believe in a universal God,
Who calls us all to unity.
A gently shining peaceful non-commercial God,
Who dwells in us and sets our spirits free.
Perhaps we can believe in a universal God,
Who calls us all to unity.
A gently shining peaceful non-commercial God,
Who dwells in us and sets our spirits free.
Who dwells in us and sets our spirits free.

Shine o shine, in you, and in me.
Shine o shine. Set us free. Set us free.
Shine o shine, let there be, unity.
Shine o shine. Set us free. Set us free.
May we live, live in peace. Set us free. Set us free.
May we live, live in peace. Set us free. Set us free.

(Album, Lanterns and Ledges)

Why is the Sky so Blue (1983-050)

Why is the sky so blue.
Why is the sky so blue.
Why is the sky so blue.
Why is the sky so blue.

Why is the grass so green.
Why is the grass so green.
Why is the grass so green.
Why is the grass so green.

Why is the sun so bright.
Why is the sun so bright.
Why is the sun so bright.
Why is the sun so bright.

Why is the night so pure.
Why is the night so pure.
Why is the night so pure.
Why is the night so pure.

Why is the dawn so free.
Why is the dawn so free.
Why is the dawn so free.
Why is the dawn so free.

Why is the wind so sweet.
Why is the wind so sweet.
Why is the wind so sweet.
Why is the wind so sweet.

Why is the sky so blue.
Why is the sky so blue.
Why is the sky so blue.
Why is the sky so blue.
Why is the sky so blue.
Why is the sky so blue.

(Album, Tomato Club)

Who Do You Say I Am? (1983-051)

It was down in Caesarea,
Caesarea Philippi,
That Jesus asked His apostles
"Who do they say am I?".

"Some say you're John the Baptist.
Some say you're Elijah.
Others say you're one of the prophets
Who has now come back."

Then He spoke again,
And He looked straight at them.
And then He asked, "and you,
Who do you say I am?".

Who do you say I am? Who do you say I am?
Who do you say I am? Who do you say I am?

Hosanna, hosanna, you are the Messiah!
The Saviour, Redeemer, the Son of the Highest!
Hosanna, hosanna, you are the Messiah!
The Saviour, Redeemer, the Son of the Highest!
Hosanna, hosanna, you are the Messiah!
Hosanna, hosanna, you are the Messiah!
Hosanna, hosanna, you are, the Messiah!

It was down in Caesarea,
Caesarea Philippi,
That Jesus said the Son of Man
Was soon to suffer and die.

Then Peter said to Jesus,
"I cannot reason why.
Surely this must not happen.
You must run away and hide."

But Christ said, "Get behind me Satan!
Get behind me now!
Your thoughts are those of men,
And not the thoughts of God."

Who do you say I am? Who do you say I am?
Who do you say I am? Who do you say I am?

Hosanna, hosanna, you are the Messiah!
The Saviour, Redeemer, the Son of the Highest!
Hosanna, hosanna, you are the Messiah!
The Saviour, Redeemer, the Son of the Highest!
Hosanna, hosanna, you are the Messiah!
The Saviour, Redeemer, the Son of the Highest!
Hosanna, hosanna, you are the Messiah!
Hosanna, hosanna, you are the Messiah!
Hosanna, hosanna, you are, the Messiah!

Who do you say I am? Who do you say I am?
Who do you say I am? Who do you say I am?
Who do you say I am? Who do you say I am?
Who do you say I am? Who do you say I am?

(Album, Passages)

Awaiting and Awakening (1983-052)

With the love of the Lord alone,
We can loan him our lives and limbs.
Give our hands and our hearts to him,
head for Heaven our holy home.

On the day that we die we will dance,
Through the doors of his dazzling dawn.
There'll be light loving like fresh lawn.
He has hewn us from his warm hands.

Like the blooming of a flower,
Like the coming of the dawn,
Like the presence of a loved one,
Like the warming of the sun,
We'll await the coming kingdom,
Til the melting snow is gone.
We'll await the coming kingdom,
Til the melting snow is gone.

With the love of the Lord alone,
We can loan him our lives and limbs.
Give our hands and our hearts to him,
head for heaven our holy home.

On the day that we die we will dance,
Through the doors of his dazzling dawn.
There'll be light loving like fresh lawn.
He has hewn us from his warm hands.

Like the blooming of a flower,
Like the coming of the dawn,
Like the presence of a loved one,
Like the warming of the sun,
We'll await the coming kingdom,
Til the melting snow is gone.
We'll await the coming kingdom,
Til the melting snow is gone.

Til the melting snow is gone,
Til the melting snow is gone,
Til the melting snow is gone.

(Album, Foggy Monday)

Ode to the New Young Earth (1983-053)

First notes of a last song,
Flowing from the strings.
Dawn comes to an old world,
Waiting for the spring.

Now comes the order,
To pull the anchor in.
I'm on my own now,
Aboard a foreign ship.

Splashed down, somewhere,
Near a golden shore.
Searchlights, flashing,
Search us ever more.

Washed up, naked,
Meta physical.
Music, breathing,
Life into my soul.

I have, forsaken,
The shifting red sand,
Of a, world where,
No meaning remains.

And I've, chosen,
A bondage of blood,
With the, sons of,
An alien band.

For the, old world,
Is slipping away,
And a, new world,
Is here in the bud.

For the, old world,
Is slipping away,
And a, new world,
Is here in the bud.

(Album, Foggy Monday)

Our Cosmic Friend (1983-054)

On our highways,
On our freeways,
And in our city streets,
We take chances,
With our bodies,
Our minds, our souls and dreams.

In the posters,
On our billboards,
And on our movie screens.
In commercials,
On our TV's,
And in our magazines,

We are sold a,
Twisted vision,
What we are told we are.
Wonder why we,
Must forsake you,
And break your sacred heart.

From the shadows,
Into daylight,
The desperation comes.
Far too many,
Lives have ended,
With the firing of a gun.

In the barracks,
In the hangers,
So full of armaments,
In the junta's,
Torture chambers,
Backed by our parliaments,

We take the lives of,
Those who question,
And those who speak the truth.
In the graveyards,
Without tombstones,
There your flowers bloom.

By the people,
That you died for,
Your name has been denied.
Looks to me like,
They've forgotten,
How you lived and why you died.

Grant us grace and,
Give us patience.
This bitter night will end.
We've been carried,
Through the ages,

By you, Christ, our cosmic friend.

Grant us grace and,
Give us patience.
This bitter night will end.
We've been carried,
Through the ages,
By you, Christ, our cosmic friend.

(Album, Misty Tuesday)

All In One Song (1983-055)

Sweet bloom the flowers.
Fresh falls the rain.
Warm shines the sunlight.
Free lives the day.
Calm flow the hours.
Long grows the lawn.
All under one sky,
All in one song.

Dance with the starlight.
Dance with the moon.
Dance in the cornfields.
Sweet may they bloom.
Sing to the sparrows,
High in the trees.
Sing with the robins,
Song on the breeze.

Run through the forest.
Run with the streams.
Run with petals and acorns,
Sweet may we dream.
Remember the sunrise.
Remember the dawn.
Remember the poem.
Remember the song.

We are the sunrise.
We are the dawn.
We are the poem.
We are the song.
Carrying on.
We are the song.
Carrying on.
We are the song.

Sweet bloom the flowers.
Fresh falls the rain.
Warm shines the sunlight.
Free lives the day.
Calm flow the hours.
Long grows the lawn.
All under one sky.
All in one song.
Carrying on.
All in one song.
Carrying on.
All in one song.
All in one song.

(Album, Dreamy Wednesday)

Companions of the Cup (1983-056)

Fast flows the fragrance
Of freedom-loving flowers,
The scent of sunshine,
The sound of stone-shout.
A score of sunsets shared
On this nocturnal shore of sand.

Here I perceive her presence.
She has waited patiently,
Over the vast evolving evening
Now forever ebony.

Over the eternal endless eons,
From East to West, from Eden to Walden,
On earth and on water,
In emptiness and in warmth.

So kiss the blissful listlessness.
Feel the bones, and finger the beads.
Follow the body, and free the brain.
Fight the battle, and find the balance.

Fresh and brave flows the blood.
Are we the first and last
Companions of the cup?
The two of us, spring and love?

Mother Cosmos prodigals,
We who wished to drink a draft of wine,
That washed a dreamy drug,
That whispered words, like dragon dreams,
To win our will, and drop time's vale.

Drops of white life
Fall from the weeping sky,
As dunes of wild lust
Flow with the wind-swept sea.

(Album, Conversations by the Pond)

The Cosmos Awakens (1983-057)

The stirring chords
Of a cosmic song
Flow forth from the beginning
Of space and time,
Drifting
In the turbulent sea
Produced by the big bang,
Heralding
The dawn of matter,
Spinning in the nebulas
Of primeval freedom,
From the random roaming
Clouds of dust and gas.

The song that lives
In the cosmos,
And whistles
In its bones,
Has spun a tale
Of galaxies,
Of planets and of stars,
The tale that lends the lyrics
To the song.

The poems are recited
By the winds of stars and planets
That whisper timeless mantras,
To atoms of hydrogen,
Stirring starlit stanzas
Move the universe to tears,
Gentle tears of joy,
That freeze to ice
In the cold silence
Far from the rejoicing
Of a hundred billion suns.

Somewhere
A change in the tempo
Of the song is felt,
So subtle, so tiny,
And yet so definite.

Somewhere
A lyre or a sitar
Springs into sound,
Charging the universe
With truth and love.
Bars converging
In some pool,
In some quiet place,
Of obscurity,
To begin to build
A biosphere.

The cosmos
Has a new meaning,
A new purpose,
A true goal,
The cosmic destiny
For all matter,
To become aware
Of its own existence,
For the song
To become conscious of itself.

The carbon atoms
Once ejected
From some supernova,
Now help to form
The mind of a great thinker
Light-years away.

The silicon ejected
By the same supernova,
Now helps someone
To explore the universe.

What once was
But the simple
Stuff of stars,
Has now become the software
Of the soul.

What once cast light
Into the black of space,
Now sheds sweet light
Upon her mysteries.

One day
All will be conscious.
One day
All will be one.

Then the theme of the song
And the meaning of life,
Will be clear.
And a new cosmos,
Sweet and free,
Will live.

(Album, Mystics and Cynics)

Song of the Reawakened Soul (1983-058)

Somewhere in the renaissance
Of adolescence,
Blooms a piece
Of eternal sweetness,
The remembered words
Of a primeval song
Forever new and free.

Treasure this
The sweetest freshness,
A primitive glimpse
Of the truth.
A new rising, awakening,
In which one remembers
The warmth experienced
In a dream.

Some of the words whispered
In yesterday's morning light
Are still remembered,
Though the tune is lost forever
In the smog.
And many more words
Have since been forgotten,
Never to be recalled.

Moonflakes of mystical meaning
Merge in our minds.
Atoms of inspiration
With nuclei of love
Which no stretch of time
Will ever decay,
Radiate truth and courage.

To doubt is to learn,
And to learn is to doubt,
But when the spirit
Of the reawakening
Has found that trampled flower
From the first day,
Then the sun shines
And the garden blooms again.

(Album, Conversations by the Pond)

The Neighbourhood (1983-059)

Brand new houses going up,
Where there before were only open fields.
New young families moving in,
With futuristic minds and high ideals.

The city zones the daycares and the schools,
The shopping centres and the swimming pools.

Now the kids are growing up,
As cars and backseat love replace their toys.
Daycare centres closing down,
As twenty-year old playgrounds are destroyed.

The schools have been replaced by old folks' homes,
And children's laughter turned to silent stone.

The city keeps expanding
Ever outward,
Leaving rows of empty streets inside.
That the planners will ever learn
Seems rather doubtful.
In thirty years this neighbourhood has died.

(Album, Conversations by the Pond)

Ode to Via Tertia (1983-060)

Like seeds planted deep
In the fertile garden fabric
Of the universe,
We sprout, out, upward
Groping for the constant
Light of truth,
While we send our roots
Out, around us.

Our physical roots
Tie us to this broken world,
Forcing us to face
The issues,
The conflicts and the dangers.

Our stems,
Branches and leaves
Tell us of a higher truth,
A greater love beyond,
Offering us answers
And solutions.

Although we need the nutrients of the soil,
We also need the sunshine and the rain.
Let our roots be strong and deep,
So we can stand firm
Through the just winds of May.
And let our branches
Be enduring and graceful,
So we may bear
A fruit to last forever.

(Album, Conversations by the Pond)

Planet and Child (1983-061)

O great Mother Earth,
I feel the child stirring
In your womb.
Thousands of years in gestation,
The child waited,
Silently growing
In the prenatal darkness.

I am Jason,
Set sail to seek the Golden Fleece.
I am Galahad,
In quest of the Holy Grail.
I am Socrates,
Questioning the answers of my society.
I am Jesus,
The comforter, the healer,
Lover and friend,
Who travels with you on the journey.
We are the makers
Of light and song.

O great Mother Earth
The child that stirs in your womb,
She shall come forth,
Bringing a renewed promise
To you and the universe.
Some day she too
Shall be a mother,
And have a child of her own,
Not here, not here,
But in a place and time
Still far away and unknown.

O great Mother Earth
I feel the child stirring
In your womb.

(Album, Conversations by the Pond)

If There's Any to Admire (1983-062)

If there's any to admire
In this world of hypocrites,
Where dark and stormy skies obscure
The brightest rays of hope.

It's the one who asks the questions
And the one who dares to think,
And the one who stops to speak their mind
While others hold their piece.

And the one who wants an answer
That they never will receive,
And the one who longs for liberty
They know they'll never see.

And the one who won't cooperate
With what they know is wrong,
And the one who takes the lowly
Lonely path that leads us home.

It is they who will inherit.
It is they who will possess,
This world with all its beautiful
And humble happiness.

It is they who'll be exalted.
It is they who will be filled.
It is they who'll have the Kingdom
When oppression's been expelled.

Like the true beloved prophets,
Like the true beloved saints,
It is they we should admire,
In this world of grief and pain.

Let us bet upon the ones who'll run
The race until the end,
They who dare to be the questioners,
And who dare to be a friend.
They who dare to be the questioners,
And who dare to be a friend.

(Album, Conversations by the Pond)

Together in Our Flight (1983-063)

The bright bursting gold
Of spring's eastern morning,
The soft shining green
Of summer's southern noon.
The spent sinking brown
Of autumn's western evening,
The dark black and white
Of winter's northern night.

The seasons go 'round;
'Round go the seasons,
With the waves on the ocean
And the sun and the moon.
Who knows the purpose,
Who knows the reason,
As like sweet birds we travel
Together in our flight.
Who knows the purpose,
Who knows the reason,
As like sweet birds we travel
Together in our flight.
Together in our flight.

(Album, Gentle Heart Beating)

In the Light of Your Peace (1984-001)

I thank you Lord for giving me new hope.
I was all alone, at the end of my rope.
I was all by myself, on a desolate track,
When you rescued me, and you brought me back.
When you called out my name, in the light of the dawn,
Then I knew I was saved, and your love had not gone.

I have never been so alive.
I have never felt so much joy.
Until now on this wondrous night,
When you told me there is a choice.
I do not have to live in despair,
With your love and your truth to share.
And no one has to live without hope,
In the light of your peace as it grows.
In the light of your peace, in the light of your peace,
In the light of your peace as it grows.

I do not have to live in despair,
With your love and your truth to share.
And no one has to live without hope,
In the light of your peace as it grows.
In the light of your peace, in the light of your peace,
In the light of your peace as it grows.
In the light of your peace, in the light of your peace,
In the light of your peace as it grows.
As it grows, as it grows.

(Album, My Earliest Songs)

Insperience (1984-002)

Droplets of life dance and fall,
Moved by the whirlwind of truth.
The thunder of justice rings and calls,
Kissed by the sunlight of love.

The embers of storms part and die,
Free as a rainbow is born.
Pictures of bliss rise and shine,
Soft as a soul song of snow.

Mystical power from the moon,
Brought by a shaman to Earth.
The white light of love flows and blooms,
Home is a feeling of warmth.

Peace is the fragile flower of time.
Justice the offspring of love.
Love time and mantra weave the rhyme.
Hope is a cosmic ode.
Love time and mantra weave the rhyme.
Hope is a cosmic ode.
Hope is a cosmic ode.

(Album, Voyage to the Dawn)

In the Shadow of a Snowflake (1984-003)

We are the mind guerrillas
And we have come to meditate,
In secret in the shadow of a snowflake.
We are the hidden yogis.
We've come to chant our mantras here,
And dance the dance of Siva in an earthquake.

We are the cosmic gurus
Ascending through the knowasphere,
And rising to the heights of Point Omega.
We are the new world searchers
Searching for a transcendent path,
And for a way to solve the great enigma.

We are the mind guerrillas
And we have come to meditate,
In secret in the shadow of a snowflake.
In secret in the shadow of a snowflake.
In secret in the shadow of a snowflake.
In secret in the shadow of a snowflake.

(Album, Voyage to the Dawn)

We Are (1984-004)

We are the children.
We are the bursting branches of the sprouting seed.
We are the warming light rays of the rising sun.
We are the restless ripples in the complacent pond.
We are the cleansing droplets in the flowing falls.
We are the children.

We are the children.
We are the vanguard prophets of the coming age.
We are the breathless runners in the human race.
We are the gold precursors of the one to come.
We are the humble servants of the loving God.
We are the children.

We are the children.
We are the bursting branches of the sprouting seed.
We are the warming light rays of the rising sun.
We are the restless ripples in the complacent pond.
We are the cleansing droplets in the flowing falls.
We are the children.

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We are the humble servants of the loving God.
We are the children.
We are the children.
We are the children.

(Album, Voyage to the Dawn)

Tomorrow Comes the Snow (1984-005)

Tomorrow comes the snow,
To glaze the winter night,
An omnipresent white,
So shot from an arctic bow.

Such mounds of moon-struck might,
Such flakes will fly and flow.
With grace they'll glide and glow,
Like lost souls flexed with light.

Against my face they'll fall,
So fresh, so soft, so small.
The flowers of the night,
Their petals winter white,
Will cleanse the land below
When tomorrow comes the snow.

Against my face they'll fall,
So fresh, so soft, so small.
The flowers of the night,
Their petals winter white,
Will cleanse the land below
When tomorrow comes the snow.
When tomorrow comes the snow.
When tomorrow comes the snow.

(Album, My Earliest Songs)

Never Quite There (1984-006)

Forever on the threshold unenlightened,
As voices from the darkroom call us back,
Forever on the road to meet the future,
While whispers from behind us block our track.

We'll never hear the truth but just the echo,
Until the sound of gunshots breaks the day.
We'll never see the tree but just the shadow,
Of silence dust and air that melt away.

We'll always walk the bridge from here to nowhere,
Believing that the river can be crossed.
We'll always see the dawn but not tomorrow,
We'll die as soon as sunrise melts the frost.
We'll die as soon as sunrise melts the frost.
We'll die as soon as sunrise melts the frost.

(Album, Voyage to the Dawn)

The Turtle, the Sand and the Sea (1984-007)

Like unhatched turtles,
We awaken.
We kick at our shells,
And crack them.

We dig our way,
Out of our nests of sand.
Then the quick flight,
Across the dream-swept, truth-lit shore,
To the deep, vast, sea eternal.

We all must make,
Our mark in the sand,
Before we swim.

So spread your dreams,
And shine your light,
Across the points of,
Sandy dry darkness.

Before you reach the sea,
Accepting or fearing,
You shall have made your mark,
Deep or shallow.

There is one turtle,
The Mother Turtle,
Who once came from the sea,
She laid her eggs in the sand,
And then returned seaward.

She is greater than us all,
And it is to her,
That we return,
To her, and the sea.

Some say she is the sea,
As well as the sand.
That she is the dream,
And the light,
And that she is the reason.

(Album, Season of Sparrows)

Sunsets and Seeds (1984-008)

The silence shatters by an owl's call,
Sending out its shock waves in the night.
The stillness broken by a sparrow's fall,
To the depths of darkness from the heights of light.

The eyes of children opened wide,
Experience the reality of pain.
The ears of others closed so tight,
Refuse to hear the softly falling rain.

Pre-natal peace, a crumbling thought,
A struggle to prevent one's own rebirth.
Removal from the comfort spot,
Thrown to the great wide Planet Earth.

With its flowers, its sunsets and its seeds,
And its assortment of filled and unfilled needs.
And its assortment of filled and unfilled needs.

(Album, Voyage to the Dawn)

Bridge to Rebirth (1984-009)

There's a voice calling out in the meadow,
And it calls 'cross the waves of the sea.
You can hear it in light and in shadow.
You can hear it in you and in me.

There are those who have chosen to hear it,
Who have answered its call in the night.
They have found themselves filled with a spirit,
Flowing forth from the source of clear light.

They have seen how we're interconnected,
Through the cosmos and all 'round the earth.
They've envisioned a network of networks,
And suspended a bridge to rebirth.

So the earthchild casts swords into ploughshares,
And takes flight on the wings of a dove,
Pushing high through the fear-laden cloud layers,
To be drenched in the sunlight of love.
To be drenched in the sunlight of love.

The night wind blows warmly over the ocean waves,
Bringing the scent of new life to the shores of peace.
The dawn breaks softly over the fear-soaked land,
But the day can put no smile on the faces of the dead.

One hundred and fifty generations
Have been but a watch in the night,
The watchmen guarding the palace
From the destroyer of life.

The destroyer of life, the destroyer of hope,
The bringer of death and despair.
The destroyer of light, the destroyer of love,
The bringer of darkness and fear.
But now in this generation,
The destroyer can be subdued.
The destroyer can be subdued.

For if we leave the night behind,
And bid the clouds stop raining,
Look straight ahead and we will find,
The palace guards remaining.

I say our planet spins in time,
Not cold or existential,
But warm with knowaspheric rhyme,
Is synergized potential.

I've met the foe and he is I,
And now I have subdued him.
So through the cloud layers to the sky,
We rise our joy renewing.

I've met the foe and he is I,
And now I have subdued him.
So through the cloud layers to the sky,
We rise our joy renewing.
We rise our joy renewing.
We rise our joy renewing.

(Album, Voyage to the Dawn)

The Truths of Dawn (1984-010)

Like rising prayers to Heaven
Borne on angels' wings,
I share what the dawn has given
And all the gifts she brings.

The dawn has brought a newness
And a freshness I have whiffed.
The dawn has brought the dewdrops
And I thank her for these gifts.

The dawn has brought a calmness
And an openness to all.
She's brought an understanding
As the people hear her call.

The dawn has brought us wisdom
Despite her early hour.
The dawn has brought a love song
And placed us in her power.

The dawn has brought the pilgrims
To see an ancient shrine.
The dawn has brought a poem
And placed it in our mind.

The dawn has shown the pathway
That leads to greater things.
The dawn has heard the bluebird
That tastes the air and sings.

It sings of soaring skyward
Beneath the high noon sun.
It sings of falling earthward
Destroyed by someone's gun.

It sings of snuggled warmness
Of nestled nighttime peace.
It sings of songs it's singing
While sitting 'mid the trees.

It sang of flying southward
Before snow hit the lawn.
Then many sang together
Becoming one with dawn.

The dawn has brought the sunlight
Up to the landscape's edge.
It warms my face and fingers
With the land below the ledge.

The dawn reveals a runner
Upon his morning route,
A shouted joyful whisper,
A greeting or salute.

The morning has been broken.
The night has been survived.
For everyone all over
It's great to be alive.

The runner and the bluebird,
The man at windowpane,
The calmness and the newness
Have brought a bright new day.

The runner and the bluebird,
The man at windowpane,
The calmness and the newness
Have brought a bright new day.
Have brought a bright new day.
Have brought a bright new day.

(Album, Voyage to the Dawn)

The Everspring (1984-011)

For thousands of years
Of hoeing and raking,
Through sun-brightened tears
The dawn has been breaking,
For thousands of years.

Through age after age
The prophets have spoken,
On tablet and page
With symbol and token,
Through age after age.
Through age after age.

But still the world bleeds
With hatred and anger,
With pride fear and greed,
Oppression and hunger,
But still the world bleeds.

Just one word of light
To strengthen and soften,
You never can write
Or speak once too often,
Just one word of light.
Just one word of light.

It's gathering power
Like a rocket that launches,
From deep down in our
Collective unconscious,
It's gathering power.

The warm song of love
That binds every splinter
Is rising above
The wasteland of winter,
The warm song of love.
The warm song of love.
The warm song of love.

The warm song of love
That binds every splinter
Is rising above
The wasteland of winter,
The warm song of love.
The warm song of love.
The warm song of love.

(Album, My Earliest Songs)

A Time to Part (1984-012)

As the night comes down
In my desert town,
Painting skies of red
Golden, orange and brown,

And the livelong day
Slowly slips away,
Drawing to a close,
I can hear you say,

That you don't know why
We must say goodbye.
I am sad as well,
But our love won't die.

I'll be missing you,
But if love is true,
We will meet again
Past a sky of blue.

When the day has come,
We will all be one,
In our father's house.
All is said and done.

Let us go in peace,
Whether west or east.
All is said and done.
Let us go in peace.
Let us go in peace.
Let us go in peace.

(Album, My Earliest Songs)

Thoughts Within Thoughts (1984-013)

Thought within thought,
Dream within dream,
The cycle goes on,
Style becomes theme.

Life within life,
Game within game,
Day becomes night,
Wood becomes flame.

World within world,
Truth within truth,
Stone becomes pearl,
Child becomes youth.

So stem becomes leaf,
And bud becomes bloom,
So joy becomes grief,
And house becomes tomb.

So hair becomes gray,
And steal becomes rust,
So night becomes day,
And flesh becomes dust.

(Album, My Earliest Songs)

Lord (1984-014)

Lord of my making
Lord of my birth,
Lord of my childhood
Lord of my youth.

A lord I have questioned,
Forsaken and failed,
A lord of forgiveness
Whose name I have hailed.

Lord of my right brain
Lord of my left,
Lord of my blood and
Lord of my flesh.

Lord of my present
Lord of my past,
Lord of my future
Lord to the last.

Lord of the night wind
Lord of the stones,
Lord of my body
Lord of my bones.

Lord of the cosmos
Lord of the whole,
To you I offer
My life and my soul.

Lord of the cosmos
Lord of the whole,
To you I offer
My life and my soul.

(Album, My Earliest Songs)

Rite of Passage (1984-015)

They told me of the passage long ago,
When I was but a prairie boy of three,
The passage through the mountains capped with snow,
The passage through the mountains to the sea.

They warned me there'd be many obstacles,
As trails diverged to north and east and south,
But that despite the mazes, traps and holes,
I'd know when I had reached the passage mouth.

For when I reached it everything would change.
Before me there'd be valleys cloaked in green.
The view would look familiar and yet strange.
The wind would howl a flutist's hymn of peace.

I thought about the passage all day long,
And dreamt about it almost every night.
The spirit of the passage grown strong,
Became the lampshade for my inner light.

Awaking on a morning late in March,
My gut declared today would be the day.
Arising with the house asleep and dark,
I grabbed my pack and I was on my way.

To search until I found that passage bright,
To thirst until I saw those slopes of green,
A hundred or a thousand days and nights,
I'd journey through the mountains to the sea.

Upon the morning of the seventh day,
When some two hours trekking lay behind,
I saw stretched out before me in the gray,
As clear as day, a straight and narrow line.

I blinked my eyes but yes it was still there.
There was no doubt. This had to be the trail.
I shouted to the early morning air.
"I'm Galahad and I have found the grail!"

I silently went forward somewhat dazed.
I tried to tell myself I must not fear.
My mind was full of questions ever raised.
Was I the first or last one to be here?

Though straight at first, the trail line soon began,
To bend and roll and wind from side to side.
I ran through knee-deep water and I ran,
Across some ice quite slippery and wide.

Now many trails criss-crossed the one on which,
I walked, and windy whispers made me doubt.
But I still sang the one unfailing pitch,
I knew would lead me to the passage mouth.

A time or two I lost the trail and turned,
Retracing steps to find it once again.
With more experience my senses learned,
To follow even when the trail grew faint.

A hundred summer's dawns and summer's noons,
Likewise as many afternoons and eves,
I walked until so gently rose the moon,
The song of passage echoed in the leaves.

The two-way mirror of my heart and soul,
Let fear doubt and anxiety pass through,
Reflecting back the love song of the whole,
And searching for the entrance found by few.

The shining mountain peaks of silver snow,
Stretched gracefully before me to the west.
I heard a swiftly moving river flow,
And wondered why I left my sheltered nest.

To see a world that few had e'er explored,
To feel that all outside was part of me,
To sense a higher presence than before,
To travel through the mountains to the sea.

To wander til I found myself again,
In mountain passes, valleys, brooks and streams,
In thunder, lightening, sunlight, wind and rain,
In meditative poetry and dreams.

But is the mountain passage an escape,
From all the hard cold problems of the world.
Or is't a way to teach ourselves to face,
The real world through experience unfurled.

Some think we're just afraid to face the truth,
But you must face and change yourself before,
You'll ever bring the world renewing youth,
Or show the world the mountain passage door.

The mountain shadows lengthened on the ground.
The world was cold and dim with falling night.
I ate some lotus leaves that I had found,
And settled down to sleep until next light.

The dream broke on my mind, a rushing whirl.
The mountains crawled black shapes before my face.
And through it I beheld a naked girl,
Who smiled and gently touched me where I lay.

As mountain shadows lengthen so did mine,
And thicken at her shameless nudity.
She said she'd show me all the roads of time,
And show me to the passage to the sea.

"An angel or a fiend, though neither I,
Could show you to the passage just as well.
Since you're so sweet in body and in mind,
I've come to show the way to you myself."

Her words flowed like the sweetest sounding waves,
That ever splashed for freedom on the shore.
Her nudeness rippled freely toward the caves,
And seemed to ask if I desired more.

I longed to love this adolescent rose,
To find the sacred knowledge that I sought.
So soon I too was void of any clothes,
And following without a second thought.

The rocky cave was damp and dark and cold.
As hard as any sidewalk was the floor.
But soft and warm her body, mind and soul,
A kindred spirit calling from her shore.

When we had loved and slept and time had passed,
I woke and then she said in sweetest sounds,
"It's through this cave that you must walk, alas,
Before the mountain passage can be found.

Now I must leave to seek my place and time,
And you must go to find your mountain pass."
"Who are you, girl, and what pray is your name?"
"The flowing riverbed of life, alas.

Some good, some bad, and then some in-between,
Some right, some wrong, some false and then some true,
Some prophesied and then some unforeseen.
That's who and what I am, and so are you."

She left me then, alone upon my quest.
I slept again until the birds of dawn,
Awoke me with their sweetest song, God blessed,
That made the world a newly virgin lawn.

Returning to the cave of love and sleep,
To find how far the cave space really wound,
I went inside so deep, so very deep,
The darkness ate my light from all around.

The air seemed strange in texture, taste and scent.
It felt uncomfortable that I was there.
The further and the deeper that I went,
The more it seemed I wasn't anywhere.

The sun embraced the skyline to the east,
As I returned and watched the morning be.
I'd eaten of the first fresh fruitful feast,
A feast reserved for when I'd reached the sea.

The new day tried its best to make me glad,

By looking virgin, pure and unexplored.
But purity I never more would have,
And newness now could never be restored.

I must continue on, alas, alas.
I must forget the evil of the night.
Continue on and find that mountain pass,
Appointed to a purpose, peace or plight.

Defeat is not for what I was conceived,
Nor failure quite for what I was brought up.
I'll take the mountain passage, I believe,
For passage is my pathway and my cup.

With breakfast down and backpack on my back,
I turned my troubled face back toward the cave.
I trusted the young woman knew the facts,
And in my mind I heard a rushing wave.

If deep into the face of this great cliff,
A tunnel once was built to reach the pass,
It can be called no less than God's own gift,
And I must thank the knowledgeable lass.

But if there is no truth in what I trust,
And if she has misled me dark as night,
Then let her name be trampled in the dust,
And let her shadow flee from out my sight.

To truth or falsity I ventured on,
Exalted by the hope that I would find,
The passage to the sea I'd sought so long,
And leave this vacuum landscape far behind.

For seven hours of the day I walked,
And groped through the interior of the cave.
Past rotting bodies, water, mud and rock,
I sat down then and told myself, be brave.

When fear and doubt and pain had passed on through,
And left me freshly born in light and hope,
I saw inside the mystic circle blue,
A tunnel, then a skyline and a slope.

I stood up in the blackness and was calm,
A thousand kilometres from my home.
I almost saw the distant blissful balm,
And mouthed the sacred syllable of Ohm.

I groped on through the bowels of the rock,
Not knowing if the cave led anywhere.
Believing that I'd get there as I walked,
And trusting that the passage would be there.

Now had it been a day or two or three,
Since I had joined the darkness of the cave,

To find the mountain passage to the sea,
Where I would see and hear each rushing wave.

When there ahead of me a light had shone.
It pulled me from the dark and rocky womb.
It struck me like the first small light of dawn,
And spoke of resurrection from the tomb.

To bring me from this solitude so dark,
And to the door that opened on to day,
Upon a learning journey to embark,
On mountain slopes to meditate and pray.

I focused on the spot of light ahead,
As narrower and straight became the space.
Through spots I had to squeeze through, I was led,
As larger grew the light of living grace.

I crawled until my head emerged above.
Into a sloping meadow I was born.
Beneath the warm and lyric raindrops of,
The brightest jewels, the wholesomest of corn.

No more to know the sweet and gentle taste,
Her love had left to linger on my tongue.
I must go forth and face what I must face.
As morning light is bright, so I am young.

Before me stretched a valley to the west,
While lightening, wind and thunder ruled the east.
Two mountains stood like shapely female breasts,
Their snow-capped nipples nursing white-winged peace.

Was this the mountain passage here at last,
Or just a sly illusion to mislead.
Upon this sloping green of trees and grass,
One feels the springtime joy of sprouting seeds.

Where logic ends, there intuition tells,
In this holistic chrysalis of bliss.
This is the pass. It can be nothing else.
If this is not the passage, then what is!

Believing this to be the passageway,
I cautiously stood up within the field.
A prayer of simple silence did I pray,
A prayer of hope for all the pass would yield.

I stood within a greenness yet untrod.
Around me shone a world as crisp and fresh,
As newly grown peas inside a pod,
And warmer than a woman's softest flesh.

The thunderstorm subsided to the east.
The setting sun continued then to sink.
The white-winged doves alighted from the peaks,

And I was left alone to watch and think.

And for the first time through these many months,
Of trekking westward toward the vast unknown,
Across the many things through which I'd come,
I felt that day incredibly alone.

But how could I be lonely on the pass,
Where I was one with all the sights and sounds,
With every dove and every blade of grass,
Which grew out-reaching to the sky and ground.

I stopped and let the loneliness depart,
Replacing it with wholeness and with love.
The peace that pulsed around me filled my heart,
And on to find a place to rest I shoved.

The morning brought the sweetness twice renewed,
Inviting me to journey and explore.
So when the day had warmed and skies had blued,
I finally took the passage for the shore.

From mountain peaks, from valleys deep and wide,
From wind, from rain, from sunlight bright that burned,
From natural silence and from deep inside,
Through summer's heat, and autumn's chill, I learned.

Yet what I learned, I'd known all along,
Inscribed upon the ridges of my soul.
I'd heard it in the caverns of the song,
But never realized this truth in full.

The body of this knowledge, I cannot,
Express in words in any known tongue.
The shadow of its essence may be caught,
By saying, "This is that." or "All is one.".

As I proceeded toward the distant sea,
I noticed that I did not walk alone.
Like minds from every place and age, with me,
Converged and all our journeys were made one.

From east to west, the many came to take,
Their places with the prophets and the saints.
From Lao-Tse down to Eckhart down to Blake,
To this day when the fringe became the main.

Each one of us had chosen our own path,
Depending on our culture and its ways.
Each one of you who reads these lines, go back,
And choose the road with which you're most at ease.

The seeds of transformation, they are there,
For they, the seeds, are each of us by right.
And we are part of all that's everywhere,
We are the way, the truth and yes, the life.

The way denotes the passage to the sea,
The journey each must take to find what is.
The truth denotes the knowledge we receive,
While on the pilgrimage, through pain or bliss.

The life denotes the outcome or the sea,
What happens when we bring the knowledge learned,
And let it change our lives and set us free.
It's how we are when all has been transformed.

Though many times we slip to broken fear,
And try to have things rather than to be,
The ocean flows around us very near,
Reminding us we've made it to the sea.

These words are just reflections of the light,
Dim echoes of a song that must be heard.
But each of you can see that vision bright,
For everyone is thee Incarnate Word.

Like something that is four-dimensional,
A tesseract whose shadow's all we see.
The radiance who fills the inner soul,
Is something everyone must feel and be.

I learned these things while trekking through the vales,
Amid a landscape drenched in spirit gold.
By riversides, sweet glens and rabbit trails,
A million times the passage filled my soul.

One morning late in autumn as I walked,
From somewhere far away, I heard a roar.
Beyond the trees and hills and gentle rocks,
I wondered, could that be the ocean shore.

For all that day, I traveled and the sound,
Grew louder, deep and richer, in my ears.
Past one more wooded hill, I walked around,
And there, the mythic ocean, it appeared.

I ran then, down the path, across the sand,
Took off my clothes and dived into the sea.
I wanted to embrace it like a friend,
To splash, and cry aloud that I was free.

I thought about the countless days and nights,
I'd journeyed, sun or rain, to reach this place,
Of what I'd learned from Earth and inward light,
And felt the seaside wind upon my face.

I rested then upon the sandy shore,
And knew that I had found what few had found.
My heart beat at one with the ocean roar,
At peace with all the world as it turned 'round.

At peace with every fish and flower and star,
At peace with every wave upon the sea,
At one with all who wonder who we are,
And live their lives for no more than to be.

They told me of the passage long ago,
When I was but a prairie boy of three,
The passage through the mountains capped with snow,
The passage through the mountains to the sea.
The passage through the mountains to the sea.
The passage through the mountains to the sea.

(Album, Passages)

Something New (1984-016)

It may be true
That there's nothing new
On Earth beneath the sun.
But every day
Through spring to May
When morning has begun.
The sun will rise
In the eastern skies
A moment more before,
The time that it
Arose to sit
On yesterday's bright shore.

It may be true
That there's nothing new
Beneath the sun's bright rays.
But as its light
Grows e'er more bright
There's more that meets our gaze.
We see upon
The sun-swept lawn
The shadow of a leaf.
We see distinct
A rose of pink
Beneath an evergreen.

But is the day
Not far away
When nothing shall be left,
To spot upon
The ground at dawn
And for the first time bless.
When that day comes
We'll need no sun
For all shall be complete.
It's far away
But awe that day
Is blissful free and sweet.

When that day comes
We'll need no sun
For all shall be complete.
It's far away
But awe that day
Is blissful free and sweet.

(Album, Voyage to the Dawn)

Ode to the Star for Which All Thirst (1984-017)

I've always sought the tangible
Yet long enduring eternal.
One thing to which I could belong,
One thing to which I could hold on.

They flowed from fancy, fear and fact,
Sometimes concrete, sometimes abstract.
Sometimes a vision or a dream,
Sometimes a military scheme.

Ideas thus from childhood on
Flowed through my mind from dawn to dawn.
So all these things controlled their day,
Then one by one they fell away.

For none could stand the test of time,
As I grew up in heart and mind.
No none could stand forever true,
No none that is except for you.

You are you are the Cosmic Christ,
You are the way the truth and life.
You are the star for which all thirst.
It's you who knew and loved me first.

My concept of you, lord, has changed,
Up through the years as I have aged.
Though muscles built and mind matured,
My love for you my lord endured.

We climb within this cone of light,
Perceiving ever you more bright.
We spiral up around the edge,
We work to pay the dues we pledge.

Toward the summit of the cone,
We move together and alone.
Evolving as we all ascend,
Toward the light that is our friend.

You are the voice in whom we trust,
You guide me through the falling dust.
You are the hand upon my own.
You lead me higher in the cone.

The shining sunlight, bright and warm,
The mighty ocean and the storm,
Have known you down the eons through,
As master loving wise and true.

The cosmic rays between the stars
Have felt your pulse inside their hearts.
And like all these I've known you,
And you have known me in truth.

I questioned once. I now return.
I still have time to live and learn.
Your gentle path it longs to feel
The pressure of my toe and heel.

Lord lead me to and through the door,
For you are mine and I am yours.
Lord lead me to and through the door,
For you are mine and I am yours.
For you are mine and I am yours.

(Album, Voyage to the Dawn)

Resurrection People (1984-018)

You are the Lord my God most high,
The universal one.
You are lord of all creation
Shining brightly like the sun.

You hear our cries. You feel our pain.
You share our darkest hour.
You're the candle in the blackout when
Our souls are without power.

You see the thoughts within our hearts.
You know what we can do.
You can be our inspiration
With which we can start anew.

The children of the universe
Salute you with a song.
All the stars and trees and oceans
Raise their voice and sing along.

We must not live a stagnant dream
And sleepwalk through the night,
But be resurrection people
Who dance before the light.
Be resurrection people
Who dance before the light.

You are the Lord my God most high,
The universal one.
You are lord of all creation
Shining brightly like the sun.

You hear our cries. You feel our pain.
You share our darkest hour.
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But be resurrection people
Who dance before the light.

Be resurrection people
Who dance before the light.

Be resurrection people
Who dance before the light.
Be resurrection people
Who dance before the light.

(Album, My Earliest Songs)

April Vigil (1984-019)

The April night is cool but calm.
The Roman legionnaires look on.
They know not why this tomb they guard
Beneath the sky so bright with stars.

A Nazarene now crucified,
Within this tomb his body lies.
It's rumoured that this rabbi said
That he would rise up from the dead.

And some had thought his following
Would steel his corpse and call him king.
That he had risen they could shout
And be believed by all throughout.

Their fire burns. The guards toss dice,
To quench the boredom of the night.
They talk of women and of home
And why they joined the ranks of Rome.

But to the east the daylight lurks.
Below the skyline sunshine bursts.
Then comes an earthquake through the land,
In city, field and desert sand.

Its mighty force rolls back the stone,
And terrifies these guards of Rome.
The Pax Romana fades away,
Engulfed by dreams of distant days.

Then clothed in brightness like the sun
The Son of God is lifted up.
A sense of overwhelming awe
Begins the spring and winter's thaw.

The dark is swept away and gone.
The world awakens to the dawn.
A dawn of life forever more.
An Easter People has been born.

Each one of us is like these men,
Not knowing what, not knowing when.
But in this world in which we live,
A gift to each of us God gives.

It is through Him and Him alone
That we may roll away the stone,
That holds us in, and weights us down,
And throws our spirits to the ground.

For generations yet to come,
This night shall be remembered from
The northern latitudes of snow
To southerly most islands low.

A million mornings yet to dawn
Shall share the light that here has shone.
The night surrenders to the day.
The world surrenders to the way.
The night surrenders to the day.
The world surrenders to the way.
The world surrenders to the way.

(Album, Voyage to the Dawn)

Between the Concrete Trees (1984-020)

O sing the ancient jungle song
In jungles carved from steal.
And listen to the lion's roar
Of Genus Automobile.

Come walk the jungle floor of tar
Between the concrete trees.
And hear the echoed ape-man cry
In modern urbanese.

On every Monday morning come
The ape-men from their trees.
They're eaten by their lions though
The ape-men hold the keys.

But not each ape-man's eaten by
The glass-eyed beasts of steal.
For some they sit astride their beasts
That run upon two wheels.

This is the hard cruel jungle world
That time has not erased.
The jungle world cannot be changed,
Nor can it be replaced.

(Album, Voyage to the Dawn)

Untroubled Til Daybreak (1984-021)

A night somewhere,
Somewhere in the interlocking loops,
Of time and space and experience.

In some city,
In some century,
A man lies awake,
Listening for the sound,
Of distant action,
Drums, or guns, or owls.

The man prays,
To what god,
To all gods,
To a One God,
To no god.

What age is this.
Whose calendar.
Who's counting the days,
To what feast or fast.

He listens to the distance.
For a time, there is silence.
For a time, somewhere.

This night from somewhere,
Casts the shadow of sleep,
Across his pillow.
Whatever age this is,
The man sleeps within it,
Untroubled til daybreak.

(Album, Snowflakes on the Green)

Blue Green Jewel (1984 Lyrics) (1984-022)

We're living on a blue green jewel.
Afloat within a moonlit pool.
There's no time for a jewel-wide dual.
We're living on a blue green jewel.
We're living on a blue green jewel.

We live upon this blue green jewel,
That travels all alone.
From her we carve our thoughts and tools.
On her we have our home.

We're living on a blue green jewel.
Afloat within a moonlit pool.
There's no time for a jewel-wide dual.
We're living on a blue green jewel.
We're living on a blue green jewel.

On our perennial journey,
Around the living light,
We're shining to infinity,
Across the cosmic night.

We're living on a blue green jewel.
Afloat within a moonlit pool.
There's no time for a jewel-wide dual.
We're living on a blue green jewel.

We're living on a blue green jewel.
Afloat within a moonlit pool.
There's no time for a jewel-wide dual.
We're living on a blue green jewel.
Living on a blue green jewel,
Living on a blue green jewel,
Living on a blue green jewel,
Living on a blue green jewel,
Living on a blue green,
Living on a blue green,
Living on a blue green jewel.

(Album, How to Make a Revolution Without Salt)

Wishes of an Alien (1984-023)

Swimming in streams of illusion,
Searching for bridges of gold.
Riding on horses of silver,
Caught in the gathering cold.

Come take me away from this desert,
And show me the way to the stars.
Give me a bright sunny morning,
But first tell me just who you are.

Sit down and I'll tell you my story,
A ballad of sorrow and bliss.
Locked in the darkness of midnight,
And saved by the dawn's cleansing kiss.

O give me a house in a village,
With people around me who care.
With the songs and the laughter of children,
Bringing sweet sound to the air.

I long for a backyard of lawn chairs,
On grass that is natural and green,
Where travelers talk of their journeys,
And the places and people they've seen.

I yearn for a basket of apples,
And to eat them all one at a time.
The taste must be sweeter than honey,
And the red must be deeper than wine.

Now I am out of the desert,
And climbing my way to the stars.
The sweet sound of songbirds will echo,
Away from the noises of cars.
The sweet sound of songbirds will echo,
Away from the noises of cars.
Away from the noises of cars.

(Album, Passages)

Bird Song Beyond my Window (1984-024)

While in my room,
I heard the chirping,
Of a bird beyond my window.

I journeyed quickly,
To the window,
To hear it more.

I thought,
Awe, small bird of beauty,
So, you are there.

I reached the window,
And I heard him chirp once more.
Then he was gone.

Small bird of beauty,
Are you still chirping,
Somewhere beyond my window,
Though your song has gone,
From my ears.

Your sweetness and innocence,
Have filled me,
And they shall remain with me,
All this day,
And every day to come.

While in my room,
I heard the chirping,
Of a bird beyond my window.

(Album, Season of Sparrows)

Leaves-Giving (1984-025)

Soft warm autumn day,
Leaves blown by the breeze,
Scratch the ground where they drift,
With small crisp wings,
Sing of life, of leaves and of love,
Moved by the wind,
Which is a sign of His presence.

O leaves, continue your music,
All autumn long.
Continue to thread your poetry,
Through our ears, to our hearts.

Throughout the waning days of autumn,
You are our sacred spring,
Breathing life into an aging green,
Giving hope to a winter-bound world,
Filling the silence,
With sweet whisperings,
Of great joy.

(Album, Season of Sparrows)

The Shore (1984-026)

Long, long, eons drift,
Sweet, sweet, morning's kiss,
Soft, soft, sand we sift,
Far, far, ancient bliss.
Stone fish, swimming near,
Bone rich, fossil soil,
Love free, sturgeon tears,
Dove tree, tall and royal.

Free, free, fallowed field,
Dark, dark, bearing night,
Young, young, fruitful yield,
Sun, sun, sharing light.
Dead pines, life returned,
Head lines, readers doubt,
Main stream, symbols burned,
Vain dreams, flicker out.

Heart, heart, patient beat,
Earth, earth, splendour shown,
Soul, soul, wind-swept wheat,
God, God, better known.
Moon lit, hallowed path,
Tune less, lyrics pore,
Listen, he who hath,
Christened, on the shore.
Listen, he who hath,
Christened, on the shore.

(Album, My Earliest Songs)

Walderon (1984-027)

Bridges, rivers, roads and seas,
Pathways, slopes and straights,
A planet charged with odyssey,
With windows, doors and gates.

With looming heights that tell of climbs
The human soul has made,
And soft green fields of rams and rhymes
That offer sun and shade.

A planet saturated with
The dances, songs and dreams,
Of legend, history and myth
From mystic mountain streams.

The energy of all these thoughts
Now consciously recalled,
Connecting all the networked dots
Since Planet Earth evolved.

These energies must now unite,
Unite to build the earth,
An earth now whole and shining bright,
With will, with warmth, with worth.

These energies must now unite,
Unite to build the earth,
An earth now whole and shining bright,
With will, with warmth, with worth.

(Album, My Earliest Songs)

A Gift from Gaia Returned (1984-028)

We journey, through the valley,
Of the inner spirit,
Calmed by the green slopes within,
Warmed by an inner sun,
Stirred by the beauty of the inner flora,
Challenged by the swiftness,
Of an eagle in flight.

Beyond the slopes, the vested tensions,
The stockpiles of stress,
Valleys broken by yellowcake roads,
Which must be crossed.
Yellowcake roads,
Lined with the bodies of children,
And the cameras of the nightly news.

We have sent the gift,
Of our greenest sunflower,
In the beak of our swiftest eagle,
To the burning slopes of fear,
That lie beyond.
Dare we hope too hard for olive branches.
Dare we pray too long for daybreak.

By the light of the inner sun,
We know there is hope.
Sunflower seeds are eaten everywhere,
Flavoured by the salt of the earth,
The salt of one earth.
One, whole, interdependent,
Awaking, living earth.

A symbol more striking,
Than any national flag.
A master more alluring,
Than all the pied pipers of time.
The music of its biosphere,
More moving,
Than any man-made anthem.

It is the earth we fight for,
And the earth that we unite for,
A blue pearl,
Picked from the solar shell,
A treasure of treasures.

(Album, Season of Sparrows)

Green Power Lives 1984-029)

Green power lives. Green power lives.
Green, power, lives.
Green power lives. Green power lives.
Green, power, lives.
Green power lives. Green power lives.
Green, power, lives.
Green power lives. Green power lives.
Green, power, lives.

New world or no world, new world or no world.
Those are our choices, new world or no world.

Green power lives. Green power lives.
Green, power, lives.
Green power lives. Green power lives.
Green, power, lives.
Green power lives. Green power lives.
Green, power, lives.
Green power lives. Green power lives.
Green, power, lives.

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Those are our choices, new world or no world.

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Green power lives. Green power lives.
Green, power, lives.
Green power lives. Green power lives.
Green, power, lives.

Green power lives.

(Album, As Energy Cascades)

Mornings Are Innocent (1984-030)

The morning dewdrops on the grass,
Sparkle with innocence.
They do not know what feet this day,
Will bring to trespass, trampling the blades.
Mornings are innocent.

The early morning bird's sweet notes,
Echo the innocence.
They do not sing of sorrows experienced,
But of joys anticipated.
Mornings are innocent.

The rising sunlight in the east,
Enlightens the innocence.
It does not know what clouds of dust or rain,
Will this day cross its face,
And place the land in shadow.
Mornings are innocent.

Mornings are innocent.
Mornings are innocent.

(Album, Lanterns and Ledges)

Unto the End of Time (1984-031)

I, will be with you always,
Yes, unto the end of time.
I, will be with you always,
Yes, unto the end of time.

It is I who walks beside you on the road.
It is I who reaches out his hand to guide.
It is I who brought about the universe,
Who made the earth to flower and stars to shine.

I, will be with you always,
Yes, unto the end of time.
I, will be with you always,
Yes, unto the end of time.
Yes, unto the end of time.
Yes, unto the end of time.

(Album, Watch the North Wind Rise)

Somehow an Emptiness (1984-032)

Somehow an emptiness has gone,
As night departs in the face of dawn.
As empty soil submits to green,
That sprouts in spring from seeds unseen.

Somehow an emptiness has fled,
Along with hidden fears I dread.
I dreaded once but now am free,
To be the person I may be.

To live in humble hope and peace,
With others and with self at ease.
To build a world where all may grow,
To know the joy I've come to know.

We need no flat philosophy,
And no doctrinal theory.
We need ourselves, each other and,
The timeless wind that stirs the sand.

We need ourselves, each other and,
The timeless wind that stirs the sand.

(Album, Season of Sparrows)

Down from the Mountain (1984-033)

I can see you the mountaintop shaman,
Where you covet a pinch of the sky.
But you cannot look down from your mountain,
Or walk in the valleys below.

In tune, you've communed with the cosmos,
And you've walked in the peace of the light.
But you'd run from your mountain, great shaman,
If you really desired to grow.

Come down from the mountain.
Come down from the mountain.
Come down from the mountain.
Come down from the mountain.

O your mountain is snow-capped and glitters,
With a wind-blown wintry white.
But your mountain shines only in winter,
In the season we sing to good health.

There are thousands who've tarried before you,
On hilltops so far and so high.
O I know that the hill has some value,
But it can't be an end in itself.

Come down from the mountain.
Come down from the mountain.
Come down from the mountain.
Come down from the mountain.

I can see you the mountaintop shaman,
Where you covet a pinch of the sky.
But you cannot look down from your mountain,
Or walk in the valleys below.

In tune, you've communed with the cosmos,
And you've walked in the peace of the light.
But you'd run from your mountain, great shaman,
If you really desired to grow.

Come down from the mountain.
Come down from the mountain.
Come down from the mountain.
Come down from the mountain.

Come down from the mountain.
Come down from the mountain.
Come down from the mountain.

(Album, Season of Sparrows)

We're Gonna Keep on Rowing (1984-034)

We're gonna keep, we're gonna keep,
We're gonna keep on rowing.
We're gonna keep, we're gonna keep,
We're gonna keep on rowing.

As long as the wind keeps blowing,
We're gonna keep on rowing.
As long as the grass keeps growing,
We're gonna keep on rowing.

We're gonna keep, we're gonna keep,
We're gonna keep on rowing.
We're gonna keep, we're gonna keep,
We're gonna keep on rowing.

As long as the river keeps flowing,
We're gonna keep on rowing.
Though our gardens they need hoeing,
We're gonna keep on rowing.

We're gonna keep, we're gonna keep,
We're gonna keep on rowing.
We're gonna keep, we're gonna keep,
We're gonna keep on rowing.

Through the coming and the going,
We're gonna keep on rowing.
Be it raining be it snowing,
We're gonna keep on rowing.

We're gonna keep, we're gonna keep,
We're gonna keep on rowing.
We're gonna keep, we're gonna keep,
We're gonna keep on rowing.

Through the doing and the knowing,
We're gonna keep on rowing.
Through the toing and the froing,
We're gonna keep on rowing.

We're gonna keep, we're gonna keep,
We're gonna keep on rowing.
We're gonna keep, we're gonna keep,
We're gonna keep on rowing.

We're gonna keep, we're gonna keep,
We're gonna keep on rowing.
We're gonna keep, we're gonna keep,
We're gonna keep on rowing.

We're gonna keep, we're gonna keep,
We're gonna keep on rowing.
We're gonna keep, we're gonna keep,
We're gonna keep on rowing.

We're gonna keep, we're gonna keep,
We're gonna keep on rowing.
We're gonna keep, we're gonna keep,
We're gonna keep on rowing.

When the rowing gets tough the tough get rowing.
We're gonna keep on rowing.
When the rowing gets tough the tough get rowing.
We're gonna keep on rowing.
We're gonna keep on rowing.
We're gonna keep on rowing.

(Album, Lanterns and Ledges)

To Live and to Hope (1984-035)

One by one,
Walking this dark cosmos,
We are not alone,
For the strong love of Christ,
Shines upon us,
From every atom of matter,
At every point in space-time.

Let us bloom with a warm inner beauty,
For the great and sacred, heart and mind,
Behind and in the cosmos,
Knows, loves and calls us all to act.

He who fills his creation,
Is in us, with us and for us.
His spirit shall be with us forever.
His heart shall beat in our breasts.
His blood shall flow in our veins.
His body shall house our souls.
His words shall flow from our lips,
And his will shall be done in the end.

We are the salt,
That must season the world,
To give humanity,
Depth and purpose and meaning.
To give today's generation,
A valid reason,
To live and to hope.

To give today's generation,
A valid reason,
To live and to hope.
To live and to hope.
To live and to hope.

(Album, Season of Sparrows)

In One Flame (1984-036)

One flame,
One flame is all that burns,
All that ever was and was not,
All that ever is and is not,
And all that ever will be
And will not be.

From one flame
All our candles were lit,
Lit to guide us
Through the individuated cosmos,
Lighted deep within us,
One flame.

The flame burns gently
Inside us,
Transforming us,
From anticipators to rememberers,
From untouched wax to sweet smoke
To one flame.

To one flame
All our flames of selfhood return,
Fusing with the greater flame,
From which they were all lit.

Our lighted inner beings
Re-unite themselves
With each other,
The time of individuation
Now withering,
The time of reunion
Now sprouting.

We wither and sprout,
Crumble and grow,
In one flame.

(Album, Windy Friday)

Night Window (1984-037)

O wind transforming,
O breath of night, so stirring,
Such sound, such silence.

Window on the night,
Framed eye, both out and inward,
Two nocturnal views.

Play your skinless drum.
Build the rhythm, your own thoughts.
Quiet sounds are yours.

(Album, Mystics and Cynics)

Part Two

Fire from the Earth

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1989-013 A Toast to Those Who Are Gone (2003 recording)
1989-014 A Toast to Those Who Are Gone (2008 recording)
1989-015 We
1990-001 On the Radical Activist Road
1990-002 Seven Smiling Santa Clauses
1990-003 Once Upon a Time
1990-004 What Shall We Do With the Nuclear Waste? (1990 lyrics)
1990-005 The Pot is on the Stove (1990 lyrics)
1990-006 Keep Your Eyes on the Prize (Nuclear Lyrics)
1990-007 Whispers
1990-008 Dwell in Our Hearts, Reign in Our Minds
1990-009 What's Going Down at Oka?
1990-010 As We Send in the Army
1990-011 The Goat Raisers' Rant
1990-012 Flap Your Wings
1990-013 Media Media Media
1990-014 A Very Old Tale
1990-015 Lenin Upside down
1990-016 How He Used to Make Us Laugh
1990-017 Full Moon Rising High
1990-018 Energies Flow
1990-019 The Stream
1990-020 The Coming
1990-021 Ode to Androgyny
1990-022 I Feel You
1990-023 To the Reaction
1990-024 The Spirit of Prometheus
1990-025 Undaunted Moon
1990-026 Nighttime Sea
1990-027 I've Heard the Rumble
1990-028 Fade to Silence
1990-029 World of Gaunt Parades
1990-030 The Lion
1990-031 Song of the Elves
1990-032 Morning's Dance
1991-001 The Oil Man
1991-002 Our Friend CSIS
1991-003 The Brigadier's Advice
1991-004 Song From a Pacifist Anarchist
1991-005 The Rebel's Soliloquy
1991-006 No Power Over Me (1991 Lyrics)
1991-007 City of Gold
1991-008 The BSer's Lament
1991-009 They Shun Christ Once Again
1991-010 Saskatchewan Ground
1991-011 Song for the People of East Timor
1991-012 Let There Be Joy

1991-013	We Still Aint Satisfied.
1991-014	Yesterday's Town
1991-015	Song of the Food Bank
1991-016	Heart of a Human Being
1992-001	Ballad of the Three Mile Islandeers
1992-002	AECL Meets the Force of the SSEA
1992-003	Ballad of the Free Trade Struggle
1992-004	Roof of the World
1992-005	Stopping and Realizing
1992-006	Run for Freedom
1992-007	Working for the CIA
1992-008	A Woman That I Know
1992-009	Standing Tall
1992-010	Manifesto
1992-011	Solidarity Forever (1992 Lyrics)
1992-012	What's So Bad About That
1992-013	I'm So Radioactive
1992-014	Father George Zabelka
1992-015	Strong Woman
1992-016	The Artist
1992-017	Dark Day in October
1992-018	Start to Wonder Why
1992-019	The Night is Dark
1992-020	Comfort and Joy
1992-021	O Come All Ye Flaky
1992-022	Hypocrites
1992-023	Fighting for Hope (1992 Arrangement)
1992-024	Naomi

Six Billion Hearts (1985-001)

Six billion voices shout.
Six billion hearts cry out,
Crying for the earth we love so dear.
One world at once speaks out.
One world one people shout,
Shouting for a future free from fear,
Making it clear.

We are a non-violent army.
Our army is six billion strong.
We fight with our lives and the lyrics,
Of a peaceful life-affirming song.
So come on sing along.

Six billion voices shout.
Six billion hearts cry out,
Crying for the earth we love so dear.
One world at once speaks out.
One world one people shout,
Shouting for a future free from fear.
Listen and hear.

Although we know that many stand against us,
Attacking us from north south west and east,
We are not afraid
Of our fellow human beings,
For the gift that we offer you is peace,
And a justice that frees.

Six billion voices shout.
Six billion hearts cry out,
Crying for the earth we love so dear.
One world at once speaks out.
One world one people shout,
Shouting for a future free from fear,
Making it clear.

We call ourselves a gentle angry people.
We often say we're fighting for our lives.
We know that if we don't,
Then the politicians won't.
Let me tell you it's a struggle to survive,
Til the day we arrive.

Six billion voices shout.
Six billion hearts cry out,
Crying for the earth we love so dear.
One world at once speaks out.
One world one people shout,
Shouting for a future free from fear.
Listen and hear.

Six billion voices shout.
Six billion hearts cry out,

Crying for the earth we love so dear.
One world at once speaks out.
One world one people shout,
Shouting for a future free from fear,
Making it clear.

Listen and hear, freedom from fear,
We're making it clear, shedding our tears,
Listen and hear, freedom from fear,
Making it clear, listen and hear,
Shedding our tears, making it clear,
Freedom from fear, listen and hear,
Freedom from fear, shedding our tears,
Listen and hear, we're making it clear.

(Album, Radical Times)

In the Silence of My Soul (1985-002)

Yesterday a bomb went off,
And sunk the Rainbow Warrior.
One man killed on board.
More fighting in South Africa,
None of it so glorious.
What will history reward?

Another day a gun went off,
And shot a young man's eye. You see,
The man was innocent.
And the weary existentialists,
The anarchists and the nihilists,
Let their cynicism vent.

And I listen to the sounds,
Of a troubled troubled world,
And I wonder where it all will go.
And I listen to the sounds,
Of a troubled troubled world,
And I wrap it in the silence of my soul.

Now every night and every morn,
Some are born to misery,
Some, to sweet delight.
And still we have our bearded bards,
Our auguries to history.
They still can't tell you why they write.

For those who make their livelihood,
In nuclear weapons arsenals,
I'd just like to ask them why.
Don't you believe in love and peace.
In children moms and gardens o.
You know we all could go sky high.

And I listen to the sounds,
Of a troubled troubled world,
And I wonder where it all will go.
And I listen to the sounds,
Of a troubled troubled world,
And I wrap it in the silence of my soul.

Yesterday a bomb went off,
In the streets of Lebanon.
"O well," you say "They're used to that."
But women men and children are,
The same throughout wherever and,
They can all feel just as bad.

And I listen to the sounds,
Of a troubled troubled world,
And I wonder where it all will go.
And I listen to the sounds,
Of a troubled troubled world,

And I wrap it in the silence of my soul.

And I listen to the sounds,
Of a troubled troubled world,
And I wonder where it all will go.
And I listen to the sounds,
Of a troubled troubled world,
And I wrap it in the silence of my,
Wrap it in the silence of my,
Wrap it in the silence of my soul.

(Album, Windmills and Water Cannons)

Still We March (1985-003)

Here we are gathered one more time,
Come to sing another song.
Come to march another mile,
On a road so very long.

It has been how many years,
Since we awakened to the fact,
That there are reasons for our fears,
And that somehow we must act.

And still we march, and still we sing,
With a loving respect for everything.
And still we march, and still we sing,
With a hope in what tomorrow may bring.

Many bridges have we crossed,
On the roads to where we are.
Battles won and battles lost,
But to go we still have far.

Many times we've felt discouraged,
But let me tell you all my friends.
The more I go the more I'm sure,
We shall triumph in the end.

And still we march, and still we sing,
With a loving respect for everything.
And still we march, and still we sing,
May our song be as clear as the bird song of spring.
And still we march, and still we sing,
With a loving respect for everything.
And still we march and still we sing,
With a hope in what tomorrow may bring.

And still we march, and still we sing,
With a loving respect for everything.
And still we march, and still we sing,
May our song be as clear as the bird song of spring.
And still we march, and still we sing,
With a loving respect for everything.
And still we march, and still we sing,
With a hope in what tomorrow may bring.
With a hope in what tomorrow may bring.
Yes there's hope in what tomorrow may bring.

(Album, Let the Empires Tremble)

Ode to Collin's Bay (1985-004)

Collin's Bay, Collin's Bay,
I want to sing this song for you today.
Collin's Bay.

Eon after eon,
The seasons come and go.
The glaciers form and melt away,
But still your waters flow.
The flowers trees and animals,
They gather all around you.
The muskrat and the meadowlark,
So glad that they have found you.

Collin's Bay, Collin's Bay,
I want to sing this song for you today.
Collin's Bay.

For countless generations past,
The people wander through,
Living with the land and water,
Being one with you.
Then suddenly a company,
From somewhere far away,
Decides it's time to take its turn,
At mining Collin's Bay.

Collin's Bay, Collin's Bay,
I want to sing this song for you today.
Collin's Bay.

Eon after eon,
Tomorrow's been assured,
But now the future might not dawn.
The world is not secure.
Beneath the waves of Collin's Bay,
So peaceful and so pretty,
There lies the thing that could destroy,
A hundred thousand cities.

Collin's Bay, Collin's Bay,
I want to sing this song for you today,
In case tomorrow never comes our way.
Collin's Bay.

The people who have lived with you,
For countless generations,
And those who try to understand,
From all across the nation,
They block the Rabbit Lake Mine Road,
To keep your waters free,
And open up the road to life,
For all humanity.

Collin's Bay, Collin's Bay,

I want to sing this song for you today,
In case tomorrow never comes our way.

Collin's Bay, Collin's Bay,
I want to sing this song for you today,
In case tomorrow never comes our way.
Collin's Bay.
Collin's Bay.

(Album, Heart Land and Tear Gas)

Northern Wind (1985-005)

O the northern wind, is powerful and free,
And it's blowing tonight, on the lakes and the trees.
It whispers to the people, saying "I'm not gonna die.
We have not lost the battle. It's worth another try."

O the northern lights are a shining,
Beautiful and bright,
Like a banner of northern survival,
Flying colours in the night.
With the scratch of uranium yellow,
On a background of natural green,
With some red for the bright forest fires,
And blue for the sky so serene.

And the northern wind, is powerful and free,
And it's blowing tonight, on the lakes and the trees.
It whispers to the people, saying "I'm not gonna die.
We have not lost the battle. It's worth another try."

Now at six o'clock in the morning,
The miner's alarm clock goes off.
He wakes up and yawns and he stretches.
He wipes his eyes and coughs.
He is just like any other worker,
On a day just like any other day,
But today he's gonna go down a mine shaft,
At an inlet they call Collin's Bay.

And the northern wind, is powerful and free,
And it’s blowing tonight, on the lakes and the trees.
It whispers to the people, saying "I'm not gonna die.
We have not lost the battle. It's worth another try."

Now the northern lakes they are many,
Mysterious and large.
They are watery shelters for fishes,
Who swim out beyond the marge.
And from one summer on to another,
These lakes have remained calm and still,
But now there's arisen a tempest,
A tidal wave poised to kill.

And the northern wind, is powerful and free,
And it's blowing tonight, on the lakes and the trees.
It whispers to the people, saying "I'm not gonna die.
We have not lost the battle. It's worth another try."

Now at six o'clock in the evening,
The trucker is back at the wheel.
In the back there's his yellowcake cargo,
With powers that seem so unreal.
He's the stereotype of a trucker,
As he drives himself on down the road,
And he's driving a load which is destined to go,

To a nuclear weapons arsenal.

Still the northern wind, is powerful and free,
And it's blowing tonight, on the lakes and the trees.
It whispers to the people, saying "I'm not gonna die.
We have not lost the battle. It's worth another try."

Now the north Saskatchewan forest,
Is far far away and dark,
But it's home for the thousands of creatures,
Who live on the branches and bark.
In the wind blow the spirits of elders,
With wisdom from time before time.
And together in one voice they're shouting,
"Uranium mining's a crime.".

And the northern wind, is powerful and free,
And it's blowing tonight, on the lakes and the trees.
It whispers to the people, saying "I'm not gonna die.
We have not lost the battle. It's worth another try."

Said the northern wind to the south wind,
"You bring many things in your wake,
Like miners and truckers and tailings,
But I am the friend of these lakes.
Just as I am the friend of these people,
And the pine trees that grow all around.
And we're all gonna put up a struggle,
Until you learn to keep uranium in the ground.

I am the northern wind. I am powerful and free.
I am blowing tonight, on the lakes and the trees.
I whisper to the people, saying I'm not gonna die.
We have not lost the battle. It's worth another try."

Yes the northern wind, is powerful and free,
And it's blowing tonight, on the lakes and the trees.
It whispers to the people, saying "I'm not gonna die.
We have not lost the battle. It's worth another try."
It's worth another try. It's worth another try.

(Album, Let the Empires Tremble)

Fighting for Hope (1985 arrangement (1985-006)

Each of us has been conceived,
And born into a world that believes,
The best thing you can do is despair.
Don't try to build your hopes too high.
Don't bake yourself a pie in the sky.
Your dreams will just collapse in mid air.

But despite all the external pressure,
To sit back and conform,
There's something within us that treasures,
Transcending all temporal norms.

And there's something deep, inside us all,
Something we all know.
O there's something deep, inside us all,
That keeps us fighting for hope.

City life may alienate,
But we can still communicate.
And as long as we can do that, we're all right.
We see the signs of injustice and war,
But we can make ploughshares out of swords,
And gardens out of garbage dumps if we try.

And despite all the cynical laughter,
And what they say on the six o'clock news,
We have not yet reached "The Day After".
We still have time to choose.

And there's something deep, inside us all,
Something we all know.
O there's something deep, inside us all,
That keeps us fighting for hope.

With the institutions of yesterday,
Falling into disarray,
As old solutions simply do not work,
The politicians seem unconcerned,
And fill their speeches with hollow words,
And sexy smiles, as they calmly go berserk.

With the left and the right in confusion,
Denying the unforeseen,
Industrial era illusion,
May give way to a forest of green.

And that something deep, inside us all,
That something we all know.
O that something deep, inside us all,
That keeps us fighting for hope.

O there's something deep, inside us all,
Something we all know.
O there's something deep, inside us all,

That keeps us fighting for,
Fighting for, fighting for, fighting for,
That keeps us fighting for hope.
That keeps us fighting for hope.

(Album, Watch the North Wind Rise)

Twenty Twenty Hindsight (1985-007)

How many Americans today would say,
"We've gotta drop the bomb on Hiroshima”?
How many Americans in 1945,
Would have said it if they'd known its true meaning?

If they'd have known there'd be tens of thousands more,
Built on every continent of the globe.
Threatening each one of us with nuclear war,
Tryin' to take away our future and our hope.

How many French, how many German, how many Poll or Czech,
How many British, how many Cuban, how many anywhere yet,
Believe a war is justifiable,
At any time at all.
I've never taken a survey so I really don't know,
But I fear the number's not too small.

Twenty twenty hindsight, has not given us foresight.
Standing in the twilight, we're gonna need some more light.

How many Americans today would say,
"We've really got to go to Vietnam"?
How many Americans in 1964,
Would have said it if they'd seen what was to come?

If they'd have known there'd be three million killed,
In a war that nobody really won.
Jungles doused in Agent Orange, villages burned,
Women and children killed with napalm.

How many French, how many German, how many Poll or Czech,
How many British, how many Cuban, how many anywhere yet.
Believe a war is justifiable,
At any time at all.
I've never taken a survey so I really don't know,
But I fear the number's not too small.

Twenty twenty hindsight, has not given us foresight.
Standing in the twilight, we're gonna need some more light.

How many Canadians today would say,
"Let's shoot the Beothuk of Newfoundland"?
How many Canadians today would say,
"Let's hang Louis Riel by your command"?

And how many Canadians today still say,
"We've really got to mine uranium."
"Who cares about the future.
Who cares about the earth.
Who cares if we get blown to Kingdom Come."

That's what I hear them say, right here right now today.
That's what I hear them say, right here right now today.

Twenty twenty hindsight, has not given us foresight.
Standing in the twilight, we're gonna need some more light.

How many jellyfish babies will it take,
And how many Three Mile Islands,
Before our confidence starts to shake and break,
And we start to think about changing our minds.

How many, how many, how many.
Twenty twenty, twenty twenty, how many.

(Album, City of Gold)

War Toys Peace Toys (1985-008)

I saw the lines of would-be soldiers training,
Loading guns and firing in rows.
And everyone would be another Rambo,
With a gun in his hand, for the rest of his life,
With a gun in his hand, for the rest of his life.

I watched the soldiers file into the barracks,
Behind the concrete walls where nothing grows,
Learning to repress their own repulsion,
With guns in their hands, for the rest of their lives,
With guns in their hands, for the rest of their lives.

And I noticed they were war toys,
Lined up along the shelves,
Just ordinary girls and boys,
Not allowed to be themselves,
Not allowed to be themselves.

I saw the lines of shoppers at the checkout,
Who just can't wait to get each purchase home,
Pushing shoving running for the car lot,
With keys in their hands, for the rest of their lives,
With keys in their hands, for the rest of their lives.

Somewhere beneath the smile, good day how are you,
I heard one say, I wish I weren't alone,
In a world that makes me live in isolation,
With a key in my hand, for the rest of my life,
With a key in my hand, for the rest of my life.

And I noticed they were peace toys,
Lined up along the street,
Just ordinary girls and boys,
Trying hard to feel complete,
Trying hard to feel complete.

And I wonder are we all toys,
Regimented into lines,
Once creative girls and boys,
Now co-opted by the signs,
Now co-opted by the signs.

Still I know we need not be toys.
We are more than dolls and clowns.
We can stand as one and make a noise.
We can turn things upside down.
We can turn things upside down.
We can turn things upside down.
We can turn things upside down.

(Album, How to Make a Revolution Without Salt)

Singing for Our Lives (1985-009)

We are a gentle angry people,
And we are singing, singing for our lives.
We are a gentle angry people,
And we are singing, singing for our lives.

We are an ecological people,
And we are singing, singing for our lives.
We are an ecological people,
And we are singing, singing for our lives.

We are a peace-revering people,
And we are singing, singing for our lives.
We are a peace-revering people,
And we are singing, singing for our lives.

We are men and we are women,
And we are singing, singing for our lives.
We are men and we are women,
And we are singing, singing for our lives.

We are parents, we are children,
And we are singing, singing for our lives.
We are parents, we are children,
And we are singing, singing for our lives.

We are one and we are many,
And we are singing, singing for our lives.
We are one and we are many,
And we are singing, singing for our lives.

We are a life-affirming people,
And we are singing, singing for our lives.
We are a life-affirming people,
And we are singing, singing for our lives.

We are an earth-revering people,
And we are singing, singing for our lives.
We are an earth-revering people,
And we are singing, singing for our lives.

We are a planetary people,
And we are singing, singing for our lives.
We are a planetary people,
And we are singing, singing for our lives.

We are a gentle angry people,
And we are singing, singing for our lives.
We are a gentle angry people,
And we are singing, singing for our lives.
And we are singing, singing for our lives.
And we are singing, singing for our lives.

(Album, Snowflakes on the Green)

Raindrops (1985-010)

Raindrops fall,
Like liquid leaves,
From cloud branches.
Constant, lasting,
Unbreaking.

They tell me,
Who I am.
Raindrops, raindrops,
Who are you.

I let you in now.
Flood the deserts,
On the face of my soul.

I hear you dropping,
Straight down in front of me.
Over somewhere,
I hear you clanging,
On a metal surface.

I feel you falling,
Down, down,
Into the depths of my being.
Praise be the rain.
Praise be the rain.

(Album, Kingdoms and Dreamlands)

On the Anti-Nuclear Road (1986-001)

Sometimes you march together down the anti-nuclear road,
Marching hand in hand and carrying placards in the cold.
Sometimes you sing or chant your words, sometimes a silent ode.
Sometimes you march together, and sometimes, you march alone.

When you're on the anti-nuclear road, you never can predict,
What car is gonna follow you, what phone is gonna click.
Big Brother he's alive and well, and he knows many tricks.
But please don't let this turn you 'round. Don't let them make you say, "I quit".

Every mile, on the anti-nuclear road,
Is bound to mean a wind blast in your face.
But the wind blows in futility as the flower of love unfolds,
And we are out to save the human race.
And we are out to save the human race.

Sometimes you stand together in the lobby of the beast,
And collectively you wonder, did they get your call down east.
You'd think they'd let you speak to the company president at least.
But Eldorado Nuclear, won't let you have that peace.

Those monolithic monsters fool the many with their smiles.
The press calls them respectable while they call you naive and wild.
But today we're standing here outside this courthouse for this trial,
To tell you you are not alone. We are with you every mile.

Every mile, on the anti-nuclear road,
Is bound to mean a wind blast in your face.
But the wind blows in futility as the flower of love unfolds,
And we are out to save the human race.
And we are out to save the human race.

The wind blows in futility as the flower of love unfolds,
And we are out to save the human race.
We are out to save the human race.
We are out to save the human race.

(Album, Shining Planet)

A Chemical for Everything (1986-002)

Look over there, in the field next door,
As acre after acre greets the dawn.
The chemical, conquistadors,
Are telling us to lay those chemicals on.

In the air, and in the soil,
Seeping deep down into the ground.
For greater yields, with lesser toil,
But what goes around must surely come around.
What goes around must surely come around.

There's a chemical for everything,
In summer winter fall and spring.
There's one to make the wheat field blow.
There's one to make the green grass grow.
One to clean the swimming pool,
And one to make your evening cool.
There's one to help you sleep at night,
And one to make you feel all right.
For everything both great and small,
That walks or swims or flies or crawls,
For all we feel we must control,
There's bound to be a chemical.
There's a chemical for everything.
There's a chemical for everything.
There's a chemical for everything.

And so we down, our ice oil cones,
With caffeine sugar water for dessert.
We spray the lawns, around our homes,
Then take a pill and wonder why we hurt.

There's a chemical, to make us ill,
Another chemical to make us well.
So we carry on, with our chemical drill,
Turning our world into a chemical hell.
Turning our world into a chemical hell.

There's a chemical for everything,
In summer winter fall and spring.
There's one to make the wheat fields blow,
And one to make the green grass grow.
There's one to clean the swimming pool,
And one to make your evening cool.
There's one to help you sleep at night,
And one to make you feel all right.
For everything both great and small,
That walks or swims or flies or crawls,
For all we feel we must control,
There's bound to be a chemical.
There's a chemical for everything.
There's a chemical for everything.
There's a chemical for everything.
There's a chemical for everything.

There's a chemical for everything.

(Album, Tomato Club)

Heritage of Decay (1986-003)

Twenty-sixth of April, 1986,
With everyone asleep from east to west.
Twenty-sixth of April, 1986,
The world will never be the same again.

We had heard a warning,
From the Pennsylvania Isle.
The Susquehanna River told it all.
But that was seven years ago,
And like some stubborn child,
We were pushing ahead at the peril of great and small.

The morning broke. The news broke,
On to a burned out world,
In agonizing apathy and fear.
Was this to be the big one,
The whispered disbelief.
The melt down that you dreamed about is here.

Across the map of Europe,
From Stockholm down to Rome,
The Geiger counters told the deadly truth.
And falling in the raindrops,
And blowing in the wind,
Was the question where to go and what to do.

A station named Chernobyl,
Inside the deep Ukraine,
Of which the western world had barely heard.
The latest in a series,
Of far away sounding names,
Was quickly to become a household word.

Now we can't go back,
To the way things were,
Before it all went wrong.
And you can't look away,
When you go to the store,
And everyone takes a Geiger counter along.

And we can't pretend,
That it's all for the best,
And that all of the trouble's gone away.
'Cause it seeps through the soil,
And into our hearts,
Leaving us a heritage of decay.
Leaving us a heritage of decay.

No we can't go back,
To the way things were,
Before it all went wrong.
And you can't look away,
When you go to the store,
And everyone takes a Geiger counter along.

And we can't pretend,
That it's all for the best,
And that all of the trouble's gone away.
'Cause it seeps through the soil,
And into our hearts,
Leaving us a heritage of decay.
Leaving us a heritage of decay.

'Cause it seeps through the soil,
And into our hearts,
Leaving us a heritage of decay.
Leaving us a heritage of decay.
Leaving us a heritage of decay.

(Album, The Wind Will Make You Strong)

Co-option (1986-004)

If they can't kill you with their helicopters,
Gonna have to get you with their fleet of co-opters,
Offer you status, offer you a job,
Just to stop the shouting of the anarchistic mob.

They did it in the sixties when they tried to be friends,
Through the Company of Young Canadians.
They'll do it again, if you give them the chance,
'Cause he who pays the piper calls the tunes and determines the dance.

They'll send you a glossy envelope,
With a ticket to the banquet tables,
To the well-dressed politicians,
Standing up and telling fables.
They'll tell you your ideas are good,
That they're sure to be adopted.
Then they'll throw you a cheque and you'll jump with joy and,
You'll be co-opted.

When thousands of people start to scream and shout,
They've gotta make sure that the best burn out.
Divide and conquer is the game they play,
Confusing all the issues til the rabble go away.

'Cause when you're left alone on a one man crusade,
After ten years of work for which you never got paid,
A little state funding can seem awful nice,
When your head's against the wall and your feet are dancing on thin ice.

So they'll send you a glossy envelope,
With a ticket to the banquet tables,
To the well-dressed politicians,
Standing up and telling fables.
They'll tell you your ideas are good,
That they're sure to be adopted.
Then they'll throw you a cheque and you'll jump with joy and,
You'll be co-opted.

Now a few years ago, you were out in the streets,
A marching and chanting that you couldn't be beat.
You were hugging the trees and refusing the cruise,
And every night we'd see you on the six o'clock news.

But now things are different. You've a brand new job.
You've no more need to shout or scream or curse or sob.
You're working with the system, you say with a smile.
You made it to the boardroom and off of the CSIS file.

'Cause they sent you a glossy envelope,
With a ticket to the banquet tables.
Now you're a well-dressed politician,
Standing up and telling fables.
They told you your ideas were good,
And that they would adopt a few.

Then the right wing government threw you a cheque,
And that's all it took to co-opt you.
That's all it took to co-opt you.
That's all it took to co-opt you.
That's all it took to co-opt you.

(Album, Let the Empires Tremble)

Long Live the Name of Sandino (1986-005)

You're training mercenaries down in Florida,
To be the bullets of your Yankee gun.
You'll load them up and send them off to glory,
To shoot and kill beneath the Nicaraguan sun.

You'll land them on an airstrip in Honduras,
You built with blood-stained money and a grin.
From there they'll make their raids across the border,
To try to kill the hope that burns within.

The Sandinistas they are the way.
Not the plans of the CIA.
Vive Nicaragua libre I say.
And long live the name of Sandino.
And long live the dream of Sandino.

After half a century under the Samosas,
When you killed their bodies and tried to kill their soul,
The people of the nation finally spoke out,
For self-determination and control.

After many years of fighting in the mountains,
The movement gathered strength across the land,
Til in seventy-nine they had an insurrection,
To take back what was theirs from Uncle Sam.

The Sandinistas they are the way.
Not the plans of the CIA.
Vive Nicaragua libre I say.
And long live the name of Sandino.
And long live the dream of Sandino.

So you're sending mercenaries 'round the planet,
To take the flame of freedom and blow it out.
But what you do it will come back to haunt you.
I would think that you should know by now.

Every time you send your western mercenaries,
To play on any hotbed 'round the world,
You spawn a thousand revolutionaries,
Who remember the atrocities you unfurl.

The Sandinistas they are the way.
Not the plans of the CIA.
Vive Nicaragua libre I say.
And long live the name of Sandino.
And long live the dream of Sandino.

The Sandinistas they are the way.
Not the plans of the CIA.
Vive Nicaragua libre I say.
And long live the name of Sandino.
And long live the dream of Sandino.
And long live the name of Sandino.

And long live the dream of Sandino.

And long live the name of Sandino.

(Album, Glimpses of Arcadia)

Children of the New Smog (1986-006)

O they say in New York City,
That the water there is black,
And that all around, the trees are gone,
And they're never coming back.
And they don't know how it got there,
But they found a great big hole,
In the fabric of the ozone layer,
Right over the South Pole.
Seems every time I read the paper,
Or turn on my radio,
We've done something new and different,
To our tiny island home.

From the shadows of Chernobyl
To the alleys of Bhopal,
You can read the writing written
On the planetary wall.
The toxic fads, the rems and rads,
The gifts of the global hogs,
To the Star Wars generation,
To the children of the new smog.

I am not the generation
That saw revolution's flame,
Burn down the streets of Paris,
Then lose the meaning of its name.
I am not the generation
Of disillusioned dreams,
That saw 1914's young men die
In the trenches overseas.
I am not the generation
That saw the White Rose crushed and killed,
On the darkest night of Europe.
Is there e'er time to rebuild?
I am not the generation
That saw napalm burn the skin,
Of the children of those who would dare to go,
And fight for Ho Che Min.

From the shadows of Chernobyl
To the alleys of Bhopal,
You can read the writing written
On the planetary wall.
The toxic fads, the radon gas,
The gifts of the global hogs,
To the Star Wars generation,
To the children of the new smog.

I am the generation
That saw the Sandinistas rise,
And after seven years of blood and tears,
Still fighting for their lives.
And I am the generation
Whose women came to call,

At the Greenham common airbase,
Saying "We won't move at all".
And I am the generation
That marched through the streets of Bonn,
With an earth-ball and the withered tree,
To herald a brighter dawn.
And I am the generation
Who knew we had to take a stand,
And march against the cruise missile,
Walking hand in hand.

From the shadows of Chernobyl
To the alleys of Bhopal,
You can read the writing written
On the planetary wall.
The toxic fads, the rems and rads,
The gifts of the global hogs,
To the Star Wars generation,
To the children of the new smog.

The struggles come and go.
Sometimes you win; sometimes you lose.
Sometimes there's nothing else to do
But sing the burned out blues.
But as long as we can sing our songs
And talk about our fears,
And as long as we are human enough
To break down into tears,
And as long as we can listen
And share what's on our souls,
There will be hope for tomorrow,
And our fragile mother globe.

