Book 2

The Songs of Dave Greenfield
1999-2002

Edited by: B. L. Cooke

Part One

Learn to Love the Wild

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Song for Iraq (1999-001)

Month of March,
1991,
The Gulf War was over
When it had barely begun.
"No war for Bush."
"No blood for oil."
We filled the streets by thousands
Like a rat about to boil.
Then the guns were silent
And everyone went home,
And Operation Desert Storm
Became a video.

Then we found ourselves,
Two years had gone by.
The guns were firing again
And we looked into each other's eyes.
And we remembered the war
And we asked each other why.
Then we turned to go
And get on with our lives,
One more time.

Though some of us took pause
Being from Saskatchewan,
When we heard of Iraqi children
Playing with uranium.
And I remember thinking,
"Where do the children play?"
When the gods have dropped uranium
And the uranium's come to stay.

Then we found ourselves,
Five years had gone by.
The bombs were falling again
And we looked into each other's eyes.
And we remembered the war
And we asked each other why.
Then we turned to go
And get on with our lives,
One more time.

Then Dennis Haladay
In disillusionment resigns,
Speaks of the bight of sanctions
And imperialistic lines.
And we hear five hundred thousand
Iraqi children have died,
And grown men are citing
The convention on genocide.

And millions of Iraqis
Are without water and without food,
And their medical system's collapsing,
As the sanctions take their toll
On behalf of me and you.

And we find ourselves,
Eight years have gone by.
The missiles fly again
And we look into each other's eyes.
And we remember the war
And we ask each other why,
But shall we turn to go
And get on with our lives,
One more time.

The choice is up to you.
That's what it comes down to in the end.
You can believe in humanity
Or believe in CNN.
Some wars are fast;
Some wars are slow.
Some holocausts are so silent
You don't even hear them come and go.

And we find ourselves,
Eight years have gone by.
The guns are firing again
And we look into each other's eyes.
Thanks to sanctions, five hundred thousand
Children have died.
To go back to our lives of comfort
Must be to live a lie,
One more time,
One more time,
One more time.

(Albums, New Earth Alliance, and, Companions in the Struggle)

Words from the Heart of a Man (1999-002)

Words from the heart of a man,
Scribbled in notebooks and address pads.
Words from the soul of a drifter and dreamer,
All those years in a house on Mermaid Avenue,
All those years in a house on Mermaid Avenue.

From the days when he rode on the rails,
And half froze his hands in the wind,
As the icy rain came down.

To the years when the Huntington's took him,
No longer able to speak or communicate,
No longer able to speak or communicate.

Words from the heart of a man,
Scribbled in notebooks and address pads.
Words from the soul of a drifter and dreamer,
All those years in a house on Mermaid Avenue,
All those years in a house on Mermaid Avenue.

And in the final illegible scribbles he scrawled,
As the light in his eyes was refusing to fade,
Who'll ever know in a nighttime whisper
Just what it was he was finally trying to say,
Just what it was he was finally trying to say.

Words from the heart of a man,
Written in notebooks and address pads.
Words from the soul of a drifter and dreamer,
All those years in a house on Mermaid Avenue,
All those years in a house on Mermaid Avenue,
All those years in a house on Mermaid Avenue.

All those years in a house on Mermaid Avenue.

(Album, New Earth Alliance)

Blow This System Down (1999-003)

I wanna see windmills, turning in the wind.
I wanna see windmills, turning in the wind.
I wanna see windmills, turning in the wind,
So we can blow this system down.
I wanna see windmills, turning in the wind.
I wanna see windmills, turning in the wind.
I wanna see windmills, turning in the wind,
So we can blow this system down.

I wanna see photo-voltaic cells on every roof.
I wanna see photo-voltaic cells on every roof.
I wanna see photo-voltaic cells on every roof,
So we can shine this system down.
I wanna see photo-voltaic cells on every roof.
I wanna see photo-voltaic cells on every roof.
I wanna see photo-voltaic cells on every roof,
So we can shine this system down.

I wanna see geo-thermal heat pumps everywhere.
I wanna see geo-thermal heat pumps everywhere.
I wanna see geo-thermal heat pumps everywhere,
So we can boil this system down.
I wanna see geo-thermal heat pumps everywhere.
I wanna see geo-thermal heat pumps everywhere.
I wanna see geo-thermal heat pumps everywhere,
So we can boil this system down.

I wanna see seedlings, being planted in the soil.
I wanna see seedlings, being planted in the soil.
I wanna see seedlings, being planted in the soil,
So we can sprout this system down.
I wanna see seedlings, being planted in the soil.
I wanna see seedlings, being planted in the soil.
I wanna see seedlings, being planted in the soil,
So we can sprout this system down.

I wanna se straw bail, houses everywhere.
I wanna see straw bail, houses everywhere.
I wanna see straw bail, houses everywhere,
So we can huff, and puff, and blow the house of imperialism down.
I wanna see straw bail, houses everywhere.
I wanna see straw bail, houses everywhere.
I wanna see straw bail, houses everywhere,
So we can huff, and puff, and blow the house of imperialism down.

I wanna see windmills, turning in the wind.
I wanna see windmills, turning in the wind.
I wanna see windmills, turning in the wind,
So we can blow this system down.
I wanna see windmills, turning in the wind.

I wanna see windmills, turning in the wind.
I wanna se windmills, turning in the wind,
So we can blow this system down.
So we can blow this system down.

So we can blow this system, blow this system,
Blow this system, blow this system,
Blow this system down.

(Albums, Tempest in a Storm Cloud, and, Companions in the Struggle)

Where Do Americans Go When They Die (1999-004)

Where do Americans go when they die.
Where do Americans go when they die.
Where do Americans go when they die.
To the big McDonald's restaurant in the sky, in the sky,
To the big McDonald's restaurant in the sky.

Is there a heaven where it's always the fourth of July.
Is there a heaven where it's always the fourth of July.
Is there a heaven where it's always the fourth of July,
Or just a graveyard where the ghost of Henry Ford meets TMI,
Where the ghost of Henry Ford meets TMI.

Do they play the Star-Spangled Banner way out on Ganymede.
Do they play the Star-Spangled Banner way out on Ganymede.
Do they play the Star-Spangled Banner way out on Ganymede,
Then have a baseball game in honour of corporate greed, corporate greed,
Then have a baseball game in honour of corporate greed.

Where do Americans go when they die.
Where do Americans go when they die.
Where do Americans go when they die.
To the big McDonald's restaurant in the sky, in the sky,
To the big McDonald's restaurant in the sky.

Who will save you, Michael Jordan, George Washington or Christ.
Who will save you, Michael Jordan, George Washington or Christ.
Who will save you, Michael Jordan, George Washington or Christ.
You will have to name your heaven and your price, and your price.
You will have to name your heaven and your price.

Is it Bill Gates at the Pearly Gates who stamps your passport card.
Is it Bill Gates at the Pearly Gates who stamps your passport card.
Is it Bill Gates at the Pearly Gates who stamps your passport card.
And have the angels all been trained by the National Guard, National Guard.
Have the angels all been trained and armed, by the National Guard.

Where do Americans go when they die.
Where do Americans go when they die.
Where do Americans go when they die.
To the big McDonald's restaurant in the sky, in the sky.
To the big McDonald's restaurant in the sky.

When the Hamburgler comes like a thief in the night,
When the Hamburgler comes like a thief in the night,
When the Hamburgler comes like a thief in the night,
Steivie Goodman will tell us wrong from right, wrong from right.
Stevie Goodman will tell us wrong from right.

So have your last supper now. There'll be no more food to eat.
Have your last supper now. There'll be no more food to eat.

Have your last supper now. There'll be no more food to eat,
Except that special sauce and processed cheese for all eternity.
Except that special saus and processed cheese for all eternity.

(Album, Tempest in a Storm Cloud)

Float Down the River (1999-005)

Listen children of the city,
Of the shadows of the towers.
I will sing to you this poem.
I will give to you this flower.
I will give to you this flower.

Gather your toys and gather your wishes.
Gather everything you are.
Close your eyes and dream of fishes,
Sailing to a mighty star.
Sailing to a mighty star.

We will, float down the river.
We will, float down the river.
we will, float down the river to the sea.
We will, float down the river.
We will, float down the river.
We will, float down the river to the sea.

Gonna build a wonderful world for you and me.
Gonna build a wonderful world where all can be.

We will, float down the river.
We will, float down the river.
We will, float down the river to the sea.

You are the children of the present.
Yours will be the world we leave.
Dare to hope and dare to dream of,
Loving every human being.
Loving every human being.

Every angel, every eagle,
Every rock and every tree,
So run along the prairie grasses.
Spread our wings for we are free.
Spread our wings for we are free.

We will, float down the river.
We will, float down the river.
We will, float down the river to the sea.
We will, float down the river.
We will, float down the river
We will, float down the river to the sea.

Gonna build a wonderful world for you and me.
Gonna build a wonderful world where all can be.

We will, float down the river.
We will, float down the river.

We will, float down the river to the sea.

Songs of Earth and songs of living,
There is laughter in our eyes.
Songs of freedom like the raindrops,
Falling from the prairie sky,
Falling from the prairie sky.

Time is of the living essence.
We are who we say we are.
Joining hands we are the present,
Sailing to that mighty star,
Sailing to that mighty star.

We will, float down the river.
We will, float down the river.
We will, float down the river to the sea.
We will, float down the river.
We will, float down the river.
We will, float down the river to the sea.

Gonna build a wonderful world for you and me.
Gonna build a wonderful world where all can be.

We will, float down the river.
We will, float down the river.
We will, float down the river to the sea.

We will, float down the river, children.
Float down the river, children.
Float down the river to the sea.
We will, float down the river to the.
Float down the river to the.
Float down the river to the sea.

We will, float down the river.
We will, float down the river.
We will, float down the river to the sea.
We will, float down the river.
We will, float down the river.
We will, float down the river to the sea.
Float down the river to the sea.
Float down the river to the sea.

(Album, The Rain Before It Falls)

Johnny was a Cobra (1999-006)

Johnny was a cobra,
Drinking Coca Cola.
He was as snaky as snaky could be.
He'd slither along,
And say he'd written a song,
When it was really just an ad he'd seen on TV.
Really just an ad he'd seen on TV.

And he went, hlhlhlhlhlhlhlhlhlhlhlhlhlhlhla.
He went, wlwlwlwlwlwlwlwlwlwlwlwla.
He went, huhuhuhuhuhuhuhuhuhuhuhula.
And nobody liked him.

O the children knew better,
In all kinds of weather.
Each one of them had a song they could sing.
A song in their heart,
Like a Aeolian harp,
And they didn't need Johnny to tell them anything.
They didn't need Johnny to tell them anything.

But he went, plplplplplplplplplplplplplpla.
He went, kekekekekekekekekekekekeha.
He went, owowowow

That's Where I've Been (1999-007)

I'll sing you a song about being alone,
About walking the hills that you feared,
From so long ago.
I'll sing you a song about cracking the sky,
Raising your arms to the air,
Waiting to hear the thunder cry.

That's where I've been.
Awakening from the centre of a dream.
That's where I've been.
Drifting aimlessly down a dark stream.
That's where I've been. That's where I've been.

I'll sing you a song about having no phone,
Writing letters, not knowing where to send them,
No place to call home.
I'll sing you a song about dancing on ice,
Not knowing where tomorrow will be,
When I dare to open my eyes.

That's where I've been.
Awakening from the centre of a dream.
That's where I've been.
Drifting aimlessly down a dark stream.
That's where I've been. That's where I've been.

I'll sing you a song about the Nobody Hotel,
Of skeletons hanging in closets,
Making me feel like I must be half way to Hell.
I'll sing you a song about jabbering moons,
Refusing to warn me of footsteps,
Or rambling sages on dark afternoons.

That's where I've been.
Awakening from the centre of a dream.
That's where I've been.
Drifting aimlessly down a dark stream.
That's where I've been. That's where I've been.

I'll sing you a song about busses that crash,
Killing dozens of school children,
Revealing teachers and drivers on hash.
I'll sing you a song of a man arriving home late,
A union leader finding the heads of his family,
Neatly placed on their dinner plates.

That's where I've been.
Awakening from the centre of a dream.
That's where I've been.
Drifting aimlessly down a dark stream.

That's where I've been. That's where I've been.

I'll sing you a song about being alone,
About walking the hills that you feared,
From so long ago.
I'll sing you a song about cracking the sky,
Raising your arms to the air,
Waiting to hear the thunder cry.

That's where I've been.
Awakening from the centre of a dream.
That's where I've been.
Drifting aimlessly down a dark stream.
That's where I've been. That's where I've been.

That's where I've been. That's where I've been.
That's where I've been.

(Album, Tempest in a Storm Cloud)

In the Cycles of Life (1999-008)

In the cycles of life,
And the cycles of the year,
Pinwheels of time turn around,
And raindrops turn to tears.
In the cycles of life,
And the cycles of the year,
Seasons turn their faces, and we feel,
Every joy and every fear,
In the cycles of the year.

I see a flash of lightening.
I see the mountains standing stark.
Then a thousand tonnes of rain come down,
Amid the gathering dark.
I hear the voice of thunder,
Rolling out across the plain.
A spirit has departed,
But in a few days' time,
The flowers will bloom again.

In the cycles of life,
In the cycles of the year,
Pinwheels of time turn around,
And raindrops turn to tears.
In the cycles of life,
In the cycles of the year,
The seasons turn their faces, and we feel,
Every joy and every fear,
In the cycles of the year.

Someone built a playhouse,
A thousand years ago.
Gentle hands I loved and trusted,
Bidding me to go,
Where I feared to go.
Someone sang a story,
On my childhood summer green.
It was the man who was my father,
Who is now, never more to be.

In the cycles of life,
And the cycles of the year,
Pinwheels of time turn around,
And raindrops turn to tears.
In the cycles of life,
In the cycles of the year,
The seasons turn their faces, and we feel,
Every joy and every fear,
In the cycles of the year.

I heard the children playing,
On the neighbours' lawn.
The bells they rang too loud for me.
"Life goes on.". "Life goes on.".
Still let me paint my sunsets,
As the day is done.
When the grieving time has lived its life,
I will stand, and we will all be one.

In the cycles of life,
In the cycles of the year,
Pinwheels of time turn around,
And raindrops turn to tears.
In the cycles of life,
In the cycles of the year,
The seasons turn their faces,
But there's a smile.
There's a smile,
Not so far from here,
In the cycles of the year.
In the cycles of the year.
In the cycles of life,
In the cycles of the year.
In the cycles of the year.

(Album, Tempest in a Storm Cloud)

Song of the Wandering Vagabonds (1999-009)

We're a band of wandering vagabonds. We wander here and there.
We're a band of wandering vagabonds. We wander here and there.
We wander with the water. We wander with the air.
We're a band of wandering vagabonds. We wander here and there.

We all have jolly good tales to tell. We tell them here and there.
We all have jolly good tales to tell. We tell them here and there.
We tell them to the water. We tell them to the air.
We all have jolly good tales to tell. We tell them here and there.

We're a band of wandering vagabonds. We wander here and there.
We're a band of wandering vagabonds. We wander here and there.
We wander with the water. We wander with the air.
We're a band of wandering vagabonds. We wander here and there.

We all have plenty of songs to sing. We sing them here and there.
We all have plenty of songs to sing. We sing them here and there.
We sing them to the water. We sing them to the air.
We all have plenty of songs to sing. We sing them here and there.

We're a band of wandering vagabonds. We wander here and there.
We're a band of wandering vagabonds. We wander here and there.
We wander with the water. We wander with the air.
We're a band of wandering vagabonds. We wander here and there.

We all need plenty of bred and wine. We beg it here and there.
We all need plenty of bred and wine. We beg it here and there.
We beg it of the water. We beg it of the air.
We all need plenty of bred and wine. We beg it here and there.

We're a band of wandering vagabonds. We wander here and there.
We're a band of wandering vagabonds. We wander here and there.
We wander with the water. We wander with the air.
We're a band of wandering vagabonds. We wander here and there.

Some people call us prophets and say we prophesy here and there.
Some people call us prophets and say we prophesy here and there.
We prophesy with water. We prophesy with air.
Some people call us prophets and say we prophesy here and there.

We're a band of wandering vagabonds. We wander here and there.
We're a band of wandering vagabonds. We wander here and there.
We wander with the water. We wander with the air.
We're a band of wandering vagabonds. We wander here and there.

The authorities try to keep us down. They arrest us here and there.
The authorities try to keep us down. They arrest us here and there.
They arrest us by the water. They arrest us in the air.
The authorities try to keep us down. They arrest us here and there.

We're a band of wandering vagabonds. We wander here and there.
We're a band of wandering vagabonds. We wander here and there.
We wander with the water. We wander with the air.
We're a band of wandering vagabonds. We wander here and there.

We love the daughters of the land. We love them here and there.
We love the daughters of the land. We love them here and there.
We love them in the water. We love them in the air.
We love the daughters of the land. We love them here and there.

We're a band of wandering vagabonds. We wander here and there.
We're a band of wandering vagabonds. We wander here and there.
We wander with the water. We wander with the air.
We're a band of wandering vagabonds. We wander here and there.

We are Tolstoy's children, living Tolstoy here and there.
We are Tolstoy's children, living Tolstoy here and there.
Living Tolstoy by the water, living Tolstoy in the air.
We are Tolstoy's children, living Tolstoy everywhere.

We're a band of wandering vagabonds. We wander here and there.
We're a band of wandering vagabonds. We wander here and there.
We wander with the water. We wander with the air.
We're a band of wandering vagabonds. We wander here and there.

Some wonder what kind of a God we have. Our God is here and there.
Some wonder what kind of a God we have. Our God is here and there.
Our God is in the water. Our God is in the air.
Some wonder what kind of a God we have. Our God is everywhere.

We're a band of wandering vagabonds. We wander here and there.
We're a band of wandering vagabonds. We wander here and there.
We wander with the water. We wander with the air.
We're a band of wandering vagabonds. We wander here and there.

And when the day comes to take our rest, we'll be resting here and there.
When the day comes to take our rest, we'll be resting here and there.
We'll be resting in the water. We'll be resting in the air.
When the day comes to take our rest, we'll be resting everywhere.

We're a band of wandering vagabonds. We wander here and there.
We're a band of wandering vagabonds. We wander here and there.
We wander with the water. We wander with the air.
We're a band of wandering vagabonds. We wander here and there.
We're a band of wandering vagabonds. We wander here and there.
We're a band of wandering vagabonds. We wander here and there.

(Album, Tempest in a Storm Cloud)

Town Crier (1999-010)

I am the town crier and I know them all,
Each seller and buyer, each crack in the wall,
Each mover and shaker o standing so tall,
Each candlestick maker, each maid of the mall.
Each candlestick maker, each maid of the mall.

When the news it does scuttle along the pathway,
I move like a shuttle, my tidings to say.
I must not get it muddled by the noise of the day,
Or they'll think me befuddled and I'll earn no pay.
Or they'll think me befuddled and I'll earn no pay.

O the coins that they throw me from many a hand,
They come to me only a moment, a span.
Then they slip through me own wee like desert-blown sand.
As for me and me own me be blind but not bland.
As for me and me own me be blind but not bland.

I am the town crier and I know them all,
Each seller and buyer, each crack in the wall,
Each mover and shaker o standing so tall,
Each candlestick maker, each maid of the mall.
Each candlestick maker, each maid of the mall.
Each candlestick maker, each maid of the mall.

(Album, Tempest in a Storm Cloud)

The Centre of Power (1999-011)

You've gotta try to change the centre of power,
Before the centre of power changes you.
Gotta try to change the centre of power,
Before the centre of power changes you.

Tony Blair has come a long way.
The Labour Party's come a long way too.
Out of the red and into the gray.
Now they're even into the God damn blue.
Now they're even into the God damn blue.

Governing like neoconservatives,
Making every right wing move they can,
Bombing Serbia for all they can give,
Putting their money on the Clinton plan,
Putting their money on the Clinton plan.

You've gotta try to change the centre of power,
Before the centre of power changes you.
Gotta try to change the centre of power,
Before the centre of power changes you.

Roy Romanow has come along way,
Eight years in power with the NDP.
"I'm better than Devine." is all he can say,
But that isn't ringing very true for me.
No that isn't ringing very true for me.

Welfare rates are still where they were,
Way back in 1979.
We still have a crisis in Medicare,
And we still went ahead with those uranium mines.
We still went ahead with those uranium mines.

You've gotta try to change the centre of power,
Before the centre of power changes you.
Gotta try to change the centre of power,
Before the centre of power changes you.

And Jean Cretien has come a long way,
Since the day he said he'd save the CBC.
Cancel NAFTA, renegotiate the FTA.
How many more lies do we wanna believe.
How many more lies do we wanna believe.

He's as far to the right as anyone I know,
And bowing to the corporate agenda every day.
GATS, WTO,
MAI, FTAA,
MAI, FTAA.

You've gotta try to change the centre of power,
Before the centre of power changes you.
Gotta try to change the centre of power,
Before the centre of power changes you.

And Alexa McDunna has come a long way.
She doesn't really know where she stands.
She knows if she gets into power some day,
She'll have to be the same as any other woman or man.
Have to be the same as any other woman or man.

She'll have to let power change her too,
So why even bother trying to pretend,
She's any less corporation blue,
Than any other politician in the land.
Than any other politician in the land.

You've gotta try to change the centre of power,
Before the centre of power changes you.
Gotta try to change the centre of power,
Before the centre of power changes you.

One day we'll prove Aldus Huxley's,
Adage need not always come true.
That the closer you get to the centre of power,
The less you change it and the more it changes you.

And Joschka Fischer has come a long way,
Since his days as a student radical.
Vice Chancellor of Germany hay!,
He's a Green, but golly it's hard to tell.
He's a Green, but golly it's hard to tell.

Bombing the Iraqis is A-OK.
We'll phase out nuclear power one of these days, by and by.
We'll be bombing Serbia the very next day.
I wonder if he even thinks about something like the MAI.
I wonder if he even thinks about something like the MAI.

You've gotta try to change the centre of power,
Before the centre of power changes you.
Gotta try to change the centre of power,
Before the centre of power changes you.
You've gotta try to change the centre of power,
Before the centre of power changes you.
Gotta try to change the centre of power,
Before the centre of power changes you.
You've gotta try to change the centre of power,
Before the centre of power changes you.

(Album, Tempest in a Storm Cloud)

All in a Day's Work (1999-012)

Everywhere I turn, I hear the mouthpieces,
Of the war propaganda machine,
Spewing out lies about the war on Yugoslavia,
Til lies are the only thing we've heard or seen.

Calling Milosevic, Hitler,
Calling the Serbs, NAZI terrorist invaders,
Who are guilty of genocide.
Saying somehow we can help, the ethnic Albanian refugees,
By bombing Serbia and Kosovo, night after night after night.

Orwell's Ministry of Truth, would be proud to hear,
Twenty-four hour a day bombing, being referred to,
As humanitarian aid.
Orwell's Ministry of Truth, would be proud to hear,
Twenty-four hour a day bombing, being referred to,
As humanitarian aid.
NATO isn't really there for the ethnic Albanians.
The real reason we're there, is to bomb the living daylights,
Into the last remaining fragment,
Of an independent socialist state.
Let's call a spade a spade.
'Cause for the Neocorporatist Annexationist Terror Organization,
Better known as NATO,
Genocide and ethnic cleansing, criminal wars,
And world-wide propaganda machines,
Are all in a day's work, I'm afraid.
It's all in a day's work, I'm afraid. I'm afraid.

Once upon a time, the war propaganda machine,
Had things, kind of easy.
All they had to do, was convince us,
There were communist's under every bed,
And crouching behind every tree.

But since the Berlin Wall came down, life has become a little harder,
For the war propaganda machine.
Now they're like a virus. They have to mutate themselves,
Every few months, to keep themselves alive and in control,
Of the centre of the scene.
So one day it's the war on drugs.
The next day it's the Arabs.
And the day after that, it’s restore democracy.

And today we are told,
That humanitarian aid,
Is the reason we're firing depleted uranium missiles,
From Pristina to Belgrade.
Tell me who are the real Hitlers here, anyway.
Tell me who are the real Hitlers here, anyway.

Goebbel’s Ministry of Public Enlightenment, would be proud to hear,
Twenty-four hour a day bombing, being referred to,
As humanitarian aid.
Goebbel’s Ministry of Public Enlightenment, would be proud to hear,
Twenty-four hour a day bombing, being referred to,
As humanitarian aid.
NATO isn't really there for the ethnic Albanians.
The real reason we're there, is to prove that NATO and the USA,
Are still the international military defenders of corporate greed.
Let's call, let's call a spade a spade.
'Cause for the Neocorporatist Annexationist Terror Organization,
My new name for NATO,
Genocide and ethnic cleansing, criminal wars,
And world-wide propaganda machines,
Are all in a day's work, I'm afraid.
It's all in a day's work, I'm afraid.
Let's call a spade a spade.
It's all in a day's work, I'm afraid.
Let's call a spade a spade.

Western imperialism is imperialism.
A bombing raid by any other name,
Is still a bombing raid.
Fascism is fascism is fascism.
No matter how friendly or how western,
Be the fascist's face.
Tell me who are the real Hitlers here, anyway.
Could it be NATO, the WTO, the Pentagon and the CIA.
Tell me who are the real Hitlers here, anyway.
It's all in a day's work, I'm afraid.
It's all in a day's work, I'm afraid.
It's all in a day's work, I'm afraid. I'm afraid.

(Album, Tempest in a Storm Cloud)

The Emperor Has No Clothes On (1999-013)

The emperor has no clothes on,
But the bombers keep on bombing.
No one believes the lie any more,
But the lie keeps on burning.
The emperor has no clothes on,
But the people keep on falling.
Nobody wants to kill any more,
But the human toll keeps mounting.

Tell me, does anybody here,
Believe that bombing, threats and fear,
Are going to get the Serbians out of Kosovo.
Tell me, does anyone think,
That bombing Serbia day after day,
Has made justice or peace the slightest bit more possible.

The emperor has no clothes on,
But the bombers keep on bombing.
No one believes the lie any more,
But the lie keeps on burning.
The emperor has no clothes on,
But the people keep on falling.
Nobody wants to kill any more,
But the human toll keeps mounting.

We are told that humanitarian aid,
Is the reason we're bombing from Pristina to Belgrade,
As if bombs could somehow come to the aid of humanity.
So we gather together from near and far,
Standing on the power of simply being who we are,
And we call for an end to what we can only call insanity.

The emperor has no clothes on,
But the bombers keep on bombing.
No one believes the lie any more,
But the lie keeps on burning.
The emperor has no clothes on,
But the people keep on falling.
Nobody wants to kill any more,
But the human toll keeps mounting.

So here we are, five hundred in the street,
Raising our voices with our mouths and feet,
Saying no to the bombing of Kosovo and Serbia.
We'll say it once and a hundred times more,
And a hundred times louder than the time before.
We say no to the bombing of Kosovo and Serbia.

The emperor has no clothes on,
But the bombers keep on bombing.

No one believes the lie any more,
But the lie keeps on burning.
The emperor has no clothes on,
But the people keep on falling.
Nobody wants to kill any more,
But the human toll keeps mounting.
Nobody wants to kill any more,
But the human toll keeps mounting.

The bombers keep on bombing.
The lie keeps on burning.
The people keep on falling.
The human toll keeps mounting.

(Album, Tempest in a Storm Cloud)

Don't Rock (1999-014)

Praise the Lord it's Promise Keepers,
Holding revivals for born again men.
Telling the men the best way to keep her,
In the name of the father and the sword amen.
Thumpin' their Bibles from here to Armageddon,
Hopin' the stones don't turn into bread.
Pickin' up stones to throw them at the women,
Saying let the left wing dead bury their dead.

They want Heaven on Earth for the ruling class,
Hell for the people below.
Man must be the head of woman.
Paul has said it and it must be so.

And whatever you do don't rock, don't rock,
Don't rock the capitalist system.
Don't rock, don't rock, don't rock the capitalist system.
Bury your mind in the quick sand,
Of American militarism.
Don't rock, don't rock, don't rock the capitalist system.
Don't rock, don't rock, don't rock the capitalist system.

Back in the nineteenth century,
When coal miners were dying like flies,
When boys and girls as young as six or seven,
Were working in factories and mines,
Reverend D. L. Moodie, the father,
Of modern evangelicals,
Said I've heard enough about social change.
All we're here to do is save some souls.

He wanted Heaven on Earth for the ruling class,
Hell for the people below.
The rich must be the rulers of the poor.
Someone must have said it and it must be so.

And whatever you do don't rock, don't rock,
Don't rock the capitalist system.
Don't rock, don't rock, don't rock the capitalist system.
Bury your mind in the right hand,
Of fundamentalism.
Don't rock, don't rock, don't rock the capitalist system.
Don't rock, don't rock, don't rock the capitalist system.

Praise the Lord it's the Singing Christmas Tree.
Give your money to the makers of genocide.
Murder the people and chop down the trees,
In the name of the one you call the crucified.
Christian imperialism marches on,
From Rio de Janeiro to Kathmandu.

But when the day comes and you destroy the world,
It will be exactly what you were looking forward to.

You wanted Heaven on Earth for the ruling class,
Hell for the people below.
Crucify Christ on a Tomahawk Cruise.
The evangelicals said it and it must be so.

And whatever you do don't rock, don't rock,
Don't rock the capitalist system.
Don't rock, don't rock, don't rock the capitalist system.
Bury your mind in the quick sand,
Of American militarism.
Don't rock, don't rock, don't rock the capitalist system.
Don't rock, don't rock, don't rock the capitalist system.
Bury your mind in the right hand,
Of fundamentalism.
Don't rock, don't rock, don't rock the capitalist system.
Don't rock, don't rock, don't rock the capitalist system.
Don't rock, don't rock, don't rock the capitalist system.
Don't rock, don't rock, don't rock the capitalist system.
Don't rock.

(Album, Tempest in a Storm Cloud)

Once a Child Came Asking (1999-015)

Once a child came asking,
What is this thing called God.
Tell me what is he or she like.
Does anyone know.
Once a child came asking,
And a mountain came to answer.
The wind and rain they joined the mountain,
Saying so.

God is like a flower,
Growing in a garden,
Sending out its gentle fragrance through the air.
God is like a flower,
An invisible flower,
That you never see, but still you know it's there.
Growing deep within you,
Blossoming among us.
God is like a flower.
God is like, a flower.

Once a child came asking,
Who is this one called God.
Tell me what is he or she like.
Does anyone know.
Once a child came asking,
And a forest came to answer.
The streams and rapids joined the forest,
Saying so.

God is like a sunset,
Sweeping the horizon,
Saying I'll be with you though the night is long.
God is like a sunset,
A red and orange fire sunset,
Sending out their colours as birds cease their song.
Shining fire within you,
Sending sparks of love among us,
God is like a sunset.
God is like, a sunset.

Once a child came asking,
Who is this one called God.
Tell me what is he or she like.
Does anyone know.
Once a child came asking,
And an ocean came to answer.
The ice and snow they joined the ocean,
Saying so.

God is like a rainbow,

Proud and multi-spectral,
Stretching far-flung arms across the evening sky.
God is like a rainbow,
A child of wonder rainbow,
Though you could never reach it if you could climb that high.
Dancing light within you,
Awakening hearts among us,
God is like a rainbow.
God is like, a rainbow.

Once a child came asking,
What is this thing called God.
Tell me what is he or she like.
Does anyone know.

(Album, Tempest in a Storm Cloud)

A Song for Al (1999-016)

This is a song for Al,
'Cause no one knew his last name.
They only knew he slept on the heating grate,
Outside the premier's office.
He was fifty-four years old,
And he was taking computer classes, before he died.
He was taking computer classes, before he died.

A man named mark,
Who slept on the grate beside him, for several months,
Said he was a man of intelligence.
They'd had a few conversations,
But when you're on the street, you don't say much,
About who you are, or where you've been,
Or where you've ultimately come from.

There were some cellophane flowers,
And a couple candles burning,
To mark the place on the grate, where Al had died.
To mark the place on the grate, where Al had died.

This is a song for Al,
'Cause no one knew his last name.
They only knew he slept on a heating grate,
Outside the premier's office.
He was fifty-four years old,
And he was taking computer classes, before he died.
He was taking computer classes, before he died.

The women at the employment centre,
Who taught the computer classes,
Had been stunned to learn that Al had been a street man.
They knew him as a humorous man,
Who wanted to make something more of his life.
And only a week before he died,
He'd written a leaflet, offering,
His own computer tutoring services.

What could they say, when they heard he'd died.
What could they say, when they heard he'd died.

This is a song for Al,
'Cause no one knew his last name.
They only knew he slept on the heating grate,
Outside the premier's office.
He was fifty-four years old,
And he was taking computer classes, before he died.
He was taking computer classes, before he died.

He'd had a family somewhere,

Who came forth to claim his body.
He'd even had an aging mother,
Who was devastated to hear her son,
Had died upon the street in downtown Toronto.
They took away his body,
And I assume they gave him a decent burial.

Now you can get all sentimental and cry,
"There but for the grace of God go I.",
And drop a teardrop or a coin in someone's coin-box.
Or you can get angry and political,
About what capitalism is doing to us all,
And pick up a placard and march down the street,
And try to bring some change to this murdering system.
Or you can write a song for Al,
Who made the Globe and Mail,
When they found him on a heating grate,
Outside Mike Harris's office.
When he died upon the heating grate,
Outside Mike Harris's office.

So this is my song for Al,
'Cause no one knew his last name.
They only knew he slept on a heating grate,
Outside the premier's office.
He was fifty-four years old,
And he was taking computer classes, before he died.
He was taking computer classes, before he died.
He was taking computer classes, before he died.

(Album, Tempest in a Storm Cloud)

Dying is Believing (1999-017)

When the bombing, comes to seem normal,
And when massacre, no longer is a story,
When the bombing, comes to seem normal,
And when massacre, no longer is a story,
Then we wonder, how can we be living,
When living is dying, and dying is believing.
Then we wonder, how can we be living,
When living is dying, and dying is believing.

When the bombing, comes to seem normal,
And when massacre, no longer is a story,
When the bombing, comes to seem normal,
And when massacre, no longer is a story,
Then we wonder, how can we be living,
When living is dying, and dying is believing.
Then we wonder, how can we be living,
When living is dying, and dying is believing.

When people living on the street, is no longer worth a mention,
And street people dying, no longer is a headline,
When people living on the street, is no longer worth a mention,
And street people dying, no longer is a headline,
Then we wonder, how can we be living,
When living is dying, and dying is believing.
Then we wonder, how can we be living,
When living is dying, and dying is believing.

When we turn our faces, from the stories of ecocide,
And when we smile, when we hear of torture,
When we turn our faces, from stories of ecocide,
And when we smile, when we hear of torture,
Then we wonder, how can we be living,
When living is dying, and dying is believing.
Then we wonder, how can we be living,
When living is dying, and dying is believing.

When the bombing, comes to seem normal,
And when massacre, no longer is a story,
When the bombing, comes to seem normal,
And when massacre, no longer is a story,
Then we wonder, how can we be living,
When living is dying, and dying is believing.
Then we wonder, how can we be living,
When living is dying, and dying is believing.
When living is dying, and dying is believing.
When living is dying, and dying is believing.

(Album, Tempest in a Storm Cloud)

I'm Gonna Go a Ridin' (1999-018)

I'm gonna go a ridin' on a bus, city bus.
I'm gonna go a ridin' on a bus, city bus.
Gonna build a greener future, for everyone of us.
I'm gonna go a ridin' on a bus, city bus.
A bus, city bus. A bus, city bus.

I'm gonna go a travelin' on a bi-cy-cle.
I'm gonna go a travelin' on a bi-cy-cle.
Gonna say no to global warming, with every K I go.
I'm gonna go a travelin' on a bi-cy-cle.
A bi-cy-cle. A bi-cy-cle.

I'm gonna go a walkin' with my feet on the ground.
I'm gonna go a walkin' with my feet on the ground.
Gonna build a greener future, as I get the run-around.
I'm gonna go a walkin' with my feet on the ground.
My feet on the ground. My feet on the ground.

Human beings are a source of energy.
Human beings are a source of energy.
The most wonderful energy you will ever see,
Is the power in our minds and our hands and our feet.
Our hands and our feet. Gonna take it to the street.
With our hands and our feet, gonna take it to the street.
With our hand and our feet.

We're gonna go a ridin' on a bus, city bus.
We're gonna go a ridin' on a bus, city bus.
Gonna say no to global warming, for everyone of us.
We're gonna go a ridin' on a bus, city bus.
A bus, city bus. A bus, city bus.

We're gonna go a travelin' on a bi-cy-cle.
We're gonna go a travelin' on a bi-cy-cle.
Gonna build a greener future, with every K we go.
We're gonna go a travelin' on a bi-cy-cle.
A bi-cy-cle. A bi-cy-cle.

We're gonna go a walkin' with our feet on the ground.
We're gonna go a walkin' with our feet on the ground.
Gonna say no to global warming, as we get the run-around.
We're gonna go a walkin' with our feet on the ground.
Our feet on the ground. Our feet on the ground.

Human beings are a source of energy.
Human beings are a source of energy.
The most wonderful energy you will ever see,
Is the power in our minds and our hands and our feet.
Our hands and our feet. Gonna take it to the street.
With our hands and our feet, gonna take it to the street.

With our hands and our feet, on a bus, city bus.
A bus, city bus. A bi-cy-cle. A bi-cy-cle.
Gonna take it to the street, with our hand and our feet.
Gonna take it to the street, with our hands and our feet.
Our feet on the ground, our feet on the ground.
A bi-cy-cle. A bi-cy-cle.
A bus, city bus. A bus, city bus.
Gonna take it to the street, with our hands and our feet.
Gonna take it to the street, with our hands and our feet.
Bi-cy-cle. Bi-cy-cle.
Our feet on the ground. Our feet on the ground.
Gonna take it to the street, with our hands and our feet.
Gonna take it to the street, with our hands and our feet.

(Tempest in a Storm Cloud)

Nothing That Is Worth Fighting For (1999-019)

Nothing that is worth fighting for,
Will be gained without a fight.
Nothing that is worth fighting for,
Will be gained without a fight.
Be prepared to meet resistance,
But keep walking toward the light.
Nothing that is worth fighting for,
Will be gained without a fight.

No victory comes without some loss,
Of privilege for the few.
No victory comes without some loss,
Of privilege for the few.
Be prepared to face the giants,
On the road ahead of you.
No victory comes without some loss,
Of privilege for the few.

The new world won't be built in a day,
And probably not a year.
The new world won't be built in a day,
And probably not a year.
When you see the giants falling,
You know the time is drawing near.
Though the new world won't be built in a day,
And probably not a year.

A world of peace and justice,
Is a dream worth realizing.
A world of peace and justice,
Is a dream worth realizing.
But peace and justice will be more than a dream,
When the world has turned to spring.
A world of peace and justice,
Is a dream worth realizing.

Nothing that is worth fighting for,
Will be gained without a fight.
Nothing that is worth fighting for,
Will be gained without a fight.
Be prepared to meet resistance,
But keep walking toward the light.
Nothing that is worth fighting for,
Will be gained without a fight.

Nothing that is worth fighting for,
Will be gained without a fight.
Nothing that is worth fighting for,
Will be gained without a fight.

(Album, Tempest in a Storm Cloud)

Love is the Flower (1999-020)

I've been looking 'round existence,
Searching high and low,
Searching for a centeredness,
With which to weave our souls.
Life is the encircler.
Community makes us whole.
But love is the flower,
In whom we all may grow.
Love is the flower,
In whom we all may grow.

Let there be love in our hearts,
And love in our souls,
Love for one another,
As we grow, as we grow.
Let there be love for the earth,
For the water and the air,
Love for all the creatures,
Of the biosphere,
Love for all the creatures,
Of the biosphere.

The movement brings us all together,
Singing in one song.
Hope and solidarity,
Give us the strength to carry on.
But it is love, o love,
That keeps our spirits warm,
And gives us all the power,
To see beyond the storm.
And gives us all the power,
To see beyond the storm.

Let there be love in our hearts,
And love in our souls,
Love for one another,
As we grow, as we grow.
Let there be love for the earth,
For the water and the air,
Love for all the creatures,
Of the biosphere,
Love for all the creatures,
Of the biosphere.

I've been looking 'round existence,
Searching high and low,
Searching for a centeredness,
With which to weave our souls.
Life is the encircler.
Community makes us whole.

But love is the flower,
In whom we all may grow.
Love is the flower,
In whom we all may grow.
Love is the flower,
In whom we all may grow.

(Album, Tempest in a Storm Cloud)

Dandelion Farm (1999-021)

Twas a long time ago, in another galaxy,
As a young man stepping out to see what I could be.
I was lookin' for sweet wisdom, not meaning any harm,
And I went to spend the summer on Dandelion Farm.