From the shadows of Chernobyl
To the alleys of Bhopal,
You can read the writing written
On the planetary wall.
As the people of the planet
Pledge ourselves to carry on,
May the force be with you always,
As we struggle for a new dawn.
As the people of the planet
Pledge ourselves to carry on,
May the force be with you always,
As we struggle for a new dawn.

(Album, Glimpses of Arcadia)

A Temple Stands Within Me (1986-007)

A temple stands within me.
Its windows and its doors,
Reflect the inward sunlight,
That warms my inward shores.

The glowing altar fire,
Throws shadows through the room,
Which dance and play on paintings,
Which like spring flowers bloom.

A temple stands within me.
Its gardens and its gates,
Are open to all feeling,
That walks or flies or waits.

No tombstones mar the courtyard.
No asphalt scars the green.
No sirens blare sharp warnings,
Of dangers yet unseen.

A temple stands within me,
It shadows and its lights,
Flow-moving and diverging,
As mornings break from nights.

For once I wrote of temples,
Of sunlight and of dawn,
Of water, warmth and wisdom,
And flowers on the lawn.

I wrote with rhyme and rhythm,
Alliteration and,
Made sure my words fell gently,
And curled up in the sand.

The roaring of the out there,
Grew louder in my ears.
What once had looked like legend,
Was now as real as tears.

The loneliness, the anger,
The brick walls and the blocks,
Were not just words, God damn it,
When thrown to you like rocks.

The rhyme schemes had to shatter.
The rhythm had to break,
Replaced by one word snap lines,
Obscenities and the like.

My words were now not raindrops,
But bullets, bombs and bricks.
My mouth no longer whispered,
But shouted and spat sticks.

I spoke no more of journeys,
Of pathways or of roads,
Through mystic landscapes leading,
To sheltered warm abodes.

I spoke no more of people,
As light rays of God's love,
But only as cold grey objects,
Upon the dark edge of.

For I walked no more on roadways,
A winding mythically.
The straight grey streets of cities,
Were all my feet could see.

But through a year of turmoil,
Inside the winter room,
Through sleepless nights of anger,
And the doubts of David Hume.

I lived, the eggshell broken,
Exposed to painful lights,
And cracking like an eggshell,
Was never far from sight.

The months of groundless shifting,
On ocean waves of grey,
Found me washed up still breathing,
On a shore of bright red clay.

The clay I shaped as statues,
And turned them toward the sun.
Then blessed them with some water,
From a pool the tide had brung.

I looked across the ocean,
The darkness and the walls,
And through a thousand classrooms,
And down a thousand halls.

The temples I had known,
The roadways I had walked,
The railings I had followed,
Then turned around and mocked.

I saw them lying shattered,
By earthquakes from the deep.
I saw they no more held me,
Among their fearful sheep.

My shadow set them shaking.
My footsteps caused the quake,
Exposing insides rancid,
That made their glory fake.

The lights inside their windows,
Knocked down, no longer shone.
Their statues and their altars,
No longer hailed the dawn.

For the golden age they'd herald,
And the kingdom they'd proclaim,
Are not the age we're promised,
In anything more than name.

For the age is not for statues,
That stare in you guilt fright,
And the age is not for priesthoods,
In robes of black or white.

I left the temples lie there,
In ruin in the sand,
With the railings and the roadways,
I waved off with my hand.

I let the ocean's water,
Blockade them from my view,
And worked my hands in red clay,
That something old yet new.

I left the ruined temples,
To chew their words of straw,
For a temple stands within me,
That needs no canon law.

It needs no pope or pulpit,
No breaded book nor beads.
A soul to listen inward,
And hear, is all it needs.

The ocean waves rise higher,
The old land now unseen.
I work the clay of mountains,
And roll in forests green.

And a temple stands within me,
Its windows and its doors,
Reflecting still the sunlight,
That warms my inward shores.
Reflecting still the sunlight,
That warms my inward shores.

(Album, Sojourners)

Sultry Summer Solstice (1986-008)

On a sultry summer solstice,
The people came together,
Gathering from everywhere,
For the bioregion,
For the bioregion.

On a sultry summer solstice,
The people came together,
Gathering from everywhere,
For the bioregion,
For the bioregion.

We are bound to the earth,
Yet we are free.
Our spirits fly high in the sky,
Yet we are part of Earth community.

We are bound to the earth,
Yet we are free.
Our spirits fly high in the sky,
Yet we are part of Earth community.

On a sultry summer solstice,
The people came together,
Gathering from everywhere,
For the bioregion,
For the bioregion.

On a sultry summer solstice,
The people came together,
Gathering from everywhere,
For the bioregion,
For the bioregion.

We are bound to the earth,
Yet we are free.
Our spirits fly high in the sky,
Yet we are part of Earth community.

We are bound to the earth,
Yet we are free.
Our spirits fly high in the sky,
Yet we are part of Earth community.

On a sultry summer solstice,
The people came together,
Gathering from everywhere,
For the bioregion,
For the bioregion,
For the bioregion.

Sultry summer solstice.
Sultry summer solstice.
Sultry, summer solstice.

(Album, Snowflakes on the Green)

In the Name of the Image (1986-009)

In his hand they put a bolt of lightening.
And in his mouth they put a two-edged sword.
And on his head they placed a crown of missiles.
And they called this patriarch of theirs the Lord.

They gave this dude a thrown upon an altar,
With big white candles burning to the sky.
And before the thrown they made their sacred pledges.
They said they'd neither copulate nor cry.

And they did it in the name of the image.
And they did it in the name of the one.
And they did it in the name of the image.
And they did it in the name of the one.

They gave their god the right to rape and plunder,
To conquer kill and torture everywhere.
And in his name they said they had dominion,
Over all the creatures of land, sea and air.

So off they went for conquest and conversion,
To colonize and plunder every land.
What they did not understand they called perversion.
And they ruled with the power of his right hand.

And they did it in the name of the image.
And they did it in the name of the one.
And they did it in the name of the image.
And they did it in the name of the one.

And here they are today,
Lodging themselves in right wing parties,
Bombing abortion clinics,
And getting themselves elected.
Believing they can rule the world,
With the bomb, the Bible and the sword.
Saying God give them the right,
That God is might, and might makes righteous omnicide.

And they do it in the name of the image.
And they do it in the name of the one.
And they do it in the name of the image.
And they do it in the name of the one.

In the name of their patriarchal god,
And the power of his right hand,
They plunder on and on.
And they do it in the name of the image.
And they do it in the name of the one.

In the name of their patriarchal god,
And the power of his right hand,
They plunder on and on.
And they do it in the name of the image.

And they do it in the name of the one.

And they do it in the name of the image.
And they do it in the name of the one.

(Album, Snowflakes on the Green)

Walk of Awe (1986-010)

In early spring when still the early air,
Is cold upon the palms and on the head,
And green does not yet break the flower bed,
I walk out back and with the birds I share,
The sweetness of the morning lingering there,
The softness of the earth to which I'm wed,
The vastness of this premises wingspread,
And with the birds I sing a skyward prayer.

But what does all this bogus rhyming mean,
If I have no beloved to share it with.
It's like an artwork, incomplete and raw,
A backdrop with no players, script or scene.
A gentle girl in truth, not mental myth,
Is all that's missing from this walk of awe.
A gentle girl in truth, not mental myth,
Is all that's missing from this walk of awe.

(Album, Lanterns and Ledges)

And the Year Belonged to Orwell (1986-011)

I still remember,
That Tuesday noon.
The campus lawn,
Was as fresh as a blue lagoon.

I took your arm,
And we walked outside.
We sat on the lawn,
And we talked for a long long time.

We talked about poetry,
Life and art.
We talked about love,
And a bit about Jean Paul Sartre.

And the year belonged to Orwell.
It was 1984, well.
The year belonged to Orwell.

On Wednesday and Thursday,
We met again.
We talked some more,
And I felt some growing pains.

Before I met you,
I had never spoke,
To a girl for more,
Than just enough to say hello.

And then came Friday,
Afternoon.
The camp had to break up,
And it was all too soon.

You gave me your address.
I gave you mine.
You left me alone,
At the phone and you said "Please Write".

And the year belonged to Orwell.
It was 1984, well.
The year belonged to Orwell.

I'd write my letter to you and take,
A month or six weeks to write.
I'd send it off and begin my wait,
For your letter day and night.
And when your letter would come, I couldn't wait,
To hear what you'd said to me.
What you were thinking, what was on your mind,
Whatever it might be.
Your letters they sustained me,
Through that winter, through that time,
From the fall of 1984,

To the spring of 85.

And the year belonged to Orwell.
it was 1984, well.
The year belonged to Orwell.

That was so long ago.
I wonder where you are.
That was so many years ago.
I wonder what you're doing now.
With all these years gone by.
With all these years gone by.

That was so long ago.
I wonder where you are.
That was so many years ago.
I wonder what you're doing now.
With all these years gone by.
With all these years gone by.

And my life belongs to Orwell.

(Album, Foggy Monday)

Fire From the Earth (1987-001)

As the morning breaks,
As the city wakes,
Flowing through the streets,
And in the rolling countryside,
We are on the move,
Struggling to break through.
We have one wish above all else,
To see the earth survive.

Some will say to us,
"Why are you making such a fuss?
Everything would be okay,
If you didn't read between the lines."
But I cannot turn my back,
With the earth under attack.
We can't afford to go away,
In these, such burning times.

We have fire from the earth, and we are marching,
Singing all the songs we learned to sing so long ago.
We are powered by the wind and by the sunlight,
Dancing in our circles, we have so far to grow.
In anger and in love,
In gentleness and strength,
Each of us has made the choice,
That everyone will have to make.
We are resisting. We are resisting.

For centuries untold,
They've raped the earth for gold.
Now they rape her for her bauxite,
Her uranium and coal.
They tear her forest down,
Making concrete of the ground,
And they pump her soil and water,
Full of toxic chemicals.

What ancient peoples thought,
And later ones forgot,
Science and experience,
Have proven to be true.
You are part of the earth,
And what you give to her,
She in turn will turn around,
And give, right back to you.

We are fire from the earth, and we are marching,
Singing all the songs we learned to sing so long ago.
We are powered by the wind and by the sunlight.
Dancing in our circles, we have so far to grow.
In anger and in love,
In gentleness and strength,
Each of us has made the choice,
That everyone will have to make.

We are resisting. We are resisting.

Block the roads. Spike the trees.
Chain yourselves to fences.
Do whatever must be done.
The earth must be defended.
Block the roads. Spike the trees.
Chain yourselves to fences.
Do whatever must be done.
The earth must be defended.

We have fire from the earth, and we are marching,
Singing all the songs we learned to sing so long ago.
We are powered by the wind and by the sunlight.
Dancing in our circles, we have so far to grow.
In anger and in love,
In gentleness and strength,
Each of us has made the choice,
That everyone will have to make.
We are resisting. We are resisting. We are resisting.

We are fire from the earth, and we are marching.
We are resisting.

(Album, City of Gold)

I Am the Dandelion (1987-002)

From Chicago, down to Kent State,
You came, and shot us dead.
You made sure, the trees had withered,
And that all, the birds had fled.

And for those, who wouldn't shut up,
And let themselves be stopped,
You used every, method known,
To conquer, and co-opt.

But I've come back, to haunt you,
And taunt you, as you flaunt your, affluence.
Yeah I've come back, to rock you,
To shock you, and to knock you, off the edge.

I am the dandelion. I am the sunflower.
Run from the Candy Man. It's time we spun some power.
I am the dandelion. I am the sunflower.
Run from the Candy Man. It's time we spun some power.

We'll be running, in elections,
Holding sit-ins, singing songs.
We are tired, of petitions.
You don't read them, if they're too long.

So come on. Let's see the teargas.
Let's see, those billy clubs.
We are ready, for a long fight,
For the planet, we all love.

Yeah I've come back, to shake you,
To bake you, and to break your, apathy.
Yeah I've come back, to spring you,
And bring you, everything you, ought to see.

I am the dandelion. I am the sunflower.
Run from the Candy Man. It's time we spun some power.
I am the dandelion. I am the sunflower.
Run from the Candy Man. It's time we spun some power.

It's time we spun some power, spun some power, spun some power.
I am the dandelion. I am the dandelion. I am the dandelion.

I am the dandelion. I am the sunflower.
Run from the Candy Man. It's time we spun some power.

(Album, Dandelion Cappuccino)

Tryin' to Catch the Feeling (1987-003)

I've been tryin' to catch the feeling,
Of another generation,
Sweet smell of spring upon the breeze.
I've been tryin' to touch the memory,
Of a long-lost constellation,
Where a million people marched for peace.

Experiments on the west coast,
B.C. to California,
People going and living off the land.
And protest songs from everyone,
From Berkeley back to Georgia,
Young folks who know just where they stand.

I've been tryin' to catch the feeling,
But all that answers me,
Is the American fortress.
I've been tryin' to catch the feeling,
But all that answers me,
Is free trade for the hemisphere.
I've been tryin' to catch the feeling,
But all that answers me,
Is a neon sign,
That old familiar neon sign.

I've been tryin' to touch the spirit,
To say something will happen,
Some struggle, some movement, some women and men.
Something to awaken us,
From where we have been napping,
To get the people rising up angry again.

But here in North America,
Everything's so silent.
Everyone's afraid to say they care.
We'd rather have our SUV's,
Drivin' down the highway,
With no end to the wasteland or the nuclear glare.

I've been tryin' to catch the feeling,
But all that answers me,
Are the Pentagon's war plans.
I've been tryin' to catch the feeling,
But all that answers me,
Is the corporate empire.
I've been tryin' to catch the feeling,
But all that answers me,
Is a neon sign.

I've been tryin' to catch the feeling,
But all that answers me,
Is the American fortress.
I've been tryin' to catch the feeling,
But all that answers me,

Is the centre-left co-opted.
I've been tryin' to catch the feeling,
But all that answers me,
Is a neon sign,
That old familiar neon sign.

And the sign says,
Buy Microsoft Windows 3000.
And the sign says,
Genetically modified human beings forever.
And the sign says,
Don't try to escape.
There is no other way.
And the sign says,
Welcome to the Ministry of Manufactured Consent,
Where capitalism is our lord and saviour.

That old familiar neon sign,
That old familiar neon sign.

(Album, Paint the Cornfields Purple)

It's Just not True (1987-004)

This is the true north strong and free.
People don't open letters here.
CSIS and the RCMP,
Gonna keep things running, gonna keep things fair.

This is the country of the CBC.
There's no media bias or censorship here.
If you don't see it on TV,
Then it's not real. You don't have to care.

This is the land of the maple leaf.
There are no hungry or homeless here.
Everybody has enough to eat.
Everybody's gonna get their fair share.

Ours is a liberal democracy.
There is no marginalization here.
Left and right and in between,
All enjoy our freedom, fair and square.

All these things I once believed,
When I was young and so naive.
Now all these myths I have seen through,
And I realize it's just not true.

All these things I once believed,
When I was young and so naive.
Now all these myths I have seen through,
And I realize It's just not true.
It's just not true.

(Album, Dream Spring Convergence)

Lakeview (1987-005)

Take away the farmland, and give us brand new cars.
Take away the gofer holes, and give us VCR's.
Take away the freedom of the plains. It's gone too far.
And give us Lakeview. oo, oo, oo, Give us Lakeview.

Take away our mental health, and give us microchips.
More military spending now that drug-busting is hip.
I wanna hear the Kingston Trio, on a compact disk.
Out in Lakeview, oo, oo, oo, Out in Lakeview.

Take away idealism, and give us cynical scorn.
Take away our tenderness, and give us kiddy porn.
The born again capitalist can once more be reborn.
Out in Lakeview. oo, oo, oo, Out in Lakeview.

Throw out the left wing radicals.
Give us half wit liberals,
Who will only march a step or two when all the streets are full.
'Cause they have to drive their Porsches to the rallies coming all,
The way from Lakeview. oo, oo, oo, All the way from Lakeview.

We'll name the streets and crescents, for the things that we destroy.
From Wollaston Court to Athabasca Drive, we've traded life for poison.
Now we put the loon upon the bloody dollar coin,
And gave them all to Lakeview. oo, oo, oo, We gave them all to Lakeview.

Some yuppies will go to any extent, to be eco-logical.
One's got a solar panel on his roof, but I think it's just for show.
'Cause when I drove by last February, it was covered up with snow.
Out in Lakeview, oo, oo, oo, It was Lakeview.

So take away the farmland, and give us brand new cars.
Take away the gofer holes, and give us VCR's.
Take away the freedom of the plains. It's gone too far.
And give us Lakeview. oo, oo, oo, Give us Lakeview.

Aayaayaay, We need another Lakeview.
Oo, oo, oo, We need another Lakeview.
Na na, na na na na, Everyone wants Lakeview.
Aha ahahhahahaha, Anything for Lakeview.
Oo, oo, oo, Just one more Lakeview.
Oo, oo, oo, Lakeview.
Without a tree.

(Album, Heart, Land and Tear Gas)

Guernica (1987-006)

In a room in a building,
In downtown Madrid,
In a nation where history,
Is never left for dead,
You must pass through a turnstile,
And a metal detection machine,
Into a room that's guarded by,
Two men with M16's.
And in a separate room,
Behind a wall of bullet-proof glass,
There hangs a painting,
Called Guernica, by Picasso.
Why, you may ask,
Is this painting guarded so,
Like a head of state or a diplomat.
Could it have a history that must be told.
Could it have a history that must be told.

Back in the distant past,
More than a thousand years ago,
In what is now a small city,
On a lonely mountain road.
There dwelt a people,
Whose story you should know,
A people of resistance,
A people of the oak.
No emperor could rule them.
No king could put them down.
For they knew where power comes from,
From the people all around.
And every second summer,
Representatives of the people,
Came and met beneath the oak tree,
At the centre of the town they called Guernica.
At the centre of the town they called Guernica.

For centuries untold,
This is how they made their laws.
Through churches, wars and empires,
These people did not pause.
They built some monasteries,
When Catholicism came,
But still their indigenous,
Democracy remained.
Now in the libraries of the world,
Ideologies arose.
Would they one day touch the travelers,
On these lonely mountain roads.
Fascism, Communism,
Capitalism too,
Power-hungry people,
Saying we will give the power back to you.
Saying we will give the power back to you.

It was 1936,
And as the world spun 'round,
Across the map of Europe,
There was a darkness coming down.
The Pyrenees so peaceful,
Were peaceful now no more.
It was soldier versus citizen.
It was the Spanish Civil War.
A general named Francisco,
Was vying for control,
Of a nation, its resources,
Its people and its soul.
And along the mountain roadways,
His army fought the people,
Who were fighting for the autonomy,
That resounded in the very word, Guernica.
That resounded in the very word, Guernica.

On the twenty-sixth of April,
In 1937,
The Fascists bombed Guernica,
Reigning terror from the air.
A thousand years of resistance,
And refusing to surrender,
Arose with the smoke,
And the fire everywhere.
Chaos and destruction,
Like we'd never seen before,
Delivered from the air,
In a new reality of war.
Picasso was moved to paint it,
While many stood back and wondered.
What would the future hold,
When aerial bombs could kill the hundreds upon hundreds.
When aerial bombs could kill the hundreds upon hundreds.

Guernica was the first,
Mass aerial bombing of a people,
What would become all too familiar,
In the times that would succeed it.
Through all the wars and the bombings,
London, Hamburg, Hiroshima,
Vietnam, Laos, Baghdad,
You can still hear the echo of Guernica.
You can still hear the echo of Guernica.

So the painting by Picasso,
Is guarded by the gun,
For the meaning that it holds,
In the hearts of everyone.
And there's a copy of the painting,
That hangs on the wall,
Of the UN Security Council chamber,
As a wake-up call to all.
And in memory of the people of Guernica.
And all who love life,

And all who thirst for peace and freedom,
Remember the noble name, Guernica.
And all who love life,
And all who thirst for peace and freedom,
Remember the noble name, Guernica.
Remember the people of Guernica.
Remember one spring day in Guernica.
Remember the noble name, Guernica.
Remember the people of Guernica.

(Album, Glimpses of Arcadia)

Equinox Evening (1987-007)

Orange sound,
Echoing long funnelling.
Sound of acorns on autumn lawn,
Song of summers, having lived and died too young.

A child mind wonders,
Crawling along the ground.
Wonders where it is going,
Wonders where its crawl is taking it.

No parents are watching it now.
No guardian angels, with little frilly wings,
Cut out from their storybooks,
To call the child back.

A summer has fallen,
From its heights of Eden.
How much time left on our stopwatches,
Before the Arctic moves in,
Bringing its white magic rituals,
Its swirling Winter Solstice,
A different freshness,
Another story,
Just as true.

Its tale shall wait,
And wait quietly,
Like the spark of life unseen,
In the pre-dawn darkness,
Of the soil and womb.

(Album, Snowflakes on the Green)

Nuke the Nuclear Industry (1987-008)

One two three, one two three,
Nuke the nuclear industry.
One two three, one two three,
Nuke the nuclear industry.
Nuke the nuclear industry.

I wanna make a world that's nuclear free.
Nuke the nuclear industry.
And live in peace with the ecology.
Nuke the nuclear industry.
No more uranium mining please.
Nuke the nuclear industry.
Surely we can build a sustainable peace.
Nuke the nuclear industry.
Nuke the nuclear industry.

I wanna build a world that's nuclear free.
Nuke the nuclear industry.
And live in peace with the ecology.
Nuke the nuclear industry.
No more uranium mining please.
Nuke the nuclear industry.
Surely we can build a sustainable peace.
Nuke the nuclear industry.
Nuke the nuclear industry.

One two three, one two three,
Nuke the nuclear industry.
One two three, one two three,
Nuke the nuclear industry.
Nuke the nuclear industry.
Nuke the nuclear industry.
Nuke the nuclear industry.
Nuke the nuclear industry.
Nuke the nuclear industry.
Industry.

Nuke the nuclear industry.
Nuke the nuclear industry.

(Album, Snowflakes on the Green)

Those Uranium Mines (1988-001)

Do a non-violent action. It's all you can do.
Those nukes they get rich making ash out of you.

I have a hard time, with those uranium mines.
I have a hard time, you know.
I have a hard time, with those uranium mines.
I have a hard time, you know.

They dig a big hole and leave waste by the lakes.
And if you aint got no bread, you gotta eat yellowcake.

I have a hard time, with those uranium mines.
I have a hard time, you know.
I have a hard time, with those uranium mines.
I have a hard time, you know.

Now the fish in the lakes are growing horns long and sharp,
And the trees in the forest they glow in the dark.

They have a hard time, with those uranium mines.
They have a hard time, you know.
They have a hard time, with those uranium mines.
They have a hard time, you know.

Key Lake, Cluff Lake, Cigar Lake, Collin's Bay,
We are raping the earth. She is crying today.

She has a hard time, with those uranium mines.
She has a hard time, you know.
She has a hard time, with those uranium mines.
She has a hard time, you know.

Do civil disobedience. It's all you can do.
Those nukes they get rich making ash out of you.

I have a hard time, with those uranium mines.
I have a hard time, you know.
I have a hard time, with those uranium mines.
I have a hard time, you know.

From Four Corners to the Outback to Wollaston Post,
Native peoples are dying, leaving only their ghosts.

They have a hard time, with those uranium mines.
They have a hard time, you know.
They have a hard time, with those uranium mines.
They have a hard time, you know.

But from Pine Ridge to Stonehenge to the ends of the earth,
Our one mother is calling us to a rebirth.

She has a hard time, with those uranium mines.
She has a hard time, you know.
She has a hard time, with those uranium mines.

She has a hard time, you know.

O the fight must be fought and the struggle be won.
We're gonna stand to our ground til all is said and done.

We have a hard time, with those uranium mines.
We have a hard time, you know.
We have a hard time, with those uranium mines.
We have a hard time, you know.

So do a non-violent action. It's all you can do.
Those nukes they get rich making ash out of you.

I have a hard time, with those uranium mines.
I have a hard time, you know.
I have a hard time, with those uranium mines.
I have a hard time, you know.

We have a hard time, with those uranium mines.
We have a hard time, you know.
We have a hard time, with those uranium mines.
We have a hard time, you know.

(Album, Heart, Land and Tear Gas)

The Wind Will Make You Strong (1988-002)

O the wind blows wild but it won't blow me over.
In the voice of the wind I hear song.
Be it early in May, be it late in October,
The wind will make you strong.
The wind will make you strong.

I am not a paper, blowing 'cross the lawn.
I am an old oak tree.
And I shall be here when my fears are gone.
Forever and ever I shall be.

O the wind blows wild but it won't blow me over.
In the voice of the wind I hear song.
Be it early in May, be it late in October,
The wind will make you strong.
The wind will make you strong.

I am not a fudgesicle that melts in the sun.
I am an ancient stone.
And I have endured while the years turned as one,
Here in this place I call home.

O the wind blows wild but it won't blow me over.
In the voice of the wind I hear song.
Be it early in May, be it late in October,
The wind will make you strong.
The wind will make you strong.
The wind will make you strong.
The wind will make you strong.

(Albums, Heart Land and Tear Gas, and, The Wind Will Make You Strong)

No More Helicopters (1988-003)

Here comes the helicopter,
Second time today.
But this isn't Guatemala.
This is Lubicon Lake.
Where the oil companies came along,
How many years ago,
And set their drilling rigs to drill,
Beneath the north Alberta snow.
And the people here who stand so proud
And block this road today,
Are the first people of our country,
Their land they're trying to save,
Their land they're trying to save.

And the women and the old ones dream,
That one day maybe their kids will see,
A world where we can all walk free,
A world where there shall be shall be,
No more helicopters,
No more helicopters,
No more helicopters,
No more helicopters.

Here comes the helicopter.
It's just the FBI.
But this is Pine Ridge, South Dakota,
1975,
Where the sons of Uncle Sam trespassed,
Found uranium ore,
And decided that the Lakota People
Could claim the land no more.
Guns would be the pens they'd use,
Peltier the man they'd frame,
Where the FBI made blood to flow,
In the nuclear industry's name,
And threw the blame on AIM.

Still the women and the old ones dream,
That one day maybe their kids will see,
A world where we can all walk free,
A world where there shall be shall be,
No more helicopters,
No more helicopters,
No more helicopters,
No more helicopters.

Here comes the helicopter,
In the Arizona sky.
The law said you were to be relocated
By the seventh of July,
To a land which was contaminated
When the big old Churchrock dam,
Caved in, and radioactivity
Just ran and ran and ran.

The multinational corporations
Want the uranium and the coal,
But the people on Big Mountain keep sayin'
Hell no we won't go.
Like hell no, we won't go.

'Cause the women and the old ones dream,
That one day maybe their kids will see,
A world where we can all live in peace,
A world where there shall be shall be,
No more helicopters,
No more helicopters,
No more helicopters,
No more helicopters.

No more helicopters,
No more helicopters,
No more helicopters,
No more helicopters,
No more helicopters,
No more helicopters,
No more helicopters,
No more helicopters,

(Albums, Heart, Land and Tear Gas, and, The Wind Will Make You Strong)

Dr. Martin Put Down (1988-004)

They gave him a podium and a microphone,
And a place in which to speak, four evenings in a row.
And one night two thousand people came to hear,
Dr. Martin put down everything that he feared.
Dr. Martin put down everything that he feared.

He said spirituality's a work of Hell,
And that people who follow are the Devil's elves.
Astrology, Cabala, taro cards, I Ching,
Anthroposophy, theosophy and everything,
New Thought, Wicca, Buddhism, Science of Mind,
Anything that promises peace for humankind.
They're worse than the commies or the hookers or the queers.
Dr. Martin put down everything that he feared.
Walt Martin put down everything that he feared.

He spoke with authority. He spoke with power.
He kept the people mesmerized hour after hour.
But deep inside he was just a terrified jerk,
Passing on his terror to everyone in the church.
Dr. Martin if you think that you've silence me now,
That your hellfire and brimstone have put my spirit down,
You've got two guesses coming, or so it would appear.
Dr. Martin put down everything that he feared.
Walt Martin put down everything that he feared.

They gave him a podium and a microphone,
And a place in which to speak, four evenings in a row.
And one night two thousand people came to hear,
Dr. Martin put down everything that he feared.
Walt Martin put down everything that he feared.
Dr. Martin put down everything that he feared.
Walt Martin put down everything that he feared.

One night two thousand people came to hear,
Dr. Martin put down everything that he feared.
Walt Martin put down everything that he feared.
Dr. Martin put down everything that he feared.

(Album, City of Gold)

Sweet Woman Earth (1988-005)

Sweet woman earth, sweet woman earth,
Sweet woman earth, sweet woman earth.
Sweet woman earth, sweet woman earth,
Sweet woman earth, sweet woman earth.
Sweet woman earth.

You are our keeper. You are our teacher.
You are our fellow dreamer.
You are our mother, our holy lover.
You are our spirit healer.

You are our keeper. You are our teacher.
You are our fellow dreamer.
You are our mother. You are our lover.
You are our spirit healer.

Sweet woman earth, sweet woman earth.
Sweet woman earth, sweet woman earth.
Sweet woman earth, sweet woman earth.
Sweet woman earth, sweet woman earth.

We have ignored you. We must look toward you.
Tell us your songs and visions.
It is you who we stand on. We must not abandon, you.
You're the wise one who listens.

We have ignored you. We must look toward you.
Tell us your songs and visions.
It is you who we stand on. We must not abandon, you.
You're the wise one who listens.

Sweet woman earth, sweet woman earth.
Sweet woman earth, sweet woman earth.
Sweet woman earth, sweet woman earth.
Sweet woman earth, sweet woman earth.
Sweet woman earth, sweet woman earth.
Sweet woman earth, sweet woman earth.

Sweet woman earth, sweet woman earth, sweet woman earth.

(Album, Sunrise Over the Barricades)

To America (1988-006)

I saw the hard-nosed rockets,
Flying through the air.
I heard the lone folk singer,
Shouting out in his despair.
I saw a million trees fall,
With a single dollar laid down.
And I saw a hundred heretics,
Who were driven from their town.

Upon a bridge, I met a man,
Who was heading toward the east.
He said he wanted to reach,
Jerusalem in time to see,
The man they'd nailed to the Roman cross,
A dying one more time.
I said the earth is being crucified,
Before our very eyes.

And the candles in the candelabra,
Flicker one by one.
Is there anyone to relight them,
Til the new day has begun.
Is there anyone to fold their hands,
And say a prayer for me,
As my ghost floats out o'er the horizon,
Upon the moon-struck sea,
To America, To America.

The myths of old, the myths of new,
The myths we never hear.
Some tell us we can resurrect.
Some tell us "Have no fear."
Some tell us we can live in peace,
If we hear the still small voice,
That whispers deep inside us,
That all beings have a choice.

I've been alive five thousand years.
I watched Columbus sail.
I watched Elijah's contest,
With the priestesses of Baal.
I saw the metal things land,
And walk silent on the moon.
Is this the kind of world you'd like,
To turn our world into.

And the candles in the candelabra,
Flicker one by one.
Is there anyone to relight them,
Til the new day has begun.
Is there anyone to fold their hands,
And say a prayer for me,
As my ghost floats out o'er the horizon,
Upon the moon-struck sea,

To America, To America.

Is there anyone to fold their hands,
And say a prayer for me,
As my ghost floats out o'er the horizon,
Upon the moon-struck sea,
To America, To America, To America.

(Album, City of Gold)

The Power Is in Our Hands (1988-007)

The power to dream, is in our hands.
The power is in our hands.
The power to dream, is in our hands.
The power is in our hands.

The power to build, is in our hands.
The power is in our hands.
The power to build, is in our hands.
The power is in our hands.

The power to learn, is in our hands.
The power is in our hands.
The power to learn, is in our hands.
The power is in our hands.

The power to teach, is in our hands.
The power is in our hands.
The power to teach, is in our hands.
The power is in our hands.

The power to care, is in our hands.
The power is in our hands.
The power to care, is in our hands.
The power is in our hands.

The power to share, is in our hands.
The power is in our hands.
The power to share, is in our hands.
The power is in our hands.

The power to create, is in our hands.
The power is in our hands.
The power to create, is in our hands.
The power is in our hands.

The power to destroy, is in our hands.
The power is in our hands.
The power to destroy, is in our hands.
The power is in our hands.

The power to heal, is in our hands.
The power is in our hands.
The power to heal, is in our hands.
The power is in our hands.

The power to live, is in our hands.
The power is in our hands.
The power to live, is in our hands.
The power is in our hands.

The power to know, is in our hands.
The power is in our hands.
The power to know, is in our hands.
The power is in our hands.

The power to love, is in our hands.
The power is in our hands.
The power to love, is in our hands.
The power is in our hands.
The power is in our hands.
The power is in our hands.
The power is in our hands.

The power to dream, is in our hands.
The power is in our hands.
The power to dream, is in our hands.
The power is in our hands.
The power is in our hands.

(Album, The Power Is in Our Hands)

Man of the Seasons (1988-008)

Spring man, summer man, autumn man, winter man.
Spring man, summer man, autumn man, winter man.
Spring man, summer man, autumn man, winter man.
Spring man, summer man, autumn man, winter man.

Spring man of the flowering maypole,
Summer man of the embracing branches.
Autumn man of falling leaves and falling snow,
Winter man who sleeps in the earth.

Spring man of the flowering maypole,
Summer man of the embracing branches,
Autumn man of falling leaves and falling snow,
Winter man who sleeps in the earth.

Spring man, summer man, autumn man, winter man.
Spring man, summer man, autumn man, winter man.
Spring man, summer man, autumn man, winter man.
Spring man, summer man, autumn man, winter man.

Spring man of the flowering maypole,
Summer man of the embracing branches,
Autumn man of falling leaves and falling snow,
Winter man who sleeps in the earth.

Spring man of the flowering maypole,
Summer man of the embracing branches,
Autumn man of falling leaves and falling snow,
Winter man who sleeps in the earth.

Spring man, summer man, autumn man, winter man.
Spring man, summer man, autumn man, winter man.
Spring man, summer man, autumn man, winter man.
Spring man, summer man, autumn man, winter man.

Spring man I am. Summer man I am.
Autumn man I am. Winter man I am.
Spring man I am. Summer man I am.
Autumn man I am. Winter man I am.
I am. I am. I am.

(Album, I Scream for the Moon)

We Are the Song (1988-009)

We are the song of the wind in the night,
The dew on the meadow, the stars in the sky.
The sprouting, the flowering, the fading, the dying.
The sun and the rain and the moon and the tide.
The sun and the rain and the moon and the tide.

We are the song of the wind in the night,
The dew on the meadow, the stars in the sky.
The sprouting, the flowering, the fading, the dying.
The sun and the rain and the moon and the tide.
The sun and the rain and the moon and the tide.

We are the song of the wind in the night,
The dew on the meadow, the stars in the sky.
The sprouting, the flowering, the fading, the dying.
The sun and the rain and the moon and the tide.
The sun and the rain and the moon and the tide.
The sun and the rain and the moon and the tide.

(Album, Heart, Land and Tear Gas)

Raise Cane in the Rain (1988-010)

I know that there never was a land of the free,
Or a home of the brave from sea to shining sea.
It's just a rumour.
It's just a rumour.

They loaded up people from the African shore,
And brought them all across ten million or more.
The slave drivers.
The slave drivers.

A couple hundred years later they needed some new blood,
So from all across Europe came the immigrants,
To fill the factories.
To fill the factories.

But this innocent nation kept expanding west.
They believed that their destiny was manifest.
They killed the Indians.
They killed the Indians.

But this land is our land, they wanted us to think,
So they co-opted Woody Guthrie and they taught us to sing,
"This Land is Your Land",
"This Land is Your Land".

But the red and white stripes and the stars on blue,
Are one of these days gonna give way to,
Five pointed stars on black.
And the Whitehouse, the Congress and the Pentagon,
Are gonna be a wonderin' what the hell's goin' on,
When the people of the earth come back.

We're gonna raise our anarchist pagan flag.
Gonna raise our anarchist pagan flag.
Gonna raise our anarchist pagan flag.
Gonna raise cane in the rain.
Gonna raise cane in the rain.

How would you like to join us when we raise our flag.
You can stand with the voices that will not be gagged.
Stand with the people.
Stand with the people.

When the Africans came on the slave-trading ships,
They brought along their gods and their goddesses,
That some still worship,
That some still worship.

Some working class whites never quite forgot,
The way things had been before the angry god,
And the witch burnings,
And the witch burnings.

And the natives of America are rising too,

Remembering the sweat lodge and the sacred hoop,
And the Great Mother,
And the Great Mother.

From St. George's Hill to Wounded Knee,
We are the underground voices of the centuries,
And we are rising,
And we are rising.

And the red and white stripes and the stars on blue,
Are one of these days gonna give way to,
Five-pointed stars on black.
And the Whitehouse, the Congress and the Pentagon,
Are gonna be a wonderin' what the hell's goin' on,
When the people of the earth come back.

We're gonna raise our anarchist pagan flag.
Gonna raise our anarchist pagan flag.
Gonna raise our anarchist pagan flag.
Gonna raise cane in the rain.
Gonna raise cane in the rain.

We're gonna raise our anarchist pagan flag.
Gonna raise our anarchist pagan flag.
Gonna raise our anarchist pagan flag.
Gonna raise cane in the rain.
Gonna raise cane in the rain.
Gonna raise cane in the rain.
Gonna raise cane in the rain.

(Album, Watch the North Wind Rise)

Bringing in the Harvest (1988-011)

Bringing in the harvest,
Bringing in the harvest,
Bringing in the harvest.

Bringing in, what the sun and the rain,
The land and the moon, have grown.
Bringing in, what the sun and the rain,
The land and the moon, have grown.

She is the earth that has nurtured them.
He is the moon that has shone on them.
She is the sun that has warmed them.
He is the rain that has watered them.

He is the earth that has nurtured them.
She is the moon that has shone on them.
He is the sun that has warmed them.
She is the rain that has watered them.

Bringing in the harvest,
Bringing in the harvest,
Bringing in the harvest.

Bringing in, what the sun and the rain,
The land and the moon, have grown.
Bringing in, what the sun and the rain,
The land and the moon, have grown.

Bringing in the harvest,
Bringing in the harvest,
Bringing in the harvest.

(Album, Watch the North Wind Rise)

In the Green of my Valley (1988-012)

Let me live in peace,
In the green of my valley.
Let me live in peace in my valley.
Let me live in peace,
In the green of my valley.
Let me live in peace in my valley.

So many conflicts, so many wars,
So many troubles have I seen.
So much turmoil, so much anger,
Please take me back to my green.

Let me live in peace,
In the green of my valley.
Let me live in peace in my valley.
Let me live in peace,
In the green of my valley.
Let me live in peace in my valley.

How much of the world can you see,
When you stand on the mountaintop.
Only the other side discovered the bear,
And then he decided to stop.

Let me live in peace,
In the green of my valley.
Let me live in peace in my valley.
Let me live in peace,
In the green of my valley.
Let me live in peace in my valley.

The trumpets blare and call me to war.
The sirens sing of their song.
But I have decided I'm not going anywhere.
Here in my valley I belong.

Let me live in peace,
In the green of my valley.
Let me live in peace in my valley.
Let me live in peace,
In the green of my valley.
Let me live in peace in my valley.

Let me live in peace,
In the green of my valley.
Let me live in peace in my valley.
Let me live in peace,
In the green of my valley.
Let me live in peace in my valley.
Let me live in peace in my valley.
Let me live in peace in my valley.

(Album, Watch the North Wind Rise)

Up From the Dark (1988-013)

We stand on the hills,
And we stand in the valleys.
We stand on the echoing green.
We open our eyes,
And our ears to the cosmos.
We open our hearts to the all.

Our feet firmly planted,
Upon Mother Gaia,
Raising our hands to the sky,
We reach out envelop,
All things that surround us,
Offer them our simple peace.

Inside us, beneath us,
We feel a great power,
A power that flows from within.
We take a deep breath,
And we call forth our feelings,
Drawing them up from the dark.

The dark is not something,
We need be afraid of.
The dark is a place of warm peace.
It dwells inside us,
And it dwells inside others.
It gives us the freedom to be.

Up from the well,
Up from the subconscious,
Out of the black soil of the earth,
Or the dark of the womb,
Or the dark of the forest,
Or the dark of the sweet cosmic night.

We draw up our feelings,
Of love and affection,
Drawing them up from the dark.
We send out our prayers,
Of peace and protection,
Drawing them up from the dark.

We draw up our feelings,
Of love and affection,
Drawing them up from the dark.
We send out our prayers,
Of peace and protection,
Drawing them up from the dark.
Drawing them up from the dark.
Drawing them up from the dark.

(Album, Watch the North Wind Rise)

Out Here on the Land (1988-014)

Out here on the land,
When the sun's gone down,
And the earth and sky grow dark,
As the autumn stretches long.
The Winter Solstice comes again,
The turning of the year.
Together we can turn our lives around.

Out here on the land,
When the day has left the sky,
The night is all around us,
Oo, it makes me wanna cry.
I believe that it is possible,
To outlive every fear.
Together we can turn our lives around.
Together we can turn our lives around.

The snow is deeper too.
So slow we stumble through.
It's good to see the greenhouse effect's,
Not got the best of you.
Mother Earth is strongest,
Where gray buildings do not weigh her down.
Together we can turn our lives around.

We are all so free,
As our circle now is formed.
We cast our spells and chant our names,
And we are all reborn.
Mother Earth is powerful,
When you can touch her where she lays.
Together we can turn our lives around.
Together we can turn our lives around.
Around and around,
Around and around,
Around and around.

Mother Earth is powerful,
When you can touch her where she lays.
Together we can turn our lives around.
Together we can turn our lives around.
Around and around,
Around and around.

Out here on the land,
Out here on the land.
Out here on the land,
Out here on the land.
Out here on the land.
Out here on the land.

(Album, Watch the North Wind Rise)

Which World Are You On? (1988 Lyrics) (1988-015)

O you say uranium mining, is the best thing there can be.
It'll give everyone of us jobs, and bring prosperity.

Which world are you on. Which world are you on.
Which world are you on, man. Which world are you on.

You tell me nuclear energy, is safe and cheep and clean.
It'll make the trees grow taller, and the grass get much more green.

Which world are you on. Which world are you on.
Which world are you on, man. Which world are you on.

You say we've nothing to fear, from a nuclear waste dump.
It's scientific progress, and it's time to make the jump.

Which world are you on. Which world are you on.
Which world are you on, man. Which world are you on.

You tell me nuclear power plants, have nothin' to do with bombs.
But bombs are good for us anyway, when you weigh the pros and cons.

Which world are you on. Which world are you on.
Which world are you on, man. Which world are you on.

You say the nuclear industry, is really a friend of ours.
That you're a nuclear physicist, and you believe in flowers. Flowers!
"Come on!"

Which world are you on. Which world are you on.
Which world are you on, man. Which world are you on.

I used to be pro-nuclear, but that was years ago.
Now I'm older and I'm marching, giving you the final blow.

Which world are you on. Which world are you on.
Which world are you on, man. Which world are you on.

Yeah I use to be pro-nuclear, but that was years ago.
Now I'm older and I'm marching, giving you the final blow.

Which world are you on. Which world are you on.
Which world are you on, man. Which world are you on.

Which world are you on. Which world are you on.
Which world are you on, man. Which world are you on.

(Album, Windmills and Water Cannons)

Nuclear Wheel (1988-016)

I looked over yonder and what did I see,
Comin' for to carry me home.
An iodine isotope was comin' after me,
Comin' for to carry me home.

Three Mile Island, Chernobyl,
Comin' for to carry me home.
Do you wanna take a ride on the nuclear wheel,
Comin' for to carry me home.

Well along about 1945,
Comin' for to carry me home.
The atomic bomb came along with a bang,
Comin' for to carry me home.
From Hiroshima to the South Pacific Sea,
Comin' for to carry me home.
We got a taste of the nuclear industry,
Comin' for to carry me home.

Three Mile Island, Chernobyl,
Comin' for to carry me home.
Do you wanna take a ride on the nuclear wheel,
Comin' for to carry me home.
Radiation is too damn real,
Comin' for to carry me home.
There aint no wheel like the nuclear wheel,
Comin' for to carry me home.

The idea came along of atoms for peace,
Comin' for to carry me home.
Let's split the atom for energy,
Comin' for to carry me home.
But after fifty years we should know by now,
Comin' for to carry me home.
The only peaceful atom is an atom in the ground,
Comin' for to carry me home.

Three Mile Island, Chernobyl,
Comin' for to carry me home.
Do you wanna take a ride on the nuclear wheel,
Comin' for to carry me home.
Radiation is too damn real,
Comin' for to carry me home.
And stranger than the visions of Ezekiel,
Comin' for to carry me home.

Atoms for peace or atoms for war,
Comin' for to carry me home.
'Twill make the nation glow from shore to shore,
Comin' for to carry me home.
What goes around will come around,
Comin' for to carry me home.
The only peaceful atom is an atom in the ground,
Comin' for to carry me home.

Three Mile Island, Chernobyl,
Comin' for to carry me home.
Do you wanna take a ride on the nuclear wheel,
Comin' for to carry me home.
Radiation is too damn real,
Comin' for to carry me home.
There aint no wheel like the nuclear wheel,
Comin' for to carry me home.

What goes around will come around,
Comin' for to carry me home.
The only peaceful atom is an atom in the ground,
Comin' for to carry me home.

I looked over yonder and what did I see,
Comin' for to carry me home.
The whole damn nuclear industry,
Was comin' for to carry me home.
The whole damn nuclear industry,
Was comin' for to carry me home.

(Album, Snowflakes on the Green)

The Earth Floating in Space (1988-017)

The earth, floating in space,
Blue white jewel,
Beyond her, around her,
Deep, dark, cosmic night.
Star-shocked, time-splashed,
Looking into, the cosmos' eyes.
Trying to discern, her secrets.
Trying to see black holes, and supernovae,
Brewing beneath her glossy surface.

The earth, floating in space,
Not held by hands,
Nor by the firm clamp,
Attached to the wheel,
But free,
Edgeless, limitless,
And curved,
Arms reaching out to touch Heaven.
Finding only,
Empty, free, full space.

Some say we are alone,
Lost, drifting,
Never to be found,
No one to find us,
No Olympus or Sinai,
No Atlantis or South Pole.
All dreams dreamed up by,
Human dreamers,
All pretty tapestries,
Woven by our own hands and minds.

The earth, floating in space,
All we are left with,
Along with her fellow wanderers,
Hotter or colder.
And even less hospitable,
The empty expanse,
Unblinking, unnerving.
The randomness of life and love,
The universe playing dice with ourselves.

That aching, that aching, in all our breasts,
That aching, that we can't quite speak.
That aching, for an embrace,
Tight enough to squeeze,
The celestial daylights out of us.

The earth, floating in space,
Beautiful enough to be,
A living deity,
In her own right, some believe.
Powerful enough to be,
Rightfully called our mother, our mother,

Strong enough, with a voice,
Capable of breaking through,
Two woman's fists,
But a warmth hotter,
Than a human body.

The earth, floating in space,
Our hearts, floating in emptiness,
Feeling a binding quiet, wound around us,
Making us still, and at peace,
In the night air.
Telling us there is a new story,
Not the clamp, not the hand,
A new story,
Older than the stars, or the hills,
Young and old at once,
Living, and buried, and sprouting.

The earth, floating in space,
The earth, floating in space,
The earth, floating in space.

(Album, Kingdoms and Dreamlands)

The Fleeting (1988-018)

The green shoots sprout. The pollens fly.
The free buds flower, and open out wide.
Then with the rain, and hands of time,
Fade slowly, like the sun and die.

This morning on the dawn-licked lawn,
While still the birds drew forth their song,
I saw ten children lingering long,
Who awe too soon were grown and gone.

This evening on the sun-red heath,
As time's wizard chews us with his teeth,
The old in rings will speak and breathe,
Before we lower them beneath.

But somewhere between the dawn and night,
A fleeting candle flaring bright,
Shall show us space 'tween earth and sky,
An hour of life before times die.

Somewhere between the dawn and night,
A fleeting candle flaring bright,
Shall show us space 'tween earth and sky,
An hour of life before times die.
An hour of life before times die.

(Album, Season of Sparrows)

Joe Rose (1989-001)

Sunday March 19th,
Town of Montreal,
Two men step off a subway train,
And hear the taunters call.
Fifteen adolescents,
Brainwashed and afraid,
Surround the men, convicting them,
On the charge of being gay.

The two men walk away slowly.
They've heard it all before.
And they've learned to fight with non-violence,
Like how many million more.
But four boys are not satisfied.
Their anger will not die.
They break away and follow,
With murder in their eyes.

The two men walk in freedom,
Beneath the urban sky.
They know they have done nothing wrong.
They've only lived their lives.
The two men stand with empty hands,
Before the fists and knives.
The two men fall, stabbed and beaten,
And one does not survive.

Joe Rose was a man,
Who'd learned not to be afraid,
To stand and speak in public and say,
"I'm a gay man and I have AIDS."
And there were those people around him,
Who said the syndrome made him strong,
And made him a fighter for justice,
For a voice, a word, a song.

But fear will never listen,
To the word called dignity,
As long as we think it's fair to judge,
Who should and should not be free.
Don't we damn them from our pulpits.
Don't we curse them in our streets.
Try to ban them from our classrooms,
Trying to build a world so straight and neat.

So when the four young adolescents,
Came with fists and boots and knives,
And attacked the two gay men that night,
And cost Joe Rose his life,
Weren't they really just obeying,
What society had said.
Who's to blame and who's to wonder now.
We can't bring back the dead.

But one day I know we'll see freedom,
From the prisons we have made.
I only hope those living now,
May live to see the day.
When the shadow of homophobia,
Forever falls away,
And all gay men and all gay women,
Can live their lives out unafraid.
When the shadow of homophobia,
Forever falls away,
And all gay men and all gay women,
Can live their lives out unafraid.

(Album, Caught in the Act of Struggle)

Gentle Spirit (1989-002)

Gentle spirit within all things,
Teach us to dance. Teach us to sing.
Teach us to fly on our own pair of wings.
Gentle spirit within all things.

Gentle spirit within all things,
You are the harpist. We are the strings.
Let us listen to the music your soul beat brings.
Gentle spirit within all things.

Gentle spirit within all things,
You are the water. You are the spring.
Your wind moves in circles. Your waves make rings.
Gentle spirit within all things.

Gentle spirit within all things,
Teach us to dance. Teach us to sing.
Teach us to fly on our own pair of wings.
Gentle spirit within all things.
Gentle spirit within all things.
Gentle spirit within all things.

(Album, City of Gold)

Ballad of the Saskatchewan Connection, (1989 lyrics) (1989-003)

Early one morning in the month of July,
The year of our lord 1985,
Auckland harbour watches as a ship explodes,
And the government of France says "Hold your nose, boys.".

The Rainbow Warrior's down and one man dies.
All over the world we hear the stifled sighs.
Two French Secret Service agents get sent to jail,
But the government of France gets its Holy Grail, boys.

Meanwhile over in the South Pacific Sea,
Where the mushroom cloud spreads its haunting debris,
Where first the Americans and now the French,
Turn the place into an atomic bombshell trench,

We stand on the islands of the hot white snows,
And remark how the arrowroot no longer grows,
Only jellyfish babies, mutated trees,
And thyroid abnormalities.

We told Mitterrand it was yellowcake,
We're bringing in from north Saskatchewan.
We told Mitterrand it was yellowcake,
We're bringing in from north Saskatchewan.
We told Mitterrand it was yellowcake,
We're bringing in from north Saskatchewan.
We told Mitterrand it was yellowcake,
We're bringing in from north Saskatchewan.

From the reign of Blakeney through the reign of Devine,
The trucks rumble down from the Cluff Lake mine,
Leaving those radon daughters behind,
Til the fourth world gets it in the gut one more time, boys.

You calculate profits as you colonize,
So quick to point out motes in the people's eyes.
Over your fifth martini, you can afford to laugh,
With a tailings pond your only epitaph, boys.

But have you heard the eerie silence of the blue gray dunes,
That stand stark by the light of that northern moon?
Have you heard the eagles or the elders cry,
Or the voices from beyond that just ask why?

Why must you puncture the land with your mineshaft nails,
And condemn our children to your slums and your jails?
Once we were a people, free and strong.
Once upon a time, we sung a healing song.

We told Mitterrand it was yellowcake,
We're bringing in from north Saskatchewan.
We told Mitterrand it was yellowcake,
We're bringing in from North Saskatchewan.
We told Mitterrand it was yellowcake,

We're bringing in from North Saskatchewan.
We told Mitterrand it was yellowcake,
We're bringing in from North Saskatchewan.

Now the day's gonna come when the mines shut down,
And you close up shop down in Saskatoon town,
And the last load of yellowcake rumbles south.
Maybe then you'll find some time to express your doubts, boys.

But like when the Americans left Vietnam,
Like when an indigenous people get flooded out by a dam,
What kind of reparation can ever be won,
Once the bloody omnicide has begun, has begun, boys.

Now for those of you who chose to close your eyes,
And believed all the nuclear nice white lies,
Went to church every Sunday, prayed for world peace,
While uranium helped your stocks and bonds increase.

I can only say this. You have one chance to repent.
Raise your voice up now before the mines are spent.
Come block the road with us. You'll be saved.
You won't even have to eat your own yellowcake.

We told Mitterrand it was yellowcake,
We're bringing in from North Saskatchewan.
We told Mitterrand it was yellowcake,
We're bringing in from North Saskatchewan.
We warned Tommy Douglas it was yellowcake,
We're bringing in from North Saskatchewan.
We told Mr. Blakeney it was yellowcake,
We're bringing in from North Saskatchewan.
Roy Romanow knows that it's yellowcake,
We're bringing in from North Saskatchewan.
Linda Haverstock knows that it's yellowcake,
We're bringing in from North Saskatchewan.
How would you like a slice of that yellowcake,
We're bringing in from North Saskatchewan.
I'd like to blow out the candles on that yellowcake,
You're bringing in from North Saskatchewan.
If I'd have known you were coming I'd have baked a yellowcake,
We're bringing in from North Saskatchewan.
You'd like to have your cake and eat it but it's yellowcake,
You're bringing in from North Saskatchewan.
Yellowcake, yellowcake,
We're bringing in from North Saskatchewan.
Yellowcake, yellowcake,
You're bringing in from North Saskatchewan.
Yellowcake, yellowcake, yellowcake,
We're bringing in from North Saskatchewan.

(Album, Heart Land and Tear Gas)

Smokestone Inn (1989-004)

One autumn long ago,
I stopped beside the road,
To rest awhile before I traveled on.
The evening it grew cold,
And it began to snow,
And I realized it was time to be gone.

Something somehow somewhere,
Perhaps a finger in the air,
Seemed to point me toward a brightly shining door.
The door it was not locked,
So I opened it and walked,
Into a dark but friendly corridor.

A humble chock-board sign,
Proclaimed in two short lines,
"This is the place where new ideas begin."
I thought of turning back,
But a woman blocked my track,
And she whispered "Welcome to the Smokestone Inn.".

At the Smokestone Inn, where the people gather 'round,
And ask what grails and golden fleeces, can be found.
There's food and drink for all, and many songs to sing.
If you ever get the notion, to take flight on four wings,
Fly to the Smokestone Inn.

She said "The place to which you've come,
It can be home to anyone,
Who has stopped beside the road of life to dream.
And to ponder on wise words,
And share what they have heard,
On any great Prometheanic theme.".

She said "We have our bearded bards,
Who play their hand-carved harps,
And recite the odes of warrior, king and priest.
Our philosophers meanwhile,
Debate with skill and style,
The questions raised by thinkers, west and east.".

I said "I think I'll have a meal,
And then we can see how I feel,
Before I delve into these thoughts too far."
She said "Of course, good friend, of course."
And she showed me through some doors
And she sat me at a table near the bar.

At the Smokestone Inn, where the people gather 'round,
And ask what grails and golden fleeces, can be found.
There's poetry for all, and many thoughts to think.
If you ever get the notion, to take flight on four wings,
Fly to the Smokestone Inn.

The room was almost full,
Of men and women, young and old,
And it might have held two hundred wall to wall.
Some sat back. Others ate.
Some drank and some abstained,
But philosophy was the pastime of them all.

So all that eve and all that night,
I debated wrong from right,
Material and ideal, determinism and free will.
The justification of ends,
Meaning and meaninglessness,
And "Does God exist?" until I'd had my fill.

I slept the next three days,
Then I was on my way,
But vowing to return and to be true.
The woman said goodbye,
Looked me right in the eye,
And she said "I wish more men were as profound as you.".

At the Smokestone Inn, where the people gather 'round,
And ask what grails and golden fleeces, can be found.
There's food and drink for all, and many songs to sing.
If you ever get the notion, to take flight on four wings,
Fly to the Smokestone Inn.

There's poetry for all, and many thoughts to think.
If you ever get the notion, to take flight on four wings,
Fly to the Smokestone Inn.
Fly to the Smokestone Inn.
Fly to the Smokestone Inn.

(Album, Windmills and Water Cannons)

Someone Else's Hands (1989 lyrics) (1989-005)

I dig the ore
In the uranium mine.
I don't question where it goes.
I don't reason why.
The company has assured me,
That everything's okay.
I do what I am trained to do.
At week's end I get paid.
And when I've been here long enough,
I'll have a holiday.
And the world's in someone else's hands.
The world's in someone else's hands.
I'm just a single grain of sand.
Who am I to take a stand.
The world's in someone else's hands.

I drive the truck
Down the yellowcake road.
I drive down south then turn back northward,
For another load.
I never stop to wonder,
Where my cargo might be bound.
Though I've seen some people angry,
While passing through their town.
But it's not my fault if we all get covered,
In a radioactive cloud.
'Cause the world's in someone else's hands.
The world's in someone else's hands.
I'm just a single grain of sand.
Who am I to take a stand.
The world's in someone else's hands.

I am a student,
At a school in Saskatoon.
Uranium Today
Visited us this afternoon.
They told us that the anti-nukes
Are so emotional,
That nuclear energy any day
Is much safer than coal.
My parents said "Don't question them.
You're only twelve years old.
And the world's in someone else's hands."
The world's in someone else's hands.
"You're just a single grain of sand.
Who are you to take a stand."
The world's in someone else's hands.

I am a Progressive
Conservative MLA.
Why should I be concerned about
The mine at Cigar Lake.
I'm thankful that uranium's not
In my constituency.

But please don't try to talk to me,
About morality.
After all the moral issues
Haven't even stopped the NDP.
And the world's in someone else's hands.
The world's in someone else's hands.
I'm just an elected grain of sand.
Who am I to take a stand.
The world's in someone else's hands.

Now I am a uranium
Company executive.
It's really not my business
Who's to die and who's to live.
Philosophy and ethics
Are no concerns of mine.
Uranium makes money,
And money is the bottom line.
So I give to the church collection plate,
And that suits me just fine.
And the world's in someone else's hands.
The world's in someone else's hands.
I have no love for sea or land,
So who am I to take a stand.
When the world's in someone else's hands.
The world's in someone else's hands.

(Albums, Let the Empires Tremble, and, The Wind Will Make You Strong)

Come by Here, (Uranium Lyrics) (1989-006)

They're mining uranium Lord.
Come by here.
They're mining uranium Lord.
Come by here.
They're mining uranium Lord.
Come by here.
O Lord, come by here.

Come by here, my Lord. Come by here.
Come by here, my Lord. Come by here.
Come by here, my Lord. Come by here.
O Lord, come by here.

For the northern fishermen Lord,
Come by here.
For the northern fishermen Lord,
Come by here.
For the northern fishermen Lord,
Come by here.
O Lord, come by here.

Come by here my Lord. Come by here.
Come by here my Lord. Come by here.
Come by here my Lord. Come by here.
O Lord, come by here.

For the northern trappers Lord,
Come by here.
For the northern trappers Lord,
Come by here.
For the northern trappers Lord,
Come by here.
O Lord, come by here.

Come by here my Lord. Come by here.
Come by here my Lord. Come by here.
Come by here my Lord. Come by here.
O Lord, come by here.

For the northern mothers Lord,
Come by here.
For the northern mothers Lord,
Come by here.
For the northern mothers Lord,
Come by here.
O Lord, come by here.

Come by here my Lord. Come by here.
Come by here my Lord. Come by here.
Come by here my Lord. Come by here.
O Lord, come by here.

For the northern forests Lord,
Come by here.

For the northern forests Lord,
Come by here.
For the northern forests Lord,
Come by here.
O Lord, come by here.

Come by here my Lord. Come by here.
Come by here my Lord. Come by here.
Come by here my Lord. Come by here.
O Lord, come by here.

For the lakes and the rivers Lord,
Come by here.
For the lakes and the rivers Lord,
Come by here.
For the lakes and the rivers Lord,
Come by here.
O Lord, come by here.

Come by here my Lord. Come by here.
Come by here my Lord. Come by here.
Come by here my Lord. Come by here.
O Lord, come by here.

For the flora and the fauna Lord,
Come by here.
For the flora and the fauna Lord,
Come by here.
For the flora and the fauna Lord,
Come by here.
O Lord, come by here.

Come by here my Lord. Come by here.
Come by here my Lord. Come by here.
Come by here my Lord. Come by here.
O Lord, come by here.

For the future of the planet Lord,
Come by here.
For the future of the planet Lord,
Come by here.
For the future of the planet Lord,
Come by here.
O Lord, come by here.

Come by here my Lord. Come by here.
Come by here my Lord. Come by here.
Come by here my Lord. Come by here.
O Lord, come by here.

May we all be safe from harm.
Come by here.
May we all be safe from harm.
Come by here.
May we all be safe from harm.
Come by here.

O Lord, come by here.

Come by here my Lord. Come by here.
Come by here my Lord. Come by here.
Come by here my Lord. Come by here.
O Lord, come by here.
O Lord, come by here.
O Lord, come by here.

(Album, Dragonfly Sutra)

Happening to You (1989-007)

Every time you turn the key,
In your automobile,
Or turn up your thermostat,
'Cause the winter's just too real,
You send carbon dioxide,
Flowing out into the air,
And it forms a greenhouse blanket,
Over people everywhere.

And the days grow hotter,
And the nighttimes do too.
And the rain falls reluctantly,
'Cause the sky is clear blue.
And the land dries up, and the people cry out,
"What are we supposed to do?".
And you wonder why it's happening to you.

The shelves are stocked with food,
Down at your grocery store.
SuperValu may satisfy.
Safeway may save you more.
You can feel quite comfortable,
With their many varieties,
But tell me what would you do my friend,
If we could no longer sew our seeds.

And the days grow hotter,
And the nighttimes do too.
And the rain falls reluctantly,
'Cause the sky is clear blue.
And the land dries up, and the people cry out,
"What are we supposed to do?".
And you wonder why it's happening to you.

Listen to me good people,
Our cities are built on land.
We are made of earth and water,
And we're as fragile as desert sand.
Every day of our lives we're dependent,
On the water, air and soil,
And we destroy ourselves if we mess things up,
By burning coal or gas or oil.

And the days grow hotter,
And the nighttimes do too.
And the rain falls reluctantly,
'Cause the sky is clear blue.
And the land dries up, and the people cry out,
"What are we supposed to do?".
And you wonder why it's happening to you.

Let's see if you can imagine,
A city without cars,
Where you can walk or bike or take a bus,

To get to here from where you are.
Imagine a world where we no longer,
Burn our forests down,
But grow our food here locally,
With all the earth as sacred ground.

Let the days and nights grow hotter,
With the joy of human love.
Let the rain come down in plenty,
From the living skies above.
Let the land give life and the people feel all right,
On this planet of green and blue.
Let a wonderful world be happening to you.
Let the land give life and the people feel all right,
On this planet of green and blue.
Let a wonderful world be happening to you.
Let a wonderful world be happening to you.

(Album, Watch the North Wind Rise)

Destroy Free Trade (1989-008)

If you're like me you'd like to think our country is free.
The people set the agenda. We're a democracy.
And if there is opposition there will soon be a voice,
A political party with an alternative choice.

This may be true my friend when stakes are not too high,
And the powers that be let a few items get by.
But when it comes to the basic questions of our time,
No politician wants to put their life on the line.

The free trade agreement is what I'm speaking of.
It's taken into captivity the country we love.
It fed us to the open jaws of Uncle Sam.
We're like another Grenada or a Vietnam.

As the corporations relocate to a cheaper place,
And our social legislation falls flat on its face,
We'll wonder what we were thinking on that fateful day,
When Brian Mulroney gave our country away.

Don't pay attention to the politicians' lies.
I don't care if they say they're on the left or the right.
If they're not prepared to stand up and destroy free trade,
They might as well be agents of the CIA.
They might as well be agents of the CIA.

So you say that now we've got free trade it's not so bad.
All that doom and gloom in eighty-eight was simply a fad.
Well you've got two guesses coming if you're talking to me,
'Cause everything we feared is slowly coming to be.

The claw back on pensions over fifty G,
Is a frontal assault on universality.
If Canadians accept it and nobody cares,
It will be the first step on a descending stairs.

Welfare, Medicare, UIC,
Will be falling like a forest tree by tree by tree.
And water diversion plans are still in place.
The yanks will take our water, give us nuclear waste.

Crash will go the Wheat Board and the CBC.
Crash goes independent foreign policy.
And after that it won't be very long I'm afraid,
Before we know what it's like to be a fifty-first state.

Don't pay attention to the politicians' lies.
I don't care if they say they're on the left or the right.
If they're not prepared to stand up and destroy free trade,
They might as well be agents of the CIA.
They might as well be agents of the CIA.

Destroy free trade. Destroy free trade.
Break the conspiracy of silence.

Destroy free trade. Destroy free trade.
Break the conspiracy of silence.
Destroy free trade. Destroy free trade. Destroy free trade.

(Album, Watch the North Wind Rise)

Tonight in the Empire (1989-009)

Tonight in the empire,
Someone lies awake,
And tosses and turns in their bed.
For the nightmares came galloping,
Too tall to break,
For the captive, the banished and dead.

Far off in the forest,
An old woman weeps,
And her whaling echoes without end.
And the ghosts that still haunt us,
Appear in our streets,
Making sleep stand a stranger again.

Why have we awakened,
In the depths of this night.
What has dragged us away from our dreams.
Who would bring this grave message,
That all is not right,
That the world is not quite what it seems.

Who are these sharp voices,
Disturbing our rest,
These ghosts and these horses untold.
And why must they feast,
On the twigs of our nest,
As we lie so at peace with our souls.

Are they the memories of places,
And people long past,
Or the predictions of darkness to come.
Or are they spirits of the present,
Living under the blast,
Of our factories, our mines and our guns.

Have they come to accuse us.
Have they come to forgive.
Do they walk to seek freedom from pain.
We must ask them where they hail from,
How they died, how they lived.
We must get them to tell us their names.

Joe Hill, Victor Jara,
Steve Biko and more,
Sandino, Farabundo Marti,
Sacco and Vanzetti,
Ginger Goodwin and all,
The millions who died to be free.

They are the men, they are the women,
Our time has cast down,
Trampled on, imprisoned and killed.
We have buried them deep,
In a forgotten town.

Every one of us shares in the guilt.

From the corporate executive,
In his mansion of gold,
With it's iron gates, guard dogs and walls,
To the middle class bungalow,
Dweller so cold,
And as white as the snow in the fall.

From Appalachia to Soweto,
To the Philippine hills,
South Dakota to El Salvador,
The empire marches.
The empire kills.
And nameless millions drop down in the war.
Nameless millions drop down in the war.

Tonight in the empire,
Someone lies awake,
And tosses and turns in their bed.
For the nightmares came galloping,
Too tall to break,
For the captive, the banished and dead.
For the captive, the banished and dead.
For the captive, the banished and dead.

(Album, Watch the North Wind Rise)

Nuked Around and Puked Around (1989-010)

They've nuked around and puked around,
In this old town too long,
Singin' their nuclear song,
Bangin' their nuclear gong.
They've nuked around and puked around,
In this old town too long.
It really is time that they be movin' on.

When they open the gate at a quarter to eight,
We'll be sitting down.
We're gonna shut them down.
They will wear the frown.
When they open the gate at a quarter to eight,
We'll be sitting down.
'Cause it really is time that they be movin' on.

They've nuked around and puked around,
In this old town too long,
Singin' their nuclear song,
Bangin' their nuclear gong.
They've nuked around and puked around,
In this old town too long.
It really is time that they be movin' on.

We say no to Cameco,
And we'll say no again.
Cameco aint no friend.
We say no again.
We say no to Cameco,
And we'll say no again.
It really is time that they be movin' on.

They've nuked around and puked around,
In this old town too long,
Singin' their nuclear song,
Bangin' their nuclear gong.
They've nuked around and puked around,
In this old town too long.
It really is time that they be movin' on.

They've dug their mines and drawn no lines,
Mining uranium ore,
Atoms for peace or war,
Tailings from shore to shore.
They've dug their mines and drawn no lines,
Mining uranium ore.
It really is time that they be movin' on.

They've nuked around and puked around,
In this old town too long,
Singin' their nuclear song,
Bangin' their nuclear gong.
They've nuked around and puked around,

In this old town too long.
It really is time that they be movin' on.

We say no to Cameco,
And we'll say no again.
Cameco aint no friend.
We say no again.
We say no to Cameco,
And we'll say no again.
It really is time that they be movin' on.

They've nuked around and puked around,
In this old town too long,
Singin' their nuclear song,
Bangin' their nuclear gong.
They've nuked around and puked around,
In this old town too long.
It really is time that they be movin' on.

They've nuked around and puked around,
In this old town too long,
Singin' their nuclear song,
Bangin' their nuclear gong.
They've nuked around and puked around,
In this old town too long.
It really is time that they be movin' on.
It really is time that they be movin' on.
It's time that Cameco be movin' on.
It's time the nuclear industry be movin' on.
It really is time that they be movin' on.

(Album, Lanterns and Ledges)

Maquiladora Zone (1989-011)

Gray sky Mexican sunrise,
Still shot of our time.
Somewhere another train rolls south,
Along the railway line.
Woman opens eyes in the pre-dawn dark,
Must be almost time,
Another day of sweat and toil,
To keep herself alive.

Just another day,
In the maquiladora zone,
Living on the edge,
A million miles away from home.
Man woman child half-citizen,
Nothing to dream, nowhere to go.
From the blood and thunder, the mud and plunder,
Of the multinationals.

The corporations rumble down,
From north of the Rio Grande,
And build factories out of blueprints,
Like houses out of sand.
Free from the EPA,
And the AFL/CIO,
The companies say they've come to help,
The people of Mexico.

Just another day,
In the maquiladora zone,
Living on the edge,
With corporate nowhere for a home.
Man woman child half-citizen,
Nothing to dream, nowhere to go,
From the blood and thunder, the mud and plunder,
Of the multinationals.

The people come to the factories,
In search of dignity,
In search of a job and a better life,
With the dream of being free.
The years go by in the noise and fumes,
With every day the same,
And more and more it seems that they're,
Just pawns in a company game.

Just another day,
In the maquiladora zone,
Living on the edge,
A million miles away from home.
Man woman child half-citizen,
Nothing to dream, nowhere to go,
From the blood and thunder, the mud and plunder,
Of the multinationals.

With five or ten short years gone by,
They're too sick to turn the wheels.
They're thrown on society's junk pile,
To fend for themselves upon the street.
Many will die by the age of thirty,
From hunger or disease,
And younger hands will turn the wheels,
In the free trade zone factories.

Just another day,
In the maquiladora zone,
Living on the edge,
With corporate nowhere for a home.
Man woman child half-citizen,
Nothing to dream, nowhere to go,
From the blood and thunder, the mud and plunder,
Of the multinationals.

Do we thank them for our microchips,
Our cars and our TV's,
And all that they produce,
In the maquiladora factories.
Shall we think upon the human cost,
To life and limb and dream,
Or shall we turn away,
Before we start to scream.

Just another day,
In the maquiladora zone,
Living on the edge,
A million miles away from home.
Man woman child half-citizen,
Nothing to dream, nowhere to go,
From the blood and thunder, the mud and plunder,
Of the multinationals.

Just another day,
In the maquiladora zone,
Living on the edge,
With corporate nowhere for a home.
Man woman child half-citizen,
Nothing to dream, nowhere to go,
From the blood and thunder, the mud and plunder,
Of the multinationals.

Just another day,
In the maquiladora zone.

(Album, Lanterns and Ledges)

Old Time Religion, (added lyrics) (1989-012)

Gi'me that old time religion.
Gi'me that old time religion.
Gi'me that old time religion.
That's good enough for me.

Let us pray with Aphrodite.
Let us pray with Aphrodite.
When she wears that see-through nighty.
That's good enough for me.

Gi'me that old time religion.
Gi'me that old time religion.
Gi'me that old time religion.
That's good enough for me.

Let us walk with those Egyptians,
Build pyramids to put our crypts in,
Cover the subways with inscriptions.
That's good enough for me.

Gi'me that old time religion.
Gi'me that old time religion.
Gi'me that old time religion.
That's good enough for me.

Let us pray with Zarathustra.
We can pray just like we used ta.
I'm a Zarathustra boosta.
That's good enough for me.

Gi'me that old time religion.
Gi'me that old time religion.
Gi'me that old time religion.
That's good enough for me.

Let us worship with the Druids,
As they drink fermented fluids,
Waltzing naked through the wuids.
That's good enough for me.

Gi'me that old time religion.
Gi'me that old time religion.
Gi'me that old time religion.
That's good enough for me.

We can run off with some fairies,
From the hills of County Kerry,
With W. B. Yates we'll make merry.
That's good enough for me.

Gi'me that old time religion.
Gi'me that old time religion.
Gi'me that old time religion.
That's good enough for me.

Let us join hands with those witches,
As we share our inward riches.
If the New Right snarls and twitches,
That's good enough for me.

Gi'me that old time religion.
Gi'me that old time religion.
Gi'me that old time religion.
That's good enough for me.

With the power of Demeter,
May the earth bloom ever sweeter.
Hope me never do defeat her.
That's good enough for me.

Gi'me that old time religion.
Gi'me that old time religion.
Gi'me that old time religion.
That's good enough for me.

Now from Capricorn to Pisces,
If you're in a mid-life crisis,
There aint nothin' like Dionysus.
That's good enough for me.

Gi'me that old time religion.
Gi'me that old time religion.
Gi'me that old time religion.
That's good enough for me.

I will greet the four directions,
Ask Astarte for protection.
If she gives me an erection,
That's good enough for me.

Gi'me that old time religion.
Gi'me that old time religion.
Gi'me that old time religion.
That's good enough for me.

If you've read the ancient teachings,
And you're tired of all the preaching,
Just get down and do the I Ching.
That's good enough for me.

Gi'me that old time religion.
Gi'me that old time religion.
Gi'me that old time religion.
That's good enough for me.

Now if you thought this was spoofy,
Too obscene, profane and goofy,
Try a whirling dervish with a Sufi.
That's good enough for me.

Gi'me that old time religion.
Gi'me that old time religion.
Gi'me that old time religion.
That's good enough for me.

Gi'me that old time religion.
Gi'me that old time religion.
Gi'me that old time religion.
That's good enough for me.

Gi'me that old time religion.
That's good enough for me.

(Album, Amphibious Landing)

A Toast to Those Who Are Gone, (2003 recording) (1989-013)

O it's many is the hour,
I've lain by my window,
And thought of the people,
Who've carried the burdens.
Who walked in the strange fields,
In search of an answer,
And ended their journeys,
As unwilling heroes.

O, here is a song for those who are gone,
With never a reason why.
And a toast of wine at the end of a line,
And a toll of the bell for the next ones to die.

It was back in the coalfields,
Of old Harlan County,
Some talked of a union,
Some talked of good wages.
So they lined them all up,
In the dark of the forest,
And they shot them down,
Without asking no questions.

O, here is a song for those who are gone,
With never a reason why.
And a toast of wine at the end of a line,
And a toll of the bell for the next ones to die.

It was over the ocean,
To the red Spanish soil,
Came the Mackenzie Papineau Brigade,
With their dreams of a victory.
But they fell in the fire,
Of the fascist Reich bombings,
And they fell 'cause nobody,
Would hear their sad warning.

O, here is a song for those who are gone,
With never a reason why.
And a toast of wine at the end of a line,
And a toll of the bell for the next ones to die.

Down in old Alabama,
And old Mississippi,
Two states of the union,
So often found guilty.
They came on the marches,
They came on the busses.
And they lay in the jails,
And they fell by the highway.

O, here is a song for those who are gone,
With never a reason why.
And a toast of wine at the end of a line,

And a toll of the bell for the next ones to die.

In the gray of the morning,
Santiago September,
The shots rang out,
Through the streets and the plazas.
And the springs of a nation,
Sprung suddenly silent,
As all was erased,
To Victor Jara's last stanza.

O, here is a song for those who are gone,
With never a reason why.
And a toast of wine at the end of a line,
And a toll of the bell for the next ones to die.

In a city called Rafa,
In a place called Gaza,
Rachel Corrie was murdered,
By an Israeli bulldozer.
She was killed 'cause she dared,
To stand with the thousands,
Who are giving their lives,
For Palestinian freedom.

O, here is a song for those who are gone,
With never a reason why.
And a toast of wine at the end of a line,
And a toll of the bell for the next ones to die.

O it's many is the hour,
I've lain by my window,
And thought of the people,
Who've carried the burdens.

(Album, Paint the Cornfields Purple)

A Toast to Those Who Are Gone, (2008 recording) (1989-014)

O it's many's the hour,
I've lain by my window,
And thought of the people,
Who've carried the burden,
Who walked in the strange-fields,
In search of an answer,
And ended their journeys,
As unwilling heroes.

O here is a song, for those who are gone,
With never a reason why.
And a toast of wine, at the end of a line,
And a toll of the bell, for the next ones to die.

It was back in the coalfields,
Of old Harlan County,
Some talked of a union.
Some talked of good wages.
So they lined them all up,
In the dark of the forest,
And they shot them down,
Without asking no questions.

O here is a song, for those who are gone,
With never a reason why.
And a toast of wine, at the end of a line,
And a toll of the bell, for the next ones to die.

It was over the ocean,
To the red Spanish soil,
Came the leftist brigades,
With their dreams of a victory.
But they fell in the fire,
Of the fascist Reich bombings,
And they fell 'cause nobody,
Would hear their sad warnings.

O here is a song, for those who are gone,
With never a reason why.
And a toast of wine, at the end of a line,
And a toll of the bell, for the next ones to die.

Down in old Alabama,
And old Mississippi,
Two states of the union,
So often found guilty,
They came on the busses.
They came on the marches.
And they lay in the jails,
And they fell by the highway.

O here is a song, for those who are gone,
With never a reason why.
And a toast of wine, at the end of a line,

And a toll of the bell, for the next ones to die.

In the gray of the morning,
Santiago September,
The shots rang out,
Through the streets and the plazas.
And the springs of a nation,
Sprung suddenly silent,
As all was erased,
To Victor Jara's last stanza.

O here is a song, for those who are gone,
With never a reason why.
And a toast of wine, at the end of a line,
And a toll of the bell, for the next ones to die.

On the Lakota Nation,
In the Black Hills country,
Where the people said no,
To uranium mining,
How many were murdered,
At the BIA's pleasure,
While TV cameras turned,
Blind eyes to their struggle.

O here is a song, for those who are gone,
With never a reason why.
And a toast of wine, at the end of a line,
And a toll of the bell, for the next ones to die.

In a city called Rafa,
In a place called Gaza,
Rachel Corrie was murdered,
By an Israeli bulldozer.
She was killed 'caused she dared,
To stand with the thousands,
Who are giving their lives,
For Palestinian freedom.

O here is a song, for those who are gone,
With never a reason why.
And a toast of wine, at the end of a line,
And a toll of the bell, for the next ones to die.

O it's many's the hour,
I've lain by my window,
And thought of the people,
Who've carried the burden.

(Album, Ice on Mercury, Fire on Europa)

We (1989-015)

We are the peace people.
We are the earth elves.
We are children of freedom, children of life.
We are the resisters, the objectors,
The dissenters, in every age.

We are the ones who choose
To live differently.
We are the ones who walk away
From morally bankrupt consumer society.

We are the peace people.
We are the earth elves.
We carry with us the flame
Of the immanent presence.
We carry with us the knowledge
Of the holy earth,
The holy, turning,
Living, breathing earth,
The Goddess Cosmos
And the Winding Male Energy.

We have always had to resist,
Resist the perversions of ourselves
Mainstream society
Has thrown out at us,
Resist the temptation
To fall flat
Into the numbing non-nesses
We encounter daily,
Everywhere around us,
And resist the feelings of defeat
That creep in so easily
On our minds and hearts.

We are the peace people.
We are the earth elves.
We are children of freedom, children of life.
We have always sought
To keep things whole,
To keep things free,
To help people return and reclaim,
To heal battered places
And hurting spirits.

Brother Freedom, child with bright eyes,
Sister Peace, holding a moonlit pool
In her domed hands,
We are the offspring
Of giving and receiving,
Of nightfall and daybreak.
We link hands
As we watch the moon wax and wane.
We are the resisters, the objectors,

The dissenters, in every age.
We are the anarchists.

(Album, Frosty Thursday)

On the Radical Activist Road (1990-001)

Sometimes you march together down the radical activist road,
Marching hand in hand and carrying placards in the cold.
Sometimes you sing or chant your words, sometimes a silent ode.
Sometimes you march together, and sometimes, you march alone.

When you're on the radical activist road, you never can predict,
What car is gonna follow you, what phone is gonna click.
Big Brother he's alive and well, and he knows every trick.
But please don't let this turn you 'round.
Don't let them make you say, "I quit".

Every mile, on the radical activist road,
Is bound to mean a windblast in your face.
But the wind blows in futility as the flower of love unfolds,
In the image of the earth aloft in space.

Sometimes you stand together in the lobby of the beast,
And observe its probing tentacles to north, south, west and east.
One day the first will be made last, the greatest be made least.
But the knowledge of a prophecy, will not bring you inner peace.

Those monolithic monsters fool the many with their smiles.
The press calls them respectable while they call you naive and wild.
But we will march beside you, through the protests, through the trials,
To tell you you are not alone.
We are with you every mile.

Every mile, on the radical activist road,
Is bound to mean a windblast in your face.
But the wind blows in futility as the flower of love unfolds,
In the image of the earth aloft in space.

Every mile, on the radical activist road,
Is bound to mean a windblast in your face.
But the wind blows in futility as the flower of love unfolds,
In the image of the earth aloft in space.
In the image of the earth aloft in space.
In the image of the earth aloft in space.

Every mile, on the radical activist road,
Is bound to mean a windblast in your face.
But the wind blows in futility as the flower of love unfolds,
In the image of the earth aloft in space.
In the image of the earth aloft in space.
In the image of the earth aloft in space.

(Albums, Heart, Land and Tear Gas, and, The Wind Will Make You Strong)

Seven Smiling Santa Clauses (1990-002)

Seven smiling Santa Clauses,
Marching through the store,
Taking war toys from the shelf,
Saying "Study war no more.
Christmastime means peace on earth.
Why must you think of war?".
Seven smiling Santa Clauses,
Marching through the store.

They brought themselves big garbage bags,
In which to place the toys,
As they removed them one by one,
With gentleness and poise.
Store management was not amused,
And they said, "Now listen boys,
You're all gonna be arrested,
If you don't stop this fuss and noise.".

But seven smiling Santa Clauses,
Smiled as if to say,
"Do you really think that Santa,
Would take war toys on his sleigh?
To teach our kids to kill and die,
Is not the Christmas way.
So a ho ho ho for direct non-violent,
Action here today.".

Now Santa Clause is a lion,
Kept in capitalism's zoo.
The corporate interests teach him tricks,
And tell him what to do.
But sometimes Santa has to roar,
So his message will get through,
And if it's in good conscience,
Santa gets arrested too.

The security guard said "Listen people,
This is not a game.",
But seven Santas stood,
Both unafraid and unashamed.
They mingled with the shoppers,
And they passed out candy canes,
And a Merry Christmas one and all,
Was the red-suited men's refrain.

Seven smiling Santa Clauses,
Marching through the store,
Taking war toys from the shelf,
Saying, "Study war no more.
Christmas time means peace on earth.
Why must you think of war.".
Seven smiling Santa Clauses,
Marching through the store.
Seven smiling Santa Clauses,

Marching through the store.

(Albums, Heart Land and Tear Gas, The Wind Will Make You Strong, and, Earth and Prairie Thunder)

Once Upon a Time (1990-003)

Once upon a time
We ran our lives and we were free.
No one begged; nobody starved; nobody owned.
In a oneness with the land we dwelt,
Among the gentle trees,
And the word corporation was unknown.

The people made decisions
In the villages and towns.
They would hunt or till the soil day after day.
They would gather for their festivals
Upon the sacred ground,
And they thought the time would never fade away.

Then first there came the patriarchs,
The church with cross and bell,
In the name of the Father and the Son.
Indulgences and piety
Would save our souls from Hell,
And the feudal lords would save us from the Hun.

Then there came the bourgeois class,
A cruel and ruthless band,
Who would kill the king to be tyrants in their turn.
How many common folk did they
Kick off the common land.
How many million women did they have to burn.

Columbus finds America,
Digamma rounds the cape,
And to the mighty world the madness it is spread.
Conquistadors, fur traders,
Missionaries on the make,
Indigenous peoples conquered, claimed and dead.

The imperialists kept marching on
Across the seven seas,
With no continent nor island left unknown.
The slavery, the genocide,
Ring through the centuries,
And the structures have not yet been overthrown.

Some say the dust has settled now,
But the smoke it lingers on,
As the land is raped and the great rain forests fall.
And will anyone dare to tell me where
The wise old woman's gone,
As we tear down neighbourhoods for shopping malls.

They will sell whatever's sellable.
They will buy what they can buy.
They will plunder, rape and murder at their will.
They will change the course of rivers
And block out the pure blue sky,

Til the earth is dead and their pocketbooks are filled.

So come all ye thinking, loving,
Caring people of the world,
The time is short but we are millions strong.
If in our hearts we wish to see
A future day unfurl,
We must march with more than melody and song.

We must turn our back on empire,
Walk away from the big machine,
And leave the neon lights and cars behind.
We must build ourselves a culture
Where we dare to live our dreams,
With the full force of our bodies and our minds.

Once upon a time
We ran our lives and we were free.

(Album, Let the Empires Tremble)

What Shall We Do With the Nuclear Waste? (1990 lyrics) (1990-004)

Well, what should we do with the nuclear waste?
Now what should we do with the nuclear waste?
Now what should we do with the nuclear waste?
For a hundred thousand years.

Hay hay gonna be crackling.
Hay hay radioactive.
Hay hay gonna be hot,
For a hundred thousand years.