Dandelion Farm, Dandelion Farm,
I went to spend the summer on Dandelion Farm.
Dandelion Farm, Dandelion Farm,
I went to spend the summer on Dandelion Farm.

I danced in the wind. I danced in the rain.
Tumbled in the tall grass, tumbled in the grain.
With the love of a gentle girl to keep me warm.
That's how I spent my summer on Dandelion Farm.

Dandelion Farm, Dandelion Farm,
That's how I spent my summer on Dandelion Farm.
Dandelion Farm, Dandelion Farm,
That's how I spent my summer on Dandelion Farm.

O the sparrows and meadowlarks were singing in the trees.
The flashing of the fireflies, the buzzing of the bees.
And the fishes in the river saying "Catch me where you are.",
And a hundred million dandelions on Dandelion Farm.

Dandelion Farm, Dandelion Farm,
A hundred million dandelions on Dandelion Farm.
Dandelion Farm, Dandelion Farm,
The people grew like dandelions on Dandelion Farm.

They taught me holy wisdom at the centre of a seed.
Our mother was the universe and we were but a dream.
We were children of the earth and children of the stars.
We danced away the summer on Dandelion Farm.

Dandelion Farm, Dandelion Farm,
We danced away the summer on Dandelion Farm.
Dandelion Farm, Dandelion Farm,
We talked away the summer on Dandelion Farm.

That was how many years ago. The years have flown by.
But the world's still beautiful when seen through children's eyes.
If there's one thing I would do, though the world has many charms,
It would be to spend another summer on Dandelion Farm.

Dandelion Farm, Dandelion Farm,
To spend another summer on Dandelion Farm.
Dandelion Farm, Dandelion Farm,
I'd spend another summer on Dandelion Farm.

The robins of William Blake were singing in the trees.
The flashing of the fireflies, the buzzing of the bees.
And the fishes in the river saying "Catch me where you are.",
And a hundred million dandelions on Dandelion Farm.

Dandelion Farm, Dandelion Farm,
A hundred million dandelions on Dandelion Farm.
Dandelion Farm, Dandelion Farm,
The people grew like dandelions on Dandelion Farm.

O a long time ago, in another galaxy,
As a young man stepping out to see what I could be,
I was lookin' for sweet wisdom, not meaning any harm,
And I went to spend the summer on Dandelion Farm.

Dandelion Farm, Dandelion Farm,
I went to spend the summer on Dandelion Farm.
Dandelion Farm, Dandelion Farm,
I went to spend the summer on Dandelion Farm.
I danced away the summer on Dandelion Farm.
I talked away the summer on Dandelion Farm.
A hundred million dandelions on Dandelion Farm.
The people grew like dandelions on Dandelion Farm.
I'd spend another summer on Dandelion Farm.
I went to spend the summer on Dandelion Farm.

(Albums, Dandelion Cappuccino, and, Peace and Justice Everywhere)

To Change the World (1999-022)

LSD, didn't change the world,
Because people didn't change.
We just wrote some beautiful poetry,
And ended up somewhere half deranged.
LSD, didn't change the world,
Because people didn't change.

And socialism, didn't change the world,
Because people didn't change.
We just built a counter empire,
And played all the old familiar power games.
Socialism, didn't change the world,
Because people didn't change.

And psychotherapy, didn't change the world,
Because the system didn't change.
We might have been a little less screwed up,
But capitalism screwed us all the same.
Psychotherapy, didn't change the world,
Because the system didn't change.

And Christianity, didn't change the world,
Because the empire still remained.
We'd had a long line of Christian Caesars,
From Pat Robertson, back to Cromwell, back to Charlemagne.
Christianity, didn't change the world,
Because the empire still remained.

And a cup of coffee, didn't change the world.
It just gave us caffeine on the brain.
We sat up all night painting pictures,
And brought about the Renaissance some say.
A cup of coffee, didn't change the world.
It just gave us caffeine on the brain.

So tell me, what will change the world.
What will really bring some change.
Socialism with a mystic's heart,
Or a mysticism worthy of social justice's name.
Tell me, what will change the world.
What will really bring some change.

Tell me, what will change the world.
What will really break our chains.
Love with a sharing of all wealth,
That knows the sweetness of the summer rain.
Tell me, what will change the world.
What will really break our chains.
Tell me, what will change the world.
What will really bring some change.

(Albums, Dandelion Cappuccino, and, Peace and Justice Everywhere)

Four Moons of Jupiter (1999-023)

Four moons of Jupiter, out for a stroll.
Won't you let me play my rock and roll.
Four moons of Jupiter, out for a stroll.
Won't you let me play my rock and roll.
Won't you let me play my rock and roll.

Four moons of Jupiter, out for a stroll.
Won't you let me play my rock and roll.
Four moons of Jupiter, out for a stroll.
Sayin' won't you let me play my rock and roll.
Won't you let me play my rock and roll.

Time is an engine. Space is an arc.
Call in the planetlets before it gets dark.
Life is an asteroid turning in a dream.
Love is the spark at the centre of the stream.
Love is the spark at the centre of the stream.

Four moons of Jupiter, out for a stroll.
Won't you let me play my rock and roll.
Four moons of Jupiter, out for a stroll.
Sayin' won't you let me play my rock and roll.
Won't you let me play my rock and roll.

Starlight shimmering once again.
Einstein pointing where the universe bends.
Singing to a light beam shining in a void.
Dancing on the edge of a meteoroid.
Dancing on the edge of a meteoroid.

Four moons of Jupiter, out for a stroll.
Sayin' won't you let me play my rock and roll.
Four moons of Jupiter, out for a stroll.
Won't you let me play my rock and roll.
Yeah won't you let me play my rock and roll.

Take me to the edge of the galaxy.
There is a planet you will see.
Where you can't hear the thunder for the wind that blows,
And you can't hear the forest for the rain that falls.
You can't hear the forest for the rain that falls.

Four moons of Jupiter, out for a stroll.
Won't you let me play my rock and roll.
Four moons of Jupiter, out for a stroll.
Sayin' won't you let me play my rock and roll.
Won't you let me play my rock and roll.

Time is an engine. Space is an arc.
Call in the planetlets before it gets dark.

Life is an asteroid turning in a dream.
Love is the pulse at the centre of the stream.
Love is the pulse at the centre of the stream.
Love is the pulse at the centre of the stream.
Love is the pulse at the centre of the stream.

Four moons of Jupiter, out for a stroll.
Sayin' won't you let me play my rock and roll.
Four moons of Jupiter, out for a stroll.
Sayin' won't you let me play my rock and roll.

Won't you let me play my rock and roll.
Won't you let me play my rock and roll.
Won't you let me play my rock and roll.
Won't you let me play my rock and roll.
Four moons of Jupiter, out for a stroll.

(Album, Dandelion Cappuccino)

Next City (1999-024)

I don't wanna live in Next City,
Where the streets are clean and the gardens green.
No I don't wanna live in Next City,
'Cause underneath it all there'll be, a big grinding machine.
It'll grind up the people. It'll grind up the people.
Where are the people now.
Where are the people of Next City.
Where are the people of Next City.

Some people say, we can build a green world,
By blaming all our problems on the poor.
That the multinationals, can save the earth,
By making everybody feel, a little less secure.

But I don't wanna live in Next City,
Where the streets are clean and the gardens green.
No I don't wanna live in Next City,
'Cause underneath it all there'll be, a big grinding machine.
It'll grind up the people. It'll grind up the people.
Where are the people now.
Where are the people of Next City.
Where are the people of Next City.

Some say street people, are living on the street,
For reasons of choice and their own enjoyment.
Scavenging through garbages, and begging for alms,
Are a nouveau twenty-first century idea of employment.
And they say it without sarcasm, and without irony.
This is the Next City idea of opportunity.

But I don't wanna live in Next City,
Where the streets are clean and the gardens green.
No I don't wanna live in Next City,
'Cause underneath it all there'll be, a corporate machine.
It'll grind up the people. It'll grind up the people.
Where are the people now.
Where are the people of Next City.
Where are the people of Next City.

Isn't it wonderful, the neighbourhood we built,
Where everything is so pristine.
Since we swept away those poor people, who were pooping on the lawn,
To keep our environment, lovely clean and green.
And we did it without sarcasm, and without irony.
This is the Next City idea, of deep ecology.

But I don't wanna live in Next City,
Where the streets are clean and the gardens green.
No I don't wanna live in Next City,
'Cause underneath it all there'll be, a corporate machine.

It'll grind up the people. It'll grind up the people.
Where are the people now.
Where are the people of Next City.
Where are the people of Next City.

I don't wanna live in Next City.
Where are the people of Next City.
I don't wanna live in Next City.

(Album, The Embers and the Stars)

Warriors of the Peace child (1999-025)

Got a message from the Spiderman of the Levellers.
John Lilburn called to say,
He'd be coming any day.
Comin' to call all people as one,
And levitate the Pentagon.
Show them what a warrior really ought to be.
Show them what a warrior really ought to be.

We are warriors of the peace child.
We are children in the light.
We are warriors of the peace child.
We are children in the light.

I asked Gerard Winstanley for a song.
He gave me fifty words,
None of which had ever been heard.
Digging up Fifth Avenue,
All things in common, peace be with you.
And the word of the Diggers gently marches on.
And the word of the Diggers gently marches on.

We are warriors of the peace child.
We are children in the light.
We are warriors of the peace child.
We are children in the light.

One day I go a partying down in Ranter-Town.
Don't listen to them hay.
They're gonna lead us all astray.
But freedom of the mind,
Is a blessing so Divine.
Maybe we'll keep a partying til the break of day.
Maybe we'll keep a partying til the break of day.

We are warriors of the peace child.
We are children in the light.
We are warriors of the peace child.
We are children in the light.

We are warriors of the peace child.
We are children in the light.
We are warriors of the peace child.
We are children in the light.

Got a message from the Spiderman of the Levellers.
John Lilburn called to say,
He'd be coming any day.
Comin' to call all people as one,

And levitate the Pentagon.
Show them what a warrior really ought to be.
Show them what a warrior really ought to be.

We are warriors of the peace child.
We are children in the light.
We are warriors of the peace child.
We are children in the light.

We are warriors of the peace child.
We are children in the light.
We are warriors of the peace child.
We are children in the light.

We are warriors of the peace child.
We are children in the light.
We are warriors of the peace child.
We are children in the light.
We are children in the light.

(Album, The Embers and the Stars)

I Come From the Sun (1999-026)

You may ask me exactly who I am.
I'll be exactly who I choose to be.
I'm the spirit of freedom in the rising moon,
And the power of the churning sea.

I come from the sun in a thunder storm.
I go wherever I would go.
I come to the earth in the falling rain.
Where I'll be tomorrow, none can know.
Where I'll be tomorrow, none can know.

I'm as free as a flower, growing in a field.
I will bring imperialism down.
With the power of my voice and a million voices more,
We will turn reality around.

I come from the sun in a thunder storm.
I go wherever I would go.
I come to the earth in the falling rain.
Where I'll be tomorrow, none can know.
Where I'll be tomorrow, none can know.

I am the creature within who has learned to growl,
Who scorns the freedom of his chains.
I am the vastness of a mind that is wider than the sky,
And meteor showers bear my name.

I come from the sun in a thunder storm.
I go wherever I would go.
I come to the earth in the falling rain.
Where I'll be tomorrow, none can know.
Where I'll be tomorrow, none can know.

When the forest dances and the shadows dream,
I am there at the closing of the day.
When the birds take rest in the twilight calm,
And a thousand years of loving pass away.

I come from the sun in a thunder storm.
I go wherever I would go.
I come to the earth in the falling rain.
Where I'll be tomorrow, none can know.
Where I'll be tomorrow, none can know.

I come from the sun in a thunder storm.
I go wherever I would go.
I come to the earth in the falling rain.
Where I'll be tomorrow, none can know.
Where I'll be tomorrow, none can know.
Where I'll be tomorrow, none can know.

Where I'll be tomorrow, none can know.

(Album, The Embers and the Stars)

Born in the Mornin' (1999-027)

I was born in, born in the mornin',
Born in, born in the mornin',
Born in, born in the mornin', oo,
And raised in the afternoon.

I was born in, born in the mornin',
Born in, born in the mornin',
Born in, born in the mornin', oo,
And raised in the afternoon.

I will sleep in, sleep in the evenin',
Sleep in, sleep in the evenin',
Sleep in, sleep in the evenin', oo,
And go dancin' by the light of that moon.

I will sleep in, sleep in the evenin',
Sleep in, sleep in the evenin',
Sleep in, sleep in the evenin', oo,
And go dancin' by the light of that moon.

I'll be gone in, gone in the dawnin',
Gone in, gone in the dawnin',
Gone in, gone in the dawnin, oo.
Hope the birds all sing their tune.

I'll be gone in, gone in the dawnin',
Gone in, gone in the dawnin',
Gone in, gone in the dawnin', oo.
Hope the birds all sing their tune.

Hope you pardon, pardon the garden,
Pardon, pardon the garden,
Pardon, pardon the garden, oo.
O the plants can't sprout too soon.

Hope you pardon, pardon the garden,
Pardon, pardon the garden,
Pardon, pardon the garden, oo.
O the plants can't sprout too soon.

I was born in, born in the mornin',
Born in, born in the mornin',
Born in, born in the mornin', oo,
And raised in the afternoon.
And raised in the afternoon.
And raised in the afternoon.

(Album, The Embers and the Stars)

I Had a Following (1999-028)

I had a following.
Everything I said was wisdom.
They would have followed me.
We could have had a revolution.
We could have had a revolution.

It was the fall of 1980.
It was a wild and a wonderful time.
I was newly energized,
With a thousand new ideas in my mind.

I had a following.
Everything I did was wisdom.
They would have followed me.
We could have had a revolution.
We could have had a revolution.

They followed me down to the mudroom,
Where we staged a sit-in on the floor.
Everything seemed so possible,
In the shadow of the mudroom door.

I had a following.
Everything I said was wisdom.
They would have followed me.
We could have had a revolution.
We could have had a revolution.

I'm not quite sure where we came from,
But we knew what we wanted to do.
We even overthrew the teacher,
After only a month or two.

I had a following.
Everything I did was wisdom.
They would have followed me,
Right down to the revolution,
Right down to the revolution.

It was the fall of 1980.
It was a wild and a wonderful time.
I was newly energized,
With a thousand new ideas in my mind.

And if I could, I would go back there,
And stay planted in that time forever more,
When everything was so doable,
And change was just behind the door.
And the new world was just behind the door.
And the new day was just behind the door.

Utopia was just behind the door.

I had a following.
Everything I said was wisdom.
They would have followed me.
We could have had a revolution.
We could have had a revolution.
We could have had a revolution.
We could have had a revolution.
We could have had a, revolution.

(Album, Dandelion Cappuccino)

To Learn to Love the Wild (1999-029)

I'm a wild child,
From the space beyond the lawn,
Where the corporate fertilizer never goes.
I'm a sprite child.
I keep dancing 'til the dawn,
Where the spruce trees refuse to stand in rows.

I am lightening.
I will flash across the sky,
And proclaim the earth as mother of us all.
I am frightening,
To those who trample on our rights,
For if enough of us stand up, then they must fall.

And I know what the world is like,
To the mind of a child.
And I know that for things to work out right,
We must learn to love the feeling of being wild.
We must learn to love the wild.

Where I come from,
Is a place beyond your time,
Where we build our straw-bail houses in the sun.
Where I'm going,
Is a dream as sweet as wine,
The summerland among us, or the revolution.

Who we are then,
We are the ones without a name,
Though you name us every time you put us down.
Let us all go,
With the power in our minds,
Take this world and turn this world around.

For I know what the world is like,
To the mind of a child.
And I know that for things to work out right,
We must learn to love the feeling of being wild.
We must learn to love the wild.
We must learn to love the wild.

I'm a wild child,
From the space beyond your lawn,
Where the corporate fertilizer never goes.
I'm a sprite child.
I keep dancing 'til the dawn,
Where the spruce trees refuse to stand in rows.

I am lightening.
I will flash across the sky,

And proclaim the earth as mother of us all.
I am frightening,
To those who judge us from on high,
For if enough of us stand up, then they must fall.

And I know what the world is like,
To the mind of a child.
And I know that for things to work out right,
We must learn to love the feeling of being wild.
We must learn to love the wild.
We must learn to love the wild.
We must learn to love the wild.

And I know that for things to work out right,
We must learn to love the feeling of being wild.
We must learn to love the wild.
We must learn to love the wild.
Wild, wild, wild, wild, wild.

(Album, Dandelion Cappuccino)

Paul Robeson Blues (1999-030)

They tell me, Paul Robeson's come and gone.
They tell me, Paul Robeson's come and gone.
He left me here, to sing his song.

They tell me, Paul Robeson's come and gone.
They tell me, Paul Robeson's come and gone.
He left me here, to sing his song.

When you stand up, for what you know is right,
When you stand up, for what you know is right,
Then you better, be prepared to spend some lonely nights.

When you draw the line, for what you know is true,
When you draw the line, for what you know is true,
They might decide to make a pariah or a guinea pig out of you.

They tell me, he died a broken man.
They tell me, Paul Robeson died a broken man.
That the CIA acid testers, done sifted him like sand.

They tell me, Paul Robeson's come and gone.
They tell me, Paul Robeson's come and gone.
He left me here, to sing his song.

When you raise your voice, and raise it to the sky,
When you raise your voice, and raise it to the sky,
All the prisons, they will tremble, at your freedom cry.

So raise your voice, for justice everyone.
I said raise your voice, for justice everyone.
Let the power of your singing echo, ten times 'round the sun.
Let the power of your singing echo, ten times 'round the sun.

They tell me, Paul Robeson's come and gone.
They tell me, Paul Robeson's come and gone.
But the Old Man River of his soul keeps rollin' on.
I said the Old Man River of his soul keeps rollin' on.
I said the Old Man River of his soul keeps rollin' on.

(Album, Dandelion Cappuccino)

Dandelion Cappuccino (1999-031)

Step into the streetlight.
Let me hear you smile.
Come to the window, with Matthew Arnold.
The ignorant armies,
They are still clashing,
But we are here.
I'm in love with you, and we're together,
Having a dandelion cappuccino,
Having a dandelion cappuccino.
Spending our time counting the neutrinos,
Over a dandelion cappuccino.

The writer, Salman Rushdie,
After ten years of being on the run,
Under threats of death from right wing Islam,
Does the most powerful thing he could have done.
He publishes a novel,
Which is a romantic love song.
What a wonderful way of saying,
Life and hope go on.
What a wonderful way of saying,
Life and hope go on.
So let's drink a toast to Rushdie,
Over a dandelion cappuccino,
Over a dandelion cappuccino.
Spending our time counting the neutrinos,
Having a dandelion cappuccino.

So step into the streetlight.
Let me hear you smile.
Come to the window, with Matthew Arnold.
The ignorant armies,
They are still clashing,
But we are here.
I'm in love with you, and we're together,
Having a dandelion cappuccino,
Having a dandelion cappuccino.
Pondering Soloni's Panna e Vino,
Over a dandelion cappuccino.
Pondering Soloni's Panna e Vino,
Over a dandelion cappuccino.
Having a dandelion cappuccino.
Dandelion cappuccino.

(Albums, Dandelion Cappuccino, and, Companions in the Struggle)

Kerouac (1999-032)

Kerouac was a man who came along,
And wrote novels at a time,
When everyone was supposed to be straight-line.
Everyone was supposed to live,
In some kind of 1950's slot,
And there was Hell to pay if you did not.

But Kerouac was a beatnik.
O Kerouac, was a beatnik.
He was on the road,
Like a thousand generations walked before him.
He was prepared to go,
Where no one else had been to warn him.
But he was loyal to his mother like a good,
French Canadian American Catholic boy should.
He was loyal to his mother like a good,
French Canadian American Catholic boy should.

Kerouac was a man who had learned,
Not to be afraid,
To express his personal feelings.
To tell things as they are,
And speak of freedom.
Kerouac was a man who made,
The journey out of the old,
But never quite into the new.
Perhaps he simply died too soon.

But Kerouac, was a beatnik.
O Kerouac, was a beatnik.
He was on the road,
Like a thousand generations walked before him.
He was prepared to go,
Where no one else had been to warn him.
But he was loyal to his mother like a good,
French Canadian American Catholic boy should.
He was loyal to his mother like a good,
French Canadian American Catholic boy should.