Bury it down in the depths of the ocean.
Bury it down in the depths of the ocean.
Bring it back up when we have the notion,
In a hundred thousand years.

Hay hay gonna be crackling.
Hay hay radioactive.
Hay hay gonna be hot,
For a hundred thousand years.

Keep it in a great big swimming pool.
I said keep it in a great big swimming pool.
And hope the blue light's gonna keep it cool,
For a hundred thousand years.

Hay hay gonna be crackling.
Hay hay radioactive.
Hay hay gonna be hot,
For a hundred thousand years.

Bury it in the Precambrian shield.
Bury it in the Precambrian shield.
Don't ask anybody how they feel,
For a hundred thousand years.

Hay hay gonna be crackling.
Hay hay radioactive.
Hay hay gonna be hot,
For a hundred thousand years.

Send it into space on a big space shuttle.
Send it into space on a big space shuttle.
Hope we don't have another Challenger kafuffle,
For a hundred thousand years.

Hay hay gonna be crackling.
Hay hay radioactive.
Hay hay gonna be hot,
For a hundred thousand years.

Serve it up to Jake Epp for dinner.
Yeah serve it up to Jake Epp for dinner.
He'll glow in the dark and be a whole lot thinner,
In a hundred thousand years.

Hay hay gonna be crackling.
Hay hay radioactive.
Hay hay gonna be hot,
For a hundred thousand years.

Dump it all out in Mulroney's office.
Dump it all out in Mulroney’s office.
Won't have another Conservative caucus,
In a hundred thousand years.

Hay hay gonna be crackling.
Hay hay radioactive.
Hay hay gonna be hot,
For a hundred thousand years.

Hay hay gonna be crackling.
Hay hay radioactive.
Hay hay gonna be hot,
For a hundred thousand years.
For a hundred thousand years.

(Album, Let the Empires Tremble)

The Pot is on the Stove (1990 lyrics) (1990-005)

First they took away the rights of the Gypsies.
Then they took away the rights of the Jews.
Then they took away our freedom of expression,
Aw but nothing precious nothing did I do.

Then they took away the rights of the disabled,
While the reds were disappearing all around.
Then they took away the rights of homosexuals.
Still my voice of protest was not to be found.

The pot is on the stove.
The rat is in the water.
The temperature is rising.
By degrees it's getting hotter.
But the rat just smiles
And sleeps away the day.
Little does he know what's happening.
So much he wants to say.
Hay hay hay.

Well they made the Jews wear the yellow star in public,
While the gay man had to wear the pink triangle.
By now it was getting harder to leave the country,
But not once did I think, "Where's this gonna go?".

Every day I went about my routine business,
Thinking "I'm okay man. How the hell are you?"
Thinking if I could turn my head away for long enough,
My foreboding might just vanish in the blue.

The pot is on the stove.
The rat is in the water.
The temperature is rising.
By degrees it's getting hotter.
But the rat just smiles
And sleeps away the day.
Little does he know what's happening.
So much he wants to say.
Hay hay hay.

Then one day they came for the Gypsies,
And the next day they came for the Jews.
The lesbians and gays were soon to follow,
The artists and the poets and the Catholics too.

Then one day I got up and looked out my window,
And I realized we were no longer free.
Then there came a pounding on my door that midnight,
And the Gestapo agents came for me.
Then there came a pounding on my door that midnight,
And the Gestapo agents came for me.

The pot is on the stove.
The rat is in the water.

The temperature nears boiling.
By degrees it's getting hotter.
Then the rat wakes up,
But there's no place he can go.
So when the Free Trade Agreement
Sends Canada down the tubes,
I told you so.
I told you so.
I told you so.

(Album, Let the Empires Tremble)

Keep Your Eyes on the Prize (Nuclear Lyrics) (1990-006)

We say no to nuclear waste.
We want a free and a peaceful place.

Keep your eyes on the prize. Hold on.
Hold on. Hold on.
Keep your eyes on the prize. Hold on.

Nuclear power has had its day.
The wind and the sun are on their way.

Keep your eyes on the prize. Hold on.
Hold on. Hold on.
Keep your eyes on the prize. Hold on.

No to the nuclear industry,
Yes to renewable energy.

Keep your eyes on the prize. Hold on.
Hold on. Hold on.
Keep your eyes on the prize. Hold on.

And all our hearts will beat as one,
With the power of the wind and rain and sun.

Keep your eyes on the prize. Hold on.
Hold on. Hold on.
Keep your eyes on the prize. Hold on.

If humankind is to survive,
We're gonna have to share this finite pie.

Keep your eyes on the prize. Hold on.
Hold on. Hold on.
Keep your eyes on the prize. Hold on.

All the earth is sacred ground.
We're gonna turn this world around.

Keep your eyes on the prize. Hold on.
Hold on. Hold on.
Keep your eyes on the prize. Hold on.
Keep your eyes on the prize. Hold on.
Keep your eyes on the prize. Hold on.

(Album, Nukestopper)

Whispers (1990-007)

Once upon a time we traveled through the night,
Brushing ghosts and meteors as we took to flight.
In and out among the stars,
High above the roar of cars,
Now I'm the only one still dreaming.

Our tiny backyard playhouse was a rocket ship.
In an hour and a half we'd make the return trip.
Into orbit out so far,
To the moon and on to Mars.
Now time is rolling on, but I'm still dreaming.

And the moon, sang a song,
While the wind, made us strong.
There was time, 'tween the trees,
And there were whispers, on the midnight breeze.

Our feet upon the deep green earth, our heads in clouds,
Our dance of childhood ecstasy proclaimed aloud.
To people passing by,
We were sparrows in the sky.
Now I'm the only one still dreaming.

Calisto, Io, Europa and Ganymede,
Were never really out of reach for you and me.
The rings in Saturn's pond,
Uranus, Neptune and beyond,
Now time is rolling on, but I'm still dreaming.

And the moon, sang a song,
While the wind, made us strong.
There was time, 'tween the trees,
And there were whispers, on the midnight breeze.

And in those days of light we dug our cities deep,
Constructing roads and bridges time could never keep.
In an afternoon of toil,
On the grey-black backyard soil,
Now I'm the only one still dreaming.

Our universe of sky and earth seems o so small.
How big the world has blossomed as a tree grows tall.
Reality breaks through.
Adulthood is too true.
Now time is rolling on, but I'm still dreaming.

And the moon, sings a song,
While the wind, makes us strong.
There is time, 'tween the trees,
And there are whispers, on the midnight breeze.

(Album, Windmills and Water Cannons)

Dwell in Our Hearts, Reign in Our Minds (1990-008)

Grandfather, Great Spirit, Great Mystery,
Creator and keeper of all.
Yours is the whole of the universe.
Yours is this planet so small.

You blow in the wind and you shine with the moon.
You lift me right up on your wings.
You carry us all through the cosmos.
You show us your beauty in all things.

You are the one universal,
The maker and mover of time.
Lover, Caretaker, Sovereign Shepherd,
Dwell in our hearts, reign in our minds.

You are the one universal,
The maker and mover of time.
Lover, Caretaker, Sovereign Shepherd,
Dwell in our hearts, reign in our minds.
Dwell in our hearts, reign in our minds.

(Album, Windmills and Water Cannons)

What's Going Down at Oka? (1990-009)

O the summer it was sliding on by.
I was living through a lazy July,
When police stormed a peaceful blockade,
With tear gas and concussion grenades.

And when they fired on the Indian home,
While women and children stood alone,
Then I knew somethin' had to be changed,
And so many questions had to be raised.

Like hay hay, what's that sound?
Everybody look what's goin' down.
Stop, Canada, what's that sound?
Everybody look what's goin' down.
Red, white, black and brown,
Everybody look what's goin' down.
War-maker's back in town.
Everybody look what's goin' down.

So a mayor wants a gulf course to expand,
And it crosses on to Mohawk land.
Awe but listen people, there is much more.
It's only one small battle in a war.

'Cause if over half of Canada's land,
Can be claimed by an Indian band,
Then it might be a little harder to steel,
What was expected in the free trade deal.

So stop, Canada, what's that sound?
Everybody look what's goin' down.
War-maker's back in town.
Everybody look what's goin' down.
Trees, water, sacred ground,
Everybody look what's goin' down.
Mulroney never wears a frown.
Everybody look what's goin' down.

Now to you who defend sacred ground,
Let us join hands and rally around.
We are one with the people and land.
We are born as we take our stand.

But to you who are refusing to see,
You who burn Indians in effigy.
There is nothing I could say if I tried.
You are complicit in the genocide.

So stop, Canada, what's that sound?
Everybody look what's goin' down.
Red, white, black and brown,
Everybody look what's goin' down.
Trees, water, sacred ground,
Everybody look what's goin' down.

War-maker's back in town.
Everybody look what's goin' down.
Mulroney never wears a frown.
Everybody look what's goin' down.
Columbus knew the world was round.
Everybody look what's goin' down.
Everybody look what's goin' down.
Everybody look what's goin' down.

(Album, Heart, Land and Tear Gas)

As We Send in the Army (1990-010)

"Send in the army." somebody cries.
And fascism nods and opens its eyes.
"Send in the Army. Regain control."
And the tanks are already half way to their goal.
"I believe in non-violence, in freedom and love."
Says the iron fist as he takes off his glove,
And sends in the army.

It's not very far when you're flying by air,
From the green fields of Oka to Tiananmen Square,
From the Chateauguay sidewalk to San Salvador,
Or Manila or Soweto or East Timor.
So we turn off the cameras and turn on the guns,
And we charge just as fast as the populace runs,
As we send in the army.

Some say we're a country that defends human rights.
We are lovers of peace. We're democracy's knights.
We send teams of observers to ensure a fair vote,
And our peacekeeping forces of which the whole world takes note.
Perhaps the plank in our own eye is too big to believe,
And we don't want to see what we don't want to see.
So we send in the army.

"Send in the army." Once more it is said.
So fascism smiles and crawls out of bed.
If the public is silent and opinion poles nod,
You can do what you please for Queen Country and God.
Today it's the Mohawk, tomorrow the Cree.
Then it's the workers, then the farmers. Then it's you. Then it's me.
As we send in the army.

It's not very far when you're flying by air,
From the green fields of Oka to Tiananmen Square,
From the Chateauguay sidewalk to San Salvador,
Or Manila or Soweto or East Timor.
So we turn off the cameras and turn on the guns,
And we charge just as fast as the populace runs,
As we send in the army.
As we send in the army.
As we send in the army.

(Albums, Let the Empires Tremble, and, The Wind Will Make You Strong)

The Goat Raisers' Rant (1990-011)

Come all ye drinkers of goat's milk,
Come all ye raisers of goats,
Yee organic farmers turned fighters,
Yee eaters of home grown rolled oats.
Let's take the big corporations,
And tell them to drop their charade.
We're gonna feed ourselves, free ourselves, lead ourselves,
When we're upon the blockade.

Don't worry about big policemen,
Who live by the paycheck and gun.
They've never known love peace or freedom,
Or the power of wind rain and sun.
They are robots enslaved to a system,
A people in chains and afraid.
And we're gonna feed ourselves, free ourselves, lead ourselves,
When we're upon the blockade.

We are growing community gardens.
Solar ovens are at our back doors.
We don't mind being arrested,
When we don't need the grocery stores.
Resisters have always been diggers,
From Winstanley down to Tom Joad.
And we're gonna feed ourselves, free ourselves, lead ourselves,
When we are blocking the road.

So come all ye drinkers of goat's milk,
Come all ye raisers of goats.
One person converted to anarchism,
Is worth more than ten million votes.
Resisters have always been diggers,
From Winstanley down to Tom Joad.
And we're gonna feed ourselves, free ourselves, lead ourselves,
When we are blocking the road.
We're gonna feed ourselves, free ourselves, lead ourselves,
When we are blocking the road.
When we are blocking the road.

(Album, Heart Land and Tear Gas)

Flap Your Wings (1990-012)

Here amid the forest,
Beside the inland springs,
The butterflies float gently,
As they spread their wings.
The afternoon is long.
The night is longer still.
The butterflies rest softly,
Through the trees over the hill.

Flap your wings, butterfly,
From the beginning, on to the end.
Flap your wings, by and by.
Flap your wings and bring change to the wind.
Flap your wings and bring change to the wind.

Now the butterfly is small,
And the world is o so large.
So often Planet Earth just seems,
To be a sinking barge.
But butterflies have power,
Minuscule though they may be,
And the power of the butterfly,
Is alive in you and me.

Flap your wings, butterfly,
From the beginning, on to the end.
Flap your wings, by and by.
Flap your wings and bring change to the wind.
Flap your wings and bring change to the wind.

High above the forest,
High above the rushing stream,
The currents gather storm clouds,
Like thought forms in a dream.
But a continent of weather,
Coastlines long and miles high,
Can be altered by the flapping of,
The wings of a butterfly.

Flap your wings, butterfly,
From the beginning, on to the end.
Flap your wings, by and by.
Flap your wings and bring change to the wind.
Flap your wings and bring change to the wind.

Flap your wings, butterfly,
From the beginning, on to the end.
Flap your wings, by and by.
Flap your wings and bring change to the wind.
Flap your wings and bring change to the wind.
Flap your wings and bring change to the wind.
Flap your wings and bring change to the wind.

(Albums, Prophets and Profiteers, and, The Wind Will Make You Strong)

Media Media Media (1990-013)

They call themselves the media.
They keep you up to date.
They tell you who to love,
And who to fear and who to hate.
They tell you what is right and wrong,
What's new and what is old,
Every inch consumer-friendly,
And corporate controlled.

They pride themselves on giving you
A clip from either side,
As long as the final word goes to
The establishment good guys.
Of the strikers and the marchers,
Of course we must take note,
But listen without questioning,
When the boardroom clears its throat.

Media media media,
Why don't you love us; you know we love you.
Media media media,
Why don't you behave like you're supposed to?
Media media media,
Why don't you love us; you know we love you.
Media media media,
Why don't you behave like you're supposed to?

They can get their cameras ready,
In any city street or town.
They'll shoot a left wing demonstration,
Just to put it down.
They'll show you people screaming,
Leaving out the ones who are calm,
Saying, this is what people do,
Who save the whales and ban the bomb.

They can paint reality for you
In a hundred holy hues,
Deciding for the citizen
What is and isn't news.
And then they'll take an opinion pole
To see what we believe,
And they'll be shocked if the people don't always
Mimic what's on TV.

Media media media,
Why don't you love us; you know we love you.
Media media media,
Why don't you behave like you're supposed to?
Media media media,
Why don't you love us; you know we love you.
Media media media,
Why don't you behave like you're supposed to?

Well now it's time to take a look
Behind the studio.
Who buys the mics and cameras?
Does anybody know?
Who pays reporters' salaries
And keeps'em supplied with film?
It's the capitalist system.
Don't it make you wanna kill'em.

It's the companies who rape the earth
And send us to our tombs,
Who hire the scabs and build the bombs,
Who bring us all the news.
From strikes to spikes to wilderness hikes
To foreign policy,
How dare they open their mouths and call it
Objectivity.

Media media media,
Why don't you love us; you know we love you.
Media media media,
Why don't you behave like you're supposed to?
Media media media,
Why don't you love us; you know we love you.
Media media media,
Why don't you behave like you're supposed to?

Whoever funds it runs it.
Whoever funds it runs it.
Whoever funds it runs it.
Whoever funds it runs it.
Whoever funds it runs it.
Whoever funds it runs it.
Whoever funds it runs it.
Whoever funds it runs it.
Whoever funds it runs it.
Whoever funds it runs it.
Whoever funds it runs it.

So parents tell your children
That the world aint always clear,
To believe half of what they see
And none of what they hear.
Inform them that the media's here
To serve the powers that be,
And they should listen with suspicion,
Even if it's CBC.

Media media media,
Why don't you love us; you know we love you.
Media media media,
Why don't you behave like you're supposed to?
Media media media,
Why don't you love us; you know we love you.
Media media media,
Why don't you behave like you're supposed to?

Media media media,
Why don't you love us; you know we love you.
Media media media,
Why don't you behave like you're supposed to?
Media media media,

Whoever funds it runs it.

(Albums, Let the Empires Tremble, and, The Wind Will Make You Strong)

A Very Old Tale (1990-014)

O a very old man and a very old woman
And a very old boy and girl,
Were sitting on the steps of a very old house,
Just watching the very old world.
When the very old man said "Very old woman,
Would you bring me a pot of tea?"
And the very old woman said, "Very old man,
You can do it for yourself if you please.
You can do it for yourself if you please.".

Well the very old man took the very old woman
In his arms and he said, "My dear,
After all this time in our very old marriage,
Yes it's almost been sixty-five years.
You have lived with me in our very old house,
By the shade of the very old tree,
And you've never once said, “you very old man,
You can do it for yourself if you please.
You can do it for yourself if you please.".

Well the very old woman said, "Very old man,
There is something you must understand.
Yes it's a very old house and a very old marriage,
In a very very very old land.
But there are some things which are gonna be changin',
By the roar of the very old sea.
And very old man, it is time that you learned,
To do it for yourself if you please,
To do it for yourself if you please.".

Well the very old man said "Very old woman,
This is something very strange and new.
In this very old house, in this very old world,
I really don't know what I'm to do.
There are very old ways which never will change.
Spring will melt and the winter will freeze.
And very old woman, I really don't know,
If I can do it for myself if you please,
If I can do it for myself if you please.".

Well the very old woman said "Very old man,
Take our very old boy and girl.
They will show you what to do, in our very old house,
While watching the very old world.
When you've brewed up a pot of the very old tea,
You can bring it here for very old me,
And we'll drink it on the steps of our very old house,
Til the very old world is free,
Til the very old world is free.

When you've brewed up a pot of the very old tea,
You can bring it here for very old me,
And we'll drink it on the steps of our very old house,
Til the very old world is free,

Til the very old world is free.".

Til the very old very old very old very old,
Very old world is free free free.
Very old very old very old very old,
Very old world is free.

(Albums, Let the Empires Tremble, and, The Wind Will Make You Strong)

Lenin Upside down (1990-015)

Karl Marx is dead my friends.
Adam Smith is in.
Forgive us for the years we spent,
In socialistic sin.
We have had a revolution,
In honour of the bourgeois boss,
For Panasonic microwaves,
And McDonald's special sauce.

From the streets of Berlin,
To the shores of Sakhalin,
We are choosing capitalism,
'Cause it's safe and cheep and clean.
We are taking down the red flag,
And selling out the town,
And we're turning Comrade Lenin upside down.

Welcome to the free world,
Welcome to the west,
Where naked women in tabloids,
Equals freedom of the press.
We will need some entertainment,
If we're gonna have a tourist trade,
So let Budapest flow with brothels,
For the pleasure of the CIA.

From the streets of Berlin,
To the shores of Sakhalin,
We are choosing capitalism,
'Cause it's safe and cheep and clean.
We are taking down the red flag,
And selling out the town,
And we're turning Comrade Lenin upside down.

The World Bank and the IMF,
Will give us what we need,
To build a new society,
On consumption, grab and greed.
We will slave away for a generation,
Til we pay off every loan,
And if we get a little bit too far in debt,
We'll consult with Mexico.

From the streets of Berlin,
To the shores of Sakhalin,
We're abandoning class struggle,
For the American dream.
We are taking down the red flag,
And selling out the town,
And we're turning Comrade Lenin upside down.

Above all else, we'd like to make,
Free enterprise feel at home,
So from Gdansk to Vladivostok,

We'll establish a free trade zone.
We'll invite the Europeans,
Americans and Japanese,
To pay us fifty cents an hour,
In air-conditioned factories.

From the streets of Berlin,
To the shores of Sakhalin,
We are choosing capitalism,
'Cause it's safe and cheep and clean.
We are taking down the red flag,
And selling out the town,
And we're turning Comrade Lenin upside down.

There will be no more Chernobyls,
In this land of Wall Street gold.
Minamata and Love Canal,
Were just fibs that we were told.
We won't worry about global warming.
Aint gonna think about the ozone layer.
'Cause capitalism has no doubts,
No wants, no fears, no cares.

From the streets of Berlin,
To the shores of Sakhalin,
We're abandoning class struggle,
For the American dream.
We are taking down the red flag,
And selling out the town,
And we're turning Comrade Lenin upside down.

From the streets of Berlin,
To the shores of Sakhalin,
We are choosing capitalism,
'Cause it's safe and cheep and clean.
We are taking down the red flag,
And selling out the town,
And we're turning Comrade Lenin upside down, upside down.
We are turning Comrade Lenin upside down, upside down.
We are turning Comrade Lenin upside down, upside down.
We are turning Comrade Lenin upside down.

(Albums, Caught in the Act of Struggle, and, The Wind Will Make You Strong)

How He Used to Make Us Laugh (1990-016)

The morning comes. A man is dead.
Just like a huge sledge hammer pounding
Right into my head.
The man committed suicide.
That's what the paper said.

But how he used to make us laugh,
In those days gone by.
He used to make us wonder.
Now he only makes us cry.
Can anybody tell me,
Anybody tell me why?
The man is dead. Why did he have to die?

Too young to go, fifty-two years,
He led us through the times of hope,
Through the times of pain and tears.
His voice was always with us,
Iconoclastic and sincere.

And how he used to make us laugh,
In those days gone by.
He used to tell us stories,
And he taught us how to fly.
Year after year he'd quench our thirst,
Though the deserts they were dry.
Now the man is dead. Why did he have to die?

We will sing out his name,
When the dawn has broken,
When the world has turned to spring
And all the trees have spoken.
When the lion and lamb lie down,
And Babylon has fallen.
When we hug the whole world 'round,
Peaceful spirits callin'.

We thought he was, joyest of all.
Then he takes his life
With barbiturates and alcohol.
We don't wanna believe it,
Don't wanna think such a man could fall.

'Cause how he used to make us laugh,
In those days gone by.
He used to keep us dancing
Til the morning time was nigh.
He told us we could change the world,
If we gave it one more try.
Now the man is dead. Why did he have to die?

We will sing out his name,
When the dawn has broken,
When the world has turned to spring,

And all the trees have spoken.
When the lion and lamb lie down,
And Babylon has fallen.
When we hug the whole world 'round,
Peaceful spirits callin'.
When we hug the whole world 'round,
Peaceful spirits callin'.

(Album, How to Make a Revolution Without Salt)

Full Moon Rising High (1990-017)

There's a full moon risin' and, the people are gettin' high.
There's a full moon risin' and, the people are gettin' high.
There's a full moon risin' and, the people are gettin' high.
There's a full moon rising high.

In the streets of the city, you can hear the people cry.
In the streets of the city, you can hear the people cry.
In the streets of the city, you can hear the people cry.
There's a full moon rising high.

There's a full moon risin' and, the people are gettin' high.
There's a full moon risin' and, the people are gettin' high.
There's a full moon risin' and, the people are gettin' high.
There's a full moon rising high.

Feel the wind blow the trees around, beneath the prairie sky.
Feel the wind blow the trees around, beneath the prairie sky.
Feel the wind blow the trees around, beneath the prairie sky.
There's a full moon rising high.

There's a full moon risin' and, the people are gettin' high.
There's a full moon risin' and, the people are gettin' high.
There's a full moon risin' and, the people are gettin' high.
There's a full moon rising high.

I can see through the empire, see through every lie.
I can see through the empire, see through every lie.
I can see through the empire, see through every lie.
There's a full moon rising high.

There's a full moon risin' and, the people are gettin' high.
There's a full moon risin' and, the people are gettin' high.
There's a full moon risin' and, the people are gettin' high.
There's a full moon rising high.

O the chariot of love and peace, is comin' by and by.
The chariot of love and peace, is comin' by and by.
The chariot of love and peace, is comin' by and by.
There's a full moon rising high.

There's a full moon risin' and, the people are gettin' high.
There's a full moon risin' and, the people are gettin' high.
There's a full moon risin' and, the people are gettin' high.
There's a full moon rising high.

There's a full moon rising and, the people are getting high.
There's a full moon rising and, the people are getting high.
There's a full moon rising and, the people are getting high.
There's a full moon rising high.

There's a full moon rising high.
There's a full moon rising high.

There's a full moon rising and, the people are getting high.

There's a full moon rising and, the people are getting high.
There's a full moon rising and, the people are getting high.
There's a full moon rising high.
There's a full moon rising high.

High high high high high high high.

(Album, City of Gold)

Energies Flow (1990-018)

Energies flow. Energies flow.
Agreements are pondered, men purchased, land sold.
Protest movements arise and grow.
Corporate empire still in control.
Corporate empire still in control.

Tall men turning destruction's wheel,
Half a world away from the realm of the real.
Ten years later, we're sorry if it made you sick,
But we needed more power and we had to be quick.

Blind with vision and drunk with greed,
Someone builds a power plant we don't need.
We try to tell them it will simply not be safe,
But we own the roadblock, they own the gateway.

Energies flow. Energies flow.
Agreements are pondered, men purchased, land sold.
Protest movements arise and grow.
Corporate empire still in control.
Corporate empire still in control.

With the stroke of a pen and a dotting of i's,
A factory's constructed; a community dies.
An army is mobilized; a mine is dug.
A dark period of history is swept under the rug.

So Henry Kissinger is called a hero of old,
While Leonard Peltier is labelled criminal.
Genocide is justice; domination is peace,
When the ones who pay the piper own the courts and police.

Energies flow. Energies flow.
People in their vanity seek cities of gold.
Struggles come and struggles go.
Corporate empire still in control.
Corporate empire still in control.

Energies flow. Energies flow.
Something is stirring in the heart of our soul.
Struggle uniting us in the truth we know.
Corporate empire losing control.
Corporate empire losing control.

Energies flow. Energies flow.
One day oppression shall be no more.
The people will arise from whence the four winds blow.
End of empire, open the door.
End of empire, open the door.
End of empire, open the door.

(Album, Watch the North Wind Rise)

The Stream (1990-019)

Among the caverns of the tranquil night,
I spy a misty space-struck galaxy,
Who spreads her arms and legs like damsels free,
And shines with stars two hundred billion bright.
She beckons me with her immortal might,
To join her in her dance across the sea,
From nebula, to nebula, to be,
Like her, a cosmic continent of light.

But I a meek and miserable old man,
A finite body in a mortal dream,
I take my place among the grains of sand,
And let myself be tempted by no stream.
No pitch to let my mind and world expand,
Can move me from this patch of blue green gleam.

(Album, Foggy Monday)

The Coming (1990-020)

From high among the mountains to the wild,
Free plains, the dawn breaks over all the earth.
The terror-stricken cries of giving birth,
Subside to the soft whimpers of a child.
Humanity reborn, so meek, so mild,
The people of all regions dance with mirth,
And sing bold hymns from Reykjavik to Perth,
Of God and man and nature reconciled,
Of God and man and nature reconciled.

The age that prophets of all times foretold,
When lamb lies down with lion in the grass,
And love and truth, in all our hearts, we hold,
Has after all this struggle, come to pass.
The sun and moon shine down upon the land,
And rain falls free, into the outstretched hand.
The sun and moon shine down upon the land,
And rain falls free, into the outstretched hand.
And rain falls free, into the outstretched hand.

(Album, Ice on Mercury, Fire on Europa)

Ode to Androgyny (1990-021)

Pre-natal testing for the gender of,
An unborn babe by means of ultra-sound,
Has come to mean that in the modern town,
Expectant parents need not fret for love.
For long before the sun and moon above,
Are glimpsed by baby, parents may walk down,
The path to blue or pink and not be drowned,
In shattered expectations for their cub.

To hell with it, I say, for heaven's sake!
Next thing you'll buy the unborn boy, a gun,
The unborn girl, supplies for baking cake.
Think of the joy androgyny must hold.
Prepare a room with walls of green or gold,
And with this sexist world of ours, be done.

(Album, Season of Sparrows)

I Feel You (1990-022)

I feel you, in the wind that laps my face.
I smell you, in the ozone left behind,
By last night's rain, and in my mystic's mind,
You sing like stars that dance schottische in space.
The block-long clan of smart-sung birds who grace,
The early morning with their trills entwined,
Chant holiness and with their souls unwind,
The story of your long divine embrace.

Who are you, you who won't be put in words,
But slip through human hands, like moon-shook sand.
Your name is known more purely by the birds,
Than by the grayest heads who walk the land.
What must we do, sweet Christ, sweet Son of Man,
To fall back into sink with all your herds.

(Album, Foggy Monday)

To the Reaction (1990-023)

All you who fight the sixties tooth and nail,
Replacing peace signs with the cross and flag,
Still trying to smother, guillotine and gag,
The voices, songs and smoke from Woodstock trail.
You'd like to crush us like you trampled Baal.
You'd like once more to burn each witch and hag,
Each proud dissenter, poet clown and wag,
Til Gilead arises out of Shaeol.

I've seen the armoured march of church and king,
Inquisitor, evangelist and blade,
Heard children, "onward Christian Soldiers", sing,
As if about to launch the next crusade.
And I have held those children on my wing,
Their parents' corpses strewn by the parade.

(Album, Foggy Monday)

The Spirit of Prometheus (1990-024)

The spirit of Prometheus lives on,
In those who walk with all eyes open wide,
And tune their ears to catch the rising tide,
And hear the sharp and sudden crack of dawn.
The early morning wind on face and lawn,
Calls us to dance where only elves reside,
Our lighthouse now the heart-warmed lamp inside,
For which we had to march in times long gone.

Treasure the flame you hold within your soul,
The glowing lodestar only you can feel.
The walls of cities buckle. Towers roll.
Theologies arise and lose appeal.
Through all, the inner lighthouse shines in full,
The gift no neon blasphemy can steel.

(Album, Season of Sparrows)

Undaunted Moon (1990-025)

Serene, undaunted, ever roaming moon,
Observing from the quiet depths of space,
We watch you make your rounds from place to place,
Now Charlottetown, now Guelph, now Saskatoon.
I'm sure you laugh sometimes at what we've hewn,
From tree trunk, rock and sand, and ask what race,
Can we be so obsessed with in our haste,
To blow the biggest happy face balloon.

But on that day in 1969,
When you, defenseless, nude and unprepared,
Watched us descend and land upon your flesh,
And take back with us of your bread and wine,
Were you outraged with teeth and sabers bared,
Or did you simply weep and sigh afresh.

(Album, Foggy Monday)

Nighttime Sea (1990-026)

The nighttime sea of space that ebbs and flows,
Between the island homes called worlds and moons,
Its waves of dark calm lapping on the dunes,
Of Lunar sands and Titanian snows.
Is all I move to, when my eyes I close,
And when, my ears, I focus on the tunes,
That sound within my soul, on afternoons,
And eves spent wondering what the cosmos knows.

And there, amidst the silent roaring sea,
I catch a hint of folk songs from afar.
A thousand worlds, each with its poetry,
Its music, myths and history, free to share,
Its seasonal rites, granted by its star,
And yes, its space probes seeking life out there.
And yes, its space probes seeking life out there.

(Album, Ice on Mercury, Fire on Europa)

I've Heard the Rumble (1990-027)

I've heard the rumble of the midnight tanks,
The calculated charge through streets and sands,
The wakened people broken in their stands,
The soldiers marching brainwashed in their ranks.
Behind it all the quiet hum of banks,
And electronic money changing hands,
The Kissingers, the Coors, the Ayn Rands,
Conspiring to crush each slight "No Thanks".

But all the tanks and missiles, bombs and guns,
With all their power to destroy and kill,
And all the corporate interests weighed in tonnes,
With all their personnel, both well and ill,
Although they may ensure the system runs,
Cannot make one fern bloom, or one finch trill.

(Album, Ice on Mercury, Fire on Europa)

Fade to Silence (1990-028)

The day the television screen went blank,
And picture after picture fell and died,
I saw a million who just sat and cried,
Not knowing who to blame or who to thank.
No more the car with women on its flank,
No more the football field, the home team pride,
No more the mindless sit-com shows that slide,
Like sleeping tablets down one's mental tank.

Now only time and space in which to think,
Amid the sand and sea-salt of one's brain.
A place to spread imagination's ink,
Under the cutting pelting wind-sacked rain.
And here, free of our electronic drink,
We tremble, half inspired, half insane.

(Album, Season of Sparrows)

World of Gaunt Parades (1990-029)

For you who've never felt the iron fist,
Who've lived your lives inside the velvet glove,
Who think that Christmas is a time of love,
With one more Timex ticking on your wrist.
For you whose names have never graced the list,
Declared subversive by the boys above,
Who see no need to agitate or shove,
Since guns and goons and class-lines don't exist.

Allow my pen to probe the flashing shades,
Of neon sprawling over spotless floors.
To stand in awe as Mounties smash blockades,
And babies die financing foreign wars.
I only hope your world of gaunt parades,
Will fall before the sundial slams the doors.

I only hope your world of gaunt parades,
Will fall before the sundial slams the doors.

(Album, Ice on Mercury, Fire on Europa)

The Lion (1990-030)

Before the earth was formed, before the seas,
Before the stars shone, when all space was pitch,
I heard a lion singing, deep and rich,
And felt the dawn of time on that first breeze.
As life sprang forth with algae, fish and trees,
And phylum, class and species found its niche,
I passed an olive grove beside a ditch,
And found my lion praying on his knees.

And now, here, as the eastern sky grows young,
I catch the wildest tale, on wind and tongue.
My lion, tried and killed by Caesar's hand,
Has risen, yes, and once more stocks the land.
And when he rose, they say he shook the throne.
Of every ruler humankind has known.

And now, here, as the eastern sky grows young,
I catch the wildest tale, on wind and tongue.
My lion, tried and killed by Caesar's hand,
Has risen, yes, and once more stocks the land.
And when he rose, they say he shook the throne,
Of every ruler humankind has known.

(Album, Ice on Mercury, Fire on Europa)

Song of the Elves (1990-031)

Beneath the surface of the heart-warmed earth,
By oil and candle light, like mice in shelves,
Austere devout communities of elves,
In secret make their homes of wholesome mirth.
The lullabies they play proclaim the worth,
Of all the cosmos as she climbs and delves.
The tales, meanwhile, they tell about themselves,
Reveal a certain longing for rebirth.

Above them, cool wood moons on rivers pass,
From time to time disturbed by rumbling drums,
And high-pitched flutes that make the very grass,
Dance havoc with the cherries, pears and plums.
Til all the forest is a sacred mass,
Breaking communion til the saviour comes.

(Album, Foggy Monday)

Morning's Dance (1990-032)

Breathe deep, dear child, and join the golden morn.
The April rain, the green grass and the dew.
Observe the painter draw his world anew,
With lark song, thunder, magic flute and horn.
Then hear the wind on which the clouds are borne,
Sing softly of two worlds, one false, one true.
Let each wise whisper make its home in you,
That you may walk and eat among the corn.

Then clothe yourselves in yards of apple trees,
The face of every smiling leaf upturned.
Converse with owls, fireflies and bees,
And kill that fear of being stung or burned.
Then close your eyes and wander with the breeze,
Til you can laugh at knowing you have learned.

(Album, Season of Sparrows)

The Oil Man (1991-001)

In Washington, in Cairo,
In Tokyo and Bonn,
It's the barrel of oil that turns the wheels,
Keeps the system rolling on,
Keeps the money on the stock exchange,
And the cars upon the road,
Brings the eighteen-wheelers down to the dock,
Ready for another load.

So from the Persian Gulf to the North Sea chill,
They chase it down like drink,
Determined to drill, transport, refine,
If it sends us to the brink.
And the super-tankers on the sea,
And the pipelines on the land,
Bring megabuck after megabuck,
Into the diamond-studded hand,
Of the oil man,
The diamond-studded hand,
Of the oil man.

So on the seventeenth of January,
1991,
For a barrel of petroleum,
It's the barrel of a gun.
And the Yankee bombers blast their way,
Across the nation of Iraq,
And the air raid sirens pierce the night,
In the reality of attack.

"We dropped our bombs on air bases.",
They are so quick to explain.
"We're not out to kill civilians.
Just wanta stop Saddam Hussein.".
But as we march and protest in the streets,
We know who gets the screws.
And we know the essence of our world.
We're just paying our bloody dues,
To the oil man.
Paying our bloody dues,
To the oil man.

And the smoke that rises,
In the Middle Eastern sky,
Is a smoke that sings a song of shame.
It sends us all the signal,
That the system has to die.
No blood or tears for oil. This is no game.
No blood or tears for oil. This is no game.

It is oil that turns our turbines,
Keeps our light bulbs burning bright,
Manufactures our futons,
So we sleep soundly through the night.

It is oil that runs our stereos,
And our precious silver screens.
It is even oil that tells us all,
To turn from browns to greens.

So do you blame the war on Saddam Hussein,
Or do you blame the USA?
Or the military thugs who buy and sell,
Human life most every day?
Do you blame the war on the governments,
Or the multi-nationals?
Or is it really everyone of us,
Have we sold our very souls,
To the oil man?
Sold our very souls,
To the oil man.

And the smoke that rises,
In the middle eastern sky,
Is a smoke that sings a song of shame.
And it sends us all the signal,
That the system has to die.
No bombing runs for oil. This is no game.
No blitzkrieg raids for oil. This is no game.
No bombing runs for oil. This is no game.

(Albums, Caught in the Act of Struggle, and, The Wind Will Make You Strong)

Our Friend CSIS (1991-002)

What a friend we have in CSIS,
Marching with us every mile.
They come to protests, take our pictures,
And when they do be sure to smile.

Say cheese for George Bush and Mulroney,
The FBI and CIA.
They'll never put us on the loonie,
But CSIS is our friend anyway.

Stopping nuclear reactors,
Marching tall against free trade.
Standing firm on native land claims,
CSIS joins us unafraid.

So what a friend we have in CSIS,
Marching with us every mile.
They come to protests, take our pictures,
And when they do be sure to smile.

(Album, Let the Empires Tremble)

The Brigadier's Advice (1991-003)

We're not running dog imperialists.
We're not soldiers. We're not thugs.
We've come to South America
To fight the war on drugs.
Fight the war on drugs.
Fight the war on drugs.
We've come to South America
To fight the war on drugs.

Throughout our inner cities,
We need heroin; we need crack,
To keep the poor preoccupied
And hold the people back.
But here in South America,
Where the Maoist's on the rise,
Drugs will be a good excuse to put
A bullet 'tween their eyes.

We're not running dog imperialists.
We're not soldiers. We're not thugs.
We've come down to Bolivia
To fight the war on drugs.
Fight the war on drugs.
Fight the war on drugs.
We've come down to Bolivia
To fight the war on drugs.

For decades now the CIA
And the Mafia have held hands,
Deciding how to conquer
Dissident people in distant lands.
Now the Russian bear's retreated;
We need some excuse instead,
So we'll fight the Mafia drug lord,
Instead of the good old Red.

We're not running dog imperialists.
We're not soldiers. We're not thugs.
We've come down to Columbia
To fight the war on drugs.
Fight the war on drugs.
Fight the war on drugs.
We've come down to Columbia
To fight the war on drugs.

Our coffee, our bananas,
Our free trade zone factories,
That's what we're here defending,
As we chop down all the trees.
But the people at home wouldn't like it,
If we told them half the truth,
So we'll tell them it's cocaine we fight
For the good of our nation's youth.

We're not running dog imperialists.
We're not soldiers. We're not thugs.
We've come to Venezuela
To fight the war on drugs.
Fight the war on drugs.
Fight the war on drugs.
We've come to Venezuela
To fight the war on drugs.

I've one more thing to tell you,
Before it's time to go.
If we are to win this battle,
We must never get our foe.
So don't fight the drug lord too hard,
If you indeed fight him at all.
If you do, the penalty will be
Rebuild the Berlin Wall.

We're not running dog imperialists.
We're not soldiers. We're not thugs.
We've come to South America
To fight the war on drugs.
Fight the war on drugs.
Fight the war on drugs.
We've come to South America
To fight the war on drugs.
Fight the war on drugs.
Fight the war on drugs.
We've come to South America
To fight the war on drugs.
We've come to South America
To fight the war on drugs.

(Album, Heart, Land and Tear Gas)

Song From a Pacifist Anarchist (1991-004)

The sun doesn't need royal ascent,
To tell it how warm to shine,
To tell it what days, its hot white rays,
Are wanted as much as white wine.

The sun was born to live wild and free,
To tell its tale and then let things be,
To dance through the universe that all may see,
What the sun doesn't need why should we, why should we.
What the sun doesn't need why should we.

The wind doesn't need a supreme court,
To tell it which way to blow,
To tell it how strong, how far or long,
Each one of its gusts must go.

The wind was born to live wild and free,
To tell its tale and then let things be,
To dance through the universe that all may see,
What the wind doesn't need why should we, why should we.
What the wind doesn't need why should we.

A cloud doesn't need prison walls,
To create its wondrous rain,
When it knows for real, that the thirsty field,
Needs water to grow its grain.

The cloud was born to live wild and free,
To tell its tale and then let things be,
To dance through the universe that all may see,
What a cloud doesn't need why should we, why should we.
What a cloud doesn't need why should we.

The soil doesn't need corporate might,
To sprout a new seed in spring,
To give the seed a shoot, which will soon bear fruit,
While the birds in the tree tops sing.

The soil was born to live wild and free,
To tell its tale and then let things be,
To dance through the universe that all may see,
What the soil doesn't need why should we, why should we.
What the soil doesn't need why should we.

The moon doesn't need tanks and guns,
To help it pull the mighty tide.
With the gentlest plea, of gravity,
It moves the ocean from side to side.

The moon was born to live wild and free,
To tell its tale and then let things be,
To dance through the universe that all may see,
What the moon doesn't need why should we, why should we.
What the moon doesn't need why should we.

What the moon doesn't need why should we, why should we.
What the moon doesn't need why should we.

(Album, Let the Empires Tremble)

The Rebel's Soliloquy (1991-005)

I am Sandino. I am Ho Chi Minh.
I am Tecumseh and All Mighty Voice.
I am the rebel. I am the flame within.
I am the power that creates.
I am the power that destroys.

I am Wat Tyler. I'm Gerard Winstanley.
Proudhon, Bakunin, Goldman, Machnov too.
I'm William Morris, Day, Moran, Hennacy.
I am the dreamer of the dream,
Who works to make that dream come true.

I am the white dove. I am the hammer red.
I am the drum that cracks the prison wall.
I am the windmill, from which the cannons fled.
I am the flower of the field,
That caused a government to fall.

Hay hay hay hay, hi yai yai.
Tree growing tall 'tween the earth and sky.
Hay hay hay hay, hi yai yai.
Take a walk with me. Look me in the eye.

You ask who am I. You wish to know my name.
But if I told you, you could capture me.
Then you could paint me, and place me in a frame.
I am no picture on the wall.
I only flourish wild and free.

I dance within you. I fill your soul with song.
I die in battle or grow old and poor.
I walk beside you. I come to make you strong.
I shall not rest until the day,
The revolution is secure.

I'm Chico Mendes, Karen Silkwood, Anna May.
Amid my blood the struggle carries on.
In mountain jungle, on rain-soaked urban grey,
In all who stand and raise their eyes,
To glimpses of the coming dawn.

Hay hay hay hay, hi yai yai.
Tree growing tall 'tween the earth and sky.
Hay hay hay hay, hi yai yai.
Take a walk with me. Look me in the eye.

Hay hay hay hay, hi yai yai.
Tree growing tall 'tween the earth and sky.
Hay hay hay hay, hi yai yai.
Take a walk with me. Look me in the eye.

Take a walk with me. Look me in the eye.
Take a walk with me. Look me in the eye.
Take a walk with me. Look me in the eye.

I am Sandino. I am Ho Chi Minh.
I am Tecumseh and All Mighty Voice.
I am the rebel. I am the flame within.
I am the power that creates.
I am the power that destroys.
I am the power that creates.
I am the power that destroys.
I am the power that creates.
I am the power that destroys.

(Album, Windmills and Water Cannons)

No Power Over Me, (1991 Lyrics) (1991-006)

The capitalist system has no power over me.
The capitalist system has no power over me.
The capitalist system has no power over me.
Halleluiah hallelu.

Down with the multinationals, it's time for anarchy.
Down with the multinationals, it's time for anarchy.
Down with the multinationals, it's time for anarchy.
Halleluiah hallelu.

The capitalist system has no power over me.
The capitalist system has no power over me.
The capitalist system has no power over me.
Halleluiah hallelu.

Out with the corporate media who just see what they wanna see.
Out with the corporate media who just see what they wanna see.
Out with the corporate media who just see what they wanna see.
Halleluiah hallelu.

The capitalist system has no power over me.
The capitalist system has no power over me.
The capitalist system has no power over me.
Halleluiah hallelu.

Stand up for your rights right now. Reclaim your autonomy.
Stand up for your rights right now. Reclaim your autonomy.
Stand up for your rights right now. Reclaim your autonomy.
Halleluiah hallelu.

The capitalist system has no power over me.
The capitalist system has no power over me.
The capitalist system has no power over me.
Halleluiah hallelu.

If everyone would march together, together we'd be set free.
If everyone would march together, together we'd be set free.
If everyone would march together, together we'd be set free.
Halleluiah hallelu.

The capitalist system has no power over me.
The capitalist system has no power over me.
The capitalist system has no power over me.
Halleluiah hallelu.

Rob a bank or a hardware store every time they kill a tree.
Rob a bank or a hardware store every time they kill a tree.
Rob a bank or a hardware store every time they kill a tree.
Halleluiah hallelu.

The capitalist system has no power over me.
The capitalist system has no power over me.
The capitalist system has no power over me.
Halleluiah hallelu.

The capitalist system has no power over me.
The capitalist system has no power over me.
The capitalist system has no power over me.
Halleluiah hallelu.
Halleluiah halle, halleluiah halle,
Halleluiah hallelu.

(Album, Caught in the Act of Struggle)

City of Gold (1991-007)

The world moves slowly.
It's 1492.
The European fathers are asleep.
The Moors are gone from Spain.
Five hundred witches are no more.
I lay me down and pray my soul to keep.

Machiavelli's only twenty-three,
And Luther's turning nine.
What is this news the herald brings,
From across the western tide.
A man who says the world is round,
Has come to share what he has found.
Could it be China?
Could it be China?
Could it be, the city of gold.

The world dreams restlessly.
It's 1709,
Two hundred years of genocide gone down.
Cortez would take the chocolate,
From the Aztecs home to Spain,
Then rape and plunder every Aztec town.

The European conqueror,
Come to colonize.
Explorers, traders, missionaries,
With glory in their eyes.
Probing fingers groping west,
"And tell our moms we did our best.",
Looking for China,
Looking for China,
Trying to find, the city of gold.

Time turns painfully.
It's 1885.
The smallpox rages on and draws no line.
Railway ties are being laid,
Where once the bison roamed,
While their carcasses lie strewn along the forty-ninth.

And for a man who dared to dream,
A Metis nation could be born,
Upon the western plain beneath,
The British cannons' scorn,
For this man who raised his flag upon,
The mighty South Saskatchewan,
It was only Regina,
Only Regina,
And a rope, on a gallows stone cold.

The world spins feverishly.
It's 1973.
Vietnam is almost over, so they say.

The U.S. martials and the FBI,
Descend on Wounded Knee,
To do the blood-stained dirty work of the BIA.

As for the passage west,
We built the Panama Canal.
We made it to the orient,
And bombed it into Hell.
We dropped murder from the sky,
Gave them Hiroshima and a thousand Mi Lai's.
But we never got China,
No we never got China,
And we never got, that city of gold.

Last night I had a dream. I dreamt,
I saw a city rise,
Twelve thousand furlongs high with gates of pearl,
No sun or moon or temple,
For the light shone all around,
And the people of the city were the world.

Love and truth were carved into,
Our hearts as into stone.
And liberty and equity,
Were all that we had known.
The joy of life blew in the wind.
A peaceful spirit dwelt within.
Deep down inside us,
Deep down inside us,
Deep down inside us, the city of gold.
Deep down inside us,
Inside and among us,
Deep down inside us, the city of gold.
Deep down inside us, the city of gold.

(Album, City of Gold)

The Bser's Lament (1991-008)

We're a crazy society,
Full of anxiety.
Seems we don't know what to do.
We buy pants that get holes,
Wear medallions for souls,
And we bury our shit in the toilet.

The toilet, the toilet,
You can fry it or bake it or boil it.
The toilet, the toilet,
We bury our shit in the toilet.

We're a murderous culture.
We live like a vulture.
We eat while the planet decays.
But what goes around comes around,
So don't swing your bums around.
Bury your shit in the toilet.

The toilet, the toilet,
Wouldn't want Wendell Berry to spoil it.
The toilet, the toilet,
We bury our shit in the toilet.

In endless propriety,
Brimming with piety,
We sometimes forget who we are.
We buy food from our stores,
Put locks on our doors,
And bury our shit in the toilet.

The toilet, the toilet,
Wouldn't want Peter Moran to spoil it.
The toilet, the toilet,
We bury our shit in the toilet.

We deny that we're animals,
Turn into cannibals,
Feast on the flesh of our own.
We sell ice to the Eskimos,
Irradiate testicles,
And bury our shit in the toilet.

The toilet, the toilet,
Wouldn't want Farley Moet to spoil it.
The toilet, the toilet,
We bury our shit in the toilet.

We're a crazy society,
Full of anxiety,
An empire constructed to fall.
But if our ideals don't pan to much,
We'll just get some sani-flush,
And bury our shit in the toilet.

The toilet, the toilet,
Wouldn't want Murray Bookchin to spoil it.
The toilet, the toilet,
We bury our shit in the toilet.

The toilet, the toilet,
You can fry it or bake it or broil it.
The toilet, the toilet,
We bury our shit in the toilet.

There we go. Flush it down now.
We bury our shit in the toilet.

(Album, Windmills and Water Cannons)

They Shun Christ Once Again (1991-009)

Now when Christ appeared on the earth my friend,
They said that there was no room in the inn,
So he had to be born in a stable-weary manger,
With oxen, sheep and donkeys as kin.

Now they say there's no room in the church for gays.
They quote their Bibles without end.
But when they say there's no room in the church for gays,
They shun Christ once again.

Once again, alleluia, once again, allelu,
They shun Christ once again.
Once again, alleluia, once again, allelu,
They shun Christ once again.

Now when Christ healed a man on the Sabbath day,
They said we better show him who is boss.
We can't have people working miracles, whenever they feel moved,
So they took him and they nailed him to the cross.

Now they say there's no room for an anarchist in Heaven.
They quote tradition without end.
But when they say there's no room for an anarchist in Heaven,
They shun Christ once again.

Once again, alleluia, once again, allelu,
They shun Christ once again.
Once again, alleluia, once again, allelu,
They shun Christ once again.

Now when Christ arose from the dead my friend,
It was before two women he appeared.
They ran and told the male apostles, but they would not believe,
On the strength of a mere woman's word.

Now they say there's no place for feminist theology.
They quote their Bibles without end.
But when they say there's no place for feminist theology,
They shun Christ once again.

Once again, alleluia, once again, allelu,
They shun Christ once again.
Once again, alleluia, once again, allelu,
They shun Christ once again.

Once again, alleluia, once again, allelu,
They shun Christ once again.
Once again, alleluia, once again, allelu,
They shun Christ once again.

(Album, Caught in the Act of Struggle)

Saskatchewan Ground (1991-010)

It was an ordinary September day.
Saskatoon was going it's own way.
Matthew Hardy was walking his beat,
Saying no to the nuclear industry.
Taking his stand at the Cameco door,
He'd been there nine or ten times before.
Wasn't causing any trouble, doing nothing wrong,
Just a little space for him to sing his song.

Then they told him to leave. It was for his own sake.
They said "You better simply get the hell away."
So Matthew rode away on his bicycle.
Two blocks down avenue W he rode.
Then there came a siren and a flashing light,
So Matthew pulled over to the side.
The policeman took away his bicycle chain,
Said "You're under arrest. Come with me. What's your name?".

They took a taxi and lowered it down,
And buried it in the Saskatchewan ground.
They took a taxi and lowered it down,
And buried it in the Saskatchewan ground.
They took a taxi and lowered it down,
And buried it in the Saskatchewan ground.
They took a taxi and lowered it down,
And buried it in the Saskatchewan ground.

The policeman decided it was time to go,
But not to the station, back to Cameco.
There besides the cruiser he'd been in so far,
Was another cruiser and an unmarked car.
Three police cars simply to arrest,
A young man wanted on a bicycle theft.
I don't know about you, but that's strange to me.
Makes me wonder if there isn't a conspiracy.

To make a long story short, Matthew got away.
They unarrested him that very day.
The bicycle was in his mother's name,
And Cameco must have been playing a game.
Protesters are something that they do not like.
Looks like they called the cops and said "He took our bike."
But Matthew's undaunted and the struggle goes on.
We're gonna keep demonstrating til the nukes are gone.

They took a taxi and lowered it down,
And buried it in the Saskatchewan ground.
They took a taxi and lowered it down,
And buried it in the Saskatchewan ground.
They took a taxi and lowered it down,
And buried it in the Saskatchewan ground.
They took a taxi and lowered it down,
And buried it in the Saskatchewan ground.

To make a long story short, Matthew got away.
They unarrested him that very day.
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Protesters are something that they do not like.
Looks like they called the cops and said "He took our bike.".
But Matthew's undaunted and the struggle goes on.
We're gonna keep demonstrating til the nukes are gone.

They took a taxi and lowered it down,
And buried it in the Saskatchewan ground.
They took a taxi and lowered it down,
And buried it in the Saskatchewan ground.
They took a taxi and lowered it down,
And buried it in the Saskatchewan ground.
They took a taxi and lowered it down,
And buried it in the Saskatchewan ground.

It was the red man done it and it might seem strange,
But the white man wants to bury nuclear waste.

(Albums, Caught in the Act of Struggle, and, Four Songs Inspired by Matthew Hardy)

Song for the People of East Timor (1991-011)

It was on a day, in a far away time.
It was mid December, 1975.
The Indonesian army, in full force came,
And attacked East Timor, without an ounce of shame.

And the people of East Timor, said we wish to be,
A sovereign nation, living whole and free.
We don't want to live, as a part of your land,
With General Suharto, ever in command.

So the Suharto government, said the hell with you.
We will subjugate you, no matter what you do.
And they came with tanks, helicopters too,
And they slaughtered the people, and they're still not through.

But the people stood, and the people fought,
That an independent Timor, may not be forgot.
And the people cried, and the people fell,
As their beautiful land, was turned into Hell.

First a hundred thousand, then a hundred thousand more,
Were killed by the army, on East Timor.
From a population, of seven hundred thou,
Half a million are gone. So where are they now?

First a hundred thousand, then a hundred thousand more,
Were killed by the army, on East Timor.
From a population, of seven hundred thou,
Half a million are gone. So where are they now?

And the western world, said our interests are clear.
We won't make a fuss. Suharto have no fear.
We'll maintain our silence. Let sleeping dogs lie.
And the people of East Timor, we'll just let them die.

'Cause if no one hears, when the people call,
Like the tree in the woods, they didn't really fall.
'Cause if no one hears, when the people call,
Like the tree in the woods, they didn't really fall.

Now it's sixteen years, since the day they came,
And turned East Timor, into a bleeding flame.
And ground up the people, in their satanic mill.
When will General Suharto, start to feel the chill.

'Cause the people of East Timor, are crying now.
How much more genocide, will the world allow?
And the Indonesian army, is murdering still.
How many more people, will we let them kill?

And the people of East Timor, are crying now.
How much more genocide, will the world allow?
And the Indonesian army, is murdering still.
How many more people, will we let them kill?

(Albums, Caught in the Act of Struggle, and, The Wind Will Make You Strong)

Let There Be Joy (1991-012)

Let there be joy. Let there be joy.
Let there be joy. Let there be joy.
Let there be joy, for there is freedom in the land, in the land.
Let there be joy, for there is freedom in the land.

Let there be love. Let there be love.
Let there be love. Let there be love.
Let there be love, for there is beauty in the land, in the land.
Let there be love, for there is beauty in the land.

Let there be light. Let there be light.
Let there be light. Let there be light.
Let there be light. The dawn is breaking in the land, in the land.
Let there be light. The dawn is breaking in the land.

Let there be hope. Let there be hope.
Let there be hope. Let there be hope.
Let there be hope. The tyrant's fading from the land, from the land.
Let there be hope. The tyrant's fading from the land.
Let there be hope. The tyrant's fading from the land, from the land.
Let there be hope. The tyrant's fading from the land.

(Album, Windmills and Water Cannons)

We Still Aint Satisfied (1991-013)

They say they're for equality,
But I still aint satisfied,
'Cause they're still the same CNIB,
And I still aint satisfied.

I can't stop now,
In what I'm undertaking.
Some say that things will change.
Well I aint waiting.

And it still aint, all they lied.
It still aint, all they tried.
It still aint, all they hide.
And we still aint satisfied.

They greet the public with a smile,
But I still aint satisfied,
'Cause they still won't let me see my file,
And I still aint satisfied.

They'd like to speak for me,
While I am silent,
'Cause they're the agency,
And I'm the client.

And it still aint, all they lied.
It still aint, all they tried.
It still aint, all they hide.
And we still aint satisfied.

They've got the talking book library,
But I still aint satisfied,
'Cause Zane Grey aint my cup of tea,
And I still aint satisfied.

I'd like to integrate,
Library service,
Do away with copyright exemptions.
That makes them nervous.

And it still aint, all they lied.
It still aint, all they tried.
It still aint, all they hide.
And we still aint satisfied.

Meetings of the board are closed to all,
But I still aint satisfied,
So I'm demonstrating in the hall,
That I still aint satisfied.

If you'd like to kiss someone's ass,
To become a member,
Make a toast at the Christmas banquet,
Next December.

And it still aint, all they lied.
It still aint, all they tried.
It still aint, all they hide.
And we still aint satisfied.

CNIB in my own mind,
I still aint satisfied.
Means Corporation Needlessly Impeding the Blind,
And I still aint satisfied.

Why don't they disappear,
Into oblivion,
Let the blind man speak for himself,
Like any self-respecting amphibian.

And it still aint, all they lied.
It still aint, all they tried.
It still aint, all they hide.
And we still aint satisfied.

It still aint, all they lied.
It still aint, all they tried.
It still aint, all they hide.
I think their, brains are fried.
And we still aint satisfied.
We still aint satisfied.

(Album, Windmills and Water Cannons)

Yesterday's Town (1991-014)

Now when I was a child in my parents' green home,
I would listen to the laughter as it rang through the room.
There were old people, big people, blind people all,
Convening forever at the charity ball.

And how's little David, Mr. Greenfield's own son,
The icing on the cake of a good life's work done.
And one day I could join them in their circle of hands,
When I was older and blinder and ready to dance.

And the cycle goes around and around and around,
Building tomorrow's cities out of yesterday's town.
And the music plays on, plays on and plays on.
You get a hundred red evenings, but you never see the dawn.

From the big Christmas dinner that came once a year,
With Santa Claus goody bags and lots of good cheer,
To the White Cane Club meetings as the months they rolled by,
And the old ones they brought there almost ready to die.

Bowling on Saturday, crib Monday night,
And the CNIB picnic making June feel just right.
These are some of the things that filled my childhood mind,
When I was blind to the sighted and sighted to the blind.

And the cycle goes around and around and around,
Building tomorrow's cities out of yesterday's town.
And the music plays on, plays on and plays on.
You get a hundred red evenings, but you never see the dawn.

The parade had been marching for decades by then,
Year in and year out, vowing never to end.
The people were happy. It was all that they knew.
And they always came back. So would I. Wouldn't you?

Though the rebels came and went who were more than displeased,
They were quickly forgotten and more often teased.
For the bowling alley ball machines and the pegs on the board,
Would continue to dance to the Lion's great roar.

And the cycle goes around and around and around,
Building tomorrow's cities out of yesterday's town.
And the music plays on, plays on and plays on.
You get a hundred red evenings, but you never see the dawn.

My childhood world ended in twelve-year-old light,
On the way home from bowling one January night.
There's a new man who's coming to Saskatoon town,
And another man somewhere is being put down.

So the cribbage, the bowling, the picnics I see,
The White Cane Club meetings and the CNIB,
Are one long wall stretching to infinity,
And you've gotta kick at the bricks til the day you are free.

And the cycle goes around and around and around,
Building tomorrow's cities out of yesterday's town.
And the music plays on, plays on and plays on,
But it can't last forever. The night's not that long.

And the music plays on, plays on and plays on,
But it can't last forever. The night's not that long.
It can't last forever. The night's not that long.
It can't last forever. The night's not that long.

(Album, Windmills and Water Cannons)

Song of the Food Bank (1991-015)

I went to the food bank on Tuesday.
I offered to lend them a hand.
I'm a good man, I said, and kids have to be fed,
Like strangers within a strange land.

So they put me to work sorting oranges,
Bagging them, weighing them too,
Collecting old produce from Safeway,
And a little from Supervalu.

But the song of the food bank woman,
And the song of the food bank man,
Is I'd like to be able to earn my own way,
But justice is gone from this land.
And the song of the food bank woman,
And the song of the food bank man,
Is I'd like to be able to earn my own way,
But justice is gone from this land.

I helped out on Wednesday and Thursday,
Felt a great sense of joy deep inside.
I was doing some good for somebody,
And my eyes and my ears shone with pride.

And the shipments of food to the food bank,
Put a smile on the businessman's face.
"I did good." he could say to his family.
"I gave all of our waste food away.".

But the song of the food bank mother,
And the song of the food bank child,
Is I don't want to live from your charity bib,
But it's better than garbage meanwhile.
And the song of the food bank mother,
And the song of the food bank child,
Is I don't want to live from your charity bib,
But it's better than garbage meanwhile.

Now does anyone wonder "Why food banks?"
With a bumper-high crop in the field.
Who are the owners, the dealers, the loaners,
The capitalists turning the wheels.

When the Boy Scouts, the Cubs and the Girl Guides,
Go soliciting from door to door,
Do they ever think hard in the depth of their hearts.
Will we ever need food banks no more.

'Cause the song of the food bank government,
And the song of the food bank town,
Is we'd like the money for our corporate buddies,
So we're keeping the underclass down.
And the song of the food bank government,
And the song of the food bank town,

Is we'd like the money for our corporate buddies,
So we're keeping the underclass down.

Keeping the underclass, keeping the underclass,
Keeping the underclass down.
Keeping the underclass, keeping the underclass,
Keeping the underclass down.

Down down down down down.

(Album, Windmills and Water Cannons)

Heart of a Human Being (1991-016)

You've got shelf loads of textbooks proclaiming your lies.
"Nuclear's cheap, and nobody dies.".
You've got teachers, professors, the media too,
Doing whatever you ask them to do.

You buy them with dinners. You buy them with cash.
If need be you'd buy them with cocaine and hash.
You dress as the saviours of the environment,
And of course Three Mile Island, was just a media event.

From the grade seven classroom to the big TV screen,
You're brainwashing us all saying nuclear's green.
Behind you the nuclear complex unseen,
To the eyes of a human being,
To the eyes of a human being.

You've got business and government licking your hand,
And throwing you money as if it were sand.
Through cut back and protest, recession and war,
Your industry rumbles on just as before.

Seems nothing could injure you square in the heart,
'Cause without you we all know we'd freeze in the dark.
And if anyone questions the nuclear dream,
You joke about protons, and particle beams.

But there's one group that you'll never get on your side.
It's the ghosts of the hundreds of thousands who've died,
Every time that an isotope chanced to collide,
With the cell of a human being,
With the cell of a human being.

You were born out of secrecy long long ago,
Deep in the desert of New Mexico.
"I am become death, destroyer of worlds.".
It rings out forever. Those were Oppenheimer’s words.

Then came atoms for peace, such a wonderful plan,
Uranium pellets for the good of all man.
But when we ripped off the mask we saw nothing more,
Than another ten septillion, atoms for war.

From Chelyabinsk to Windscale to Idaho Falls,
You proved you have friends in high places, that's all.
You would heed the sharp tone of the citizens' call,
If you had half the brain of a human being,
If you had half the brain of a human being.

Now you've come to Saskatchewan. You've been here before.
You spent many long years mining uranium ore.
Now you're coming to bury plutonium waste,
Saying 'cause we mine the ore, you can kick us in the face.

But we as a people, we will not stand by,

As you promise us jobs everywhere under the sky.
We're the province of Riel, the cooperatives, Medicare too,
And we know how to deal, with murdering bastards like you.

I'm sorry if I blew your illusions apart.
My words are emotional. My tongue is sharp.
But I must speak the truth and I speak from my heart.
And my heart is the heart of a human being.
My heart is the heart of a human being.
My heart is the heart of a human being.
My heart is the heart of a human being.
My heart is the heart of a human being.

(Album, Watch the North Wind Rise)

Ballad of the Three Mile Islandeers (1992-001)

O the year was 1979.
How I wish I was a carpenter now.
It was early in the morning when we turned a dial,
At a funny little place called Three Mile Isle.
Damn them all. We were informed,
There'd be no cause for immediate alarm.
There could be no leak, and be no spill.
Now the radiation is making us ill,
And who the hell's gonna pay the bill.

The control room looked like a sybernaut zone.
How I wish I was a carpenter now.
There were signals on the left and the right console,
And every single one of them out of control.
Damn them all. We were informed,
There'd be no cause for immediate alarm.
There could be no leak, and be no spill.
Now the radiation is making us ill,
And who the hell's gonna pay the bill.

Metropolitan Edison sent their man.
How I wish I was a carpenter now.
And Babcock and Wilcox came along,
But the industry was singin' the same old song.
Damn them all. We were informed,
There'd be no cause for immediate alarm.
There could be no leak, and be no spill.
Now the radiation is making us ill,
And who the hell's gonna pay the bill.

The reactor core was hotter than Hell.
How I wish I was a carpenter now.
A twenty minute drive from Harrisburg town,
Half an hour away from a big melt down.
Damn them all. We were informed,
There'd be no cause for immediate alarm.
There could be no leak, and be no spill.
Now the radiation is making us ill,
And who the hell's gonna pay the bill.

The authorities tried to calm everyone down.
How I wish I was a carpenter now.
But even the national media team,
Couldn't help noticing the cloud of steam.
Damn them all. We were informed,
There'd be no cause for immediate alarm.
There could be no leak, and be no spill.
Now the radiation is making us ill,
And who the hell's gonna pay the bill.

Well the governor spoke to the people in charge.
How I wish I was a carpenter now.
"With the media here we better save face.
Get the women and the children out of the place."

Damn them all. We were informed,
There'd be no cause for immediate alarm.
There could be no leak, and be no spill.
Now the radiation is making us ill,
And who the hell's gonna pay the bill.

Well the days and the weeks and the months went by.
How I wish I was a carpenter now.
The mics and the cameras rolled away,
But the radioactivity was here to stay.
Damn them all. We were informed,
There'd be no cause for immediate alarm.
There could be no leak, and be no spill.
Now the radiation is making us ill,
And who the hell's gonna pay the bill.

For the year that follows the stats are clear.
How I wish I was a carpenter now.
The newborn infants and the old ones die,
While the rates of cancer and birth defects rise.
Damn them all. We were informed,
There'd be no cause for immediate alarm.
There could be no leak, and be no spill.
Now the radiation is making us ill,
And who the hell's gonna pay the bill.

Well the lies they run wild in this world.
How I wish I was a carpenter now.
But I'll never believe that little white lie,
That nobody died at TMI.
Damn them all. We were informed,
There'd be no cause for immediate alarm.
There could be no leak, and be no spill.
Now the radiation is making us ill,
And who the hell's gonna pay the bill.

So here's my advice to all of you.
How I wish I was a carpenter now.
If someone wants to build a nuclear plant,
You can tell'em where to shove it and it aint my ranch.
Damn them all. We were informed,
There'd be no cause for immediate alarm.
There could be no leak, and be no spill.
Now the radiation is making us ill,
And who the hell's gonna pay the bill.

Now I'm a broken man on a Harrisburg peer,
The last of the Three Mile Islandeers.

(Album, Windmills and Water Cannons)

AECL Meets the Force of the SSEA (1992-002)

AECL they came down,
With a letter in their hand,
Saying "Look, we've written a cheque to sponsor school basketball.
We will give everyone of you jobs,
If we can build our nuclear plant,
'Cause when everything is said and done, you're gonna thank us all.
You're gonna thank us all.".

Then a drama teacher at Murray,
Appeared in the classroom one day,
Said "I've got some free drama tickets you can take advantage of.
They were paid for by AECL,
But this isn't political hay!
So take the free tickets and run, if you're a drama buff,
If you're a drama buff.".

Little did the poor teacher know,
That there in that classroom that day,
Were some students from Students for Environmental Action and,
They gathered when the class it was o'er,
Said "This simply is not A-OK
Why don't we get together to demonstrate and to take a stand,
Demonstrate and to take a stand.".

So next day at the Bessborough Hotel,
Nine students with placards appeared,
Saying "You can buy us all tickets, but you cannot buy our minds."
"Education not propaganda",
"We are tired of AECL's fears,
And when will Saskatoon students be given the other side,
Be given the other side.".

Well the drama seemed over and done,
But the basketball tournament neared,
So on a Friday's late afternoon, forty students in all,
Demonstrated outside Walter Murray,
Where the tournament was being held,
Saying no to AECL sponsoring basketball,
Sponsoring basketball.

The media came on the draw,
Saying "Students are rising in error.
It seems they would rather have life than to have a good job on the shelf."
And as the mikes and the cameras came on,
Even Larry Christie was there,
To smile at the cameras and make a general fool of himself,
A general fool of himself.

Let the words of this song ring out clear,
As a message to AECL,
You can never o never fool all of the people all of the time.
We will protest again and again.
You've got a product that simply won't sell.
You can try whatever you like, but you cannot buy our minds,

You cannot buy our minds.

We will protest again and again.
You've got a product that simply won't sell.
You can try whatever you like, but you cannot buy our minds,
You cannot buy our minds.

(Albums, Caught in the Act of Struggle, and, The Wind Will Make You Strong)

Ballad of the Free Trade Struggle (1992-003)

Well the year was 1983,
And the wind it blew so silently,
That no one heard and no one saw,
What went down in Ottawa.
The Washington Bullies had found a man,
To make our country American,
But the only thing that he would say,
Is "Don't talk to me about free trade.".

The corporate world had placed its hopes,
In a middle-aged man from Bay Como.
They made him the leader of the PC band,
Made him Prime Minister of all the land.
His assignment was, from the very first day,
To sell us all to the USA.
With an Irish eye and a hand of steal,
To seal our fate in a free trade deal.

But the Canadian people are never dumb.
We would not let our minds go num.
We opened our eyes and smelled a rat,
And said "Free trade now what is that?"
We organized meetings and held debates,
From eighty-six through to eighty-eight.
And the more we read, and the more we learned,
The more we knew we were being burned.

And all the newspaper editors say,
"Don't talk to me about free trade.".
And every open line host would say,
"Don't talk to me about free trade.".
And the opposition politicians play,
Sleeping in the sun on a windy day.
"Political principles never pay,
So don't talk to me about free trade.".

Well time went on and the movement grew,
In the hands and voices of me and you.
Not through the overly organized,
With partisan victory in their eyes,
But ordinary people from east to west,
The people who love this country best.
Til the telephones rang and the Senate cried,
And Turner said "Let the people decide.".

An election was held from shore to shore,
Like no election we'd seen before.
Invisible hands vying for control,
Opinion poll to opinion poll.
With Canada's future on the line,
The Yankee dollars ran like the Rhine.
From left to right it was imperialist town.
"Put those Canadian nationalists down.".

Now I'm not afraid to say to you,
What the AIFLD was able to do,
How the NDP was out to lunch,
When it finally came down to the crunch,
How an American pollster meant more to Ed,
Than what the Canadian people said,
How the pseudo-socialists made their play,
Split the vote and we got free trade.

And all the Conservative candidates say,
"Don't talk to me about free trade.
The die is cast. The deal is made.
I know you're gonna thank us all some day.".
And all the NDP candidates say,
"Don't talk to me about free trade.
Political principles never pay,
And I wanna get a job, with the CIA.".

Well everyone knows how the vote went down,
From Campbell River to Charlottetown.
Fifty-five against forty-three,
That doesn't look much like democracy.
But the Canadian people are wise and strong.
We will not sing an imperialist song.
We'll stand and fight til our country's free.
We won't freeze to death like Sam McGee.
Remember Sam McGee was from Tennessee.

From the St. Lawrence Island to the St. Lawrence Sea,
From Antigonish 'cross to Burnaby,
The Canadian people with one voice,
Are rising up to choose the only choice.
Our country is going down the drain,
To an imperialism worse than acid rain.
Nothing was settled in eighty-eight,
And the word of the day is abrogate.

Our country is more than a spot on the map,
With raw resources for someone to tap.
Like Sir Isaac Broque, like Edmond Blake,
We've a higher though more arduous path to take.
A grand coalition there must be,
Of all who wish to see our country free.
Set partisanism aside we say.
Vive patria libre.

And if all the newspaper editors say,
"Don't talk to me about free trade.",
Tell them the story these words convey,
Of how our country has been betrayed.
MacDonald and Borden turn in their graves.
Frank Scott and Woodsworth do the same.
We have no choice. Unite and abrogate.
Vive patria libre.

Vive patria libre.

Nothing was settled in eighty-eight.
We have no choice. Unite and abrogate.
Vive patria libre.

Vive patria libre.
We won't be free til we've dumped free trade.
Long live our country free I say.
Vive patria libre.

Vive patria libre.
Vive patria libre.
Vive patria libre.
Vive patria libre.

(Album, Windmills and Water Cannons)

Roof of the World (1992-004)

In the land that they call, the roof of the world,
In the land that they call, the roof of the world.
There for twelve hundred years, their gentle truth has unfurled.
Now they tell of a truth that we wish, wouldn't have to be hurled.
Now they tell of a truth that we wish, wouldn't have to be hurled.

Sacred kingdom,
Hidden by the Himalayas' peaks,
Now hidden from our eyes,
By the ironclad Chinese.
A million people murdered,
A million sacred texts burned,
And a culture and a people,
Almost at the point of no return.

In the land that they call, the roof of the world,
In the land that they call, the roof of the world.

For the Dalai Llama's picture,
You can be thrown in jail.
For a peaceful demonstration,
Have your body turned pale.
While they dig the uranium,
And tear out all the trees,
Still the people walk forward,
In non-violence and peace.

In the land that they call, the roof of the world,
In the land that they call, the roof of the world.

The leaders of all nations,
Or so they are called,
They all know what's happening,
But they don't get involved.
'Cause when Beijing says jump,
We all dance the twist,
'Cause a market of one billion,
Is too big to resist.

For the land that they call, the roof of the world,
O the land that they call, the roof of the world.

And the Dalai Llama stands,
With a power greater than might,
Says only love and compassion,
Will lead us to the light.
In this transient world,
Though we protest and sing,
We know we must have forgiveness,
For the deeds of Beijing.

In the land that they call, the roof of the world,
In the land that they call, the roof of the world.
There for twelve hundred years, their gentle truth has unfurled.

Now they tell of a truth that we wish, wouldn't have to be hurled.
Now they tell of a truth that we wish, wouldn't have to be hurled.

In the land that they call, the roof of the world,
In the land that they call, the roof of the world.

(Album, Prophets and Profiteers)

Stopping and Realizing (1992-005)

Stopping and realizing, stopping and realizing,
Stopping and realizing, stopping and realizing.

Listening to the song-tree, listening to the song-tree,
Listening to the song-tree, listening to the song-tree.

Watching the water moving, watching the water moving,
Watching the water moving, watching the water moving.

Tasting the moonbeam dancers, tasting the moonbeam dancers,
Tasting the moonbeam dancers, tasting the moonbeam dancers.

Talking to wolves with owls, talking to wolves with owls,
Talking to wolves with owls, talking to wolves with owls.

Stopping and realizing, stopping and realizing,
Stopping and realizing, stopping and realizing.

(Album, Prophets and Profiteers)

Run for Freedom (1992-006)

She caught me turning into an old man,
My scalpel hair and beard turning white,
Saying I used to be a radical,
But now I've given up the fight.
She caught me trying to clutch on to her,
In this wild and insane world.
She caught me grappling at burned out straws,
Like long devalued pearls
When she made her run for freedom,
It was goodbye to that girl.

When she made her run for freedom,
From the Foot Hills of Alberta,
To the wide Pacific Ocean she would fly.
When she made her run for freedom,
None of us could hold her down and,
We all had to stand back as she flew by,
And made her run for freedom.

She caught me napping on the sideline,
In the middle of a struggle game,
Saying things I never thought I'd say,
Poring water on the flame.
Saying I used to be an anarchist,
But now I love the state,
Used to believe in revolution,
But now I think we ought to wait.
When she made her run for freedom,
She put me in my place.

When she made her run for freedom,
From the Foot Hills of Alberta,
To the wide Pacific Ocean she would fly.
When she made her run for freedom,
None of us could hold her down and,
We all had to stand back as she flew by,
And made her run for freedom.

When she made her run for freedom,
From the Foot Hills of Alberta,
To the wide Pacific Ocean she would fly.
When she made her run for freedom,
None of us could hold her down and,
We all had to stand back as she flew by,
And made her run for freedom.
And made her run for freedom,
And made her run for freedom.
And made her run for freedom,
And made her run for freedom.
And made her run! for freedom!
And made her run for freedom.

(Album, Windmills and Water Cannons)

Working for the CIA (1992-007)

I used to be a KGB agent, back in the good old days,
But now I've got myself a pretty good job, a working for the CIA.
I used to stand up for the Communist Party, and the good old USSR,
But now I spend my time making sure that the independent left,
Doesn't go too far. Doesn't go too far.

On the day that Gorbachev resigned,
I said all is said and done.
I picked up my bags, walked across the street,
And became an American.
And there at the American embassy,
I got a brand new job to do,
Spying on the people of Eastern Europe,
So America's dreams can come true.

I used to be a KGB agent, back in the good old days,
But now I've got myself a pretty good job, a working for the CIA.
I used to stand up for the Communist Party, and the good old USSR,
But now I spend my time making sure that the independent left,
Doesn't go too far. Doesn't go too far.

There's an anarchist movement in Moscow,
Radical greens throughout the Ukraine,
And independent socialists everywhere,
Whose vision is just not the same.
Not the same as the one that the Americans,
And the EC would like to promote.
They'd like to build a capitalist colony,
Give people only a symbolic vote.

I used to be a KGB agent, back in the good old days,
But now I've got myself a pretty good job, a working for the CIA.
I used to stand up for the Communist Party, and the good old USSR,
But now I spend my time making sure that the independent left,
Doesn't go too far. Doesn't go too far.

There'll always be a few anarchists,
Kicking around this town,
Left over from the days of Kropotkin no doubt.
We just have to keep them down.
There'll always be environmentalists,
And I really can't blame them you know,
But absolute imperialist free enterprise,
Is the way that it's got to go.

I used to be a KGB agent, back in the good old days,
But now I've got myself a pretty good job, a working for the CIA.
I used to stand up for the Communist Party, and the good old USSR,
But now I spend my time making sure that the independent left,
Doesn't go too far.
Yeah now I spend my time making sure that democratic change,
Doesn't go too far. Doesn't go too far.

(Album, Windmills and Water Cannons)

A Woman That I Know (1992-008)

I will tell you of a woman,
A woman that I know,
Who struggled with her mind and hands,
Through the winter snow.
She struggled in the mountains,
And she struggled on the Plains.
She struggled in the sunlight,
And she struggled in the rain.
She knows what struggle means,
With men and with machines.
She has struggled before,
And she knows she may have to struggle again.

She raised four kids in the meantime,
While waiting for the springtime,
While waiting for the dawn to break,
The spell that left its scars upon her mind.
She lived out life in between time,
While planning for the green time,
But now she knows just who she is,
Where she is and where the road must wind.

I will tell you of a woman,
A woman that I know,
Who struggled with her mind and hands,
Through the winter snow.
She struggled in the mountains,
And she struggled on the Plains.
She struggled in the sunlight,
And she struggled in the rain.
She knows what struggle means,
With men and with machines.
She has struggled before,
And she knows she may have to struggle again.

She raised four kids in the meantime,
While waiting for the springtime,
While waiting for the dawn to break,
The spell that left its scars upon her mind.
She lived out life in between time,
While planning for the green time,
And now she knows just who she is,
Where she is and where the road must wind.
And now she knows just who she is,
Where she is and where the road must wind.

(Album, Caught in the Act of Struggle)

Standing Tall (1992-009)

Trappers and mothers,
Elders and young,
Gather together,
Beneath the woodland sun.
The time for talking,
Has long since gone,
And the company's machinery,
Just plunders on and on.
We must join in the struggle,
If the forest is ever gonna see,
Gonna see tomorrow dawn.

They block the road today,
To keep the machines away,
And keep the forest standing tall.
They cannot compromise.
Love of the earth is in their eyes.
For they have heard the forest call.
They have felt the forest fall.

Forest is homeland,
For all who dwell out here,
Berry pickers, trappers,
The owl and the deer.
And to clear-cut a woodland,
Is like burning down a home,
Leaving only sandy desert,
And a lonely wind to blow.
We must join in the struggle,
If the forest is ever gonna have,
Another year to grow.

They block the road today,
To keep the machines away,
And keep the people standing tall.
They cannot compromise.
Love of the earth is in their eyes.
For they have heard the forest call.
They have felt the forest fall.

They block the road today,
To keep the machines away,
And keep the people standing tall.
They cannot compromise.
Love of the earth is in their eyes.
For they have heard the forest call.
They have felt the forest fall.
They have heard the forest call.
They have felt the forest fall.
They have felt the forest fall.

(Album, Caught in the Act of Struggle)

Manifesto (1992-010)

Let us build ourselves a new world and be free.
Let us build ourselves a new world and be free.
Let us build ourselves a new world,
And make this one a true world.
Let us build ourselves a new world and be free.

Let us live as one together and be free.
Let us live as one together and be free.
Let us live as one together.
Honour earth and life forever.
Let us live as one together and be free.

Let us bless the bioregions and be free.
Let us bless the bioregions and be free.
Let us bless the bioregions,
And keep dancing through the seasons.
Let us bless the bioregions and be free.

Let's build sun-mobiles and windmills and be free.
Let's build sun-mobiles and windmills and be free.
Let's build sun-mobiles and windmills,
And all time will be a pinwheel.
Let's build sun-mobiles and windmills and be free.

Let us plant community gardens and be free.
Let us plant community gardens and be free.
Let us plant community gardens.
Of the system beg no pardon.
Let us plant community gardens and be free.

Let us make our own apple cider and be free.
Let us make our own apple cider and be free.
Let us make our own apple cider,
And make no one an outsider.
Let us make our own apple cider and be free.

Let us all turn into nudists and be free.
Let us all turn into nudists and be free.
Let us all turn into nudists,
Christians pagans Taoists Buddhists.
Let us all turn into nudists and be free.

Make the world a tyranny-free zone and be free.
Make the world a tyranny-free zone and be free.
Make the world a tyranny-free zone.
Make it a rice and beans and tea zone.
Make the world a tyranny-free zone and be free.

Let us build ourselves a new world and be free.
Let us build ourselves a new world and be free.
Let us build ourselves a new world,
And make this one a true world.
Let us build ourselves a new world and be free.
Let us build ourselves a new world and be free.

Let us build ourselves a new world and be free.
Let us build ourselves a new world and be free.

(Albums, Caught in the Act of Struggle, and, The Wind Will Make You Strong)

Solidarity Forever (1992 Lyrics) (1992-011)

It's time to pass the buckets friends, while you throw out the dough,
To keep the forest standing for a million years or so.
Support the Meadow Lake roadblock, and tell old Romanow,
That the movement makes us strong.

Solidarity forever,
Solidarity forever,
Solidarity forever,
The movement makes us strong.

The companies come and cut the trees and send them through the sieve,
And turn them into paper like they've forgotten how to live.
But we laugh at them when they tell us that there's no alternative,
'Cause the movement makes us strong.

Solidarity forever,
Solidarity forever,
Solidarity forever,
The movement makes us strong.

In 1992 we must unite to save the earth,
Save the water, save the trees, and fight for all you're worth.
There will be a day of struggle, before the day of mirth,
But the movement makes us strong.

Solidarity forever,
Solidarity forever,
Solidarity forever,
The movement makes us strong.

There are forces all around us, just itching to divide,
So we are here to stand and say, together we unite,
Trappers farmers workers women men non-white and white,
'Cause the movement makes us strong.

Solidarity forever,
Solidarity forever,
Solidarity forever,
The movement makes us strong.

So it's time to pass the buckets friends, while you throw out the dough,
To keep the forest standing for a million years or so.
Support the Meadow Lake roadblock, and tell old Romanow,
That the movement makes us strong.

Solidarity forever,
Solidarity forever,
Solidarity forever,
The movement makes us strong.

Solidarity forever,
Solidarity forever,
Solidarity forever,
The movement makes us strong.

The movement makes us strong.

(Albums, Caught in the Act of Struggle, and, The Wind Will Make You Strong)

What's So Bad About That (1992-012)

I know a woman who spent her whole life,
Trying to rid her front lawn of those damn dandelions.
Herbicides herbicides, year after year,
But with every new spring new dandelions appeared.

Why do we fight our wars against what is only natural?
Why do we fight our wars against what is only natural?

A dandelion now, what's so bad about that?
A dandelion now, what's so bad about that?

I know an old priest who spent his whole life,
Believing sexuality must be denied.
Eating saltpetre and beans for protection,
And flogging himself to avoid an erection.

O why do we fight our wars against what is only natural?
O why do we fight our wars against what is only natural?

Sexuality now, what's so bad about that?
Sexuality now, what's so bad about that?

So many people so unhappy and bitter,
Losing themselves in the neon sign glitter,
Building highways and freeways for cars not for people,
Filling free prairie skylines with fence, dish and steeple.

O why do we fight our wars against what is only natural?
O why do we fight our wars against what is only natural?

The earth and the sky, what's so bad about that?
The earth and the sky, what's so bad about that?

The earth and the sky, what's so bad about that?
The earth and the sky, what's so bad about that?

(Albums, Sunrise Over the Barricades, and, Journey by Earthlight)

I'm So Radioactive (1992-013)

I've got that true Cogema love of radon, down in my heart.
Down in my heart, down in my heart.
I've got that true Cogema love of radon, down in my heart.
Down in my heart to stay.

I'm so radioactive, so very radioactive,
I've got the love of radon in my heart.
I'm so radioactive, so very radioactive,
I've got the love of radon in my heart.

I've got that Cameco hunger for uranium mining, down in my heart.
Down in my heart, down in my heart.
I've got that Cameco hunger for uranium mining, down in my heart.
Down in my heart to stay.

I'm so radioactive, so very radioactive,
I've got that hunger for uranium mining in my heart.
I'm so radioactive, so very radioactive,
I've got that hunger for uranium mining in my heart.

I've got that AECL lust for Candus, down in my heart.
Down in my heart, down in my heart.
I've got that AECL lust for Candus, down in my heart.
Down in my heart to stay.

I'm so radioactive, so very radioactive,
I've got the lust for Candus in my heart.
I'm so radioactive, so very radioactive,
I've got the lust for Candus in my heart.

I've got that General Electric trick of oppressing, down in my heart.
Down in my heart, down in my heart.
I've got that General Electric trick of oppressing, down in my heart.
Down in my heart to stay.

I'm so radioactive, so very radioactive,
I've got the trick of oppressing in my heart.
I'm so radioactive, so very radioactive,
I've got that trick of oppressing in my heart.

I've got that General Atomics grab for power, down in my heart.
Down in my heart, down in my heart.
I've got that General Atomics grab for power, down in my heart.
Down in my heart to stay.

I'm so radioactive, so very radioactive,
I've got that grab for power in my heart.
I'm so radioactive, so very radioactive,
I've got the grab for power in my heart.

I've got that Pentagonian dominator complex, down in my heart.
Down in my heart, down in my heart.
I've got that Pentagonian dominator complex, down in my heart.
Down in my heart to stay.

I'm so radioactive, so very radioactive,
I've got that dominator complex in my heart.
I'm so radioactive, so very radioactive,
I've got that dominator complex in my heart.

I've got an alibi for the next Chernobyl, down in my heart.
Down in my heart, down in my heart.
I've got an alibi for the next Chernobyl, down in my heart.
Down in my heart to stay.

I'm so radioactive, so very radioactive,
I've got the next Chernobyl in my heart.
I'm so radioactive, so very radioactive,
I've got the next Chernobyl in my heart.

And I could nuke you all a thousand times with what's in my heart.
What's in my heart, what's in my heart.
Yes I could nuke you all a thousand times with what's in my heart.
What's in my heart to stay.

I'm so radioactive, so very radioactive,
I make those Geiger counters click to overflow.
I'm so radioactive, so very radioactive,
I'm so healthy hot and happy I could glow.

I'm so radioactive, so very radioactive,
I make the Geiger counters click to overflow.
I'm so radioactive, so very radioactive,
I'm so healthy hot and happy I could glow.

I'm so healthy hot and happy I could,
Healthy hot and happy I could,
Healthy hot and happy I could glow.
Glow, glow.

(Album, Windmills and Water Cannons)

Father George Zabelka (1992-014)

You were just another chaplain,
At another air force base,
At what you must have thought was just,
A point in time and space.
Serving God and country,
At the zenith of a war,
Little you knew your eyes would see,
What none had seen before.

A military chaplain,
Doing what you had to do,
Where the Catholic Church had sent you,
At the height of World War Two.
Blessing the men, burying them,
And hearing them confess.
One day you'd find that as with everything,
There's a season not to bless.

Father George Zabelka,
Your name rings out through time,
And calls us all to listen,
With the fullness of our minds.
Your hands that blessed the aircrew,
Now share a sign of peace,
And tell us all we have the choice,
To be slaves or to be free.

There were whispers of a new weapon,
That day at Tinion,
An invention that might end the war,
A new more powerful bomb.
And you the chaplain of the base,
Were called upon to pray,
And give your blessing to the men,
Upon that deadly day.

Hours later from the runway,
The plane had taken off,
To drop the first atomic bomb,
Upon Hiroshima.
And they carried with them your blessing,
And the blessing of your church,
A church so fond of saving souls,
With its own sad soul to search.

Father George Zabelka,
Your name rings out through time,
And calls us all to listen,
With the fullness of our minds.
Your hands that blessed the aircrew,
Now share a sign of peace,
And tell us all we have the choice,
To be slaves or to be free.

Now if you'd been just another priest,
On the wheels of time and space,
You'd have turned away from the fire,
And forever hid your face.
You'd have passed the buck to someone else,
Said you were not the one,
Who blessed the men who dropped the piercing
Searing man-made sun.

The greatness of your spirit then,
Is witnessed by the fact,
That after many years of struggling,
You took your blessing back,
Said armies must be disbanded,
And wars no longer fought.
We must fight the fight of non-violence,
With every action, word and thought.

Father George Zabelka,
Your name rings out through time,
And calls us all to listen,
With the fullness of our minds.
Your hands that blessed the aircrew,
Now share a sign of peace,
And tell us all we have the choice,
To be slaves or to be free.

The decades turn and the challenges,
That you and others bore,
Cause your church to raise the questions,
Of injustice, peace and war.
As they grapple with the issues raised,
Together and alone,
In the quiet calm of midnight,
God calls your spirit home.

But the children of the church you served,
Who raise their voices now,
Who trespass on the missile silos,
And climb the water towers,
Remember in that moment,
When they're placed under arrest,
The man who blessed the bomb,
Then said The bomb cannot be blessed.

Father George Zabelka,
Your name rings out through time,
And calls us all to listen,
With the fullness of our minds.
Your hands that blessed the aircrew,
Now share a sign of peace,
And tell us all we have the choice,
To be slaves or to be free.

Your hands that blessed the aircrew,
Now share a sign of peace,

And tell us all we have the choice,
To be slaves or to be free.

(Album, Prophets and Profiteers)

Strong Woman (1992-015)

Trucks are coming with their yellowcake load.
Mommy's gonna have to block a road.
We don't want uranium mines,
Nuclear shadows over all mankind.

Children don't you wonder why.
Don't you weep and don't you cry.
Sleep sound. Sleep well.
Mommy's gonna have to go to jail.
Mommy's gonna have to go to jail.

She is a strong woman,
Never to be beaten.
But the company bosses don't give a frig,
About the children she has sleepin'.
She is a strong woman,
Never to be beaten.
But the company bosses don't give a frig,
About the children she has sleepin'.

Loggers coming in the name of greed.
Mommy's gonna have to spike a tree.
We don't wanna see the forest downed,
Rivers diverted and homelands drowned.

Children don't you wonder why.
Don't you weep and don't you cry.
Sleep sound. Sleep well.
Mommy's prayin' for ya from her prison cell.
Mommy's prayin' for ya from her prison cell.

She is a strong woman,
Never to be beaten.
But the company bosses don't give a frig,
About the children she has sleepin'.
She is a strong woman,
Never to be beaten.
But the company bosses don't give a frig,
About the children she has sleepin'.

The companies come and the companies go.
Momma keeps fighting as her children grow.
Her children come to know their own mother,
Know her as a woman and a warrior,
Know her as a woman and a warrior.

She's a Hopi, an Innu, the Dene, a Cree,
In the FMLN, in the ANC.
Struggling in and out of jail,
She's a gonna live to tell her tale.
She's a gonna live to tell her tale.

Woman strong, woman tall,
No one's gonna break her down at all.

Woman strong, woman tall,
No one's gonna push her around at all.
No one's gonna push her around at all.

Hay a hay a hay a hay,
Hay a hay a hay a hay,
Hay a hay a hay a hay,
Hay a hay a hay a hay.

Children don't you wonder why.
Don't you weep and don't you cry.
Sleep sound. Sleep well.
Mommy's gonna save ya from those fiends of Hell.
Mommy's gonna save ya from those fiends of Hell.

Sleep sound. Sleep well.
Mommy's prayin' for ya from her prison cell.
Mommy's prayin' for ya from her prison cell.
Mommy's prayin' for ya from her prison cell.
Mommy's prayin' for ya from her prison cell.

Hay a hay a hay a hay,
Hay a hay a hay a hay,
Hay a hay a hay a hay,
Hay a hay a hay a hay.

Hay a hay a hay a hay,
Hay a hay a hay a hay,
Hay a hay a hay a hay,
Hay a hay a hay a hay, yaaa.

(Albums, Prophets and Profiteers, and, The Wind Will Make You Strong)

The Artist (1992-016)

Joe Hill was a worker, and a singer for his time.
By day he mined the copper, then put his thoughts to rhyme.
He wrote his words to well-known tunes.)The people sang along.
And when a strike was growing heavy, he would raise them with a song.

But the men with eyes for money, who have no hearts at all,
In the songs that Joe Hill sang, saw the workers growing tall.
So they framed him for a murder, in Salt Lake City town.
How the copper bosses drank a toast, the day that Joe went down.

And you tell me the artist should stand on the side,
And spin his pen or paint brush, when he sees the rising tide.
No sideline artist, will ever have to die,
'Cause he's never really lived. That's the only reason why.
You sideline artists laugh at me and say, "Joe Hill is dead.".
But he dies knowing he had said, everything that had to be said.
Everything that had to be said. Everything that had to be said.
Everything that had to be said.

Victor Jara was a singer, who stirred a nation's soul.
And he told the people of Chile, "Wrench yourselves from all control.".
He was proud to march and celebrate, when Allende came to power.
And he was glad to lend a hand, to help the new born day to flower.

And when the military crackdown came, he was among the foremost waves,
Who were taken away by Pinochet, and buried in unmarked graves.
And before they killed Victor Jara, in the midst of all their crimes,
They took his hands that had played guitar, and broke them thirty times.

And you tell me the artist should stand on the side,
And spin his pen or paintbrush, when he sees the rising tide.
No sideline artist will ever have to die,
'Cause he's never really lived. That's the only reason why.
You sideline artists laugh at me and say, "Victor Jara's dead.".
But he died knowing he had said, everything that had to be said.
Everything that had to be said. Everything that had to be said.
Everything that had to be said.

John Trudell was an activist, with the Indians of All Tribes,
And he was there in sixty-nine, at the taking of Alcatraz Island.
He was there in South Dakota, in 1973,
When the American Indian Movement, took its stand at Wounded Knee.

And he lived on through the aftermath, when the cameras went away.
And he saw his friends imprisoned, driven underground and slain.
Then they killed his wife and family, to try to kill his song.
Now he reads his poems that another generation may grow strong.

And you tell me the artist should stand on the side,
And spin his pen or paintbrush, when he sees the rising tide.
NO sideline artist will ever have to cry,
'Cause he's never really loved. That's the only reason why.
You sideline artists laugh at me and say, "So many are dead.".
But they died knowing they had said, everything that had to be said.

And you tell me the artist should stand on the side,
And spin his pen or paintbrush, when he sees the rising tide.
No sideline artist will ever have to die,
'Cause he's never really lived. That's the only reason why.
You sideline artists laugh at me and say, "So many are dead.".
But they died knowing they had said, everything that had to be said.
Everything that had to be said. Everything that had to be said.
Everything that had to be said. Everything that had to be said.
Everything that had to be said.

(Album, Prophets and Profiteers)

Dark Day in October (1992-017)

Dark day in October, 1992.
A black wind's blowing over Bonn. There's nothing we can do.
The marches of ten years ago, they seem so far away.
The garden of our childhood's there, but no one comes to play.

A hero and a heroine, silenced by a gun.
Two voices gone who used to lead, the cries of everyone.
The police say double suicide, that being green don't pay.
But almost everyone I know,
Believes it must have been the CIA.

You can assassinate a woman. You can assassinate a man.
But you can't assassinate the fact that the future's in our hands.
You can block out all reality, til we forget the planet's dying.
But all you're really doing is, denying, denying, denying.
All you're really doing is, denying, denying, denying.

Dark day in October, and I feel all alone.
We'll never really know just what went down at their Bonn home.
Did the assassin come at midnight, or at the crack of dawn.
Did no one hear the gunfire, or weren't their ears turned on.

Petra Kelly was a fighter, and a fighter she remained.
You couldn't crush her spirit, so you shot her through the brain.
One bullet in the temple, might silence her forever,
But you cannot stop the movement.
Heaven knows we have survived all kinds of weather.

You can assassinate a woman. You can assassinate a man.
But you can't assassinate the fact that the future's in our hands.
You can block out all reality, til we forget the planet's dying.
But all you're really doing is, denying, denying, denying.
All you're really doing is, denying, denying, denying.

Denying, denying, denying, denying, denying.

You can assassinate a woman. You can assassinate a man.
But you can't assassinate the fact that the future's in our hands.
You can block out all reality, til we forget the planet's dying.
But all you're really doing is, denying, denying, denying.
All you're really doing is, denying, denying, denying.

Dark day in October, 1992.

(Albums, Prophets and Profiteers, and, The Wind Will Make You Strong)

Start to Wonder Why (1992-018)

The executioner's face is always well hidden.
He hides behind machineguns, tears and lies.
He'll tell you he's your friend.
Then he'll bring you to your end.
And no one ever gets to see his eyes.
The executioner's face is always well hidden.

Hire someone to shoot two people and kill them.
Leave the bodies and plant the gun beside one.
So when the police come,
And find two bodies and a gun,
They'll say it was a suicide pact for Petra Kelly and Gert Bastian.
The executioner's face is always well hidden.

Mix up a brew of barbiturates and alcohol.
Serve the hemlock up to Abby Hoffman.
Let the coroner’s inquest read,
It was a suicide with grief,
And the people turn away and say old Abby must have lost it.
The executioner's face is always well hidden.

Jim Garrison, the New Orleans's attorney,
Dies at seventy-one from natural causes.
But the man who first saw conspiracy,
Behind the death of J. F. Kennedy,
Would never take a first conclusion without pausing.
'Cause the executioner's face is always well hidden.

Million-dollar singer comes out from a five-year retirement,
But he knows too much about Pine Ridge and the FBI's venom.
Get a CIA man posing as a psychotic freak,
To fire a gun one December New York eve,
And watch all the corporate music stations mourn the death of John Lennon.
The executioner's face is always well hidden.

The executioner's face is always well hidden.
It hides behind machineguns, tears and lies.
He'll tell you he's your friend.
Then he'll bring you to your end.
And no one ever gets to see his eyes.
The executioner's face is always well hidden.

War-maker behaviour modification master plan,
Killing men and women of peace before our eyes.
Heaven knows that the CIA,
Never says anything anyway.
Maybe one day we'll see too many good people have died.
Maybe one day the world will see,
And no longer scoff at conspiracy.
Maybe one day we'll see too many good people have died.
Maybe one day we'll see too many good people have died.
Maybe one day we'll see too many good people have died.
And maybe then somebody will start to wonder why.
Maybe then somebody will start to wonder why.

Maybe then somebody will start to wonder why.
Maybe then somebody will start to wonder why.

Start to wonder, start to wonder,
Start to wonder, start to wonder why.
Maybe then somebody will start to wonder why.
Maybe then somebody will start to wonder why.
Maybe then somebody will start to wonder why.

(Album, Prophets and Profiteers)

The Night is Dark (1992-019)

The priests, and the brothers,
They make their nightly rounds.
The boys in the dormitory,
Do not make a sound.
Some lie awake and listen.
So silently they weep.
While those who've learned to live with it,
Have drifted off to sleep.

The priests, and the brothers,
They make their nightly rounds.
In the name of Christian charity,
No one speaks of what goes down.
For the hands that come,
To fondle, creep and prod,
Belong to the same good men whose mouths,
Invoke the name of God.

And the night is dark, and mercy is far.
And the night is dark, and mercy is far.

The priests, and the brothers,
Must be greeted in the morn.
You dare not breathe a whisper,
Or a sigh of what went on.
For the whipping, and the beating,
That kills the very soul,
Will be bludgeoned down on you,
Until your heart and mind are cold.

And the night is dark, and mercy is far.
And the night is dark, and mercy is far.

And the night is dark, and mercy is far.
And the night is dark, and mercy is far.

(Album, Prophets and Profiteers)

Comfort and Joy (1992-020)

God rest ye merry gentlemen, but read between the lines.
For Jesus Christ our saviour, says no to uranium mines.
To save ourselves from radon's power, we must change our minds.
O tidings of comfort and joy, comfort and joy.
O tidings of comfort and joy.

In World War Two in secrecy, this industry was born,
Exploded in New Mexico, upon a deadly morn.
This weapon black with megacide, that skeletons adorn.
O tidings of comfort and joy, comfort and joy.
O tidings of comfort and joy.

They brought the peaceful atom down, to give us all a start,
And make us think that nuclear, could have a peaceful heart,
But we saw through their wicked lies, their black and evil art.
O tidings of comfort and joy, comfort and joy.
O tidings of comfort and joy.

We do not need uranium, nor nuclear power plants.
The ant might need his anthill yes, but humans are not ants.
So rise up one and all and give tomorrow's world a chance.
O tidings of comfort and joy, comfort and joy.
O tidings of comfort and joy.

A world with wind and sunlight as a source of energy,
Community gardens, small-scale farms, and food for you and me.
This is the kind of world in which I'd really like to be.
O tidings of comfort and joy, comfort and joy.
O tidings of comfort and joy.

God rest ye merry gentlemen, but read between the lines,
For Jesus Christ our saviour, says no to uranium mines.
To save ourselves from radon's power, we must change our minds.
O tidings of comfort and joy, comfort and joy.
O tidings of comfort and joy.
O tidings of comfort and joy, comfort and joy.
O tidings of comfort and joy.

(Album, Prophets and Profiteers)

O Come All Ye Flaky (1992-021)

O come all ye flaky,
Bohemian would-be radicals.
Gather together.
Indulge yourselves.
Take in some fringe theatre,
Or a great folk music festival.

Put off the revolution.
Put off the revolution.
Put off the revolution,
One more time.

See your favourite troubadour,
Shining like starlight,
Sure to have a message for,
The audience.
Go to an art show,
Or the latest avant-garde movie.

Put off the revolution.
Put off the revolution.
Put off the revolution,
One more time.

The folk music industry,
The avant-garde film business,
And artists and dilatants,
From everywhere,
Are eager to help you,
Find your way to the next distraction.

To put off the revolution,
Put off the revolution,
Put off the revolution,
One more time.

'Cause when the revolution comes,
It will be too real for us,
No more movies, no more concerts,
No more festivals.
So keep capitalism going,
So we can wet our fancy.

Put off the revolution.
Put off the revolution.
Put off the revolution,
For all time.

Put off the revolution.
Put off the revolution.
Put off the revolution,
For all time.

(Album, City of Gold)

Hypocrites (1992-022)

(Lyrics by Ammon Hennacy, 1918)

I wonder if the Devil laughs
And sings a joyful song,
As to "Onward Christian Soldiers" and
"My Country Right or Wrong",
The Christians, each other, slaughter
And lynch and mob and maim,
All those who will refuse to kill
In lowly Jesus' name.

I wonder if the Devil laughs
And if his joy's increased,
When he sees the god of gold worshiped
By preacher and by priest,
Who preach contentment with your lot
Unless ye run the game,
Then wink at sin and grab the tin,
In lowly Jesus' name.

I wonder if the Devil laughs
And adds oil to his fire,
To prepare a warm reception
For that stately son and sire,
Who teach love and the golden rule
While practicing the same,
By raising rents and burning tents
In lowly Jesus' name.

I wonder if the Devil laughs
Or if he sheds a tear,
When he sees the revolution
Growing stronger year by year.
Whether by love or dynamite,
Our victory to acclaim,
Our foes will fight with all their might
In lowly Jesus' name.

Whether by love or dynamite
Our victory to acclaim,
Our foes will fight with all their might
In lowly Jesus' name.

(Album, Cracks in the Idols)

Fighting for Hope (1992 Arrangement) (1992-023)

Now each of us has been conceived,
And born into a world that believes,
The best thing you can do is despair.
Don't try to build your hopes too high.
Don't bake yourself a pie in the sky.
Your dreams will just collapse in mid air.

But despite all the external pressures,
To sit back, take it and conform,
There is something within us that treasures,
Transcending all temporal norms.

Yes there's something deep inside us all,
Something we all know.
Yes there's something deep inside us all,
That keeps us fighting for hope,
That keeps us fighting for hope.

Now city life may alienate,
But we can still communicate,
And as long as we can do that, we're all right.
We see the signs of injustice and war,
But we can make ploughshares out of swords,
And gardens out of garbage dumps if we try.

And despite all the cynical laughter,
And what they say on the six o'clock news,
We have not yet reached the day after.
We still have time to choose.

And there's something deep inside us all,
Something we all know.
Yes there's something deep inside us all,
That keeps us fighting for hope,
That keeps us fighting for hope.

With the institutions of yesterday,
Falling into disarray,
As old solutions simply do not work.
The politicians seem unconcerned,
Fill their speeches with hollow words,
And sexy smiles as they calmly go berserk.

With the left and the right in confusion,
Denying the unforeseen,
Industrial era illusion,
Gives way to a forest of green.

And that something deep inside us all,
That something we all know.
Yes that something deep inside us all,
That keeps us fighting for hope,
That keeps us fighting for hope.

Yes there's something deep inside us all,
Something we all know.
Yes there's something deep inside us all,
That keeps us fighting for hope,
That keeps us fighting for hope.
That keeps us fighting for hope.
It keeps us fighting for hope.

(Album, Prophets and Profiteers)

Naomi (1992-024)

There was a gnome without a home,
And she was called Naomi.
She went down from Calgary town,
To be Canmore's one and only.
To be Canmore's one and only.

She loved the trees, loved the hills,
And everything so natural.
She fought for ecological rights,
With a deep green vision pastoral.
A deep green vision pastoral.

By day she was respectable,
Worked at the Women's Centre.
By night she hiked with sugar and spike,
An Earth First non-repenter. repenter
An Earth First non-repentor.

She was only nineteen years old,
Five feet high in stature.
With the power of hand and mind and soul,
She fought those corporate bastards.
She fought those corporate bastards.

Throughout the valley she was known,
As one of those disturbers,
A trouble-making eco-freaking,
Uncompromising Earth Firster.
Uncompromising Earth Firster.

On highways, in shopping malls,
In forest groves all over,
Fighting for what she knew was right,
She was a radical rover.
She was a radical rover.

She was a kind and gentle soul,
To those there were who knew her.
She loved the earth and dared to be,
A thinker and a doer.
A thinker and a doer.

There was a gnome without a home,
And she was called Naomi.
She went down from Calgary town,
To be Canmore's one and only.
To be Canmore's one and only.

After about a year had gone by,
She became quite tired.
Returning to Saskatchewan,
She took time to get unwired.
Took time to get unwired.

Now many years they have gone by,
But we have not surrendered.
The mountains and the forests cry,
And the owls they remember.
The owls they remember.

Naomi travels on today,
Wherever struggles take her,
To tell the multinationals hay,
It's time to meet your maker.
Time to meet your maker.

Naomi travels on today,
Wherever struggles take her,
To tell the earth destroyers hay,
It's time to meet your maker.
Time to meet your maker.

There was a gnome without a home,
And she was called Naomi.

(Album, Big Blue Hurricane)

Part Three

When the Moon Rises

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All I Really Want to Do (1993-001)

I don't wanna be a beggar.
I don't wanna be blue.
Runnin' through the field on a bright sunny day,
That's all I really want to do.

I don't wanna be a beggar.
I don't wanna be blue.
Runnin' through the field on a bright bright sunny day,
That's all I really want to do.

I don't need no big white candles.
I don't need no fingering beads.
Walking in the rain when I'm totally nude,
That's all I really really need.

No I don't need no big white candles.
I don't need no fingering beads.
A running through the rain when I'm totally nude,
That's all I really really need.

All I really really, all I really really, All I really really, all I really really need.

I don't want no office tower job man.
I don't want no big degree.
A walkin' down the road with a poem in my mind,
That's good enough for me.

No I don't want no office tower job man.
I don't want no big degree.
A walkin' down the road with a poem in my mind,
That's good enough for me.

That's good enough for me, good enough for me, good enough for me.

So many people doing so much,
Tellin' me what I should be doing too.
But running through the field on a bright sunny day,
That's all I really want to do.

There's so many people doing so much,
Tellin' me what I should be doing too.
But running through the field on a bright sunny day,
That's all I really want to do.

That's all I really want to, all I really want to, All I really want to do.

All I really want to, all I really want to, All I really want to, all I really want to do.

(Album, Prophets and Profiteers)

The Green Dollar Holler (1993-002)

Well I rise up every morning at a quarter to ten.
I check my answering machine once again.
Somebody's called to let me know they have been,
And someone else wants to be tradin' in green.

And it's o boys, won't ya trade it. This is the hour.
Nothin' ever happens in this system of ours.
We're tradin' green dollars to reclaim our power.

A long time ago on the Vancouver Isle,
Michael Linton woke up one day with a Zen smile.
A local exchange trading system, he said,
Will give us what Kropotkin called the conquest of bread.

And it's o boys, won't ya trade it. This is the hour.
Nothin' ever happens in this system of ours.
We're tradin' green dollars to reclaim our power.

Everybody gets a green dollar account.
We all start at zero at the same amount.
Then if you've got services or goods you can sell,
You can trade'em in green til it's freezin' in Hell.

And it's o boys, won't ya trade it. This is the hour.
Nothin' ever happens in this system of ours.
We're tradin' green dollars to reclaim our power.

From the Comox Valley 1983,
The LETS system spread to infinity,
From Australia to Ottawa to Kalamazoo.
Now we've even got a system here in Saskatoon.

And it's o boys, won't ya trade it. This is the hour.
Nothin' ever happens in this system of ours.
We're tradin' green dollars to reclaim our power.

We've got a midwife, a counsellor, a judo instructor too,
A dietitian and a farmer brings the food right to you.
You can have a baby, a massage or childcare,
And I'm sure you're gonna have a green dollar to spare.

And it's o boys, won't ya trade it. This is the hour.
Nothin' ever happens in this system of ours.
We're tradin' green dollars to reclaim our power.

One day we're gonna liberate ourselves by and by.
We'll kiss that capitalist system goodbye.
Live on green dollars every day,
And there won't even be a green devil to pay.

And it's o boys, won't ya trade it. This is the hour.
Nothin' ever happens in this system of ours.
We're tradin' green dollars to reclaim our power.

And it's o boys, won't ya trade it. This is the hour.
Nothin' ever happens in this system of ours.
We're tradin' green dollars to reclaim our power.

We're tradin' green dollars to reclaim our power.

(Album, City of Gold)

The Cribbage Game (1993-003)

O the drunkard and the prostitute,
The leper and the lame,
Were sitting at a table with God,
And they were playing a cribbage game.
The drunkard said to the leper,
I'm gonna play an eight.
Then the leper made it fifteen with a seven.
Said I think I've sealed your fate.
Then the prostitute played another seven,
And got two points for the pair.
And left the score at twenty-two.
It was God's turn now to dare.
God played a nine and got two points,
For making it thirty-one,
But he wanted another six points.
Said he'd made a double run.
But the drunkard pointed out to God,
That there are no double runs.
When you're on your way to thirty-one,
You only run the big race once.

But the preachers and the priests,
Well they were knocking at the door.
Saying what the hell is God,
Playing a game of cribbage for.
We've got more important things to discuss with him.
Why won't he let us in.
We'd like to talk about redemption,
And the nature of man's sin.
We'd like to talk about the trinity,
Three in one or one in three.
Come on God, open that door.
We haven't got all eternity.

Well God sat back and yawned and said,
I've got three nines and a two.
And another two upon the deck.
I guess that will have to do.
Three nines are six. Two twos are two,
And there are no fifteen twos.
That's eight big points within my hand,
Like eight beatitudes.
Well the lame man said, well I'm okay.
I've got seven eight eight nine.
The two on the deck don't help me much,
But still I feel quite fine.
A double run and fifteen four,
I guess that's all I've got.
But I'm running fast. I'm out ahead,
And I never will be caught.

But the preachers and the priests,
Well they were knocking at the door,
Saying what the hell is God,

Playing a game of cribbage for.
We've got more important things to discuss with him.
Why won't he let us in.
We'd like to talk about redemption,
And the nature of man's sin.
We'd like to talk about the trinity,
Three in one or one in three.
Come on God, open that door.
We haven't got all eternity.

God finally heard the knocking,
From the far side of the door.
He said I better open up that door,
And see what that knocking's for.
So he got up and opened it,
And said, o it's you again.
You're gonna have to learn to play cards,
Before I let you in.
Now the preachers and the priests,
Well they stood there quite agasped. aghast
They said, but God we spent our lives,
Putting our trust in what would last.
God said, I know your churches like houses of cards,
Have fallen one by one.
'Cause you put your trust in dogmas,
And said it was sinful to have fun.
No cards, no booze, no partying,
No erotic intercourse,
Now you find yourselves lost in your thoughts,
On the outside of the door.
But the drunkards and the prostitutes,
They've had their share of pain,
So I'm always willing to join in,
If they'd like a cribbage game.
Then God he shut the door and said,
A gentle prayer for them,
The priests and preachers, so slow to laugh,
And so quick to condemn.
He sat down at the table,
And once more dealt the cards.
And the knocking started up again,
But this time twice as hard.

For the preachers and the priests,
They were still knocking at the door,
Saying what the hell is God,
Playing a game of cribbage for.
We've got more important things to discuss with him.
Why won't he let us in.
We'd like to talk about redemption,
And the nature of man's sin.
We'd like to talk about the trinity,
Three in one or one in three.
Come on God, open that door.
We haven't got all eternity.
We'd like to talk about the trinity,

Three in one or one in three.
Come on God, open that door.
We haven't got all eternity.

(Album, Apples for Capricorn)

AECL (1993-004)

AECL has come to town.
They'd like us all to buy,
The nuclear ideology,
That no one else will try.
They say you've got uranium.
You might as well have us too.
The recession makes you vulnerable.
Let's see what we can do.

They'd like to build a Candu 3,
Irradiate some food,
Refine uranium and process,
Plutonium too.
They'd lease out our uranium,
For all the world to use,
Send the nuclear waste nobody wants,
Right back to me and you.
Send the nuclear waste nobody wants,
Right back to me and you.

Pushing jobs jobs jobs,
Where are we gonna go.
We'll never know the opportunity we missed,
If we don't say no.
Jobs jobs jobs,
Where are we gonna go.
We'll never know the opportunity we missed,
If we don't say no.
Cameco's here. Cogema's here.
Uranerz is here as well.
The companies who make their bucks,
Pushing a nuclear Hell.
And all the world is listening,
To hear what we have to say.
Would we like Saskatchewan to be,
A nuclear ashtray.

It's a wonderful scheme for them to build,
The whole fuel cycle here.
We'll be known around the world as the nuclear,
Womb to tomb engineers.
Celebrated in every land,
By the makers of power plants,
And dumped on by the same big hand,
While they keep us in a trance.
And dumped on by the same big hand,
While they keep us in a trance.

Pushing jobs jobs jobs,
Where are we gonna go.
We'll never know the opportunity we missed,
If we don't say no.
Jobs jobs jobs,
Where are we gonna go.

We'll never know the opportunity we missed,
If we don't say no.

AECL, AECL,
Promising us Heaven while you serve the god of Hell.
AECL, AECL,
Promising us Heaven while you serve the god of Hell.

AECL has come to town.
They'd like us all to buy,
The nuclear ideology,
That no one else will try.
They prey upon our fears,
Upon our insecurity.
"Build a waste dump now. That'll mean a few jobs,
And that is what we need."

But looking down the road,
A hundred years or more from now,
They'll curse the day that we bowed down,
And prayed to the nuclear cow.
When the plutonium starts leeching,
Into Saskatchewan's water supply,
We'll start to see the price,
We'll have to pay for what we buy.
We'll start to see the price,
We'll have to pay for what we buy.

Pushing jobs jobs jobs,
Where are we gonna go.
We'll never know the opportunity we missed,
If we don't say no.
Jobs jobs jobs,
Where are we gonna go.
We'll never know the opportunity we missed,
If we don't say no.
AECL, AECL,
Promising us Heaven while you serve the god of Hell.
AECL, AECL,
Promising us Heaven while you serve the god of Hell.

AECL, AECL, AECL.

(Album, As Energy Cascades)

I Don't Think Nature (1993-005)

The companies come and dig the big mines,
And they say when they leave, everything will be just fine.
They'll dig forty years for uranium oar,
And leave everything safer than it was before.

They say they're going to improve on what nature has done,
But I don't think nature has much to improve upon.
They say they're going to improve on what nature has done,
But I don't think nature has much to improve upon.

Nature built waves on the ocean.
We built the Titanic.
Nature built fish in the rivers.
We built Three Mile Island.
Nature built the Grand Canyon.
The best we could do was Manhattan.
Nature built the sun and the stars and the wind and the rain.
We brought Alama Gordo, Merelinga, Chernobyl, again and again and again.

The companies come and dig the big mines,
And they say when they leave, everything will be just fine.
They'll dig forty years for uranium oar,
And leave everything greener than it was before.

They say they're going to improve on what nature has done,
But I don't think nature has much to improve upon.
They say they're going to improve on what nature has done,
But I don't think nature has much to improve upon.
I don't think nature has much to improve upon.
I don't think nature has much to improve upon.

(Album, Prophets and Profiteers)

If Christ Came Back Today (1993-006)

"If Christ came back today, you'd call him a communist."
Norman Bethune, 1938.

If Christ came back today, he'd be a social worker,
So the middle class liberals like to think.

If Christ came back today, he'd start a rock band,
And get kicked out of church for swearing, some say.

If Christ came back today, he'd go on a hunger strike,
For an end to corporate greed, I say.

If Christ came back today, he'd be the guest of honour,
At a Chamber of Commerce banquet. No way!

He'd picket the door,
Carry a placard that said "Out mammon out!". Maybe even do a sit-in.

If Christ came back today, he'd be a political prisoner,
In a prison somewhere in Latin America.

If Christ came back today, he'd be among the missing of Guatemala,
Or the murdered of East Timor.

He'd be a tree in the Amazon, you'd be prepared to chop down.
He'd be a young black man, fighting racism in Soweto.
Or a young Muslim woman, under fire in Sarajevo.

If Christ came back today, he'd be a Skid Roe herewon addict,
And he'd ask you to love him.

If Christ came back today, he'd be a gay man, HIV positive, And instead of being crucified by the Romans,
The U.S. government would let him die, of AIDS, alone.

If Christ came back today,
All the holier than thou, evangelical Bible-thumping fundamentalists,
Would have their world turned on its side and be sick to their stomachs.

If Christ came back today,
All the Bible publishing companies would go out of business,
Or else they'd band together, and force Christ underground.

Maybe they already have,
'Cause Christ has come back today.
He is there, there in the face of the outcaste,
And the voice of the questioner.
There wherever you choose to see him, and wherever you find the message,
Telling you that our industrial capitalist sand castle, Is long overdue for a major shake-up.

(Album, Mountains, Widows and Mustard Seeds)

Where's Dave Greenfield (1993-007)

Someone placed a call through, a couple of months ago.
They were wondering where Greenfield was. They said they didn't know.
They'd seen him a couple of years ago, on campus once or twice.
They were wondering just what had become, of a man so smart and nice.

They said "Where's Dave Greenfield. The question's hangin' in the air.
We looked all over, but we couldn't find him anywhere.
Where's Dave Greenfield. The question's hangin' in the air.
We looked all over, but we couldn't find him anywhere."

He wasn't in the classroom, where he used to sit and stand,
And ask appropriate questions, by putting up his hand.
He wasn't in the hallway, where he used to run so free,
Those years in high school, getting ready for university.

Where's Dave Greenfield. The question's hangin' in the air.
We looked all over, but we couldn't find him anywhere.
Where's Dave Greenfield. The question's hangin' in the air.
We looked all over, but we couldn't find him anywhere.

He wasn't in the bedroom, where he used to listen to,
Books on tape called talkingbooks, the whole evening through.
He wasn't in the basement, where he used to play his drum,
And sing funny funny protest songs, about uranium.

Where's Dave Greenfield. The question's hangin' in the air.
We looked all over, but we couldn't find him anywhere.
Where's Dave Greenfield. The question's hangin' in the air.
We looked all over, but we couldn't find him anywhere.

He wasn't in the backyard, meditating there,
Doing Tai Che on the lawn, or chanting om in prayer.
He wasn't in the library, at the Kirswell Reading Machine,
Reading hour after hour, books so sweet and green.

Where's Dave Greenfield. The question's hangin' in the air.
We looked all over, but we couldn't find him anywhere.
Where's Dave Greenfield. The question's hangin' in the air.
We looked all over, but we couldn't find him anywhere.

We thought that he was one of us, first world middle class.
He'd get himself a slot somewhere, by kissing someone's ass.
He'd graduate from college, and get a nice career,
And write a check to a worthy cause, once or twice a year.

Where's Dave Greenfield. The question's hangin' in the air.
We looked all over, but we couldn't find him anywhere.
Where's Dave Greenfield. The question's hangin' in the air.
We looked all over, but we couldn't find him anywhere.

We found him, and he's a radical, with far too much to say.
He says he'd like to overthrow, the system some fine day.
He calls himself an anarchist, folk singer of the left.
He probably thinks clear-cutting's wrong, and property is theft.

We found him! And he's a radical!, with far too much to say.
He says he'd like to overthrow, the system some fine day.
He calls himself an anarchist, folk singer of the left.
He probably thinks clear-cutting's wrong, and property is theft.

Where's Dave Greenfield. The question's hangin' in the air.
We looked all over, but we couldn't find him anywhere.
Where's Dave Greenfield. The question's hangin' in the air.
We looked all over, but we couldn't find him anywhere.

We looked all over, but we couldn't find him anywhere.
We couldn't find him anywhere.
We couldn't find him anywhere.
We couldn't find him anywhere.
We couldn't find him anywhere.
We couldn't find him anywhere.
We couldn't find him anywhere.
We couldn't find him anywhere.
We couldn't find him anywhere.
We couldn't find him anywhere.

(Album, City of Gold)

Dusty Red Car (1993-008)

Small band of activists, in a dusty red car,
Somewhere along the line on the yellowcake road.
Small band of activists, in a dusty red car,
Two hundred K to go before they're home,
Two hundred K to go before they're home.

The sun is shining, and the air is free.
The dust of change is rising everywhere.
These are the people, who work to build the dream,
Step by step until the day we're there.

Small band of activists, in a dusty red car,
Somewhere along the line on the yellowcake road.
Small band of activists, in a dusty red car,
Two hundred K to go before they're home,
Two hundred K to go before they're home.

Ramuna from Tahiti, Gunter from Berlin,
Stephanie and Phil from Saskatoon.
They all have stories, and places they have been,
Things they dream and things they'd like to do.

Small band of activists, in a dusty red car,
Somewhere along the line on the yellowcake road.
Small band of activists, in a dusty red car,
Two hundred K to go before they're home,
Two hundred K to go before they're home.

Small band of activists, in a dusty red car,
Somewhere along the line on the yellowcake road.
Small band of activists, in a dusty red car,
Two hundred K to go before they're home,
Two hundred K to go before they're home,
Two hundred K to go before they're home.

Small band of activists, in a dusty red car,
Small band of activists, in a dusty red car,
Small band of activists, in a dusty red car.

(Album, Shining Planet)

Quiet Networks (1993-009)

The world around us, is going crazy,
People running, guns in hand.
Guns for men and, guns for babies,
Like civil war, across the land.

But in our cities, and in the country,
Mind to mind and, hand to hand,
We are slowly, softly spinning,
Quiet networks, where we stand.

Quiet networks, quiet networks,
We are spinning, quiet networks.

In the mountains, of Virginia,
By the bays of, Vancouver Isle,
In the ghost towns, of the prairies,
We are spinning, all the while.

While chickens scream in, factory farms and,
Mad machines cut, down the trees,
And television, kills the brain cell,
We blow gently, like the breeze.

Quiet networks, quiet networks,
We are spinning, quiet networks.
Quiet networks, quiet networks,
We are spinning, quiet networks.

Civilization, as we know it,
Tumbles down and, people run.
People don't know, where to run to,
Chasing shadows, in the sun.

Middle classes, surely shrinking,
Earth's resources, are plundered dry.
Dreams of grandeur, and empire,
Have to fall, before the sky.

Quiet networks, quiet networks,
We are spinning, quiet networks.
Quiet networks, quiet networks,
We are spinning, quiet networks.

When the mad mob, loots and plunders,
Be they red, white, rich or poor,
And the grocer's, shelves are empty,
Few will stand free, or secure.

Living gardens, free greenhouses,
Windmills turning, let there be,
Light one candle, in the darkness,
And the new day, we shall see.

Quiet networks, quiet networks,

We are spinning, quiet networks.
Quiet networks, quiet networks,
We are spinning, quiet networks.
We are spinning, quiet networks.
We are spinning, quiet networks.
Quiet networks, quiet networks,
Quiet networks.

(Album, How to Make a Revolution Without Salt)

Children of the Maker (1993-010)

We are children now, they shouted.
We are no longer slaves.
You can no longer control us
Or keep us in your Plato's caves,
Or keep us in your Plato's caves.

With our feet we're marching forward.
We are shooting for the stars.
We're gonna ask the universe
To tell us all just who we are,
To tell us all just who we are.

We are children now.
We are children now.
We are children now.

We are children of the maker.
We are children of the earth.
We are the seekers of the Untamed God,
Discovering our own true worth,
Discovering our own true worth.

We are children now.
We are children now.
We are children now.
We are children now.

Once we were born in slavery
With no place else to go,
Subservient to man-made gods
Who trembled when we tried to grow,
Who trembled when we tried to grow.

But a light upon a hillside
And a bursting forth at dawn,
Have freed us, given us new minds,
So we all join hands and travel on.
We all join hands and travel on.

We are children now.
We are children now.
We are children now.

We are children of the maker.
We are children of the earth.
We are the seekers of the Untamed God,
Discovering our own true worth,
Discovering our own true worth.

We are children now.
We are children now.
We are children now.

We are children of the maker.

We are children of the earth.
We are the seekers of the Untamed God,
Discovering our own true worth,
Discovering our own true worth.

We are children now.
We are children now.
We are children now.
We are children now.
We are children now.

(Album, Cracks in the Idols)

Like Father Like Son (1993-011)

We'd sit at the table and we'd argue,
Red is white and white is black and blue.
Through the years I know you watched me as I grew.
Hope you didn't think that I'd turn out like you.

I headed left while you were turned due right.
For your little world I lost my appetite.
I kept on thinking one day you'd see the light.
We kept colliding as we took to flight.

Like father like son some say.
Some say it's not that way.
Like father like son some say.
Some say it's not that way.
I wanna build a better day,
But you'd like things to stay,
The way they are. I know it's true.
Hope you didn't think that I'd turn out like you.

You prided yourself on being respectable.
And there I was an eighteen year old rebel,
Going to places you had never been,
Wearing my colours in bright red and green.

Saying no to uranium and the free trade pie.
Writing songs about the FBI,
And who was murdered down on the Pine Ridge land,
While middle class America buried its head in the sand.

Like father like son some say.
Some say it's not that way.
Like father like son some say.
Some say it's not that way.
I wanna build a better day,
When you'd like things to stay,
The way they are. I know it's true.
Sorry Dad I can't turn out like you.

You got what you have in the post-war boom.
You don't wanna hear about this doom and gloom.
The ones who run things they know what they're doin'.
"Trouble is those environmentalists and the God damned unions.".

You'll keep believing what you choose to believe.
I'll live my life, be what I choose to be.
You'll still love me when everything is through.
You won't change me, but I'm not changing you.

Like father like son some say.
I say it's not that way.
Like father like son some say.
I say it's not that way.
I wanna build a better day,
But you'd like things to stay,

The way they are. I know it's true.
Sorry man I can't turn out like you.

Like father like son some say.
I say it's not that way.
Like father like son some say.
I say it's not that way.
I wanna build a better day,
But you'd like things to stay,
The way they are. I know it's true.
Hope you didn't think that I'd turn out like you.
Hope you didn't think that I'd turn out like you.

(Album, How to Make a Revolution Without Salt)

So You Think You Know (1993-012)

So you think you know, what a witch doctor is.
So you think you know, what a witch doctor is.
Never been to see one, or asked him what was his,
But you think you know, what a witch doctor is.

And you think you know, what a naturopath does.
And you think you know, what a naturopath does.
You draw yourself a caricature, from a world that never was,
Saying you think you know, what a naturopath does.

And you think you know, what a pagan believes.
And you think you know, what a pagan believes.
You do your dance of satirical imitation, while munching on some leaves,
Saying you think you know, what a pagan believes.

And you think you know, what a guerilla is like.
And you think you know, what a guerilla is like.
He's a maladjusted rich kid, just itching for a fight.
Yeah you think you know, what a guerilla is like.

And you think you know, what the world's comin' to.
And you think you know, what the world's comin' to.
The power structures are shaking, and it puts a fright in you.
'Cause you think you know, what the world's comin' to.

The power structures are shaking, and it puts a fright in you.
'Cause you think you know, what the world's comin' to.
Yeah you think you know, what the world's comin' to.
Yeah you think you know, what the world's comin' to.

(Album, Sunrise Over the Barricades)

Through the Long Dark Night Together (1993-013)

Ethnic cleansing, genocidal rape,
And concentration camps,
Force starvation, cannibalism,
The list goes on and on.
Headlines from a war that we
Can barely comprehend.
Some see in black and white; some say
There is no right or wrong.
Peace-keeping forces powerless
In the midst of everything,
While the people freeze through winter
And await the buds of spring.
And we wonder what kind of spring can come
To this torn and tortured land.
As we wade through the long dark night together.
As we wade through the long dark night together.

In a land that once was called
The European powder keg,
A tinderbox of fear and hate
Just longing to ignite,
Sariavo 1914
Would bring us World War One,
Which would try to tell us war is neither
Valiant, brave or right.
Now three generations later,
Upon our TV screens,
The message of another time
Comes back to us and screams.
As cease fires fall like truth before
The bloody scourge of war,
And we wade through the long dark night together.
And we wade through the long dark night together.

The only place where the CIA,
Some forty years ago,
Said it was best for world security
That a socialist stay in power.
Now Tito's dead these thirteen years,
His memory long gone,
And the peace he tried to carve becomes
More shattered by the hour.
And the pacifist I claim to be
Is tempted to join in,
In the call to force a peace, still knowing
No peace would begin.
For arms will not lay down the arms
Of a thousand years of pain.
So we wade through the long dark night together.
So we wade through the long dark night together.

Ethnic cleansing, genocidal rape,
And concentration camps,
Forced starvation, cannibalism,

The list goes on and on.
Headlines from a war that we
Can barely comprehend.
Some see in black and white; some say
There is no right or wrong.
Peace-keeping forces powerless
In the midst of everything,
While the people freeze through winter
And await the buds of spring.
And we wonder what kind of spring can come
To this torn and tortured land.
As we wade through the long dark night together.
As we wade through the long dark night together.
As we wade through the long dark night together.

(Album, How to Make a Revolution Without Salt)

Holy Drifter Blues (1993-014)

We all gotta be drifters,
Driftin' through the world,
Questioning authority
And settin' things in a whirl.
We all gotta be drifters,
Driftin' through the world,
Challenging the way things are.
Please let the truth unfurl.
We gotta be drifters.
O, o, we gotta be drifters.

Moses was a drifter
Who drifted out one day.
He heard a voice in a burning bush.
Here's what the voice did say.
"Take your shoes off. You're on holy ground.
I have heard my people cry.
And Moses you gotta lead'em,
Lead'em til the day you die."
So Moses went a driftin'.
Half a million came along.
They left the Pharaoh's fleshpots
For a promise in a song.
They drifted through the desert.
Ate manna from the sand,
For forty long and treacherous years,
Til they reached the promised land.
They were drifters.
O, o, they were drifters.

We all gotta be drifters,
Driftin' through the world,
Questioning authority
And settin' things in a whirl.
We all gotta be drifters,
Driftin' through the world,
Challenging the way things are.
Please let the truth unfurl.
We gotta be drifters.
O, o, we gotta be drifters.

Now Jesus was a drifter
Who roamed from town to town,
To help the people see the holy
Shit that was goin' down.
He said the Pharisees might have power,
But there's a power in you I say,
That no high priest and no emperor
Can ever take away.
He said follow me and be a drifter.
Cast out demons as you go.
The Kingdom of God is within you,
So just move it with the flow.
And they drifted all through Galilee,

And up to Zion town.
And though they crucified him,
His word kept goin' 'round.
Be a drifter.
O, o, be a drifter.

Now Amos was a drifter.
Jeremiah was a drifter too.
Ezekiel, Isaiah,
Micah, Malachi, it's true.
Nathan, Daniel, Jonah, Job,
Abraham, Isaac, Dave.
They were drifters and as they drifted,
I tell you people, they made waves.

They were drifters who made choices
About the lives they had to choose.
That's why I'm singin' to you my friend,
My holy drifter blues.
They were drifters who made choices
About the lives they had to choose.
That's why I'm singin' to you my friend,
My holy drifter blues.
My holy drifter blues.
My holy drifter blues.

Amos was a drifter.
Jeremiah was a drifter too.
Ezekiel, Isaiah,
Micah, Malachi, it's true.
Nathan, Daniel, Jonah, Job,
Abraham, Isaac, Dave.
They were drifters and as they drifted,
I tell you people, they made waves.

They were drifters who made choices
About the lives they had to choose.
That's why I'm singin' to you my friend,
My holy drifter blues.
They were drifters who made choices
About the lives they had to choose.
That's why I'm singin' to you my friend,
My holy drifter blues.
My holy drifter blues.
My holy drifter blues.

You gotta leave your house and family.
Gotta travel on down the road.
No time to bury your father.
No time to gather gold.
Gotta be a drifter.

Gotta leave your house and family.
And travel on down the road.
No time to bury your father.
No time to gather gold.

They were drifters.
And you gotta be a drifter.
O, a holy drifter man.

We all gotta be drifters,
Driftin' through the world.
Questioning authority
And settin' things in a whirl.
We all gotta be drifters,
Driftin' through the world.
Challenging the way things are.
Please let the truth unfurl.
Gotta be a drifter.
O, o, come on and be a drifter.
O, o, gotta be a drifter.

Gotta leave your house and family,
And travel on down the road.
No time to bury your father,
No time to gather gold.
Gotta be a drifter.
Oo, gotta be a drifter.
O, o, gotta be a drifter.

(Album, Cracks in the Idols)

Block of Wood (1993-015)

You say you have the expertise,
That you know how to build.
You would build a great society.
Who cares how many get killed.
You would build a multi-national
To control the world if you could.
Fill the world with its corporate logo.
Bow down to a block of wood.

Bow down to a block of wood my friend.
Bow down to a block of wood.
Bow down bow down to a block of wood.
Bow down to a block of wood.

Your great grandfather was a slave trade man.
Your brothers panned for gold.
You like the people mindless so,
Your pockets can stay full.
You would build a neon utopia
With television and fast-food,
Where the people compete and fight for the right
To bow down to a block of wood.

Bow down to a block of wood my friend.
Bow down to a block of wood.
Bow down bow down to a block of wood.
Bow down to a block of wood.

You would sign international free trade deals,
So money is free to move.
From water diversion to restructuring,
Get the world in the corporate groove.
You would mine and hall uranium oar,
And tell us it's for our good.
You would clear-cut the land and take away the trees.
Bow down to a block of wood.

Bow down to a block of wood my friend.
Bow down to a block of wood.
Bow down bow down to a block of wood.
Bow down to a block of wood.

Deep inside I have a dream in which
The people build community,
And live their lives in love and hope,
And shun idolatry.
All things are shared in common,
By him who died on rood.
There's no more corporate power mongering,
And no more block of wood.

No more block of wood my friend,
No more block of wood.
May there be no more corporate power mongering,

And no more block of wood.

All things are shared in common
By him who died on rood.
There's no more corporate power mongering,
And no more block of wood.
No more block of wood.

(Albums, Cracks in the Idols, and, Journey by Earthlight)

When the Moon Rises (1993-016)

When the moon rises,
And the stars are shining,
When the moon rises,
And the stars are shining,
When the summer rain is falling free,
And the autumn wind is pining,
I know there's something bigger.
I know there's something bigger.

Bigger than all the feeble ones,
Who call themselves our rulers.
Bigger than all their pyramids,
Their pentagons and triangles.

When the moon rises,
And the stars are shining,
When the summer rain is falling free,
And the autumn wind is pining,
When the deadly prairie blizzards blow,
And the snow comes winding,
I know there's something bigger.
I know there's something bigger.

Bigger than all the feeble ones,
Who call themselves our rulers.
And bigger than all their pyramids,
Their pentagons and triangles.

Bigger than all the feeble ones,
Who call themselves our rulers.
And bigger than all their pyramids,
Their pentagons and triangles.

Bigger than all the murderers,
Of Chico Mendes,
And bigger than all the framers,
Of Leonard Peltier,
And bigger than all the builders of bombs,
And bigger than all the diggers of mines,
And bigger than all the clear-cutters of the forest,
And the slayers of the salmon run.

Bigger than all the torturers,
Of Victor Jara,
And bigger than all the assassins,
Of Oscar Romero,
And bigger than all the wavers of guns,
And bigger than all the tellers of lies,
And bigger than all the clear-cutters of the forest,
And the slayers of the salmon run.
Slayers of the salmon run.

I know there's something bigger.
I know there's something bigger.

A voice, a word, a spirit o,
The truth that stirs the universe,
Sense it with your inner soul,
Living deep inside us all.
Some would call it God I know.
I know there's something bigger.

I know there's something bigger.
A voice, a word, a spirit o,
The truth that stirs the universe,
Some would call it God I know.
Living deep inside us all,
Sense it with your inner soul.
Living deep inside us all,
Sense it with your inner soul.
Sense it with your inner soul.

When the moon rises,
And the stars are shining.

(Album, Sunrise Over the Barricades)

Revolution in the Rain (1993-017)

Standing at a bus stop,
The rain is all around,
On my way to a meeting
To bring the system down.
The people that I struggle with,
The things I struggle for,
Were in my mind at eighteen.
They'll be with me forever more.

The dream is pounding in my brain,
Of a world not so insane.
Hear the wind it comes again,
Sounding liberation's name.
Pardon me if I exclaim,
Revolution in the rain,
Revolution in the rain,
Revolution in the rain,
Revolution in the rain.

I joined the movement long ago,
When I could barely crawl,
And I'll be in the movement
Til the sky begins to fall.
My first love was in the movement,
Though she drifted far away.
My second and my third were too,
So what more do I have to say?

The dream is pounding in my brain,
Of a world not so insane,
Hear the wind it comes again,
Sounding liberation's name.
Pardon me if I exclaim,
If I shout out our refrain,
Revolution in the rain,
Revolution in the rain,
Revolution in the rain,
Revolution in the rain.

Revolution in the, revolution in the, revolution in the rain.
Revolution in the, revolution in the, revolution in the rain.
Revolution in the rain.

Sometimes I join activist groups.
Sometimes I walk alone.
Sometimes I sing my songs with
Revolutionary overtones.
Sometimes I make you happy.
Sometimes I make you mad.
But I'm gonna keep on doin' what I'm doin',
'Cause this is all the time we have.

The dream is pounding in my brain,
Of a world not so insane.

Hear the wind it comes again,
Sounding liberation's name.
Pardon me if I exclaim,
Revolution in the rain.

On the Left Bank of the Sen,
On the Steppes of the Ukraine.
For the anarchists of Spain,
For the martyred ones of AIM.

Refuse to play the power game.
Reclaim our freedom from our chains.
Light the torch and pass the flame.
We have a planet to reclaim,
And a future to sustain.
Revolution in the rain.
Pardon me if I exclaim,
Revolution in the rain,
Revolution in the rain.

On the Left Bank of the Sen,
On the Steppes of the Ukraine,
For the anarchists of Spain,
For the martyred ones of AIM.

Refuse to play the power game.
Reclaim our freedom from our chains.
Light the torch and pass the flame.
We have a planet to reclaim,
And a future to sustain.
Revolution in the rain,
Pardon me if I exclaim,
If I shout out our refrain.
We are the ones who won't be tamed.
Revolution in the rain.
We are the ones who won't be tamed.
We are the revolution in the rain.
Revolution in the rain.
Revolution in the rain.
Revolution in the rain.
Revolution in the rain.
Revolution in the rain.
Revolution in the rain.

(Album, How to Make a Revolution Without Salt)

The Ballad of ICUC (1993-018)

Now some say the Church is a social institution,
For weddings, funerals and so on.
It's even a place where you can pray once in awhile,
Til the curator comes and hurries you along.
"Now get! Get! Get!"

And some say the Church is where you go for redemption,
With altar calls that bring you to your knees.
And you confess you've been an evil demon worshipper all these years!!!
And if the choir strikes up the right tune, you find some peace.

But some say the Church should be involved in revolution,
In taking away power from the few.
Become a changer of society and stewards of the earth,
And they won't appreciate you if you do.

O they called us the Anti-Church Uranium Committee.
They just couldn't get it through their heads.
That "Thou shalt not kill" means No To Uranium,
And man must live on more than bread.

They couldn't stomach Inter-Church Uranium Committee.
They just couldn't see it in their minds.
That the words of Christ could be more than an opiate,
Calling us to call a spade a spade sometimes.
Calling us to call a spade a spade sometimes.
Calling us to call a spade a spade sometimes.

Now some say the Church lost it's world transforming power,
When Constantine was emperor of Rome.
But when the Church moves forward and takes stands on social issues,
They say, "We liked you as you were! We felt at home.".

So with a "How Great Thou Art" and a "Lord Is My Shepherd",
They say the Church should do what it is best at doing.
Stick a hymnal in its mouth, and bite down hard. "Aaaah!"
When the nuclear industry comes wooing.

For they called us the Anti-Church Uranium Committee.
They just couldn't get it through their heads.
That "Thou shalt not kill" means No To Uranium,
And man must live on more than bread.

They couldn't stomach Inter-Church Uranium Committee.
They just couldn't see it in their minds.
That the words of Christ could be more than an opiate,
Calling us to call a spade a spade sometimes.

Love us or hate us, we're the Inter-Church Uranium Committee,
Sending shivers up the nuclear industry's spine.
With the moral authority of four thousand years of praying,
We pledge ourselves to shut down the uranium mines.
We pledge ourselves to shut down the uranium mines.

O they called us the Anti-Church Uranium Committee.
They just couldn't get it through their heads.
That "Thou shalt not kill" means No To Uranium,
And man must live on more than bread.

They couldn't take it, Inter-Church Uranium Committee.
They just couldn't see it in their minds.
That the words of Christ are more than an opiate,
Calling us to call a spade a spade sometimes.

Love us or hate us, we're the Inter-Church Uranium Committee,
Sending shivers up the nuclear industry's spine.
On the moral authority of four thousand years of praying,
We pledge ourselves to shut down the uranium mines.
We pledge ourselves to shut down the uranium mines.
We pledge ourselves to shut down the uranium mines.

(Album, Cracks in the Idols)

Eighties Generation (1993-019)

I come from the country of the eighties generation,
Brought up beside the atom bomb and world annihilation.
Fed on Greenham Common and Amazon deforestation,
While the nouveau riche drop-drove their lives into obliteration.
Obliteration.

Now I was born three weeks before,
The march on the Pentagon.
October 1967,
Found the Yanks in Vietnam.
Brought up through the OPEC years,
Talk of oil and air pollution.
I caught the final dying whispers,
Of attempted revolution.

The 1980's hit when I,
Was only twelve years old,
An idealist who could change the world,
With a Minos touch of gold.
I marched against the cruise missile,
At fifteen in eighty-three,
And that day when I got home I knew,
There'd be no turning back for me.

I come from the country of the eighties generation,
Brought up beside the atom bomb and world annihilation.
Fed on Greenham Common and Amazon deforestation,
While the nouveau riche drop-drove their lives into obliteration.
Obliteration.

The eighties would begin,
With hostages held in Iran,
While a hundred thousand Soviet troops,
Attacked Afghanistan.
The decade found its ending,
In the fall of the Berlin Wall,
An invasion of Panama,
And a massacre in Montreal.

But as the eighties Big Chill movie rolled,
And Rubin debated Hoffman,
They would try to tell us again and again,
"Put idealism in the coffin.".
But the ghosts they tried to bury,
Kept coming back time after time,
To haunt us and to rattle chains,
And say "You've mountains still to climb.".

I come from the country of the eighties generation,
Brought up beside the atom bomb and world annihilation.
Fed on Greenham Common and Amazon deforestation,
While the nouveau riche drop-drove their lives into obliteration.
Obliteration, obliteration.

Now we find ourselves as the nineties turn,
Still trying to catch our bearings,
While the ones who run the dragnets,
Flatter us and throw red herrings.
But where have all the children gone,
And the innocence we've known.
They've been shattered by a reality,
That knows no cobblestone.

The super power war machines,
Are gone but might be returning,
While in pockets of pain all around the world,
The hatred still is burning.
Left and right and up and down,
No longer mark the quadrants.
We stand naked in a burning field,
Before the mindless faceless squadron.
We stand naked in a burning field,
Before the mindless faceless squadron.

I come from the country of the eighties generation,
Brought up beside the atom bomb and world annihilation.
Fed on Greenham Common and Amazon deforestation,
While the nouveau riche drop-drove their lives into obliteration.
Obliteration, obliteration.

I come from the country of the eighties generation,
Brought up beside the atom bomb and world annihilation.
Fed on Greenham Common and amazons deforestation,
While the nouveau riche drop-drove their lives into obliteration.
Obliteration, obliteration.

I come from the country of the eighties generation.

(Album, Sunrise Over the Barricades)

The Ballad of Ammon Hennacy 1993-020)

Ammon Hennacy was born
On July the twenty-forth,
In the year of 1893,
In a redwood cabin
In the northern mid west,
In the land they call the country of the free,
In the land they call the country of the free.

He grew up quick
And he grew up wise,
And when World War One came along,
He said, "I will not fight
In a capitalist war.
I will not sing the bosses' killing song.
I will not sing the bosses' killing song."

He resisted conscription
And they threw him in jail.
The objectors they were not a few.
And they locked him up alone
In the solitary hole,
For leading a revolt against the food,
For leading a revolt against the food.

Way down in the hole
There wasn't much to do.
There was only a Bible to read.
'Cause little did the corporate
Establishment know,
Where reading the good book can really lead,
Just where reading the good book can really lead.

He read the Bible through
A half a dozen times.
He read the sermon on the mount.
Became a Christian, a pacifist
And an anarchist.
He didn't need no big baptismal fount.
He didn't need no big baptismal fount.

When they let him out of jail
There were many things to do.
He read Jefferson, Tolstoy and Thoreau.
He said, "The One Man Revolution
Of non-violence and love,
Is the only way there is for me to go.
It's the only way there is for me to go."

Now the 1920's
They rolled on by.
Ammon and his wife, two children had.
To pacifism and anarchism
He stayed true,
While the rest of the world was going mad,

While the rest of the world was going mad.

He met communists, socialists,
Jehovah's Witnesses too,
As walking and hitch-hiking he would go.
You could fill a whole volume
Listing all the names,
Of the people Ammon met along the road,
Of the people Ammon met along the road.

Now his wife got involved
In the I AM Cult,
Where they said radical politics made bad vibes.
Though he loved his wife and kids
And sent money home to them,
From then on, they were living separate lives,
From then on, they were living separate lives.

There were times of trial.
There were times of joy.
Many times Ammon found himself alone.
When you're a radical Christ-loving
Wanderer,
You find that everywhere yet nowhere is your home.
You find that everywhere yet nowhere is your home.

Now from New York City
In the year of thirty-three,
The Catholic Worker Movement came with much to say.
Said, "If you wanna feed the hungry,
You cannot fight in wars.
Gotta throw the capitalist system all away.
You've got to throw the capitalist system all away."

Now Ammon caught wind
Of these Catholic anarchists,
A phenomenon he'd never seen before.
He distributed their paper
At the church doors of the land,
While all around the world went off to war,
While all around the world went off to war.

Though he could have been a teacher
At a university,
The migrant worker's life is what he chose to live.
And when Purl Harbor was bombed
And the Pacific War was on,
He stopped paying taxes to the federal sib.
He stopped paying taxes to the federal sib.

The ending of the war
Brought the bomb and what's more,
The deradicalization of the land.
As militancy died
In the Joe McCarthy tide,
Ammon Hennacy kept walking through the sand.

Ammon Hennacy kept walking through the sand.

America was flying
On an acquisition high.
"Buy a frig. Kick the Commies in the ass."
Ammon said, "You have no right
To that smug snarling smile.
Gotta fast and pray and picket and trespass.
You've got to fast and pray and picket and trespass."

And that's what Ammon did
For the next twenty years,
In New York City, Utah and New Mexico.
He'd walk up and down the street
With a placard on his back,
And tell everybody where they otta go,
And tell everybody where they otta go.

Sometimes he was arrested,
And sometimes he was teased,
Heckled, jeered, insulted and so on.
But Ammon stayed true
To what he had to do,
In his belief that a better day would dawn,
In his belief that a better day would dawn.

Against the chair, against the bomb,
Against the war in Vietnam,
Ammon Hennacy was non-violent and clear.
If Christ was his light,
Anarchism was his bite.
When the lion's roared, who cannot help but hear.
When the lion's roared, who cannot help but hear.

Ammon joined the Catholic Church
In the early 1950's,
An interesting chapter in his search,
But he left the church again,
Saying if he'd truly grown,
It was despite not because of the church.
It was despite not because of the church.

Now he was climbing up a hill
To protest an execution,
In January 1970,
When his heart gave out
To a cardiac arrest,
And they rushed old Ammon to emergency,
And they rushed old Ammon to emergency.

He gave up the ghost
After six short days,
And the church's last rites he received.
They had a funeral for Ammon
At our Lady of Lourd's Church,
Bernadette one saint in which he could believe,

Bernadette one saint in which he could believe.

He'd fought for a world
Of freedom, peace and love,
Against general, tyrant and goon,
And on the graves of the Hay Market
Anarchist martyrs,
Ammon Hennacy his ashes they were strewn.
Ammon Hennacy his ashes they were strewn.

Now wherever you are,
Whoever you may be,
In the sunlight on the morning dew,
When you fight for freedom,
When you fight for peace,
Ammon Hennacy is marching there with you.
Ammon Hennacy is marching there with you.

Yes wherever you are,
Whoever you may be,
In the sunlight on the morning dew,
When you fight for freedom,
When you fight for peace,
Ammon Hennacy is marching there with you.
Ammon Hennacy is marching there with you.

Ammon Hennacy is marching there with you.
Ammon Hennacy is marching there with you.

(Album, Cracks in the Idols)

Where Do the Children Play (Uranium Lyrics) (1993-021)

You know I think it's fine,
Building jumbo planes,
Taking a ride,
On a cosmic train.
Switch on summer,
From a slot machine,
You can get what you want to if you want,
'Cause you can get anything.

Awe, awe,
I know we've come a long way.
We're changing day to day.
But tell me,
Where do the children play.

You roll on roads,
Over wild grass,
With your yellowcake loads,
Pumping petrol gas.
And you make'em long,
And you make'em tough.
And they just go on and on and on and on,
Until you can't get off.

Awe, awe,
I know we've come a long way.
We're changing day to day.
But tell me,
Where do the children play.

You crack the sky,
Scrapers fill the air.
Will you keep on pushing higher,
Til there's no more room up there.
And will you make us laugh,
And will you make us cry.
Will you tell us when to live,
And will you tell us when to die.

Awe, awe,
I know we've come a long way.
We're changing day to day.
But tell me,
Where do the children play.
Where do the children play.

You assault the earth,
For uranium ore.
You say, this one's an atom for peace,
And this one's an atom for war.
But your paper trails,
Leave a deadly track,
From the forests of northern Saskatchewan,
To the deserts of Iraq.

I know we've come a long way.
We're changing day to day.
But tell me,
Where do the children play.

Where do the children play.
Where do the children play.
Where do the children play.

Where do the children play.
Where do the children play.
Where do the children play.

(Album, Kingdoms and Dreamlands)

Goat Named Tripod (1993-022)

And I'll tell you more about that goat named Tripod.
And I'll tell you more about that goat named Tripod.

It was out at a place, called the Peace Ranch,
Nestled in the rolling hills,
Of rural Ontario.

There was a goat named Tripod.
He was called Tripod,
Because he only had three hooves.
He had frozen the other hoof, one cold night.
So they had to cut his leg off,
Just below the knee.

But Tripod still managed to survive,
Hobbling along, on his three remaining hooves,
Surrounded by a beautiful community,
Who took care of him.

The Peace Ranch was and is a place,
Where people with long term mental illnesses,
Can come and receive, alternative therapy.
The therapy of living and working on a farm,
Helping to raise animals,
And produce products for local markets,
In the peace and quiet,
Of the Ontario countryside.

And I'll tell you more about that goat named Tripod.
And I'll tell you more about that goat named Tripod.

I first heard the story,
About the Peace Ranch,
And the goat named Tripod,
Back in the early 1990's.

By now I imagine,
Tripod has gone to his rest.
But the Peace Ranch is still there,
And they continue to help people,
Get their lives together,
And find some peace,
In this crazy messed-up world.

So I wrote this song as a tribute,
To the goat named Tripod,
And the Peace Ranch,
And all who help people,
Find some peace.
May peace be with you all.

And I'll tell you more about that goat named Tripod.
And I'll tell you more about that goat named Tripod.

Tripod is a lot like all of us.
Tripod is a lot like all of us.

And I'll tell you more about that goat named Tripod.
And I'll tell you more about that goat named Tripod.
And I'll tell you more about that goat named Tripod.
And I'll tell you more about that goat named Tripod.

(Album, As Energy Cascades)

Beginnings (1993-023)

The universe begins, explodes, big bang.
Atoms collide, til time and stars are formed,
With nebulas where planetoids are swarmed,
Til solar system whirlpools rise and hang.
One planet hallowed by a cosmic twang,
Breeds life which over eons is transformed,
Til life grows mind and all her nooks are stormed,
To find from whence this shining cosmos sprang.

Intelligence, it seems, sets forth to name,
To lord and learn the underlying plan,
Til earth and sea and sky, singed by its flame,
Cry out to castrate thoughtless godless man.
Stars fall, strike towers, burn, behead and main,
Til every microscope returns to sand.

(Album, Misty Tuesday)

There Came a Weeping (1993-024)

There came a weeping on a midnight wind,
A cry so far away, and yet so near.
A soft lament that you could barely hear,
And yet from which you could not even begin,
To run or flee or hide. It held your skin,
And flesh and bones and muscles fast with fear,
And sorrow for a grief so stark and sheer,
All midnight's freshness could not wear it thin.

There came a weeping on the winter cold,
A chill wind down the rows of snow-capped roofs.
An anguish in the human mind and soul,
A specter who reveals uncalled for truths.
It was the weeping of our hearts, behold,
A sorrow for the world we could not soothe.
It was the weeping of our hearts, behold,
A sorrow for the world we could not soothe.

(Album, Misty Tuesday)

The Prophet (1993-025)

The prophet stands refusing to give o'er,
Waving his arms at one vast world gone mad.
Hear yee, he cries, hear yee, hear yee, be glad,
For money doesn't matter any more.
The trees, they count, the rocks, the ocean's roar,
The sand dunes and the seagulls silver-clad.
But awe those paper quads that drive men mad,
Pray loose them to the breeze upon the shore.

For in a time long gone, the bards relate,
We lived with neither dollar, yen or frank,
Nor fear of soldier, merchant, priest or state,
Nor slavery to church or school or bank.
For in that world where money pulled no weight,
We knew we'd but sun, wind and rain to thank.

(Album, Dreamy Wednesday)

Grandma Likes to Rock and Roll (1994-001)

Some grandmothers don't talk any more.
They say there's nothin' left to talk about.
They tell you that their life is behind them now.
Their body and mind are worn out.
Some grandmothers just sit by themselves,
In their livingroom rockingchair,
Watching television all day long,
Sinking into dark despair.

But my grandmother is the kind of grandmother
You can't keep under control.
She says she simply doesn't know her age.
My grandma likes to rock and roll.
Grandma likes to rock and roll, my God.
Grandma likes to rock and roll.
She says it's good for her eighty-nine year old body
And it otta be good for her soul.

At Christmastime some people get their grandmothers
Harlequins to put under the door.
Or they buy their grandmothers packages of soap
Til they don't have to wash any more.
But it aint no problem with my grandmother
When it comes around to Christmastime.
Get her a previously unreleased Jimmy Hendricks,
And she'll thank you for blowin' her mind.

My grandmother is the kind of grandmother
You can't keep under control.
She says she simply doesn't know her age.
My grandma likes to rock and roll.
Grandma likes to rock and roll, my God.
Grandma likes to rock and roll.
She says it's good for her eighty-nine year old body,
And it otta be good for her soul.

When grandma's got her Led Zeppelin on
She tells the grandchildren not to talk.
She turns the decibel level way up high
So she can kick up her heels and rock.
To "A Whole Lot of Love" or "Stairway to Heaven"
She'll tear her kitchen apart,
But her favorite song is Janice Joplin's
"Take Another Piece of my Heart".

My grandmother is the kind of grandmother
You can't keep under control.
She says she simply doesn't know her age.
My grandma likes to rock and roll.
Grandma likes to rock and roll, my God.
Grandma likes to rock and roll.
She says it's good for her eighty-nine year old body
And it otta be good for her soul.

Well my grandmother she died last week.
It was a sad occasion don't you know.
She spent three weeks in a hospital bed
With only one transistor radio.
But on the very last day, she opened her eyes,
And said, "just one more thing before I die.
Give me Jim Morison just one more time,
So I can break on through to the other side."

My grandmother was the kind of grandmother
You couldn't keep under control.
She said she simply didn't know her age.
My grandma liked to rock and roll.
Grandma liked to rock and roll, my God.
Grandma liked to rock and roll.
She said it was good for her eighty-nine year old body
And it had to be good for her soul.

My grandmother is the kind of grandmother
You can't keep under control.
She says she simply doesn't know her age.
My grandma likes to rock and roll.
Grandma likes to rock and roll, my God.
Grandma likes to rock and roll.
She says it's good for her eighty-nine year old body
And it otta be good for her soul.
She says it's good for her eighty-nine year old body
And it otta be good for her soul.
She says it's good for her eighty-nine year old body
And it otta be good for her soul.

(Album, Dance on the Earth)

Jesus was a Carpenter (1994-002)

Jesus was a carpenter.
Jesus was a carpenter.
Jesus was a carpenter.
Jesus was a carpenter.

Some say ya gotta be a high high priest.
Some say ya gotta be a businessman.
Buy a big house in the suburbs hay,
And make all the money that you can.

But Jesus was a carpenter,
Jesus was a carpenter.
Jesus was a carpenter.
Jesus was a carpenter.

Some say the capitalist system is,
The ideal Christian system no.
The poor stay poor and the rich get rich,
While the Spirit helps your money grow.

But Jesus was a carpenter,
An honest ordinary carpenter.
Jesus was a carpenter.
The people he befriended they were poor.

With fancy words and a fancy church,
You say you're born again and you'll never die.
You wear your new clothes to the Sunday service,
But you don't wanna hear about the needle's eye.

But Jesus was a carpenter,
Jesus was a carpenter.
Jesus was a carpenter.
Jesus was a carpenter.

You want the resurrection in a can.
Gloss over Christ's humanity.
Forget that he cried, "My God my God,
Why have you abandoned me?".

Jesus was a carpenter,
A revolutionary carpenter.
Jesus was a carpenter.
Jesus was a carpenter.

A human being without the perks,
Jesus was a carpenter.
He felt real pain and he felt real hurt.
Jesus was a carpenter.

Jesus was a carpenter.
Jesus was a carpenter.

(Album, Cracks in the Idols)

Make the Rich Poor (1994-003)

Make the rich poor. Make the poor holy.
Make the rich poor. Make the poor holy.
Make the rich poor. Make the poor holy.
Make the rich poor. Make the poor holy.

How can a rich man know anything
Til he's walked in a poor man's shoes.
And how can we start living the life
Til we've felt the freedom that comes with the truth.

Make the rich poor. Make the poor holy.
Make the rich poor. Make the poor holy.
Make the rich poor. Make the poor holy.
Make the rich poor. Make the poor holy.

If everybody could live on the earth
And take only what they need.
Away with the powers and principalities.
Away with the spirit of lust, pride and greed.

Make the rich poor. Make the poor holy.
Make the rich poor. Make the poor holy.
Make the rich poor. Make the poor holy.
Make the rich poor. Make the poor holy.

The revolution begins in your heart
And it goes to the world as a whole.
So walk humbly with God. Be keepers of the earth,
And let Christ be the candle that shines in your soul.

Make the rich poor. Make the poor holy.
Make the rich poor. Make the poor holy.
Make the rich poor. Make the poor holy.
Make the rich poor. Make the poor holy.

Away with your churches of capitalism.
Away with your money god idols.
It's time to stop being so selective
When you start pounding your Bibles.

Make the rich poor. Make the poor holy.
Make the rich poor. Make the poor holy.
Make the rich poor. Make the poor holy.
Make the rich poor. Make the poor holy.

Some say it's a dying philosophy.
Some say it's a "Name that word." game.
But Peter Moran the personalist
Said the reason that Jesus of Nazareth came,
Was to,

Make the rich poor. Make the poor holy.
Make the rich poor. Make the poor holy.
Make the rich poor. Make the poor holy.

Make the rich poor. Make the poor holy.

Make the rich poor. Make the poor holy.
Make the rich poor, and make the poor holy.
Make the rich poor, and make the poor holy.
Make the rich poor, and make the poor holy.
Make the rich poor. Make the poor holy.

(Album, Cracks in the Idols)

Three Revolutionists (1994-004)

There were three revolutionists
That Pilot's men put down,
Nailed to Roman crosses
On a hill on the edge of town.
Two of them were Zealots
Who fought with sword and spear.
The third man was a pacifist
Who believed that love could conquer any fear.

Now the Zealot on the one side,
Bitter and angry to the end,
Ridiculed the pacifist
And said, "You are no friend".
For to him the pacifist stood for
All that he'd come to despise,
Like holy rollin' preachers
Who turn their heads and close their eyes.

He said, "Your theology is velvet.
You're afraid to walk in mud.
You're afraid of shouting, screaming, swearing,
Sweat or toil or blood.".
But the Zealot on the other side
Rebuked his carrying on.
He said, "We got what we deserve you know,
But this man's done no wrong.".

And that Zealot in an instant
Saw the things for which he'd fought
Were not the transformation
His heart had truly sought.
The liberation of Judea
With the force of a saber's blade
Could not bring the kingdom in
But would just make men more afraid.

While the words and simple deeds
Of this gentle Nazarene
Had the power to shake the cages
Of the entire Roman legion.
So he turned to the gentle pacifist
And he said the strangest thing.
He said, "For me, my life is over.
Remember me when you come as king."

The pacifist said, "Today
You shall be with me in Paradise."
And the Zealot felt a long-sought peace
Deep down inside.
He died an hour later
With the words still in his ears,
At peace with himself, At peace with God and man,
And free from fear.

There were three revolutionists
That Pilot's men put down.
Nailed to Roman crosses
On a hill on the edge of town.
Two of them were Zealots
Who fought with sword and spear.
And the third man was a pacifist
Who believed that love could conquer any fear.

O two of them were Zealots
Who fought with sword and spear.
The third man was a pacifist
Who believed that love could conquer any fear.

(Album, Cracks in the Idols)

Without a Trace (1994-005)

When the poor reclaim their dignity,
And hale a brighter freer day,
And our hearts proclaim true liberty,
His coming isn't far away.
When the king comes out from his castle high,
And throws his castle keys away,
And says to the people, you can take what was mine,
His coming isn't far away.
His coming isn't far away.

Not in the clouds, but in our hearts,
The master shall return.
And with a fire of justice, peace and love,
This world, this world shall burn.
And the lofty ones shall be made low.
The humble shall be raised.
And the false empires of money and greed,
Shall vanish without a trace.
Shall vanish without a trace.

The lofty ones shall be made low.
The humble shall be raised.
And the false empires of money and greed,
Shall vanish without a trace.
Shall vanish without a trace.

(Album, Cracks in the Idols)

Che Guevara (1994-006)

I'm Che Guevara,
Back from the Bolivian jungle hue.
The CIA thought they'd killed me,
But it wasn't really true.

So here I am, with a gun in my hand,
Running down the avenue,
Frightening middle class mom and dad
Out of their stark suburban blue,
Out of their stark suburban blue,
Out of their stark suburban blue.

Children come quick and close the door.
Shut the curtains and say no more.
Che Guevara is on the prowl.
He might turn you into a radical,
Turn you into a radical,
Turn you into a radical.

O Mommy Daddy, what's a radical?
I don't know for sure; I don't know.
But it's somethin' you don't want to be my child.
So close your eyes and pray,
That Che Guevara goes away,
In a little while, in a little while,
In a little while.

Children raised on Reader's Digest,
Dr. Zeus and "My Three Sons",
Must be sheltered from the real world,
When the children of our slaves take up guns,
The children of our slaves take up guns,
The children of our slaves take up guns.

So feed them Coke and chips and ice-cream.
Tell them everything's okay.
And they won't go blockin' no logging roads,
Or dream about being just like Che,
Grow up wantin' to be just like Che,
Dream about being just like Che.

I'm Che Guevara,
Back from the Bolivian jungle hue.
The CIA thought they'd killed me,
But it wasn't really true.

So here I am, with a drum in my hand,
Running down the avenue,
Frightening middle class mom and dad,
Out of their stark suburban blue,
Out of their stark suburban blue,
Out of their stark suburban blue.

Children come quick and close the door.

Shut the curtains and say no more.
Che Guevara is on the prowl.
He might turn you into a radical,
Turn you into a radical,
Turn you into a radical.

O Mommy Daddy, what's a radical?
I don't know for sure; I don't know.
But it's somethin' you don't want to be my child,
So close your eyes and pray,
That Che Guevara goes away,
In a little while, in a little while,
In a little while.

Children raised on Reader's Digest,
Dr. Zeus and "My Three Sons",
Must be sheltered from the real world,
When the children of our slaves take up guns,
The children of our slaves take up guns,
The children of our slaves take up guns.

Feed them Coke and chips and ice-cream.
Tell them everything's okay.
And they won't go blockin' no logging roads,
Or grow up wantin' to be just like Che,
Dream about being just like Che,
Grow up wantin' to be just like Che.

One thing we don't wanna hear them say,
Is, Daddy I wanna be just like Che.
One thing we don't wanna hear them say,
Is, I wanna overthrow the capitalist system some fine day.
Some fine day, just like Che, just like Che.

I'm Che Guevara,
Back from the Bolivian jungle hue.
The CIA thought they'd killed me,
But it wasn't really true.

(Albums, How to Make a Revolution Without Salt, and, Journey by Earthlight)

New Year's Day in San Christobel (1994-007)

'Twas on the morn of New Year's Day
In 1994.
A cry from somewhere far away,
Our chains shall be no more.
Five hundred years of being put down,
Of poverty and scorn,
We shall sweep aside and proclaim the right
To hale a brighter morn.

On a continent of boardrooms
Where the CEO's shake hands,
And wipe their hands with glee
From the blood on the NAFTA plan,
From the Arctic Circle to the Mayan land,
One great zone of free trade.
Little did they know how suddenly
There'd be rain on their parade.

It was New Year's Day in San Christobel.
'Twas a day like no other New Year's Day.
It was New Year's Day in San Christobel.
'Twas a day like no other New Year's Day.
And as the guns they fired and the helicopters came,
I heard someone say,
Let a new world be born, and the old world die,
As sure as the old year has passed away.

The Zapatiste National
Liberation Army had come,
Out of the hills into the streets
With courage and mask and gun.
With a message for the world,
They seized San Christobel.
And a bishop said, it's a wonder,
This hadn't happened years ago.

There's a joy one feels when a people rise up,
And call a spade a spade,
Whether with guns and camouflage,
Or peace drums and blockades.
But the joy soon weds to sorrow,
For the force that puts it down,
As the helicopters shoot to kill,
By the hundred in each town.

It was New Year's Day in San Christobel.
'Twas a day like no other New Year's Day.
It was New Year's Day in San Christobel.
'Twas a day like no other New Year's Day.
And as the guns they fired and the helicopters roared,
I heard someone say,
Let a new world be born, and the old world die,
As sure as the old year has passed away.

Now in state and corporate corridors,
They breathe a heart-felt sigh.
After weeks of unpredictability,
The rebellion appears to die.
A negotiated settlement,
Shake hands and wish them well.
But Zapata's ghost lives on with the ghosts
Of Crazy Horse, Milton Acorn, and Riel.

For there is no justice to be had
In a continental free trade zone,
Where the corporate agenda hunts you down,
Takes your land and burns down your home.
But from the Makilla Doras of Mexico
To the inlets of James Bay,
No one can walk or think or dream
Quite the same after New Year's Day.

It was New Year's Day in San Christobel.
'Twas a day like no other New Year's Day.
It was New Year's Day in San Christobel.
'Twas a day like no other New Year's Day.
And as the guns they fired and the helicopters roared,
I heard someone say,
Let a new world be born, and the old world die,
As sure as the old year has passed away.
As sure as the old year has passed away.
As sure as the old year has passed away.

(Albums, How to Make a Revolution Without Salt, and, Journey by Earthlight)

The Fast Food Restaurant Unionizers' Rant (1994-008)

Welcome to McDonald Land,
With a burger, fries and a Coke in hand.
We work'em furious, fast and hard,
But we're never gonna let'em get a union card.
Never gonna let'em get a union card.

While over on the other side of everything,
In the country they call Burger King,
We're not a republic; it's plane to see.
No talking back, we're a monarchy.
Burger King is a monarchy.

While over at the A&W,
At Taco Time and at Wendy's too,
The story's much the same; it's clear.
No unions on the menu here.
No unions on the menu here.

The workers come with a youthful glow.
They like their jobs. If they don't, they go.
For barely more than a minimum wage,
They render a smile day after day.
Render a smile day after day.

Nobody talks about sick leave pay,
Or getting paid for a holiday.
And we're serving up those fries so fast,
Can't stop the show if you've been harassed.
Can't stop the show if you've been harassed.

Now a young woman, seventeen years old,
Wants to start a union at a McDonalds.
McMannagement pulls out all the McStops,
Like another generation sent in the cops,
Like another generation sent in the cops.

Tell'em we're one big family.
Wouldn't wanna dissent from the company.
When the vote comes down, it's quite obscene:
Against seventy-seven, in favor nineteen.
Against seventy-seven, in favor nineteen.

But in our schools and on TV,
The people don't learn about history,
The history of those who have gone before,
Though we have now what they struggled for,
Though we have now what they struggled for.

How do you think we got a minimum wage?
How do you think we got Medicare?
It wasn't 'cause a corporation said, hay!
We like the idea of a land that's fair,
Like the idea of a land that's fair.

They were fought for with blood and sweat,
Through years of struggle, lest we forget,
When in solidarity one and all,
We refused to hop to the bosses' call,
Refused to hop to the bosses' call,
Refused to hop to the bosses' call,
Refused to hop to the bosses' call.

So Welcome to McDonald Land,
With a burger, fries and a Coke in hand.
We work'em furious, fast and hard,
But we're never gonna let'em get a union card,
Never gonna let'em get a union card.

From the golden arches to the W,
We're serving up that fat fast food.
We'll be busting unions west and east,
Til we die of cancer or scurvy or yeast,
Die of cancer or scurvy or yeast,
Die of cancer or scurvy or yeast,
Die of cancer or scurvy or yeast.

They'll be busting unions west and east,
Til we die of cancer or scurvy or yeast.