There's a film somewhere, of an interview,
Between Kerouac, and a younger man,
Who was a flower child,
Which was made some time,
In the mid 1960's.
And Kerouac keeps saying,
"You don't understand!".
And the younger man keeps saying,
"Man, you've lost touch!".
Man o man.

Kerouac never took the next step,
With people like Ginsberg,
From individual rebellion,
To social vision.
Though a generation hailed Kerouac,
As one who'd gone before,
The reality is, Jack Kerouac,
Was in favour of the Vietnam War.

'Cause Kerouac, was just a beatnik.
I said Kerouac, was just a beatnik.
He was on the road,
Like a thousand generations walked before him.
He was prepared to go,
Where no one else had been to warn him.
But he was loyal to his mother like a good,
French Canadian American Catholic boy should.
He was loyal to his mother like a good,
French Canadian American Catholic boy should.

Kerouac was a man who came along,
And wrote a novel for his time,
Then he died in 1969.
Too much beer, too much whisky, and too much wine.
Reading Kerouac today,
Might be interesting,
But also it might be a waste of time.
We have come a thousand miles,
Since Ginsberg howled.
And another thousand miles,
Since Kerouac, put down his backpack.

(Album, Dandelion Cappuccino)

Where the Ganja Grows Wild (1999-033)

Up on the mountain, where the ganja grows wild,
Up on the mountain, where the ganja grows wild.
There we will gather, and we'll rest for awhile.
Up on the mountain, where the ganja grows wild.
Up on the mountain, where the ganja grows wild.

Down by the river, where the earth hymns are sung,
Down by the river, where the earth hymns are sung.
We will plant the seeds, of our revolution.
Down by the river, where the earth hymns are sung.
Down by the river, where the earth hymns are sung.

Up on the mountain, where the ganja grows wild,
Up on the mountain, where the ganja grows wild.
There we will gather, and we'll rest for awhile.
Up on the mountain, where the ganja grows wild.
Up on the mountain, where the ganja grows wild.

Down in the meadow, where the people join hands,
Down in the meadow, where the people join hands.
With the trees and the leaves, and the stars we will dance.
Down in the meadow, where the people join hands.
Down in the meadow, where the people join hands.

Build her an altar. Let the ganja grow free.
Build her an altar. Let the ganja grow free.
Every living thing has a right to be.
Build her an altar. Let the ganja grow free.

Build her an altar. Let the ganja grow free.
Build her an altar. Let the ganja grow free.
All of Mother Earth's children, have a right to be.
Build her an altar. Let the ganja grow free.
Build her an altar. Let the ganja grow free.

Up on the mountain, where the ganja grows wild,
Up on the mountain, where the ganja grows wild.
There we will gather, and we'll rest for awhile.
Up on the mountain, where the ganja grows wild.
Up on the mountain, where the ganja grows wild.

Up on the mountain, up on the, up on the mountain,
Up on the, up on the mountain.
Up on the mountain, up on the, up on the mountain,
Up on the, up on the mountain.
Up on the mountain, up on the, up on the mountain,
Up on the, up on the mountain.
Up on the mountain, up on the, up on the mountain,
Up on the, up on the mountain.
Up on the mountain, up on the, up on the mountain,

Up on the, up on the mountain.

Up on the mountain,
Up on the mountain, where the ganja grows wild.

(Albums, Dandelion Cappuccino, and, Peace and Justice Everywhere)

Caffeine at Night (1999-034)

One, two, three, four,

I do my, caffeine at night.
I do my, caffeine at night.
I do my, caffeine at night.

I'm a folk singer turned rock and rola,
Get my caffeine fix from a Coca Cola.
Do my, caffeine at night.
I do my, caffeine at night.
I do my, caffeine at night.

Well I don't do any of that mari juana.
Don't spend much time in the shower or the sauna.
Do my, caffeine at night.
I do my, caffeine at night.
I do my, caffeine at night.

Well beer and wine never took me as far,
As those Rolex watches and a bright sports car.
I do my, caffeine at night.
I do my, caffeine at night.
I do my, caffeine at night.

Well I don't drink coffee and I don't drink tea,
But I'll come on with the girls if they'll come on to me.
I do my, caffeine at night.
I do my, caffeine at night.
I do my, caffeine at night.

I believe in what I'm preachin' human equality.
I'm workin' for a day when we can all be free.
I do my, caffeine at night.
I do my, caffeine at night.
I do my, caffeine at night.

Well I don't think much of those transnationals,
But Coca Cola corporation got a hold of my soul.
I do my, caffeine at night.
I do my, caffeine at night.
I do my, caffeine at night.

Yeah I'm a folk singer turned rock and rola,
Get my caffeine fix from a Coca Cola.
Do my, caffeine at night.
I do my, caffeine at night.
I do my, caffeine at night.

I do my, caffeine at night.
I do my, caffeine at night.

I do my, caffeine at night.
When every, thing is out of sight,
And every, thing will be all right,
I do my, caffeine at night.
I do my, caffeine at night.
When every, thing is out of sight,
And every, thing will be all right.
I do my, caffeine at night.
I do my, caffeine at night.
I do my, caffeine at night.

(Album, Dandelion Cappuccino)

Sittin' on a Star (1999-035)

I'm high. I'm sittin' on a star.
I'm high. I'm sittin' on a star. I'm sittin' on a star.

I'm a dolphin named Dipper and I live on a star.
When the night comes down,
I spread my fins and I sing a hymn,
To the cosmos of the town.

I fly down and watch over the child,
Who I am the guardian of.
I tell her 'bout the secrets of the Nag Hammadi library,
And the woman Jesus loved.

I'm high. I'm sittin' on a star.
I'm high. I'm sittin' on a star.

I've got a rock band that rehearses,
In the asteroid room.
We've got a CD out and the name of our band is,
Gnostics on Shrooms.

We say to the people, Let's go do something,
Non-canonical.
Read the Gospel of Philip, where Mary of Magdala loves Jesus,
With her body as well as her soul.

I'm high. I'm sittin' on a star.
I'm high. I'm sittin' on a star.

What am I tryin' to say,
To every growing girl and boy.
Our bodies are sacred,
Because they bring us pleasure and joy.

Jesus and Mary of Magdala were lovers.
Jesus was no celibate priest.
Making love in the wild of the hills was as sacred,
As any sacred feast.

I'm high. I'm sittin' on a star.
I'm high. I'm sittin' on a star.

Our bodies are meant to enjoy,
For the mutual enjoyment of all.
Let us love one another as we bounce around,
On this big blue ball.

Na Na nee na nee na na, na na na na na na.
Na na nee na nee na na, na na nee na nee na.

I'm high. I'm sittin' on a star.
I'm high. I'm sittin' on a star.

I'm high. I'm sittin' on a star.
I'm high. I'm sittin' on a star.

Na na nee na nee na na, na na nee na nee na.
Na na nee na nee na na, na na nee na nee na.

(Album, Dandelion Cappuccino)

Rufus Jones (1999-036)

Rufus Jones, is on the phone.
Rufus Jones, is on the phone.

Rufus Jones was a jazz performer,
Back a long long time ago.
Rufus liked to play the trumpet.
He liked to play that old trombone.

Rufus Jones, played the old trombone.
Rufus Jones, played the old trombone.

Jazz is like mysticism.
Mysticism is like jazz.
We will soothe your soul across a galaxy,
Of interstellar gas.

Rufus Jones, is on the phone.
Rufus Jones, played the old trombone.
And sometimes, the saxophone.
Rufus Jones.

Contemplation need not be,
The flight of the alone to the Alone.
Let us build community,
On Earth our island home.

Rufus Jones, played the old trombone.
Rufus Jones, said, May you never be alone.
And sometimes, the saxophone.
Rufus Jones, Rufus Jones.

Rufus Jones was a jazz performer,
Back a long long time ago.
Rufus liked to play the trumpet.
He liked to play that old trombone.

Rufus Jones, played the old trombone.
Rufus Jones, is on the phone.
Rufus Jones, said, May you never, never be alone.
Rufus Jones, Rufus Jones.
And sometimes, the saxophone.
Rufus Jones, played the old trombone.
Rufus Jones, Rufus Jones.
Rufus Jones.

(Album, Dandelion Cappuccino)

Wild Crystal (1999-037)

The lightening flashes and the thunder roars.
Electrical energy goes through my pores.
All the world is charged with a crystal song.
Like a radio crystal, how you turn me on.

Wild Crystal makes my head go 'round.
Wild Crystal no one gonna bring her down.
She's a sweet wild Crystal, oo, oo, oo.
She's a sweet wild Crystal, oo, oo, oo.
She's a sweet, wild, Crystal.

I see her sparkle in the dark of night.
See the beauty of her spirit in broad day light.
All the earth reflected in a Crystal shine.
Sweet Crystal, if she could only be mine.

Wild Crystal like it's meant to be.
Wild Crystal really gonna shake my tree.
She's a sweet wild Crystal, oo, oo, oo.
She's a sweet wild Crystal, oo, oo, oo.
She's a sweet, wild, Crystal.

She's a Crystal and she wants to have a ball.
Let the beauty of her energy shine over all.
She's got me swingin' from the crystal chandeliers,
And my love for her is comin' crystal clear.

Wild Crystal makes my head go 'round.
Wild Crystal no one gonna bring her down.
She's a sweet wild Crystal, oo, oo, oo.
She's a sweet wild Crystal, oo, oo, oo.
She's a sweet, wild, Crystal.

And the lightening flashes and the thunder roars.
Electrical energy goes through my pores.
All the world is charged with a crystal song.
Like a radio crystal, how you turn me on.

Wild Crystal like it's meant to be.
Wild Crystal really gonna shake my tree.
She's a sweet wild Crystal, oo, oo, oo.
She's a sweet wild Crystal, oo, oo, oo.
She's a sweet, wild, Crystal.

She got long long legs and a heart of gold.
There aint no one in this world that I'm longing to hold,
Like I'm longing to hold that sweet Crys-tal.
She's a sweet, wild, Crystal.
She's a sweet, wild, Crystal.
She's a sweet, wild, Crystal.

(Album, Dandelion Cappuccino)

Coat of Arms (1999-038)

There's money to be made, from the building of bombs,
And the manufacture of missiles, that makes us all toys of the gods.

So it's off to war we go, half way 'round the world,
Picking fights with invisible foes, with whom we have no quarrel.
Not for the sake of a principle,
Or even the defence of an imperial throne,
But to increase the arms sales of companies,
Whose names we don't even know.

With a dollar sign, as our coat of arms.
With a dollar sign, as our coat of arms.

Boeing, Lockheed Martin, Raytheon,
BAE, MHI, TRW,
General Motors, General Atomics, McDonald Douglas and more.
These are the names of the companies,
Who are sending us all off to war.

Boeing, Lockheed Martin, Raytheon,
BAE, MHI, TRW,
General Motors, General Atomics, McDonald Douglas and more.
These are just some of the companies,
Who are leading us all off to war.

With a dollar sign, as our coat of arms.
With a dollar sign, as our coat of arms.

There's money to be made, from the building of bombs,
And the manufacture of missiles, that keeps us all slaves of the gods.

So it's off to war we go, half way 'round the world,
Picking fights with invisible foes, with whom we have no quarrel
Not for the sake of a principle,
Or even the defence of an imperial throne,
But to increase the arms sales of companies,
Whose names we don't even know.

With a dollar sign, as our coat of arms.
With a dollar sign, as our coat of arms.

You tell me the Cold War is over,
And capitalism has won.
But if capitalism makes money from war,
The war must go on.

With a dollar sign, as our coat of arms.
With a dollar sign, as our coat of arms.
With a dollar sign, as our coat of arms.
With a dollar sign, as our coat of arms.

(Album, Conjectures for Kindred Spirits)

Sailing to Byzantium (1999-039)

O the wind is rising, off our starboard side,
But our ship, she is firm and she is steady.
The stars are shining, brightly in the sky,
As if the universe is saying, We are ready.
O the icebergs left us, a long time ago,
And the seagulls have come to serenade us.
We are sailing to Byzantium, where we've never been before,
And we know somehow the city, it will change us.

We are sailing to Byzantium.
We are sailing to Byzantium.
It might have been a vision,
Or it might have been a dream.
We are sailing to Byzantium.

A thousand years flash by, before our minds,
Of the city and her holy ancient wonders.
Children of an empire, long ago declined,
But Byzantium's majesty still thunders.
It is here that the dream of a world made one,
Was built in your cathedrals and your towers.
No iconoclast could tear you down.
You are the garden. You are the towers.

We are sailing to Byzantium.
We are sailing to Byzantium.
It might have been a vision,
Or it might have been a dream.
We are sailing to Byzantium.

Let the troubadours sing, upon your marble stairs,
As the moon shines down from your heavens.
The poets and the saints, they have walked through your doors,
They are contemplating here forever.
No one need fear and no one need die.
Only listen to the songs of the children.
Saviour of the world, will clear the smoke of time.
In our hearts we shall always be pilgrims.

We are sailing to Byzantium.
We are sailing to Byzantium.
It might have been a vision,
Or it might have been a dream.
We are sailing to Byzantium.

What says the mystic, what says the sage.
They are praying on a hill illumined by lightening.
Men of the cross, who built this golden age,
Declaring that basileias need not be frightening.
If the Kingdom of God is like a mustard seed,

There's a tree that grew from the seedling.
If we had known then, what we now have come to know,
Our hearts would have ceased their beating.

We are sailing to Byzantium.
We are sailing to Byzantium.
It might have been a vision,
Or it might have been a dream.
We are sailing to Byzantium.

What is it then, that we are looking for.
Why do our hearts urge our sailing to continue.
What will we find, upon this ancient shore,
That the city of Byzantium, is within you.
Not the cathedrals or the marvels of humanity and stone,
Not the city of its countless generations.
Just live at peace with all people. Make the mustard seed your home.
You are the seed, of the new creation.

We are sailing to Byzantium.
We are sailing to Byzantium.
It might have been a vision,
Or it might have been a dream.
We are sailing to Byzantium.

We are sailing to Byzantium.
We are sailing to Byzantium.
It might have been a vision,
Or it might have been a dream.
We are sailing to Byzantium.
We are sailing to Byzantium.

(Album, Conjectures for Kindred Spirits)

Uncle Joseph (1999-040)

Uncle Joseph, Uncle Joseph,
Brought the young boy, to England's shore.
Uncle Joseph, Uncle Joseph,
Brought the young boy, to England's shore.
Where he showed him, the arts of Merlin,
Led him to the, magic door.
Uncle Joseph, Uncle Joseph,
Brought the young boy, to England's shore.

He whose tomb would, be the place where,
Humankind would, be transformed.
He whose tomb would, be the place where,
Humankind would, be transformed.
With the jolt of, resurrection,
On that holy, Easter morn.
Uncle Joseph, Uncle Joseph,
Brought the young boy, to England's shore.
Uncle Joseph, Uncle Joseph,
Brought the young boy, to England's shore.

Amid the factories, and slums Dickensian,
We will sing of Christ, forever more.
Amid the factories, and slums Dickensian,
We will sing of Christ, forever more.
Bless the earth, and bless our spirits,
Bless the eagle, as it soars.
Uncle Joseph, Uncle Joseph,
Brought the young boy, to England's shore.
Uncle Joseph, Uncle Joseph,
Brought the young boy, to England's shore.

He read the hearts of, those with nothing.
Read the hearts of, those who had.
Learned the craft of, future-telling,
And he met young, Galahad.
Uncle Joseph, Uncle Joseph,
Brought the young boy, to England's shore.
Uncle Joseph, Uncle Joseph,
Brought the young boy, to England's shore.
Uncle Joseph, Uncle Joseph,
Brought the young boy, to England's shore.

(Album, Conjectures for Kindred Spirits)

Hay Jesus (1999-041)

Hay Jesus how'd you get so high.
Hay Jesus how'd you get so high.
Hay Jesus how'd you get so high.

They framed you like a lamp against a darkening sky.
Hay Jesus how'd you get so high.
Nailed you to the cross so they could watch you die.
Hay Jesus how'd you get so high.
Hay Jesus how'd you get so high.
Hay Jesus how'd you get so high.

We knew you when you were in your mother's womb.
Now we just laid you in a rich man's tomb.
We knew you when you were just a child at play.
How'd you ever let things get this way.
Hay Jesus how'd you get so high.
Hay Jesus how'd you get so high.
Hay Jesus how'd you get so high.

Maybe this all started back when you were twelve.
We might have known you would make a name for yourself.
Your parents kind of lost you up in Jerusalem.
They found you with the scribes a makin' fools out of them.
Hay Jesus how'd you get so high.
Hay Jesus how'd you get so high.
Hay Jesus how'd you get so high.

Now your mama is a weepin' and so are your friends,
Wonderin' why your life came to such a bitter end.
Death on the cross is just the price you pay,
For standin' up to the authorities of your day.
Hay Jesus how'd you get so high.
Hay Jesus how'd you get so high.
Hay Jesus how'd you get so high.

Now Pilate says he's washin' you right out of his hands,
For callin' down the mighty right across this land.
The people hailed you as a champion, that is true.
But those same people demanded that they crucify you.
Hay Jesus how'd you get so high.
Hay Jesus how'd you get so high.
Hay Jesus how'd you get so high.

They framed you like a lamp against a darkening sky.
Hay Jesus how'd you get so high.
And nailed you to the cross and stayed to watch you die.
Hay Jesus how'd you get so high.
Hay Jesus how'd you get so high.
Hay Jesus how'd you get so high.

Hay Jesus how'd you get so high.
Hay Jesus how'd you get so high.
Hay Jesus how'd you get so high.

(Album, Conjectures for Kindred Spirits)

Where I Once Belonged (1999-042)

I'm going back to where I once belonged.
I'm going back to where I once belonged.
To another plane, to another song.
I'm going back to where I once belonged.
I'm going back to where I once belonged.

I'm going back to where I once belonged.
I'm going back to where I once belonged.
To another plane, to another song.
I'm going back to where I once belonged.
I'm going back to where I once belonged.

The Buddha went to sleep in the cosmic west,
Dreamed of a world without telephone wires.
Dreamed that all nations took their rest,
While the universe maker made the cosmos his choir.

But I'm going back to where I once belonged.
I'm going back to where I once belonged.
To another plane, to another song.
I'm going back to where I once belonged.
I'm going back to where I once belonged.

Shell fish scattered by the sea,
While children and angels crowd the beach.
Searchers for Andromeda long to sleep,
But the wave that would save the world was sadly out of reach.

But I'm going back to where I once belonged.
I'm going back to where I once belonged.
To another plane, to another song.
I'm going back to where I once belonged.
I'm going back to where I once belonged.

Penguins and icebergs crowd my view.
Must have been Antarctica where we were born.
Actors and moon-shots, jesters too,
Take us to the polar ice heart of the Gabriel horn.

But I'm going back to where I once belonged.
I'm going back to where I once belonged.
To another plane, to another song.
I'm going back to where I once belonged.
I'm going back to where I once belonged.

The world where I live is a very wet world,
Oceans and waterfalls falling down.
Catch one raindrop from the whirl,
And you will be transfigured like a spark in the Goddess's gown.

But I'm going back to where I once belonged.
I'm going back to where I once belonged.
To another plane, to another song.
I'm going back to where I once belonged.
I'm going back to where I once belonged.

The Buddha went to sleep in the cosmic west,
And dreamed of a world without telephone wires.
And dreamed that all nations took their rest,
While the universe maker made the cosmos his choir.

But I'm going back to where I once belonged.
I'm going back to where I once belonged.
To another plane, to another song.
I'm going back to where I once belonged.
I'm going back to where I once belonged.
I'm going back to where I once belonged.

I'm going back to where I once belonged.
I'm going back to where I once belonged.
To another plane, to another song.
I'm going back to where I once belonged.
I'm going back to where I once belonged.
I'm going back to where I once belonged.

(Album, Conjectures for Kindred Spirits)

Song of O'Ryan (1999-043)

O'Ryan was a man from the north frontier,
Where the bears and the wolves go roamin',
Raised in the sight of the Northern Lights,
With the Arctic wind a blowin'.

His father was Irish. His mother was Dene.
He was born on the northern plain-o,
On the southern shore of the Great Bear Lake,
And raised by the wind and the rain-o.

Where will I be hucka mooa jar.
Where will I be rovin'.
Where will I be hucka mooa jar.
On a Thor's Day mornin'.

O'Ryan was a man who had no fear,
From the day he began to crawl.
From the day that he came from his mother's womb,
He said I will conquer all.