(Albums, How to Make a Revolution Without Salt, and, Journey by Earthlight)

I Know a Man (1994-009)

I know a man
Who calls himself a Christian.
He gives out money to the charities
Every chance he has.
But where does he get the money
In his stocks and bonds. He's a rich man.
He makes his money from the companies
Who are pushing nuclear trash.
He makes his money from the companies
Who are pushing nuclear trash.

But I recall somebody said somewhere,
Treat others as you'd have them treat you.
Blessed are the gentle; they shall inherit the earth.
So what is it that we have got to do?
O what is it that we have got to do?

I know a man
Who says he's born again.
He's a soldier in the American
Army, yes he is.
He went over to the Gulf War
To rape and murder and plunder.
He says he's a servant of God
But he's a son of the U.S.
He says he's a servant of God
But he's a son of the U.S.

But I recall somebody said somewhere,
Treat others as you'd have them treat you.
Blessed are the peace-makers; they're the sons of God.
So what is it that we have got to do?
O what is it that we have got to do?

I know a man
Who says he talks to Jesus.
When he's not in church, he's the owner
Of a logging company.
The indigenous people run
As he chops down all the treeses.
He says he wants to make the land barren
For the people like you and me.
He says he wants to make the land barren
For the people like you and me.

But I recall somebody said somewhere,
Treat others as you'd have them treat you.
Blessed are those who hunger, and thirst for justice.
So what is it that we have got to do?
O what is it that we have got to do?

O I recall somebody said somewhere,
Treat others as you'd have them treat you.
Blessed are the gentle; they shall inherit the earth.

So what is it that we have got to do?
O what is it that we have got to do?
O what is it that we have got to do?

(Album, Cracks in the Idols)

The Knight and the Damsel (1994-010)

I said, I wanna be your knight in shining armour,
And take you away from this place,
Take you away from the users and abusers,
And kiss a smile on your pretty face.

I said, I wanna be your knight in shining armour,
Riding in on a horse with shield and sword,
To carry you off to my castle,
Where we can live happily ever more.

And she said,
I am not a damsel. These are not the middle ages,
And Arthur is not our king.
I'm an independent woman. I don't want no knight in armour,
No Lancelot or anything.
If you want someone to rescue, try the broken self within you.
No one ever said that it wouldn't be tough.
You've gotta look for the holy grail, deep inside your heart.
You'll be happy soon enough, soon enough.

And I said,
But all my life I've been learning
To ride a horse and to carry a sword,
To walk around in a suit of metal armour.
Yes that's all that I've been living for.

Take away the armour and the swords and sheaves,
The jousting and the tournaments,
And all you'd have left is a slobbering fool,
With an IQ worth about twenty-five cents.

And she said, Well, speak for yourself but,
I am not a damsel. These are not the middle ages,
And Arthur is not our king.
I'm an independent woman. I don't want no knight in armour,
No Lancelot or anything.
If you want someone to rescue, try the broken self within you.
No one ever said that it wouldn't be tough.
You've gotta look for the holy grail, deep inside your heart.
You'll be happy soon enough.
You've gotta look for the holy grail, deep inside your heart.
You'll be happy soon enough, soon enough.

And I said,
But if I can't be your knight in armour,
So gallant in my chivalry,
But have to live in a world without damsels to save.
What more is there for me to be.

And she said,
Be who you are. You're a human being,
A seed with a lifetime to grow.
I can't answer all the questions for you.
You're the only one who can really know.

'Cause all I know is,
I am not a damsel. These are not the middle ages,
And Arthur is not our king.
I'm an independent woman. I don't want no knight in armour,
No Lancelot or anything.
If you want someone to rescue, try the broken self within you.
No one ever said that it wouldn't be tough.
You've gotta look for the holy grail, deep inside your heart.
You'll be happy soon enough.
You've gotta look for the holy grail, deep inside your heart,
You'll be happy soon enough, soon enough.

If you want someone to rescue, try the broken self within you.
No one ever said that it wouldn't be tough.
You've gotta look for the holy grail, deep inside your heart,
You'll be happy soon enough.
You've gotta look for the holy grail, deep inside your heart,
You'll be happy soon enough, soon enough.

(Album, Buffalo Common)

Genocide Genocide (1994-011)

It was way down in Paraguay
In the 1970's.
A people called the Ogei
Who lived among the trees.
For how many tens of thousands of years,
Before your time began.
Now the corporate developers
Wanted to sweep'em off the land.
Now the corporate developers
Wanted to sweep'em off the land.

So they called up Mr. Missionary
Bible-thumpin' man.
They said, we've got some nice little Indians;
You can convert them if you can.
You can get them all down on their knees,
Where we want them anyway.
Tell them God is an American
And he works for the CIA.
Tell them God is an American
And he works for the CIA.

With trinkets, beads and Bibles,
You came into their land,
Where Gospel, gun and company
Were walking hand in hand.
You knew nothing of the people
Who fell to your crusade.
It was genocide in Jesus' name.
Let's call a spade a spade.
It was genocide in Jesus' name.
Let's call a spade a spade.

You hunted them down one by one,
Making sure everyone was saved.
You herded them on to reservations
And sent them to their graves.
You baptized them then shot them,
And told yourself you'd saved their souls.
Then you left the land that once was theirs
To the multinationals.
You baptized them then shot them,
And told yourself you'd saved their souls.
And you left the land that once was theirs
To the multinationals.

Genocide, genocide,
In the name of the crucified.
Genocide, genocide,
In the name of the crucified.
Genocide, genocide,
In the name of the crucified.
Genocide, genocide,
In the name of the crucified.

And all across North America,
In churches everywhere,
The pew-dwellers gave money
To the missions way down there.
Blood money to convert the soul,
kill the person, kill the land.
Did anyone wonder where the money went
After it left their hands?
Did anyone wonder where the money went
After it left their hands?

You descendents of the Sadducees,
So good at saving face,
You'd like to think it was a one time song,
An isolated case.
But genocide seems to follow
Wherever you missionaries go.
You give'em Jesus on a bloody stick
And take away everything they've known.
You give'em Jesus on a bloody stick
And take away everything they've known.

And it's genocide, genocide,
In the name of the crucified.
Genocide, genocide,
In the name of the crucified.
Genocide, genocide,
In the name of the crucified.
Genocide, genocide,
In the name, in the name, of the crucified.

When the day of reckoning comes,
And the final trumpet sounds,
What's down today will soon be up.
What's up now will be down.
And your little American empire
That quacks of liberty,
Will be sent to where there'll be much gnashing
And grinding of teeth.
It'll be sent to where there'll be much gnashing
And grinding of teeth.

So hay Mr. Missionary,
Take some advice from me.
You have no right to force the world
To be what you'd have them be.
Take a good look in that mirror man,
And wonder who you are.
The only country for converting
Is the one inside your heart.
The only country for converting
Is the one inside your heart.

'Cause it's genocide, genocide,
In the name of the crucified.

Genocide, genocide,
In the name of the crucified.
Genocide, genocide,
In the name of the crucified.
Genocide, genocide,
In the name of the crucified.
Genocide, genocide,
In the name of the crucified.
Genocide, genocide,
In the name, in the name, in the name, of the crucified.

(Album, How to Make a Revolution Without Salt)

Heire Richard (1994-012)

Come on down Heire Richard.
You're workin' a four day week I hear.
Come on down and we'll chew the fat,
The poet and the janiteer.
We'll get together for a salad and a sandwich,
And we'll chase away the fear.
And we'll overthrow the capitalist system,
Over a bottle or two of beer.
And then we'll overthrow the capitalist system over a beer.

The world is rough and it's gettin' rougher.
The corporate mongers can't get enough of,
Our lives, our hearts and minds and souls.
The people get put down and some get angry,
While the makers of words manipulate the language,
Til it's only too easy to see there's no place to go.
We used to be free but now a nation-state,
Is falling to the globalizers every day,
And it seems like we all have a date with universal doom.
But we're not gonna turn our heads away or hide.
Gonna stand up tall. Gonna live our lives.
Gonna get together, try to sing our own damn tune.
We're gonna get together, gonna sing our own damn tune.

And it's come on down Heire Richard.
You're workin' a four day week I hear.
Come on down and we'll chew the fat,
The poet and the janiteer.
We'll get together for a salad and a sandwich,
And we'll chase away the fear.
And then we'll overthrow the capitalist system,
Over a bottle or two of beer.
And then we'll overthrow the capitalist system over a beer.

When you're growing up in a Brave New World,
You think that everything is wonderful, one big whirl,
Til when you're ten or twelve, you wake up in the middle of the night.
And you hear that tiny whispering voice,
Coming from your pillow, giving you no choice,
Saying a gram is better than a damn and black is white.
They will make you a beta or a gamma plus,
Imprison you amid the corporate lust,
Manipulate your mind every moment that you're alive.
But somewhere behind all the neon signs,
All the pain and stupidity in our minds,
I believe we are free and holy beings deep inside.
I believe we are free and holy beings deep inside.

So won't you come on down Heire Richard.
You're workin' a four day week I hear.
Come on down and we'll chew the fat,
The poet and the janiteer.
We'll get together for a salad and a sandwich,
And we'll chase away the fear,

Then we'll overthrow the capitalist system,
Over a bottle or two of beer.
And then we'll overthrow the capitalist system,
Over a bottle or two of beer.
Yes we'll overthrow the capitalist system over a beer.

Won't you come on down Heire Richard.
You're workin' a four day week I hear.
Come on down and we'll chew the fat,
The poet and the janiteer.
We'll get together for a salad and a sandwich,
And we'll chase away the fear.
And then we'll overthrow the capitalist system,
Over a bottle or two of beer.
And then we'll overthrow the capitalist system,
Over a bottle or two of beer.

We'll overthrow the capitalist system,
The bloody capitalist system,
We'll overthrow the capitalist system,
The bloody capitalist system,
We'll overthrow the capitalist system over a beer.
Overthrow the capitalist system over a beer.
Overthrow the capitalist system over a beer.

(Albums, Sunrise Over the Barricades, and, Journey by Earthlight)

One Day You're Riding Shotgun (1994-013)

When I was a good little boy,
They told me the world they were making for me.
A world where everyone had what they needed,
We'd all walk in justice, be equal and free.

Then I grew older and I looked around.
I found everything was not as it appeared.
I went out too far and they called me a red,
But now I'm coming back to put down stakes here.

And it's o, o, o, ho,
That's how our lives go 'round.
And it's o, o, o, ho,
That's how our lives go 'round.
One day you're riding shotgun,
For the dictator,
And the next day they have clubbed you,
And put you in the ground.

People dream dreams and they build them up high,
Dreams of a nation that we'd like to have.
No sooner have we got our land and our dreams,
Then the companies come with our futures to grab.

They tear down the trees and they empty the lakes,
Talk of philosophy so damn profound.
Come into our land with a free trade agreement,
Say we'll send in the army if you make a sound.

And it's o, o, o, ho,
That's how the money goes 'round.
And it's o, o, o, ho,
That's how the money goes 'round.
One day you're riding shotgun,
For the dictator,
And the next day they have clubbed you,
And put you in the ground.

America still wants to rule all the world,
Untroubled by Crazy Horse, Gandhi or Mao.
Put the world in a column in the Wall Street Journal,
With all of the torture-drugs time will allow.

With free trade agreements and armies at the ready,
For any who would dare to break from the mold,
Leaving the task of the true revolution,
To the rebels who cannot come in from the cold.

And it's o, o, o, ho,
That's how the power goes 'round.
And it's o, o, o, ho,
That's how the power goes 'round.
One day you're riding shotgun,
For the dictator,

And the next day they have clubbed you,
And put you in the ground.

And it's o, o, o, ho,
That's how the power goes 'round.
And it's o, o, o, ho,
That's how the power goes 'round.
One day you're riding shotgun,
For the dictator,
And the next day they have clubbed you,
And put you in the ground.

And it's o, o, o, ho.

(Album, Sunrise Over the Barricades)

I Was Talking to Bill (1994-014)

I was talking to Bill, and he was lighting a fire.
He'd gone out to chop some wood, now he was lighting a fire.
And he said the rain might be comin' soon.
He said the rain might be comin' soon.

He'd gone so many years, just searchin' and tryin'.
Gone from main stream to night watch, and from freezin' to fryin'.
Now the day might be comin' soon.
O the day might be comin' soon.

I was talking to Bill, and he was lighting a fire.
He'd gone out to chop some wood, now he was lighting a fire.
And he said the spring might be comin' soon.
He said the spring might be comin' soon.

He'd been alive for forty-four years, and I'd known him for nine years.
Some long years and short years, and some really good time years.
Now the day might be comin' soon.
Now the day might be comin' soon.

I was talking to Bill, and he was lighting a fire.
He'd gone out to chop some wood, now he was reading Rudolf Steiner.
And he said the rain might be comin' soon.
He said the rain might be comin' soon.
And he said the rain might be comin' soon.
He said the rain might be comin' soon.

(Album, How to Make a Revolution Without Salt)

Solar Car (1994-015)

One of these days, I am gonna break free.
No one's gonna know what became of me.
Gonna grab all my things, wherever they are.
Gonna cruise this country in a solar car.

Solar car, solar car,
Gonna cruise this country in a solar car.
Solar car, solar car,
Gonna cruise this country in a solar car.

Never gonna have to fill up on gas,
Never gonna carry no gas company pass.
You can drive anywhere, keep a cruisin' about.
Just be in the right place when the sun comes out.

Solar car, solar car,
Gonna cruise this country in a solar car.
Solar car, solar car,
Gonna cruise this country in a solar car.

You don't have to panic if it rains all day.
If your battery is good, you can go a long long way.
You can stop anywhere for a night or two,
Til the sun comes back and gives power to you.

Solar car, solar car,
Gonna cruise this country in a solar car.
Solar car, solar car,
Gonna cruise this country in a solar car.

Now the multi-national oil companies,
Wanna tell us what to do from sea to shining sea,
Keep us paying at the gas pump everywhere we go,
But Les Soli is a friend who's good to know.

Solar car, solar car,
Gonna cruise this country in a solar car.
Solar car, solar car,
Gonna cruise this country in a solar car.

One of these days I am gonna break free.
No one gonna know what became of me.
Gonna grab all my things, wherever they are.
Gonna cruise this country in a solar car.

Solar car, solar car,
Gonna cruise this country in a solar car.
Solar car, solar car,
Gonna cruise this country in a solar car.

Sometimes a cigar is just a cigar,
But a solar car is a solar car.
With the sun in the sky we are gonna go far.
Gonna cruise this country in a solar car.

Solar car, solar car,
Gonna cruise this country in a solar car.
Solar car, solar car,
Gonna cruise this country in a solar car.
Cruise this country in a solar car.
Cruise this country in a solar car.

Solar car, solar car,
Gonna cruise this country in a solar car.
Solar car, solar car,
Gonna cruise this country in a solar car.
Solar car, solar car,
Gonna cruise this country in a solar car.
Solar car, solar car,
Gonna cruise this country in a solar car.

(Albums, Sunrise Over the Barricades, Journey by Earthlight, and Nukestopper)

Category All of my Own (1994-016)

Sometimes I feel like a street man.
Sometimes I feel like an astronaut.
And sometimes I feel, like I'm caught in between,
Running down the street,
With a spiral galaxy on my windshield.

But the reality is, I aint no corporate lawyer.
But I've a house of my own, on a street of my choosing.
And I sing my songs, and I do my thing,
In a category all of my own.
Ni na ni na ni na ni.

Sometimes life seems, like a medieval pageant.
I play the trickster.
Someone else plays the salamander.
There's a priest who calls out, for a morality play,
But the jesters and the jugglers, kind of get in his way.

The reality is, I aint no corporate lawyer,
But I've a house of my own, on a street of my choosing.
And I sing my songs, and I do my thing,
In a category all of my own.
Ni na ni na ni na ni. Ni na ni na ni na ni.

A railway man once told me, that the stars they are a falling,
Falling one by one, heading straight into the campfires.
And the children in their circles, they run and chase the sparklers,
That fall down from the universe, when a little piece of freedom,
Comes down, and lands beside you.

And the reality is, I aint no corporate lawyer,
But I've a house of my own, on a street of my choosing.
And I sing my songs, and I do my thing,
In a category all of my own.

The reality is, I aint no corporate lawyer,
But I've a house of my own, on a street of my choosing.
And I sing my songs, and I do my thing,
In a category all of my own.
Ni na ni na ni na ni. Ni na ni na ni na ni. Ni na ni na ni na ni.

And the children in their circles, they run and chase the sparklers,
That fall down from the universe, when a little piece of freedom,
Comes down, and lands beside you.

(Album, Sunrise Over the Barricades)

Right Wing Town (1994-017)

It's a right wing town with a right wing paper.
Man even the food has a fascist flavour.
Hear it on the corporate radio station.
All you're supposed to think about is summer vacation.
I try to tell people that the system aint workin'.
They look at me funny and they tell me I'm hurtin'.
But the world is hurtin' all around us brother.
Don't you think that it's time
That we look for another way to go.

'Cause the truth is that capitalism's gotta die.
Yeah the truth is that capitalism's gotta die.
Some big businessman who made it rich,
On the backs of the people well son of a bitch,
He's gonna cry.
'Cause the truth is that capitalism's gotta die.

Here in Saskatoon they say nothing could be finer,
Than to live your life as a uranium miner.
Die of lung cancer at the big 5O.
Never worry about being poor when you're old.
Now they wanta bury plutonium waste.
They're throwin' out money all over the place.
Tie us all up to the nuclear tether.
Don't you think that it's time
That we look for a better way to be.

'Cause the truth is the nuclear industry's gotta die.
Yeah the truth is the nuclear industry's gotta die.
Some big businessman who made it rich,
Pushing uranium well son of a bitch,
He's gonna cry.
'Cause the truth is the nuclear industry's gotta die.

Tell Dr. Foust he can choose to serve,
The good of the people and the good of the earth.
Or he can bow down on his nuclear knees,
And he can decide to serve mefoustopholis.
He can decide to serve mefoustopholis.
Mefoustopholis, Mefoustopholis,
He can decide to serve Mefoustopholis.

It's a right wing town with a right wing paper.
Man even the food has a fascist flavour.
Hear it on the corporate radio station.
All you're supposed to think about is summer vacation.
I try to tell people that the system aint workin'.
They look at me funny and they tell me I'm hurtin'.
But the world is hurtin' all around us brother.
Don't you think that it's time
That we look for another way to go.

'Cause the truth is that capitalism's gotta die.
The truth is that capitalism's gotta die.

Some big businessman who made it rich,
On the backs of the people well son of a bitch,
He's gonna cry.
'Cause the truth is that capitalism's gotta die.
Yeah the truth is the nuclear industry's gotta die.
The truth is that capitalism's gotta die.

(Album, Dissenting Academy)

Cracks in the Idols (1994-018)

Faros and empires
Dance across the land,
Murdering millions
With one wave of the hand.
They kill the righteous
With crosses and death squads,
Leaving you to wonder,
Is there any mercy in a loving God?

But I saw cracks in the idols,
Not so long ago,
Flesh pots of Egypt
Melting in the solar glow.
Cracks in the idols,
Not so far away.
Keep your hand upon the plough,
And we will see the ripening day.
Hayya hayya hay, hay heh heh hay.

They play the movie
For good measure, one more time.
Dubbusonts plays Hitler.
Dr. Teller plays Frankenstein.
Spanish inquisitor,
Stalinist Gulag,
General Suharto Custer,
If it's red it's as dead as the blood on the flag.

But I saw cracks in the idols,
Not so long ago,
Flesh pots of Egypt,
Melting in the solar glow.
Cracks in the idols,
Not so far away.
Keep your hand upon the plough
And we will see the ripening day.
Hayya hayya hay, hay heh heh hay.

I saw, I saw, I saw, I saw,
Cracks in the idols.
I saw, I saw, I saw, I saw,
Cracks in the idols.
I saw, I saw, I saw, I saw,
Cracks in the idols.

I saw cracks in every idol,
As they fell down one by one.
As this age of Babylon
Fell to Jerusalem.
I heard the voice of Heaven cry,
Remember the rainbow sign.
We're sending no more water,
But the fire of revolution next time.

O I saw cracks in the idols,
Not so long ago.
Nuclear snowmen,
Were melting in the solar glow.
Cracks in the idols,
Not so far away.
Keep your hand upon the plough,
And we will see the ripening day.

Cracks in the idols,
Not so long ago.
Nuclear snowmen,
Melting in the solar glow.
Cracks in the idols,
Not so far away.
Keep your hand upon the plough,
And we will see the ripening day.
Hayya hayya hayya, hayya hayya hay.

Cracks in the idols, cracks in the idols,
Cracks in the idols, cracks in the idols,
Cracks in the idols, cracks in the idols.

(Album, Cracks in the Idols)

And We All Go 'Round (1994-019)

Sing a song to the Father
And the Son of Man within,
And the Holy Spirit who moves us all.
Let the universe spin spin.

Let the galaxies go 'round.
Let the stars go 'round the galaxies.
Let the planets go 'round the stars.
While the moons make the oceans heave.

And we all go 'round 'round 'round.
And we all go 'round 'round 'round.
And we all go 'round 'round 'round,
In a universe built on divine ground.
And we all go 'round 'round 'round,
And we all go 'round.

Sing a song to tomorrow.
Sing a song to yesterday.
Sing a song to the eternal present,
As we are on our way.

Let the galaxies go 'round.
Let the stars go 'round the galaxies.
Let the planets go 'round the stars,
As the moons make the oceans heave.

And we all go 'round 'round 'round.
And we all go 'round 'round 'round.
And we all go 'round 'round 'round,
In a universe built on divine ground.
And we all go 'round 'round 'round,
And we all go 'round.

Let us love one another
As our gentle Lord loves us.
Let us build the earth together
In love and hope and trust.

Let the galaxies go 'round.
Let the stars go 'round the galaxies.
Let the planets go 'round the stars,
As the moons make the oceans heave.

And we all go 'round 'round 'round.
And we all go 'round 'round 'round.
And we all go 'round 'round 'round,
In a universe built on divine ground.
And we all go 'round 'round 'round.
And we all go 'round 'round 'round.
And we all go 'round 'round 'round.
In a universe built on divine ground.
And we all go 'round 'round 'round.
And we all go 'round 'round 'round.

And we all go 'round 'round 'round.
And we all go 'round, and 'round,
And 'round and 'round and 'round.

(Album, Cracks in the Idols)

Somebody Somewhere (1994-020)

When I hear the right wing minister
Preach til his voice is horse,
Against the New Age Movement
Such a diabolical force.
He warns us about the crystals,
The rainbows and Zam Feer.
It makes me wonder what's behind
His fundamentalist fear.

It tells me, somebody somewhere, somehow some way,
Somebody somewhere's gettin' his power taken away.
No more monopolies in a pluralistic day.
Somebody somewhere's gettin' his power taken away.
Hay hay, Take it away. I say, take it away. Hay hay.

When such a great big right wing
Hullabaloo gets made,
About the alleged murder
Of the unborn babe,
It really makes me wonder
Why they're so concerned.
Where were they when the people
Of Vietnam were gettin' burned.
They were doin' the burnin'!

It tells me, somebody somewhere, somehow some way,
Some power monger somewhere's gettin' his power taken away.
No more monopolies in a pluralistic day.
Somebody somewhere's gettin' his power taken away.
Hay hay, Take it away. I say, take it away. Hay hay.

The evangelist comes on TV.
He says he'll save our souls,
Then rants and raves for half an hour
Against homosexuals.
He warns us that they're evil,
A threat to society,
But I think the real threat has to be
His hollow piety.

'Cause somebody somewhere, somehow some way,
Some right wing Christian somewhere's gettin' his power taken away.
Can't run the gates of Heaven, so there's gotta be Hell to pay.
Somebody somewhere's gettin' his power taken away.
Hay hay. Take it away. I say, take it away. Hay hay.

Once not so long ago
It was Darwin in the schools.
They chased old Charlie Darwin out
And made themselves look like fools.
Once it was Copernicus,
Galileo at the inquisition.
They said, the earth can't orbit the sun.
Our theology won't give it permission.

'Cause somebody somewhere, somehow some way,
Some power monger somewhere was gettin' his power taken away.
Couldn't own the gates of Heaven, so there had to be Hell to pay.
Somebody somewhere's gettin' his power taken away.
Hay hay. Take it away. I say, take it away. Hay hay.

They cling to power
Like it meant their survival,
Like they cling to a literal
Interpretation of the Bible.
When we try to make a change,
To give the people a choice,
Those fussy fundamentalists
Are bound to make a noise.

'Cause somebody somewhere, somehow some way,
Some power monger somewhere's gettin' his power taken away.
No more monopolies in a pluralistic day.
Somebody somewhere's gettin' his power taken away.

Yeah somebody somewhere, somehow some way,
Some right wing Christian somewhere's gettin' his power taken away.
Can't run the gates of Heaven, so there's gotta be Hell to pay.
Somebody somewhere's gettin' his power taken away.
Somebody somewhere's gettin' his power taken away.
Somebody somewhere's gettin' his power taken away.
Some power-mongering right wing Christian fundamentalist,
Is getting his power taken away.
I say, take it away. Hay hay, take it away. I say, take it away. Hay hay.

(Album, Dance on the Earth)

Hans Boehm (1994-021)

Twas a mystical cowherd named Hans Boehm,
Boy of earth and sky, child of a peasant home.
He spoke to the common people of his native land,
Saying "children of our God, the world is in your hands.".

1476 was the year,
This mystical cowherd's voice rang clear.
"Away with pope and emperor, princes lords and kings.
Let the people of the earth come together and share all things.
Let the people of the earth come together and share all things."

Hayya, hayya, hayya, hay. Hayya, hayya, hayya, hay.
Hayya, hayya, hayya, hay. Hayya, hayya, hayya, hay.

Hans Boehm was a young man twenty-six years old,
When he spoke of his vision, bravely, true and bold,
But the people they just laughed at him, and the bishop breathed a sye,
For as long as they were laughing, nobody had to die.

Then Hans Boehm told the people "Stand as one.
And to tomorrow's meeting bring your sabers and your guns.
The millennium is dawning. We will all be free,
But the peasants have to rise up and win their liberty.
O the peasants have to rise up and win their liberty."

Hayya, hayya, hayya, hay. Hayya, hayya, hayya, hay.
Hayya, hayya, hayya, hay. Hayya, hayya, hayya, hay.

Now the bishop he decided, the time had finally come,
To act against the madness and arrest Hams Boehm.
But the people who supported Hans surrounded him as one,
Til the bishop's men opened fire and the peasants scattered home.

Now the words of Hans, some will say, came to no end,
But half a millennium later, we still are hearing them.
May all things be shared in common, privilege banished with a roar.
Hans Boehm he marches with a hundred million more.
Hans Boehm he marches with a hundred million more.

Hayya, hayya, hayya, hay. Hayya, hayya, hayya, hay.
Hayya, hayya, hayya, hay. Hayya, hayya, hayya, hay.

Hayya, hayya, hayya, hay. Hayya, hayya, hayya, hay.

(Album, Sunrise Over the Barricades)

If We Didn't Have a Moon (1994-022)

There are many wonders in our sky.
So many of them we pass by.
The stars that shine so bright so bright,
And the planets gliding through the night.

They all sing out in harmony,
And shape the lives of you and me,
But I wonder what would be our tune,
If we didn't have a moon.

If we didn't have a moon,
If we didn't have a moon,
If we didn't have a moon,
If we didn't have a moon,
If we didn't have a moon,
If we didn't have a moon.

If we didn't have a moon,
What would foolish lovers do?
They'd be holding hands on a starry night,
No moon to cry, "Please hold me tight.".

And if there were no moon goin' 'round,
Movin' the sea and movin' the ground,
A fisherman could sit til the day he died
And never see the risin' of the tide.

If we didn't have a moon,
If we didn't have a moon,
If we didn't have a moon,
If we didn't have a moon,
If we didn't have a moon,
If we didn't have a moon.

What words would have never crossed our tongues?
How many songs would have never been sung?
When folks talked of marriage, if it got that far,
They'd have to be planning their honeystar.

Or maybe there'd be no honey at all,
No sex, no babies, no kids growing tall.
For if there were no moon in our creation,
--Think about it now--
Would there have been moon-steration?

If we didn't have a moon,
If we didn't have a moon,
If we didn't have a moon,
If we didn't have a moon,
If we didn't have a moon,
If we didn't have a moon.

There'd be nothing at which a wolf could howl,
And speaking of witches, there'd be no place to prowl.

No queen of human emotion cunning,
And baring your bum would be called Marsing or sunning.

And the high tech patriotic types,
Who like to fly their cocks on cosmic kites,
Would have had to come up with a whole new plan,
'Cause we couldn't have had that one small step for man.

If we didn't have a moon,
If we didn't have a moon,
If we didn't have a moon,
If we didn't have a moon,
If we didn't have a moon,
If we didn't have a moon.

If we didn't have a moon,
If we didn't have a moon,
If we didn't have a moon,
If we didn't have a moon,
If we didn't have a moon,
If we didn't have a moon,
If we didn't have a moon,
If we didn't have a moon,
If we didn't have a moon,
If we didn't have a moon.

(Album, Dance on the Earth)

Nightfall on Managua (1993-023)

We were climbing up a mountainside,
Half an hour before the dawn.
The National Guard was firing,
With the eagles looking on.
A shell exploded down the path,
Not a hundred yards below.
And another struck beside us.
We could feel it; it was so close.
So I turned to the companaro next to me,
Said "I don't know if I'll live through this,
But tell my son his father,
Was a revolutionist.
A revolutionario,
Revolution o mortee.
A revolutionario,
Who died at the break of day.".

O the struggles come and go.
Sometimes you win. Sometimes you lose.
But everyone who walks the path,
Knows it's the path they've had to choose.
O the struggles come and go.
We're hanging on until we win.
Night falls on Managua.
Let another day begin.

O it seems so many years ago,
That I first joined the fight,
As a young man in a northern town,
In 1969.
From the above ground student movement,
To the underground FSLN,
I made my way and lived the life,
Of the mountain guerilla men.
And it was there I met an old man,
As we hid out on his land.
He gave his hospitality,
And we shook his trembling hand.
He'd been a courier for Sandino,
In 1925,
And he always knew that one day,
We'd come back to claim the prize.
He said "I'm too old for fighting now,
For jungle camps and guns.
But though I'm too old to come with you,
I offer you my sons.".

O the struggles come and go.
Sometimes you win. Sometimes you lose.
But everyone who walks the path,
Knows it's the path they've had to choose.
O the struggles come and go.
We're hanging on until we win.
Night falls on Managua.

Let another day begin.

Now time she turns an ugly face,
As we see our country fall,
To the blood-stained greed of the capitalists,
Who would come and take it all.
We feel the hell of poverty,
And the poisons in our streams,
And the iron boot of the IMF,
Who would crush our every dream.
We see them murder unarmed militants,
Even bomb Fonsecra's tomb,
But another generation,
Is listening in the womb.
Shouting Vive Nicaragua!
Do not give up the fight.
All the lies and guns in Washington,
Will not turn black to white.
Samosa was a tyrant,
And the pawn of the USA.
And the iron fists that beat us now,
Must also fall away.

O the struggles come and go.
Sometimes you win. Sometimes you lose.
But everyone who walks the path,
Knows it's the path they've had to choose.
O the struggles come and go.
We're hanging on until we win.
Night falls on Managua.
Let another day begin.
Night falls on Managua.
Let another day begin.
Night falls on Managua.
Let another day begin.

(Album, Sunrise Over the Barricades)

Ten Thousand Dead and Counting (1994-024)

Ten thousand dead and counting,
In the morning of our day.
Ten thousand dead and counting,
Another million set to play.
Ten thousand dead and counting,
Vanished with no words to say.
Down-winder numbers mounting,
Folded hands no more to pray.
Who are these ones who died uncounted,
In our hospitals and homes,
When bombs they tested in Nevada,
Where once the Western Shashoni roamed.

O give me a home
Where no strontium 90 roams.
O give me a home
Where no strontium 90 roams.

On the streets of Salt Lake City,
In the streets of Denver too,
Thing we come to know as fallout,
Striking from the summer blue,
Babies at their mothers' nipples,
Children playing in the yard,
Old ones in their shaking farmhouse.
When fallout falls it falls down hard.
Five hundred thousand dead and counting,
Scrunch the numbers if you can.
Say your prayers and go to sleep love.
Dream of the brotherhood of man.

O give me a home
Where no strontium 90 roams.
O give me a home
Where no strontium 90 roams.

In the place they call Ground Zero,
Where no creature dwells alive,
Dare we ask the poignant question,
Who did the killing and who died.
Twas there they fairied mental patients,
In their metal cages fast,
To measure effects of radiation,
From the great atomic blast.
Who cares they were already crazy.
Give them ion burns as well.
Twas then I comprehended Dante
And his inner rings of Hell.

O give me a home
Where no nuclear physicists roam.
O give me a home
Where no nuclear physicists roam.

Fifteen million dead and counting,
From the industry world-wide.
Ikaluit to Madagascar,
Yet none of these need have died.
How many sons and daughters,
Sisters brothers husbands wives,
Families carrying the caskets
Of people dead before their time.
But still we build and still we're scheming.
Plutonium is ours to make.
As if the earth were ours to murder,
For science or scientism's sake.

O give me a home
Where no nuclear industry roams.
O give me a home
Where no nuclear industry roams.

And if I could choose I would be
A mystic in another century.
And if I could choose I would be
A mystic in another century.

(Album, Dance on the Earth)

In the Name of Compassion (1994-025)

What have we done in the name of compassion?
What have we done afraid to call it hatred?
What do you mean hatred? Everybody loves Tiny Tim don't they?
Then why do we kill the ones we call disabled?
Why do we kill the ones we call disabled?

Fascism comes about when people are silent.
People with disabilities, afraid of speaking out.
Don't call it murder. Don't call it hatred. Don't call it violence.
Mercy killing and compassion are what we're all about.
Auschwitz and Ramensbrook are what we're all about.

What have we done in the name of compassion?
What have we done afraid to call it hatred?
What do you mean hatred? Everybody loves Tiny Tim don't they?
Then why do we kill the ones we call disabled?
Why do we kill the ones we call disabled?

In an age of cutback and economic recession,
Can you blame disabled people for feeling vulnerable?
It's all too easy for someone to make the sweet decision,
And put someone else out of their misery, with a merciful needle.
And put someone else out of their misery, with a Joseph Mengola needle.

What have we done in the name of compassion?
What have we done afraid to call it hatred?
What do you mean hatred? Everybody loves Tiny Tim don't they?
Then why do we kill the ones we call disabled?
Why do we kill the ones we call disabled?

Fascism comes about when people are silent.
People with disabilities, afraid of speaking out.
Don't call it murder. Don't call it hatred. Don't call it violence.
Love and euthanasia are what we're all about.
Neo-NAZI eugenics are what we're all about.

What have we done in the name of compassion?
What have we done afraid to call it hatred?
What do you mean hatred? Everybody loves Stephen Hocking don't they?
Then why do we kill the ones we call disabled?
Why do we kill the ones we call disabled?
Why do we kill the ones we, Why do we kill the ones we, Why do we kill the ones we, Why do we kill the ones we, Why do we kill the ones we call disabled?

(Album, Sunrise Over the Barricades)

Love is the Tide (1994-026)

Maybe I'm a mystic.
Maybe I'm a rogue.
Maybe I'm a traveler,
On a long lost road.
Maybe I'm a jailer,
With a key to every cell.
Maybe I'm the prisoner,
Of a self-inflicted hell.
Maybe I guard a palace,
Or maybe an unmarked grave.
If we're all each other's masters,
And we're all each other's slaves.
Maybe time will tell us,
What we have to know.
Tip your glass to December.
Your cup will overflow.

Maybe I'm a windmill,
Turning in the wind,
Or a priest in the confessional,
To bless you where you've sinned.
With the heart of Thomas Merton,
And the soul of Leonard Cohen,
I'm a poet of the wind and rain,
Who sings in monotone.

Love is the tide.
Love is the tide.
It flows over you and me,
And makes us feel whole inside.
Love is the tide.
Love is the tide.
It flows over you and me,
But are we ever really satisfied?

Maybe I'm the man you want.
Maybe I'm not the man.
Maybe I'm a listener,
Who argues when he can.
Maybe I'm a polar bear,
On a block of ice.
Maybe I'm a businessman,
Trying to be nice.
Maybe I'm an exploiter,
Maybe an exploitee.
Maybe a big flag waver,
Crying life and liberty.
Maybe time will tell us,
What we have to know,
But if I'm not a prophet,
Then I have no stone to throw.

Maybe I'm a sun dial,
Turning with the sun,

Or a cock who starts a crowing,
When the day has just begun.
Maybe I'm a movie screen.
Cover me with your thrills.
Show scenes of love.
Show scenes of pain.
And do it in overkill.

Love is the tide.
Love is the tide.
It flows over you and me,
And makes us feel whole inside.
Love is the tide.
Love is the tide.
It flows over you and me,
But are we ever really satisfied?

Maybe I'm a mystic.
Maybe I'm a rogue.
Maybe I'm a traveler,
On a long lost road.
Maybe time will tell us,
What we have to know.
Tip your glass to December.
Your cup will overflow.
Tip your glass to December.
Your cup will overflow.

Tip your glass to December.
Your cup will overflow.

(Album, Buffalo Common)

There You Will Find Him (1994-027)

There you will find him, rapped in swaddling clothes,
And lying in a manger.
There you will find him, rapped in swaddling clothes,
And lying in a manger.
There you will find him, holy one of God,
Him who fills his creation.
There you will find him, rapped in swaddling clothes,
And lying in a manger.

There you will find him, boy of twelve years old,
Sitting with the men of the temple.
There you will find him, boy of twelve years old,
Sitting with the men of the temple.
There you will find him, holy child of God,
Him who fills his creation.
There you will find him, boy of twelve years old,
Sitting with the men of the temple.

There you will find him, teaching in our streets,
That the kingdom of God is within you.
There you will find him, teaching in our streets,
That the kingdom of God is within you.
There you will find him, incarnate word of God,
Him who fills his creation.
There you will find him, teaching in our streets,
That the kingdom of God is within you.

There you will find him, dying on a cross,
While the holy people mock and jeer him.
There you will find him, dying on a cross,
While the holy people mock and jeer him.
There you will find him, dying Son of God,
Him who fills his creation.
There you will find him, dying on a cross,
While the holy people mock and jeer him.

There you will find him, risen from the tomb.
Don't look for him among the dead ones.
There you will find him, risen from the tomb.
Don't look for him among the dead ones.
There you will find him, risen one of God,
Him who fills his creation.
There you will find him, risen from the tomb,
And he will be with you always.
There you will find him, risen from the tomb,
And he will be with you always.
He will be with you always.

(Album, Mountains, Widows and Mustard Seeds)

Mystical Lord (1994-028)

Mystical Lord of the Universe,
Christo Rae by name.
We follow you. We dance within you.
Halleluiah we proclaim.
Halleluiah we proclaim.

Once a child born in Bethlehem,
Once a journeyer by the sea,
Teacher and healer of the people,
Speaker of a world to be,
Speaker of a world to be.

Mystical Lord of the Universe,
Christo Rae by name.
We celebrate. We dance within you.
Halleluiah we proclaim.
Halleluiah we proclaim.

Man of vision who spoke of things that,
Other folks could barely dream.
Capital punishment on the cross could,
Never stop the flowing stream.
Never stop the flowing stream.

And at the moment of the earthquake,
When the bonds of death were snapped,
Did we feel across the land a,
Whole new energy being tapped,
Whole new energy being tapped.

Mystical Lord of the Universe,
Christo Rae by name.
We follow you. We dance within you.
Halleluiah we proclaim.
Halleluiah we proclaim.

Halleluiah, halleluiah, halleluiah we proclaim.
Halleluiah, halleluiah, halleluiah we proclaim.
Halleluiah, halleluiah, halleluiah we proclaim.
Halleluiah, halleluiah, halleluiah we proclaim.

Once a child born in Bethlehem,
Once a journeyer by the sea,
Teacher and healer of the people,
Speaker of a world to be,
Speaker of a world to be.

Man of vision who spoke of things that,
Other folks could barely dream.
Capital punishment on the cross could,
Never stop the flowing stream.
Never stop the flowing stream.

And at the moment of the earthquake,

When the bonds of death were snapped,
Did we feel across the land a,
New life energy being tapped,
A new life energy being tapped.

Mystical Lord of the Universe,
Christo Rae by name.
We follow you. We dance within you.
Halleluiah we proclaim.
Halleluiah we proclaim.

Mystical Lord of the Universe,
Christo Rae by name.
We celebrate. We dance within you.
Halleluiah we proclaim.
Halleluiah we proclaim.

Halleluiah, halleluiah, halleluiah we proclaim.
Halleluiah, halleluiah, halleluiah we proclaim.
Halleluiah, halleluiah, halleluiah we proclaim.
Halleluiah, halleluiah, halleluiah we proclaim.

Mystical Lord of the Universe,
Christo Rae by name.
We celebrate. We dance within you.
Halleluiah we proclaim.
Halleluiah we proclaim.

(Album, Mountains, Widows and Mustard Seeds)

Under the Snows of Broadway (1994-029)

Dig me up from under the snows of Broadway.
Dig me up from under the snows of Broadway.
Dig me up from under the snows of Broadway.
Dig me up from under the snows of Broadway.

Is this the house life's time has brought us to,
Its balconies and railings of desire.
Its candle dream-stands leaping into fire,
Its hallowed rooms like whiskey in a shoe.

Its poet's space like sweet Virginia blue,
Its walls awaiting some drab nun or friar.
Its doorknobs the beheaded of empire.
Is this the house life's time has brought us to.

Dig me up from under the snows of Broadway.
Dig me up from under the snows of Broadway.
Dig me up from under the snows of Broadway.
Dig me up from under the snows of Broadway.

Under the snows of Broadway.
Under the snows of Broadway.
Under the snows of Broadway.

(Album, Snowflakes on the Green)

Somebody Get the Phone (1994-030)

Half of me wants to be James Joyce.
The other half wants to be James Dean.
But no one can hear my voice,
Inside this washing machine.

The old man is snoring. He's been cloned.
The TV's on, but nobody's home.
Somebody get the phone.

My one arm is a pilgrim.
The other is a bore.
I get high on cobblestones,
And I get drunk on metaphor.

The old man is snoring. He's been cloned.
The TV's on, but nobody's home.
Somebody get the phone.

Yeah, half of me wants to be James Joyce.
The other half wants to be James Dean.
But no one can hear my voice,
Inside this washing machine.

The old man is snoring. He's been cloned.
The TV's on, but nobody's home.
Somebody get the phone.
Somebody get the phone.
Get the phone. Get the phone. Get the phone.
Somebody get the phone.
Somebody get the phone.

(Album, Lanterns and Ledges)

The Reign of God on Earth (1994-031)

The reign of God on earth can not be built,
By hammers pounding two-by-fours with nails,
Nor drills, nor drivers, nuts and bolts in pails,
Each plank held fast, screws tightened to the hilt.
For trickster time comes sly to bend and tilt,
Each house, each palace, each motif of rails,
Puts truthful prophits in the cells of jails,
And calls their prophecies the knives of guilt.

The holy kingdom then can only sprout,
Break through the soil, grow branches, leaves, and buds,
Burst forth and flower, letting silence shout,
As springtime nature moves the flesh of studs,
Until the lamps of blooming time blow out,
And scatter seeds to stir all earth's drowned bloods.

(album, Dreamy Wednesday)

Ballad of Mount Currie (1995-001)

O come and listen as my tale unfolds,
A tale of a people, their hearts and souls,
The story of a mountain you should know,
For it was not so long ago.
O it was not so long ago.

It was deep in the B.C. interior,
Where no TV camera'd ever been before,
Where the Lilluwit people chose to take their stand,
For the future of a mountain and the land,
For the future of a mountain and the land.

Mount Currie was the name of the land.
Mount Currie was the name of the band.
And 1990 was the year my friend,
When it seemed like the struggle was never gonna end,
When it seemed like the struggle was never gonna end.

The 11th of July came with guns in its hand,
When the SQ fired on the Mohock land.
And all across the country, the people heard the news,
And it seemed to ignite a long awaiting fuse.
O it seemed to ignite a long awaiting fuse.

Up on Mount Currie where the fur trees sway,
A blockade went up on the evening of the day.
They said, we've a history, a land to claim.
Though we are non-violent, we will not play the game.
Though we are non-violent, we will not play the game.

They could have been nice and smiled, like you're supposed to,
And gone through the courts and let themselves be screwed,
But they said a foreign justice system cannot decide,
What we never surrendered in the genocide,
What we never surrendered in the genocide.

They said, the land is here and the land is ours.
It cannot be taken by any greater powers.
No state, no army, no logging company,
And it's a good day to die, if that's the way it has to be.
It's a good day to die, if that's the way it has to be.

Week after week, the days went by.
Month after month, they held their heads high.
And a local detachment of the RCMP
Got to know the blockaders, with great congeniality,
Got to know the blockaders, with great congeniality.

Then the month of November came along.
Someone in an office tower got tired of the song.
They sent a new batch of Mounties from somewhere far away,
To administer justice, in a General Middleton kind of way,
To administer Canadian justice, in a General Middleton kind of way.

Smiling for the cameras, the first arrests were made.
Then CBC and CTV went home from the blockade.
Then the Mounties came, with clubs and boots and fists,
As if to say, we'll spare nobody, for you have dared to resist.
As if to say, we'll spare nobody, for you have dared to resist.

Injuries they counted, forty or more in all.
Broken ribs and broken arms and legs and bloody skulls.
But when the TV news came on that night, all that they had to say,
Was, "It was another peaceful, uneventful day on the blockade."
"It was another peaceful, uneventful day on the blockade."

O come and listen as my tale unfolds,
A tale of a people, their hearts and souls,
The story of a mountain you should know,
For it was not so long ago.
O it was not so long ago.

Mount Currie was the name of the land.
Mount Currie was the name of the Band.
And 1990 was the year my friend.
And it seems like the struggle is never gonna end.
And it seems like the struggle is never gonna end.

(Album, Dance on the Earth)

I Let the Stars Guide my Footsteps (1995-002)

I've seen these halls.
I've walked through these halls.
And I know professors who are true,
Who believe in what they do.
But they're part of a system,
That wears you down,
That picks you up by the head,
And spins you all around,
And throws you to the ground.
Picks you up by the head,
And spins you all around,
And throws you to the ground.

I did the work.
I liked most of the work.
I wrote essays and gave oral presentations,
Just as I was told.
But now I walk.
I walk where I will.
And I let the stars guide my footsteps,
Wherever I go,
Wherever I go.
I let the stars guide my footsteps,
Wherever I go.
Wherever I go.

I know those towers.
They speak to me of power.
They point like fingers to the sky,
Forever asking why.
And I know professors growing old,
Who lean into the cold.
With barely enough strength to raise their hands,
And wave to you goodbye.
And wave to you goodbye.
I know professors growing old,
Who lean into the cold.
With barely enough strength to raise their hands,
And wave to you goodbye.
And wave to you goodbye.

And now you ask me.
You come and ask me.
Why it is that I did not pursue,
Higher studies at the U.
Well I'm happy now that I am free,
Of university,
Happy never more to dream,
Of any more degrees,
MA's or PhD's.
Happy never more to dream,
Of any more degrees,
MA's or PhD's.

I've seen these halls.
I've walked through these halls.
And I know professors who are true,
Who believe in what they do.
But now I walk.
I walk where I will.
And I let the stars guide my footsteps,
Wherever I go.
Wherever I go.
I let the stars guide my footsteps,
Wherever I go.
Wherever I go.

(Album, Dissenting Academy)

Eaten by the System (1995-003)

Jonny was a questioner
In his younger days.
He questioned everything he saw
In every possible way.
He worked on the high school paper
Til the principal came down,
Said, "You can't write what you're writing.
Your thinking out loud's far too loud."

He went through university
And journalism school.
He found he got the best grades
When he didn't call the prof a fool.
Now he sits at his reporter's desk,
Does his reporter's thing,
And sings whatever tune
Capitalism wants him to sing.

He got eaten by the system, eaten by the system.
He got eaten by the system.
He got eaten by the system, eaten by the system.
He got eaten by the system.

Now martin was a good man
With his principles intact.
He'd demonstrate for what he knew was right,
And he knew where things were at.
Then the company came along and said,
"We'd like to hire you,
To show us all just what it is
That we have got to do."

Now he's working sixty hours a week
And making sixty grand,
Showing the logging companies
How to keep clear-cutting the land,
And do it so diplomatically
The protesters all go home.
But when the last forest is clear-cut,
Well Martin will be all alone.

He got eaten by the system, eaten by the system.
He got eaten by the system.
He got eaten by the system, eaten by the system.
Eaten by the system.

Now Sherry was a socialist
Who knew property is theft.
She left the NDP 'round the time
The Waffle Movement left.
In struggle after struggle
She tried to make it on her own,
But she ran back to the NDP,
Though it didn't really feel like home.

She said, "We've gotta get rid of Divine,
And elect old Romonow.
He'll set everything right again
And show us where to go."
She worked to elect him in ninety-one
And learned the very next day,
That Romanow might have to make
Devine-style cut backs anyway.

She got eaten by the system, eaten by the system.
She got eaten by the system.
She got eaten by the system, eaten by the system.
She got eaten by the system.

So come all yee good questioners
And would be activists.
The system is a monster;
You must greet it with your fists.
It's hungry for a morsel
Of radical to munch.
If it can't have you for breakfast,
It'll try to snare you for its lunch.

Some say workin' on the outside
Is a silly romantic dream.
But it's interesting who says it.
It's the coach of the oppressor's team.
It's only when the outsider comes
That we can really talk of change.
When you leave the institutions,
Freedom doesn't seem so strange.

Don't get eaten by the system, eaten by the system.
Don't get eaten by the system.
Don't get eaten by the system, eaten by the system.
Don't get eaten by the system.

Don't get eaten. Don't get eaten. Don't get eaten by the system.
Don't get eaten. Don't get eaten. Don't get eaten by the system.
Don't get eaten. Don't get eaten. Don't get eaten by the system.

Don't get eaten. That's right.
Don't get eaten by the system.

(Album, Dance on the Earth)

Dance on the Earth (1995-004)

O child you have been born
With a great big world around you.
Sometimes it's overwhelming
And you need someone to ground you.
Someone to make the ripples
Upon the lake of life,
Someone to take your hand in theirs
And bring you through the night.

Dance, dance,
Come dance on the earth,
Through every hour of life you have,
From the moment of your birth.
Dance, dance,
Come dance beneath the stars,
And everyone will hear your voice
Above the roar of cars.
Dance, dance on the earth.
Dance, dance on the earth.

Sometimes you'll draw pictures
That some won't understand.
Your dreams they will be shattered
Like poems in the sand.
They'll banish you. They'll lock you up.
They'll say they have no time,
No time to learn to swim
The rivers you divine.

Dance, dance,
O dance on the earth,
Through every hour of life you have
From the moment of your birth.
Dance, dance,
Come dance beneath the stars,
And everyone will hear your voice
Above the roar of cars.
Dance, dance on the earth.
Dance, dance on the earth.

Now the spheres of time turn forward
And the rays of sun grow long.
With your shadow you put down your pen,
And sing your final song.
But earth and sky will remember
And gratefully cry your name.
Sleep soundly in the Mother Earth
With the ocean tide's refrain.

Dance, dance,
Come dance on the earth,
Through every hour of life you have
From the moment of your birth.
Dance, dance,

Come dance beneath the stars,
And everyone will hear your voice
Above the roar of cars.
Dance, dance,
Come dance on the earth,
Through every hour of life you have
From the moment of your birth.
Dance, dance,
Come dance beneath the stars,
And everyone will hear your voice
Above the roar of cars.
Dance, dance on the earth.
Dance, dance on the earth.
Dance, dance on the earth.
Dance, dance on the earth.

(Albums, Dance on the Earth, Journey by Earthlight, and, Earth and Prairie Thunder)

You Have the Nerve (1995-005)

In a world where we have 2.3 kids,
And 2.5 divorces,
A psychic sister and a grandmother
In touch with cosmic forces,
A fifty-year-old aunt whose going crazy
On her university courses,
You have the nerve to come along and say,
"Let's go back to horses.".

Let's go back to horses.
Let's go back to horses.
You have the nerve to come along and say,
"Let's go back to horses.".

In a world where AIDS and condoms
Have done away with the public love-in,
Where an attaché case and a business suit
Are how we say, "Please come in."
Where the gene-splicer is mixing wheat
With the genes of your mother's cousin,
You have the nerve to come along and say,
"Let's build a solar oven."

Build a solar oven.
Build a solar oven.
You have the nerve to come along and say,
"Let's build a solar oven."

In a world where wills are living wills
And suicide is assisted,
Where the chips are made of silicone
And all our names are listed,
Where Vicky and Peter are no more
And we can't say we have missed'em,
You have the nerve to come along and say,
"Let's start a LETS bartering system.".

Start a LETS bartering system.
Start a LETS bartering system.
You have the nerve to come along and say,
"Let's start a LETS bartering system.".

In a world where Neo-NAZI groups
Have somehow been rekindled,
Where the wall is down but the walls inside our hearts
Have yet to dwindle,
Where we sleep with guns beneath our beds,
Bars upon the windows,
You have the nerve to come along and say,
"Let's get our power from windmills."

Get our power from windmills.
Get our power from windmills.
You have the nerve to come along and say,

"Let's get our power from windmills.".

O the world it is quite crazy.
I'd be the first one to admit it.
It's running like a cat would run,
When a rabid dog has bit it.
The confusion runs so strong sometimes,
I could almost spit it,
But I'm offering you a ray of hope,
And I'm not gonna quit it.

I'm not gonna quit it.
I'm not gonna quit it.
I am offering you a ray of hope,
And I'm not gonna quit it.

I'm not gonna quit it.
I'm not gonna quit it.
I am offering you a ray of hope,
And I'm not gonna quit it.

(Album, Dance on the Earth)

Old Watermill Man (1995-006)

Rise up rise up, old watermill man.
It's time to turn your wheels again.
Rise up rise up, old watermill man.
It's time to turn your wheels again.

It's time to run, with the sun in our eyes.
It's time to peer through periscopes, and pierce the lies.
It's time to run, with the sun in our eyes.
It's time to peer through periscopes, and pierce the lies.

Old man old watermill, please do not sleep.
For we have many gardens to keep.
Old man old watermill, please do not sleep.
For we have many gardens to keep.

Rise up rise up, old watermill man.
It's time to turn your wheels again.
Rise up rise up, old watermill man.
It's time to turn your wheels again.

It's time to run, with the sun in our eyes.
It's time to peer through periscopes, and pierce the lies.
It's time to run, with the sun in our eyes.
It's time to peer through periscopes, and pierce the lies.

Old man old watermill, please do not sleep.
For we have many gardens to keep.
Old man old watermill, please do not sleep.
For we have many gardens to keep.

Tree planter come and make your rounds,
And plant your seeds deep in the ground.
Tree planter come and make your rounds,
And plant your seeds deep in the ground.

Rise up rise up, old watermill man.
It's time to turn your wheels again.
Rise up rise up, old watermill man.
It's time to turn your wheels again.

Rise up rise up, old watermill man.
Rise up rise up, old watermill man.
Rise up rise up, old watermill man.

(Album, Dance on the Earth)

Michael Archangel Veregon (1995-007)

Michael Archangel Veregon,
Was a strong and earnest Sons of Freedom man.
He told his people a vision had come to him,
To build a community on Vancouver Island.
To build a community on Vancouver Island.

"Drive north 'til you come to a town where you,
Will find a clock that has stopped at half passed two.
Then go west to where there are only white horses,
And build your community 'mid the wild island's courses.
And build your community 'mid the wild island's courses."

Michael Archangel Veregon.
Michael Archangel Veregon.

Sharing everything in common, the people settled down,
Believing that the thousands would come from all around.
One hundred and forty-four thousand would come to them,
And this would be the site of the New Jerusalem.
And this would be the site of the New Jerusalem.

But the authorities don't like those who live communally.
So on some trumped up charges, the RCMP,
Arrested Michael Veregon and took him off to jail,
No one to hear his cry, no one to go his bail.
No one to hear his cry, no one to go his bail.

Michael Archangel Veregon.
Michael Archangel Veregon.

A few months later, in a prison in B.C.,
Michael Archangel Veregon died mysteriously.
They gave his body back, to the people that he loved,
And the community prayed for gentle guidance from above.
And the community prayed for gentle guidance from above.

Now the buildings and the fences and the people they are gone,
But the vision of community and the dream live on.
And the New Jerusalem is everywhere,
Wherever people come together, to love and to share.
Wherever people come together, to love and to share.

Michael Archangel Veregon.
Michael Archangel Veregon.
Michael Archangel Veregon.

(Album, Mountains, Widows and Mustard Seeds)

Lord Buddha (1995-008)

Lord Buddha is alive and well,
And living in Jerusalem.
Lord Buddha is alive and well,
And living in Jerusalem.
Won't you come whisper children,
Whisper softly of gospel.
Lord Buddha is alive and well,
And living in Jerusalem.

Lord Krishna is alive and well,
And living in Jerusalem.
Lord Krishna is alive and well,
And living in Jerusalem.
Won't you come whisper children,
Whisper softly of gospel.
Lord Krishna is alive and well,
And living in Jerusalem.

King Arthur is alive and well,
And living in Jerusalem.
King Arthur is alive and well,
And living in Jerusalem.
Won't you come whisper children,
Whisper softly of gospel.
King Arthur is alive and well,
And living in Jerusalem.

Aphrodite is alive and well,
And living in Jerusalem.
Aphrodite is alive and well,
And living in Jerusalem.
Won't you come whisper children,
Whisper softly of gospel.
Aphrodite is alive and well,
And living in Jerusalem.

Dylan Thomas is alive and well,
And living in Jerusalem.
Dylan Thomas is alive and well,
And living in Jerusalem.
Won't you come whisper children,
Whisper softly of gospel.
Dylan Thomas is alive and well,
And living in Jerusalem.

Jane Austen is alive and well,
And living in Jerusalem.
Jane Austen is alive and well,
And living in Jerusalem.
Won't you come whisper children,
Whisper softly of gospel.
Jane Austen is alive and well,
And living in Jerusalem.

Emma Goldman is alive and well,
And living in Jerusalem.
Emma Goldman is alive and well,
And living in Jerusalem.
Won't you come whisper children,
Whisper softly of gospel.
Emma Goldman is alive and well,
And living in Jerusalem.

Robert Johnson is alive and well,
And living in Jerusalem.
Robert Johnson is alive and well,
And living in Jerusalem.
Won't you come whisper children,
Whisper softly of gospel.
Robert Johnson is alive and well,
And living in Jerusalem.

Bessie Smith is alive and well,
And living in Jerusalem.
Bessie Smith she is alive and well,
And living in Jerusalem.
Won't you come whisper children,
Whisper softly of gospel.
Bessie Smith she is alive and well,
And living in Jerusalem.

Janice Joplin is alive and well,
And living in Jerusalem.
Janice Joplin is alive and well,
And living in Jerusalem.
Won't you come whisper children,
Whisper softly of gospel.
Janice Joplin is alive and well,
And living in Jerusalem.

Lord Buddha is alive and well,
And living in Jerusalem.
Lord Buddha is alive and well,
And living in Jerusalem.
Won't you come whisper children,
Whisper softly of gospel.
Lord Buddha is alive and well,
And living in Jerusalem.

Lord Buddha is alive and well,
And living in Jerusalem.
Lord Buddha is alive and well,
And living in Jerusalem.
Lord Buddha is alive and well,
And living in Jerusalem.

(Album, Land of the Shooting Stars)

Angels in the Rain (1995-009)

Twas an hour after midnight.
The rainy night was comin' down.
Sweet silver sparkled in the city light,
Giving everything a crown,
Dancing free without a sound.

Angels, angels, angels in the rain.
Angels, angels, angels in the rain.

Somewhere beyond the electronic guards,
Beyond the banks, the stores, the chains,
Beyond the automatic teller cards,
Something new but not so strange,
Calling everything to change.

Angels, angels, angels in the rain.
Angels, angels, angels in the rain.
Angels, angels, angels in the rain.
Angels, angels, angels in the rain.

What is this earth that we are walking on?
What is this face in every leaf?
What is the light that shines inside us all,
So many seekers sought to see,
In sweet sweet divinity.

Angels, angels, angels in the rain.
Angels, angels, angels in the rain.
Angels, angels, angels in the rain.
Angels, angels, angels in the rain.

Angels, angels, angels in the rain.
Angels, angels, angels in the rain.
Angels, angels, angels in the rain.
Angels, angels, angels in the rain.

Angels in the rain.
Angels in the rain.

(Album, Red Paint and Shadow Play)

I'll Be Flying (1995-010)

It's a lovely Sunday afternoon.
The sky has a few clouds mixed with the blue.
I'm sitting here alone in my hotel room,
And I'm sighing,
And I'm sighing.
Tomorrow morning my plane rolls out.
I'm flying away from this capital town.
I'm goin' back home to let the years go 'round.
I'll be flying.
I'll be flying.
I'll be flying.

I came down here for a conference,
Met a lot of people and made a lot of friends,
Drank some white wine and let the evening untence.
We had a good time.
We had a good time.
Sometimes I wanna get angry, to scream and to shout,
When I think about the things that we're talking about,
But one day I know it will all work out.
There'll be a green time.
There'll be a green time.
There'll be a green time.

Outside my window, I can hear the birds sing,
Hear the traffic on the roadway and everything.
I lean out and breathe in the Ottawa spring,
And I feel the wind blow.
I feel the wind blow.
When I think about the choices I've made along the way,
Turning points in my life that brought me here today,
I know I wouldn't have it any other way,
And I let my mind flow.
I let my mind flow.
I let my mind flow.

It's a lovely Sunday afternoon.
The sky has a few clouds mixed with the blue.
I'm sitting here alone in my hotel room,
And I'm sighing,
And I'm sighing.
Tomorrow morning my plane rolls out.
I'm flying away from this capital town.
I'm goin' back home to let the years go 'round.
I'll be flying.
I'll be flying.
I'll be flying.

I'll be flying.
I'll be flying.
I'll be flying.

(Albums, Dance on the Earth, and, Journey by Earthlight)

Witches in the Moonlight (1995-011)

I met a woman one day on movement time,
Long flowing limbs and a voice that suited me just fine.
She said she wanted to ride on a cosmic caravan,
And see a universe of stars in a grain of sand.
And see a universe of stars in a grain of sand.

From her home town upon the western plain,
She grew up and watched the world through her window pane.
Nuclear madness not so far away,
Believing there had to be something she could do or say.
Believing there had to be something she could do or say.

She reminded me of someone,
From a poem or a dream,
As we ran down the street singing "You Are Not Alone".
She reminded me of somewhere,
My heart had barely been.
She reminded me of witches in the moonlight.
She reminded me of witches in the moonlight.

Saskatoon aint no place to fall in love,
Though it keeps you warm when the winter falls from above.
Let's sneak away to somewhere none will know,
And get lost for a day in the North Saskatchewan snow.
And get lost for a day in the North Saskatchewan snow.

She reminded me of someone,
From a story or a song,
As the magic made our bodies move as one.
She reminded me of somewhere,
I hadn't been for o so long.
She reminded me of witches in the moonlight.
She reminded me of witches in the moonlight.

I met a woman one day on movement time,
Long flowing limbs and a voice that suited me just fine.
She said she wanted to ride on a cosmic caravan,
And see a universe of stars in a grain of sand.
And see a universe of stars in a grain of sand.

She reminded me of someone,
From a poem or a dream,
As we ran down the street singing "You Are Not Alone".
She reminded me of somewhere,
My heart had barely been.
She reminded me of witches in the moonlight.
She reminded me of witches in the moonlight.
She reminded me of witches,
Dancing in the moonlight.
She reminded me of witches in the moonlight.

(Album, Land of the Shooting Stars)

Liberty (1995-012)

We're gonna have to have liberty,
In a post-expansionist economy,
Where we share smaller pies but we still are free,
And we let everyone be who they wish to be.
Let everyone be who they wish to be.
Let everyone be who they wish to be.

We're gonna have to have liberty,
In ecological community,
Where to live is not to have but simply to be,
In a freedom that only comes peacefully.
A freedom that only comes peacefully,
A freedom that only comes peacefully.

On this continent we say we're free,
But we barely know of what we speak.
There can be no freedom without equity.
We're gonna have to awaken from our dream.
Have to awaken from our dream.
Have to awaken from our dream.

Gotta say no to the ways of greed.
Get a million people planting seeds.
Planting gardens and orchards from sea to sea.
Planting cherry tree after cherry tree.
Cherry tree after cherry tree.
Cherry tree after cherry tree.

Cherry tree, liberty, peacefully.

We're gonna have to have liberty,
In a post-expansionist economy,
Where we share smaller pies but we still are free,
And we let everyone be who they wish to be.
Let everyone be who they wish to be.
Let everyone be who they wish to be.

We're gonna have to have liberty,
In ecological community,
Where to live is not to have but simply to be,
In a freedom that only comes peacefully.
A freedom that only comes peacefully.
A freedom that only comes peacefully.

Liberty, peacefully, cherry tree.

We're gonna have to have liberty.
We're gonna have to have liberty.
And equity in community.
We're gonna have to have liberty.
We're gonna have to have liberty.
Freedom will only come peacefully.
Freedom will only come peacefully.

We're gonna have to have liberty.
We're gonna have to have liberty.
Freedom will only come peacefully.
Freedom will only come peacefully.
Freedom will only come peacefully.

We're gonna have to have liberty.

(Album, Rivers, Sage and Sand)

AECL Farewell (1995-013)

AECL, farewell, farewell. AECL, farewell, farewell.

AECL, farewell, farewell. AECL, farewell, farewell.
AECL, farewell, farewell. AECL, farewell, farewell.

We are the people of Saskatchewan.
We have come to speak our piece.
We have gathered from all directions,
From the north, south, west and east.

Singing,
AECL, farewell, farewell. AECL, farewell, farewell.
AECL, farewell, farewell. AECL, farewell, farewell.

We don't want your Candu reactors.
We don't want your nuclear waste.
You can take your jobs and shove them.
We're not gonna go away.

Singing,
AECL, farewell, farewell. AECL, farewell, farewell.
AECL, farewell, farewell. AECL, farewell, farewell.

You can keep your plutonium atoms.
Keep your neptunium atoms too.
We don't want your transuranics.
We've got the transuranic blues.

Singing,
AECL, farewell, farewell. AECL, farewell, farewell.
AECL, farewell, farewell. AECL, farewell, farewell.

You can keep your plutonium atoms.
Keep your neptunium atoms too.
We don't want your transuranics.
We've got the transuranic blues.

Singing,
AECL, farewell, farewell. AECL, farewell, farewell.
AECL, farewell, farewell. AECL, farewell, farewell.

AECL, farewell, farewell. AECL, farewell, farewell.
AECL, farewell, farewell. AECL, farewell, farewell.

(Album, Sunrise Over the Barricades)

Somewhere in the Song (1995-014)

You will find me in the marches
Of the peaceful men and women,
Some that fill the streets for miles
And some that aren't so long.
You will hear me in the speeches
Read me in the underground newspapers,
And when you hear the marchers singing
I'll be somewhere in the song.
When you hear the marchers singing
I'll be somewhere in the song.

You will see me in the placards
And the banners there unfolding.
You will hear me in the slogans
As you chant them on the wind.
You will find me among the people
Who have joined their hands in struggle,
Who know the time is short
But that there's still time to begin,
Who know the time is short
But that there's still time to begin.

You will find me at the meetings
At the endless endless meetings.
You will find me in the prisons
With the ones who fill your jails.
You will know me in the music
And the poetry of freedom,
And the holy thirst for justice
That has blazed a thousand trails,
And the holy thirst for justice
That has blazed a thousand trails.

Don't look for me among the dead
The cynical oppressors,
Who live for guns and money
Guarding every Pentagon.
For my spirit it has risen
Like an eagle on the morning.
It will light the hearts of millions
As the movement carries on.
I will light the hearts of millions
As the movement carries on.

You will find me in the marches
Of the peaceful men and women,
Some that fill the streets for miles
And some that aren't so long.
You will hear me in the speeches
Read me in the underground newspapers,
And when you hear the marchers singing
I'll be somewhere in the song.
When you hear the marchers singing
I'll be somewhere in the song.

When you hear the marchers singing
I'll be somewhere in the song.

When you hear the marchers singing,
Singing, singing, singing,
When you hear the marchers singing
I'll be somewhere in the song.

(Album, Song for the Balladeer)

And Love Will Make Us Strong (1995-015)

There's a space between the earth and sky,
Between midnight and the dawn,
Between the sweet light of the moon,
And the warm shine of the sun.
Too many friends have fallen.
Too many trees are gone.
But we still have time to raise our voice,
And we still have space to run.

Our hearts beat from all over,
For the soil from which we've sprung.
The eagles and the sparrows fly,
And the four winds give us tongue.
The voices of our time they call,
And take us from our lives.
Once you've answered, you can't go back,
To ordinary time.
Once you've answered, you can't go back,
To ordinary time.

But earth and water, fire and air,
Will grace us with their song.
Their sweetness will connect our souls,
And love will make us strong.
O earth and water, fire and air,
Will stir us with their song.
Their beauty will connect us all,
And love will make us strong.

We cannot not bear witness
To the things that we have seen.
Amid the stark efficiencies,
Let us be the ghosts in the machine.
We are the child who dares to cry,
The king has no clothes on.
His shadows they are crumbling,
'Cause he can't hold back the dawn.

For the empty eyes of businessmen,
And of governments who kneel,
And all who bow to corporate will,
And their fists and chains of steal,
We speak our names regardless,
Of the guns that beat us back.
Silence, is what they want.
We sure as hell won't give them that!
Silence, is what they want.
We sure as hell won't give them that!

'Cause earth and water, fire and air,
Will grace us with their song.
Their sweetness will connect our souls,
And love will make us strong.
O earth and water, fire and air,

Will move us with their song.
Their beauty will connect us all,
And love will make us strong.

Their beauty will connect us all,
And love will make us strong.
Love will make us strong.
Love will make us strong.

(Albums, Dance on the Earth, and, Journey by Earthlight)

Summer of Seventy-five (1995-016)

I was seven years old in the summer of seventy-five,
Growing up in a house on the good side of town, my eyes wide.
My head was in the starry sky,
Half way to the moon.
My feet were firmly planted
On the ground of Saskatoon.
I was a child. I was a child.

I was starting to learn just how big was the big world outside.
And when Apollo and Soyuz linked up overhead, how I cried.
I wanted to get up real early,
On the morning of the day,
And see the rockets taking off,
And send them on their way.
I was a child. I was a child.

I drew pictures of houses and storm clouds with paper and crayon.
And I watched for the signs in the weather that told me to play on.
And the sunsets and the rainbows,
They came when e'r they could,
And reminded me of genesis.
"And God saw that it was good."
I was a child. I was a child.

O my how the summer danced on in her deep shades of blue.
And the spaces they gave us to play in and wander on through.
But then the days grew short again,
As the autumn rolled around.
And I went back to school again,
As September hit the ground.
I was a child. I was a child.

Now all of that's over twenty years ago. How the time flies.
But now I am doing what I wanted to do all the time.
My life it is not meaningless,
For I am here and free,
And dancing in the summer light,
Desiring to be.
I am a child. I am a child.
My life it is not meaningless,
For I am here and free,
And dancing in the summer light,
Desiring to be.
I am a child. I am a child.

I was seven years old in the summer of seventy-five.

(Albums, Dance on the Earth, and, Journey by Earthlight)

Jacque Sharaque (1995-017)

Well, what shall we do with Jacque Sharaque.
What shall we do with Jacque Sharaque.
What shall we do with Jacque Sharaque,
Early in the morning.

Hay hay, have an uprising.
Hay hay, have an uprising.
Hay hay, have an uprising.
Early in the morning.

Tie him to the bow of the Rainbow Warrior.
Tie him to the bow of the Rainbow Warrior.
Tie him to the bow of the Rainbow Warrior.
Early in the morning.

Hay hay, have an uprising.
Hay hay, have an uprising.
Hay hay, have an uprising.
Early in the morning.

Put him underground on the Mora Rowa.
Put him underground on the Mora Rowa.
Put him underground on the Mora Rowa.
Early in the morning.

Hay hay, have an uprising.
Hay hay, have an uprising.
Hay hay, have an uprising.
Early in the morning.

Put him in bed with a radon daughter.
Put him in bed with a radon daughter.
Put him in bed with a radon daughter.
Early in the morning.

Hay hay, have an uprising.
Hay hay, have an uprising.
Hay hay, have an uprising.
Early in the morning.

Give him a breakfast of jam on yellowcake.
Give him a breakfast of jam on yellowcake.
Give him a breakfast of jam on yellowcake.
Early in the morning.

Hay hay, have an uprising.
Hay hay, have an uprising.
Hay hay, have an uprising.
Early in the morning.

Land him at an airport in Tahiti.
Land him at an airport in Tahiti.
Land him at an airport in Tahiti.
Early in the morning.

Hay hay, have an uprising.
Hay hay, have an uprising.
Hay hay, have an uprising.
Early in the morning.

What shall we do with Jacque Sharaque.
What shall we do with Jacque Sharaque.
What shall we do with Jacque Sharaque.
Early in the morning.

Hay hay, have an uprising.
Hay hay, have an uprising.
Hay hay, have an uprising.
Early in the morning.

Dress him in a glow in the dark bikini.
Dress him in a glow in the dark bikini.
Dress him in a glow in the dark bikini.
Early in the morning.

Hay hay, have an uprising.
Hay hay, have an uprising.
Hay hay, have an uprising.
Early in the morning.

Zap his balls with a gamma ray.
Zap his balls with a gamma ray.
Zap his balls with a gamma ray.
Early in the morning.

Hay hay, have an uprising.
Hay hay, have an uprising.
Hay hay, have an uprising.
Early in the morning.

Hay hay, have an uprising.
Hay hay, have an uprising.
Hay hay, have an uprising.
Early in the morning.

What shall we do with Jacque Sharaque.
What shall we do with Jacque Sharaque.
What shall we do with Jacque Sharaque.
Early in the morning.

(Album, Buffalo Common)

I Never Made It to Paris (1995-018)

O I never made it to Paris,
To walk the left bank of the Seine
And I never made it to London,
To shake hands with the likes of Tony Ben.
And I never made it to Wickenburg,
To have lunch with Robert Theobald.
And I never walked on San Francisco Bay,
Where you're supposed to go if you feel you've been called.

But I hope that I made it to thee,
Places where I was meant to be.
And I hope that I made it. I hope that I made it.
I hope that I made it, to the light in me.

O I never made it to Chicago,
To dance all night in Lincoln Park.
And I never went to Kent Ohio,
Where 1970 turned dark.
And I never made it to Harrisburg,
To look out over the Three Mile Isle.
And I never walked in Greenwich Village,
Where social change always wore a turquoise smile.

But I hope that I made it to thee,
Places where I was meant to be.
And I hope that I made it. I hope that I made it.
I hope that I made it, on the road to divinity.

O I never made it to Dublin,
To walk the steps of old James Joyce.
And I never wandered through the highlands,
Where you can almost hear Robby Burns's voice.
I never walked the streets of Athens,
Or stood where Socrates once spoke.
And I never even went to Halifax,
To tell Alan Guinsberg my latest joke.

But I hope that I made it to thee,
Places where I was meant to be.
And I hope that I made it. I hope that I made it.
I hope that I made it, to the light in me.
And I hope that I made it. I hope that I made it.
I hope that I made it, on the road to divinity.

O I never made it to Paris,
To walk the left bank of the Seine.

(Album, Mountains, Widows and Mustard Seeds)

Creature from the Gunner Mine (1995-019)

Exactly where I come from,
No one really knows,
But I move with a sly slithering slush,
Everywhere I go.
The people turn and look at me,
And say "Hay better draw the line."
They don't know what to call me so they call me,
The creature from the Gunner Mine.

I'm the creature, from the Gunner Mine.

I was born way way down underground,
Raised on uranium ore.
My mother was a mine shaft.
My father was nuclear war.
I grew bigger and bigger day by day,
Til I made that dreadful climb.
Now I'm walkin' on the surface of the earth with you.
I'm the creature from the Gunner Mine.

I'm the creature, from the Gunner Mine.

I'm radioactive, chemically toxic.
My blood is a soup of the day.
Though I'm decaying all the time,
I'm never gonna go away.
I'm gonna come back and haunt you,
Time after time after time.
My face will be in your windows.
My mutated metallic skin will be on your television screen.
I'm the creature from the Gunner Mine.

I'm the creature, from the Gunner Mine.

Exactly where I come from,
No one really knows,
But I move with a sly slithering slush,
Everywhere I go.
Not horrible enough for Romanow,
But too nauseating for Ralph Cline.
Everybody runs away from me.
I'm the creature from the Gunner Mine.

I'm the creature, from the Gunner Mine.
I'm the creature, from the Gunner Mine.
I'm the creature, from the Gunner Mine.
I'm the creature, from the Gunner Mine.
I'm the creature, from the Gunner Mine.
I'm the creature, from the Gunner Mine.

(Album, Sunrise Over the Barricades)

Musical Mystical Bear (1995-020)

I heard the sun go down,
In a splash of water where the whole world would drown.
And as I turned around,
They said, "Welcome to the Christic Underground.".

What am I doin' there? I'm a musical mystical bear.
What am I doin' there? I'm a musical mystical bear.
What am I doin' there? I'm a musical mystical bear.

I heard the wild wolves howl.
"We'll give you immortality and the ability to growl."
I saw the big moon scowl.
I said, "I am seeking the wisdom of the owl."

What am I doin' there? I'm a musical mystical bear.
What am I doin' there? I'm a musical mystical bear.
What am I doin' there? I'm a musical mystical bear.

Please don't call me Yogi Bear.
I'm a Rhineland mystic, European and square.
Nothin' more silent than a monk at prayer,
When God is a circle whose centre is everywhere.

What am I doin' there? I'm a musical mystical bear.
What am I doin' there? I'm a musical mystical bear.
What am I doin' there? I'm a musical mystical bear.
What am I doin' there? I'm a musical mystical bear.

How can you forgive those Dominican Friars,
For throwing those women on to those fires?
How can they ever apologize?
How can they ever look those women in the eye?

What am I doin' there? I'm a musical mystical bear.
What am I doin' there? I'm a musical mystical bear.
What am I doin' there? I'm a musical mystical bear.
What am I doin' there? I'm a musical mystical bear.

Johannes Touler would be happy to know,
The circle still has somewhere to grow.
San Juan de La Cruse doin' the jig on Mount Carmel.
And Hildagard of Bingon swingin' to and fro.

What am I doin' there? I'm a musical mystical bear.
What am I doin' there? I'm a musical mystical bear.
What am I doin' there? I'm a musical mystical bear.
What am I doin' there? I'm a musical mystical bear.

How did the Zen Buddhist lose his hair?
He gave it to the musical mystical bear.
How did the Zen Buddhist lose his hair?
He gave it to the musical mystical bear.

Please do not misunderstand me.

That's bear B E A R, not B A R E.
Please do not misunderstand me.
That's bear B E A R, not B A R E.

What am I doin' there? I'm a musical mystical bear.
What am I doin' there? I'm a musical mystical bear.
What am I doin' there? I'm a musical mystical bear.
What am I doin' there? I'm a musical mystical bear.

What am I doing there? I'm a musical mystical bear!
I am a musical mystical bear! But what am I doing there?

(Album, Buffalo Common)

You Can Only Build It Gently (1995-021)

Once I dreamed of a promised land,
The day that we're all hoping for.
You can't build it with hammer and nails.
You can't build it with guns and swords.

You can only build it gently,
Planting seeds with love and toil.
You can only do it slowly,
Watching the shoots push through the soil.

Once I dreamed of a promised land,
In a sacred story or a lullaby.
But it might take three hundred years.
You may not see it in your lifetime.

You can only build it gently,
Planting seeds and watering.
You can only do it slowly,
Letting the seeds come forth in spring.

Sometimes waiting is so hard.
How can we unclench our hands,
When pain and sorrow are all we see,
With the smirks of those who rule our land.

You can only build it gently,
Planting seeds with love and toil.
You can only move it slowly,
Watching the shoots push through the soil.
Watching the shoots push through the soil.

You can only build it gently.
You can only build it gently.

(Album, Dance on the Earth)

Buffalo Common (1995-022)

We went lookin' for Buffalo Common, hay hay hay ay hay ay.
Plenty of people on Buffalo Common, hay hay hay, ay hay ay.
We went lookin' for Buffalo Common, hay hay hay ay hay ay.
The Sun sets big on Buffalo Common, hay hay hay ay hay ay.

Somewhere beyond the edge of your eyelid,
Somewhere beyond the edge of town,
We talk and walk with ghosts in a snowstorm,
Believing we'll turn things around.

We went lookin' for Buffalo Common, hay hay hay ay hay ay.
Plenty of people on Buffalo Common, hay hay hay ay hay ay.
The oatmeal's hot on Buffalo Common, hay hay hay ay hay ay.
The wind blows big on Buffalo Common, hay hay hay ay hay ay.

But this could not be yesterday's prairie.
These are not the stars we know.
Take me back where my bones are buried.
That was such a long time ago.

We went lookin' for Buffalo Common, hay hay hay ay hay ay.
Plenty of wood on Buffalo Common, hay hay hay ay hay ay.
Berries are ripe on Buffalo Common, hay hay hay ay hay ay.
The Sun sets big on Buffalo Common, hay hay hay ay hay ay.

No more riding into the sunset.
No more credits on the screen.
Life is not a John Wayne movie.
I don't wanna join your big machine.

We went lookin' for Buffalo Common, hay hay hay ay hay ay.
Plenty of people on Buffalo Common, hay hay hay ay hay ay.
The rain falls free on Buffalo Common, hay hay hay ay hay ay.
The wind blows big on Buffalo Common, hay hay hay ay hay ay.

Join the army of travelin' buskers,
Joining hearts from town to town.
Love the soil, love the thunder.
Sink your roots and settle down.

We went lookin' for Buffalo Common, hay hay hay ay hay ay.
Plenty of wood on Buffalo Common, hay hay hay ay hay ay.
The oatmeal's hot on Buffalo Common, hay hay hay ay hay ay.
The rain falls free on Buffalo Common, hay hay hay ay hay ay.

We went lookin' for Buffalo Common, hay hay hay ay hay ay.
Plenty of people on Buffalo Common, hay hay hay ay hay ay.
Berries are ripe on Buffalo Common, hay hay hay ay hay ay.
The wind blows big on Buffalo Common, hay hay hay ay hay ay.

We went lookin' for Buffalo Common.
We went lookin' for Buffalo Common.
Wind blows big on Buffalo Common, hay hay hay ay hay ay.

(Albums, Buffalo Common, and, Journey by Earthlight)

I'd Like to Fly (1995-023)

I'd like to fly,
Just like an eagle,
And spread my wings,
Above the town.
And touch the sky,
And feel the breeze blow,
As if I never,
Will come down.

The Northern Lights,
Will bear me onward.
The silent stars,
Will guide my flight.
As through the night,
Forever dawnward,
I make my way,
By moon-sweet light.

And over sand,
And over ocean,
Over lighted cities,
Over mountains high.
Sky sea and land,
All things in motion,
Will be one song,
One rolling tide.

And when I came,
To where I was going,
To blessed isle,
Or green-swept shore,
I'd hear my name,
On the wind a blowing,
And gently land,
My journey o'er.

I'd like to fly,
Just like an eagle,
And spread my wings,
Above the town.
And touch the sky,
And feel the breeze blow,
As if I never,
Will come down.
As if I never,
Will come down.

I'd like to fly,
Just like an eagle.

(Album, Buffalo Common)

Sweet Spring Wind (1995-024)

O the rain it is a falling,
From the gentle sky.
Somewhere in the dark of night,
The peaceful spirits cry.

Sweet spring wind, sweet spring wind,
You pick me up and carry me through time.
Sweet spring wind, sweet spring wind,
You play me like the music of a harp divine.
You play me like the music of a harp divine.

O the birds they are a singing,
In the morning calm.
I walk alone yet not alone,
Before the April dawn.

Sweet spring wind, sweet spring wind,
You pick me up and carry me through time.
Sweet spring wind, sweet spring wind,
You play me like the music of a harp divine.
You play me like the music of a harp divine.

In my mind I am remembering,
The paths that brought me here,
And the tunnels I still have to crawl,
To touch time's perfect sphere.

Sweet spring wind, sweet spring wind,
Pick me up and carry me through time.
Sweet spring wind, sweet spring wind,
Play me like the music of a harp divine.
Play me like the music of a harp divine.
Sweet spring wind, sweet spring wind,
Play me like the music of a harp divine.
Play me like the music of a harp divine.

(Album, Land of the Shooting Stars)

Walking on the River (1995-025)

Once I dreamed of, fairy castles,
Smiling faces on the, walls and windows.
Once I walked a, sparkling pathway,
Walking on the river, as the river flows,
Walking on the river, as the river flows.

I could count the, scoops of ice-cream,
Under the trees of, childhood's forest.
Sun was shining, green leaves waving,
Where I was walking on the river, as the river flows,
Walking on the river, as the river flows.

From somewhere came the, westward zephyrs,
Whistling tantric tangos, to my spirit.
I came dancing, like a moonbeam,
Walking on the river, as the river flows,
Walking on the river, as the river flows.

Smash the sky and, smash the treetops,
Thunder and lightening, only natural.
After the rain's gone, through the rainbow,
I'll be walking on the river, as the river flows,
Walking on the river, as the river flows.
I'll be walking on the river, as the river flows.

Once I dreamed of, fairy castles,
Smiling faces on the, walls and windows.
Once I walked a, sparkling pathway,
Walking on the river, as the river flows,
Walking on the river, as the river flows,
Walking on the river, as the river flows.

(Album, Land of the Shooting Stars)

House in the Country (1995-026)

I imagine this house, like a house in the country,
Stars shining brightly, field of green.
I imagine this house, like a house in the country,
Sweet shadows flickering, where I have been.

Who are the sweet spirits, who walk in the hallway.
What are the memories, that hang in the trees.
The faces are friendly, that smile in the windows.
In floor boards and meadows, I dance. I am free.

I imagine this house, like a house in the country,
Stars shining brightly, field of green.
I imagine this house, like a house in the country,
Sweet shadows flickering, where I have been.

Was I once once and future, prince of this castle.
Was I once the rebel, sage at the gate.
Now I play at Picco. Now I play at Arthur.
Now we stop our playing, for the hour is late.

I imagine this house, like a house in the country,
Stars shining brightly, field of green.
I imagine this house, like a house in the country,
Sweet shadows flickering, where I have been.

Your windows and chimneys, your roofs and your towers,
Your songs in the morning, and songs in the night,
Remind me of childhood, and tell me of now time.
Though bluebirds have flown, my spirit takes flight.

I imagine this house, like a house in the country,
Stars shining brightly, field of green.
I imagine this house, like a house in the country,
Sweet shadows flickering, where I have been.
Sweet shadows flickering, where I have been.

I imagine this house, like a house in the country.

(Album, Alpha 27 Omega)

Molecules and Nanoseconds (1995-027)

Molecules and nanoseconds,
March into the day,
Never knowing who they were,
Or what they had to say.
Daytime movie screen,
Blows it all away,
Til the guns come up as the sun goes down,
One more scene to play.
Til the guns come up as the sun goes down,
One more scene to play.

Pyramids and paradises,
Visioned on the dawn.
Young man talking to himself,
Now how can I go on.
But the leaves are turning just as green,
As the sky is turning calm.
Who will tell the Weathermen,
That the parachutes are gone.
Who will tell the Weathermen,
That the parachutes are gone.

Dreams of ankles, dreams of angels,
Strangled in the night.
Take a stroll down Pudding Lane,
And wet your appetite.
Who could that be, Blake or Shelly.
Hold him to the light.
Will he stand the test of time,
Or will he take to flight.
Will he stand the test of time,
Or will he take to flight.

William Penn once penned a sermon.
Gerard Winstanley lived a rhyme.
Children of the rocks of ages,
Pick their grapes from off the vine.
Who is crying, who is shouting.
Who will sink the diamond mine.
When the prophets have all spoken,
You only face the voice of time.
When the prophets have all spoken,
You only face the voice of time.

So gather trinkets, gather idols.
Place them on the fires high.
Bonfires of our remembered selves,
The things life could not quite pass by.
And we will strike a match before,
The midnight gongs us from the sky.
And when the smoke has finally lifted,
Only the raven he shall cry.
When the smoke has finally lifted,
Only the raven he shall cry.

We are singers, we are sparrows.
God sees each one of us fall.
As we walk the narrow margins,
You can hear the spruce cones call.
Through the groves and on the meadows,
Touch me with your Beltane shawl.
As we sleep in dreams of sunlight,
Basking in the golden ball.
As we sleep in dreams of sunlight,
Basking in the golden ball.

Who is bogman, who is starfish.
Tell me what you have to say.
Time is like a rushing river.
We are swans who stop to play.
One day you call us ugly ducklings.
One day you let us lead the way.
But the towers are too tall for us,
So this is where we wish to stay.
The towers are too tall for us,
So this is where we wish to stay.

So gather trinkets, gather idols.
Place them on the fires high.
Bonfires of our remembered selves,
The things life could not quite pass by.
And we will strike a match before,
The midnight gongs us from the sky.
And when the smoke has finally lifted,
Only the raven he shall cry.
When the smoke has finally lifted,
Only the raven he shall cry.
When the smoke has finally lifted,
Only the raven he shall cry.

(Album, Who Will Tell the Weathermen)

God Is Like a Widow (1995-028)

God is like a widow. God is like a widow.
God is like a widow. God, is like, a widow.

Who is this widow,
Knocking on our door,
Holding out her hand for alms,
Til we tell her, "Come no more".
We don't wanna see her,
Or the sorrow in her face.
She reminds us of who we all really are,
And puts us, soundly in our place.

But God is like a widow. God is like a widow.
God is like a widow. God, is like, a widow.

The widow walks along the road,
Stepping stone by stone.
The wind blows through her as she's turned,
Away from one more home.
Foxes they have holes.
Birds of the air they have their nests.
But where does the widow stay.
Where does the widow take her rest.

God is like a widow. God is like a widow.
God is like a widow. God, is like, a widow.

Some call God a warrior.
Some make him judge and king.
Some give God the power,
To call down fire on everything.
But to me God is a widow,
A leaf blown by the wind.
We must come to walk in his powerlessness,
Before the changing can begin.

God is like a widow. God is like a widow.
God is like a widow. God, is like, a widow.

God is like a widow. God is like a widow.
God is like a widow. God, is like, a widow.
God, is like, a widow.
God, is like, a widow.

(Album, Mountains, Widows and Mustard Seeds)

The Man and the Castle (1995-029)

I once knew the man who built the Friendly Giant's castle.
Then one day they came and took him away.
I once knew the man who built the Friendly Giant's castle.
Then one day they came and took him away.
He used to talk about how they only paid him twenty-five dollars.
Then one day they came and took him away.
He used to talk about how he drew bricks around the back.
Then one day they came and took him away.
He drew bricks around the back,
Even though no one ever saw the back of that castle.
Then one day they came and took him away.
One day they came and took him away.

Some people say he was a manic depressant,
'Cause no one ever thanked him for what he had done.
He built this great monument, to free us from oppression.
Then he had to spend the rest of his life on the run.

I once knew the man who built the Friendly Giant's castle.
Then one day they came and took him away.
And locked him up in a mental institution.
Yeah the boys in white really took him away.
And used him as a guinea pig in their experimentation.
That's what they did when they took him away.
And CBC don't wanna hear about the money that they owe him.
So one day they came and took him away.
One day they came and took him away.

Some people say he was a schizophrenic.
That he never really did what he thought he had done.
He said he built this great monument,
To save us from Captain Kangaroo.
Then he had to spend the rest of his life on the run.

How would you feel if you'd built the Friendly Giant's castle,
Then one day they came and took you away.
And locked you up and said, "This is sure less of a hassle."
That's what they said when they took him away.
I wanna find that man and give him back his castle.
So we can say we're sorry that we took him away.
I wanna find that man and give him back his castle,
So we can say we're sorry that we took him away.

I'm gonna write a novel called "One Flew Over the Castle.",
Dedicated to Ken Keasie weeeeeeeeee!!!!
Then one day they'll come and take me away.
I'm gonna write a novel called "One Flew Over the Castle.",
Dedicated to Ken Keasie weeeeee!!!!
Then one day they'll come and take me away.
One day they'll come and take me away.
One day they'll come and take me awayayayayay!!

So you can let the drawbridge down, and I'll call rusty,
And one day they'll come and take me away.

(Album, Buffalo Common)

Winter Cosmos (1995-030)

We walk into life on a day in the spring.
We open our eyes and behold everything.
We say "What is this Earth? What is this sky?
What makes the wind blow? What makes the sweet sparrows fly?

What is this stillness? What is this light?
What are these shadows that dance through the night?".
Move with the water. Move with the air.
And give ourselves a space where life can be shared.
And give ourselves a space where life can be shared.

Leaves fall. Snowflakes fall. Raindrops fall again.
Years turn. Decades burn. Somewhere the light bends.
Leaves fall. Snowflakes fall. Raindrops fall again.
World with no beginning, universe with no end.

Here we are, the winter cosmos, stretches out before us.
Here we are, the winter cosmos, stretches out before us.

We walk into life on a day in the spring.
We open our eyes and behold everything.
We say "What is this Earth? What is this sky?
What makes the wind blow? What makes the sweet sparrows fly?

What is this stillness? What is this light?
What are these shadows that dance through the night?".
Move with the water. Move with the air.
And give ourselves a space where life can be shared.
And give ourselves a space where life can be shared.

Leaves fall. Snowflakes fall. Raindrops fall again.
Years turn. Decades burn. Somewhere the light bends.
Leaves fall. Snowflakes fall. Raindrops fall again.
World with no beginning, universe with no end.

Leaves fall. Snowflakes fall. Raindrops fall again.
Years turn. Decades burn. Somewhere the light bends.
Leaves fall. Snowflakes fall. Raindrops fall again.
World with no beginning, universe with no end.
World with no beginning, universe with no end.

Here we are, the winter cosmos, stretches out before us.
Here we are, the winter cosmos, stretches out before us.

Here we are, the winter cosmos, stretches out before us.
Here we are, the winter cosmos, stretches out before us.

(Album, Buffalo Common)

What Makes a Right Wing Death Squad Man? (1995-031)

What makes a right wing death squad man
A right wing death squad man?
Why does he shoot the ones who fight
For a little bit of hope, a little bit of land?
Why can't he take his sisters
And his brothers by the hand?
What makes a right wing death squad man
A right wing death squad man?
What makes a right wing death squad man
A right wing death squad man?

What makes a Neo-NAZI thug
A Neo-NAZI thug?
Is it the daring, the adrenalin,
With Heinrich Himmler as your drug?
So you don't like gays or Indians,
So you give'm one more slug.
What makes a Neo-NAZI thug
A Neo-NAZI thug?
What makes a Neo-NAZI thug
A Neo-NAZI thug?

What makes a uranium company man
A uranium company man?
Making his money, raping the earth
For uranium all he can.
Doesn't he know that the world he fuels
Will fall like a house on sand?
What makes a uranium company man
A uranium company man?
What makes a uranium company man
A uranium company man?

What makes an agent of the CIA
An agent of the CIA?
Marching with the makers of megacide
With gunboats thundering in the bay.
Does he really believe he's fighting
For truth and justice anyway?
What makes an agent of the CIA
An agent of the CIA?
What makes an agent of the CIA
An agent of the CIA?

What makes a woman-batterer
A woman-batterer?
Claiming he's the one whose been misused,
Calling her the torturer.
He's given her bruises and broken bones
But he claims he still loves her.
What makes a woman-batterer
A woman-batterer?
What makes a woman-batterer
A woman-batterer?

What makes a right wing death squad man
A right wing death squad man?
Why does he shoot the ones who fight
For a little bit of hope, a little bit of land?
Why can't he take his sisters
And his brothers by the hand?
What makes a right wing death squad man
A right wing death squad man?
What makes a right wing death squad man
A right wing death squad man.

What makes a right wing death squad man
A right wing death squad man?
What makes a right wing death squad man
A right wing death squad man?
What makes a right wing death squad man
A right wing death squad man?
What makes a right wing death squad man
A right wing death squad man?
What makes a right wing death squad man
A right wing death squad man?
What makes a right wing death squad man
A right wing death squad man?
What makes a right wing death squad man
A right wing death squad man?

(Albums, Buffalo Common, and, Journey by Earthlight)

When the Revolution Comes (1995-032)

When the revolution comes,
There will be no Coca-Cola.
When the revolution comes,
There will be no Coca-Cola.
When the revolution comes,
There will be no Coca-Cola.
So all of us caffeine addicts,
Will all be constipated.
All be constipated.
Alleluia ola.
Alleluia ola.

When the revolution comes,
There'll be no pepperoni pizza.
When the revolution comes,
There'll be no pepperoni pizza.
When the revolution comes,
There'll be no pepperoni pizza.
And all of us pizza eaters,
We'll all die of starvation.
All die of starvation.
Alleluia eatsa.
Alleluia eatsa.
Don't you wanna eat some.

When the revolution comes,
There will be no salted cornchips.
When the revolution comes,
There will be no salted cornchips.
When the revolution comes,
There will be no salted cornships.
So all of us chip-faced munchers,
We'll all feel so deflated.
We'll all feel so deflated.
We'll all feel so deflated,
That the revolution, the revolution, the revolution will die.
The revolution, the revolution, the revolution will die.
The revolution, the revolution, the revolution will die,
At the lunch counter.

The revolution, the revolution, the revolution will die.
The revolution, the revolution, the revolution will die,
At the lunch counter.

(Album, How to Make a Revolution Without Salt)

Bad Boy Mountain (1995-033)

Gonna go walking, on Bad Boy Mountain.
Gonna go walking, on Bad Boy Mountain.
Gonna go walking, on Bad Boy Mountain.
Gonna go walking, on Bad Boy Mountain.

Gonna light up the lights, on ghostly Pallas.
Gonna light up the lights, on ghostly Pallas.
Gonna light up the lights, on ghostly Pallas.
Gonna light up the lights, on ghostly Pallas.

Gonna tune my harp, to Singing Stone Man.
Gonna tune my harp, to Singing Stone Man.
Gonna tune my harp, to Singing Stone Man.
Gonna tune my harp, to Singing Stone Man.

Listen to the wizard, what he can tell you.
Listen to the wizard, what he can tell you.
Listen to the wizard, what he can tell you.
Listen to the wizard, what he can tell you.

Gonna go walking, on Bad Boy Mountain.
Gonna go walking, on Bad Boy Mountain, bad boy, bad boy.
Gonna go walking, on Bad Boy Mountain.
Gonna go walking, on Bad Boy Mountain.

Gonna light up the lights, on ghostly Pallas.
Gonna light up the lights, on ghostly Pallas.
Gonna light up the lights, on ghostly Pallas.
Gonna light up the lights, on ghostly Pallas.

Gonna tune my harp, to Singing Stone Man.
Gonna tune my harp, to Singing Stone Man.
Singing Stone Man, Singing Stone Man.
Gonna tune my harp, to Singing Stone Man.
Gonna tune my harp, to Singing Stone Man.

Listen to the wizard, what he can tell you.
Listen to the wizard, what he can tell you.
Listen to the wizard, what he can tell you.
He can tell you, he can tell you, he can tell you.
Listen to the wizard, what he can tell you.

Gonna go walking, on Bad Boy Mountain.
Gonna go walking, on Bad Boy Mountain.
Gonna go walking, on Bad Boy Mountain.
Gonna go walking, on Bad Boy Mountain.
Bad boy, bad boy, Bad Boy Mountain.
Bad boy, bad boy, Bad Boy Mountain.
Bad boy, bad boy, Bad Boy Mountain.

Gonna light up the lights, on ghostly Pallas.
Gonna light up the lights, on ghostly Pallas.
Gonna light up the lights, on ghostly Pallas.
Gonna light up the lights, on ghostly Pallas.

Gonna go walking, on Bad Boy Mountain.
Gonna go walking, on Bad Boy Mountain.
Gonna go walking, on Bad Boy Mountain.
Gonna go walking, on Bad Boy Mountain.

(Album, Land of the Shooting Stars)

Solidarity with All (1995-034)

Solidarity, solidarity,
Solidarity, solidarity with all.

Solidarity, solidarity,
Solidarity, solidarity with all.

Peace and equity, peace and equity,
Peace and equity, peace and equity for all.

Freedom and dignity, freedom and dignity,
Freedom and dignity, freedom and dignity for all.

Earth integrity, earth integrity,
Earth integrity, earth integrity for all.

An injury to one, an injury to one,
An injury to one, is an injury to all.

A victory for one, a victory for one,
A victory for one, is a victory for all.

Solidarity, solidarity,
Solidarity, solidarity with all.

Solidarity, solidarity,
Solidarity, solidarity with all.

Solidarity with all, solidarity with all.

Solidarity with all.

(Album, How to Make a Revolution Without Salt)

Spook the Nuke (1995-035)

(to the tune of "Duke of Earl"

Spook spook spook, Spook the nuke, spook spook.
Spook the nuke, spook spook, spook the nuke, spook spook.

Spook spook spook, Spook the nuke, spook spook.
Spook the nuke, spook spook. Spook the nuke, spook spook.

Spook spook spook, Spook the nuke, spook spook,
Spook the nuke, spook spook, spook the nuke, spook spook.

etc.

(Non-album)

Never Been Sung Before (1995-036)

Open your mind, your ears, your eyes,
And sing a song that's never been sung before.
Open your mind, your ears, your eyes,
And sing a song that's never been sung before.

I dreamed I saw, five sailing ships,
Headed out to sea.
And somehow I knew they had to be off to war.
I dreamed I saw, five sailing ships,
Headed out to sea.
And somehow I knew they had to be off to war.

The sun was setting, gaunt and pail.
The sky was growing dark.
And I had to wonder, wonder how many more.
The sun was setting, gaunt and pail.
The sky was growing dark.
And I had to wonder, wonder how many more.

Open your mind, your ears, your eyes,
And sing a song that's never been sung before.
Open your mind, your ears, your eyes,
And sing a song that's never been sung before.
Sing a song that's never been sung before.
Never been sung before.
Never been sung before.
Never been sung before.

(Album, Rivers, Sage and Sand)

I've Come Home (1996-001)

"I've come home." he said.
And laid down his head,
Among the gentle faces
And the fingers that he knew would make him sane.
"I've come home." he said,
Less alive than dead,
"But I know you can heal me,
And put me back upon my feet again.".

Home from the battlefield,
Home from the street.
Home from the dead end job
Or the sweet trip not so sweet.
And the only thing he murmured
Was "I cannot stand alone."
And all that he repeated one more time,
Is "I've come home.".

"I've come home." he said,
Full of love or lead,
And put his head down gently,
Not sure if he lay down to live or die.
"I've come home." he said.
"Take me to my bed."
For he knew he could not answer
The questions that were rising in their eyes.

Home from the killing field,
Home from Skid Row.
Home from the promised land
Where the milk and honey froze.
And the only thing he murmured
Was "I cannot stand alone."
And all that he repeated one more time,
Is "I've come home.".

"I've come home." he said.
"I've come home." he said.
"I've come home." he said.

(Album, Buffalo Common)

The Singers Come Through Like Sailors (1996-002)

The evening wind is warm,
And the stars are bright and strong.
The singers come through like sailors,
And touch us with their song.

John Lennon said, Imagine.
Phil Oches said, There but for fortune go you and I.
Bob Dylan said, The times they are a changing.
And Bob Marley said, No woman no cry.

The evening wind is warm,
And the stars are bright and strong.
The singers come through like sailors,
And move us with their song.

Bessie Smith said, Nobody knows you when you're down and out.
Ronnie Gilbert said, Don't put me in no rockingchair.
Michelle Shock sang of memories of East Texas.
And Buffy St. Marie was a soldier for a thousand years.

The evening wind is warm,
And the stars are bright and strong.
The singers come through like sailors,
And stir us with their song.

Woody Guthrie said, I aint a gonna be treated this way.
Sonny and Brownie said, I'm gonna lay down my sword and shield,
Down by the riverside.
Eric Bogle wrote on scraps of paper.
And Faith Nolen sang of a red woman dead in a freedom fight.

Tracie Chapman said, We're talkin' 'bout a revolution.
Bruce Cockburn said, Don't let them stop you now.
Judy Small said, When I look into the mirror I see you.
And we all said, We will make it through somehow.

And the evening wind is warm,
And the stars are bright and strong.
The singers come through like sailors,
And touch us with their song.
The singers come through like sailors,
And move us with their song.
The singers come through like sailors,
And stir us with their song.

The singers come through like sailors,
And touch us with their song.

(Albums, Buffalo Common, and, Journey by Earthlight)

The One Who Dies (1996-003)

I am the one who dies
A hundred million times.
You don't know my name,
But you know me by the look in my eyes.
Somewhere on your unpaved roads
Or between your railway ties,
I am the one.
I am the one who dies.

Did I grow up in foster homes.
Did I grow up among people on the run.
Growing in a nowhere zone,
Without a name tag and without a tongue.
Now I walk in your Regina street.
I say I'm hiking my way across your nation.
I lay down on your railway track and
People stare in consternation.

I am the one who dies
A hundred million times.
You don't know my name,
But you know me by the look in my eyes.
Somewhere on your unpaved roads
Or between your railway ties.
I am the one.
I am the one who dies.

Did some cruel parent throw me out,
A hundred thousand days ago,
And tell me I had to fend for myself
Or somehow learn to go with the flow.
So I walked and rode and ran.
Everywhere yet nowhere was my home.
Now I've laid down in front of you,
A mystery, a great unknown.

I am the one who dies
A hundred million times.
You don't know my name,
But you know me by the look in my eyes.
Somewhere on your unpaved roads
Or between your railway ties.
I am the one.
I am the one who dies.

The coroner just shook his head.
No name on the coffin shall there be.
With all the computer networks you have,
You could not find a life for me.
Like the haunting eyes of the unknown soldier,
On a foreign battlefield,
I've fallen in the war of life,
For which sometimes there is no shield.
For which sometimes there is no shield.

I am the one who dies
A hundred million times.
You don't know my name,
But you know me by the look in my eyes.
Somewhere on your unpaved roads
Or between your railway ties.
I am the one.
I am the one who dies.
I am the one. I am the one.
I am the one who dies.
I am the one. I am the one.
I am the one who dies.

(Album, Buffalo Common)

If you have the faith of a mustard seed,
You can tell this mountain to throw itself into the ocean.
If you have the faith of a mustard seed,
You can tell this mountain to throw itself into the ocean.

Gandhi walked two hundred miles,
Just to take a pinch of salt
From the edge of the sea.
And with a pinch of salt
He shook the British Empire,
As from everywhere the cry went out,
"Let India go free.".

And Philip and Daniel Baragan
Walked into a draft records office,
Saying, "Study war no more."
They set the draft records on fire
With Napalm,
And demanded an end
To the Vietnam war.

If you have the faith of a mustard seed,
You can tell this mountain to throw itself into the ocean.
If you have the faith of a mustard seed,
You can tell this mountain to throw itself into the ocean.

Now the women at Greenham Common
Said "What on Earth can we do,
About the nuclear missiles in our land?"
"We will trespass on the airbase and cut fences,
And fight with all the non-violent power
That is here in our hands.".

And the people of Warman Saskatchewan,
Said, "We are Mennonite people.
We are children of peace."
And with one loud voice they said no,
Til Elderado had to back down,
And decide not to build
A uranium refinery.

If you have the faith of a mustard seed,
You can tell this mountain to throw itself into the ocean.
If you have the faith of a mustard seed,
You can tell this mountain to throw itself into the ocean.

If you have the faith of a mustard seed,
You can tell this mountain to throw itself into the ocean.
You can tell this mountain to throw itself into the ocean.
You can tell capitalism to throw itself into the ocean.
You can tell colonialism to throw itself into the ocean.
You can tell nuclearism to throw itself into the ocean.
You can tell this mountain to, tell this mountain to,
Tell this mountain to throw itself into the ocean.

(Albums, Buffalo Common, Mountains Widows and Mustard Seeds, and, Journey by Earthlight)

Aint a Gonna Get Me (1996-005)

Aint a gonna lock me in no, institution o no.
Aint a gonna throw away no key.
Aint a gonna block me in my, resolution o no.
Aint a gonna make me be anything but me.
Aint a gonna make me bow to, your solution o no.
Aint a gonna force me to say what I don't believe.
Aint a gonna stop me in my, revolution o no.
Aint a gonna get me to be anything but free.
Aint a gonna get me to be anything but free free free.
Aint a gonna get me to be anything but free.

Once I was young and you thought that I,
Would be so easy to control.
You frightened me. You told me I would die.
You took my body and my soul.
But now I've grown and my mind is wise.
I am no longer so naive.
I'm comin' back to take my place,
And there aint no way you can ever conquer me.

Aint a gonna lock me in no, institution o no.
Aint a gonna throw away no key.
Aint a gonna block me in my, resolution o no.
Aint a gonna make me be anything but me.
Aint a gonna make me bow to, your solution o no.
Aint a gonna force me to say what I don't believe.
Aint a gonna stop me in my, revolution o no.
Aint a gonna get me to be anything but free.
Aint a gonna get me to be anything but free free free.
Aint a gonna get me to be anything but free.

Aint a gonna get me. Aint a gonna get me.
Aint a gonna get me to be anything but free.
Aint a gonna get me. Aint a gonna get me.
Aint a gonna get me to be anything but free.

Your little world we have seen through,
And you are frightened deep inside.
You've made a career out of fists and guns,
Out of making people cry.
But one day soon your end shall come,
When everybody sees the truth.
We love you but we cannot love so much,
That we fail to do what we know we have to do.

Aint a gonna lock me in no, institution o no.
Aint a gonna throw away no key.
Aint a gonna block me in my, resolution o no.
Aint a gonna make me be anything but me.
Aint a gonna make me bow to, your solution o no.
Aint a gonna force me to say what I don't believe.
Aint a gonna stop me in my, revolution o no.
Aint a gonna get me to be anything but free.
Aint a gonna get me to be anything but free free free.

Aint a gonna get me to be anything but free.

Aint a gonna get me. Aint a gonna get me.
Aint a gonna get me to be anything but free.
Aint a gonna get me. Aint a gonna get me.
Aint a gonna get me to be anything but free.
Aint a gonna get me to be anything but free free free.
Aint a gonna get me, to be, anything but free!!!

(Albums, When Worlds Collide, and, Companions in the Struggle)

Paul Robeson (1996-006)

Where once you stood and sang with me,
As we raised our voice against tyranny,
Now you storm my concerts and,
Make me a villain in my own land,
Make me a villain in my own land.

You wish that I would just go away,
And die on the ashes of yesterday.
You cry, CP, CP, CP,
And gloat with joy at my misery,
And gloat with joy at my misery.

All you who stand and call me names,
I see your ignorance, your fear, your shame.
There's but one thing that I can do.
If there's a God, I pray for you.
If there's a God, I pray for you.
There's but one thing that I can do.
If there's a God, I pray for you.

(Album, Song for the Balladeer)

The Talking Lee Panel Blues (1996-007)

Well back in 1993
I have to say we were a little naive.
We were linin' up people one by one
To come and make their presentations,
Presentations to the FEARO panel.
What's a FEARO panel, you ask.

FEARO's one of those things that's gone the way
Of the dinosaur. Now it's the CEAA,
To keep us all confused for a few more years,
While they shed a few more tears,
Tears for the imminent demise of the nuclear industry.

Well anyway like I was sayin'
Back in 93 we were busy obeyin'
Doin' everything we were supposed to do,
Linin' up people like me and you,
To come and tell the FEARO panel,
Called the Lee panel,
What we thought,
About the expansion of uranium mining,
In Saskatchewan.

Phil Harrison came from New Mexico,
Told the nuclear industry where to go.
And Marvin Reznekoff gave us all a taste
Of what it was like to live with uranium waste.
Needless to say, it didn't taste very good.

Gordon Edwards came from Montreal.
Paul McKay of Ottawa heard the call.
Ramuna came from the South Pacific,
And all in all I have to say it was terrific.
We spoke to the panel.
They listened to us.
Took down everything we said, word for word.

One of the more eccentric among us
Dressed up as a wolf,
'Cause after all,
The nuclear industry does make you feel
Like howling at the moon from time to time.

Now when the panel came out with its final report,
We were all so happy, how we roared.
We thought that a whole new day had come
For Saskatchewan uranium.
And if we didn't manage to shut down all the mines,
At least we might start to see a little sanity.

Now Romanow'd said just a year before,
Told everybody on the convention floor,
There's a panel out there; let the panel decide.
And we'll follow that panel with Saskatchewan pride.

Unless of course the panel does something completely unpredictable.

Well then came December 23rd,
The darkest day we'd seen or heard.
Linganfelter stepped up to the microphone,
And he said I've got some things to say before we go home.
You know, home for Christmas.

He said peace on Earth, good will to all,
Let Cogima roll the ball.
Uranium for peace or war,
Who really gives a damn any more.
That was the essence of what he said ladies and gentlemen,
Let the uranium roll.

There was no denyin' what the man had said.
For MacLean Lake it was full steam ahead.
So much for the people of Saskatchewan,
So much for the rights of everyone.
It's scientific progress, don't you know!
It's economic growth, don't you know!
Even the NDP's gotten over its little
Anti-uranium hick up, don't you know!

Well there's a question here that comes to mind.
Was all that talking a waste of time?
Was it all prestaged? Was it all preplanned?
One flick of the atomic iron hand?
Was Cogima secretly laughing at us
All the time we thought we were doing some real organizing?

Well I tell you people wherever you are,
Activists both near and far,
Don't blink in the corporate government's eyes.
You've gotta get out there and organize.

Hold a press conference.
And if press conferences don't work,
Start a petition.
And if petitions don't work,
Have a protest.
And if protests don't work,
Have a sit-in.

But most of all, most of all,
Talk to the people.
On their doorsteps, in their driveways,
In their streets, in their shopping malls,
In their parking lots.
Get the whole damn community on your side.
And then, then, when the government comes along,
And announces an environmental assessment review panel,
It will be your turn to do the laughing.
'Cause the community will rise up, one and all.

'Cause what it all comes down to here,

Is that in the end it's easier,
To get the eye of a needle around a camel,
Than to get social change from an environment panel.
The only truth is in the hearts of the people.
And the only good panel is a solar panel.

(Album, Radical Times)

Cast Your Dead Man's Vote (1996-008)

Someone might have said to Abraham,
Your roots are in this town.
The people of Ur are not so bad.
Your life is settled down.
There aint no need to go wandering.
Everything you wanted you have found.
What's the big God idea you have.
Why does he need sacred ground.

Keep your job in the city of Ur.
Make a little money too.
Worship with your fellow Urians,
The gods of sun and moon.
And when you die you'll be buried here,
And your children will live on.
Don't go wandering. Don't go roaming.
There is no brighter dawn.

Why don't you stay.
Don't rock the boat.
Learn to obey,
In a citizen's coat.
Why don't you stay.
Keep yourself afloat.
Learn to obey, hay,
And cast your dead man's vote.

And someone might have said to Moses,
You'll never see the Promised Land.
You're gonna lead your people nowhere,
Eating wind and dust and sand.
What's all this talk about snakes and sticks.
Who are you to take a stand.
It would be better if you stayed in Egypt.
Learn to kiss the Faro's hand.

Why you could become a big shot,
In the Egyptian hierarchy.
Your people could climb the ladders,
Of the Faro's bureaucracy.
You could build a big church in Egypt,
With a pyramid-shaped steeple.
Never take the risk you have to take,
If you wanna be a free people.

Why don't you stay.
Don't rock the boat.
Learn to obey,
In a citizen's coat.
Why don't you stay.
Keep yourself afloat.
Learn to obey, hay,
And cast your dead man's vote.

And someone might have said to Jesus,
You're a pretty good carpenter.
You learned from your daddy very well.
Keep on making furniture.
Your mother is a widow now.
She will need to be secure.
And what'll become of all you have,
If you become a wanderer.

Surely this must not happen,
To be nailed upon a tree,
To be ridiculed by everyone,
From Rome to Galilee.
All the kingdoms, all the powers,
Of the whole world could be yours,
If you would just stay in your place,
And bow to the emperor's sword.

Why don't you stay.
Don't rock the boat.
Learn to obey,
In a citizen's coat.
Why don't you stay.
Keep yourself afloat.
Learn to obey, hay,
And cast your dead man's vote.

And the same script says to all of us,
Please don't take things too far.
Just do what you're supposed to do.
Learn to like things as they are.
Sing the hymns you're told to sing.
Feel a flutter in your heart.
Don't go forming eco-communes.
Don't go carrying big placards.

Of course we love the poor,
And we pray for peace and love.
We're as cunning as a thousand serpents,
Though we're gentle as a dove.
But the dream of a new society,
Where oppression falls away,
Must be put on the big back burner,
And kept for another day.

Why don't you stay.
Don't rock the boat.
Learn to obey,
In a citizen's coat.
Why don't you stay.
Keep yourself afloat.
Learn to obey, hay,
And cast your dead man's vote.

Why don't you stay.
Don't rock the boat.

Learn to obey,
In a citizen's coat.
Why don't you stay.
Keep yourself afloat.
Learn to obey, hay,
And cast your dead man's vote.

Cast your dead man's vote.
Cast your dead man's vote.
Cast your dead man's vote.

(Album, Snowy Orbiter)

To Feed an Old Man's Whine (1996-009)

So you want me to come over
To romp and play again,
Just like I did when I was younger.
And you want me to be a soldier.
You want me to be a friend,
Just like I was before the thunder.
Before the thunder.

Well I've got better things to do
Than to feed an old man's whine.
Let the moonlight shine shine shine.
I've got better things to do
Than to feed an old man's whine.
Let the moonlight shine shine shine.

And you want me not to question.
And you want me not to think.
You say it would be so nice then.
And you play at sweet oppression.
You would make my spirit shrink,
But I can't be free in your world of mice and men.
I can't be free, in your world of mice and men.

And I've got better things to do
Than to feed an old man's whine.
Let the moonlight shine shine shine.
I've got better things to do
Than to feed an old man's whine.
Let the moonlight shine shine shine.

Let the moonlight shine shine shine.
Let the moonlight shine shine shine.
Let the moonlight shine shine shine.
Let the moonlight shine shine shine.

I've got better things to do.
I've got better things to do, better things to do, better things to do.

So you want me to come over
To romp and play again,
Just like I did when I was younger.

(Album, Buffalo Common)

In the Dungeon of the Castle (1996-010)

In the dungeon of the castle,
We are prisoners of time.
We are locked away like rascals
For singin' subversive rhyme.
In the dungeon of the castle,
We are prisoners of time.
We are locked away like rascals
For singin' subversive rhyme.
Taia hay, taia hay, taia hay hay hay.

And we have no way to contact,
By letter or by phone,
And the good duke he is starvin' us
Til we're almost skin and bone.
And we have no way to contact,
By letter or by phone,
And the good duke he is starvin' us
Til we're almost skin and bone.
Taia hay, taia hay, taia hay hay hay.

Now we found the key to release our chains,
The key to set us free.
If we could get past the hound dogs,
We would have the courage to flee.
Now we found the key to release our chains,
The key to set us free.
If we could get past the hound dogs,
We would have the courage to flee.
Taia hay, taia hay, taia hay hay hay.

We will leave on Sunday mornin',
When the good duke goes to church.
We will pack our bags and be out the door
Before he starts the search.
We will leave on Sunday mornin',
When the good duke goes to church.
We will pack our bags and be out the door
Before he starts the search.
Taia hay, taia hay, taia hay hay hay.

And while he takes communion,
And sings his favorite hymns,
We'll be runnin' across the fields although
The light it shall be dim.
And while he takes communion,
And sings his favorite hymns,
We'll be runnin' across the fields although
The light it shall be dim.
Taia hay, taia hay, taia hay hay hay.

Our saviour and our lady,
It is to you we pray.
Be with us on our journey
And guide us on our way.

Our saviour and our lady,
It is to you we pray.
Be with us on our journey
And guide us on our way.
Taia hay, taia hay, taia hay hay hay.

In the dungeon of the castle,
We are prisoners of time.
We are locked away like rascals
For singin' subversive rhyme.
In the dungeon of the castle,
We are prisoners of time.
We are locked away like rascals
For singin' subversive rhyme.
Taia hay, taia hay, taia hay hay hay.
Taia hay, taia hay, taia hay hay hay.

(Albums, Buffalo Common, and, Journey by Earthlight)

If You Had Walked in My Shoes (1996-011)

I was born on Gaza,
Twenty-five years ago.
And exactly what my name is,
You have no right to know.
I spent all my childhood,
'Neath the rays of the sun,
'Neath the radiant blast,
Of the Israeli gun.
I had brothers and cousins,
Killed by the ones,
Who follow the orders
Of Jerusalem.
And now they cry peace,
For it is the in thing,
But peace is a bloody song,
That I refuse to sing.

And you will call me that,
And you will call me this.
You'll call me suicide bomber,
Or Muslim fundamentalist.
But I'm just a man,
Who knows what it means,
To be kicked in the face,
By the ones who cry peace.
And I have to do,
What I have to do.
And you'd do the same my friend,
If you had walked in my shoes.
And when the time has come,
And when the bomb explodes,
Then I won't be afraid,
Of the end of my road.
And when the time has come,
And when the bomb explodes,
Then I won't be afraid,
Of the end of my road.

When a refugee camp,
Is all that you've known,
You have no reason not to,
Pick up a gun or a stone.
And when the Israeli soldiers,
Shoot everything in sight,
There is simply no logic,
To those who tell us not to fight.
Although I want to live,
To see my people free,
If my death could help free them,
That will be no problem for me.

And you will call me that,
And you will call me this.
You'll call me suicide bomber,

Or Muslim extremist.
But I'm just a man,
Who knows how it feels,
To be pissed on by peace-makers.
I want no part of your deal.
And I have to do,
What I have to do,
And you'd do the same my friend,
If you had walked in my shoes.
And when the time has come,
And when the bomb explodes,
Then I won't be afraid,
Of the end of my road.
And when the time has come,
And when the bomb explodes,
Then I won't be afraid,
Of the end of my road.

From your middle class houses,
You'll be watching TV.
And my name will be flashed,
From here to Washington D.C.
And the leaders of the world,
Will condemn what I've done.
Well let them take their children,
To the Disneyland where I've come from.
I am seeking no glory.
I am seeking no fame.
I only want justice,
And I refuse to be a part of your game.

And you will call me that,
And you will call me this.
You'll call me suicide bomber,
Or Hamas extremist.
But I'm just a man,
Who knows what it means,
To be shot in the face,
By the ones who cry peace.
And I have to do,
What I have to do.
And you'd do the same my friend,
If you had walked in my shoes.
And when the time has come,
And when the bomb explodes,
Then I won't be afraid,
Of the end of my road.
And when the time has come,
And when the bomb explodes,
Then I won't be afraid,
Of the end of my road.
And when the time has come,
And when the bomb explodes,
Then I won't be afraid,
Of the end of my road.

(Album, Buffalo Common)

Has To Come Down (1996-012)

I went to a restaurant where I used to go.
There was a sign on the door said "permanently closed".
I went to a hotel where I used to stay.
There was a sign said "This building was demolished yesterday.".
There was a sign said "This building was demolished yesterday.".

Went to the house of a woman who I used to know.
The man at her door said she'd moved long ago.
Went to a friend's place to see him again.
They said "He was buried last week. I'm sorry my friend.
He was buried last week. I'm sorry my friend.".

I know the world is changing.
Nothin's gonna stay the same.
But don't you know that what goes up, has to come down.
I know the world is changin'.
Nothin's gonna be the same again.
But don't you know that what goes up, has to come down.
Don't you know that what goes up, has to come down.
Don't you know that what goes up, has to come down.

Went to the post office, a letter to mail.
They said "What's the email address?" and my face turned pail.
Went out to the street then to hail me a cab.
They said "Aint you heard about the moving sidewalks man?
Aint you heard about the moving sidewalks man?".

We build up our empires to watch them crumble.
We build our fortresses to watch them tumble.
Disposable dispensable replaceable,
Downsize download keep control, til we're out of control.
Downsize download keep control, til we're out of control.

I know the world is changing.
Nothin's gonna stay the same.
But don't you know that what goes up, has to come down.
I know the world is changin'.
Nothin's gonna be the same again.
But don't you know that what goes up, has to come down.
Don't you know that what goes up, has to come down.
Don't you know that what goes up, has to come down.

I know the world is changing.
Nothin's gonna stay the same.
But don't you know that what goes up, has to come down.
I know the world is changin'.
Nothin's gonna be the same again.
But don't you know that what goes up, has to come down.
Don't you know that what goes up, has to come down.
Don't you know that what goes up, has to come down.
Don't you know that what goes up, has to come down.
Has to come down. Has to come down down down down down.

(Albums, When Worlds Collide, and, Companions in the Struggle)

Does Anyone Have Any Time (1996-013)

Time time time,
Does anyone have any time.
Time time time,
Does anyone have any time.

Time time time,
Does anyone have any time any more.
If you do I'd like to shake your hand.
Time time time,
Does anyone have any time any more.
If you do you're the only one in the land.
You're the only one in the land.

I got up this morning,
And called up my old friend.
I asked him if he'd like to go out
For coffee once again.
He said I'd really like to,
But I have to draw the line.
Lately it just seems, my friend,
I just don't have any time.

Time time time,
Does anyone have any time any more.
If you do I'd like to shake your hand.
Time time time,
Does anyone have any time any more.
If you do you're the only one in the land.
You're the only one in the land.

I came home this evening,
And called a friend or two.
There's gonna be a meeting;
There's activist work to do.
They said we're working three part time jobs
To keep ourselves alive.
Don't be mad at us; it's not our fault.
We just don't have any time.

Time time time,
Does anyone have any time any more.
If you do I'd like to shake your hand.
Time time time,
Does anyone have any time any more.
If you do you're the only one in the land.
You're the only one in the land.

Tell me can I remember,
Was it only ten years ago.
There seemed to be enough time to go 'round.
Where it came from, I don't know.
Some say you've got to grow up,
And sing the corporate rhyme,
But for all the time-saving devices we have,

Tell me why don't we have any time.

Time time time,
Does anyone have any time any more.
If you do I'd like to shake your hand.
Time time time,
Does anyone have any time any more.
If you do you're the only one in the land.
You're the only one in the land.

They've got a brand new program,
That no one has to fear.
You only gotta press a few buttons,
And it runs on volunteers.
It will download to community,
And it will take your last red dime.
And somewhere in the middle, you and I
Are caught without any time.

Time time time,
Does anyone have any time any more.
If you do I'd like to shake your hand.
Time time time,
Does anyone have any time any more.
If you do you're the only one in the land.
You're the only one in the land.

Back in the nineteenth century,
When the movement it began,
When the things that now are legend
Had yet to be written, dreamed or planned,
When they were working eighteen hours a day,
In factories and mines,
The thing that brought everyone together
Was when they raised the issue of time.

Time time time,
Does anyone have any time any more.
If you do I'd like to shake your hand.
Time time time,
Does anyone have any time any more.
If you do you're the only one in the land.
You're the only one in the land.

Time time time,
Does anyone have any time.
Time time time,
Does anyone have any time.
Time time time,
Does anyone have any time.
Time time time,
Does anyone have any time.

(Album, Radical Times)

If I Can't Dance (1996-014)

If I can't dance, well I don't wanna be
Part of your revolution.
If I can't dance, well I don't wanna be
Part of your revolution.
If I can't dance, well I don't wanna be
Part of your revolution.
If I can't dance, well I don't wanna be
Part of your revolution.

We sat around for a hundred years
And talked of what we had to do.
We went to ten thousand meetings
And memorized all that was true.
But when everything was said and done
And we'd all grown very old,
We'd never taken time to have any fun.
But what could be more fun than reading
Dos Kapitol.

If I can't dance, well I don't wanna be
Part of your revolution.
If I can't dance, well I don't wanna be
Part of your revolution.
If I can't dance, well I don't wanna be
Part of your revolution.
If I can't dance, well I don't wanna be
Part of your revolution.

Now the doctrinaires have come and gone.
The Waffles they are toast.
We talk about a whole new morning now,
But we still dance with their ghosts.
I'm starting a new non-organization
For the people like you and me.
The name is easy to remember.
We're the Revolutionaries for Revelry.
And our motto is.

If I can't dance, well I don't wanna be
Part of your revolution.
If I can't dance, well I don't wanna be
Part of your revolution.
If I can't dance, well I don't wanna be
Part of your revolution.
If I can't dance, well I don't wanna be
Part of your revolution.

It's time for every revolutionary
To get up on to their feet.
We'll do it on the dance floor,
Then we'll take it to the street.
With our voices and our bodies
United in one cry.
The dancers united will never be defeated.

We'll raise the morning sky.

If I can't dance, well I don't wanna be
Part of your revolution.
If I can't dance, well I don't wanna be
Part of your revolution.
If I can't dance, well I don't wanna be
Part of your revolution.
If I can't dance, well I don't wanna be
Part of your revolution.
If I can't dance, well I don't wanna be
Part of your revolution.

The dancers united will never be defeated.
The dancers united will never be defeated.
The dancers united will never be defeated.
The dancers united will never be defeated.
The dancers united will never be defeated.
The dancers united will never be defeated.

If I can't dance, I don't wanna be
Part of your revolution.
If I can't dance, well I don't wanna be
Part of your revolution.
If I can't dance, well I don't wanna be,
Wanna be, wanna be, wanna be,
Part of your revolution.

(Albums, Dance on the Earth, and, Journey by Earthlight)

Nadia (1996-016)

Nadia ya, ya, ya, ya, ya,
Nadia ya, ya, ya, ya, ya,
Nadia ya, ya, ya, ya, ya,
Nadia ya, ya, ya, ya, ya,
Nadia.

She dreams in the green of the summer heat.
She sees the golden shining of the street.
In a song she takes flight on a pair of wings,
High over the treetops, over the birds that sing.

Nadia ya, ya, ya, ya, ya,
Nadia ya, ya, ya, ya, ya,
Nadia ya, ya, ya, ya, ya,
Nadia ya, ya, ya, ya, ya,
Nadia.

Some will see her, and turn away.
Some will thank her, for sharing an hour of their day.
Some will think of her, as a comrade and an equal and,
Count her as a friend whose heart beats in the land.

Nadia ya, ya, ya, ya, ya,
Nadia ya, ya, ya, ya, ya,
Nadia ya, ya, ya, ya, ya,
Nadia ya, ya, ya, ya, ya,
Nadia.

She knows what's coming and what's going, and she,
Knows she has the right to choose her own destiny.
Whatever you do, don't try to push her around.
If you lord it over her, you'll be the one on the ground.

Nadia ya, ya, ya, ya, ya,
Nadia ya, ya, ya, ya, ya,
Nadia ya, ya, ya, ya, ya,
Nadia ya, ya, ya, ya, ya,
Nadia.

Nadia ya, ya, ya, ya, ya,
Nadia ya, ya, ya, ya, ya,
Nadia ya, ya, ya, ya, ya,
Nadia ya, ya, ya, ya, ya,
Nadia.
Nadia.
Nadia.
Nadia ya, ya, ya, ya, ya.

(Album, Little Green Creatures from Earth)

Coliseum (1996-017)

We are the makers of the Coliseum.
We're here to give the people whatever they desire.
We'll bring the gladiators on.
They'll jump up and down just to see'em.
We'll feed Christians to the lions and witches to the fire.

If what you want is a morality play,
We'll show you a welfare mother and her seventeenth child.
If "Nothing wrong here." is what you'd like us to say,
You can switch to the teleshopping channel for awhile.

We're here to manipulate you and you know it.
With a camera and a microphone we'll turn your heads around.
We'll be the Socratic philosopher or the Roman poet.
Forget the fact that every empire has to come down.
Forget the fact that every empire has to come down.

We are the makers of the Coliseum.
Twinkies and circuses is the name of our game.
We give the people ecstatica and call it justice and freedom.
As for me, Caesar Caligula is my name.
As for me, Caesar Caligula is my name, is my name, is my name, is my name.

We are the makers of the Coliseum.
We are the makers of the Coliseum.
We are the makers.
We are the makers.
We are the makers.
Of the Coliseum.

(Album, When Worlds Collide)

On the Streets of Moscow (1996-018)

You see them, on the streets of Moscow.
And sometimes, they are more than half a million strong.
They are the old ones, who once marched with Stalin.
And sometimes, they will break out into song.

They do not understand the new Russia.
All they see around them, is sorrow, chaos and decay.
And when you see them sleeping in the streets,
Or begging outside the museums,
It makes you wonder, what was Perestroika all about anyway.

The western media, takes an interest in them,
When O my God they might sway the vote,
And elect the Communists once again.
And the cameras and the microphones,
Like cynical vultures come crawling,
Saying "What might this mean for the agenda of CNN?".

And we beam their pictures, half way 'round the world and say,
"Children here are the remnants, of the empire, that we helped to destroy.
Children here are the remnants, of the empire, that we helped to destroy.".

You see them, on the streets of Moscow.
And sometimes, they are more than half a million strong.
They are the old ones, who once marched with Stalin.
And sometimes, they will break out into song.

They do not understand the new Russia.
All they see around them, is sorrow, chaos and decay.
And when you see them sleeping in the streets,
Or begging outside the museums,
It makes you wonder, what was perestroika all about anyway.

The western media, takes an interest in them,
When O my God they might sway the vote,
And elect the Communists once again.
And the cameras and the microphones,
Like cynical vultures come crawling,
Saying "What might this mean, to the sweet little agenda of CNN?".

And we beam their pictures, half way 'round the world and say,
"Children here are the remnants, of the empire, that we helped to destroy."

I say "Here are the remnants, of the people and the nation,
We spent billions of dollars, and three generations, to destroy.".
I say, "Here are the remnants, of the people and the nation,
We spent billions of dollars, and three generations, to destroy.".

(Album, When Worlds Collide)

Universe is Expanding (1996-019)

You are the light.
You are the seed.
Sprouting and shining,
Deep inside me.
You are the morning.
You are the Sun.
Birdsong is telling us,
That a new day has begun.

You are the eagle,
Flying so high.
Your voice is calling us,
From the heights of the sky.
Dwelling within us,
Dwelling beyond.
Your love will join us,
To the pulse of the song.

For the universe is expanding,
Just as sure as the sun keeps us warm.
And as sure as the lightening is flashing,
You will keep us safe from the storm.
For the universe is expanding,
And the stars are shining to be free.
And surely our hearts are understanding,
Your grand design piece by piece.
Your grand design piece by piece.

For the universe is expanding,
And the stars are shining to be free.
And surely our hearts are understanding,
Your grand design piece by piece.
Your grand design piece by piece.

(Album, Mountains, Widows and Mustard Seeds)

So That You May Have Life (1996-020)

I have come, so that you may have life.
I have come, so that you may have life.
I have come, so that you may have life,
And have it to the full.

Widows and orphans come to me,
Victims of oppression and atrocity,
All you who labour, all you who mourn,
For today a new day,
In the life of the world has been born.

I have come, so that you may have life.
I have come, so that you may have life.
I have come, so that you may have life,
And have it to the full.

You who are weak, you who are strong,
May you all come together and stand as one.
May you share everything in common and,
Be a sign of new hope,
To the people of this and every land.

I have come, so that you may have life.
I have come, so that you may have life.
I have come, so that you may have life,
And have it to the full.
And have it to the full.
And have it to the full.

(Album, Mountains, Widows and Mustard Seeds)

Brother Woodcock (1996-021)

Brother woodcock, gentle anarch,
Poet dreamer, rebel sage.
Brother Woodcock, gentle anarch,
You dreamed a million, ocean waves.

Who could tell the story,
Of a non-tradition tradition,
So many would forget or try,
To bathe in such distortion.
Who could sing of rebels,
Or revolutionaries in the night,
Of crazy men, or gentle ones,
Who simply wanted to set a few things right.

Brother Woodcock, gentle anarch,
Poet dreamer, rebel sage.
Brother Woodcock, gentle anarch,
You dreamed a million, ocean waves.

The images you carved for us,
Will never be forgotten,
The shrood Proudhon, the mad Bakunin,
The wise and strong Kropotkin.
The William Godwin of yesterday,
Or the whimsical Herbert Read.
An Oscar Wilde or a George Orwell,
A Gabrielle, or a Gerard Winstanley.

Brother Woodcock, gentle anarch,
Poet dreamer, rebel sage.
Brother Woodcock, gentle anarch,
You dreamed a million, ocean waves.

When the gentle people get angry,
And claim what is rightfully theirs,
Or when the angry people are gentle,
In the quiet of a heart-felt prayer,
We shall remember,
In the midst of act and notion,
The ones who wrote of time and souls,
And dared to set our hearts in motion.

Brother Woodcock, gentle anarch,
Poet dreamer, rebel sage.
Brother Woodcock, gentle anarch,
You dreamed a million, ocean waves.
Brother Woodcock, gentle anarch,
You dreamed a million, ocean waves.
You dreamed a million, ocean waves.

(Albums, When Worlds Collide, and, Companions in the Struggle)

Coca Cola Shelter for the Homeless (1996-022)

One, two, three, four.
I, yai yai, yai yai, yai yai, I, yai yai, yai yai.

Welcome to the Coca Cola shelter for the homeless,
Where Coca Cola's proving, it really has a heart.
There's a neon Coca Cola sign, flashing at the front door,
And a Coke machine for street people, so Coke can play its part.
I, yai yai, yai yai, yai yai, I, yai yai, yai yai.

We will prove to all the cynics, that we are good corporate citizens.
We'll prove the good old adage that "Coke adds life.".
As long as you can promise, to drink Coke instead of Pepsi,
We'll serve you at the shelter, any time of day or night.
I, yai yai, yai yai, yai yai, I, yai yai, yai yai.

But if you want to use our services,
You'll have to hand over, your knives and your guns.
'Cause only Coca Cola, gets to torture and to murder,
By way of the dictators, who help the cola syrup run.
I, yai yai, yai yai, yai yai, I, yai yai, yai yai.

Yes we're building Coca Cola plants, all around the planet,
Bringing poverty and misery, and toxic chemicals.
But to improve our corporate image, we will build some spanking shelters,
For the people we're displacing, everywhere we go.
I, yai yai, yai yai, yai yai, I, yai yai, yai yai.

And the people of the world, will be thanking Coca Cola.
From Jakarta to Managua, they will smile and raise their hands.
They will cheer for Coca Cola, like they cheered for Michael Jackson,
And we'll do UNICEF collections, in Coca Cola cans.
I, yai yai, yai yai, yai yai, I, yai yai, yai yai.

So welcome to the Coca Cola shelter for the homeless,
Where Coca Cola's proving, it really has a heart.
There's a neon Coca Cola sign, flashing at the front door,
And free cocaine for street people, so Coke can play its part.
I, yai yai, yai yai, yai yai, I, yai yai, yai yai.

There's a neon Coca Cola sign, flashing at the front door,
And free cocaine for street people, so Coke can play its part.
I, yai yai, yai yai, yai yai, I, yai yai, yai yai.

(Albums, When Worlds Collide, and, Journey by Earthlight)

Little Green Creatures from Earth (1996-023)

Where did you come from.
Surely not from around here.
Why have you come.
Why don't you just disappear.
We are quiet citizens.
We don't wanna be disturbed.
Could you tell us who you are.
We're the little green creatures from Earth.

We're the little green creatures from Earth.
We're the little green creatures from Earth.
We're the little green creatures from Earth.

Who sent you on your mission then.
Where did your saucer land.
Have you come to tell the rulers,
That their house is built on sand.
And who are you reporting to,
On things that are and things that were.
Could you say your name again.
We're the little green creatures from Earth.

We're the little green creatures from Earth.
We're the little green creatures from Earth.
We're the little green creatures from Earth.

The authorities have decided,
You are a subversive element.
We're gonna have to lock you up,
Because of what you've said.
The judges won't be kind to you,
'Cause of the foreign lands you serve.
They'll laugh at you when you say you are,
Little green creatures from Earth.

We're the little green creatures from Earth.
We're the little green creatures from Earth.
We're the little green creatures from Earth.
We're the little green creatures from Earth.

Little green creatures from Earth.
Little green creatures from Earth.
Little green creatures from Earth.
Little green creatures from Earth.

(Album, Little Green Creatures from Earth)

Miriam's Child (1996-024)

Miriam's child, Sophia's prophet,
Speaker of love and freedom.
Miriam's child, Sophia's prophet,
Speaker of love and freedom.

Rebellion flows,
In blood-like rivers.
And wisdom sings her song.
We look for change,
Ask for forgiveness,
As we walk toward the dawn.

Miriam's child, Sophia's prophet,
Speaker of love and freedom.
Miriam's child, Sophia's prophet,
Speaker of love and freedom.

The strands of energy,
And strands of light,
They come together somewhere.
They weave a tapestry,
In space and time,
As we walk on in one prayer.

Miriam's child, Sophia's prophet,
Speaker of love and freedom.
Miriam's child, Sophia's prophet,
Speaker of love and freedom.

Miriam's child, Sophia's prophet,
Teacher of liberation.
Miriam's child, Sophia's prophet,
Teacher of liberation.
Speaker of love and freedom,
Teacher of liberation,
Speaker of love and freedom,
Teacher of liberation.

(Album, Paint the Cornfields Purple)

Mary Means Rebellion (1996-025)

Coming as the Queen of Heaven,
Coming as the Queen of Peace,
With a sword of woman's justice,
Calling us all to be free.
Some would make her virgin mother,
Deny to womankind their share,
But she is what no bishop, pope or cardinal,
Really is prepared to bear.
Mary means re-bell-i-on.
Mary means rebellion.

Was it for patriarchal power,
That the young Marie for nine months bore,
The child who was to be our saviour,
Saving us from greed and war.
Was it for patriarchal glory,
That in a humble stable, she gave birth,
While shepherds and angels sang their praises,
Good will to all and peace on earth.

Coming as the Queen of Heaven,
Coming as the Queen of Peace,
With a sword of woman's justice,
Calling us all to be free.
Some would call her virgin mother,
Deny to womankind their place,
But she is what no bishop, pope or cardinal,
Really is prepared to face.
Mary means re-bell-i-on.
Mary means rebellion.

I say Mary stood with all the witches,
Burned at the church's stakes,
And prepared a fiery trial for every,
Grand inquisitor of Spain.
I say Mary rode with dear Pope Joan,
On her last and fateful ride,
And screamed with anger when they stoned her,
Cursing their ecclesiastic pride.

Coming as the Queen of Heaven,
Coming as the Queen of Peace,
With a sword of woman's justice,
Calling us all to be free.
Some would make her virgin mother,
Deny to womankind their share,
But she is what no bishop, pope or cardinal,
Really is prepared to bear.
Mary means re-bell-i-on.
Mary means rebellion.

I say Mary stood at Greenham Common,
And raised her earthly woman's voice.
I say Mary is a feminist woman,

Who believes in reproductive choice.
I say she has no time for cardinals,
Knows the patriarchs must fall,
And the voice of woman be proclaimed,
As free and equal over all.

Coming as the Queen of Heaven,
Coming as the Queen of Peace,
With a sword of woman's justice,
Calling us all to be free.
Don't make her virgin mother.
Don't keep Mary in her place,
For she is what no bishop, pope or cardinal,
Will ever be prepared to face.
Mary means re-bell-i-on.
Mary means rebellion.

For all your blessed virgin statues,
All your prayers and all your hymns,
Mary means rebellion.
Mary means, re-bell-i-on.
Mary means re-bell-i-on.
Mary means rebellion.

(Album, Mountains, Widows and Mustard Seeds)

God is an Anarchist (1996-026)

God is an anarchist. God is a communist.
God is a revolutionist.
God is a socialist. God is a pacifist.
God is a theistic humanist.
God is an anarchist, anarcho-communist.
God is a revolutionist.
God is a socialist. God is a pacifist.
God is not a corporate illusionist.
God is not a corporate illusionist.

There are those who say the dictatorial god is alive.
There are those who say God is dead.
I say God was never a dictator.
If God is anything, God is bright red.

God is an anarchist. God is a communist.
God is a revolutionist.
God is a socialist. God is a pacifist.
God is a theistic humanist.
God is an anarchist. God is a pacifist.
God is a revolutionist.
God is a socialist, anarcho-communist.
God is not a corporate illusionist.
God is not a corporate illusionist.

God cries out to the whole of the world,
And says in many different words.
Make the universe your temple.
Don't make the temple your universe.

God is a questioner, Digger and Leveler.
God is an existentialist.
God is a Gandhiist. God is a pantheist.
God is an environmentalist.
God is a questioner, Digger and Leveler.
God is a radical feminist.
God is a Gandhiist. God is a pantheist.
God is not a right wing fundamentalist.
God is not a right wing fundamentalist.

God is an anarchist. God is a communist.
God is a revolutionist.
God is a socialist. God is a pacifist.
God is a theistic humanist.
God is an anarchist, anarcho-communist.
God is a revolutionist.
God is a socialist. God is a pacifist.
God is not a corporate illusionist.
God is not a corporate illusionist.

God is a questioner, Digger and Leveler.
God is an existentialist.
God is a Gandhiist. God is a pantheist.
God is an environmentalist.

God is a questioner, Digger and Leveler.
God is a radical feminist.
God is a Gandhiist. God is a pantheist.
God is not a right wing fundamentalist.
God is not a right wing fundamentalist.
God is not a corporate illusionist.
God is not a right wing fundamentalist.
God is not a corporate illusionist.

(Album, Mountains, Widows and Mustard Seeds)

Marigold (1996-027)

My name is Marigold,
And I take refuge,
In the beauty of a dream.

My name is Marigold,
And I take my rest here,
In the gentleness of swarming starlit streams.

Refuge from a weary world,
In the here before,
Or somewhere ever after.

Refuge from a weary world,
In the here before,
Or somewhere ever after.

And I dream, and I dream,
And in my dream,
I hear a song.

And I dream, and I dream,
And in my dream,
I hear a song.

And it's a song of laughter.
It's a song of holy love.
It's a song that flows inside of me,
And deep in every one of us.

It's a song that can join us,
To journey together through the universe.
It's a song that can free us,
By knowing who we are and who we were.

And I dream, and I dream,
And in my dream,
I hear a song.

And I dream, and I dream,
And in my dream,
I hear a song.

And I dream, and I dream,
And in my dream,
I hear a song.
And in my dream,
I hear a song.

(Album, Little Green Creatures from Earth)

There Are Witches in the Army (1996-028)

I was brought up to be quite naive.
Thought that people were who they were on their sleeve.
If you said you were a pagan and you loved the earth,
You would fight for our future for all you were worth.

But recently I've come to realize,
There's more to being than meets the eye.
Many will dance with the water's flow,
Then make their deals with the status quo.

'Cause there are witches in the army.
Yeah the good old U.S. army.
There are witches in the army,
And the U.S. Air Force too.
How can they go and bomb other countries,
Then come back and dance under a bright full moon.
There are witches in the army.
There are witches in the army.
There are witches in the army.
There are witches in the army.

We used to talk about Sunday Christians,
Who received Communion and had ecstatic visions.
Then on Monday morning they'd be back at work,
Continuing the plundering of the earth.

Now there are those who burn sweet grass who say,
They wanna make money by burying nuclear waste.
There are those who walk from the sweat lodge and,
Go right back to clear-cutting the land.

And there are witches in the army.
Yeah the good old U.S. army.
There are witches in the army,
And the U.S. Air Force too.
How can they go and bomb other countries,
Then come back and dance under a bright full moon.
There are witches in the army.
There are witches in the army.
There are witches in the army.
There are witches in the army.

So say a prayer to the Goddess in whom all are one,
Before you get ready to fire your gun.
Greet the four directions and the earth and sky,
Before you let your missiles fly.

You can have your candelabras and your pentagrams,
But your words and your symbols aren't worth a damn.
It's what you do and who you are,
And what goes on deep down in your heart.

There are witches in the army.
Yeah the good old U.S. army.

There are witches in the army,
And the U.S. Air Force too.
How can they go and bomb other countries,
Then come back and dance under a bright full moon.
There are witches in the army.
There are witches in the army.
There are witches in the army.
There are witches in the army.

There are witches in the army.
Goddess witches in the army.
There are witches in the army.
Holy witches in the army.
There are witches in the army.
There are witches in the army.
There are witches in the army.
Goddess witches in the army.
There are witches in the army.
There are witches in the army.

(Album, Little Green Creatures from Earth)

Vampire Man (1996-029)

Touch me now,
When I am human.
Tell me where, the time has gone.
Touch me now,
When I am human.
And hold my hand, until the dawn.

By light of day,
I'm human being.
I'm lovable. I'm free and true.
When night-time comes,
You find me screaming.
I'm a vampire man,
And I am after you.

I'm a vampire man.
I'm a vampire man.
I'm a vampire man.

Touch me now,
When I am human.
Tell me where, the time has gone.
Touch me now,
When I am human.
And hold my hand, until the dawn.

By light of day,
I'm human being.
I'm lovable. I'm free and true.
When night-time comes,
You find me screaming.
I'm a vampire man,
And I am after you.

I'm a vampire man.
I'm a vampire man.
I'm a vampire man.

And when I find you,
I'll leave you bleeding.
What is your name. I will not know.
But you'll be mine,
When I am needing.
You'll have no place, where you can go.

And when I find you,
I'll leave you bleeding.
What is your name. I will not know.
But you'll be mine,
When I am needing.
You'll have no place, where you can go.

I'm a vampire man.
I'm a vampire man.

I'm a vampire man.
I'm a vampire man.
I'm a vampire man.
I'm a vampire man.

Touch me now,
When I am human.
Tell me where, the time has gone.
Touch me now,
When I am human.
And hold my hand, until the dawn.
And hold my hand, until the dawn.

I'm a vampire man.

(Album, Little Green Creatures from Earth)

If You Lived in the Arctic (1996-030)

If you lived in the Arctic,
You would have a thousand names for snow.
If you lived beneath the ocean,
You would have a thousand names for water.
If you lived on the surface of the moon,
You would have a thousand names for stone.
And if you lived in a genocidal world,
You would have a thousand names for slaughter.
You would have a thousand names for slaughter.

You might choose to call it, relocation.
You might choose to call it, rationalization.
You might choose to call it, liberation.
You might choose to call it, clean-up operations.
Defending freedom or stabilizing or final solution,
Or globalization.

One thing that is sure,
You wouldn't call it murder,
Or mass annihilation.
You might not even try to get away with
Liquidation, or purification.
You might try to call it, re-education,
Or re-civilization.
You'd say you were restoring democracy,
For the good of every nation.

But slaughter is slaughter.
Genocide is genocide.
Whatever you might call it,
We will not be fooled,
By your manufacture,
Of opinion unification,
Where sanity falls,
To atrocity sanitation.

If you lived in the Arctic,
You would have a thousand names for snow.
If you lived beneath the ocean,
You would have a thousand names for water.
If you lived on the surface of the moon,
You would have a thousand names for stone.
If you lived in a genocidal world,
You would have a thousand names for slaughter.
You would have a thousand names for slaughter.
You would have a thousand names for slaughter.

(Album, The Summer of my Soul)

To Be an Activist (1996-031)

What does it mean, to be an activist.
What does it mean, to be a jazzman.

When you decide, you've done everything you can do,
But your friends keep calling you, to say,
We need you man. We need you man. O we need you man.

But you are somewhere in your house,
Being a hermit for a year,
Or maybe five, or maybe five, or maybe five.

What does it mean, to be an activist.
What does it mean, to be a jazzman.

When you decide, you've done everything you can do.
But your friends keep calling you, to say,
We need you man. We need you man. O we need you man.

But you are somewhere in your house,
Playing the hermit for a year,
Or maybe five, or maybe five, or maybe five.

And you think back upon that time,
When your road manager,
Kept a key to your hotel room,
So he could check in on you,
Three or four times a night,
To make sure you hadn't died in your sleep.

Now they say, we need you man.
We need you man. O we need you man.

What does it mean, to be an activist.
What does it mean, to be a jazzman.

When you decide, you've done everything you can do.
You're feeling kind of blue,
But your friends keep calling you, to say,
We need you man. We need you man. O we need you man.

But you are somewhere in your house,
Playing the hermit for a year,
Or maybe five, or maybe five, or maybe five.

And sometimes your afraid,
To step outside of your front door.
You don't even have the strength,
To make it to your neighbourhood store.
So you stay inside your house,
For a year or maybe more.

Still they say, we need you man.
We need you man. O we need you man.

In the end, it was your nephew,
You had given him his first drum,
At the age of five.
Now at seventeen, he calls you up to say,
That he wants you to play the trumpet on his album.
So you came again. You came again. O you came again.

What does it mean, to be an activist.
What does it mean, to be a jazzman.

When you decide, you've done everything you can do,
In this world of Bitch's Brew,
But your friends keep calling you, to say,
We need you man. We need you man. O we need you man.

But you are somewhere in your house,
Being a hermit for a year,
Or maybe five, or maybe five, or maybe five.

What does it mean, to be an activist.
What does it mean, to be a jazzman.

What does it mean, to be an activist.
What does it mean, to be a jazzman.

(Album, Little Green Creatures from Earth)

Marching Moron (1996-032)

Never known happiness and
Never known a friend.
Never known love but for
The thousand times I would pretend.
Never known joy before and
Never known peace.
Never known serenity,
But o the time I spent trying to be free.

And intellectual games would come
To fill my empty days.
Politics to fill the hole
That time could never smooth away.
Here I am a marching moron.
Hear I am a walking automaton.
Here I am a man of many masks
That you can never read,
Whose heart you never see.

Never felt reality
In the places I've been in.
Never felt the beauty
Of the sun or wind upon my skin.
Never walked the hills of life
For its own simple sake.
Still I keep walking
In a half alive, half feeling,
Half unconscious state.

And intellectual games would come
To fill my empty days.
Politics to fill the hole
That love could never smooth away.
Here I am a marching moron.
Here I am a walking automaton.
Here I am a man of many masks
That you can never read,
Whose heart you never see.

Here I am a marching moron.
Here I am a walking automaton.
Here I am a man of many masks
That you can never read,
Whose heart will never bleed.

(Album, Radical Times)

Boot-Kissin' Ass-Kissin' Man (1996-033)

Well you got through life by kissin' boots,
Kissin' asses and hands.
What's this politics all about.
Why bother takin' a stand.

You're a boot-kissin' ass-kissin' man.

Some of your friends they laugh and call you
A camelian.
You don't know what that means,
So you laugh along with them.

You're a boot-kissin' ass-kissin' man.
You're a boot-kissin' ass-kissin' man.

You never stood up on your own
To call a spade a spade.
But you stood at the wicket every day,
'Cause you knew you would be paid.
You're in the boss's good books
For spyin' on your friends,
Stool-piginning and scabbing
Until the bitter end.

You're a boot-kissin' ass-kissin' man.
You're a boot-kissin' ass-kissin' man.

And you never joined the boycotts
To give the earth a chance,
But you liked the beer they served
At the eco-benefit dance.
You never joined the marches
Not wanting to be seen
As one of those hard core radicals
On the television screen.

You're a boot-kissin' ass-kissin' man.
You're a boot-kissin' ass-kissin' man.

When the empire crumbles
And the corporate trough is dry,
Your friends will all abandon you
And you will wonder why.
They'll say, where were you when the cold wind blew
And the fight had to be fought?
You were fishing with the corporate men
Counting all the fish you'd caught.

You're a boot-kissin' ass-kissin' man.
You're a boot-kissin ass-kissin' man.

You got through life by kissin' boots
Kissin' asses and hands.
What's this politics all about;

Why bother takin' a stand?

You're a boot-kissin' ass-kissin' man.

And some of your friends they laugh and call you
A camelian.
You don't know what that means,
So you laugh along with them.

It means,
You're a boot-kissin' ass-kissin' man.
You're a boot-kissin' ass-kissin' man.
You're a boot-kissin' ass-kissin' man.

(Album, Radical Times)

On That Mountain (1996-034)

Many have climbed on that mountain,
And the mountain has taken many live.
For the ghost-maker wind blows on that mountain,
And you can't see where you're goin',
When the day falls to the night.
And you can't see where you're goin',
When the day falls to the night.

O the rocks and the glaciers on that mountain,
They will sweep you away if they choose.
For the rockslide and the avalanche come fallin'.
There is nothing that a mountain climber can do.
There is nothing that a mountain climber can do.

O the rocks and the glaciers on that mountain,
They will sweep you away if they choose.
For the rockslide and the avalanche come fallin'.
There is nothing that a mountain climber can do.
There is nothing that a mountain climber can do.

O many have climbed on that mountain,
And the mountain has taken many lives.
For the ghost-maker wind blows on that mountain,
And you can't see where you're goin',
When the day falls to the night.
And you can't see where you're goin',
When the day falls to the night.
For the ghost-maker wind blows on that mountain,
And you can't see where you're goin',
When the day falls to the night.
And you can't see where you're goin',
When the day falls to the night.
And you can't see where you're goin',
When the day falls to the night.

(Album, When Worlds Collide)

Her Mother Always Told Her (1996-035)

Her mother always told her,
You're a sweet girl with a smile.
You can find yourself a tall dark man,
To keep you happy all the while.
Her mother always told her,
Your beauty is complete.
You can find an upwardly mobile man,
And sweep him off his feet.

But part of her rebelled against
The things her mother said.
She wanted to be her own person,
Not just a part of someone's bed.
She didn't want a businessman,
A rolling in the dough.
Security is hollow,
If you have to sell your soul.
Security is hollow,
If you have to sell your soul.

Her mother always told her,
You're a nice girl with a smile.
He will buy a ring and marry you,
Even let you have his child.
Her mother always told her,
Don't get mad if he gets rough.
Believe me honey you won't regret it.
You can never love too much.

But a part of her rebelled against
The words her mother spoke,
On the third trip to the hospital,
After how many bones he broke.
She found herself a tall dark man,
To keep her from the cold,
But security is hollow,
When it hollows out your soul.
Security is hollow,
When it hollows out your soul.

Her mother always told her,
You've got to learn to love your man.
And if he takes to drinking,
Be as patient as you can.
Her mother always told her,
Don't get mad if he gets rough.
And if he takes to hitting you,
You can never love too much.

But part of her would rebell against
The tears her mother cried.
Was it at the quiet funeral,
Or on the day she died?
She found herself a tall dark man,

To keep her from the cold,
But security is hollow,
When it kills you, heart and soul.
Security is hollow,
When it kills you, heart and soul.

Her mother always told her.

(Album, Grain of Sand)

Gypsies (1996-036)

Sometimes I felt we were gypsies.
Sometimes I felt we were free.
Sometimes I felt we were the faceless ones,
Who didn't know where we,
Were supposed to be, ai yai yai yai.

Mornings when the bright sun rose,
Into the big blue sky,
I'd be running down the backdoor steps,
To gently wonder why.
And everything was a wonderful game,
And I was a child at play.
Come out. Come out, wherever you are.
Come out to greet the day, ai yai yai yai.

Sometimes I felt we were gypsies.
Sometimes I felt we were free.
Sometimes I felt we were the faceless ones,
Who didn't know where we,
Were supposed to be, ai yai yai yai.

Evenings when the sun went down,
And the shadows they grew long,
We would cast our last sweet circles,
With fudge cycles and song.
As the sparks flew from our rocket broom,
Across the night sky line,
In the joy of being who we were,
We felt the autumn pine, ai yai yai yai.

Sometimes I felt we were gypsies.
Sometimes I felt we were free.
Sometimes I felt we were the faceless ones,
Who didn't know where we,
Were supposed to be, ai yai yai yai.

We were people on the edge who wanted to be,
On the inside of everything,
So I grew up to be a poet,
And hear the blackbirds sing,
To write and speak of wind and rain,
And falling winter snow,
And to tell about the peopled world,
That I have come to know, ai yai yai yai.

Sometimes I felt we were gypsies.
Sometimes I felt we were free.
Sometimes I felt we were the faceless ones,
Who didn't know where we,
Were supposed to be, ai yai yai yai.
Sometimes I felt we were the faceless ones,
Who didn't know where we,
Were supposed to be, ai yai yai yai.

(Album, When Worlds Collide)

In Loneliness from God (1996-037)

Gonna have to spend a night
In loneliness from God,
When the spirits they are silent,
And the road is covered in snow.

Gonna have to spend an empty day
Or an abandoned hour.
The universe won't answer you,
And you just will not know.
Will not know, will not know,
Will not know.

Gonna have to get to know yourself,
In the fears that will not leave,
And the anger and the hurt that come
And you won't know what to do.

Gonna have to spend a month,
Or a year or maybe more,
Lookin' for somethin' you can't find,
But which you believe is true.
Believe is true, believe is true,
Believe is true.

Gonna have to spend a night
In loneliness from God,
When the spirits they are silent,
And the road is covered in snow.

Gonna have to spend an empty day
Or an abandoned hour.
The universe won't answer you,
And you just will not know.
Will not know, will not know,
Will not know.
Will not know, will not know,
Will not know.

Gonna have to spend a night
In loneliness from God.
Gonna have to spend a night
In loneliness from God.

(Album, City of Gold)

Paycheck Away from the Soupline (1996-038)

You got yourself a job.
You were the one they chose.
You're glad that it was you,
Instead of, one of those.
You get to work every day at nine.
You always strive to be on time,
Looking well-groomed and wonderful each day,
In your shadow time and clothes.

'Cause you know it's only luck,
That let you come this far,
Only a turn of fortune,
That keeps you where you are.
You dream of climbing ladders,
But you say this is a good start,
'Cause you know you're only a paycheck away, from the soupline.
You know you're just a paycheck away, from the soupline.

Some talk of forming unions,
But you just turn away.
You don't wanna find a pink slip,
On your desk some day.
You know the boss is big and mean.
You wouldn't wanna repeat some things you've seen.
He treats you like you were dirt and says that he,
Is the devil you must pay.

And you know it's only luck,
That let you come this far.
Only a turn of fortune,
That keeps you where you are.
You dream of running for freedom,
But you save it in your heart,
'Cause you know you're only a paycheck away, from the soupline.
Yeah you know you're just a paycheck away, from the soupline.

You've heard about the system.
You know how it works.
They keep you on a treadmill,
With the promise of some one day perks.
But that payday you will never see.
You're just a part in a machine.
You have to endure the heat and the fumes and the hours,
Not to mention the boss's smirks.

'Cause you know it's only luck,
That let you come this far.
Only a turn of fortune,
That keeps you where you are.
You dream of building a better world,
But you save it in your heart,
'Cause you know you're only a paycheck away, from the soupline.
Yeah you know you're just a paycheck away, from the soupline.

And you dream of running for freedom,
But you save it in your heart,
'Cause you know you're only a paycheck away, from the soupline.
You know you're just a paycheck away, from the soupline.

(Album, The Embers and the Stars)

Can't Make Love on a Barricade (1996-039)

I went to see my woman,
When the stars were shining bright above.
She is a companera,
Frontline sentry on the revolutionary front.

She said I've taken guns and ski mask,
And I've headed for the hills.
Sometimes the only choice you have,
Is to kill or to be killed.

I said I know where you're standing,
And I must come with you.
I have to fight beside you,
Til the day when the fighting is all through.

Said if you can't make love on a barricade,
You might as well not be making love at all.
Said if you can't make love on a barricade,
You might as well not be making love at all.
Gotta love the ones that you care about,
And be with them when the shells and bullets fall.
Said if you can't make love on a barricade,
You might as well not be making love at all.

She took me to a dark place,
That was hidden way outside,
Outside the ever-watchful gaze,
Of the imperialistic eye.

She led me down a winding path,
To, in truth, I don't know where.
She introduced me to her comrades,
And told them I knew fair from fowl,
And fowl from fair.

And I am sworn to secrecy,
By the light of moon and stars,
By the stars dancing in her eyes,
Never to reveal just where they are.

Said if you can't make love on a barricade,
You might as well not be making love at all.
Said if you can't make love on a barricade,
You might as well not be making love at all.
Gotta love the ones that you care about,
And be with them when the shells and bullets fall.
Said if you can't make love on a barricade,
You might as well not be making love at all.

She said come on, let's make love on the barricade,
Or we might as well not be making love at all.
She said come on, let's make love on the barricade,
Or we might as well not be making love at all.

Come on, let's make love on the barricade.
Come on, let's make love on the barricade.
Come on, let's make love on the barricade.

(Album, Paint the Cornfields Purple)

Greener Pastures (1996-040)

O how we laughed and danced,
And sang the time away.
Liberty was ours to have,
Every hour of the day.
Rising in the joyful morn,
With the bright new rising sun,
And dancing til the yawning shades,
Of evening had begun.

Now I can hear my old friends calling,
Dave, don't you know. Don't you know.
We all left for greener pastures, long ago, long ago.
They left me standing somewhere,
In the blowing winter snow.
They all left for greener pastures long ago.
They all left for greener pastures long ago.

Time is like a mountain stream,
It doesn't stop to chat.
And it's not too long til the fishes,
They know where things are at.
In the ocean that we're swimming in,
It's money and career,
Will get you further than another,
Philosophy discussion over beer.

Now I can hear my old friends calling,
Dave, don't you know. Don't you know.
We all left for greener pastures, long ago, long ago.
They left me standing somewhere,
In the blowing winter snow.
They all left for greener pastures long ago.
They all left for greener pastures long ago.

But when the money is all gone,
And every job goes down,
And company and personnel,
They march on out of town.
It's not the bankers or the brokers,
Or the businessmen you'll need,
But prophets and philosophers,
To plant another seed.

Now I can hear my old friends calling,
Dave, don't you know. Don't you know.
We all left for greener pastures, long ago, long ago.
They left me standing somewhere,
In the blowing winter snow.
They all left for greener pastures long ago.
They all left for greener pastures long ago.
They all left for greener pastures long ago.
They all left for greener pastures long ago.

(Album, Alpha 27 Omega)

Who Is This Man (1996-041)

Who is this man, hung on a cross,
Three hours on an afternoon, as the sky grew dark.
Who is this man, hung on a cross,
The sun was darkened and a blood red moon, made the wild dogs bark.

Was he a mystic, who said the way to peace,
Is deep, deep, down, within you.
Was he a revolutionist, who sought to free his people,
From the boots and the chains of Roman rule.

Who is this man, hung on a cross,
Three hours on an afternoon, as the sky grew dark.
Who is this man, hung on a cross,
The sun was darkened and a blood red moon, made the wild dogs bark.

Was he a mystic, who said the way to peace,
Is deep, deep, down, within you.
Was he a revolutionist, who sought to free his people,
From the boots and the chains of Roman rule.

Was he a saviour, like no other,
Was he God's gift to humanity.
What is the meaning, of this Son of Man,
Bleeding to death upon a tree.

Who is this man, hung on a cross,
Three hours on an afternoon, as the sky grew dark.
Who is this man, hung on a cross,
The sun was darkened and a blood red moon, made the wild dogs bark.
The sun was darkened and a blood red moon, made the wild dogs bark.
Made the wild dogs bark.

(Album, Mountains, Widows and Mustard Seeds)

I am Just the Ghost 1996-042)

I am just the ghost, of a silent star.
I am just the flickering, of a candle gone too far.
I am just the memory, of an absent mind.
I am just the scribbling, of a once upon a time.
I am just the scribbling, of a once upon a time.

All the fishes in the ocean,
Pause to hear me cry.
I listen for the birdsong,
And one by one they die.
Treetop after treetop,
Wave after ocean wave.
Clear a path for the nothingness,
In case it comes their way.

I am just the ghost, of a silent star.
I am just the flickering, of a candle gone too far.
I am just the memory, of an absent mind.
I am just the scribbling, of a once upon a time.
I am just the scribbling, of a once upon a time.

There was a midnight poet,
Who wrote about the rain.
Who wrote about the real world,
The people and their chains.
But no one ever digs him up,
Or calls him any more.
They left him lying where he fell,
In a blood stain on the floor.

I am just the ghost, of a silent star.
I am just the flickering, of a candle gone too far.
I am just the memory, of an absent mind.
I am just the scribbling, of a once upon a time.
I am just the scribbling, of a once upon a time.

So let the sunrise greet you,
As the day draws near.
Let the morning robins fill your soul,
And free you from all fear.
The flowers that shall bloom,
As the nighttime fades,
Shall live forever in our hearts,
No matter how far we might stray.

But I am just the ghost, of a silent star.
I am just the flickering, of a candle gone too far.
I am just the memory, of an absent mind.
I am just the scribbling, of a once upon a time.
I am just the scribbling, of a once upon a time.
A once upon a time.
A once upon a time.

(Album, Apples for Capricorn)

Halcyon Days (1996-043)

Wish I could go back,
To a more innocent time,
When I would come over,
And you'd put a tape of mine,
On your stereo.
We would laugh and talk of things we know.

Hadn't felt the pain yet, hadn't felt the heat.
Hadn't felt the rain yet, comin' down like sleet.

Wish I could go back,
To those halcyon days,
When you and I could talk all day,
And you'd never have to say,
Come on Dave hurry up.
Looks like we've both drunk from time's cup.

Hadn't felt the pain yet, hadn't felt the heat.
Hadn't felt the rain yet, comin' down like sleet.

But I must go forward.
I can't dwell in the past.
You and I will get along.
Our friendship it will last,
If we let it lie.
You have grown and so have I.

Growing in the pain yeah, growing in the heat.
Growing in the rain that's, comin' down like sleet.
Growing in the pain yeah, growing in the heat.
Growing in the rain that's, comin' down like sleet.

Wish I could go back,
To a more innocent time.

(Album, Rumblebee)

To Dance and Feel the Joy (1996-044)

I don't ask for much from life,
Just a place to lie my head,
And money for my food,
A little more for the simple pleasures,
If that's all right with you,
And a little space to dance,
To dance and feel the joy,
Of the breath of the spirit on my face.
To dance and feel the joy,
Of the breath of the spirit on my face.

I don't ask for much from life,
Just a place to lie my head,
And money for my food,
A little more for the simple pleasures,
If that's all right with you,
And a little space to dance,
To dance and feel the joy,
Of the breath of the spirit on my face.
To dance and feel the joy,
Of the breath of the spirit on my face.

I don't ask for much from life,
Just a place to lie my head,
And money for my food,
A little more for the simple pleasures,
If that's all right with you,
And a little space to dance,
To dance and feel the joy,
Of the breath of the spirit on my face.
To dance and feel the joy,
Of the breath of the spirit on my face.
To dance and feel the joy,
Of the breath of the spirit on my face.

(Album, Land of the Shooting Stars)

Some Say Love (1996-045)

Some say love is a flower
And you cannot make it grow.
You can only watch the seed sprout
And let the seasons flow.
Some say love is a fire
That burns in the human soul.
And if you're not careful
You will be consumed.
You gotta keep it in control.
Oh oh oh oh oh

Some say love is a dagger
That stabs you in the heart.
That turns your whole life upside down
And wrenches you apart.
Some say love is an ice-cream cone.
You can eat it lick by lick.
Enjoy it while it lasts
But eat too much
And it will make you sick.

Some say love ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh
Some say love ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh
Some say love ooh ooh ooh ooh
Some say love ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh
Some say love is this or that
And they write it on the wall.
Some say some things
They wish they hadn't said.
And some say nothing at all.
Some say nothing at all.

Some say love is a violin
And you are the tune being played.
You better know it when the strings are old
And your time has been outstayed.
Some say love is a spider's web.
It's impossible to break free.
You cry "won't you show me the fast way out"
"There's somewhere I'd rather be"
Ooh Ooh Ooh Ooh Ooh
But I say love is a gentle breeze
Of summer on your face.
Walking through the park
With the one you love
Or a quiet gentle space.
I say love is that deep down truth
We're always searching for
Like a horizon that you never quite reach
Or a distant sun lit shore.

Some say love ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh
Some say love ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh
Some say love ooh ooh ooh ooh

Some say love ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh
Some say love is this or that
And they write it on the wall.
Some say some things
They wish they hadn't said
And some say nothing at all.
Some say nothing at all.

Some say love ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh
Some say love ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh
Some say love ooh ooh ooh ooh
Some say love ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh
Some say love ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh
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Some say love ooh ooh ooh ooh
Some say love ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh
Some say love
Some say love
Some say love
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Some say love
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Some say love
Some say love

Megacide (1996-046)

Send the children down the uranium mines.
Tell them everything's alright.
Fill the inside walls of their brain cells,
With the tools of megacide.
Send the children down the uranium mines.
Tell them everything's alright.
Fill the inside walls of their brain cells,
With the tools of megacide.
Megacide, megacide.

They've got a fancy trailer,
Called "Energy for Life",
Where the children line up and let the smiling man,
Lead them to the nuclear light.
He says "Nuclear power is safe and cheep.
We'll have one in every school.
And if you don't like nuclear power,
You're a silly ignorant fool.
If you don't like nuclear power,
You're a silly ignorant fool."

Send the children down the uranium mines.
Tell them everything's alright.
Fill the inside walls of their brain cells,
With the tools of megacide.
Send the children down the uranium mines.
Tell them everything's alright.
Fill the inside walls of their brain cells,
With the tools of megacide.
Megacide, megacide, megacide.