When O'Ryan was five he went to travel,
To see what the world suggested.
He found five hundred islands and streams,
That no one knew existed.

Where will I be hucka mooa jar.
Where will I be rovin'.
Where will I be hucka mooa jar.
On a Thor's Day mornin'.

When O'Ryan was ten he left again,
This time to seek his fortune,
And many a wrong he did set right,
From the hills to the shores of the ocean.

He found a nuclear power plant,
That was spewing like a volcanic mountain.
He shut that nuclear power plant down,
To the cheers of the crowds around him.

Where will I be hucka mooa jar.
Where will I be rovin'.
Where will I be hucka mooa jar.
On a Thor's Day mornin'.

He found a multinational corporation,
That was oppressing the people.
With a wave of his hand he brought it down,
And helped the people find freedom.

He found a military space command,
That was firing upon protesters.
With a flick of his foot he blew it away,
And nobody asked no questions.

Where will I be hucka mooa jar.
Where will I be rovin'.
Where will I be hucka mooa jar.
On a Thor's Day mornin'.

Wherever O'Ryan's steps were heard,
Through the length and the breadth of the nation,
The common people raised their heads,
In a cry of liberation.

No more to suffer the bosses' will,
No more to wear the iron.
And the song of freedom from valley and hill,
Was sung to the tune of O'Ryan.

Where will I be hucka mooa jar.
Where will I be rovin'.
Where will I be hucka mooa jar.
On a Thor's Day mornin'.

As the working people of the world,
Found their voice in the song of the rebel,
The corporate bosses in their iron towers,
They began to tremble.

And the bosses came together yes,
To set up a trap for O'Ryan,
To keep the wheels of the system turning,
And the women and the children cryin'.

Where will I be hucka mooa jar.
Where will I be rovin'.
Where will I be hucka mooa jar.
On a Thor's Day mornin'.

They called him down to the battle field,
Where a fight there was worth fighting.
O'Ryan stood with the working folks,
While the tanks came down like lightening.

He blew up the tanks and the cannons and all,
When they had barely greeted him.
So they dropped an atomic bomb on him,
And they thought they had defeated him.

Where will I be hucka mooa jar.
Where will I be rovin'.

Where will I be hucka mooa jar.
On a Thor's Day mornin'.

Some say O'Ryan died that day.
Some say he went into hidin'.
But everyone knows that O'Ryan lives on,
'Cause none can kill O'Ryan.

O'Ryan lives on in you and me,
In the strength of the honoured movement.
When we build a future where all can be,
It's in the name of O'Ryan we do it.

Where will I be hucka mooa jar.
Where will I be rovin'.
Where will I be hucka mooa jar.
On a Thor's Day mornin'.

O'Ryan lives on in you and me,
In the strength of the honoured movement.
When we build a future where all can be,
It's in the name of O'Ryan we do it.

Where will I be hucka mooa jar.
Where will I be rovin'.
Where will I be hucka mooa jar.
On a Thor's Day mornin'.

Where will I be hucka mooa jar.
Where will I be rovin'.
Where will I be hucka mooa jar.
On a Thor's Day mornin'.

Where will I be hucka mooa jar.
Where will I be rovin'.
Where will I be hucka mooa jar.
On a Thor's Day mornin'.

(Album, Tea for Ten at the Sandcastle)

Where Do the Judges Live (1999-044)

Well you've got this thing here that you call law,
Before which everyone stands in awe,
'Cause in the end nobody really knows,
Whose side will be up when the case is closed,
So we bow to the altar of something they call objective.
Don't go reading between the lines,
Or staring too deeply in behind,
A decision that the judge has made.
It was for your good. It must be obeyed.
But I think it's time that we ask one simple question.

Where do the judges live. Tell me where do the judges live.
Where do the judges live. Tell me where do the judges live.

Some say the judges live on Mars,
And spend their time countin' the stars,
Come down to Earth to make objective rulings,
Once in awhile for us poor earthlings,
'Cause we can't seem to figure things out for ourselves.
Some say the judges live everywhere,
Kind of like God but with a little less hair.
When they speak it's with the voice of authority.
They must be a lot smarter than you and me,
'Cause look at all those books on the Law library shelves.
Look at all those books on the Law library shelves.

Tell me where do the judges live. Tell me where do the judges live.
Where do the judges live. Tell me where do the judges live.

Well you won't find judges living on crumbs,
Or walking the darker streets of the slums,
Unless of course they've come to be satisfied,
By the painted ladies of the night,
Hoping nobody finds out where they spend their time of relaxation.
You won't find judges in the welfare lines,
Or going to food-banks time after time.
They live in the mansions up on the hill,
Right next to the ones who smile as they kill,
And they play gulf on the same gulf courses as the corporations.
They play gulf on the same gulf courses as the corporations.

Where do the judges live. Tell me where do the judges live.
Hay where do the judges live. Tell me where do the judges live.

I'm speaking to all environmental groups,
Who spent the last twenty years jumping through legal hoops,
Going to court again and again.
The fact that we lose is no co-incidence.
I say the courts have conspired against us.

They are not the solution.
I've been around and I know the score.
This song might be in contempt of court.
But I think it's time to put the judicial system on trial,
Ask the question who will have the final smile.
Where will the judges be when we have our revolution.
Where will the judges be when we have our revolution.

Tell me where do the judges live. Hay where do the judges live.
Tell me where do the judges live. Tell me where do the judges live.

Where do the judges live. Where do the judges live.
Tell me where do the judges live. Hay where do the judges live.

Where do the judges, where do the judges, where do the judges live.
Where do the judges, where do the judges, where do the judges live.

(Album, Tea for Ten at the Sandcastle)

Ballad of the Crack Cocaine (1999-045)

O the fifties brought us Kerouac,
And maybe too much beer.
The sixties brought us LSD,
So wonderful and weird.
The seventies brought us disco,
Green Peace and acid rain,
But my friends it was the CIA,
Who brought us crack cocaine.
My friends it was the CIA,
Who brought us crack cocaine.

It was back in 1981,
When the Contra War began.
The Nicaraguan revolution,
Was getting on the nerves of Uncle Sam.
So he hired a gang of mercenaries,
And former death squad thugs,
And to finance it all he jumped in bed,
With the wonderful world of drugs.

The CIA and the Mafia,
Old friends from days gone by,
Had many a closed door opened,
By their friends who dwell on high.
And the U.S. Justice Department,
Just looked the other way,
As the Contras smuggled high grade coke,
To the street gangs of L.A.

Once the Contra cocaine hit the streets,
There was no turning back.
They mixed it up with sodium,
And gave it the street name crack.
And the rich man's drug of pleasure,
Became the black man's drug of pain.
And that is how the Contra War,
Done brought us crack cocaine.

O the fifties brought us Kerouac,
And maybe too much beer.
The sixties brought us LSD,
So wonderful and weird.
The seventies brought us disco,
Green Peace and acid rain,
But my friends it was the CIA,
Who brought us crack cocaine.
My friends it was the CIA,
Who brought us crack cocaine.

Immunity from prosecution,

For everyone involved.
That was Uncle Sam's solution,
To the problems he can't solve.
Now the CIA admits it,
So everyone should know,
That the path of death begets the path of death,
Everywhere you go.

Forty thousand Nicaraguans,
Murdered by the guns,
Of the cowardly Contra mercenaries,
'Neath the Nicaraguan sun.
The crime that they were guilty of,
Was daring to stand as one,
And taking back their dignity,
By way of a revolution.

And the crime that black Americans,
Are guilty of today,
When the war on drugs arrests them,
And throws them all in jail,
Is the crime of being poor and black,
From Boston to L.A.,
And using the drug that paid for the covert,
Actions of the CIA.

O the fifties brought us Kerouac,
And maybe too much beer.
The sixties brought us LSD,
So wonderful and weird.
The seventies brought us disco,
Green Peace and acid rain,
But my friends it was the CIA,
Who brought us crack cocaine.
My friends it was the CIA,
Who brought us crack cocaine.

So whenever those right wing holy Joes,
Try to play their power games,
Like telling you to say no to drugs,
You'll know who to blame.
You can look them all right in the eye,
Without a gram of shame,
And say, it was your bloody CIA,
Who brought us crack cocaine.

So if you wanna be a drug man,
And a friend of the friendly weed,
You can buy yourself a plot of land,
And plant the friendly seed.
You can be a home grown peddler,
And roll those papers all day,

But if you really wanna make the big time boy,
Better join the CIA.

Now there's cracks in the mighty towers,
Cracks in the sidewalks too,
Cracks in the corporations,
Who would do it all for you.
But the cracks in our mythology,
Might be the crack of dawn.
Everybody get together.
There's a new world comin' on.
Everybody get together.
There's a new world comin' on.

O the fifties brought us Kerouac,
And maybe too much beer.
The sixties brought us LSD,
So wonderful and weird.
The seventies brought us disco,
Green Peace and acid rain.
But the eighties and the CIA,
Done brought us crack cocaine.
It was George Bush and the CIA,
Who brought us crack cocaine.
It was Olli North and the CIA,
Who brought us crack cocaine.
Nancy Reagan just said no,
And brought us crack cocaine.

(Album, Tea for Ten at the Sandcastle)

Houses for Sale (1999-046)

Lots of houses for sale in Love Canal if you're poor.
Lots of houses for sale in Love Canal if you're poor.
There aint no housing shortage if you don't mind livin' on a toxic brew.
Lots of houses for sale in Love Canal if you're poor.

Where do the monster toxic slag heaps dwell.
Tell me where do the monster toxic slag heaps dwell.
They dwell among the people, who are already living in Hell.
Tell me where do the monster toxic slag heaps dwell.

And you blame the poor for not taking care of themselves.
And you blame the poor for not taking care of themselves.
The tales of your ghetto dumping gather dust on government shelves.
While you blame the poor for not taking care of themselves.

Who gets the dioxin, who gets the nuclear waste.
Who gets the dioxin, who gets the nuclear waste.
The ones who cannot move, who can't afford to complain.
Who gets the dioxin, who gets the nuclear waste.

Lots of houses for sale in Love Canal if you're poor.
Lots of houses for sale in Love Canal if you're poor.
No there aint no housing shortage if you don't mind livin' on a toxic brew.
Lots of houses for sale in Love Canal if you're poor.

Lots of houses for sale. Wanna buy a house?
Cheapest houses on the planet, giving you the privilege,
Of living beside a thirty foot high mountain of toxic sludge,
While your children are targeted by the tobacco companies,
And the CIA deals crack cocaine.

Rage, rage, against the faceless tyranny.
Rage, rage, against the faceless tyranny.
There will always be, houses for sale, for next to nothing,
In Love Canal, in Toxic Alley,
In the free trade zones and on the reservations.
Dirt cheep, or should that be, toxin cheep.

As long as there are chemical corporations dumping,
You will never have to worry, about living on the street.

(Album, Tea for Ten at the Sandcastle)

I Shop Therefore I Am (1999-047)

I am the global consumer,
From Boston to Jakarta to Bombay.
My purpose to consume the global product,
And earn the right to have and throw away.

I watch the same Disney Corporation movies,
Wear the same Nike clothing everywhere.
Don't ask me to think deeper than a Coca Cola can,
Or ask a question, like what is freedom or what is fair.

I shop therefore I am.
I consume therefore I have a right to live.
I shop therefore I am.
I consume therefore I have a right to live.
Don't trouble me by telling me,
There ought to be an alternative.
I shop therefore I am.
I consume therefore I have a right to live.

What does it take to be respectable,
To be counted 'mong the real ones of the globe.
The answer in this new world is quite simple,
A credit card, a television and a phone.

They will market you in Vietnam or India,
In Belgium, Argentina or Iran,
To desire to consume what you never have before,
And come back again to once more live the sham.

I shop therefore I am.
I consume therefore I have a right to live.
I shop therefore I am.
I consume therefore I have a right to live.
Don't pester me by telling me,
There has to be an alternative.
I shop therefore I am.
I consume therefore I have a right to live.
I shop therefore I am.
I consume therefore I have a right to live.

As for the couple billion on the planet,
Who have no money, no credit and no phone,
We will build our tranquil global future,
On the silence and submission of their bones.

Don't misunderstand us. We are not evil.
We simply do as the Romans when in Rome.
We will build our tranquil global future,
On the silence and submission of their bones.

I shop therefore I am.
I shop therefore I am.

(Album, Tea for Ten at the Sandcastle)

Organize Mobilize (1999-048)

We are allowed democracy,
As long as we don't use it.
We are allowed freedom of assembly,
As long as we don't assemble.
We are allowed freedom of association,
As long as we don't associate.
We have freedom of religion,
As long as our priests don't turn radical.

We have freedom of the press,
As long as the press is quite happy to manufacture consent.
We have freedom of conscience,
As long as our consciences don't command us to break our chains.
We have freedom of thought,
As long as we choose not to think.
And we have freedom of speech,
As long as we have nothing worthwhile to say.

When democracy has become a ballot box ritual,
Of choosing between corporate apologists,
And when freedom has become the freedom to exploit,
And the right to consume,
And when justice has become a lie of corporate lawyers,
Who smile to the corporate judges and get their way every time,
We have to ask, what is this place in which we dwell.
Whose shadow is this in which we walk.

We walk, we dwell, we live,
In the World Totalitarian Order, WTO.

Organize, mobilize, radicalize.
Organize, mobilize, radicalize.
Organize, mobilize, radicalize.
Organize, mobilize, radicalize.

Organize, mobilize, radicalize.
Organize, mobilize, radicalize.
There will be no better time to revolutionize.
Organize, mobilize, radicalize.
Organize, mobilize, radicalize.

(Album, Tea for Ten at the Sandcastle)

Old Man of the Galaxy (1999-049)

Old man of the galaxy, where are you wandering to.
Old man of the galaxy, where are you wandering to.

You always were the inquisitive kind,
Wondering about the universe.
You wrote your name in the nebulae,
With the power of a thunderbird.
Power of a thunderbird.

Old man of the galaxy, where are you wandering to.
Old man of the galaxy, where are you wandering to.

You like to say you carved it all,
With a knife and a tuning fork.
But you are not the Deity.
You are just a metaphysical metaphor.
A metaphysical metaphor.

Old man of the galaxy, where are you wandering to.
Old man of the galaxy, where are you wandering to.

Some people now they laugh at you,
And the meaning that you are.
But they have not felt the light of truth,
Shining from the unnamed farthest star.
Shining from the unnamed farthest star.

Old man of the galaxy, where are you wandering to.
Old man of the galaxy, where are you wandering to.

Old man of the galaxy, what is to become of you.
Old man of the galaxy, where are you wandering to.

Old man of the galaxy, what is to become of you.
Old man of the galaxy, where are you wandering to.

Where are you wandering to.
Where are you wandering to.
Where are you wandering to.

(Album, The Embers and the Stars)

Dream Deep Dreams (1999-050)

We who live in the shadow, of the mushroom cloud,
We who live in the shadow, of the mushroom cloud,
We who live in the shadow, of the mushroom cloud,
We're gonna have to dream deep dreams to be free.
Gonna have to dream deep dreams to be free.

We who walk in the nightmare, of the dollar and the sword,
We who walk in the nightmare, of the dollar and the sword,
We who walk in the nightmare, of the dollar and the sword,
We're gonna have to dream deep dreams to be free.
Gonna have to dream deep dreams to be free.

We who dwell in the moonscape, that the iron heel has carved,
We who dwell in the moonscape, that the iron heel has carved,
We who dwell in the moonscape, that the iron heel has carved,
We're gonna have to dream deep dreams to be free.
Gonna have to dream deep dreams to be free.

We who walked through the curfew, in Seattle town,
We who walked through the curfew, in Seattle town,
We who breathe in the tear gas, as the iron fist comes down,
We're gonna have to dream deep dreams to be free.
Gonna have to dream deep dreams to be free.

We're ready to dream deep dreams to be free.
We're ready to dream deep dreams, to be free.
We're ready to dream deep dreams, to be free.

(Album, Tea for Ten at the Sandcastle)

Crazy Dave Greenfield (1999-051)

Crazy Dave Greenfield's, out walkin' in the rain.
Crazy Dave Greenfield's, out walkin' in the rain.
Raisin' cane with a sweet tooth sugar cane.

Crazy Dave Greenfield's, out walkin' in the rain.
Crazy Dave Greenfield's, out walkin' in the rain.
Raisin' cane with a sweet tooth sugar cane.

Where do you go when you climb in that hole in your tooth.
I said where do you go when you climb in that hole in your tooth.
To the lighted land where Sir Galahad seeks the truth.

Crazy Dave Greenfield's, out walkin' in the rain.
Crazy Dave Greenfield's, out walkin' in the rain.
Raisin' cane with that sweet tooth sugar cane.

The sunflower says, let the grass grow long.
Yeah the sunflower says, let the grass grow long.
Let Crazy Dave Greenfield play that song he's workin' on.

Crazy Dave Greenfield's, out walkin' in the rain.
Crazy Dave Greenfield's, out walkin' in the rain.
Raisin' cane with a sweet tooth sugar cane.

They will cheer you one day, curse you three days more.
They will cheer you one day, curse you three days more.
When the crowd shouts "Crucify him", you realize what your fightin' for.

Crazy Dave Greenfield's, out walkin' in the rain.
Crazy Dave Greenfield's, out walkin' in the rain.
Raisin' cane with that sweet tooth sugar cane.

Gotta walk that mount of olives some fine day.
Yeah you gotta walk your mount of olives some fine day.
Til the temple guard comes, carries you away.

Crazy Dave Greenfield's, out walkin' in the rain.
Crazy Dave Greenfield's, out walkin' in the rain.
Raisin' cane with that sweet tooth sugar cane.

Crazy Dave Greenfield's, out walkin' in the rain.
Crazy Dave Greenfield's, out walkin' in the rain.
Raisin' cane with that sweet tooth sugar cane.
Raisin' cane with that sweet tooth sugar cane.
Raisin' cane with that sweet tooth sugar cane.

Crazy Dave Greenfield's, out walkin' in the rain.
Walkin' in the rain, out walkin' in the rain.
That sweet tooth sugar cane.

(Album, Tea for Ten at the Sandcastle)

Fascists (1999-052)

Who made the Gestapo, out of nothing.
Who fuelled the Luftwaffe.
Who smiled and shook hands with the Fuhrer.
Who sold oil to General Franco,
Who passed it on to the makers of Auschwitz.
Who saw fascism as a royal road to power for the rich.

The armies of fascism didn't just come out of nowhere.
They were armed and fuelled and trained, by multinational corporations.
Standard Oil, Royal Dutch Shell, I.T. and T.,
Ford, and General Motors.

We must ask, how it is that these corporations,
Got along so well with the fascists.
Who are the real fascists.
If the state is simply the shadow,
Cast by the corporate world over society,
As John Dewey wrote,
Then who were the real fascists.
Who are the fascists now,
And what must we do to fight them.

(Album, Tea for Ten at the Sandcastle)

Cosmic Swimmer (1999-053)

I wish to be, a cosmic swimmer.
I wish to swim, a cosmic ocean.

My only desire, is to swim the Big Dipper,
Do the back stroke over Pegasus,
Treading water in Aquarius,
Try all the diving boards, in the Megallanic Clouds,
Then come to land near Andromeda.

I wish to be, a cosmic swimmer.
I wish to swim, a cosmic ocean.

My only desire, is to swim the Big Dipper,
Do the back stroke over Pegasus,
Treading water in Aquarius,
Try all the diving boards, in the Megallanic Clouds,
Then come to land near Andromeda.

No silver metals, and no stopwatches,
Only the joy of being free.
That is all I wish to be,
In a cosmic sea.

No shining quasars to go water skiing from,
No black holes to go scuba diving on,
Only the joy of being free,
That is all I wish to be,
In a cosmic sea.

I wish to be, a cosmic swimmer.
I wish to swim, a cosmic ocean.

(Album, The Rain Before It Falls)

Merton’s Mountain **(1999-054)**

I wanna dream, on Merton's Mountain.
I wanna know, my soul is free.
I wanna walk, among the sand dunes,
And take the spirit train, down to the sea.

Night-riding people, they cast no shadows.
They're like the raindrops, upon the moon.
I come tricklin' down, from a place called Thomas,
Spin the universe, on a silver spoon.

I wanna dream, on Merton's Mountain.
I wanna know, my soul is free.
I wanna walk, among the sand dunes,
And take the spirit train, down to the sea.

I wanna meet the Buddha, and dream Kentucky.
I wanna write conjectures, on to the wind.
I wanna keep on counting, a myriad icons,
Til we feel that Christ shine, blue skies within.