What the smiling man don't tell you,
Is about the nuclear weapons game.
What becomes of our uranium,
When we send it all away.
Some say weapons are no problem,
Now that the Berlin Wall is down.
But a nuclear bomb is a nuclear bomb,
When they drop it on your home town.
You'll drop one and then another,
Til the cities fade away.
They'll say Hiroshima was a picnic,
Compared to what's happening here today.
They'll say Hiroshima was a picnic,
Compared to what's happening here today.

Send the children down the uranium mines.
Tell them everything's alright.
Fill the inside walls of their brain cells,
With the tools of megacide.
Send the children down the uranium mines.
Tell them everything's alright.
Fill the inside walls of their brain cells,
With the tools of megacide.

Megacide, megacide, megacide.

AECL sits silent,
Things they do not want to say.
They don't want the people to know about the plans,
For dumping nuclear waste.
We've seen them at the hearings,
Passing notes among themselves.
"Don't comment on that statement please.
It might knock us right off the shelf."
Public enlightenment is their purpose,
But silence is their rule.
Looks like AECL and Gobles,
Must have gone to the same damn school.
Looks like AECL and Gobles,
Must have gone to the same damn school.

Send the children through the nuclear plant.
Tell them everything's alright.
Fill the inside walls of their brain cells,
With the tools of megacide.
Send the children down the uranium mines.
Tell them everything's okay.
Fill the inside walls of their blood cells,
With their share of gamma rays.
Their share of gamma rays,
Their share of gamma rays.

Did you get your gamma rays today.
Did you get your gamma rays today.
Gamma gamma gamma gamma ray.
Gamma gamma gamma gamma ray.
Did you get your gamma rays today.
Did you get your gamma rays today.

A day without your gamma rays,
Is like a day without sunshine.
A day without your gamma rays,
Is like a day without sunshine.
A day without your gamma rays,
Is like a day without sunshine.
A day without your gamma rays,
Is like a day without sunshine.

Send the children down the uranium mines.
Tell them everything's alright.
And fill the inside walls of their brain cells,
With the tools of megacide.
Send the children down the uranium mines.
Tell them everything's alright.
And fill the inside walls of their brain cells,
With the tools of megacide.
The tools of megacide,
Megacide, megacide, megacide.
Fill the inside walls of their brain cells,
With the tools of megacide.

(Album, Paint the Cornfields Purple)

And I Thank You (1996-047)

If I have inspired you,
With a gentle word or two,
Then I thank you,
For it's just what you've,
Inspired me to do.

And if I helped you go another mile,
If my music made you smile,
Then I thank you,
For it's only you,
Who make my words worth while.

And if I have inspired you,
With a gentle song or two,
Then I thank you,
For it's just what you've,
Inspired me to do.

And if I helped you go one more mile,
If my music made you smile,
Then I thank you,
For it's only you,
Who make my words worth while.
And I thank you,
For it's only you,
Who make my words worthwhile.

(Albums, Land of the Shooting Stars, and, Companions in the Struggle)

Kiss the Feet (1996-048)

From the Royal Bank Cup,
To the Molson Centre,
To the GM Stadium,
Let the corporations know,
That we surrender,
And we're letting our minds go num.
No time for thinking,
And no time for schism,
In the shadow of the corporate gun.
We must kiss the feet,
Of capitalism.
Think of all the great things they have done.
Think of all the great things they have done.

For a hundred years,
They've oppressed the world,
From London to Argentine,
Torturing and murdering,
Those who dissent,
Sometimes hidden and sometimes seen.
After a hundred years,
Of death squad rule,
For the privileges of the few,
They have brought the planet,
And all who are on it,
To the edge of planetary doom.
To the edge of planetary doom.

But from the Royal Bank Cup,
To the Molson Centre,
To the GM Stadium,
We let the corporations know,
That we surrender,
And we're letting our minds go num.
No time for thinking,
And no time for schism,
In the shadow of the corporate gun.
We must kiss the feet,
Of capitalism.
Think of all the great things they have done.
Think of all the great things they have done.

Now when a child grows up,
Playing soccer football hockey tennis,
Thanks to the corporate stealth,
The name of the company,
Will be as common,
As the name of the game itself.
The companies are hoping,
With their logos everywhere,
To hook our children in a sell.
But most of all,
As they brainwash us,
There'll be no chance that we can rebel.

There'll be no chance that we can rebel.

'Cause from the Royal Bank Cup,
To the Molson Centre,
To the GM Stadium,
We let the corporations know,
That we surrender,
And we're letting our minds go num.
No time for thinking,
And no time for schism,
In the shadow of the corporate gun.
We must kiss the feet,
Of capitalism.
Think of all the great things they have done.
Think of all the great things they have done.
We must kiss the feet,
Of capitalism.
Think of all the great things they have done.

But somewhere there's a spirit,
Of rebellion deep inside.
A voice that calls on a memory,
That we will not let die.
Memory of freedom,
Memory of the common land,
Memory of a,
Time before the corporate hand.
A time before the military state,
And corporate shadows loomed,
This memory of freedom we now reclaim,
To free us from our doom.
A time before the military state,
And corporate shadows loomed.
This memory of freedom we now reclaim,
To free us from our doom.
To free us from our doom.
To free us from our doom.

(Album, Paint the Cornfields Purple)

Pieces of Music (1996-049)

I was looking, through some old tapes.
I had put them, on the shelf.
They were memories, memories of old times,
Memories of past lives, of myself.

They were tapes of, tapes of some old songs,
That I used to, sing and play.
They took me back to, when I was younger,
And a night in the forest, I dreamed away.

But they were only, pieces of music.
They were only, flights of song.
So I live in the past, amid these memories,
But somehow I, stumble on.
So I live in the past, amid these memories,
But somehow I, stumble on.

There were mornings, in the greenfield,
Under the blue sky, and the sun.
There were evenings, after the rain came,
When it seemed your, work was done.
And there were time dream, predawn hours,
When I stood in, the stillness free.
The birds were singing, through the neighbourhood,
And it seemed they, sang just for me.

But they were only, pieces of music.
They were only, flights of song.
So i live in the past, amid these memories,
But somehow I, stumble on.
I live in the past, amid these memories,
But somehow I, stumble on.

Please don't ask me, what my life is,
Or even more, what my purpose might be.
'Cause I don't know man, don't know the meaning,
The why or wherefore, still I am me.

But life is only, pieces of music.
Life is only, flights of song.
So I live in the past, amid these memories,
But somehow I, stumble on.

I live in the past, amid these memories,
But somehow I, stumble on.

I was looking, through some old tapes,
I had put them, on the shelf.
They were memories, memories of old times,
Memories of past lives, of myself.
Memories of past lives, of myself.
Of myself, of myself, of myself.

(Album, Apples for Capricorn)

Old Warrior (1996-050)

Old horse, old battle ax of bygone might,
Old warrior of platinum turned to clay,
Who fought with sword once, where now children play,
I sit and dream of space and fog-bound light.
My sword in a museum far from sight,
I dream of what I used to wish and say,
Of making anarchism in one day,
Or socialism in a single night.

Sweet harmless aging fool, they say of me,
A well-meant man with pupils less than three.
They make me honoured guest at banquets strewn,
With corpses, skeletons and human ruin.
Once more I shake their empire from my feet,
And beg the right to die upon the street.

(Album, Dreamy Wednesday)

Part Four

Noise in the Data

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Tiny Childhood Yard (1997-001)

As a child I would play, in a big backyard,
And when the sun went down, my friends would count the stars.
We had a playhouse and a piece of yard, that we called Turnie Park,
That we called Turnie Park.

We would dig in the soil, and we'd swing upon the swing,
And sometimes on a summer's day, I would start to sing.
We were the child monarchs, over everything,
Over everything.

And in my dreams, I would go back there,
And with my soul, I would stand grounded.
And in my dreams, I would go back there,
To that tiny childhood yard,
With such a gentle world around it.
And in my dreams, I would go back there,
And with my soul, I would stand grounded.
And in my dreams, I would go back there,
To that tiny childhood yard,
With such a gentle world around it.

I learned about the garden, and I learned about the stars.
Learned of earthquakes and volcanoes, and a hundred dinosaurs.
I learned of war and poverty, but had not yet felt the scars,
But had not yet felt the scars.

Then one day just before leaving, I caught glimpses from a dream,
Of what has become such a part of my life, or so it has seemed.
I saw a world of peace and oneness, flashed to my mind in a beam,
Flashed to my mind in a beam.

And in my dreams, I would go back there,
And with my soul, I would stand grounded.
And in my dreams, I would go back there,
To that tiny childhood yard,
With such a gentle world around it.
And in my dreams, I would go back there,
And with my soul, I would stand grounded.
And in my dreams, I would go back there,
To that tiny childhood yard,
With such a gentle world around it.
To that tiny childhood yard,
With such a gentle world around it.
To that tiny childhood yard,
With such a gentle world around it.

(Album, The Embers and the Stars)

Palace of Nowhere (1997-002)

O we dance, and we dream, in the palace of nowhere.
O we dance, and we dream, in the palace of nowhere.
O we know, it is no place, but in our hearts we shall go there.
We will dance, we will dream, in the palace of nowhere.

O it might be within you,
Or somewhere far beyond.
Surely not in some golden age,
Now tragically long gone.
O it might be beyond our glimpses,
In an epoch still to come.
But we know it and we feel it,
Like the warm rays of the sun.

O we dance, and we dream, in the palace of nowhere.
O we dance, and we dream, in the palace of nowhere.
O we know, it is no place, but in our hearts we shall go there.
We will dance, we will dream, in the palace of nowhere.

On its greens or in its gardens,
Or its rivers, fields and springs,
In this sweet nowhere palace,
Tell me who could be king.
Only one gentle monarch,
Unseen yet not unknown,
Whose voice calls deep within us,
Who will roll away the stone.

O we dance, and we dream, in the palace of nowhere.
O we dance, and we dream, in the palace of nowhere.
O we know, it is no place, but in our hearts we shall go there.
We will dance, we will dream, in the palace of nowhere.

O the rulers and the empires,
They rise and seem to stand.
But as quickly and as surely,
They return to the sand.
But the palace, palace of nowhere,
Will be built once again.
It will beat with our hearts,
And with the falling of the rain.

O we dance, and we dream, in the palace of nowhere.
O we dance, and we dream, in the palace of nowhere.
O we know, it is no place, but in our hearts we shall go there.
We will dance, we will dream, in the palace of nowhere.
We will dance, we will dream, in the palace of nowhere.
In the palace of nowhere.
In the palace of nowhere.

(Album, Thought I Heard the Lightening)

Liberation (1997-003)

Liberation, liberation,
Liberation, liberation.

Liberation, liberation,
Liberation, liberation, liberation.

Sometimes it comes, in a flash of guns,
And a million people in the street.
When the people shout, "Oppressors get out!
It's time for the people to meet.".
Sometimes it comes, more like one by one,
As we realize who we are.
Til together we roar, "We won't take any more!
We're reaching for the furthest star.".

Liberation, liberation,
Liberation, liberation.
Liberation, liberation, liberation.

Sometimes a line, in a moment of time,
Is drawn and there's no return.
And we all can remember, the where and the when,
When the fire began to burn.
Sometimes it takes, forever and breaks,
Every cell in our hearts before,
We can finally say, this is Liberation Day,
And our spirits have begun to soar.

Liberation, liberation,
Liberation, liberation.
Liberation, liberation, liberation.

Sometimes the shadows of the beating we've had,
Are too tall to break down right away,
The dictator's ghost, is taller than most,
Of the dreams that our souls display.
But we know if we stand, and take each other by the hand,
We can chase the pain from our mind.
Let the healing begin, with the power of the wind,
And the rain and the sun on our side.

Liberation, liberation,
Liberation, liberation.
Liberation, liberation, liberation.

So spit on the pages, and rattle the cages,
And rock every boat you can find.
Liberation is not, just the glimpse of a thought,
But its projection in space and time.
Put the iron fists, of the capitalists,
On the bonfire of history.
With our power combined, we'll be building the kind,
Of a world in which we wish to be.

Liberation, liberation,
Liberation, liberation.
Liberation, liberation,
Liberation, liberation, liberation.
Liberation, liberation, liberation.

Liberation, liberation,
Liberation, liberation,
Liberation, liberation,
Liberation, liberation, liberation.
Liberation, liberation, liberation.
Liberation.

(Album, Thought I Heard the Lightening)

Loaves and Fishes (1997-004)

Jesus was a hippy,
Who started the Galilee Commune,
Where people dropped out of society,
To eat loaves and fishes all day.
Eat loaves and fishes all day.
Eat loaves and fishes every day.

He said come along all ye hobos,
All ye rebel sons and daughters.
Come on and join my commune.
We'll wander along all day.
Eat loaves and fishes all day.
Eat loaves and fishes every day.

He said come be fishers of men,
Fishers of women too,
And we'll all get together,
Have a great big party every day.
Go wander along all day.
Eat loaves and fishes every day.
Eat loaves and fishes all day.

He said wherever two or three of you,
Are gathered in my name,
I am there among you,
Yeah I'll be with you all day.
As you wander along all day.
Have a great big party every day.
Eat loaves and fishes every day.
Eat loaves and fishes all day.

The bred it is my body.
The wine it is my blood.
And he who eats of my flesh,
Gonna live forever and a day.
Go wandering along all day.
Have a great big party every day.
Yeah I'll be with you all day.
Eat loaves and fishes every day.
Eat loaves and fishes all day.

I said Jesus was a hippy,
Who started the Galilee Commune,
Where people dropped out of society,
To eat loaves and fishes every day.
Eat loaves and fishes all day.
Have a great big party every day.
Go wander along all day.
Gonna live forever and a day.
Yeah I'll be with you all day.
Eat loaves and fishes all day.
Eat loaves and fishes every day.
Eat loaves and fishes all day.
Eat loaves and fishes every day.

Eat loaves and fishes all day.
Eat loaves and fishes every day.
Eat loaves and fishes every day.
Eat loaves and fishes every day.

(Album, Thought I Heard the Lightening)

Great Big Red Balloon (1997-005)

I went flying, on a great big red balloon.
I went flying, on a great big red balloon.
I went flying, on a great big red balloon,
In the sky ocean of my mind.

I always ask myself, what is and isn't real.
I always ask myself, what is and isn't real.
I always ask myself, what is and isn't real,
In the sky echo of my mind.

I went flying, on a great big red balloon.
I went flying, on a great big red balloon.
I went flying, on a great big red balloon,
In the sky ocean of my mind.

There was a forest, but the trees were upside-down.
There was a forest, but the trees were upside-down.
There was a forest, but the trees were upside-down,
In the sky echo of my mind.

I went flying, on a great big red balloon.
I went flying, on a great big red balloon.
I went flying, on a great big red balloon,
In the sky ocean of my mind.

There was a tidal wave. It was comin' for me.
There was a tidal wave. It was comin' for me.
There was a tidal wave. It was comin' for me,
In the sky echo of my mind.

I went flying, on a great big red balloon.
I went flying, on a great big red balloon.
I went flying, on a great big red balloon,
In the sky ocean of my mind.

Am I crazy, if I call myself a whale.
Am I crazy, if I call myself a whale.
Am I crazy, if I call myself a whale,
In the sky echo of my mind.

I went flying, on a great big red balloon.
I went flying, on a great big red balloon.
I went flying, on a great big red balloon,
In the sky ocean of my mind.

Walk the tundra, where the polestar never sets.
Walk the tundra, where the polestar never sets.
Walk the tundra, where the polestar never sets,
In the sky echo of my mind.

I went flying, on a great big red balloon.
I went flying, on a great big red balloon.
I went flying, on a great big red balloon,
In the sky ocean of my mind.

Hear the comets call, to the Starship Enterprise.
Hear the comets call, to the Starship Enterprise.
Hear the comets call, "We will make Val Halla rise.",
In the sky echo of my mind.

I went flying, on a great big red balloon.
I went flying, on a great big red balloon.
I went flying, on a great big red balloon,
In the sky ocean of my mind.

Hear the comets call, to the Starship Enterprise.
Hear the comets call, to the Starship Enterprise.
Hear the comets call, "We will make Val Halla rise.",
In the sky echo of my mind.

I went flying, on a great big red balloon.
I went flying, on a great big red balloon.
I went flying, on a great big red balloon,
In the sky ocean of my mind.

Sky ocean, sky ocean,
Sky ocean, sky ocean, sky ocean, sky ocean,
Of my mind, of my mind, of my mind, of my mind.
In the sky ocean of my mind.

It was the sky ocean, sky ocean,
Sky ocean sky, ocean sky,
Sky ocean of my mind.

Na na na na, na na na na na na na.
Na na na na, na na na na na na na.
Na na na na, na na na na na na na.
In the sky ocean of my mind.

(Album, When Worlds Collide)

Queen of Earth (1997-006)

When the mountains tremble, and the forest sighs,
And the moon sings jigsaw, right before your eyes,
You would stoke the fires. you will not know where to go.
You would sing of choirs, lost in the winter snow.

You will dream, queen of Earth.
You will dream, queen of the sky.
You will dream, queen of Earth, queen of the sky.
You will dream, queen of Earth.
You will dream, queen of the sky.
You will dream, queen of Earth, queen of the sky.

When the frost has bitten you, where you lie awake,
You would build Jerusalem, another William Blake.
You would be the hunted, in a tale by Brothers Grim.
Everything you wanted, but the cross was made for him.

You will dream, queen of Earth.
You will dream, queen of the sky.
You will dream, queen of Earth, queen of the sky.
You will dream, queen of Earth.
You will dream, queen of the sky.
You will dream, queen of Earth, queen of the sky.

When the mountains tremble, and the forest sighs,
And the moon sings jigsaw, right before your eyes,
You would stoke the fires. You will not know where to go.
You would sing of choirs, lost in the winter snow.

You will dream, queen of Earth.
You will dream, queen of the sky.
You will dream, queen of Earth, queen of the sky.
You will dream, queen of Earth.
You will dream, queen of the sky.
You will dream, queen of Earth, queen of the sky.

You will dream, queen of Earth.
You will dream, queen of the sky.
You will dream, queen of Earth, queen of the sky.
You will dream, queen of Earth, queen of the sky.
You will dream, queen of Earth, queen of the sky.

(Album, Poets and Brooding Angels)

Children of Time (1997-007)

God and the moon and Kafka,
Kind of dance as one.
If you are made of paper,
Why are you looking for the sun.

Children of time, children of welfare lines,
What is the song you are singing.
Children of time, children of welfare lines,
What is the gift you are bringing.

Take the boots off the snowman,
And let him tango free.
Let his love be known,
To all who love humanity.

Children of time, children of protest lines,
What is the song you are singing.
Children of time, children of protest lines,
What is the gift you are bringing.

Did the Magi carry swords,
Or were they genuine.
Did they know the Christchild,
By his smile or by a sign.

Children of time, children of earthquake lines,
What is the song you are singing.
Children of time, children of earthquake lines,
What is the gift you are bringing.

Daughter of the morning,
Priestess of my soul,
Put your arms around me,
Keep me from the cold.

Daughter of the morning,
Priestess of my soul,
Put your arms around me,
Keep me from the cold.

Children of time, children of battle lines,
What is the song you are singing.
Children of time, children of battle lines,
What is the gift you are bringing.

What is the song you are singing.
What is the gift you are bringing.
Children of time,
Children of time-drawn lines.

(Album, Thought I Heard the Lightening)

No Pasaran Saskatchewan (1997 Lyrics) (1997-008)

Come you bold men of Saskatchewan.
Come you bold women.
There's a plutonium fire burning,
But there's a fire burning in our hearts and limbs.
We know the nuclear industry.
We know its tricks and we know its lies.
After twenty-five years of fighting,
We're not gonna close our eyes.

No Pasaran, northern Ontario,
No Pasaran, Manitoba,
No Pasaran, Saskatchewan,
No Pasaran, Saskatchewan.

We know the name plutonium.
We know the number ninety-four.
Child of the lust for power,
Father of the thirst for war.
And we know the dangers of its
Radioactivity.
From one province to another,
We stand in solidarity.

No Pasaran, northern Ontario,
No Pasaran, Manitoba,
No Pasaran, Saguene First Nation,
No Pasaran, Saskatchewan,
No Pasaran, Saskatchewan.

We know Ontario Hydro.
We know AECL.
We know the deception they will practice,
When they're out to do a sell.
And we know the FEARO process,
But we will speak through any channel.
Even though in our hearts we know
The only good panel is a solar panel.
The only good panel is a solar panel.

No Pasaran, northern Ontario,
No Pasaran, Manitoba,
No Pasaran, Waterhen First Nation,
No Pasaran, Saskatchewan,
No Pasaran, Saskatchewan.

Strong with our roots deep down in the ground,
Strong with our pulse on what is going 'round,
We'll stand like we've stood up many times before,
Til we see the day
When the nuclear industry shall be no more,
When the nuclear industry shall be no more,
When the nuclear industry shall be no more.

No Pasaran, northern Ontario,

No Pasaran, Manitoba,
No Pasaran, Pelican Narrows,
No Pasaran, Saskatchewan,
No Pasaran, Saskatchewan.

So come you bold ones of Saskatchewan.
Come you bold men and women.
There's a plutonium fire burning,
But there's a fire burning in our hearts and limbs.
We know the nuclear industry.
We know its tricks and we know its lies,
But we stand with our hearts as one,
With a love for the earth and a love for life,
With a love for the earth and a love for life.

No Pasaran, northern Ontario,
No Pasaran, Manitoba,
No Pasaran, Saguene First Nation,
No Pasaran, Waterhen First Nation,
No Pasaran, highways of Gorlaben,
No Pasaran, snowy woods of New England,
No Pasaran, salt mines of Kansas,
No Pasaran, Prairie Island,
No Pasaran, Mescalaro,
No Pasaran, Martial Islands,
No Pasaran, Yucca Mountain,
No Pasaran, Saskatchewan,
No Pasaran, Saskatchewan.

No Pasaran, highways of Gorlaben,
No Pasaran, snowy woods of New England,
No Pasaran, salt mines of Kansas,
No Pasaran, Prairie Island,
No Pasaran, Mescalaro,
No Pasaran, Martial Islands,
No Pasaran, Yucca Mountain,
No Pasaran, northern Ontario,
No Pasaran, Manitoba,
No Pasaran, Saskatchewan,
No Pasaran, Saskatchewan,
No Pasaran, Saskatchewan,
No Pasaran.

(Album, Red Paint and Shadow Play)

I'm a No Body (1997-009)

My ears are ringing.
My nose is out of joint.
My eyes are in the gutter,
And my mind is too.
I know I've got a big mouth,
But my tongue is in my cheek.
I've got a pain in the neck now,
Just from talking to you.
I'm a no body.

My chest is puffed up,
Though I've got a heart of gold.
Giving you the cold shoulder's,
Sending shivers down my spine.
I've got a lot of guts,
But my skin is beginning to crawl.
My hair is standing on end,
Now that I'm losing my mind.
I'm a no body.

Some say I'm an ass hole.
Some say I'm a dick.
Gonna stop this naval gazing,
And I'm goin' down on my knees.
I'm crossing my fingers,
And giving you a hand.
I'm doing lots of legwork,
Now that I'm voting with my feet.
I'm voting with my feet.
I'm voting with my feet.
I'm a no body.

I'm trying to get a toehold,
While voting with my feet.
I'm a no body.

I'm giving you the thumbs up,
And voting with my feet.
I'm a no body.

You try to get my back up,
With your hair brain schemes.
You're more than I can stomach,
So I'm voting with my feet.
I'm voting with my feet.
I'm a no body.
I'm a no body.

I am not everybody.
I'm not a busy body.
I'm not just anybody.
I'm a no body.
I'm a no body.

I know I'll raise a few eyebrows,
By voting with my feet.
But I'm voting with my feet.
I'm a no body.
I'm a no body.
I'm a no body.

(Album, Little Green Creatures from Earth)

Hoover Don't Allow (1997-010)

Well,
J. Edgar Hoover was a son of a bitch you know.
J. Edgar Hoover was a son of a bitch you know.
J. Edgar Hoover was a son of a bitch.
He'd black list you if he had the itch.
J. Edgar Hoover was a son of a bitch you know.

Well,
Hoover don't allow no demonstrating here.
Hoover don't allow no demonstrating here.
But we don't care what Hoover don't allow.
We're gonna have a rally any how.
Hoover don't allow no demonstrating here.

Hoover don't allow no unionizing here.
Hoover don't allow no unionizing here.
But we don't care what Hoover might say.
We're gonna have a union anyway.
Hoover don't allow no unionizing here.

Hoover don't allow no socialist parties here.
Hoover don't allow no socialist parties here.
But we don't care what Hoover don't allow.
We're gonna have a party anyhow.
Hoover don't allow no socialist parties here.

Hoover don't allow no antiwar movements here.
Hoover don't allow no antiwar movements here.
But we don't care what Hoover might say.
We're gonna go ban the bomb anyway.
Hoover don't allow no antiwar movements here.

Hoover don't allow no free speech movements here.
Hoover don't allow no free speech movements here.
But we don't care what Hoover don't allow.
We'll tell him to fuck off anyhow.
Hoover don't allow no free speech movements here.

Hoover don't allow Paul Robeson traveling here.
Hoover don't allow Paul Robeson traveling here.
But Robeson don't care what Hoover might say.
Old man river gonna roll along anyway.
Hoover don't allow Paul Robeson traveling here.

Hoover don't allow no civil rights rallies here.
Hoover don't allow no civil rights rallies here.
But we don't care what Hoover don't allow.
We're gonna go marchin' anyhow.
Hoover don't allow no civil rights rallies here.

Hoover don't allow no Black Panther Parties here.
Hoover don't allow no Black Panther Parties here.
And early one morning in Chicago town,
He found Fred Hampton and shot him down.

Hoover don't allow no Black Panther Parties here.

Hoover don't allow no Indian movements here.
No American Indian Movements here.
He was dead by 1973,
But his ghost pulled the trigger at Wounded Knee.
Hoover don't allow no Indian movements here.

J. Edgar Hoover was a son of a bitch you know.
J. Edgar Hoover was a son of a bitch you know.
J. Edgar Hoover was a son of a bitch.
He'd kill you if he had the itch.
J. Edgar Hoover was a son of a bitch you know.
J. Edgar Hoover was a son of a bitch you know.
J. Edgar Hoover was a son of a bitch you know.

(Album, Red Paint and Shadow Play)

Peltier is Still in Jail (1997-011)

Nelson Mandela has been set free
And they made him president.
And the Birmingham Six were given their freedom
And away they went.
But here in the North America
Of the broken treaty trail,
Leonard Peltier is still in jail.
Peltier is still in jail.
Leonard Peltier is still in jail.
Peltier is still in jail.

O the Berlin Wall came crashing down,
And a million things have changed,
But in the world of the unpredictable,
Some things remain the same.
For the deeds of the U.S. government
Are still too terrible to unveil.
And the wind still cries for justice,
And Peltier is still in jail.
Yeah the wind still cries for justice,
And Peltier is still in jail.

It's over twenty years since the dark June day,
When the FBI came on,
Stormed on to the Pine Ridge reserve and said,
You know we are the law.
There was oil and uranium under the ground
And the people were taking a stand,
Saying we have not forgotten the treaties,
Our right to all the land.
Like Custer ninety-nine years before,
They sent the FBI.
Two officers lying dead would be
Enough to justify,
The framing of a man and the hunting down
Of a movement trail by trail.
Now the companies still rape the earth,
And Peltier is still in jail.
Yeah the companies still rape the earth,
And Peltier is still in jail.

All it takes to keep the truth concealed
Is a smile from power row,
And enough of a crowd to cry crucify,
So no one need be let go.
Yeah the FBI had to get its man.
Fascism must not fail.
Now the wind still weeps on Pine Ridge,
And Peltier is still in jail.
Yeah the wind still weeps on Pine Ridge,
And Peltier is still in jail.

And the FBI, in 1975,
Told a senate committee,

Which was hearing testimony from activist groups,
About the FBI,
That an investigation into our activities concerning AIM at this time,
Could be detrimental to our investigation,
Into the deaths of two FBI officers.
As if to say,
Don't you know the deaths of two FBI officers,
Is more of a concern,
Than the genocide of an entire people.

And the senate committee,
Unfortunately, but so typically,
Believed them.

So Nelson Mandela has been set free,
And they made him president.
And I remember the day that the Birmingham Six
Were set free, and away they went.
But here in the North America
Of the broken treaty trail,
Leonard Peltier is still in jail.
Peltier is still in jail.
Leonard Peltier is still in jail.
Peltier is still in jail.
Yeah the wind still weeps on Pine Ridge,
And Peltier is still in jail.

(Album, Red Paint and Shadow Play)

Point of View (1997-012)

I'm just a singer/songwriter,
Who has a point of view.
I sprouted from the urban
Concrete grain of Saskatoon.
I'm just a singer/songwriter,
Who has a point of view.
I'm wondering if you do too.
Wondering if you do too.

I believe that it is right
That we should all live in peace.
I believe that it is right
That justice is what we should seek.
I believe there is no need
For hunger in our land.
I believe things would be better
If we all walked hand in hand,
Got our heads out of the sand,
Took a stand, took a stand, took a stand.

I'm just a singer/songwriter,
Who has a point of view.
I sprouted from the urban
Concrete grain of Saskatoon.
I'm just a singer/songwriter,
Who has a point of view.
I'm wondering if you do too.
Wondering if you do too.

I believe the times in history,
When battles have been won,
Have been the times when people stood their ground,
And just refused to run.
When people stood together,
'Cross the land from shore to shore,
And told the would be rulers,
We won't take it any more.
We've heard it all before.
There's the door. There's the door. There's the door.

I'm just a singer/songwriter,
Who has a point of view.
I sprouted from the urban
Concrete grain of Saskatoon.
I'm just a singer/songwriter,
Who has a point of view.
I'm wondering if you do too.
Wondering if you do too.
Wondering if you do too.

I'm just a singer/songwriter,
Who has a point of view.

(Album, Dissenting Academy)

Julio (1997-013)

What's she gonna do with Julio?
What's she gonna do with Julio?
What's she gonna do with Julio?
He's gonna be left at home all alone,
At home all alone, at home all alone.

She's goin' on down to Costa Rica land.
She's goin' on down to Costa Rica land.
She's goin' on down to Costa Rica land.
He's gonna be left at home all alone,
At home all alone, at home all alone.

She's gonna meet lots of Julios down where she's goin'.
She's gonna meet lots of Julios down where she's goin'.
She's gonna meet lost of Julios down where she's goin'.
He's gonna be left at home all alone,
At home all alone, at home all alone.

What's she gonna do with Julio?
What's she gonna do with Julio?
What's she gonna do with Julio?
He's gonna be left at home all alone,
At home all alone, at home all alone.

Maybe she'll take old Julio along.
Maybe she'll take old Julio along.
Maybe she'll take old Julio along,
And leave his Cat Chow at home all alone,
At home all alone.
Leave his Cat Chow, meow meow, at home all alone,
At home all alone.
Leave his Cat Chow, meow meow, at home all alone,
At home all alone, at home all alone.

Meow?

(Album, Land of the Shooting Stars)

Nobody Left on the Trapline (1997-014)

You say that you are standing,
For the rights of animals.
You love the seals. You love the muskrats,
The beavers and the wolves.
You say you can't bear to see another trapped animal,
As long as your alive,
But we've been trapping animals for thousands of years.
Would you kindly get a life.

And the European Parliament,
Nods it's heads with you in agreement,
And collectively you prove once again,
You don't give a shit about human beings.

Not by the bullet, not by the tank,
But with a gentle show of hands,
The colonizer's come again,
To throw the people off the land.
And there's a pile of uranium tailings,
Where the trapline used to be.
And the animal rights activist shakes hands,
With the nuclear industry,
Til there's nobody left on the trapline,
Til there's nobody left on the trapline.

Clear them from the forest in the name of freedom,
Like some nouveau Green Berets.
Their kids will be raised on french fries,
And get a job burying nuclear waste.
Pseudo-ecological imperialism,
Is the war game that you play.
With the Fund for Animal Welfare,
Who needs the CIA.

And the European Parliament,
Says it cares about native peoples,
But apparently not as much as it frets about the leghold trap,
Or the minks or the seals.

Not by the bullet, not by the tank,
But with a genteel show of hands,
The colonizer's come again,
To sweep the people off the land.
And there's a pile of clear-cut timber,
Where the trapline used to be,
And the animal rights activist shakes hands,
With the logging industry,
Til there's nobody left on the trapline,
Til there's nobody left on the trapline.

Set yourselves up as the judges of nations,
Claiming you know what's best for all.
So much for the ones who've hunted and trapped,
Since time immemorial.

They took care of the earth for thousands of years.
That's more than you can say.
But Joseph Stalin liked his dogs.
I guess every dog must have his day.

And for the upper class of Europe, a pen and a cheque,
Are mightier than swords.
With some misplaced compassion and some media,
You'll be the new conquistadors.

Not by the bullet, not by the tank,
But with a camera in hand,
The colonizer's come again,
To throw the people off the land.
And there's a lake of diverted water,
Where the trapline used to be,
And the animal rights activist shakes hands,
With the hydro company,
Til there's nobody left on the trapline,
Til there's nobody left on the trapline.
Til there's nobody left on the trapline,
Til there's nobody left on the trapline.
Til there's nobody left on the trapline,
Til there's nobody left on the trapline.

(Album, When Worlds Collide)

When Worlds Collide (1997-015)

The trains will run on time,
With no humans at the switchboard,
For robots never go on strike.
The trains will run on time,
With no humans at the switchboard,
But who will we blame when trains collide?
Who will we blame when trains collide?

Where will all the people go,
Who never took the chance,
To give the corporate ladder their best climb.
As excess population,
They will walk the streets by day,
And burn down corporate offices by night.
And burn down corporate offices by night.

And the figurehead dictator,
Will say to all his friends,
"Elect me again and I'll still draw the line.
Dissenters will be silenced.
The Gestapo boots will march,
And most of all the world will run on time.
And most of all the world will run on time.".

The world will run on time,
With no humans on the axis.
Computers never go on strike.
The world will run on time,
With no humans on the axis,
But who will we blame when worlds collide?
Who will we blame when worlds collide?
When worlds collide.
When worlds collide.

(Album, When Worlds Collide)

We're So High (1997-016)

I'd like to dedicate this song,
To the people of the Peach Bottom Nuclear Power Plant.
The Peach Bottom Nuclear Power Plant was shut down in 1987,
Because the workers were asleep at the wheel.
But even more, they were high on drugs.
I just couldn't resist, putting it all into a song.

We're gonna have a Three Mile Island.
We're gonna blow it all sky high.
We're gonna do it in ten dimensions.
It'll be just out of sight.

We're so high. We feel so well.
We're gonna blow this place to Hell.
We aint afraid of a little melt down.
We're gonna keep going.
We're so high. We feel so well.
We aint gonna listen to no warning bell.
We aint afraid of a little melt down.
We're gonna keep going.

We've been trippin' out on acid,
And doin' it all night long.
The control room has begun to rock.
The computer is singin' a wonderful song.

We're so high. We feel so well.
We're gonna blow this thing to Hell.
We aint afraid of a Cherno-bell.
We're gonna keep going.
We're so high. We feel so well.
Aint gonna listen to no warning bell.
We're gonna have a little melt down.
We're gonna keep going.

The temperature is rising,
In the reactor core.
With a few more booms and a few more shrooms,
It'll take us where we've never been before.

We're so high. We feel so well.
We're gonna blow this place to Hell.
We aint afraid of a little melt down.
We're gonna keep going.
We're so high. We feel so well.
Aint gonna listen to no warning bell.
Me and the strontium will never come down.
We're gonna keep going.

I dreamed I wrote a play,
And lost it in the microscope.
The play was called "Ken Keasie,
Meets the Iodine Isotope".

We're so high. We feel so well.
We're gonna blow this thing to Hell.
We're gonna have a Cherno-bell.
We're gonna keep going.
We're so high. We feel so well.
Aint gonna listen to no warning bell.
Me and the strontium will never come down.
We're gonna keep going.

Gonna keep that old reactor core a blowing.
Keep the transuranic elements a flowing.
We're gonna keep going.

(Album, When Worlds Collide)

For the Earth (1997-017)

Let the sun shine bright. Let the wind blow warm.
We're gonna weather this nuclear storm.
We're gonna build a better brighter day.
The people of the earth are gonna have their way.
People of the earth are gonna have their way.

With your state power and your companies,
You'd like to have us down on our knees,
Begging you to bury nuclear waste.
We're gonna stand up shove it all in your face,
Stand up shove it all in your face.

For the earth, for the sun, for the wind and the rain.
For the earth, for the sun, for the wind and the rain.
Once we have stood up, we won't be goin' back again.
For the earth, for the sun, for the wind and the rain.
Hay ya hay hay, hay ya hay hay, hay ya hay.

There are those whose purpose is to keep control,
Be the traveling merchants of the human soul.
Own the water, buy and sell the earth,
While fighting their battles on cyber turf,
While fighting their battles on cyber turf.

We turn around and find that what we thought was ours,
Has been taken by the globalist corporate powers.
To get it back we'll have to fight like hell,
But we'll be ready with the punches when we hear the bell.
We'll be ready with the punches when we hear the bell.

For the earth, for the sun, for the wind and the rain.
For the earth, for the sun, for the wind and the rain.
Once we have stood up, we'll never be goin' back again.
For the earth, for the sun, for the wind and the rain.
Hay ya hay hay, hay ya hay hay, hay ya hay.

So let the sun shine bright. Let the wind blow warm.
We're gonna weather this corporate storm.
We're gonna build a better brighter day.
The people of the earth are gonna have their way.
People of the earth are gonna have their way.

With your state power and your companies,
You'd like to have us down on our knees,
Begging you to take all the trees away.
We're gonna stand up shove ourselves in your face,
Stand up shove ourselves in your face.

For the earth, for the sun, for the wind and the rain.
For the earth, for the sun, for the wind and the rain.
Once we have stood up, we'll never be goin' back again.
For the earth, for the sun, for the wind and the rain.
Hay ya hay hay, hay ya hay hay, hay ya hay.

People of the earth are gonna have their way.
People of the earth are gonna have their way.
The people of the earth are gonna have their way.
The people of the earth are gonna have their way.
Hay ya hay hay, hay ya hay hay, hay ya hay.

(Album, When Worlds Collide)

Universe (1997-018)

Far across the universe, galaxies collide.
Quasars form and stars explode, in the fullness of time.
And all around, is a silence, that is deeper than our minds.
And all around, is a silence, that is deeper than our minds.

Far across the universe, seems so long ago.
Millions of light-years back in time, where only angels go.
But time will move, ever onward, to just where we do not know.
Time will move, ever onward, to just where we do not know.

Far across the universe, galaxies collide.
Quasars form and stars explode, in the fullness of time.
And all around, is a silence, that is deeper than our minds.
And all around, is a silence, that is deeper than our minds.

Far across the universe, seems so long ago.
Millions of light-years back in time, where only angels go.
But time will move, ever onward, to just where we do not know.
Time will move, ever onward, to just where we do not know.

Far across the universe, we need feel no fear.
The earth we walk upon is small, but we are still here.
Turning, and orbiting, in our quiet gentle sphere.
Turning, and orbiting, in our quiet gentle sphere.
Turning, and orbiting, in our quiet gentle sphere.
Turning, and orbiting, in our quiet gentle sphere.

(Album, When Worlds Collide)

Chet Baker (1997-019)

He'd walked a long road.
He didn't want to hurt no one.
He'd walked a long road.
He didn't want to hurt no one.
We heard his gentle trumpet
And it filled our beings with song.

He was Chet Baker.
He was a jazz man.
He was Chet Baker.
He was a jazz man.

Jazz is the poetry
Written in the spaces between the galaxies.
Jazz is the poetry
Written in the spaces between the galaxies.
The intergalactic nebuli
And dust that gets in your soul and sets you free.

He was Chet Baker.
He was a jazz man.
He was Chet Baker.
He was a jazz man.

When you live for your trumpet
And express your love in song,
When you live for your trumpet
And express your love in song,
Sometimes it is only
The tip of an angel's wing
That helps you get along.

He was Chet Baker.
He was a jazz man.
He was Chet Baker.
He was a jazz man.

He was in a weird mood
That night in Amsterdam.
He was in a weird mood
That night in Amsterdam,
When he counted the number of roads he'd walked
And called himself a man.

He was Chet Baker.
He was a jazz man.
He was Chet Baker.
He was a jazz man.

Let me hear your sweet soft trumpet.
Let me hear your trumpet play.
Let me hear your sweet soft trumpet.
Let me hear your trumpet play.
Play a song to the universe

And blow us all away.

You are Chet Baker.
You are a jazz man.
You are Chet Baker.
You are a jazz man.
You are Chet Baker.
You are a jazz man.

You are Chet Baker.
You are a jazz man.

(Album, Song for the Balladeer)

Shorebirds (1997-020)

We are shorebirds,
And we live most of our lives,
Dancing on the boundaries
Of sweet reality.
We are shorebirds,
Between the real life of the land,
The transcendent of the sky,
And the deep uncharted of the sea,
And the deep uncharted of the sea.

And like shorebirds,
We greet the coming of morning,
With the gentleness and sweetness
Of our mother song.
And like shorebirds,
We go to sleep in evening,
In each other's arms,
As the sun goes down,
As we travel along.

We are shorebirds,
And we live most of our lives,
Dancing on the boundaries
Of sweet reality.
We are shorebirds,
Between the real life of the land,
The transcendent of the sky,
And the deep uncharted of the sea,
And the deep uncharted of the sea.

And like shorebirds,
Our lives are fragile,
Between the shelter of our nests,
And the openness of air.
And like shorebirds,
We will all die some day,
But the crashing of the waves will go on,
For shorebirds everywhere.

We are shorebirds,
And we live most of our lives,
Dancing on the boundaries
Of sweet reality.
We are shorebirds,
Between the real life of the land,
The transcendent of the sky,
And the deep uncharted of the sea,
And the deep uncharted of the sea.

We are shorebirds,
And we live most of our lives,
Dancing on the boundaries
Of sweet reality.
We are shorebirds,

Between the real life of the land,
The transcendent of the sky,
And the deep uncharted of the sea,
And the deep uncharted of the sea,
And the deep uncharted of the sea,
And the deep uncharted of the sea.

(Album, Dissenting Academy)

Song of the Truthful Poet (1997-021)

The silence is deadly,
This morning through the land.
The silence is deadly,
This morning through the land.
Where the oil rigs and the poisoned streams,
In twisted witness, stand.

A brave man, truthful poet,
He could not call back what he had sung.
A brave man and truthful poet,
He could not call back what he had sung.
Now the world claims to be outraged,
That nine brave men are gone.

But the ones who brought the poisons,
Leaving holocaust in their wake,
But the ones who brought the poisons,
Leaving holocaust in their wake,
They are smirking at how easily,
Human flesh and bones will break.

But our spirit is unbroken,
And our voice is just as loud.
But our spirit is unbroken,
And our voice is just as loud.
And our hearts are beating stronger,
And our walk is just as proud.

O the silence is deadly,
This morning through the land.
The silence is deadly,
This morning through the land.
Where the oil rigs and the poisoned streams,
In twisted witness, stand.
Where the oil rigs and the poisoned streams,
In twisted witness, stand.

(Album, Song for the Balladeer)

You Don't Have to Serve the Powers (1997-022)

You don't have to serve the powers.
You don't have to serve the powers.
You don't have to serve, the control machines
That turn our heads around.
The armoured tanks, the dollar signs,
That run our world, and run it to the ground.
You don't have to serve the powers.

Human souls, bought by the money,
Money made in slave camps
Here or somewhere else.
Electronic dreams
That never knew their name,
While they build another tower
In the valleys of their Hells.

You don't have to serve the powers.
You don't have to serve the powers.
You don't have to serve, the control machines
That turn our heads around.
The armoured tanks, the dollar signs,
That run our world, and run it to the ground.
You don't have to serve the powers.
You don't have to serve the powers.

Blessed are you, who thirst and hunger,
I knew the meaning, only when I knew,
What it would mean, not to thirst or hunger,
In a world of tyranny.
Blessed are you, you who are gentle,
May you inherit the earth,
That you may be, that you may be.

You don't have to serve the powers.
You don't have to serve the powers.
You don't have to serve, the control machines,
That turn our heads around.
The armoured tanks, the thought control,
That run our world, and run it to the ground.
You don't have to serve the powers.
You don't have to serve the powers.

Come on off, the poison power highway.
The people of the village are asleep.
But in their dreams, they see you coming.
They have a wisdom, a wisdom that will keep.

Holy empires, have fallen before,
And always love has come to fill the space.
The space that was left when,
The people made the decision,
To go and search for that that we must face.

You don't have to serve the powers.

You don't have to serve the powers.
You don't have to serve, the control machines
That turn our heads around.
The armoured tanks, the dollar signs,
That run our world, and run it to the ground.
You don't have to serve the powers.
You don't have to serve the powers.

You don't have to serve the powers.
You don't have to serve the powers.
You don't have to serve the powers.

(Album, Dissenting Academy)

Rumbling Song (1997-023)

You can rumble along, if you wanna start rumbling.
You can tumble along, if you wanna start tumbling.
Life is a great long tunnel; it can be humbling.
So rumble along, if you wanna start rumbling.

You can thunder along, if you wanna start thundering.
You can wonder along, if you wanna start wondering.
Time goes in all dimensions; there's room for blundering.
So thunder along, if you wanna start thundering.

You can quiet along, if you wanna start quieting.
You can riot along, if you wanna start rioting.
Eat, drink and be merry; tomorrow we be dieting.
So quiet along, if you wanna start quieting.

You can come thinking along, if you wanna start thinking.
You can come drinking along, if you wanna start drinking.
The eye of God is not adverse to blinking.
So come thinking along, if you wanna start thinking.

You can ponder along, if you wanna start pondering.
You can wander along, if you wanna start wandering.
Life is a swift-flowing river, full of meanderings.
So ponder along, if you wanna start pondering.

You can come springing along, if you wanna start springing.
You can come swinging along, if you wanna go swinging.
The metonyms will get your bells to ringing.
So come springing along, if you wanna go springing.

You can rumble along, if you wanna start rumbling.
You can tumble along, if you wanna start tumbling.
Life is a great long tunnel, it can be humbling.
So rumble along, if you wanna start rumbling.

Rumble rumble rumble rue.
Tumble tumble tumble tue.
Rumble rumble rumble rue.
Tumble tumble tumble tue.

You can rumble along, if you wanna start rumbling.
You can tumble along, if you wanna come tumbling.
Life is a great long tunnel; it can be humbling.
So rumble along, if you wanna start rumbling.
Rumble along, if you wanna start rumbling.
Rumble along, if you wanna start rumbling.

(Album, Dissenting Academy

Song for Noam Chomsky (1997-024)

Could have stayed a mild-mannered MIT linguist,
Never said or done anything controversial.
Would have been rewarded for minding his own business,
And never taking a stand on any social issues.

And the corporate power elite would have shaken his hand,
Fun-loving guru in a linguistics textbook.
But not for him the way of tacit silence,
In the face of murder, in the face of genocide.

So we're gonna sing this song, song for Noam Chomsky,
Song for Noam Chomsky.
Even though he may not want to be acknowledged,
We will acknowledge.
We're gonna sing this song, song for Noam Chomsky,
Song for Noam Chomsky.
Even though he may not want to be acknowledged,
We will acknowledge.

Many there are who stick to their own knitting,
And never poke their noses out beyond their lab coats,
Doing experiments while the world rides the hay-barrel,
Then one day they look up and they wonder why we're angry.

But there are those, though few and far between,
Who've made the connections and had a mouth to scream,
Like Bertrand Russell, like Peter Kropotkin,
Like Alexander Grotendick, like Linus Pauling.

And we're gonna sing this song, song for Noam Chomsky,
Song for Noam Chomsky.
Even though he may not want to be acknowledged,
We will acknowledge.
We're gonna sing this song, song for Noam Chomsky,
Song for Noam Chomsky.
Even though he may not want to be acknowledged,
We will acknowledge.

The capitalist system has cast a long shadow,
But for all the consent that they can manufacture,
For all their subfascism, all their necessary elusions,
We have not been silenced. We have not been silenced.
We will not be silenced. We will not be silenced.
We will not be silenced.

And as Brian Wilson said,
I want you to stop thinking about me, kneeling on that train track.
Get off your butts and block your own damn train track.
Block your own damn train track. Block your own damn train track.

We're gonna sing this song, song for Noam Chomsky,
Song for Noam Chomsky.
Even though he may not want to be acknowledged,
We will acknowledge.

We're gonna sing this song, song for Noam Chomsky,
Song for Noam Chomsky.
Even though he may not want to be acknowledged,
We will acknowledge.

For all the consent that they can manufacture,
We will not be silenced. We will not be silence.
For all their subfascism, all their necessary elusions,
We will not be silenced. We will not be silenced.
We will overthrow them. We will overthrow them.
We will not be silenced. We will not be silenced.
We will overthrow them. We will overthrow them.
We will not be silenced. We will not be silenced.
We will overthrow them. We will overthrow them.
We will overthrow them.

(Album, Song for the Balladeer)

No One Ever Said (1997-025)

If you're like me you'd like to see a new world,
Without so much oppression goin' 'round.
In the morning you wake from dreams of revolution,
To find your feet still planted on the same old dusty ground,
To find your feet still planted on the same old dusty ground.

Roll over again and try to dream one more time.
Go back to sleep and chase away the day.
But sleep won't come; it's time to walk the shoreline,
Where the islands meet the wave song of the bay,
Where the islands meet the wave song of the bay.

No one ever said it would be easy.
No one ever said the way was clear.
No one said that change would come in an instant,
Or that change would come without pain, grief or fear,
Or that change would come without pain, grief or fear.

The turtles and the frogs they are star-jumping,
And dancing on the sand drifts all night long.
Step out into the darkness; feel the thumping.
Step into the dance of tidal song.
Step into the dance of tidal song.

No one ever said it would be easy.
No one ever said the way was clear.
No one said that change would come in an instant,
Or that change would come without pain, grief or fear,
Or that change would come without pain, grief or fear,
Or that change would come without pain, grief or fear.

If you're like me you'd like to see a new world.
If you're like me you'd like to see
A new world, new world, new world.
New world, new world, new world.
New world, new world, new world.

(Album, Red Paint and Shadow Play)

Lucy (1997-026)

They called her Lucy.
That's what they named her.
They called her Lucy.
That's what they named her.

I wonder how many million years,
She lay there and waited in silence,
Wondering if anyone would ever give her a name,
Or if anyone would even find her.

They called her Lucy.
That's what they named her.
Mother of all of us,
But still a stranger.
They called her Lucy.
That's what they named her.
They called her Lucy, Lucy.
That's what they named her.

Some say she was the first real human being.
Some say she was an ape who walked upright.
But when they uncovered her on that November day,
They called her Lucy after Lucy in the Sky.

They called her Lucy.
That's what they named her.
Mother of all of us,
But still a stranger.
And now she calls to us,
'Cause we're in danger.
They called her Lucy, Lucy, Lucy.
That's what they named her.

I wonder what kind of a life she had.
I wonder how she got along,
With the male Austrailo-Pythicus Afferensuses.
I hope none of them done her wrong.

They called her Lucy.
That's what they named her.
Mother of all of us,
But still a stranger.
They called her Lucy,
But there aint no way they're gonna tame her.
They called her Lucy, Lucy.
That's what they named her.

Now men have written their treacherous tales,
About evil women doing them in.
They tried to blame everything on a woman named Eve,
And a psychosis called original sin.

But they called her Lucy.
That's what they named her.

Mother of all of us,
But still a stranger.
But we are free now.
Aint no way you can blame her.
They called her Lucy.
That's what they named her.
They called her Lucy, Lucy, Lucy.
That's what they named her.

Now time goes by and we've come to know ourselves,
Like we've never known ourselves before.
Let's celebrate the millions of years we've been here,
And drink to a million more.

They called her Lucy.
That's what they named her.
Mother of all of us,
But still a stranger.
They called her Lucy.
That's what they named her.
But we are free now.
Aint no way you can blame her.
Aint no way; aint no way;
Aint no way you can blame her.
They called her Lucy,
And there's no way you're gonna tame her.
O, no.
They called her Lucy, Lucy.
That's what they named her.
And now she calls to us,
'Cause we're in danger.
But we are free now.
Aint no way you can blame her.
Mother of all of us,
But still a stranger.
They called her Lucy.
That's what they named her.
They called her Lucy, Lucy, Lucy.
That's what they named her.
They called her Lucy.
That's what they named her.

They called her Lucy.
They called her Lucy.
They called her Lucy.
They called her Lucy.

(Album, Song for the Balladeer)

In the Green of My Soul (1997-027)

In the green of my soul,
In the green of my soul,
I dream a flowering garden,
In the green of my soul.

In the blue of my soul,
In the blue of my soul,
I swim a flowing river,
In the blue of my soul.

In the red of my soul,
In the red of my soul,
I hold the leaves of autumn,
In the red of my soul.

In the black of my soul,
In the black of my soul,
I feel sweet midnight rain fall,
In the black of my soul.

In the gold of my soul,
In the gold of my soul,
I walk in dancing sunlight,
In the gold of my soul.

In the brown of my soul,
In the brown of my soul,
All the earth would cry for freedom,
In the brown of my soul.

In the all of my soul,
In the all of my soul,
There is sure to be a rainbow,
In the all of my soul.

In the green of my soul,
In the green of my soul,
I dream a flowering garden,
In the green of my soul.
In the green of my soul.
In the green of my soul.

(Album, Land of the Shooting Stars)

Going Down (1997-028)

When the pipes break,
Like the atoms break,
And you hear about a near Chernobyl at Pickering town,
When the papers roll,
At Ontario Hydro,
You know the nuclear energy industry is goin' down.

Goin' down, goin' down,
The nuclear energy industry is goin' down.
Goin' down, goin' down,
The nuclear energy industry is goin' down.

When the years pass,
And the warnings pass,
Til an independent researcher issues a damning report,
And they're gonna shut down,
Seven reactors now,
For who knows how long and how many billion more.

Goin' down, goin' down,
The nuclear energy industry is goin' down.
Goin' down, goin' down,
The nuclear energy industry is goin' down.

There's gonna be some long nights.
It won't happen in one night.
But one day I'll wake up and I'll look around.
And the world around me
Will have changed profoundly,
The nuclear industry will be permanently shut down.

Goin' down, goin' down,
The nuclear energy industry is goin' down.
Goin' down, goin' down,
The nuclear energy industry is goin' down.

So let the heads roll.
Let the cameras roll.
And I'll try not to gloat too much if you hit the ground.
Don't wanta rub it in, no.
I'll say it again though.
The nuclear energy industry is goin' down.

Goin' down, goin' down,
The nuclear energy industry is goin' down.
Goin' down, goin' down,
The nuclear energy industry is goin' down.

The nuclear energy industry is going down.
The nuclear energy industry is going down.
Like the elevator woman said, going down.
Like the elevator woman said, going down.
Going down, going down, going down.

(Album, Song for the Balladeer)

I Am Not an Atom (1997-029)

I am not an atom,
All by myself,
Floating in a universe alone.
I am one in a molecular
Chain of freedom,
And we grow through action.
Let us grow. Let us grow. Let us grow.

One by one
We are weak and very little,
But two by three by five by ten,
By twenty by fifty by a hundred we are strong.
We are strong. We are strong. We are strong.

We know the chains of bondage,
And the chains of despair,
But we are chains of freedom
Breaking out everywhere.
We are chains of dreaming.
We are chains of life.
So come all you atomized people.
Come and join us in the fight.

One by one
We are weak and very little,
But two by three by five by ten,
By twenty by fifty by a hundred we are strong.
We are strong. We are strong. We are strong.

Companions in the struggle,
Like singers of a song,
As music warms our spirits,
We will help each other along.
Working toward a future,
For all humanity,
Building a world of peace and justice
And dignity.

One by one
We are weak and very little,
But two by three by five by ten,
By twenty by fifty by a hundred we are strong.
We are strong. We are strong. We are strong.

I am not an atom,
All by myself,
Floating in a universe alone.
I am one in a molecular
Chain of freedom,
Like a critical mass in action.
Let us grow. Let us grow. Let us grow.

One by one
We are weak and very little,

But two by three by five by ten,
By twenty by fifty by a hundred we are strong.
We are strong. We are strong. We are strong.
Let us grow. Let us grow. Let us grow.
We are strong. We are strong. We are strong.

(Albums, Song for the Balladeer, and, Companions in the Struggle)

Noise in the Data (1997-030)

So you say you want to run the world,
With a handful of expert corporate consultants.
Yeah you say you want to run the world,
With a handful of expert corporate consultants.
And as for the rest of us,
The sound of our voices is something you don't want.

We are the noise in the data.
We are the ghosts in the machine.
We're what the Trilateral Commission called,
The crisis of democracy.
We are the midnight rumble,
That disturbs the corporate dream.
We are the noise in the data,
And we are proud to be.
We are the noise in the data,
And we are proud to be.

In our hundreds and our thousands,
We are coming to confront you face to face.
In our hundreds of millions,
There's no getting away from us 'cause we are every place.
With our placards and our banners,
We are the ones you fear and we have not gone away.

We are the noise in the data.
We are the ghosts in the machine.
We're what the Trilateral Commission called,
The crisis of democracy.
We are the midnight rumble,
That disturbs the corporate dream.
We are the noise in the data,
And we are proud to be.
We are the noise in the data,
And we are proud to be.

You tried everything available,
From propaganda to tear gas to the old co-option game.
You tried everything available,
From black outs to bullets to the old co-option game.
Many times you had us buried,
But we've come back to haunt you and to rattle your corporate chains.

We are the noise in the data.
We are the ghosts in the machine.
We're what the Trilateral Commission called,
The crisis of democracy.
We are the midnight rumble,
That disturbs the corporate dream.
We are the noise in the data,
And we are proud to be.
We are the noise in the data,
And we are proud to be.

We are joining hands around the world,
To build a future that's sustainable, just and free.
We are joining hands around the world,
To build a future that's sustainable, just and free.
We know that the future and the world are ours,
And we're not gonna kiss the feet of your company.

We are the noise in the data.
We are the ghosts in the machine.
We're what the Trilateral Commission called,
The crisis of democracy.
We are the midnight rumble,
That disturbs the corporate dream.
We are the noise in the data,
And we are proud to be.
We are the noise in the data,
And we are proud to be.

So you say you want to run the world,
With a handful of expert corporate consultants.
Yeah you say you want to run the world,
With a handful of expert corporate consultants.
Well the people of the planet,
Might just have to get together,
And start a planetary people's liberation front.

We are the noise in the data.
We are the ghosts in the machine.
We're what the Trilateral Commission called,
The crisis of democracy.
We are the midnight rumble,
That disturbs the corporate dream.
We are the noise in the data,
And we are proud to be.
We are the noise in the data,
And we are proud to be.
We are the noise in the data,
And we are proud to be.

(Albums, Song for the Balladeer, and, Companions in the Struggle)

Shadow Maker (1997-031)

Once she had a blues singer for a man,
But how far can a blue note go.
Once she had a left wing poet for a man,
But how tall an oak tree can an acorn grow.

She was a shadow maker.
She was a sweet night dreamer.
She would be the mistress of your love.
She was a shadow maker.
She was a sweet night dreamer.
But who would dare to walk the dreamland that she wove.
She was a shadow maker.

She wrote a generation's poetry,
Of mysticism and of magic too.
Then she got a job at a university.
They said, we're sorry but we have no books by you.

She was a shadow maker.
She was a sweet night dreamer.
And she would be the mistress of your love.
She was a shadow maker.
She was a sweet night dreamer.
But who would dare to walk the dreamland that she wove.
She was a shadow maker.

I was in a Canadian poetry class.
Yeah it would have been about 1987.
We used to talk about the image of the drowned poet and laugh,
But sometimes a mythos is too true for laughin'.

She was a shadow maker.
She was a sweet night dreamer.
She would be the mistress of your love.
She was a shadow maker.
She was a sweet night dreamer.
But who would dare to walk the dreamland that she wove.
There was a dark side to the dreamland that she wove.
She was a shadow maker.
Shadow maker, shadow maker,
She was a shadow maker.

Shadow maker.

Now you are gone from this unholy globe.
On a day in the autumn you left us all.
Now we try to drown our sorrow in your poems,
Like you drowned your pain in alcohol.

She was a shadow maker.
She was a sweet night dreamer.
She would be the mistress of your love.
She was a shadow maker.
She was a sweet night dreamer.

But who would dare to walk the dreamland that she wove.
There was a dark side to the dreamland that she wove.
She was a shadow maker.

Shadow maker, shadow maker, shadows on the wall.
Shadow maker, shadow maker, shadows in our hearts.
Shadow maker, shadow maker, shadows on the page.
Shadow maker, shadow maker, shadows in the sky.
Shadow maker.

How did we, how did we,
How did we let you slip away?
How did we, how did we,
How did we let you slip away?
Shadow maker.

Shadow maker, shadow maker, o shadows on the wall.
Shadow maker, shadow maker, o shadows in our hearts.
Shadow maker, shadow maker, shadows on the page.
Shadow maker, shadow maker, shadows in the sky.
Shadow maker, shadow maker.
She was a shadow maker.

(Album, Red Paint and Shadow Play)

Out with the Powers (1997-032)

Out with the powers that keep us down.
Out with the powers.

Out with the powers that keep us down.
Out with the powers.
They like to keep our heads goin' round and round.
Out with the powers.
Is this a global village or a company town?
Out with the powers.
Out with the powers that keep us down.
Out with the powers.

You've got your corporate power elite
Traveling around the globe,
Telling us all to get with it
Or we'll be left behind, don't you know.
Don't you know, well I don't think so
And I don't feel any shame.
Last time I looked it looked to me
Like another corporate power game.

Out with the powers that keep us down.
Out with the powers.
They like to keep our heads goin' round and round.
Out with the powers.
Is this a global village or a company town?
Out with the powers.
Out with the powers that keep us down.
Out with the powers.

When corporations rule the world
The fortresses have no end.
Freedom is a stranger
And dreams are your only friend.
It's a race to the bottom and a dance of death
To the rhythm of the bottom line.
We saw the yellow canaries fall
How many years ago,
How many million times?

Out with the powers that keep us down.
Out with the powers.
They like to keep our heads goin' round and round.
Out with the powers.
This global village is a company town.
Out with the powers.
Out with the powers that keep us down.
Out with the powers.

Working people of the world unite
Has never been truer than it is today.
If we could get together we could show'em
Til there'd be nothing more to say.
We'd take the tyrants of the ruling class

And put them in their place,
Til capitalism and imperialism
Had vanished without a trace.

Out with the powers that keep us down.
Out with the powers.
We can turn the whole world around.
Out with the powers.
We say no to this company town.
Out with the powers.
Out with the powers that keep us down.
Out with the powers.

Out with the powers that keep us down.
Out with the powers.
They like to keep our heads goin' round and round.
Out with the powers.
We want a place to live, not a company town.
Out with the powers.
Out with the powers that keep us down.
Out with the powers.

Out with the powers that keep us down.
Out with the powers.
Out with the powers that keep us down.
Out with the powers.
Out with the powers that keep us down.
Out with the powers.

(Albums, Song for the Balladeer, and, Companions in the Struggle)

Sweet Sweet Left Libertarian (1997-033)

I wanna be where the lines of freedom meet,
Where different pathways, different visions,
Come to sway in gathering truth buds,
Come to sway in gathering circles.

Sweet sweet left libertarian,
Sweet sweet left libertarian.

Different kinds of love, different kinds of freedom,
Come together and dance in unison.
Joining armbands, building wholeness,
And what does kindness truly mean to me.
What does kindness truly mean to me.

Sweet sweet left libertarian,
Sweet sweet left libertarian,
Libertarian cooperation,
Sweet sweet left libertarian.

Don't be afraid and don't be angry.
Love will guide your troubled spirit.
Spread your wings and face the music.
Let the music flow over you.
Just pretend you are a sailboat.
Let the music flow over you.

Sweet sweet left libertarian,
Sweet sweet left libertarian,
And once I dreamed of anarcho-mutualist
Libertarian cooperation.
Sweet sweet left libertarian,

You don't need no maoist handbook.
You don't need no horn of plenty.
They did not drop as one from Heaven.
The Domain of Heaven is within you.
The Domain of Heaven is within you.

Sweet sweet left libertarian,
Sweet sweet left libertarian,
And once I dreamed of anarcho-syndicalist
Libertarian cooperation.
Sweet sweet left libertarian.
Sweet sweet left libertarian.

Holy icon North America,
When will you be worthy of your million dissidents,
Your Peter Bergs, your Alan Ginsbergs,
Your Herbert Marcuses, your Daniel Baragons.

Sweet sweet left libertarian,
Sweet sweet left libertarian,
Libertarian cooperation,
Sweet sweet left libertarian,

Left eco-pacifist libertarian,
Sweet sweet left libertarian.

I wanna be where the lines of freedom meet,
Where different pathways, different visions,
Come to sway in gathering truth buds,
Come to sway in gathering circles.

Sweet sweet left libertarian,
Sweet sweet left libertarian,
Sweet sweet left libertarian,
Sweet sweet left libertarian,
Sweet sweet left libertarian,
Sweet sweet left libertarian.
Libertarian.

(Album, Dissenting Academy)

Rumblin' Down Again (1997-034)

I'm gonna take down my Che Guevara posters.
I'm gonna take down my Che Guevara posters.
I'm gonna take down my Che Guevara posters.
And I'm gonna put up a poster of Albert Camus.
I'm gonna put up a poster of Albert Camus.

Hello Sisafus and goodbye to Prometheus.
Hello Sisafus and goodbye to Prometheus.
Hello Sisafus and goodbye to Prometheus.
Steeling fire's no longer apprapo.
Steeling fire's no longer apprapo.

So won't you give me a rock so I can roll it.
Won't you give me a rock so I can roll it.
Won't you give me a rock so I can roll it.
Up the hill til it come rumblin' down again.
Up the hill til it come rumblin' down again.

I feel like Atlas with the whole world on my shoulders.
I feel like Atlas with the whole world on my shoulders.
I feel like Atlas with the whole world on my shoulders.
And this old world just don't wanna turn around.
This old world just don't wanna turn around.

We took the journey from j'accuse to Jacuzzi.
We took the journey from j'accuse to Jacuzzi.
We took the journey from j'accuse to Jacuzzi.
We went from commune to condo and dot com.
We went from commune to condo and dot com.

Won't you give me a rock so I can roll it.
O won't you give me a rock so I can roll it.
Won't you give me a rock so I can roll it.
Up the hill til it come rumblin' down again.
Up the hill til it come rumblin' down again.

As we rolled that rock to the top of the hill we realized,
As we rolled that rock to the top of the hill we realized,
As we rolled that rock to the top of the hill we realized,
That the meaning is in the effort of the roll.
Yeah the meaning is in the effort of the roll.

So roll on Sisafus even though you feel like Atlas.
Roll on Sisafus even though you feel like Atlas.
Roll on Sisafus even though you feel like Atlas.
Take that rock. Give it a roll shove and roll.
Take that rock. Give it a roll shove and roll.

Even Albert would die upon the highway.
Uncle Albert would die upon the highway.
Albert Camus would die upon the highway.
Remember Albert in the roll shove and roll.
Remember Albert in the roll shove and roll.

So won't you give me a rock so I can roll it.
O won't you give me a rock so I can roll it.
Won't you give me a rock so I can roll it.
Up the hill til it come rumblin' down again.
Up the hill til it come rumblin' down again.

Take that rock. Give it a roll shove and roll.
Up the hill til it come rumblin' down again.
Take that rock. Give it a roll shove and roll.
Up the hill til it come rumblin' down again.
Take that rock. Give it a roll shove and roll.
Up the hill til it come rumblin' down again.

(Album, Song for Andromeda)

If You're Gonna Stay Sane (1997-035)

Well I'll sing you a song about Sistersion monks,
Jumpin' around in the rain,
Causing quite a Sistersion stir in their underwear,
With that hemp porridge they got from Spain.
It might be 1423,
Or it might be 1999,
But the rain's still comin' down in pooddles
And the bees are beginning to whine.

Let me tell you my friends,
One thing is plain.
You have to be a little bit mad
If you're gonna stay sane.
Let me tell you my friend,
One thing is plain.
You have to be a little bit mad
If you're gonna stay sane.

Now Picco Dela Merandola
Was a true Renaissance man.
He went mystical at the age of nineteen,
Til one day he finally went mad.
But somewhere in between he wrote some books
That kind of got the church upset.
He was thinkin' 'bout the cosmos in the way
That he wasn't supposed to and he said.

Let me tell you my friends,
One thing is plain.
You have to be a little bit mad
If you're gonna stay sane.
Let me tell you my friends,
One thing is plain.
You have to be a little bit mad
If you're gonna stay sane.

Now R. D. Lang was a lingerer,
Who lingered in all night cafes.
He liked to hear the jazz poets read their poetry.
It left him in kind of a daze.
Sometimes he spoke to Hemingway's ghost,
Or he'd ask Oscar Wilde about his plays.
But when a reporter stopped him with a microphone
All that he had to say, was.

Let me tell you my friend,
One thing is plain.
You have to be a little bit mad
If you're gonna stay sane.
Let me tell you my friend,
One thing is plain.
You have to be a little bit mad
If you're gonna stay sane.

Now C. Wright Mills rode a motorbike.
He rode it all over the nation.
He liked to tell people what they needed was
A sociological imagination.
When he died in his forties of a heart attack,
They gave him a tambourine.
They blew his spirit through the Hall of Life,
And they made him the socco's James Dean.

And Mr. Mills said--

Let me tell you my friend,
One thing is plain.
You have to be a little bit mad
If you're gonna stay sane.
Let me tell you my friend,
One thing is plain.
You have to be a little bit mad
If you're gonna stay sane.

Well some go mystical and some go mad,
Some don't go anywhere at all.
Some are left dreaming in a padded cell
Counting the beans on the wall.
As for me I'm a lyre player,
Who doesn't know where he belongs.
So tell me where the puddle man's gone my friend,
And I'll sing you a few more songs.

Let me tell you my friend,
One thing is plain.
You have to be a little bit mad
If you're gonna stay sane.
Let me tell you my friend,
One thing is plain.
You have to be a little bit mad
If you're gonna stay sane.

Let me tell you my friend,
One thing is plain.
You have to be a little bit mad
If you're gonna stay sane.
Let me tell you my friend,
One thing is plain.
You have to be a little bit mad
If you're gonna stay sane.

You have to be a little bit mad
If you're gonna stay sane.
You have to be a little bit mad
If you're gonna stay sane.

(Album, Dissenting Academy)

Thanks for the Salad (1997-036)

Businessmen will gather, at their posh hotels,
To shake each other's hands and eat buffets.
To speak about the profits, from near and far off lands,
All the money they'll be making every day.

On the third day of December, 1997,
The businessmen were in for a surprise.
They were seated at their tables, as on any other day,
When we stole the food before their very eyes.

We said, Thanks for the salad. Thanks for the chicken.
Thanks for the rice and potatoes.
We're a gentle revolution, awe but we are rising.
We'd rather eat, than throw, tomatoes.
We'd rather eat, than throw, tomatoes.

The country it was Canada, the city, Montreal.
The time it was a sleepy Wednesday noon.
Our buses came from nowhere, as from a Dickens tale,
To say the working class will play a different tune.

Our commandant guerillas, they commandeered the food,
And brought it out to serve to everyone,
The people of the street and the margins of the world,
While the ruling class, quite crazy, they did run.

When we said, Thanks for the salad. Thanks for the chicken.
Thanks for the rice and potatoes.
We're a gentle revolution, awe but we are rising.
We'd rather eat, than throw, tomatoes.
We'd rather eat, than throw, tomatoes.

We fed the hungry masses with the food that we had freed,
Til the restaurant owner finally called the cops.
We heard the sirens wailing with twenty minutes gone.
They read the riot act and quordened off six blocks.

The media would later claim that we were terrorists.
They could not understand just who had risen.
But we went bravely to the wagon, and bravely to the jail,
And a hundred hearts we sang inside that prison.

Singing, Thanks for the salad. Thanks for the chicken.
Thanks for the rice and potatoes.
We're a gentle revolution, awe but we are rising.
We'd rather eat, than throw, tomatoes.
We'd rather eat, than throw, tomatoes.

So if you are a rich man, with investments near and far,
With factories and food chains to your name,
If the world revolves around you, at one stroke of a pen,
If life is more or less a comic game,

Remember that the earth, you are walking on is shared

By billions more marginal than you.
And if you choose to pay no taxes, but dine in luxury,
Well, we know what it is that we can do.

We'll say, Thanks for the salad. Thanks for the chicken.
Thanks for the rice and potatoes.
We're a gentle revolution, awe but we are rising.
We'd rather eat, than throw, tomatoes.
We'd rather eat, than throw, tomatoes.

Thanks for the salad. Thanks for the chicken.
Thanks for the rice and potatoes.
We're a gentle revolution, awe but we are rising.
We'd rather eat, than throw, tomatoes.
We'd rather eat, than throw, tomatoes.

Philosophers have only interpreted the world,
But our task is to change the world.
So we'd rather stand with Spartacus than Plato.

(Album, Song for the Balladeer)

The State of Jean Chretien (1997-037)

Here's to the state of Jean Chretien,
Where on his paper mountains,
The Devil draws no line.
If you drag his muddy rivers,
Nameless toxins you will find.
Where they smile at global warming,
As if we had the time,
Then take a stand on landmines,
And sell blinders to the blind.

O here's to the land,
You've torn out the heart of.
Mr. Chretien find yourself,
Another country to be part of.

And here's to the cops of Jean Chretien,
Where they'll clear you from the roadway,
And slam the prison door,
If you dare to breathe a whisper,
About Tibet or East Timor.
They're guarding all the dictators,
And their private little wars,
Behind whose business contracts,
There are mass murderers and more.

O here's to the land,
You've torn out the heart of.
Mr. Chretien find yourself,
Another country to be part of.

And here's to the schools of Jean Chretien,
And Mike Harris,
Where the classroom door is closing,
And there's nothin' I can say,
Where an equal education,
Is a dream of yesterday,
Where the corporation logos smile,
Where the children play.
Who cares, they'll only grow up,
To flip burgers anyway.

O here's to the land,
You've torn out the heart of.
Mr. Chretien find yourself,
Another country to be part of.

And here's to the hospitals of Jean Chretien,
And Ralph Cline,
Where the waiting rooms are crowded,
And the beds are gettin' fewer,
While the principles of Medicare,
Go like syringes down the sewer.
Though everyone talks the rhetoric,
"We must avoid a two tier tour.",

Universality was once the new way,
But now free enterprise is newer.

O here's to the land,
You've torn out the heart of,
Mr. Chretien find yourself,
Another country to be part of.

And here's to the shelters of Jean Chretien,
Where two hundred thousand homeless,
On any given day,
Walk the streets and eat the table scraps,
That the system throws away.
A national social housing program,
Is somethin' he can't take,
So let's have another study,
And kick the homeless in the face.

O here's to the land,
You've torn out the heart of.
Mr. Chretien find yourself,
Another country to be part of.

And here's to the laws of Jean Chretien,
Where in an order of his council,
He would have passed the MAI,
Just like he passed reactors,
To the rulers of Shanghai.
The wheels turn much more smoothly,
When there's none to reason why.
We have no mouth. We have no mouth,
My friends, but we must cry.

O here's to the land,
You've torn out the heart of.
Mr. Chretien find yourself,
Another country to be part of.

And here's to the government of Jean Chretien,
Where in the ticker tape of cutbacks,
They're always prancing 'round,
While criminals are posing,
As advisers to the crown,
Where the speeches of his ministers,
Are the ravings of a clown,
Where oppression is called harmony,
No means yes, and square is round.

O here's to the land,
You've torn out the heart of.
Mr. Chretien find yourself,
Another country to be part of.

Here's to the land,
You've torn out the heart of.
Mr. Chretien find yourself,

Another country to be part of.

(Album, Giants and Red Sky Heretics)

Pepper in the Company Town (1997-038)

It was 1997,
In the good month of November.
City of Vancouver,
Tell me I do remember.
The world was changed forever
And we saw a new tomorrow,
When the students came to make a citizen's arrest of
General Suharto.
When the students came to make a citizen's arrest of
General Suharto.

Singing, students aren't gonna take it any more.
We're gonna live to see freedom for the people of East Timor.
Students aren't gonna take it any more.
And we're gonna live to see freedom for the people of East Timor.

For fifteen years, they'd pushed the myth
Of the apathetic young.
Living individual lives,
Sayin' nothing could be done.
We're tired of hearing all this crap
About Generation X.
Calling us atoms of consumption
While we cruise the World Wide Web.

For the struggles of students, here and far away,
And the struggles of everyone, for a liberated day.
We are one in the struggle in solidarity.
We're gonna build a new society that's peaceful just and free.
Gonna build a new society that's peaceful just and free.

We are young. We are left. We are free.
Even though we're not supposed to be.
We are young. We are left. We are free.
Even though we're not supposed to be.
And the capitalist system's gotta come down down down.
We've seen your global village; it's a company town.
And the capitalist system's gotta come down down down.
We've seen your global village; it's a company town.

We didn't arrest Suharto,
But the cops arrested us.
And sprayed us with their pepper spray
For making such a fuss.
But when the fight was over
And the cops had gone away,
The world had changed forever.
It was worth the pepper spray.
The world had changed forever.
It was worth the pepper spray.

For the struggles of students, here and far away.
And the struggles of everyone for a liberated day.
We are one in the struggle in solidarity.

Gonna build a new society that's peaceful just and free.
Gonna build a new society that's peaceful just and free.

We are young. We are left. We are free.
Even though we're not supposed to be.
We are young. We are left. We are free.
Even though we're not supposed to be.
And the capitalist system's gotta come down down down.
We've seen your global village; it's a company town.
And the capitalist system's gotta come down down down.
We've seen your global village; it's a company town.

We are young. We are left. We are free.
Even though we're not supposed to be.
We are young. We are left. We are free.
Even though we're not supposed to be.
Even though we're not supposed to be.
Even though we're not supposed to be.
Even though we're not supposed to be.

(Album, Red Paint and Shadow Play)

Scrap the MAI (1997-039)

Come all you good people.
The choice is up to you,
A world for the good of everyone,
Or the profits of a few.

Scrap the MAI. Scrap the MAI.
Scrap the MAI, now. Scrap the MAI.

The business people gather,
The politicians too.
They sign away our futures
And don't give a damn for me and you.

Scrap the MAI. Scrap the MAI.
Scrap the MAI, now. Scrap the MAI.

We fought for generations
To get the things we have.
We will not see them thrown away
To a world of greed and grab.

Scrap the MAI. Scrap the MAI.
Scrap the MAI, now. Scrap the MAI.

We will not be subservient
To the corporate bottom line.
We are standing up and fighting
For a future that's yours and mine.

Scrap the MAI. Scrap the MAI.
Scrap the MAI, now. Scrap the MAI.

Universal education,
Universal medicare,
The world is ours and we demand
Its wealth is ours to share.

Scrap the MAI. Scrap the MAI.
Scrap the MAI, now. Scrap the MAI.

Those who call themselves progressive
And hail a brighter dawn.
It's only fair to ask them,
Which side are they on.

Scrap the MAI. Scrap the MAI.
Scrap the MAI, now. Scrap the MAI.

You would say that there is nothing
We can do. We've no control.
I say as long as we can think,
Nothing is inevitable.

Scrap the MAI. Scrap the MAI.

Scrap the MAI, now. Scrap the MAI.

Democracy's a fire
That's burning in our souls.
We will not let the flame be doused
By corporate control.

Scrap the MAI. Scrap the MAI.
Scrap the MAI, now. Scrap the MAI.

So come all you good people.
The choice is up to you,
A world for the good of everyone,
Or the profits of a few.

Scrap the MAI. Scrap the MAI.
Scrap the MAI, now. Scrap the MAI.

Scrap the MAI. Scrap the MAI.
Scrap the MAI, now. Scrap the MAI.

Kill the MAI. Kill the MAI.
Kill the MAI. Kill the MAI.
Kill the MAI. Kill the MAI.
Kill the MAI. Kill the MAI.

(Album, Red Paint and Shadow Play)

Dancing with the Angels (1997-040)

You can give my jacket back to Dylan Thomas.
You can give my keychain back to William Blake.
You can give these placards back to Milton Acorn,
And my medallion, to William Butler Yates.

I will leave you one last song, and one last memory,
Before I dawn my wings and fly away.
In the morning I know you will try to find me,
But I'll be dancing with the angels, on the other side of the lake.
I'll be dancing with the angels, on the other side of the lake.

Do not go gentle into that good night, I hear you.
I will rage against the dying, every hour I have.
O tiger, lamb and roominghouse, I bless you.
I was born to be a poet and a rad.

So you can give my jacket back to Dylan Thomas.
I borrowed it from him many years ago.
When you look for me, on this sweet December,
You will find I leave no footprints in the snow.
You will find I leave no footprints in the snow.

(Album, Dandelion Cappuccino)

Let the Dandelions Grow (1997-041)

Let the dandelions grow. Let the dandelions grow.
Let the dandelions grow. Let the dandelions grow.
Let the dandelions grow. Let the dandelions grow.
Let the dandelions grow. Let the dandelions grow.

Let the wind of freedom blow. Let the wind of freedom blow.
Let the wind of freedom blow. Let the wind of freedom blow.
Let the wind of freedom blow. Let the wind of freedom blow.

Let the peaceful spirit flow. Let the peaceful spirit flow.
Let the peaceful spirit flow. Let the peaceful spirit flow.
Let the peaceful spirit flow. Let the peaceful spirit flow.

Let the prairie winter snow. Let the prairie winter snow.
Let the prairie winter snow. Let the prairie winter snow.
Let the prairie winter snow. Let the prairie winter snow.

Let the light among us glow. Let the light among us glow.
Let the light among us glow. Let the light among us glow.
Let the light among us glow. Let the light among us glow.

We all have our rows to hoe. We all have our rows to hoe.
We all have our rows to hoe. We all have our rows to hoe.
We all have our rows to hoe. We all have our rows to hoe.

So let the dandelions grow. Let the dandelions grow.
Let the dandelions grow. Let the dandelions grow.
Let the dandelions grow. Let the dandelions grow.

Let the dandelions grow. Let the dandelions grow.
Let the dandelions grow. Let the dandelions grow.
Let the dandelions grow. Let the dandelions grow.

(Album, Song for the Balladeer)

The Power of Love (1997-042)

So many times, we feel so small.
The mountains and skyscrapers, seem o so tall.
The forces lined up against us, seem invincible.
But there's a power within and among us, that will grow grow grow!

It's the power of love, against the love of power.
It's the rumble of the tanks, against the quiet of a flower.
Babylon is tall, but it will crumble in an hour.
When the power of love takes on the love of power.
When the power of love takes on the love of power.

They build their empires, where they claim everyone is free.
Come and see the imperial garden. Why the gods have blessed every tree.
But under neath it all, is an insecurity.
The fear of making rebels, from the likes of you and me.

And it's the power of love, against the love of power.
It's the rumble of the tanks, against the quiet of a flower.
Babylon is tall, but it will crumble in an hour.
When the power of love takes on the love of power.
When the power of love takes on the love of power.

They blow away the millions, who would dare get in their way,
Then hide behind their headlines, in their faded shades of gray.
But when the dust has cleared, we'll be standing in the light of day,
Having seen through the elusions, come to say what we must say.

It's the power of love, against the love of power.
It's the rumble of the tanks, against the quiet of a flower.
Babylon is tall, but it will crumble in an hour.
When the power of love takes on the love of power.
When the power of love takes on the love of power.

So a child begins to question, and a mouse begins to dream,
That the shadows of the towering ones, need not always be.
And the mystic has his vision, and the fighter has his poem.
And we break the chains of empire, and proclaim,
That justice has pitched its tent within our home.

'Cause it's the power of love, against the love of power.
It's the rumble of the tanks, against the quiet of a flower.
Babylon is tall, but it will crumble in an hour.
When the power of love takes on the love of power.
When the power of love takes on the love of power.

It's the power of love, against the love of power.
It's the rumble of the tanks, against the quiet of a flower.
O Babylon is tall, but it will crumble in an hour.
When the power of love takes on the love of power.
When the power of love takes on the love of power.
When the power of love takes on the love of power.
When the power of love takes on the love of power.

(Album, Red Paint and Shadow Play)

The Angry Man (1997-043)

He was known as an angry man.
He lived three houses down the street.
And the children used to laugh at him,
Throw stones at him and stomp upon his feet.
He was a veteran of forgotten wars.
Some said he'd seen too much,
Not enough to take his own life,
So he took it out on everyone he touched.
And no one ever spoke to him,
And his days were long and lonely,
But we could hear his drunken singing,
When the sun was sinking sinking,
In the dusk.
We could hear his drunken singing,
When the sun was sinking sinking,
In the dusk.

And no one knew how old he was,
And no one could recall when he'd moved in.
One day we just found him there,
Living out his life among us, gaunt and thin.
No one knew how the stories,
Told about him in the town,
Had come about or why it was
That everybody sought to put him down.
But he never spoke to anyone,
And no one ever called him.
And nobody doubted,
That the whispers that were shouted,
Were quite sound.
Nobody doubted,
That the whispers that were shouted,
Were quite sound.

Then one day I found myself
Sitting on a chair outside his house.
He was sitting right across from me
With laughter in his eyes and on his mouth.
He read some of his poetry,
Reading gentle line by line,
Poems about sunlight
And the places he had had to leave behind.
And I wondered how it was that we
Had shunned him all these years,
How we hadn't heard him calling,
Through the raindrops that were falling,
Down through time.
How we hadn't heard him calling,
Through the raindrops that were falling,
Down through time.

So I ran and told the neighbourhood,
The angry man's not angry any more.
I said he is a gentle man,

With poetry like waves upon the shore.
But the people they just laughed at me,
And they said I must be mad.
Then they shunned me like we'd shunned the man
For all the terrible years I know we had.
Now I'm living in his house with him.
We read each other's writing.
And no one ever comes knocking,
But I can hear them talking,
And its sad.
No one ever comes knocking,
But I can hear them talking,
And its sad.

He was known as an angry man.
He lived three houses down the street.

(Album, Red Paint and Shadow Play)

I Went to the Door (1997-044)

I went to the door of a house where I,
Had been many times before.
The same old man with his pyjamas on,
Came to the door.
It seemed like a thousand years had passed,
Of the lonely ocean's roar,
And it looked like the man could go to sleep,
For twenty thousand more.
It looked like the man could go to sleep,
For twenty thousand more.

I asked for a donation,
And I asked him for his name.
He looked at the sky and asked me,
To repeat myself again.
I told him who I was then,
And why I'd come this way.
And he said, I'll light a candle for you,
In my heart today.
He said, I'll light a candle for you,
In my heart today.