I wanna dream, on Merton's Mountain.
I wanna know, my soul is free.
I wanna walk, among the sand dunes,
And take the spirit train, down to the sea.

Remember me, in your demonstrations,
In every rainbow, and star you paint.
Remember Merton, in your monasteries,
For the blood of a heretic, is the blood of a saint.

I wanna dream, on Merton's Mountain.
I wanna know, my soul is free.
I wanna walk, among the sand dunes,
And take the spirit train, down to the sea.
And take the spirit train, down to the sea.
And take the spirit train, down to the sea.

(Album, Conjectures for Kindred Spirits)

Ode to 1999 (1999-055)

Here I am in 1999.
I've been through the ringer a couple a dozen times.
But the air is still filled with spirit love.
I'm still walking. I'm still standing up.
And there must be a thousand angels,
Dancing around us, just beyond our sight.
And the source of all love, and the source of all life,
Is very near, to us tonight.

Ten years ago, I didn't know where I was.
I was in the middle of a deep depression's dawn.
Loss of reality, loss of context,
I didn't know if I wanted to keep on keeping on.
But I let the years go by, one by one.
I wrote some poetry, did some actions, and had a lot of fun.
Now here I am one decade down the line.
I've never regretted the road I chose to climb.

Here I am in 1999.
I've been through the ringer a couple a hundred times.
But the air is still filled with spirit love.
I'm still walking. I'm still standing up.
And there must be a million angels,
Dancing around us, just beyond our sight.
And the source of all love, and the source of all life,
Is very near, to us tonight.

Time goes by, and we make decisions.
We say we wanna go searching for those holy cities.
But the towers and the windmills of a thousand years,
Will be enough to keep us going,
Through a lifetime's hopes and fears.
And if you see our clothing, on the river shore,
Know that we are swimming, and what we're swimming for.
Peace is like a river, flowing down to the sea.
It will never stand still, yet it shall always be.

So here I am in 1999.
I've been through the ringer, but I am feeling fine.
And the air is still filled with spirit love.
I'm still walking. I'm still standing up.
And there must be a billion angels,
Dancing around us, just beyond our sight.
And the source of all love, and the source of all life,
Is very near, to us tonight.
And the source of all love, and the source of all life,
Is very near, to us tonight.

(Album, Conjectures for Kindred Spirits)

Babylonian Whore (1999-056)

You in your towers,
Who build your empires,
And plan your imperial wars.
You carefully scout out the enemy,
To send fire balls,
Raining down on their shores.

You need not fear the wrath,
Of your own working class.
They are drunk with the promise of war.
They have drunk of the wine of your brothels,
And supped on the filth of your,
Babylonian whore.
They have drunk of the wine of your brothels,
And supped on the filth of your,
Babylonian whore.

And the workers will smile,
At a new tailing pile,
For the promise of jobs,
And the spoils of war.
They are drunk on the wine of a pay-check,
And the plunder of Earth they call,
Uranium ore.
They are drunk on the wine of a pay-check,
And the plunder of Earth they call,
Uranium ore.

You in your towers,
Who build your empires,
And plan your imperial wars.
You carefully scout out the enemy,
To send fire balls,
Raining down on their shores.

You need not fear the wrath,
Of your own working class.
They are drunk with the promise of war.
They have drunk of the wine of your brothels,
And supped on the filth of your,
Babylonian whore.
They have drunk of the wine of your brothels,
And supped on the filth of your,
Babylonian whore.

But woe to you who laugh now.
The time shall come when you weep,
And fall from your tower.
Your cities, your guns,
And your imperium,

Like Babylon,
Will come tumbling down in an hour.

Your cities, your guns,
And your imperium,
Like Babylon,
Will come tumbling down in an hour.
Tumbling down in an hour.
Tumbling down in an hour.

(Album, Tomato Club)

Crucify Him (1999-057)

Once there was, a wandering dreamer,
From the hills, of Galilee.
Story weaver, and spirit healer,
Setting all the gentle people free.

Casting out, the power structures,
Calling down rulers, from their thrones,
Saying you're all children, of the one who made you,
It's time you came, into your own.

Crucify him. Crucify him.
That is what the crowd would cry.
Once we loved him. Now we disown him.
The word of the day is crucify.
Crucify him. Crucify him.
That is what the crowd would cry.
Once we loved him. Now we disown him.
We are crying, crucify.

To each village, and each hillside,
People came to, hear his call.
He spoke of love, and social justice,
And of the dignity of all.

Many came, and many followed,
Felt a new life in their souls.
But there were those, who chose to fear him,
Fearing loss of power and control.

Crucify him. Crucify him.
That is what the crowd would cry.
Once we loved him. Now we disown him.
The word of the day is crucify.
Crucify him. Crucify him.
That is what the crowd would cry.
Once we loved him. Now we disown him.
We are crying, crucify.

And the ones, who clung to power,
Came together, silently,
We must trap him. We must ensnare him.
His execution, we must see.

So they put their, questions to him,
In the temple, every day.
But he answered, with a wisdom,
That blew everyone away.

Crucify him. Crucify him.
That is what the crowd would cry.

Once we loved him. Now we disown him.
So we are crying, crucify.
Crucify him. Crucify him.
That is what the crowd would cry.
Once we loved him. Now we disown him.
Crucify. Crucify.

And the people, lined the roadways,
Went before him, throwing down palms.
Saying Hosanna, in the highest,
For the kingdom, has surely come.

But the chief priests, and the scribes said,
We must get this man for sure.
For he comes, as holy champion,
Of the outcast and the poor.

Crucify him. Crucify him.
That is what the crowd must cry.
Once we loved him. Now we disown him.
So we are crying, crucify.
Crucify him. Crucify him.
That is what the crowd must cry.
Once we loved him. Now we disown him.
And we will see him crucified.

So the chief priests, and false teachers,
Did their work, among the crowd.
Spreading whispers, spreading rumours,
Letting the stories go around.

Breaking the new life, by crushing a flower,
Calling Hell Heaven, and Heaven Hell.
Turning the people, against each other,
Turning souls, against themselves.

Crucify him. Crucify him.
That is what the crowd would cry.
Once we loved him. Now we disown him.
The word of the day is crucify.
Crucify him. Crucify him.
That is what the crowd would cry.
Once we loved him. Now we disown him.
Crucify, crucify.

And they brought him, before Pilate.
Pilate said, what have you to say.
But he answered, with the silence,
Of one who's seen the hells and chosen not to pay.

Pilate said, he is not guilty.
I find him guilty of no crime.

I would release him. I would release him.
But the crowd shouted one more time.

Crucify him. Crucify him.
That is what the crowd did cry.
Once we loved him. Now we disown him.
The word of the day is crucify.
Crucify him. Crucify him.
That is what the crowd did cry.
Once we loved him. Now we disown him.
We wanna see him, crucified.

Many movements, have arisen,
But the power structures still remain.
For the powerful, learned their lessons,
In how power, is retained.

Do your dirty work, among the people,
With rumour and slander, and outright lie.
Call the radical, the source of all evil,
Til the crowd is shouting crucify.

Crucify him. Crucify him.
That is what the crowd will cry.
Once we loved him. Now we disown him.
We are crying, crucify.
Crucify him. Crucify him.
That is what the crowd will cry.
Once we loved him. Now we disown him.
We will see him, crucified.
Once we loved him. Now we disown him.
Crucify, crucify.

Once there was, a wandering dreamer,
From the hills, of Galilee.
Story weaver, and spirit healer,
Setting all the gentle people free.

(Album, Conjectures for Kindred Spirits)

The Yogi and the Commissar (1999-058)

The Yogi and the commissar have crashed,
For neither he with mantra, still with bliss,
Nor he whose armed rebellion could not miss,
Have kept the tortured world from being trashed.
Neither the gun nor yogic mat have smashed
The shadow of the iron clamp and fist,
Nor stopped the electronic drone and hiss,
Of sweet seductive tyranny rehashed.

So what is to be done, the question screams.
We know within our hearts, within our dreams.
The yogi and the commissar will pass,
As time rolls back and Joshua plays jazz.
The Jerichos will fall before the song,
Of tens of thousands in a peaceful throng.

(Album, Misty Tuesday)

Cro-Magnon Woman (1999-059)

I am a Neanderthal man and I love Cro-Magnon woman.
I am a Neanderthal man and I love Cro-Magnon woman.
For years we've heard the rumours. The Cro-Magnon people are comin'.
We were taught to be afraid, that they and us have nothin' in common.
But I am a Neanderthal man and I love Cro-Magnon woman.
I am a Neanderthal man and I love Cro-Magnon woman.

I said to Cro-Magnon woman, why don't we get together.
I could not resist her. She was so tall and slender.
I invited her home to my cave, where we did surrender.
There aint nothin' like the love of Cro-Magnon woman, so warm and so tender.

I am a Neanderthal man and I love Cro-Magnon woman.
I am a Neanderthal man and I love Cro-Magnon woman.
For years there have been rumours. The Cro-Magnon people are comin'.
We were told to be afraid, that they and us had nothin' in common.
But I am a Neanderthal man and I love Cro-Magnon woman.
I am a Neanderthal man and I love Cro-Magnon woman.

Thirty thousand years from now, humankind will speak of our union.
They will speak of us as ancestors, and of what it is to be human.
It will be the subject of great debate, who Neanderthal man was doin' it with.
I only know that I'm the one, Cro-Magnon woman is wooin'.

I am a Neanderthal man and I love Cro-Magnon woman.
I am a Neanderthal man and I love Cro-Magnon woman.
For years we've heard the rumours. The Cro-Magnon people are comin'.
We were taught to be afraid, that they and us have nothin' in common.
But I am a Neanderthal man and I love Cro-Magnon woman.
I am a Neanderthal man and I love Cro-Magnon woman.
I am a Neanderthal man and I love Cro-Magnon woman.
I am a Neanderthal man. I love Cro-Magnon woman.

(Album, Conjectures for Kindred Spirits)

Change as Small as a Wheat Seed (1999-060)

And all the broken ones,
Came to your doorstep,
Asking the Dreamer for a healing.
And all the frightened ones,
Came to your doorstep,
Asking the Dreamer for forgiveness.

And the Dreamer said, Who touched me.
Who knew my energy would give them life.
And the Dreamer said, We can build a new world,
With a love as great as the cosmos,
And change as small as a wheat seed.
For love is as great as the cosmos,
And change is as small as a wheat seed.

And all the peasant folk,
Gathered around him,
Wondering where the road would take them.
And all the troubadours,
And all the lovers,
Knew his message without asking.

And the Dreamer said, Who touched me.
Who knew my energy would give them life.
And the Dreamer said, We can build a new world,
With a love as great as the cosmos,
And change as small as a wheat seed.
For love is as great as the cosmos,
And change is as small as a wheat seed.

And all the broken ones,
Came to your doorstep,
Asking the Dreamer for a healing.
And all the frightened ones,
Came to your doorstep,
Asking the Dreamer for forgiveness.

(Album, Conjectures for Kindred Spirits)

I Am the Dancing (1999-061)

I am the dancing wind-blown rain.
I just keep comin' down.
I am the dancing wind-blown rain.
I just keep comin' down.
I pick you up and I blow you away,
And turn your mind around.
I am the dancing wind-blown rain.
I just keep comin' down.

Sometimes I am sad and I fall like tears,
As the sad gray days go by.
Sometimes I am joy and I dance in your heart,
As the people of a thousand cities cry.

I am the dancing wind-blown rain.
I just keep comin' down.
I am the dancing wind-blown rain.
I just keep comin' down.
I pick you up and I blow you away,
And turn your mind around.
I am the dancing wind-blown rain.
I just keep comin' down.

Sometimes I call like a whispering spirit.
I come to you like a dream.
I rock your boats and I tickle your earlobes,
That you could only dare to see.

I am the dancing wind-blown rain.
I just keep comin' down.
I am the dancing wind-blown rain.
I just keep comin' down.
I pick you up and I blow you away,
And turn your mind around.
I am the dancing wind-blown rain.
I just keep comin' down.

I am the rain. I am the rain.
Comin' down like a dream, comin' down like a dream.
I am the rain. I am the rain.
Comin' down like a dream, comin' down like a dream.

I am the dancing wind-blown rain.
I just keep comin' down.

(Album, Tea for Ten at the Sandcastle)

I Have Sung About the Empires (1999-062)

I have sung about the empires,
Raised my voice against the ones,
Who would have us all imprisoned,
With the power of their dollars and their guns.
I've sung about the capitalists,
Both near and far away,
Who would control the earth we walk upon,
And own every moment of our day.

But beyond the shades of empire,
The sword and dollar sign,
I hope that I have sung about,
The vision of a better freer time.
A time of love and sharing,
For all of humankind,
A time of peace and justice,
In the canyons of our world as in our minds.
In the canyons of our world as in our minds.

Imagine deep community,
With food for everyone,
Where the nourishment of heart and spirit,
Flows as abundant as the sun.
Imagine deep democracy,
That hears the voice of all,
With the world a village common,
Where the hearts of all people have grown tall.
Imagine vibrant eco-systems,
Living whole and free,
With the trillions of life forms,
Of the land, and of the sea.

We are working toward that day,
One step at a time,
Dreaming as we're walking hand in hand.
We are working toward that day,
One step at a time.
Come and join us in the struggle if you can.
Come and join us in the struggle if you can.

I've sung about the empires,
Raised my voice against the ones,
Who would have us all in shackles,
With the power of their dollars and their guns.
I've sung about the capitalists,
Both near and far away,
Who would control the earth we walk upon,
And own every moment of our day.

But beyond the shades of empire,

The sword and dollar sign,
I hope that I have sung about,
The vision of a better freer time.
A time of love and sharing,
For all of humankind,
A time of peace and justice,
In the canyons of our world as in our minds.
In the canyons of our world as in our minds.
And I hope that world will one day be yours and mine.
I hope that world will one day be yours and mine.
I hope that world will one day be yours and mine.
I hope that world will one day be yours and mine.

(Album, Tea for Ten at the Sandcastle)

Let Us Have the Freedom (1999-063)

Let us have the freedom of the land.
Let us have the freedom of the soil.
Freedom of the sun and rain and wind,
As for peace and justice we gently toil.
As for peace and justice we gently toil.

Brothers and sisters are we all,
Children of the one great Mother Earth.
Peasants and workers young and old,
Each living thing shall know its worth.
Every living thing shall know it's worth.

Let us have the freedom of the land.
Let us have the freedom of the soil.
Freedom of the sun and rain and wind,
As for peace and justice we gently toil.
As for peace and justice we gently toil.

Children of the trees and of the streams,
Children of concrete and of steal,
We will stand as one for dignity,
Til the world of our dreams has been made real.
Til the world of our dreams has been made real.

Let us have the freedom of the land.
Let us have the freedom of the soil.
Freedom of the sun and rain and wind,
As for peace and justice we gently toil.
As for peace and justice we gently toil.

Children of the trees and of the streams,
Children of concrete and of steal,
We will stand as one for dignity,
Til the world of our dreams has been made real.
Til the world of our dreams has been made real.

Let us have the freedom of the land.
Let us have the freedom of the soil.
Freedom of the sun and rain and wind,
As for peace and justice we gently toil.
As for peace and justice we gently toil.

Let us have the freedom of the land.
Let us have the freedom of the soil.
Freedom of the sun and rain and wind,
As for peace and justice we gently toil.
As for peace and justice we gently toil.
As for peace and justice we gently toil.
As for peace and justice we gently toil.

(Album, The Embers and the Stars)

The Embers and the Stars (1999-064)

I wanna hear the name of magic,
Spoken on a midnight tongue.
I wanna feel the breath of passion,
When the music has begun.
I wanna walk from here to nowhere,
With everywhere my home,
Spirit guardians to show where,
I need never be alone.

Between the worlds between the windmills,
Between the spheres of Venus and Mars,
Between the waking time and the dreamland,
Between the embers and the stars,
Between the embers and the stars.

The earthchild feels the danger,
In the rumble of the drum.
Skychild sees an angel,
And knows where she comes from.
Time's father was a sailor,
On a ship without a name,
That takes away the ocean,
Just to give it back again.

Between the worlds between the windmills,
Between the spheres of Venus and Mars,
Between the waking time and the dreamland,
Between the embers and the stars,
Between the embers and the stars.

So I'm shouting with my mouth full,
And my mind is clear of seeds.
I will plant them in your garden,
If you pester me with beads.
The leaves upon the forest floor,
They call my being home.
There's a fire and a dinner plate,
Set by someone I don't know.

Between the worlds between the windmills,
Between the spheres of Venus and Mars,
Between the waking time and the dreamland,
Between the embers and the stars,
Between the embers and the stars.

So I'm stretching out my Moses staff,
And I call my time machine,
To take me through this winter,
To the summerland of green.
There's my childhood penny gatepost,

And the sprinkler on the lawn,
But the ones I once was loved by,
Have long departed. They are gone.

Between the worlds between the windmills,
Between the spheres of Venus and Mars,
Between the waking time and the dreamland,
Between the embers and the stars,
Between the embers and the stars.

So your world will turn to ashes,
Yet it shall bloom forever more.
Memory and future,
On a quiet starlit shore.
Don't take me back. Just let me settle.
Let me set myself again.
I am ready to move forward,
In the river dreams of rain.
I am ready to move forward,
In the river dreams of rain.

Between the worlds between the windmills,
Between the spheres of Venus and Mars,
Between the waking time and the dreamland,
Between the embers and the stars,
Between the embers and the stars.

Between the worlds between the windmills,
Between the spheres of Venus and Mars,
Between the waking time and the dreamland,
Between the embers and the stars,
Between the embers and the stars.
Between the embers and the stars.

(Album, The Embers and the Stars)

Peace and Justice Everywhere (1999-065)

Peace and justice everywhere.
Peace and justice everywhere.
Peace and justice everywhere.
Peace and justice everywhere.

Peace and justice everywhere.
Peace and justice everywhere.
Peace and justice everywhere.
Peace and justice everywhere.

Raise your voice for liberation.
Raise your voice for liberation.
Raise your voice for liberation.
Your voice for liberation.

Peace and justice everywhere.
Peace and justice everywhere.
Peace and justice everywhere.
Peace and justice everywhere.

We say no to the WTO.
We say no to the WTO.
We say no to the WTO.
No to the WTO.

Peace and justice everywhere.
Peace and justice everywhere.
Peace and justice everywhere.
Peace and justice everywhere.

Let us stand in solidarity.
Let us stand in solidarity.
Let us stand in solidarity.
Stand in solidarity.

Peace and justice everywhere.
Peace and justice everywhere.
Peace and justice everywhere.
Peace and justice everywhere.

Let us love the earth we live upon.
Let us love the earth we live upon.
Let us love the earth we live upon.
Love the earth we live upon.

Peace and justice everywhere.
Peace and justice everywhere.
Peace and justice everywhere.
Peace and justice everywhere.

New earth warriors everywhere.
New earth warriors everywhere.
New earth warriors everywhere.
New earth warriors everywhere.

new earth warriors everywhere.
New earth warriors everywhere.
New earth warriors everywhere.
New earth warriors everywhere.

Peace and justice everywhere.
Peace and justice everywhere.
Peace and justice everywhere.
Peace and justice everywhere.
Peace and justice everywhere.
Peace and justice everywhere.

(Album, Tea for Ten at the Sandcastle)

WTO (1999-066)

Time to overthrow, the WTO.
Time to overthrow, the WTO.

Come all you good people,
The choice is up to you,
A world for the good of everyone,
Or the profits of a few.

Time to overthrow, the WTO.
Time to overthrow, the WTO.

The business people gather,
The politicians too.
They sign away our futures,
And don't give a damn for me and you.

Time to overthrow, the WTO.
Time to overthrow, the WTO.

We will not be subservient,
To the corporate bottom line.
We are standing up and fighting,
For a future that's yours and mine.

Time to overthrow, the WTO.
Time to overthrow, the WTO.

Universal education,
Universal Medicare,
The world belongs to everyone.
It's wealth is ours to share.

Time to overthrow, the WTO.
Time to overthrow, the WTO.

You who say that there is nothing,
We can do. We've no control.
I say as long as we can think,
Nothing is inevitable.

Time to overthrow, the WTO.
Time to overthrow, the WTO.

You who call yourselves progressive,
And hail a brighter dawn,
It's only fair to ask you,
Which side are you on.

Time to overthrow, the WTO.
Time to overthrow, the WTO.

Democracy's a fire,
That's burning in our souls.
We will not let the flame be doused,
By corporate control.

Time to overthrow, the WTO.
Time to overthrow, the WTO.

We will stand and face the tear gas,
Rubber bullets, pepper spray,
To tell the multinationals,
We're not gonna go away.

Time to overthrow, the WTO.
Time to overthrow, the WTO.

From the battle of Seattle,
To the edges of the globe,
When turtles join with Teamsters,
Look out WTO.

Time to overthrow, the WTO.
Time to overthrow, the WTO.

We will burn down your McDonald's,
KFC's and Burger Kings,
Til we have peace and justice,
For everyone and everything.

Time to overthrow, the WTO.
Time to overthrow, the WTO.
Time to overthrow, the WTO.
Time to overthrow, the WTO.

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.

Time to overthrow, the WTO.
Time to overthrow, the WTO.
Time to overthrow, the WTO.
Time to overthrow, the WTO.
Time to overthrow, the WTO.
Time to overthrow, the WTO.

(Albums, Tea for Ten at the Sandcastle, and, Companions in the Struggle)

I Am Jesus (1999-067)

I am Jesus. I have returned,
To be crucified by the Fraser Institute.
I am Jesus. I have returned,
To be crucified by the Fraser Institute.
I am Jesus. I have returned,
To be crucified by the Fraser Institute.

Conrad Black is, playing Pilate.
He says tell me tell me tell me what is truth.
Conrad Black is, playing Pilate,
And he says tell me tell me what is truth.
I am Jesus. I have returned,
To be crucified by the Fraser Institute.
I am Jesus. I have returned,
To be crucified by the Fraser Institute.

And Margaret Thatcher, says Give me the nails now.
You radical carpenter I've had enough of you.
And Margaret Thatcher, says Give me the nails now.
You radical carpenter I've had enough of you.
I am Jesus. I have returned,
To be crucified by the Fraser Institute.
I am Jesus. I have returned,
To be crucified by the Fraser Institute.

And the Business Council, on National Issues,
Says play the prophet Christ and tell us who hit you.
And the Business Council, on National Issues,
Says play the prophet Christ and tell us who hit you.
I am Jesus. I have returned,
To be crucified by the Fraser Institute.
I am Jesus. I have returned,
To be crucified by the Fraser Institute.
I am Jesus. I have returned,
To be crucified by the Fraser Institute.
Crucified by the Fraser Institute.
Crucified by the Fraser Institute.
Crucified by the Fraser Institute.

(Album, Tea for Ten at the Sandcastle)

Flash of Lightening (1999-068)

Flash of lightening,
We are the people.
Clap of thunder,
We are the dream.
Flash of lightening,
Come face the movement.
Clap of thunder,
We will not go away,
So get used to us today.
Hear what we have to say.
We will not go away.

Month of November,
In 1999,
The millennium one more month to go.
We had descended,
Upon Seattle.
We were the people of the world,
But would the rulers of the world,
Care to hear what would be told,
Care to hear what would be told.

For we had gathered,
From every corner.
We'd come together,
To shout one great defiant No.
No to the global,
Corporate agenda.
No to the ones who would control,
Us body mind and soul,
Through the WTO,
Through the WTO.

Flash of lightening,
We are the people.
Clap of thunder,
We are the dream.
Flash of lightening,
Come face the movement.
Clap of thunder,
We will not go away,
So get used to us today.
Hear what we have to say.
We will not go away.

First we were thousands,
Then tens of thousands.
Then we blocked off every road,
At the centre of the town.
We brought the monolith,

To a complete standstill.
There were too many of us.
By God we can be proud.
We can turn this world around.
We shut the monster down.
We shut the monster down.
We shut the monster down.
We shut that monster down.
We shut the monster down.

You came with tear gas,
And we kept marching.
You came with rubber bullets,
Concussion bombs, and pepper spray.
You declared an emergency,
To try to stop us.
But for all your tear gas and your arms,
And all the power of your National Guard,
You could not make the people go.
We were standing shouting No.
We were sixty thousand souls, saying no,
To the power of capital,
No to corporate control,
No to the WTO,
No to the WTO.

Saying it's time to overthrow,
The WTO.
We will shout our final No,
To the WTO.
To the WTO,
The WTO.

Flash of lightening,
We are the people.
Clap of thunder,
We are the dream.
Flash of lightening,
Come face the movement.
Clap of thunder,
We will never go away,
So get used to us today.
With or without your pepper spray,
We will not go away.

We will not go away,
So get used to us today.
Hear what we have to say,
With or without your pepper spray.

We will never go away,
So get used to us today.

With or without your pepper spray,
Hear what we have to say.

We will not go away.
Get used to us today.
We are still marching here today.
We'll never go away.
We will never go away.
We'll never go away.

Get used to us I say.
We are still marching here today.
We will never go away.
We'll never go away.

(Album, Tea for Ten at the Sandcastle)

Storm the Bastille (1999-069)

The kings and czars and emperors,
For a thousand years have stood.
Their shadows have grown longer,
Over the oceans of the martyrs' blood.

But the time is coming, coming soon.
Might even be this afternoon.
This is now. This is whole. This is real.
Storm the Bastille. Storm the Bastille. Storm the Bastille.

O the towers and the fortresses,
Through the centuries have grown.
Now the tide is rising and rocking their boats,
Til their boats shall be overthrown.

The time is coming, coming now,
When Chiang Kai-Shek shall fall to Mao.
This is now. This is whole. This is real.
Storm the Bastille. Storm the Bastille. Storm the Bastille.

The sun and moon shall be darkened.
The very stars shall shake.
For the wind that goes before us,
Shall leave nothing standing in its wake.

And the time is coming, coming soon.
They'll have to face the Red Platoon.
This is now. This is whole. This is real.
Storm the Bastille. Storm the Bastille. Storm the Bastille.
Storm the Bastille. Storm the Bastille.

This is now. This is whole. This is real.
Storm the Bastille! Storm the Bastille! Storm the Bastille!
Storm the Bastille.

(Album, This Burning Sword)

Freedom in the Company Town (1999-070)

The year was 1999,
On the last day of November.
The city of Seattle,
Tell me I do remember.
The world was changed forever,
And we saw a new to-mor-row,
When the people came to make a mass arrest,
Of the WTO.
When the people came to make a mass arrest,
Of the WTO.

Sayin' people aren't,
Gonna take it any more.
We're gonna build a movement,
Like you've never seen before.
People aren't,
Gonna take it any more.
We're gonna build a future,
Like you've never seen before.

For fifteen years they've pushed the myth,
Of the apathetic young.
Calling us individualists,
Saying 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.
Calling us atoms of consumption,
While we cruise the World-Wide Web.

We are young. We are left. We are free.
Even though we're not supposed to be.
And the corporate agenda'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.
And the corporate agenda's gotta come down down down.
We've seen your global village. It's a company town.

The people came from everywhere,
To sing their freedom song.
To shout we are the people.
We are sixty thousand strong.
We are the people of this planet,
And we are organized.
Every time you strike one of us down,
That's one more radicalized.
Every time you strike two of us down,
That's twenty more radicalized.

We arrested the WTO,
And the cops arrested us,
Gave us tear gas and pepper spray,
For making such a fuss.
But when the week was over,
And the crowds 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.

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.
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.

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.
But the spirit of Seattle lives on in you and me.
We are young. We are left. We are free.
The spirit of Seattle lives on in you and me.
We are young. We are left. We are free.
Time to take our turn at marking history.
We are young. We are left. We are free.
We're gonna take our turn at making history.
We are young. We are left. We are free.
We are young. We are left. We are free.
We are young. We are left. We are free.
We are young. We are left. We are free.

(Albums, Tea for Ten at the Sandcastle, and, Peace and Justice Everywhere)

Solar-powered Crematorium (1999-071)

Well the year was 1999.
India was the place.
A new advance in solar technology,
That's kind of in your face.
There aint no way around it.
Everybody passes on some time.
Why not get some help on the journey,
From good old Mr. Sunshine.

We've got, solar cars and, solar houses,
Solar whatever you want.
Now we've got the world's first, solar-powered,
Crematorium.
We've got, solar cars and, solar houses,
Solar whatever you want.
Now we've got the world's first, solar-powered,
Crematorium.
(That's right folks.)

What better way to go than a way,
That's ecologically sound.
It takes four hours to burn you up,
But it's better than fillin' up the ground.
We don't need coal or oil or gas.
We don't need uranium.
Why not shuffle off this coil,
In a solar crematorium.

We've got, solar cars and, solar houses,
Solar whatever you want.
Now we've got the world's first, solar-powered,
Crematorium.
We've got, solar cookers, solar washers,
Solar whatever you want.
Now we've got the world's first, solar-powered,
Crematorium.

So when the death squads are at your door,
And the guns are in your face,
And they tell you this is the end of the line,
And there is no escape,
You won't have to say, "Don't shoot me.
I'm just an ordinary chum.".
You can say, "Shoot me but just make sure I'm cremated,
In a solar crematorium.".

We've got, solar cars and, solar houses,
Solar whatever you want.
But now we've got the world's first, solar-powered,
Crematorium.

We've got, solar cookers, solar washers,
Solar whatever you want.
Now we've got the world's first, solar-powered,
Crematorium.
Solar-powered, crematorium.

We don't need coal or oil or gas.
We don't need uranium.
We can just shuffle off this coil,
In a solar crematorium.

On election day, we choose between,
Tweedledee and Tweedledum.
Just one question, who put the Tory in,
Crematorium.

(Album, Conjectures for Kindred Spirits)

The "That Didn't Happen" Ode (1999-072)

Once upon a time,
I thought I'd like to be a lawyer,
Defending all the underdogs,
Who had no voice.
Making enough money to live on,
But not a whole lot,
Giving freedom to the people,
Who have no choice.

But that didn't happen, here I am,
Way down the road.
No that didn't happen, here I am,
Way down the road.
Here I am, singin' my,
That didn't happen ode.
Here I am, singin' my,
That didn't happen ode.

Once upon a time,
I thought I'd like to be a professor,
Of political science,
Or history.
And when the media wanted,
An expert opinion,
On a current situation,
They would call on me.

But that didn't happen, here I am,
Way way down the road.
Yeah that didn't happen, here I am,
Way down the road.
Here I am, singin' my,
That didn't happen ode.
Here I am, gettin' into that,
That didn't happen mode.

Once upon a time,
I thought I'd like to be a rock star,
And sing my message out,
To everyone.
The audience would scream,
And we would change the world,
With the energy that comes from,
Bein' turned on.

Well that didn't happen, here I am,
Way down the road.
No that didn't happen, here I am,
Way way down the road.
Here I am, singin' my,

That didn't happen ode.
Here I am, gettin' into that,
That didn't happen mode.

Once upon a time,
I thought I'd like to be a psychotherapist,
Helping people with their problems,
Every day.
Helping people transform themselves,
Into something better,
To build a better world,
And they'd be on their way.

But that didn't happen, here I am,
Way way down the road.
No that didn't happen, here I am,
Way way down the road.
Here I am, singin' my,
That didn't happen ode.
Here I am, singin' my,
That didn't happen ode.

So I became a poet,
Singer activist landlord,
Playing my part,
Wherever I went.
In the end I think I'm doin',
What I always wanted,
Changing the world while my tenants,
Pay their rent.

I'm doin' all right, here I am,
Way down the road.
I'm doin' all right, here I am,
Way way down the road.
Here I am, doin' my,
That didn't happen ode.
Here I am, gettin' into that,
That didn't happen mode.

Here I am, singin' my,
That didn't happen ode.
Here I am, doin' my,
That didn't happen ode.
That didn't happen, that didn't happen,
That didn't happen ode.

(Album, Thought I Heard the Lightening)

Spirit of Beauty (1999-073)

There is a spirit of beauty,
At the heart of everything.
There is a spirit of beauty,
At the heart of everything.
There is a spirit of beauty,
That makes my spirit sing.

I know about the iron fist,
The tear gas and the rubber bullets and the,
Faceless oppressor.
But one day not so far from now,
The iron fist come tumblin' down.
The iron boots come tumblin' down.
'Cause there's a spirit of beauty,
At the heart of everything.

There is a river of love,
Which is the ground of all being.
There is a river of love,
Which is the ground of all being.
There is a river of love,
That gives my soul its meaning.

I know about the dollar signs,
The quiet swish of money changing hands,
The paper shacks that you tear down,
Everywhere your tanks and guns turn.
But one day not so far from now,
Love will flower in the company town.
Your iron towers come tumblin' down.
Your iron shadows come tumblin' down.
'Cause there's a river of love,
Which is the ground of all being.

There is a spirit of beauty,
In the hearts of everyone.
There is a spirit of beauty,
In the hearts of everyone.
There is a spirit of beauty,
Outliving every fist and gun.

I know about the corporate wheel,
Turning to infinity.
So it must seem to those,
Who have been crushed by your corporate will.
But one day not so far from now,
Truth will be outed in your company town,
Your iron fist come tumblin' down.
Your iron towers come tumblin' down.
Your iron wheels no longer turn around.

For there's a spirit of beauty,
In the hearts of everyone.
There is a spirit of beauty,
In the hearts of everyone.

There is a spirit of beauty,
Spirit of beauty, spirit of beauty,
In the hearts of everyone.

(Album, Thought I Heard the Lightening)

Thunder Cousin (1999-074)

My name is Thunder Cousin, Thunder Brother.
I move like lightening and I roll like thunder.
My name is Thunder Cousin, Thunder Brother.
I move like lightening and I roll like thunder.

Born in a thunder storm, borne by a rain storm,
I am a summer swarm. I'm not a tame storm.
Born in a thunder storm, borne by a rain storm,
I am a summer swarm. I'm not a tame storm.

My name is Thunder Cousin, Thunder Brother.
I move like lightening and I roll like thunder.
My name is Thunder Cousin, Thunder Brother.
I move like lightening and I roll like thunder.

Wind on the ocean waves, wind in the mountains,
Wind and the thunder make a million hooves poundin'.
Wind on the ocean waves, wind in the mountains,
Wind and the thunder make a million hooves poundin'.

My name is Thunder Cousin, Thunder Brother.
I move like lightening and I roll like thunder.
My name is Thunder Cousin, Thunder Brother.
I move like lightening and I roll like thunder.

Born in a thunder storm, borne by a rain storm,
I am a summer swarm. I'm not a tame storm.
Born in a thunder storm, borne by a rain storm,
I am a summer swarm. I'm not a tame storm.

My name is Thunder Cousin, Thunder Brother.
I move like lightening and I roll like thunder.
My name is Thunder Cousin, Thunder Brother.
I move like lightening and I roll like thunder.

Wind on the ocean waves, wind in the mountains,
Wind and the thunder make a million hooves poundin'.
Wind on the ocean waves, wind in the mountains,
Wind and the thunder make a million hooves poundin'.

My name is Thunder Cousin, Thunder Brother.
I move like lightening and I roll like thunder.
My name is Thunder Cousin, Thunder Brother.
I move like lightening and I roll like thunder.

My name is Thunder Cousin, Thunder Brother.
I move like lightening and I roll like thunder.
My name is Thunder Cousin, Thunder Brother.
I move like lightening and I roll like thunder.

(Album, The Embers and the Stars)

Family's Built on a Mountain (1999-075)

I went to see my people,
Searching a youthful fountain.
An alligator smiled at me,
And said, your family's built on a mountain.
Your family's built on a mountain.

And every thousand years or so,
The mountain melts away,
Leaving only sand and wind,
And memories of clay.
Leaving only sand and wind,
And memories of clay.

Are the memories made of windmills.
Is the mountain made of paper.
Don't be afraid, the girl child said.
It's only a toy alligator.
Only a toy alligator.

I went to see my people,
Searching a youthful fountain.
An alligator smiled at me,
And said, your family's built on a mountain.
Your family's built on a mountain.

And every thousand years or so,
The mountain melts away,
Leaving only sand and wind,
And memories of clay.
Leaving only sand and wind,
And memories of clay.

Are the memories made of windmills.
Is the mountain made of paper.
Don't be afraid, the girl child said.
It's only a toy alligator.
Only a toy alligator.
Only a toy alligator.
Only a toy alligator.

Sun will melt your ice-cream cone,
As time will melt your song.
The towers and the tricksters smile.
It's time to move along.

Sun will melt your ice-cream cone,
As time will melt your song.
The towers and the tricksters smile.
It's time to move along.
It's time to move along.

(Album, The Embers and the Stars)

Surface of the Moon (1999-076)

I will dig below the surface of the moon.
I will dig below the surface of the moon.
Who will I find playing rebel's advocate,
When I dig below the surface of the moon.

God will speak to you all through this great horn.
God will speak to you all through this great horn.
The proof is in the pudding on a rocky rocky bay.
God will speak to you all through this great horn.

We warned you not to touch the stone.
We warned you not to touch the stone.
But you came and swept it all away anyway.
We warned you not to touch the stone.

There's a fever burning in our minds.
There's a fever burning in our minds.
Century is ending. What mirror have we now.
There's a fever burning in our minds.

Tell me where did this avalanche begin.
Tell me where did this avalanche begin.
Take me back to the moment, when snowball time began.
Tell me where did this avalanche begin.

I will dig below the surface of the moon.
I will dig below the surface of the moon.
Who will I find playing rebel's advocate.
When I dig below the surface of the moon.
When I dig below the surface of the moon.
Who will I find playing rebel's advocate.
When I dig below the surface of the moon.

(Album, Conjectures for Kindred Spirits)

Iron Heel (1999-077)

We know your name.
You are the iron heel.
We remember the faces,
Of the millions you have slain.

We feel the pain of the millions,
You tortured until they died.
But we are more than ready,
To stand up and fight again.
We are more than ready,
To stand up and fight again.

You in your palaces,
Behind your suburb walls.
We have felt your wisdom,
At the end of an electric needle.

We have walked in your moonscapes,
From South Central L.A. to the Plain of Jaos.
And we are organizing,
To overthrow you, Iron Heel.
And we are organizing,
To overthrow you, Iron Heel.

Sometimes you tease us.
You give us hush money and security,
And call it justice.
Sometimes you smash our heads,
Til our blood flows bright red,
Across the land.

Sometimes we are strong and united.
Sometimes there is only painful silence.
But we know one thing.
It is better to have blood,
On your face and head,
Than on your hands.
We know one thing.
It is better to have blood,
On your face and head,
Than on your hands.

We know your name.
You are the iron heel.
We know your name.
You are the iron heel.
Iron heel, iron heel.

(Album, Comfort Zones)

Song for Saskatchewan (1999-078)

They turned the Saskatchewan Wheat Pool,
Into a grain company.
They turned the Credit Union,
Into just another bank.
They turned the NDP,
Into a Thacherite party.
Then they wondered why we didn't smile,
And gratefully give them thanks.

They turned the cooperative province,
Into Cut Throat City,
Where they teach Ag students how to milk a cow,
On a computer screen.
They turned agriculture,
Into agri-mega-business.
Then they went about convincing us,
We needed bigger better genes.

Let us mourn for Saskatchewan,
For she is gone, gone, gone,
Gone like the railways,
And the elevators.
But one day in a future life,
There may be another vision,
Where the dreamers and the poets,
Will be vindicated.
Where the dreamers and the poets,
Will be vindicated.

They took the rural village,
And re-assembled it in a museum,
Where the people come just once a year,
And no children ever play.
And when the old ones who remember,
Tried to raise a protest,
They said, we love those sweet old memories,
But would you kindly go away.

The giants of the prairies,
Look so nice upon a postcard,
Like the tractors and the wheat fields,
We've seen it all before.
But the reality is food banks,
Street gangs and prostitution,
While the middle class has Walmart,
Safeway and Super Store.

Let us mourn for Saskatchewan,
For she is gone, gone, gone,
Gone like the railways,

And the elevators.
But one day in a future life,
There may be another vision,
Where the dreamers and the poets,
Will be vindicated.
Where the dreamers and the poets,
Will be vindicated.

But one day in a future life,
There may be another vision,
Where the dreamers and the poets,
Will be vindicated.
The dreamers and the poets,
Will be vindicated.

(Album, Comfort Zones)

I Heard a Music (1999-079)

I heard a music in my head.
I heard a music in my head.
It made me want to dance and sing.
It made me want to cry all day.

I heard a music in my head.
I heard a music in my head.
It made me want to dance and sing.
It made me want to cry all day.
It made me want to cry all day yay yay yay yay.

I heard a poem in the wind.
I heard a poem in the wind.
It told me I could change the world.
It told me there was much to change.