He said, I have no money,
And I have no name to share.
My name was taken from me,
In an hour of despair.
They stripped me of my heart and soul,
And left my body bare,
Condemning me to wander the world,
For free or fowl or fair,
Condemning me to wander the world,
For free or fowl or fair.

Sometimes I dance in the moonlight.
Sometimes I sleep by the sun.
Sometimes you see my shadow,
In the noonday on the run.
Sometimes a man upon a cross,
"It is done now, it is done."
Sometimes I stand in the morning light,
And dream of a world at one.
Sometimes I stand in the morning light,
And dream of a world at one.

I went to the door of a house where I,
Had been many times before.
The same old man with his pyjamas on,
Came to the door.
It seemed like a thousand years had passed,
Of the lonely ocean's roar,
And it looked like the man could go to sleep,
For twenty thousand more.
It looked like the man could go to sleep,
For twenty thousand more.

It seemed like a thousand years had passed,
Of the lonely ocean's roar,
And it looked like the man could go to sleep,
For twenty thousand more.
It looked like the man could go to sleep,
For twenty thousand more.

(Album, Land of the Shooting Stars)

Blessed (1997-045)

Blessed are the poor in spirit;
Theirs is the kingdom of God.
Blessed are the gentle;
They shall inherit the earth.
Blessed are the merciful;
Mercy shall be shown to them.
Blessed are those who weep and mourn;
They shall be comforted.
And blessed are the peace makers;
They shall be called children of God.
And blessed are those who hunger and thirst for what is just;
They shall be satisfied.
And blessed are the pure at heart;
They shall see God.
And blessed are those who are persecuted,
For the sake of righteousness.
Theirs is the kingdom of Heaven.
Theirs is the kingdom of Heaven.
Theirs is the kingdom of Heaven.
Theirs is the kingdom of Heaven.

Blessed are the poor in spirit;
Theirs is the kingdom of God.
Blessed are the gentle;
They shall inherit the earth.
And blessed are the merciful;
Mercy shall be shown to them.
Blessed are those who weep and mourn;
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They shall see God.
Blessed are those who are persecuted,
For the sake of righteousness.
Theirs is the kingdom of Heaven.
Theirs is the kingdom of Heaven.
Theirs is the kingdom of Heaven.
Theirs is the kingdom of Heaven.
Theirs is the kingdom of Heaven.
Theirs is the kingdom of Heaven.

(Album, Mountains, Widows and Mustard Seeds)

The Man Who Drilled (1997-046)

Once there was a man who drilled,
For diamonds in a mountainside.
Although he was better off than some,
He was not satisfied.
One day he saw the queen and she,
Was the most beautiful woman he had seen.
So he said, I want to be the king,
And be loved by the beautiful queen.

So he became the king and he,
Was loved by the queen day and night.
But the flowers blooming in the garden were,
What really filled her appetite.
So he said, I want to be a flower,
Growing tall and blooming free,
So the queen will come and see me every day,
And lavish her affection on me.

So he became a flower,
And the queen came to see him every day.
He grew in the sunlight through the year,
And bloomed the time away.

But the days grew shorter, one by one,
And the summer light grew dim.
And he knew the sun with its big bold smile,
Was what really gave life to him.
So he said, I wish to be the sun,
Giving life and warmth to everyone,
To make the flowers grow and the people smile.
So he became the sun.

Then the rainy season came,
And replaced the sun in the sky.
The rain clouds they were endless,
And it caused the man to cry.
I am the sun, but it seems the rain,
Is much more powerful.
So let me be the rain and I,
Will rain on you one and all.

So he became the clouds of rain,
And the torrents of rain came down.
He covered up the garden, the castle, the people,
And everything for miles around.
But one thing stood to withstand the rain,
That he could not destroy.
The mountain stood so tall and brave,
And once more he became annoyed.

I wish to be the mountain,
For he is taller than the rain.
Though the town and the people and the castle are gone,
The mountain, so stubborn, remains.

So he became the mountain,
And stood like the sturdiest stone.
And the man who drilled for diamonds,
Sent shivers through his bones.

So he became the mountain,
And stood like the sturdiest stone.
And the man who drilled for diamonds,
Sent shivers through his bones.

(Album, Apples for Capricorn)

Nicky Knocking on Your Door (1997-047)

I'll come, nicky knocking, nicky knocking,
Nicky knocking on your door.
And I'll come, nicky knocking, nicky knocking,
Nicky knocking on your door.

I am the wolf with eyes so bright,
Reflecting moon in dark of night.
Ghoulish stranger's gonna prowl,
But you don't wanna hear me howl.

But I'll come, nicky knocking, nicky knocking,
Nicky knocking on your door.
And I'll come, nicky knocking, nicky knocking,
Nicky knocking on your door.
And I'll come, nicky knocking, nicky knocking,
Nicky knocking on your door.
And I'll come, nicky knocking, nicky knocking,
Nicky knocking on your door.

The desert moon is rising full,
So ask the sand dunes what they know.
The ocean waves have long since gone.
Only the camels wait for dawn.

When I'll come, nicky knocking, nicky knocking,
Nicky knocking on your door.
When I'll come, nicky knocking, nicky knocking,
Nicky knocking on your door.
When I'll come, nicky knocking, nicky knocking,
Nicky knocking on your door.
When I'll come, nicky knocking, nicky knocking,
Nicky knocking on your door.

And when you open up your door,
Afraid of what you're looking for,
I'll stand there like a sasquatch bold,
And stare right through your inner soul.

When I come, nicky knocking, nicky knocking,
Nicky knocking on your door.
When I'll come, nicky knocking, nicky knocking,
Nicky knocking on your door.
When I come, nicky knocking, nicky knocking,
Nicky knocking on your door.
When I come, nicky knocking, nicky knocking,
Nicky knocking on your door.

I'll come, nicky knocking, nicky knocking,
Nicky knocking on your door.
And I'll come, nicky knocking, nicky knocking,
Knock knock knocking on your door.
I'll come, nicky knocking, nicky knocking,
Knock knock knocking on your door.
And I'll come, nicky knocking, nicky knocking on your,

Knock knock knocking on your door.

Nicky knocking on your door.
Nicky knocking on your door.
And I'll come, nicky knocking, nicky knocking,
Nicky knocking on your door.
I'll come, nicky knocking, nicky knocking,
Nick nick knocking on your door.
Nicky nick knocking on your door.
Knocky knock knocking on your door.
Nicky knocking on your door.

(Album, Rumblebee)

Stones at the School (1998-001)

I was the one who threw stones at the school.
I was the one who threw stones at the school.
Burning my way over every rule.
I was the one who threw stones at the school.

These are the hallways down which I ran.
These are the hallways down which I ran.
Angry young rebel, I did not give a damn.
These are the hallways down which I ran.

I was the one who got the school strap at twelve.
I was the one who got the school strap at twelve.
For breaking a calculator and feeling no guilt.
I was the one who got the school strap at twelve.

I was the one who threw stones at the school.
I was the one who threw stones at the school.
Burning my way over every rule.
I was the one who threw stones at the school.

I wanted to be a writer I claimed.
I wanted to be a writer I claimed.
And my grade seven teacher said I had an analytical mind.
I wanted to be a writer I claimed.

They put me down, but I kept on going.
They put me down, but I kept on going.
To find out what structures are worth overthrowing.
They put me down but I kept on going.

Look at me now and how far I've come.
Look at me now and how far I've come.
I'm still a young rebel. My mind will not go numb.
Look at me now and how far I've come.

I was the one who threw stones at the school.
I was the one who threw stones at the school.
I'm a Socratine warrior; don't call me a fool.
I was the one who threw stones at the school.

I was the one who threw stones at the school.
I was the one who threw stones at the school.
I'm a Socratine warrior; don't call me a fool.
I was the one who threw stones at the school.
I was the one who threw stones at the school.
I was the one who threw stones at the school.

(Album, Dissenting Academy)

To See the Butchers Fall (1998-002)

One by one we are alone
And completely atomized,
Competing with each other for
Each morsel of a prize,
In a world that's never felt the power
Of solidarity,
Or had a taste of equity.

Divided up and conquered
Is how they want us to be.
They say, the individualist
Will never threaten me.
But stand united and charge against
The power of the suits,
And o they start to tremble in their boots.

'Cause if we all come together,
We will see the butchers fall.
We'll see the butchers fall.
We'll see the butchers fall.
There'll be peace, freedom, justice
And equality for all.
If we all come together we will live
To see the butchers fall.
If we all come together we will live
To see the butchers fall.

They fought us off with teargas.
They fought us off with clubs.
We fought back with everything
From dynamite to love.
They had us down a thousand times,
But a thousand times we came,
Back to say there's one more chapter in the game.

They tried the embourgeoisement
Of the working class,
But still they traveled in armoured cars,
And spoke through bullet-proof glass.
They tried the subversion of democracy
Through the manufacture of consent,
But the movement came bouncing back again.

And if we all come together
We will see the butchers fall.
We'll see the butchers fall.
We'll see the butchers fall.
There'll be peace, freedom, justice
And equality for all.
If we all come together we will live
To see the butchers fall.
If we all come together we will live
To see the butchers fall.

Tell your friends and neighbours
And everyone you know.
The movement we are building
Is a forest born to grow.
And everyone's a seed
And a breath of wind to blow.
Change the world; there's nowhere else to go.

Stir a tiny flower
And you move a mighty star.
There's something of everything
Wherever it is you are.
And an injury to one
Is an injury to all.
We're gonna live to see the butchers fall.

If we all come together
We will see the butchers fall.
We'll see the butchers fall.
We'll see the butchers fall.
There'll be peace, freedom, justice
And equality for all.
If we all come together we will live
To see the butchers fall.

If we all come together
We will see the butchers fall.
We'll see the butchers fall.
We'll see the butchers fall.
There'll be peace, freedom, justice
And equality for all.
If we all come together we will live
To see the butchers fall.

If we all come together,
If we all come together,
If we all come together,
If we all come together,
If we all come together we will live
To see the butchers fall.

(Album, Dissenting Academy)

Chickens Don't Have Fingers (1998-003)

Chickens don't have fingers.
Buffalo don't have wings.
And you wouldn't get much of a drum roll,
From a turkey drumstick, I wouldn't think.

There aint no dog in a hot dog,
And the angels don't eat angel cake.
There aint no ham in a hamburger,
And if there's chicken in a chickenburger,
I really can't say.

There's no pepsident in Pepsi,
And there's no cocaine in Coke.
And what Seven Up has to do with the number seven
I really don't know.

There's nothin' smart about Smarties,
And a Mars Bar aint made out of Mars.
And if you tried to run a wagon on a Wagonwheel
I'm afraid you wouldn't get too far.

There's no cracker or jack in Crackerjack,
And I've never heard a Kit Kat meow.
And I wouldn't try carrying a candy cane
To make my way around.

Yeah chickens don't have fingers.
Buffalo don't have wings.
And you wouldn't get much of a drum roll
From a turkey drumstick, I wouldn't think.

There aint no dog in a hot dog,
And the angels don't eat angel cake.
There aint no ham in a hamburger,
And if there's chicken in a chickenburger
I really can't say.

There's no pepsident in Pepsi,
And there's no cocaine in Coke.
And what Seven Up has to do with the number seven,
I really don't know.

There's nothin' smart about Smarties,
And a Mars Bar aint made out of Mars.
And if you tried to run a wagon on a Wagonwheel
I'm afraid you wouldn't get too far.

There's no cracker or jack in a Crackerjack,
And I've never heard a Kit Kat meow.
And I wouldn't go carrying a candy cane,
To make my way around.

Call me a junk food philosopher.
Call me whatever you like.

I'm gonna keep talkin' 'bout the way things are,
Sayin' what's wrong and what's right.

Call me a confectionary Socrates,
But don't give me no hemlock drink,
Just because chickens don't have fingers,
And buffalo don't have wings.

Yeah call me a junk food philosopher.
Call me whatever you like.
I'm gonna keep talkin' 'bout the way things are,
Sayin' what's wrong and what's right.

Call me a confectionary Socrates,
But don't give me no hemlock drink,
Just because chickens don't have fingers,
And buffalo don't have wings.
Just because chickens don't have fingers,
And buffalo don't have wings.

(Album, Red Paint and Shadow Play)

One Dark Tower (1998-004)

We are one big world,
And that would be okay,
But there's one big dark tower,
Standing in our way.
We are one big world,
And that would be okay,
But there's one dark tower in our way.

Call it the capitalist system.
Call it what you will.
Where freedom's just another name
For no one left to kill.
Corporate power games, corporate playgrounds,
What they want the world to be,
While they marginalize the dissenter
To a realm of fantasy.

They will tear you apart if they have to,
With a bomber or a gun,
But mostly they just break us down
Into atoms of consumption.
Where everyone is on their own
Pursuing their personal dream,
With not enough energy, not enough time,
To fight the corporate scheme.

We are one big world,
And that would be okay,
But there's one big dark tower,
Standing in our way.
We are one big world,
And that would be okay,
But there's one dark tower in our way.
One dark tower in our way.

Choose your token. Sign the trade deals,
Of the globalization game.
You'll be rewarded with your picture on the cover
Of USA Today.
Fight for the scraps that fall from the master's
Table now and then,
And when you go to the electorate,
Say, I did my best my friend.

But as long as we're divided,
And afraid of standing tall,
Those bastards will kick our world around
Like a bloody soccer ball.

We are one big world,
And that would be okay,
But there's one big dark tower,
Standing in our way.
We are one big world,

And that would be okay,
But there's one dark tower in our way.
The capitalist system is in our way.
One dark tower in our way.

How the hell could I change the world;
The job's too big for me.
What can I do? What can I do?
Ask the question to infinity.
The only times when we've moved ahead,
Against the power of buck and gun,
Are when everybody everywhere
Stood strong and fought as one.

Forming unions, forming study groups,
To learn and act across the land,
Til the truth that speaks to power
Was stronger than the iron hand.

We are one big world,
And that would be okay,
But there's one big dark tower,
Standing in our way.
We are one big world,
And that would be okay,
But there's one dark tower in our way.
The capitalist system is in our way.
One dark tower in our way.
The capitalist system's in our way.
One dark tower in our way.

We are one big world,
And that would be okay,
But there's one dark tower in our way.
The capitalist system is in our way.
One dark tower is in our way.

One big world,
One big world,
One big world.

(Album, Song for the Balladeer)

World Without Corporations (1998-005)

A world without corporations
Might be a world without weapons.
And a world without weapons
Might be a world without soup lines.

And a world without soup lines
Might be a world without prisons.
And a world without prisons
Might be a world without locks and keys.

And a world without locks and keys
Might be a world without policemen.
And a world without policemen
Might be a world without private property.

And a world without private property
Might be a world without bosses.
And a world without bosses
Might be a world without corporations.

And a world without corporations
Would be okay by me.
And a world without corporations
Would be okay by me.
And a world without corporations
Would be okay by me.

(Album, Dissenting Academy)

Take Away (1998-006)

Take away our freedom,
And we will sing in your prisons.
Take away our land,
And we will go a sailing on the sea.
Take away our livelihood,
And we will spend our days a marching.
Take away our dreams,
And tonight we will dream new dreams peacefully.

Take away our lives,
And our ghosts will come back to haunt you.
Take away our humanness,
And we will still remember what it means to be.
Take away our memory,
And the drums of the people will do the speaking.
Take away the earth and sky,
And we will spread our wings the breadth of the galaxy.

For all the power of your fists and guns,
And all the might of your corporations,
They will never give you what you want,
'Cause you never will get rid of us.
'Cause we are like the dandelions,
That just keep coming back again.
We are like a thousand mushrooms,
Sprouting on your lawn after the rain.
After the rain.

So take away our freedom,
And we will sing in your prisons.
Take away our land,
And we will go a sailing on the sea.
Take away our livelihood,
And we will spend our days a marching.
Take away our dreams,
And tonight we will dream new dreams peacefully.
And tonight we will dream new dreams peacefully.

(Album, Red Paint and Shadow Play)

I'm Young, I'm Left and I'm Free (1998-007)

We've heard from the ones who've predicted the death,
Of everything radical and everything left.
They've crowded the airwaves for near fifteen years,
But after all that we're still here.

Still fighting the fight that has to be fought,
For earth, life and people; we have not forgot.
Wherever the struggle is, there we shall be.

I'm young, I'm left and I'm free.
I'm young, I'm left and I'm free.
Tell Preston Manning he will have to fight me.
I'm young, I'm left and I'm free.
I'm young, I'm left and I'm young, I'm left and I'm young,
I'm left and I'm free.
I'm young, I'm left and I'm free.

From the corporate sponsorship of grades one to three,
To the corporatization of the university,
They would have us all brainwashed to the power elite,
But still we are out in the street.

Tell the whole Fraser Institute and the whole bourgeoisie,
The BCNI and the damned NCC,
I am wise to their lies; they have not fooled me.

I'm young, I'm left and I'm free.
I'm young, I'm left and I'm free.
Tell Conrad Black he will have to fight me.
I'm young, I'm left and I'm free.
I'm young, I'm left and I'm young, I'm left and I'm young,
I'm left and I'm free.
I'm young, I'm left and I'm free.

The cycle goes 'round as the universe bends,
And Marx, Mao and Malcolm are quoted again.
And joined by the voices of thousands today.
Che Guevara is not far away.

We are marching to somewhere where we've never been,
But to sit and do nothing is the ultimate sin.
So wherever the struggle is, there let us be.

I'm young, I'm left and I'm free.
I'm young, I'm left and I'm free.
Tell the capitalist system it will have to fight me.
I'm young, I'm left and I'm free.
I'm young, I'm left and I'm young, I'm left and I'm young,
I'm left and I'm free.
I'm young, I'm left and I'm free.
I'm young, I'm left and I'm free.

Let the empires tremble; let the emperors flee.

I'm young, I'm left and I'm free.

(Album, Dissenting Academy)

Tentacles (1998-008)

The companies come, lookin' for a profit margin.
Shove over little people. Get out of the way; we're comin'.
Eat up the trees and buy the rights to the seeds,
That sprout beneath their shadows,
So the whole world can be patented
By the tentacles of Dupont or Monsanto.
So the whole world can be patented
By the tentacles of Dupont or Monsanto.

And the village women scream,
The scream of ten thousand years of memory.
They remember the plants they gathered,
The mothers and grandmothers gathering with them.
But in the halls of state and commerce
Is there ever time to ask the simple question.
When Dupont's bought the healing herbs,
Can there ever be a healing of the planet?
When Dupont's bought the healing herbs,
Can there ever be a healing of the planet.

Rock the boats; rattle the cages.
Reclaim the memory of the ages.
Hear how Mother Earth she rages.
Rock the boats; rattle the cages.
Rock the boats; rattle the cages.
Rock the boats; rattle the cages.

There are words we're not supposed to use,
And one of them is totalitarian.
When the chips are down
And the velvet glove on the iron fist turns prickly.
We are asked to surrender eight hundred years of struggle
For rights and freedom.
So the Monsantos of our world
Can own tomorrow.
So the Monsantos of our world
Can own tomorrow.

Rock the boats; rattle the cages.
Reclaim the memory of the ages.
Hear how Mother Earth she rages.
Rock the boats; rattle the cages.
Rock the boats; rattle the cages.
Rock the boats; rattle the cages.

The companies come, lookin' for a profit margin.
Shove over little people. Get out of the way; we're comin'.
Eat up the trees and buy the rights to the seeds
That sprout beneath their shadows.
So the whole world can be patented
By the tentacles of Dupont or Monsanto.
So the whole world can be patented
By the tentacles of Dupont or Monsanto.

(Album, Red Paint and Shadow Play)

Song Man You Are (1998-009)

Children of the earth,
Children of the universe,
Singing out through time,
Let the song unwind.

Here's a song for the balladeer.
How I wish that he were here.
Song for the balladeer.

But he's out there somewhere riding the rails,
Out there with his thumb in the air,
Out there somewhere you can't know.
Song man you are everywhere.
Song man you are everywhere.

You are Woody Guthrie.
You are Phil Oches and Paul Robeson.
You are Neruda and Lorca.
You are Leadbelly and Bob Marley.
You are Oscar Romero.
You are Ken Saro-Wiwa.
You are Che Guevara.
You are Stephen Biko.

You are the song man.
You are everywhere.
You are the song man.
You are everywhere.

Children of the earth,
Children of the universe,
Singing out through time,
Let the song unwind.

Here's a song for the balladeer.
How I wish that he were here.
Song for the balladeer.

But he's out there somewhere riding the rails.
Out there with his thumb in the air,
Out there somewhere you can't know.
Song man you are everywhere.
Song man you are everywhere.

You are Woody Guthrie.
You are Phil Oches and Paul Robeson.
You are Neruda and Lorca.
You are Leadbelly and Bob Marley.
You are Oscar Romero.
You are Ken Saro-Wiwa.
You are Che Guevara.
You are Stephen Biko.

You are the song man.

You are everywhere.
You are the song man.
You are everywhere.

Children of the earth,
Children of the universe,
Singing out through time,
Let the song unwind.

Song man you are.
Song man you are.
Song man you are.

(Albums, Song for the Balladeer, and, Companions in the Struggle)

Milton Acorn (1998-010)

His name was Milton Acorn,
And he grew like an acorn
On an old oak tree.
He knew one day he would fall
And become the seed
For a new deep forest
Or a deeper dream,
For a new deep forest
Or a deeper dream.

And with the eyes of a poet
He dared to see, what others would not see.
And with the heart of a poet
He dared to be, what others would not be.

He wrote the words that said,
I have been to war and I have,
Known the taste of my own blood.
He wrote the music that said,
I have stood and listened and I have,
Felt the heart of Charlottetown harbour.

Ordinary working man,
He saw the label on the can.
He saw class domination
But he also cared to know,
That there is love and beauty in the human soul,
That there is love and beauty in the human soul.

Ordinary working man,
He saw the pattern in the plan.
He saw capitalism
But he also cared to know,
That there is love and beauty in the human soul,
That there is love and beauty in the human soul.

His name was Milton Acorn,
And he grew like an acorn
On an old oak tree.
He knew one day he would fall
And become the seed
For a new deep forest
Or a deeper dream,
For a new deep forest
Or a Deeper Dream.
With the eyes of a poet
He dared to see, what others would not see.
And with the heart of a poet
He dared to be, what others would not be.

His name was Milton Acorn.
His name was Milton Acorn.
His name was Milton Acorn.

(Album, Radical Times)

Karl (1998-011)

My name is Karl.
I lived in the nineteenth century.
I've been quoted and misquoted more times,
Than I care to recall.

I did not intend,
To bring about the millennium.
I only wanted to tell,
The workers of the world,
That objectively speaking,
They were oppressed,
By the bourgeoisie.

And that if they got together,
They could overthrow
The ones who were oppressing them.
And create a substantially better world.
But I did not promise them perfection.

And I wanted to say that oppression
Can be measured objectively,
Though the human being
And the human spirit, are more,
Than dollars on a ledger.
We are more than dollars on a ledger.

And if you really wanna know
What I thought about humanity,
You should read the 1844 manuscripts.
You should read the 1844 manuscripts.

My name is Karl.
I lived in the nineteenth century.
I've been quoted and misquoted more times,
Than I care to recall.

O it hurt me,
A thousand times,
When Stalin sent hundreds of thousands
To the Gulag Archipelago,
In the name of socialism.

Or when Trotsky shot the workers,
At the Kronstad Revolt,
Or when Mao proclaimed a fascist storm,
And called it the Cultural Revolution.

These are not the things that I was hoping for.
These are not the things that I was hoping for.

And if you really wanna know
What I thought about humanity,
You should read the 1844 manuscripts.
You should read the 1844 manuscripts.

I am gone now,
From the places of your world.
I am dining now,
With Rosa Luxemburg and Herbert Marcuse.

And if you should see Noam Chomsky,
You can tell him that I forgave Bakunin.
You can tell him that I forgave Bakunin.

My name is Karl.
I lived in the nineteenth century.
I've been quoted and misquoted more times,
Than I care to recall.

(Album, Dissenting Academy)

Heinrich Himmler (1998-012)

Heinrich Himmler was a good family man, they say.
Heinrich Himmler was a good family man, they say.
He would have belonged to Promise Keepers, had he lived today.

Heinrich Himmler was a good family man, they say.
Heinrich Himmler was a good family man, they say.
He would have belonged to Promise Keepers, had he lived today.

O the preacher said to the woman, "Don't you know your place?".
Yeah the preacher said to the woman, "Don't you know your place?".
"Bow to husband, God and company,
And carry the crying towel of the military state.".

When I saw thirty thousand women,
Joining hands around Greenham Common, then I knew.
When I saw thirty thousand women,
Joining hands around Greenham Common, then I knew.
Why the fundamentalist right wants to do
The Taming of the Shrew.
Why the fundamentalist right wants to do
The taming of the shrew.

Heinrich Himmler was a good family man, they say.
Heinrich Himmler was a good family man, they say.
He would have belonged to Promise Keepers, had he lived today.
He would have belonged to Promise Keepers, had he lived today.

(Album, Radical Times)

Dharma Bum Come Walkin' (1998-013)

I'm a dharma bum come walkin' down the road,
Quotin' Ginsberg to the starlight as I go.
If I find my Buddha nature, I don't know.
I'm a dharma bum come walkin' down the road.
Dharma bum come walkin' down the road.

Thomas Merton wrote a poem once upon a time.
He wrote an entry in his journal at a Buddhist shrine.
He said the river will flow and the road will wind and wind.
Thomas Merton wrote a poem once upon a time.

I'm a dharma bum come walkin' down the road.
Quotin' Ginsberg to the starlight as I go.
If I find my Buddha nature, I don't know.
I'm a dharma bum come walkin' down the road.
Dharma bum come walkin' down the road.

Once I had a dream about Lao-tse.
He was an old man sittin' on a stone quite peacefully.
He said the secret of life is knowing you can just be.
Once I had a dream about Lao-tse.

I'm a dharma bum come walkin' down the road.
Quotin' Ginsberg to the starlight as I go.
If I find my poet's nature, I don't know.
I'm a dharma bum come walkin' down the road.
Dharma bum come walkin' down the road.
Dharma bum come walkin' down the road.

Thomas Merton wrote a poem once upon a time.
He wrote an entry in his journal at a Buddhist shrine.
He said the river will flow and the road will wind and wind.
Thomas Merton wrote a poem once upon a time.

Once I had a dream about Lao-tse.
He was an old man sittin' on a stone quite peacefully.
He said the secret of life is knowing you can just be.
Once I had a dream about Lao-tse.

I'm a dharma bum come walkin' down the road.
Quotin' Ginsberg to the planets as I go.
If I find my dreamer's nature, I don't know.
I'm a dharma bum come walkin' down the road.
Dharma bum come walkin' down the road.
Dharma bum come walkin' down the road.
I'm a dharma bum come walkin'.
I'm a dharma bum come walkin'.
I'm a dharma bum come walkin' down the road.
Dharma bum come walkin',
Dharma bum come walkin',
Dharma bum come walkin' down the road.
Dharma bum come walkin' down the road.
Dharma bum come walkin' down the road.
Dharma bum come walkin' down the road.

(Album, Red Paint and Shadow Play)

Old Ned Lud (1998-014)

Old Ned Lud, old Ned Lud,
He was a bud. He was a bud.
Old Ned Lud, old Ned Lud,
He was a bud. He was a bud.

Some say he lived in the forest,
But no one ever saw his face,
But he could raise an army,
From almost any place.

Old Ned Lud, old Ned Lud,
He was a bud. He was a bud.
Old Ned Lud, old Ned Lud,
He was a bud. He was a bud.

He might have been king of nowhere,
Or gentle lord of the wood,
Smashing the tools of the rich
For the freedom of the poor like Robinhood.

Old Ned Lud, old Ned Lud,
He was a bud. He was a bud.
Old Ned Lud, old Ned Lud,
He was a bud. He was a bud.

Ned Lud he walked like a whisper,
Through many a person's dreams,
Liberating the working people
From the new fangled machines.

Old Ned Lud, old Ned Lud,
He was a bud. He was a bud.
Old Ned Lud, old Ned Lud,
He was a bud. He was a bud.

Most say they aint seen him
Since about 1821,
But some say Ned Lud's a comin' back
To do what must be done.

Old Ned Lud, old Ned Lud,
He was a bud. He was a bud.
Old Ned Lud, old Ned Lud,
He was a bud. He was a bud.

Wherever working people stand
Together and demand,
The right to be the ones to decide
Their fate across the land.

You'll find Old Ned Lud, old Ned Lud,
He was a bud. He was a bud.
Old Ned Lud, old Ned Lud,
He was a bud. He was a bud.

Old Ned Lud, old Ned Lud,
He was a bud. He was a bud.
Old Ned Lud, old Ned Lud,
He was a bud. He was a bud.

Old Ned Lud, old Ned Lud,
He was a bud. He was a bud.
Old Ned Lud, old Ned Lud,
He was a bud. He was a bud.

Old Ned Lud, old Ned Lud,
He was a bud. He was a bud.
Old Ned Lud, old Ned Lud,
He was a bud. He was a bud.

(Albums, Radical Times, and, Companions in the Struggle)

Ballad of Queen Carmella (1998-015)

With the moon in my eyes and my mind on the deep sea,
You came traveling down the road.
You said you were some kind of dark plane Gypsy,
Said you could tell me my fortune be told,
Said you could tell me my fortune be told.

Honna way, honna wai, honna wai ai yai yai,
We're gonna travel until the day.
Honna way, honna wai, honna wai ai yai yai,
We're gonna drink all our fears away.
We're gonna drink all our fears away.

My mind was the ocean; my pockets were empty,
But I came and followed and danced with you.
You told me your name and you told me that plenty,
Was waiting for me on the desert sand dunes,
Waiting for me on the desert sand dunes.

Honna way, honna wai, honna wai ai yai yai,
We're gonna travel until the day.
Honna way, honna wai, honna wai ai yai yai,
We're gonna drink all our fears away.
We're gonna drink all our fears away.

You spun me around and you showed me the cosmos,
Showed me the world was a palace of gold.
How many rooms there were crystals and virgins,
How many broken hearts burning in cold,
How many broken hearts burning in cold.

Honna way, honna wai, honna wai ai yai yai,
We're gonna travel until the day.
Honna way, honna wai, honna wai ai yai yai,
We're gonna drink all our fears away.
We're gonna drink all our fears away.

The morning it found me in the middle of nowhere,
Not knowing my place and not knowing my name.
You'd taken my passport and taken my clothing,
And tied me to a desert rock bolder with chains,
And tied me to a desert rock bolder with chains.

Honna way, honna wai, honna wai ai yai yai,
We're gonna travel until the day.
Honna way, honna wai, honna wai ai yai yai,
We're gonna drink all our fears away.
We're gonna drink all our fears away.

Tell me a kohan by Trunpa Rimpoche.
Read me a poem by Eliot please.
Madness is freedom but freedom is madness,
When searching for peace on a planet of bees,
Searching for peace on a planet of bees.

Honna way, honna wai, honna wai ai yai yai,
We're gonna travel until the day.
Honna way, honna wai, honna wai ai yai yai,
We're gonna drink all our fears away.
We're gonna drink all our fears away.

Why am I following you Gypsy woman.
Why have you taken my heart and my soul.
Part of me longs to be safe sound at home and yet,
Part of me longs to be out of control.
Part of me longs to be safe sound at home and yet,
Part of me longs to be out of control.

Honna way, honna wai, honna wai ai yai yai,
We're gonna travel until the day.
Honna way, honna wai, honna wai ai yai yai,
We're gonna drink all our fears away.
We're gonna drink all our fears away.

Honna way, honna wai, honna wai ai yai yai,
We're gonna travel until the day.
Honna way, honna wai, honna wai ai yai yai,
We're gonna drink all our fears away.
We're gonna drink all our fears away.
We're gonna drink all our fears away.

With the moon in my eyes and my mind on the deep sea,
You came traveling down the road.
You said you were some kind of dark plane Gypsy,
Said you could tell me my fortune be told,
Said you could tell me my fortune be told,
Said you could tell me my fortune be told,
Said you could tell me my, fortune be told.

(Album, Land of the Shooting Stars)

I'd Like to Be a Lunatic (1998-016)

I'd like to be a lunatic,
With a billion bucks to burn.
I'd run the whole school system,
Telling people what to learn.
I'd make a big donation,
To the university,
Telling them to teach courses on Marxism,
And courses about me!!!

I'd like to be a lunatic, lunatic, lunatic.
I'd like to be a lunatic, lunatic, lunatic.
I'd like to be a lunatic, lunatic, lunatic.
I'd like to be a lunatic.

I'd like to be a lunatic,
And be too rich to touch,
Forever being quoted,
Though I never really said very much.
They'd be citing my opinions,
From Pacific to Atlantic,
Calling me a latter day Aristotelian,
Or a latter day romantic.

I'd like to be a lunatic, lunatic, lunatic.
I'd like to be a lunatic, lunatic, lunatic.
I'd like to be a lunatic, lunatic, lunatic.
I'd like to be a lunatic.

I'd like to be a lunatic,
Decisively on the left.
I'd see the capitalist system,
To a sweet untimely death.
But when the people finally rose,
To see what human beings could be,
They might have to get together,
And they might have to, they might have to, overthrow me!!!

I'd like to be a lunatic, lunatic, lunatic.
I'd like to be a lunatic, lunatic, lunatic,
And be guilty of lunacy, lunacy, lunacy.
I'd like to be a lunatic, lunatic, lunatic.
I'd like to be a lunatic, lunatic, lunatic.
I'd like to be a lunatic.

I'd like to be a lunatic.
I'd like to be a lunatic.
I'd like to be a lunatic.

(Album, Land of the Shooting Stars)

Blowin' Down That Yellowcake Road (1998-017)

I'm blowin' down that yellowcake road.
I'm blowin' down that yellowcake road.
I'm blowin' down that yellowcake road, lord, lord,
And I aint gonna be treated this way.

We don't want uranium mines.
O we don't want uranium mines.
We don't want uranium mines, lord, lord,
And we aint gonna be treated this way.

We don't want the Candu 3.
No we don't want the Candu 3.
No can do to the Candu 3, lord, lord,
And we aint gonna be treated this way.

We don't wanta be Slow Poke guinea pigs.
O we don't wanta be Slow Poke guinea pigs.
We don't wanta be Slow Poke guinea pigs, lord, lord,
And we aint gonna be treated this way.

We don't wanta bury nuclear waste.
No we don't wanta bury nuclear waste.
We don't like the transuranic taste, lord, lord,
And we aint gonna be treated this way.

I'm blowin' down that yellowcake road.
I'm blowin' down that yellowcake road.
I'm blowin' down that yellowcake road, lord, lord,
And I aint gonna be treated this way.

We want solar collectors everywhere.
We want solar collectors everywhere.
We want solar collectors everywhere, lord, lord,
And we aint gonna be treated this way.

We want windmills getting power from the wind.
We want windmills getting power from the wind.
We want windmills getting power from the wind, lord, lord,
And we aint gonna be treated this way.

We want co-generation here and now.
We want co-generation here and now.
We're talkin' 'bout co-generation here and now, lord, lord,
And we aint gonna be treated this way.

We're goin' where there aint no coal to burn.
We're goin' where there aint no coal to burn.
No coal and no uranium, lord, lord,
And we aint gonna be treated this way.

We want geo-thermal heat pumps everywhere.
We want geo-thermal heat pumps everywhere.
We want geo-thermal heat pumps everywhere, lord, lord,
And we aint gonna be treated this way.

We're goin' where there aint no climate change.
We're goin' where there aint no climate change.
Where renewables will bring a better day, lord, lord,
And we aint gonna be treated this way.

We want SECDA re-instated now.
We want SECDA re-instated now.
We want SECDA re-instated now, lord, lord,
And we aint gonna be treated this way.

I'm blowin' down that yellowcake road.
I'm blowin' down that yellowcake road.
I'm blowin' down that yellowcake road, lord, lord,
And I aint gonna be treated this way.

We're blowin' down that yellowcake road.
We're blowin' down that yellowcake road.
We're blowin' down that yellowcake road, lord, lord,
And we aint gonna be treated this way.
No we aint gonna be treated this way.
No we aint gonna be treated this way.

(Album, New Earth Alliance)

Run Through the Garden (1998-018)

Birds are singing crazy, in the blue blue morning.
Sun is shooting arrows, shining like a cobra.
And all the world is happy, and life is a sparkling song.
Makes me wanna go out and run through the garden.
Makes me wanna go out and run through the garden.
Makes me wanna go out and run through the garden.
Makes me wanna go out and run through, wanna go out and run.

Water on the lawn, but still the rain comes down.
Mine is a green field, but still the grass grows wild.
Fourth year chemically free, may it be forever more.
Makes me wanna go out and run through the garden.
Makes me wanna go out and run through the garden.
Makes me wanna go out and run through the garden.
Makes me wanna go out and run through the garden.
Makes me wanna go out and run through, wanna go out and run.

Makes me wanna go out and run.
Makes me wanna go out and run.

Maybe with a friend or, maybe with a lover,
We could dine on the common, and fly the gentle breezes.
Maybe there'll be a hundred of us, gathering in the evening.
Makes me wanna go out and run through the garden.
Makes me wanna go out and run through the garden.
Makes me wanna go out and run through the garden.
Makes me wanna go out and run through the garden.
Makes me wanna go out and run through, wanna go out and run.

Makes me wanna go out and run.
Makes me wanna go out and run.
Makes me wanna go out and, run.

Birds are singing crazy, in the blue blue morning.
Sun is shooting arrows, shining like a cobra.
And all the world is happy, and life is a sparkling song.
Makes me wanna go out and run through the garden.
Makes me wanna go out and run through the garden.
Makes me wanna go out and run through the garden.
Makes me wanna go out and run through, wanna go out and run.

Makes me wanna go out and run.
Makes me wanna go out and, run.

Run through the garden. Run through the garden.
Run through the garden. Run through the garden.

(Album, Land of the Shooting Stars)

Sail Away (1998-019)

Socrates was taught by a priestess.
Don't take any authoritarian word
As the last word.
Let your mind float out over the ocean Socrates.
Don't be afraid to ask,
What do you mean by this or that word.

Just be ready to sail away.
Just be ready to sail away.

Lightening bolts need not be frightening.
You can shape them in your hands and mind.
Use them to your mind's advantage,
As heart and soul beat on through time.

Just be ready to sail away.
Just be ready to sail away.

The elders of your city-state may fear you.
No one loves a questioner
When they're trying to keep their empires rolling on.
But you can sing to them in your prison cell.
But don't take any offers of escape
In the chill gray dawn.

Just be ready to sail away.
Just be ready to sail away.

What is truth and what is beauty?
What is the meaning of this life?
The answers they might keep eluding you.
But that's okay.
At least they got you asking why.

Just be ready to sail away.
Just be ready to sail away.

Socrates was taught by a priestess.
Don't take any authoritarian word
As the last word.
They might carve your name in hemlock.
They might drown themselves in dogmas.
But once truth has been spoken,
It can never, never be recalled.

Just be ready to sail away.
Just be ready to sail away.
Just be ready to sail away.
Just be ready to sail away.

(Albums, New Earth Alliance, and, Ripples in the Pond)

An Agenda of Your Own (1998-020)

Money jingles in the pockets of the rich,
And the free trade zones we're not allowed to call slavery
Thunder on, as the night comes down
All over the world.

The corporations come prancing around
With dollars to spend in the grade five classroom.
There's a smile on their face
'Cause they know their time of glory
Has come at last.

Cuts to education are good news
When you're a corporation, with an agenda of your own.
Cuts to education are good news
When you're a corporation, with an agenda of your own.

Teach the children to love the feeling
Of being a cog in a wheel,
And claim that you're just filling the hole.
But the hole that is left
In our souls and in the earth,
When the corporations have come and gone,
Is bigger than any hole we ever dreamed.

Cuts to education are good news
When you're a corporation, with an agenda of your own.

Welcome to grade six science,
Where we're learning the chemistry of Coca-Cola.
Welcome to grade seven language arts,
Where we're writing essays that will be pleasing to the Kernel,
Pleasing to the Kernel of KFC, and pleasing to the generals:
As in General Foods, General Motors,
General Electric and General Dynamics.
And don't worry about having to think about
Biology or ecology or biospheric studies,
'Cause they're brought to you by you know who,
The A&W Root Bear.

By the time we get to grade eight,
Ronald McDonald is teaching us
The history of democracy.
But what Ronald McDonald doesn't know,
Is that in 1848,
The students and workers of Paris
Rose up and had something called a revolution.
And a couple hundred miles away,
Two young men by the name of Marx and Engels,
Wrote something called a manifesto.

Now a hundred and fifty years have gone by,
And capitalism is still rumbling along,
But the people of the earth still have the right
To rise up and overthrow them.

And capitalism,
Is still trying to patent the seeds
Of its own destruction.

Cuts to education are good news
When you're a corporation, with an agenda of your own.
Cuts to education are good news
When you're a corporation, with an agenda of your own.

Teach the children to love the feeling
Of being a cog in a wheel,
And claim that you're just filling the hole.
But the hole that is left
In our souls and in the earth,
When the corporations have come and gone,
Is bigger than any hole we ever dreamed.

Cuts to education are good news
When you're a corporation, with an agenda of your own.
Cuts to education are good news
When you're a corporation, with an agenda of your own.

(Albums, Radical Times, and, Companions in the Struggle)

Same Old Song (1998-021)

Somethin' is wrong in Thailand or maybe Japan.
Somebody else's currency is going down.
Somebody says they're dying of the Asian flew.
Low and behold, there's panic in pretty boy corporate town.

And the currency speculators take their currency out
And put it somewhere else.
And a class of global capitalists
Suddenly gets a tiny little taste
Of their own Hell.

Did somebody say there was something wrong?
Did somebody say there was something wrong?
Did somebody say there was something wrong?
Well ask the people in the shantytowns,
For whom capitalism never did trickle down.
They will tell you.
Just another day of the same old song.
Just another day of the same old song.

And the global free market capitalists,
Billions of dollars to their names,
Say they don't know how to fix it,
And they all look just the same.
They all look like burned out Nazis,
Gettin' a little tired of their game,
But if you can't blame the capitalist system,
Well tell me who's to blame.

From the Asian flew to the Russian meltdown,
Now you say Brazil.
Well you don't have to tell me,
Capitalism kills.

Did somebody say there was something wrong?
Did somebody say there was something wrong?
Did somebody say there was something wrong?
Well ask the people in the shantytowns,
For whom corporate America never did trickle down.
They will tell you.
It's just another day of the same old song.
It's just another day of the same old song.

Somethin' is wrong in Thailand or maybe Japan.
Somebody else's currency is going down, Going down, going down.
Somebody says they're frying from the Asian flew.
Wouldn't you know there's panic in pretty boy corporate town.

And the currency speculators take their currency out
And put it somewhere else.
And a class of nuveau capitalists,
Suddenly gets a tiny little taste,
Of their own Hell.

Did somebody say there was something wrong?
Did somebody say there was something wrong?
Did somebody say there was something wrong?
Well, ask the people in the shantytowns,
For whom the free market economy never will trickle down.
They will tell you.
It's just another day of the same old song.
It's just another day of the same old song.

One day I hear a rustling in the shantytown.
I know one day capitalism will come tumbling down.
One day I hear a rustling in the shantytown.
I know one day capitalism will come tumbling down.

(Album, New Earth Alliance)

We're Gonna Live to See (1998-022)

We're gonna live to see, East Timor free.
We're gonna live to see, East Timor free.
All these years of struggle, let it be, let freedom be.
We're gonna live to see, East Timor free.

We're gonna live to see, Leonard Peltier free.
We're gonna live to see, Leonard Peltier free.
All these years of waiting, let it be, let freedom be.
We're gonna live to see, Leonard Peltier free.

We're gonna live to watch, capitalism fall.
We're gonna live to watch, capitalism fall.
All these years of dreaming, let there be, justice for all.
We're gonna live to watch, capitalism fall.

We're gonna see the day, we are living for.
We're gonna see the day, we are living for.
All this suffering, all this sorrow, let it be, no more, no more.
We're gonna live to see the day, we are living for.

We're gonna live to see, East Timor free.
We're gonna live to see, East Timor free.
After all these years of struggle, let it be, let freedom be.
We're gonna live to see, East Timor free.
We're gonna live to see, East Timor free.

(Album, Radical Times)

Together One and all (1998-023)

We are coming, coming together, coming together one and all.
We are coming, coming together, coming together one and all.

We are marching, marching together, marching together one and all.
We are marching, marching together, marching together one and all.

We are changing, the world together, the world together one and all.
We are changing, the world together, the world together one and all.

We are coming, coming together, coming together one and all.
We are coming, coming together, coming together one and all.
We are coming, coming together, coming together one and all.
Coming together one and all.

(Album, Radical Times)

The Food Court is Owned by the Mall (1998-024)

I knew a girl who worked in the food court,
From ten in the morning til six at night,
Cleaning off tables and smiling at customers,
Saying "Have a good day and I hope you're all right.".

And the food court was owned by the mall,
And the mall was owned by the company,
And the company was owned by the Wall Street men,
And the Wall Street men are the Wall Street men.

She was a sweet girl who'd come from the other side.
She landed the job with a grade twelve GED.
She had dreams but not dreams of being what she'd come to be,
A floater in the industrial reserve army.

But the food court was owned by the mall,
And the mall was owned by the company,
And the company was owned by the Wall Street men,
And the Wall Street men are the Wall Street men.

On the day that I met her well I asked her out with me,
So we went for coffee not too far away.
As we sat there she told me all how her life had been,
And when we parted she said "I'll see you next day.".

And the food court was owned by the mall,
And the mall was owned by the company,
And the company was owned by the Wall Street men,
And the Wall Street men are the Wall Street men.

I loved her gently and I loved her tenderly,
But I told her she was living on a planet of chains.
Food chains and fuel chains and goodness knows iron chains,
But she said you can make it if you have enough brains.

But I said,
"The food court is owned by the mall,
And the mall is owned by the company,
And the company is owned by the Wall Street men,
And the Wall Street men are the Wall Street men.".

A year had gone by
when I asked her to marry me,
Though I told her that justice
was what I lived for.

She said she couldn't say yes because twenty more years of the,
Industrial reserve
Was what she had in store.

She said,
"The food court is owned by the mall,
And the mall is owned by the company,
And the company is owned by the Wall Street men,

And the Wall Street men are the Wall Street men.".

The food court is owned by the mall,
And the mall is owned by the company,
And the company is owned by the Wall Street men,
And the Wall Street men are the Wall Street men.
And the company is owned by the Wall Street men,
And the Wall Street men are the Wall Street men.
And the Wall Street men are the Wall Street men.

(Album, Land of the Shooting Stars)

Last Night I Heard the Raven Cry (1998-025)

Last night I heard the raven cry.
Last night I heard the raven cry.
Last night I heard the raven cry.
And I saw a long shadow sweeping out across the sky.
And I saw a long shadow sweeping out across the sky.

Last night I heard the raven cry.
Last night I heard the raven cry.
Last night I heard the raven cry.
And I saw a long shadow sweeping out across the sky.
And I saw a long shadow sweeping out across the sky.

And the raven said, I have been here,
And watched over the northern hemisphere.
I've seen the moon rising for ten thousand years,
But I've never seen a night so dark with fear.

Last night I heard the raven cry.
Last night I heard the raven cry.
Last night I heard the raven cry.
And I saw a long shadow sweeping out across the sky.
And I saw a long shadow sweeping out across the sky.

For all of the people living here on the earth,
There have been so many wounded and so many hurt.
I don't know if I could heal them with all of my powers.
I'm afraid I may have to tell them
This could be the final hour.

Last night I heard the raven cry.
Last night I heard the raven cry.
Last night I heard the raven cry.
And I saw a long shadow sweeping out across the sky.
And I saw a long shadow sweeping out across the sky.

And the raven said, I have been here,
And watched over the northern hemisphere.
I've seen the moon rising for ten thousand years,
But I've never seen a night so dark with fear.

Last night I heard the raven cry.
Last night I heard the raven cry.
Last night I heard the raven cry.
And I saw a long shadow sweeping out across the sky.
And I saw a long shadow sweeping out across the sky.

Last night I heard the raven cry.
Last night I heard the raven cry.
Last night I heard the raven cry.
And I saw a long shadow sweeping out across the sky.
And I saw a long shadow sweeping out across the sky.

(Album, New Earth Alliance

We Don't Need Your Genes (1998-026)

You tell me that Monsanto
Can help us feed the globe,
That a high tech wiz and a brave new gene
Will be the green of hope.
Well I've been around too long my friends;
I know what there is to know.
And the people they never got justice from
A multinational.
No the people have never got justice from
A multinational.

The biotech laboratory
Greets you with a smile,
Inviting you to join in the brave new world
Of the microscopic heil,
But they pray to the god of the little white lie
With every gene they splice,
To make the powerful more powerful
And the people more marginalized.
Make the powerful more powerful
And the people more marginalized.

We don't need your genes.
We don't need your genes.
We have come to haunt you.
We're the ghosts in your machines.
We don't need your genes.
We don't need your genes.
When you have sunk without a trace,
We'll know what justice means.
We know what justice means.
It means we don't need your genes.
We don't need your genes.
We don't need your genes.
We don't need your genes.

You try to claim the moral high ground
By saying there's a world to feed.
Well you're not the first to tug the human heart
To serve your own damn greed.
Four out of five malnourished kids,
To who's aid you would pretend,
Live in countries that already have
A food surplus my friend.
Live in countries that already have
A food surplus my friend.

It's time to claim a power from
The hearts of everyone,
Not the power of the microscope
That serves the corporate gun.
To claim the peace of justice that comes
With social transformation,
And not the peace of death that comes

With genetic alteration.
The peace of death by sacrifice
On the altar of alteration.

We don't need your genes.
We don't need your genes.
We have come to haunt you.
We're the ghosts in your machines.
We don't need your genes.
We don't need your genes.
When you have sunk without a trace,
We'll know what justice means.
We know what justice means.
It means we don't need your genes.
We don't need your genes.
We don't need your genes.

We don't need your biolab
To come teching on our ground.
We're gonna plant the seeds of freedom
The whole wide world around.
We don't need your biolab
To come teching on our ground.
We're gonna plant the seeds of freedom
The whole wide world around.
The whole wide world around,
The whole wide world around,
Gonna plant the seeds of freedom
The whole wide world around.
The whole wide world around,
The whole wide world around.

We don't need your genes.
We don't need your genes.
We don't need your genes.
We don't need your genes.
We don't need your genes.
We don't need your genes.
We don't need your genes.
We don't need your genes.
We don't need your genes.
We don't need your genes.
We don't need your genes.
We don't need your genes.
We don't need your genes.

(Albums, New Earth Alliance, and, Companions in the Struggle)

Prancing on the Altered Genes (1998-027)

O it's early in the morning
In the misty countryside.
The sun has barely peaked above the sea.
We're the people of the nation
Converging on this place,
Proclaiming our desire to be free.
We believe in the people;
We believe in the land,
In the freedom of potatoes, grains and beans.
And this morning in the mist
And the due upon the heath
We will be prancing on the altered genes.

We're prancing on the altered genes,
The corporate engineered and altered genes.
We are warriors turned dancers
Cause we never got our answers,
And we're prancing on the altered genes,
Prancing on the altered genes.

For a thousand generations
The people of the earth
Have planted and gathered every year,
Saving for the next year,
Learning day by day,
In a world that didn't need an engineer.
Now the corporate agenda
Of the multinationals
Wants to patent and alter all our dreams.
Food is power
And who owns it owns the world,
So we're prancing on the altered genes.

We're prancing on the altered genes,
The patented and altered genes.
We are going into battle
Against Dupont and Monsanto,
And we're prancing on the altered genes.
We're prancing on the altered genes.

O the call went out
To the edges of the earth
To all who desire to be free.
Come and join us in our dancing
And build a freer world.
Say no to the bio companies.
So the spirits of the woods
And the fairies of the land,
All the gnomes and the elves that you can see,
They are gathering to join us
And dancing hand in hand,
As we're prancing on the altered genes.

We're prancing on the altered genes,

The corporate engineered and altered genes.
We are warriors turned dancers
Cause we never got our answers,
And we're prancing on the altered genes.

We're prancing on the altered genes,
The patented and altered genes.
We are going into battle
Against Dupont and Monsanto,
And we're prancing on the altered genes.
Prancing on the altered genes.

O it's early in the morning
In the misty countryside.
The sun has barely peaked above the sea.
We're the people of the nation
Converging on this place,
Proclaiming our desire to be free.
We believe in the people;
We believe in the land,
In the freedom of potatoes, grains and beans.
And this morning in the mist
And the due upon the heath,
We will be prancing on the altered genes.

We're prancing on the altered genes,
The corporate engineered and altered genes.
We are warriors turned dancers
Cause we never got our answers,
And we're prancing on the altered genes.

We're prancing on the altered genes,
The patented and altered genes.
We are going into battle
Against Dupont and Monsanto,
And we're prancing on the altered genes.

We're prancing on the altered genes,
The corporate engineered and altered genes.
We are warriors turned dancers
Cause we never got our answers,
And we're prancing on the altered genes.

We're prancing on the altered genes,
The patented and altered genes.
We are going into battle
Against Dupont and Monsanto,
And we're prancing on the altered genes.
We're prancing on the altered genes.
We're prancing on the altered genes.
We're prancing on the altered genes.

(Album, New Earth Alliance)

Burn Your Churches Down (1998-028)

I know who you are; I've seen you before,
Trusting in God and going off to war,
Pushing fear and calling it love,
Pushing imperialism in the name of God above.

Born Again Christian's what you call yourselves,
While you torture my heroes in your prison cells,
Pushing slavery, calling yourselves pro-life,
Building weapons of destruction and claiming you've seen the light.

But one thing you don't wanta hear me say,
One thing you don't wanta hear me say,
Is God doesn't work for the CIA,
And what goes around comes around.
One thing you don't wanta hear me say,
One thing you don't wanta hear me say,
Is if Jesus came back to the world today,
He would burn your churches down.
He would burn your churches down.

You read the Bible at the point of a blade.
You say that it gives you a license to hate,
Yesterday the witches or maybe the Jews,
The gays or the commies or whoever you choose.

Blood on the cross is blood on the field.
How many corpses do you have to conceal?
Do you ever stop to wonder, is it really this way?
Do you ever wonder, what did Jesus really say?

'Cause one thing you don't wanta hear me say,
One thing you don't wanta hear me say,
Is God doesn't fight for the USA,
And what goes around comes around.
One thing you don't wanta hear me say,
One thing you don't wanta hear me say,
Is if Jesus came back to the world today,
He would burn your churches down.
He would burn your born again burn again churches down.
He would burn your right wing imperialist churches down.

Well I know about God and I know about Christ.
I've read the Bible quite a few times.
Some things I agreed with; some things I did not,
But I have found a truth for which I've sought.

I believe in a creator of the universe.
We gotta love one another to live on the earth.
I believe there's a spirit within all things,
But the spirit I feel is not right wing.
No the Spirit of God is not right wing.

And one thing you don't wanta hear me say,
One thing you don't wanta hear me say,

Is God doesn't work for the CIA,
And what goes around comes around.
One thing you don't wanta hear me say,
One thing you don't wanta hear me say,
Is if Jesus came back to the world today,
He would burn your churches down.
He would burn your born again burn again churches down.
He would burn your right wing imperialist churches down.
He would burn burn burn burn burn your churches down.
He would have a revolution and he'd burn your churches down.
He would find the nearest match and he'd burn your churches down.
He would burn your right wing imperialist churches down.
He would burn your churches down.

(Album, Radical Times)

We Are Living People (1998-029)

We are living people; the earth is a living being.
We are gonna stand and fight for our freedom.
We are living people; the earth is a living being.
We are gonna stand and fight for our freedom.
We are gonna stand and fight for our freedom.

We are living people; the earth is a living being.
We are joining hands and fighting for our freedom.
We are living people; the earth is a living being.
We are joining hands and fighting for our freedom.
We are joining hands and fighting for our freedom.

We are living people; the earth is a living being.
We are walking hand in hand and fighting for our freedom.
We are living people; the earth is a living being.
We are walking hand in hand and fighting for our freedom.
We are walking hand in hand and fighting for our freedom.

We are living people; the earth is a living being.
We are walking hand in hand and fighting for our freedom.
We are living people; the earth is a living being.
We are walking hand in hand and fighting for our freedom.
We are walking hand in hand and fighting for our freedom.

We are living people; the earth is a living being.
We are joining hands and fighting for our freedom.
We are living people; the earth is a living being.
We are joining hands and fighting for our freedom.
We are joining hands and fighting for our freedom.

We are living people; the earth is a living being.
We are gonna stand and fight for our freedom.
We are living people; the earth is a living being.
We are gonna stand and fight for our freedom.
We are gonna stand and fight for our freedom.
We are gonna stand and fight for our freedom.
We are gonna stand and fight for our freedom.

We are living people; the earth is a living being.

(Album, Radical Times)

Dance Among the Stars (1998-030)

The stars are shining, with winter coming on.
The leaves have fallen from the trees.
And I am carried, upward and beyond,
Above the mountains and the seas.

I will dance, among the stars.
I will dance, among the stars.
I will dance, among the stars,
Til I know the way.

The universe, is unfolding as it should.
Power unfolding in my mind.
Sun and moon, speak to me of good,
Of gentle balance turning tides.

I will dance, among the stars.
I will dance, among the stars.
I will dance, among the stars,
Til I know the way.

Desert wind, and Arctic snow,
Young crescent moon over sea.
Sparkling asteroids, from where I do not know,
But still my spirit it is free.

I will dance, among the stars.
I will dance, among the stars.
I will dance, among the stars,
Til I know the way.

If morning calling, finds me where I am,
Somewhere upon this springtime shore,
Sweet cosmic river, let it flow through the land,
Into the mighty ocean roar.

I will dance, among the stars.
I will dance, among the stars.
I will dance, among the stars,
Til I know the way.

The stars are shining, with winter coming on.
The leaves have fallen from the trees.
And I am carried, upward and beyond,
Above the mountains and the seas.

I will dance, among the stars.
I will dance, among the stars.
I will dance, among the stars,
Til I know the way.

I will dance, among the stars.
I will dance, among the stars.
I will dance, among the stars,
Til I know the way,

Til I know the way,
Til I know the way.

(Album, Dandelion Cappuccino)

Mr. Bean (1998-031)

Hay Mr. Bean,
Crashing the scenes,
You didn't want to be a prophet,
But that's what you have been.
That's what you have been Mr. Bean.
That's how it seems.
That's how it seems Mr. Bean.

You had a choice,
To have or to be,
Which way it was
That we were to be free.
You didn't want to have,
So you chose to be, Mr. Bean.
What else was there
That you could have been, Mr. Bean,
But Mr. Bean?

Hay Mr. Bean,
Crashing the scenes,
You didn't want to be a prophet,
But that's what you have been.
That's what you have been, Mr. Bean.
That's how it seems.
That's how it seems, Mr. Bean.

Now a century's gone by,
And we know you were right.
Every mystic has his own free scene Mr. Bean.
The inner life is a silent screen Mr. Bean.
Let us dance on the inward beams Mr. Bean.
We call ourselves Beanites,
After you Mr. Bean.
We thank you Mr. Bean,
For being what you've been,
And seeing what you've seen,
And freeing us,
From those who would be mean Mr. Bean.

We wish to be serene Mr. Bean.
We do not wish to serve the big machine Mr. Bean.
We wish to dream a gentle mystic dream Mr. Bean.
And contemplate a universal theme Mr. Bean.

Hay Mr. Bean,
Crashing the scenes,
You didn't want to be a prophet,
But that's what you have been.
That's what you have been Mr. Bean.
That's how it seems.
That's how it seems Mr. Bean.

We thank you Mr. Bean,
For being Mr. Bean.

Let us dream Mr. Bean, Mr. Bean.

We thank you Mr. Bean,
For being Mr. Bean.
Let us dream Mr. Bean, Mr. Bean.

(Album, New Earth Alliance)

You Tell Me That It All Trickles Down (1998-032)

And you tell me that it all trickles down, trickles down.
You tell me that it all trickles down.
Trickles down.

You build yourselves
A factory and tower.
You hire your workers
For fifty cents an hour.
And there's no unions,
No strikes for higher pay.
Whoever dares to speak their dreams
Is quickly blown away.

But you tell me that it all trickles down, trickles down.
You tell me that it all trickles down.
You tell me that it all trickles down, trickles down.
You tell me that it all trickles down.
Trickles down.

Feed the masters
Is your philosophy,
And they'll be sure to give the beggars
A scrap or two or three.
And the beggars will be happy
And wait patiently for more,
Til the masters they get tired of beggars
Hangin' 'round their door.

But you tell me that it all trickles down, trickles down.
You tell me that it all trickles down.
You tell me that it all trickles down, trickles down.
You tell me that it all trickles down.
Trickles down.

From the Santiago shantytown
To the Qualalampour slums,
Capitalism turns its wheels
And the banking machine hums.
And the television cameras
See what they want to see,
So the little people in their little houses
Believe what they believe.

When you tell them that it all trickles down, trickles down,
You tell them that it all trickles down.
And you tell me that it all trickles down, trickles down.
You tell me that it all trickles down.
Trickles down.

And the Bank of European
Reconstruction gives its loans,
To the clans of Eastern Europe
Building capitalism clones.
But a hundred million Russians,

Though their enterprise is free,
Are as poor again as they were at the end
Of the nineteenth century.

But you tell them that it all trickles down, trickles down.
You told them that it all trickles down.
And you tell me that it all trickles down, trickles down,
You tell me that it all trickles down.
Trickles down.

Late one night in a power plant
Or a factory somewhere,
Somebody turns a leaver
Without thinking, without care.
And a brew of radioactive
Or toxic chemicals
Goes spewing into the waterways
Beyond anyone's control.

I can tell you it will all trickle down, trickle down.
I can tell you it will all trickle down.
Your radioactivity and your toxic chemicals,
I can tell you it will all trickle down.

And you tell me that it all trickles down, trickles down.
You tell me that it all trickles down.
You tell me that it all trickles down, trickles down.
You tell me that it all trickles down.
Trickles down.
Trickles down.
Trickles down.

(Album, Radical Times)

Bull Shit Walks Blues (1998-033)

You know me.
Call me Welfare Joe, why don't you?
You know me.
Call me Welfare Joe, why don't you?
I'm the one the television cameras sneer at,
Every time they have a chance to.
I'm the one the television cameras sneer at,
Every time they have a chance to.

Well I went to my social worker.
I was just trying to be an honest guy.
I went to my social worker.
I was just trying to be an honest guy.
When I told her 'bout the money I'd made for work I'd done,
Well boy she almost hit the sky.
When I told her 'bout the money I'd made for work I'd done,
Well boy she almost hit the sky.

When you tell them you've made fifty dollars,
They make as if you've made a hundred and fifty-five.
When you tell them you've made fifty dollars,
They make as if you've made a hundred and fifty-five.
And they threaten to cut you off,
Well how the hell is a guy supposed to stay alive?
Ya they threaten to cut you off,
Well how the hell is a guy supposed to stay alive?

Bull shit walks
Is not what's supposed to be meant by BSW.
Bull shit walks
Is not what's supposed to be meant by BSW.
I've got the God damned corporate agenda-defending
Social services department blues.
I got the God damned corporate agenda-defending
Social services department blues.

Well they keep you running in circles,
Make you feel like a piece of dirt just for being there.
Well they keep you running in circles,
Make you feel like a piece of dirt just for being there.
Well can't you read the fancy writing on the wall.
It says we worship the upwardly mobile derriere.
Ya can't you read the fancy writing on the wall.
It says we worship the upwardly mobile derriere.

Why be mad at my social worker?
In the end she's really not the one to blame.
Why be mad at my social worker?
In the end she's really not the one to blame.
It's the shadows standing over her,
Who like to think they have a right to run the game.
It's the shadows standing over her,
Who like to think they have a right to run the game.

Bull shit walks
Is not what's supposed to be meant by BSW.
Bull shit walks
Is not what's supposed to be meant by BSW.
I got the God damned corporate agenda-defending
Social services department blues.
I got the God damned corporate agenda-defending
Social services department blues.
I got the God damned corporate agenda-defending
Social services department blues.

(Album, New Earth Alliance)

When the Great Big Table Turns (1998-034)

I didn't come to save souls. I just came to say,
The greedy are gettin' greedier every day,
And if they're not careful, they'll be blown away,
When the great big table turns.

I didn't come to baptize, 'cause you have an inner light.
If you'd listen to it, you'd know what's wrong and what's right.
Tell the capitalist his number is up tonight,
When the great big table turns.
When the great big table turns.

I said my peace and I went on my way,
But what have they done with what I had to say.
As Phil Oches said,
"In the shadows of the churches, who knows what they pray."
When the great big table turns.
When the great big table turns.

I didn't want no churches, no collection plates.
No mad dog preachers teachin' people to hate.
I just wanted to see humanity liberated,
When the great big table turns.

I didn't authorize no
Pontifical state.
I didn't build missiles for the USA.
I just said, love one another and take time to play,
Til the great big table turns.
Til the great big table turns.

Pray for the tyrants and love your enemies.
Let the little children come to me.
Mercy will be shown to those who show mercy,
When the great big table turns.

Live simply in the knowledge that God is nigh,
With the flowers of the field and the birds of the sky,
And help a few camels through the needle's eye,
When the great big table turns.
When the great big table turns.

I didn't come to save souls. I just came to say,
The greedy are gettin' greedier every day,
And if they're not careful, they'll be blown away,
When the great big table turns.
When the great big table turns.
When the great big table turns.

(Album, Mountains, Widows and Mustard Seeds)

One Woman (1998-035)

One woman in the middle of the prairie,
One woman in the middle of our time,
Daring to ask the telling questions,
Daring all of us to have a mind,
Daring all of us to have a mind.

One woman in a century of megacide,
Finding out what needed knowing by the by,
Speaking truth against the lies and power of empire,
Daring all of us to see the sky,
Daring all of us to see the sky.

One weaver of a tapestry of struggle,
Grandmother, seeker, citizen and soul,
Companion spirit strengthening the people,
To fight against the powers and stay whole,
To fight against the powers and stay whole.

One woman in the middle of the prairie,
One woman in the middle of our time,
Daring to ask the telling questions,
Daring all of us to have a mind,
Daring all of us to have a mind.

One woman in a century of megacide,
Finding out what needed knowing by the by,
Speaking truth against the lies and power of empire,
Daring all of us to see the sky,
Daring all of us to see the sky.

One weaver of a tapestry of struggle,
Grandmother, seeker, citizen and soul,
Companion spirit strengthening the people,
To fight against the powers and stay whole,
To fight against the powers and stay whole.
Companion spirit strengthening the people,
To fight against the powers and stay whole,
To fight against the powers and stay whole.

One thinker, one lover of the planet,
Earth walker, sister of our time,
Speaking truth to rouse us from our slumber,
Daring all of us to have a mind,
Daring all of us to have a mind,
Daring all of us to read the finer line,
Daring all of us to have a mind.

(Albums, Radical Times, and, Nukestopper)

No More AT&T (1998-036)

If you want to use the telephone,
We've gotta knock the tyrants off their thrown.
We wanta build a world that's just and free.
Say no. Say no.
Say no to AT&T.
Say no. Say no.
Say no to AT&T.

It wasn't them who brought universality.
It wasn't them who gave us democracy,
But people standing up for what they believe.
Say no. Say no.
Say no to AT&T.

No more AT&T,
No more AT&T.
This is not a commercial;
This is just me, saying
No more AT&T.

The multinational is rolling on,
And now they've come into Saskatchewan,
Like we were just another county of Oregon.
Say no. Say no.
Say no to AT&T.
Say no. Say no.
Say no to AT&T.

They call themselves AT&T
Canada, and they think that we
Will think they're a Canadian company.
But we know they're American; it's plain to see.
American Telephone and Telegraph,
It's right in their name; aint it a laugh.
Say no. Say no.
Say no to AT&T.

No more AT&T,
No more AT&T.
This is not a commercial;
This is just me, saying
No more AT&T.

They called me up just the other day.
They had a good deal on long distance rates.
I told them I'd take Sasktel any day.
I said no. I said no.
I said no to AT&T.
I said no. I said no.
I said no to AT&T.

I might be one in a million raising my voice,
But the television station called me a bad boy,
A bad boy for wanting to be free,

And say no. Say no.
Say no to AT&T.

No more AT&T.
No more AT&T.
This is not a commercial;
This is just me, saying
No more AT&T.
No more AT&T.
No more AT&T.
Say no. Say no.
No more AT&T.
No more AT&T.

(Album, Grain of Sand)

Silicone Curtain (1998-037)

There really are no heroes
In the world of the virtual class
And the digital downsize.
Just teleworkers and sibor slaves,
And the masters have their finger on your button.

There are profiteers who walk the lighted avenue,
And smile to the silent coup,
Whose brave new world is dawning.

There are futurist priests
Who come to bless the Third Wave
Mega-trendy fascists,
Who come to bless the Third Wave
Mega-trendy fascists.

O the iron Curtain came down,
But the silicone Curtain is rising.
The iron Curtain came down,
But the silicone Curtain is rising.
The satellite dishes are empty,
And the streets are hungry.
The satellite dishes are empty,
And the streets are hungry.

Who will tell the story
Of a billion blown away,
Not by guns and not by tanks,
But by an electronic spreadsheet,
And a finger pressing D for delete.

Who will there be to remember
The cries of the real forgotten,
When all the world's a website,
That you enter by pressing something
Called the submit button,
That you enter by pressing something
Called the submit button.

The iron Curtain came down,
But the silicone Curtain is rising.
The iron Curtain came down,
But the silicone Curtain is rising.
The satellite dishes are empty,
And the streets are hungry.
The satellite dishes are empty,
And the streets are hungry.

(Album, Radical Times)

Capitalism (1998-038)

Capitalism, capitalism,
Just say no to capitalism.
Capitalism, capitalism,
Just say no to capitalism.

Imperialism, imperialism,
Just say no to imperialism.
Imperialism, imperialism,
Just say no to imperialism.

Militarism, militarism,
Just say no to militarism.
Militarism, militarism,
Just say no to militarism.

Nuclearism, nuclearism,
Just say no to nuclearism.
Nuclearism, nuclearism,
Just say no to nuclearism.

Colonialism, colonialism,
Just say no to colonialism.
Colonialism, colonialism,
Just say no to colonialism.

Patriarchalism, patriarchalism,
Just say no to patriarchalism.
Patriarchalism, patriarchalism,
Just say no to patriarchalism.

Capitalism, capitalism,
Just say no to capitalism.
Capitalism, capitalism,
Just say no to capitalism.

Capitalism, capitalism,
Just say no to capitalism.
Capitalism, capitalism,
Just say no to capitalism.

(Album, New Earth Alliance)

What is a Forest For (1998-039)

What is a forest for
Tell me what is a forest for
What is a forest for
Tell me what is a forest for

Some say a forest is a place
Where you can come to contemplate,
And come to know your connection to the all.
Some say a forest is where
You stand before creation with your spirit bared,
And you realize you're just a tiny speck on this big blue ball.

What is a forest for
Tell me what is a forest for
What is a forest for
Tell me what is a forest for

A forest is where the sweet birds sing
And do their own contemplative thing,
Contemplating the one who made us in their own way.
It's where the green plants grow beneath the trees,
While the butterflies flap their wings on the breeze,
And teach us all to treasure every single day.

What is a forest for
Tell me what is a forest for
What is a forest for
Tell me what is a forest for

But those who've never stopped to hear,
Building empires with the money of their fear,
Running every which way from just what they do not know,
They crack the silence with the snarl of the chain,
And they would make a roaring furnace of the human brain.
Is it the silence that haunts them from so long ago
Is it the silence that haunts them from so long ago

What is a forest for
Tell me what is a forest for
What is a forest for
Tell me what is a forest for

What is a forest for
What is a forest for
What is a forest
What is a forest
What is a forest for
Tell me what is a forest for

(Album, New Earth Alliance)

Come and Stand (1998-040)

If you love this planet,
And if you love tomorrow,
If you love this planet,
And if you love tomorrow,
If you love this planet,
And if you love tomorrow,
Come and stand. Come and stand. Come and stand.

Blessed are the peace-makers;
They are the creator's children.
Blessed are the peace-makers;
They are the creator's children.
Blessed are the peace-makers;
They are the creator's children.
Come and stand. Come and stand. Come and stand.

No sane creature
Will befoul its own home.
No sane creature
Will befoul its own home.
No sane creature
Will befoul its own home.
Come and stand. Come and stand. Come and stand.

We must build a future,
In love and gentle freedom.
We must build a future,
In love and gentle freedom.
We must build a future,
In love and gentle freedom.
Come and stand. Come and stand. Come and stand.

If you love this planet,
And if you love tomorrow,
If you love this planet,
And if you love tomorrow,
If you love this planet,
And if you love tomorrow,
Come and stand. Come and stand. Come and stand.

Come and stand. Come and stand. Come and stand.

(Album, New Earth Alliance)

The Night Train Reaches Demetriov (1998-041)

In belief or disbelief,
We come into this world,
As the dawn breaks,
Over all creation.
We speak our names
Before the morning fog,
And the wind blows
Its reverberation.

And we stand up once,
And they unite to strike us down.
So we stand up twice, and they say,
Who on Earth do you think you are.

And the night train reaches Demetriov,
Just in time to say goodbye,
To the grand old man of anarchy,
As his spirit takes to flight.
For we live. We fight the fight,
And then we die.
We live. We fight the fight,
And then we die.

And we say we are,
Archimedes,
Looking for a place
On which to stand.
And we say we are,
Woody Guthrie,
Going where the water
Tastes like wine.

So pick up the torch,
From Prince Kropotkin,
And the Prince of Light
Will live inside you,
And the Prince of Light
Will live inside you.

And the night train reaches Demetriov,
Just in time to say goodbye,
To the grand old man of anarchy,
As his spirit takes to flight.
For we live. We fight the fight,
And then we die.
We live. We fight the fight,
And then we die.

And the night train reaches Demetriov,
Just in time to say goodbye,
To the grand old man of anarchy,
As his spirit takes to flight.
For we live. We fight the fight,
And then we die.

We live. We fight the fight,
And then we die.

(Album, New Earth Alliance)

Somethin' Goin' on Down There (1998-042)

Whish it was a flash of lightening,
Like thunder in July.
In a moment of time the rain came down.
No one dare wonder why.
From the forest came the shadows
And a whining in the air.
I thought I heard somebody say,
There's somethin' goin' on down there.
There's somethin' goin' on down there.
There's somethin' goin' on down there.

Maybe it was a carpenter
Or a monster from the sea,
Or a fish too big for the old man,
In the year of eighty-three.
Maybe it was a marketer,
Who never got his share,
Who caused the wise woman of the woods to cry,
There's somethin' goin' on down there.
There's somethin' goin' on down there.
There's somethin' goin' on down there.

Maybe it was a fisherman,
Who cast his nets away,
Two hours more til sunrise,
From the breaking of the day.
Maybe it was the owl,
Just offering a prayer,
Who made the birds in birdland say,
There's somethin' goin' on down there.
There's somethin' goin' on down there.
There's somethin' goin' on down there.

They brought the wood from everywhere,
And placed it in a pile,
And tied a woman to a metal stake,
As grimly they did smile,
Somebody lit the fire,
Saying foul is surely fair.
The witches we shall burn again.
There's somethin' goin' on down there.
There's somethin' goin' on down there.
The witches we shall burn again.
There's somethin' goin' on down there.
There's somethin' goin' on down there.
There's somethin' goin' on down there.

Whish it was a flash of lightening,
Like thunder in July.
In a moment of time the rain came down.
No one dare wonder why.
From the forest came the shadows,
And a whining in the air.
I thought I heard somebody say,

There's somethin' goin' on down there.
There's somethin' goin' on down there.
There's somethin' goin' on down there.

I thought I heard somebody say,
There's somethin' goin' on down there.
There's somethin' goin' on down there.
There's somethin' goin' on down there.
There's somethin' goin' on down there.
There's somethin' goin' on down there.
There, there, there, there,
Somethin' goin' on down there.

(Album, New Earth Alliance)

Solidarity Forever (1998 Lyrics) (1998-043)

It's time to pass the buckets, friends,
While you throw out the dough,
To keep the earth a turning
For a million years or so.
Come join your hands in struggle
And tell everyone you know,
That the movement makes us strong.

Solidarity forever
Solidarity forever
Solidarity forever,
The movement makes us strong.

In 1998 we must
Unite around the earth.
For a just and peaceful freedom,
We will fight for all we're worth.
There will be a day of battle
Before the day of mirth,
But the movement makes us strong.

Solidarity forever
Solidarity forever
Solidarity forever,
The movement makes us strong.

There are forces all around us
Just itching to divide,
But we are here to stand and say,
Together we unite,
Trappers, farmers, workers,
Women, men, black, brown and white,
For the movement makes us strong.

Solidarity forever
Solidarity forever
Solidarity forever,
The movement makes us strong.

The companies kick our world around
Like a bloody soccer ball,
But step by step we'll see the day
When tyranny shall fall.
And a victory for one shall be
A victory for all,
As the movement makes us strong.

Solidarity forever
Solidarity forever
Solidarity forever,
The movement makes us strong.

So it's time to pass the buckets
While you throw out the dough,

And keep the earth a turning
For a million years or so.
We'll join our hands in struggle
And tell everyone we know,
That the movement makes us strong.

Solidarity forever
Solidarity forever
Solidarity forever,
The movement makes us strong.

Solidarity forever
Solidarity forever
Solidarity forever,
The movement makes us strong.
The movement makes us strong.

(Album, Dissenting Academy)

Won't Go Back Any More (1998-044)

We used to be afraid of speaking,
But we aint afraid any more.
We used to be afraid of marching,
But we aint afraid any more.

We been there before.
We been there before.
But we won't go back, no we won't go back,
No we won't go back any more.
Any more, any more,
We won't go back any more.

We used to be afraid of the company,
But we aint afraid any more.
We used to be afraid of the goon squad,
But we aint afraid any more.

We been there before.
We been there before.
But we won't go back, no we won't go back,
No we won't go back any more.
Any more, any more,
We won't go back any more.

We used to be divided,
But we aint divided any more.
We used to feel frustrated,
But we aint frustrated any more.

We been there before.
We been there before.
But we won't go back, no we won't go back,
No we won't go back any more.
Any more, any more,
We won't go back any more.

We used to believe the corporate lies,
But we don't believe 'em any more.
We used to be willing to compromise,
But we won't compromise any more.

We been there before.
We been there before.
But we won't go back, no we won't go back,
We won't go back any more.
Any more, any more,
We won't go back any more.

We used to be afraid of speaking,
But we aint afraid any more.
We used to be afraid of marching,
But we aint afraid any more.

We been there before.

We been there before.
But we won't go back, no we won't go back,
No we won't go back any more.
Any more, any more,
We won't go back any more.

We been there before.
We been there before.
And we won't go back, no we won't go back,
No we won't go back any more.
Any more, any more,
We won't go back any more.
Any more, any more,
We won't go back any more.

(Album, Red Paint and Shadow Play)

Undeniable (1998-045)

Looking into the river,
Of the million dancing suns,
Seeing into the future,
Beyond the barricades and guns.

I can see,
A time that's free,
A world at one
And at peace with itself.

Willing to dream,
Willing to share,
Knowing all true happiness resides
In that deep and inward well.

Where we can all be free,
And we can all be whole,
The eternally unnamable and still,
Undeniable.

We will all be free.
We will all be whole.
In the eternally unnamable and still,
Undeniable.
Undeniable.

(Album, Red Paint and Shadow Play)

Revolution Kitchen (1998-046)

What's cookin' in the revolution kitchen.
What's cookin' in the revolution kitchen.
What's cookin' in the revolution kitchen.
What's cookin' in the revolution kitchen.

What's goin' down in the Ancient Regime prison.
What's goin' down in the Ancient Regime prison.
What's goin' down in the Ancient Regime prison.
What's goin' down in the Ancient Regime prison.

What's cookkin' in the revolution kitchen.
What's cookin' in the revolution kitchen.
What's cookin' in the revolution kitchen.
What's cookin' in the revolution kitchen.

We got dreams; we got visions; they are boilin'.
We got dreams; we got visions; they are boilin'.
We got dreams; we got visions; they are boilin'.
We got dreams; we got visions; they are boilin'.

What's cookin' in the revolution kitchen.
What's cookin' in the revolution kitchen.
What's cookin' in the revolution kitchen.
What's cookin' in the revolution kitchen.

All the people, for an uprising, are spoilin'.
Ya the people, for an uprising, are spoilin'.
The people, for an uprising, are spoilin'.
The people, for an uprising, are spoilin'.

What's cookin' in the revolution kitchen.
What's cookin' in the revolution kitchen.
What's cookin' in the revolution kitchen.
What's cookin' in the revolution kitchen.

We got a recipe from the radical baker's cookbook.
We got a recipe from the radical baker's cookbook.
We got a recipe from the radical baker's cookbook.
We got a recipe from the radical baker's cookbook.

What's cookin' in the revolution kitchen.
What's cookin' in the revolution kitchen.
What's cookin' in the revolution kitchen.
What's cookin' in the revolution kitchen.

Marie Antoinette's gonna have to bake her own cake.
Marie Antoinette's gonna have to bake her own cake.
Marie Antoinette's gonna have to bake her own cake.
Marie Antoinette will have to bake her own cake.

What's cookin' in the revolution kitchen.
What's cookin' in the revolution kitchen.
What's cookin' in the revolution kitchen.
What's cookin' in the revolution kitchen.

What's cookin' in the revolution kitchen.
What's cookin' in the revolution kitchen.
What's cookin' in the revolution kitchen.
What's cookin' in the revolution kitchen.
What's cookin' in the revolution kitchen.
What's cookin' in the revolution kitchen.
What's cookin' in the revolution kitchen.

Now what's cookin' boys?
What's cookin' in the revolution kitchen?
We got a recipe from the radical baker's cookbook.
What's cookin' in the revolution kitchen.

(Album, New Earth Alliance)

The Toplessness Song (1998-047)

Come all Saskatchewan women
And overcome your fears.
No more the need to hide behind
Your swimsuits or brassieres.
The meaning of liberation is
There's dignity in all,
And those who would control you all
Are headed for a fall.

So take off your shirts. Take off your bras.
Equality of personal freedom's the cause.
Be who you are and rewrite the laws.
In toplessness we're marching on for freedom.
In toplessness we're marching on for freedom.

They're topless in Ontario
And the movement's coming west,
For freedom of expression means
The freedom of the breast.
No more shall corporations
With their adds and magazines
Have a monopoly upon
What parts of you are seen.

So take off your shirts. Take off your bras.
Equality of personal freedom's the cause.
Be who you are and rewrite the laws.
In toplessness we're marching on for freedom.
In toplessness we're marching on for freedom.

Once it was the ankle
That caused such consternation,
When table legs were table limbs
Covered throughout the nation.
Once it was the belly button
That blew us all away.
It was sure to destroy society,
But here we are today.

So take off your shirts. Take off your bras.
Equality of personal freedom's the cause.
Be who you are and rewrite the laws.
In toplessness we're marching on for freedom.
In toplessness we're marching on for freedom.

They're topless in Ontario
And the movement's coming west,
For freedom of expression means
The freedom of the breast.
No more shall corporations
With their adds and magazines
Have a monopoly upon
What parts of you are seen.

So take off your shirts. Take off your bras.
Equality of personal freedom's the cause.
Be who you are and rewrite the laws.
In toplessness we're marching on for freedom.
In toplessness we're marching on for freedom.

Take off your shirts. Take off your bras.
Equality of personal freedom's the cause.
Be who you are and rewrite the laws.
In toplessness we're marching on for freedom.
In toplessness we're marching on for freedom.
In toplessness we're marching on for freedom.
In toplessness we're marching on for freedom.
In toplessness we're marching on for freedom.
In toplessness we're marching on for freedom.

(Album, Radical Times)

Straw Bail House (1998-048)

They built themselves a straw bail house
In the middle of the town.
No sooner had they built it when
The straw bail house burned down, o,
The straw bail house burned down.

Who done it; must have been the wolf.
They just couldn't keep the wolf from the door.
Now there aint no straw bail house any more.
They just couldn't keep the wolf from the door.
Now there aint no house any more, no,
There aint no house any more, o.

They built themselves a straw bail house
In the middle of the town.
No sooner had they built it when
The straw bail house burned down, o,
The straw bail house burned down.

Who done it; must have been the wolf.
They just couldn't keep the wolf from the door.
Now there aint no straw bail house any more,
Only a smiling speculator.
There aint no straw bail house any more.
Aint no house any more, o,
There aint no house any more, no.

Capitalism turns its wheels
The whole wide world around,
But one of these days I'll take a match
And I'll burn it to the ground, o,
Burn that system down.

And they'll say,
Who done it; must have been the wolf.
They just couldn't keep the wolf from the door.
Now there aint no capitalist system no more.
They just couldn't keep the wolf from the door.
Now there aint no system no more, no,
There aint no system no more, o.

If I want to live in a straw bail house,
That should be my right.
Nobody has the right to burn it down
In the middle of the night, o,
In the middle of the night.

Who done it; must have been the wolf.
They just couldn't keep the wolf from the door.
Now there aint no straw bail house any more,
Only a smiling speculator.
There aint no house any more, no,
There aint no house any more.

But I want to live in a straw bail house.
Let there be a thousand more, o.
Let there be a thousand more.
Now we know the score, o.
Let there be a thousand more.
Now we know the score, o.
Let there be a thousand more, o.

(Album, Radical Times)

Blue Green Jewel (1998 Lyrics) (1998-049)

We're living on a blue green jewel.
Afloat within a moonlit pool.
In daytime sun and nighttime cool,
We're living on a blue green jewel.
Living on a blue green jewel.

We live upon this blue green jewel,
That travels all alone.
From her we carve our thoughts and tools.
On her we have our home.

We're living on a blue green jewel.
Afloat within a moonlit pool.
Each acorn's wood each fish's school.
We're living on a blue green jewel.
Living on a blue green jewel.

On our perennial journey,
Around the living light,
We're shining to infinity,
Across the cosmic night.

We're living on a blue green jewel.
Afloat within a moonlit pool.
The wisest will be called the fool.
We're living on a blue green jewel.
Living on a blue green jewel.

We're living on a blue green jewel.
Afloat within a moonlit pool.
In daytime sun and nighttime cool,
We're living on a blue green jewel.
Living on a blue green jewel,

Blue green jewel, blue green jewel,
Living on a blue green jewel.
Blue green jewel, blue green jewel,
Living on a blue green jewel.

Living on a blue green jewel,
Living on a blue green,
Living on a blue green jewel.
Living on a blue green jewel,
Living on a blue green,
Living on a blue green jewel.
Living on a blue green jewel.

(Albums, My Earliest Songs, City of Gold, and, Nukestopper)

THE END