I heard a poem in the wind.
I heard a poem in the wind.
It told me I could change the world.
It told me there was much to change.
It told me there was much to chay yay yay yay yange.

I felt a dreaming through my soul.
I felt a dreaming through my soul.
It bid me spread my wings and fly.
It bid me fly toward being whole.

I felt a dreaming through my soul.
I felt a dreaming through my soul.
It bid me spread my wings and fly.
It bid me fly toward being whole.
It bid me fly toward being ho wo wo wo wole.

So I am shining in the sun.
So I am washed out in the rain.
I am a dreamer of our time.
I am the poet of all terrain.

So I am shining in the sun.
So I am washed out in the rain.
I am a dreamer of our time.
I am the poet of all terrain.
I am the poet of all terrain.
I am the poet of all terrain.

I heard a music in my head.
I heard a music in my head.
I heard a music in my head.
I heard a music in my head.
In my head, in my head, in my head.

(Album, Dewdrop Inn)

At the End of a Century (1999-080)

At the end of a century,
At the end of a century,
Who will dare to remember it,
At the end of a century.

We will remember,
The trenches of the First World War.
We will remember,
Who put the Third Reich in power.
We will remember,
The ovens of the Holocaust.
We will remember,
One morning in Hiroshima.
We will remember,
The shadows of the mushroom cloud.
We will remember,
Daring to stand out from the crowd.
We will remember,
The gentle people who,
Said we will make it through somehow.

At the end of a century,
At the end of a century,
Who will dare to remember it,
At the end of a century.

We will remember,
The villages of Vietnam.
We will remember,
A Santiago stadium.
We will remember,
Jakarta and East Timor.
We will remember,
Guatemala and el Salvador.
We will remember,
Iraq, Serbia and Kosovo.
We will remember,
When apartheid took its final blow.
We will remember,
The love that screamed,
Another world is possible.

At the end of a century,
At the end of a century,
Who will dare to remember it,
At the end of a century.

At the end of a century,
At the end of a century,
Who will dare to remember it,

At the end of a century,
At the end of a century.

We will remember,
The loving spirit throughout the universe.
We will remember,
The soul spark flowering in all of us.
We will remember,
The loving spirit throughout the universe.
We will remember,
The soul spark flowering in all of us.
We will remember,
The loving spirit throughout the universe.
We will remember,
The soul spark flowering in all of us.

At the end of a century,
At the end of a century,
We will dare to remember it,
At the end of a century.

At the end of a century,
At the end of a century,
We will dare to remember it,
At the end of a century,
At the end of a century,
At the end of a century,
At the end of a century,
At the end of a century,
At the end of a century.
At the end of a century.

(Album, Dewdrop Inn)

Bowa (1999-081)

Bowa wowa wowa wow wee,
Bowa wowa wowa wow wee,
Bowa wowa wowa wow wee hee hee,
Bowa wowa wowa wow wee.

The Bowa in the light said, I am he.
If you dine at my table I will set you free.
I am the Bowa, you can come with me,
And we will build a new world you will see.
We will build a new world you will see.

Bowa wowa wowa wow wee.
Bowa wowa wowa wow wee.

Bowa in the light now who are you.
How am I to know that you are true.
How am I to know where you're taking me to.
He said, trust in me and do as I do.
Trust in me and do as I do.

Bowa wowa wowa wow wee.
Bowa wowa wowa wow wee.
Bowa wowa wowa wow wee hee hee.
Bowa wowa wowa wow wee.

I said, Bowa in the light, what is your true name.
He said, I'm the maker of the falling rain.
If you fear no evil, you will feel no shame.
I am the master of the spirit game.
I am the master of the spirit game.

Bowa wowa wowa wow wee,
Bowa wowa wowa wow wee.

The Bowa in the light said, I am he.
If you dine at my table I will set you free.
I am the Bowa. You can come with me,
And we will build a new world you will see.
We will build a new world you will see.

Bowa wowa wowa wow wee,
Bowa wowa wowa wow wee,
Bowa wowa wowa wow wee hee hee,
Bowa wowa wowa wow wee.

I said, Bowa in the light I choose to say no.
I have no desire to go where you go.
I feel no need to know what I do not know.
I'm happy as I am, just humble and low.
I'm happy as I am, just humble and low.

Bowa wowa wowa wow wee,
Bowa wowa wowa wow wee.

The Bowa said, you're a fool,
For I would set you high.
There's a chance for the poor man to touch the sky.
Turn a stone into bread. Why don't you give it a try.
I said, now I know who you are.
You are the false one sly.
I know who you are. You are the false one sly.
Bad Boy Bowa, get out of my sight.
Bad Boy Bowa, get out of my sight.

Bowa wowa wowa wow wee,
Bowa wowa wowa wow wee,
Bowa wowa wowa wow wee hee hee,
Bowa wowa wowa wow wee.

Bowa wowa wowa wow wee,
Bowa wowa wowa wow wee,
Bowa wowa wowa wow wee hee hee,
Bowa wowa wowa wow wee.

Bowa wowa wowa wow wee,
Bowa wowa wowa wow wee,
Bowa wowa wowa wow wee,
Bowa wowa wowa wow wee.

(Album, Tomato Club)

Blood on the Moon (1999-082)

New moon, blood on the moon.
New moon, blood on the moon.
New moon, blood on the moon.
New moon, blood on the moon.

We know waxing moon,
Young maiden who dances free,
Who lives life joyfully.

We know the full moon,
Woman mother with child,
Raising children,
Not too tame and not too wild.

We know waning moon,
Elder woman crone,
Her children long since grown,
Discovering new journeys,
As she travels toward the setting sun.

But this is new moon.
The moon turns her darkest face to us.
This is new moon.
The death that gives rise to life.
Blood of death and the blood of birth,
Like the seed that falls into the ground,
And is reborn.

New moon, blood on the moon.
New moon, blood on the moon.
New moon, blood on the moon.
New moon, blood on the moon.

We know waxing moon,
Young maiden who dances free,
Who lives life joyfully.

We know the full moon,
Woman mother with child,
Raising children,
Not too tame and not too wild.

We know waning moon,
Elder woman crone,
Her children long since grown,
Discovering new journeys,
As she travels toward the setting sun.

But this is new moon.
The moon turns her darkest face to us.

This is new moon.
The death that gives rise to life.
Blood of death and the blood of birth.
Like the seed that falls into the ground,
To be reborn.
We are the seed that falls into the ground.
We are reborn.

New moon, blood on the moon.
New moon, blood on the moon.
New moon, blood on the moon.
New moon, blood on the moon.
New moon, blood on the moon.
New moon, blood on the moon.
Blood on the moon, blood on the moon.
Blood on the moon, blood on the moon.
Blood on the moon,
Blood on the moon,
Blood on the moon,
Blood on the moon.

Blood on the moon.

(Album, Tomato Club)

We Clapped Our Hands (1999-083)

We clapped our hand and clapped again,
And heard the thunder, felt the rain.
We sang of love, and sang of war,
And heard the raven's "Never more".
We sang of sunlight, stars and wind,
And said, "O bless us, we have sinned".
And when the stars came out and shone,
We knew the universe was on.

We broke our chains and left our posts,
To dance with meteors and ghosts.
We danced with crystals, ice and snow.
We danced with comets, heel and toe.
Through galaxies and nebulae,
We gave one joyful cosmic cry.
The eons blinked, and eons passed.
We knew this universe would last.

We knew the stars and winds we'd made,
So shimmering, would never fade.
A millionth world, a billionth sun,
Another afternoon's work done.
We danced. We danced. The spaces flowed,
As time was planted, drenched and hoed.
Until at last we came to rest,
By rivers flowing to the West.

Lay down, lay down, the sweet flute sang.
You've done your work with love and bang.
We were the souls of one mind born,
Who danced the sparkling cosmic morn.
We were the souls of Elohim,
Who's time had come to rest and dream.

(album, Misty Tuesday)

Part Two

This is Our Song

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Go Tell (2000-001)

Go tell the oppressor,
His days are comin' to an end.
Go tell the oppressor,
His days are comin' to an end.
For the people are uniting.
Everyone will be like a brother,
Or a sister or a friend.
For the people are uniting.
Everyone will be like a brother,
Or a sister or a friend.

Go tell the concrete towers,
Even they will shake and fall.
Go tell the concrete towers,
Even they will shake and fall.
For the armies at the gate are comin'.
We'll be joining hands around this big blue ball.
Yeah the armies at the gate are comin'.
We'll be joining hands around this big blue ball.

Go tell the looming shadows,
Not to loom no more.
Go tell the looming shadows,
Not to loom no more.
For a people who walked in darkness,
Have seen a great light,
Where no light has ever been before.

Go tell the birds of appetite,
There is no body on which to feed.
Go tell the birds of appetite,
There is nobody on which to feed.
For the journeyer, Odysseus,
Has taken the name Outis,
And he will never, never serve your greed.
Yeah the journeyer, Odysseus,
Has taken the name Outis,
And he will never, never serve your greed.

Go tell the money changers,
They walk on sacred ground.
Go tell the money changers,
They walk on sacred ground.
For the universe is our temple.
It is the Psalm of Psalms,
That makes the stars go 'round.

Go tell the towering mountains,
They can throw themselves into the sea.
Go tell the towering mountains,

They can throw themselves into the sea.
We will sing our song of freedom,
Penned by a mustard seed.
We will sing our song of freedom,
Penned by a mustard seed.

(Album, Conjectures for Kindred Spirits)

Neil Postman in the Rain (2000-002)

Teacher as subversive,
Teacher as conservator.
Tell us where we are man.
Tell us what we're living for.
Conservator as subversive,
Is what I'm tryna say.
Any way you like it,
Well that will be okay.

What causes such distortion,
What causes you such pain.
Give me Neil Postman in the rain.
Give me Neil Postman in the rain.

Amuse yourselves to death,
Before a television screen.
Let the television be your king,
And tell you where you've been.
Buy your cell phone. Buy your fax machine.
Join the technopoly.
But will there be any spaces, any gardens,
When we've stopped the big machine.

Somewhere there's a whisper,
Turning in our brain.
It must be Neil Postman in the rain.
Neil Postman in the rain.

Take down the graven images,
Of the god technology.
Smash the pseudo-shamans,
Of the techno-idolatry.
If you have a gentle hammer,
And you simply wish to be,
Well you can build a bridge,
To the eighteenth century.

Thought I heard the lightening,
Saw the thunder roll again.
Calling Neil Postman in the rain.
Calling Neil Postman in the rain.

Einstein dreamed,
Of equations in the sky.
Gandhi dreamed of marching,
Til the ocean bed was nigh.
McLuen dreamed of galaxies,
And spirit unity.
Tell me who is dreaming now,
Now that the sacred scrolls would flee.

Who will tell our story,
Before we go insane.
It's gotta be Neil Postman in the rain.
Neil Postman in the rain.

Thought I heard the lightening,
Saw the thunder roll again.
Calling Neil Postman in the rain.
Calling Neil Postman in the rain.
Gotta be Neil Postman in the rain.
Give me Neil Postman in the rain.
Gotta be Neil Postman in the rain.
Neil Postman in the rain.
Neil Postman in the rain.
Neil Postman, in the rain.

(Album, Thought I Heard the Lightening)

One Dollar One Vote (2000-003)

Put your money in the ballot box and,
Get whatever you can.
Climb the ladders to the top,
And don't give one God damn.
Don't give one God damn about the other guy,
With no debit card to give.
Money and power make the rules of the game,
That decide who has a right to live.

One dollar one vote, oo, oo,
One dollar one vote, oo, oo,
One dollar one vote, oo, oo,
One dollar one vote, oo, oo,
One dollar one vote.

Welcome to corporate democracy,
Where everything's a smile.
No problems here that we can see,
Livin' on corporate power mile.
But half the world will never vote,
And will never mark its X.
So money and power run the race,
To decide whose power boat is best.

One dollar one vote, oo, oo,
One dollar one vote, oo, oo,
One dollar one vote, oo, oo,
One dollar one vote, oo, oo,
One dollar one vote.

But if the half of the world that never votes,
Were once to raise its head,
Say no to the corporate power wheel,
And demand an equitable future instead.
Well the money machines and the power boats,
Might just come tumblin' down,
But until that time we'll live our lives,
As slaves in the company town.

One dollar one vote, oo, oo,
One dollar one vote, oo, oo,
One dollar one vote, oo, oo,
One dollar one vote, oo, oo,
One dollar one vote.

So put your money in the ballot box,
If you have a dime to spend.
But if corporate democracy left you out,
You're not alone my friend.
There are thousands of us, millions of us,

All around the world.
We might not have any money,
But we've got tonnes and tonnes of anger to burn.

Regarding,
One dollar one vote, oo, oo,
One dollar one vote, oo, oo,
One dollar one vote, oo, oo,
One dollar one vote, oo, oo,
One dollar one vote.

One dollar one vote, oo, oo,
One dollar one vote, oo, oo,
One dollar one vote, oo, oo,
One dollar one vote, oo, oo,
One dollar one vote.

One dollar, one vote.
One dollar, one vote.
One dollar one vote.

(Albums, Thought I Heard the Lightening, and, Peace and Justice Everywhere)

Johnny Voyager (2000-004)

They put the song, "Johnny Be Good" by Chuck Barry,
On the golden disk onboard,
The Voyager spacecraft,
As they sent it on its journey to the stars.
They put the song, "Johnny Be Good" by Chuck Barry,
On the golden disk onboard,
The Voyager spacecraft,
As they sent it on its journey to the stars.
Along with many strands of song,
From the ancient world to Mozart, all the,
All the dreaming of the human heart.
All the dreaming of the human heart.

One day our names, will be in light,
As the millions of years go by, go by.
Across this galaxy,
Johnny won't you ride with us.
Johnny won't you ride with us.
Johnny won't you be good tonight.
Johnny won't you be good tonight.

And in 1989,
When Voyager One was passing out,
Of our solar system,
All the scientists at NASA,
Invited Chuck to come and sing his song.
And in 1989,
When Voyager One was passing out,
Of our solar system,
All the scientists at NASA,
Invited Chuck to come and sing his song.
And Chuck Barry came and sang to them,
Singing "Go Voyager go.".
May human life and human song live on.
May human life and human song live on.

One day our names, will be in light,
As the millions of years go by, go by.
Across this galaxy,
Johnny won't you ride with us.
Johnny won't you ride with us.
Johnny won't you be good tonight.
Johnny won't you be good tonight.

One day our names, will be in light,
As the billions of years go by, go by.
Across this galaxy,
Johnny won't you ride with us.
Johnny won't you ride with us.
Johnny won't you be good tonight.

Johnny won't you be good tonight.

Johnny won't you ride with us,
On our journey to the stars,
Along with love and life and dreams.
Johnny won't you be good tonight.
Johnny won't you be good tonight.
Johnny won't you be good tonight.
Johnny won't you be good tonight.

(Album, The Embers and the Stars)

Hitler's Limousine (2000-005)

I'd like to ride, in Hitler's limousine.
I'd like to ride, in Hitler's limousine.
So sleek, so erotic and so sparkling clean.
I'd like to ride, in Hitler's limousine.

The power of a penis,
To seduce a million women,
While conquering the world on the backs of slaves.
The power of a bulldozer,
To steamroller over everyone,
Who might dare to take a stand and stand in your way.

Hitler's limousine, is so much like ourselves.
Hitler's limousine, is so much like ourselves.

I'd like to ride, in Hitler's limousine.
I'd like to ride, in Hitler's limousine.
So sleek, so erotic and so shiny clean.
I'd like to ride, in Hitler's limousine.

To topple over everything,
With which you are confronted,
And build a perfect world with a wave of your hand.
To smash the heads and turn to ashes,
Those who simply are not wanted,
Til only the master inheritors dwell in the land.

Hitler's limousine, is so much like ourselves.
Hitler's limousine, is so much like ourselves.

I'd like to ride, in Hitler's limousine.
I'd like to ride, in Hitler's limousine.
So sleek, so erotic and so sparkling clean.
I'd like to ride, in Hitler's limousine.
I'd like to ride, in Hitler's limousine.
In Hitler's limousine.
In Hitler's limousine.

(Album, Thought I Heard the Lightening)

Mary's Turn to Sing (2000-006)

It seems to me, I oughta write,
A song about Mary,
First wife of Woody Guthrie,
Who traveled with him through the dust and,
Through the unpredictability,
That only Woody could bring.
Half a century of folk dreamers,
Have idolized old Woody but I say,
What about poor Mary,
When will it be Mary's turn to sing.
When will it be Mary's turn to sing.

She was only a young girl,
In the early 1930's,
When she joined her life to Woody,
Sensing life with Woody would never be dull.
He left her with their first child,
In a shotgun shack in Texas,
To roam around the country,
To find what he was searching for,
Or make some connection to the all.
He never was much of a worker,
And he rarely did support her.
His eyes and mind were dreaming,
Dreaming of the things he wished to do and wished to be.
He'd come back to spawn a second child,
But before too long he'd be yearning,
Yearning for the railways,
And the roadways and the hobo folk,
With whom he had come to feel free,
With whom he had come to feel free.

It seems to me, I oughta write,
A song about Mary,
First wife of Woody Guthrie,
Who traveled with him through the dust and,
Through the unpredictability,
That only Woody could bring.
Half a century of folk dreamers,
Have idolized old Woody but I say,
What about poor Mary,
When will it be Mary's turn to sing.
When will it be Mary's turn to sing.

He brought her to the life he'd found,
In Los Angeles and then New York,
But he slammed the door on compromise,
So the money only came a short time.
Then it would be gone and she'd be,
Back to the Texas dust again.

While he sang to the millions,
As the voice of the common man,
As the voice of social justice,
His children they knew poverty,
Never knowing when the trip would end.
And then in 1943,
When he came to write his story,
He told of riding freight trains,
And of being bound for glory,
But he did Mary the favour,
Of completely leaving her out of his memoir.
So the world saw a prophet,
A lone wolf of a common man,
A hillbilly radical,
Troubadour shining like a star.
A troubadour shining like a star.

It seems to me, I oughta write,
A song about Mary,
First wife of Woody Guthrie,
Who traveled with him through the dust and,
Through the unpredictability,
That only Woody could bring.
Half a century of folk dreamers,
Have idolized old Woody but I say,
What about poor Mary,
When will it be Mary's turn to sing.
When will it be Mary's turn to sing.

There's a time for the dreamer,
The romantic and the poet,
A time for painting pictures,
And for making revolution.
There's a time when these are needed,
To stir the human spirit,
That our minds may fill with wonder,
And the boundaries of our world may expand.
But I have to ask the question,
Can there be a lyric written,
Can there be a picture painted,
Can there be a revolution,
Can there be a wave of change without,
Injury to any woman, child or man.
May the music revolutionists,
Who stir our hearts tomorrow,
Live lives which are consistent,
With the beauty of their lyrics.
May they leave no weeping spirits,
Disheartened in the dust or in the sand.
Prophet of justice, dust bowl balladeer,
The many names they call him,
Now a little less a hero to me,

A little less an idol,
Just a man with flaws who stirred a million hearts across the land,
Where the music of the common folk began.

It seems to me, I oughta write,
A song about Mary,
First wife of Woody Guthrie,
Who traveled with him through the dust and,
Through the unpredictability,
That only Woody could bring.
Half a century of folk dreamers,
Have idolized old Woody but I say,
What about poor Mary,
When will it be Mary's turn to sing.
When will it be Mary's turn to sing.
When will it be Mary's turn to sing.
When will it be Mary's turn to sing.

(Album, Thought I Heard the Lightening)

Crazy Man (2000-007)

When you are the man who,
Told the people who they really were,
When you are the prophet,
Who spoke from the deep down depths of your heart,
You can't be tamed and you cannot be shut down,
Or made to live in a better part of town,
Or suited in a tuxedo,
Or packaged like you were some kind of jingle of a pseudo-song.
Society will try to leave you behind,
But you'll keep comin' right along.
Society will try to leave you behind,
But you'll keep comin' right along.

Sometimes it takes a crazy man,
To have the nerve to change a crazy world.
Sometimes it takes a crazy man,
To have the nerve to change a crazy world.
Til they lock you up in a mental hospital,
So you won't go crazy on them any more.
Til they lock you up in a mental hospital,
So you won't go crazy on them any more.
They'll say yeah it's been good to know you and so long.
And once you're safely stored at Belleview they'll record your songs.
They'll say yeah it's been good to know you and so long.
And once you're safely stored at Belleview they'll record your songs.

When Joseph R. McCarthy was cuttin' people down,
Pounding his fist on his committee all over the bloody town,
You were goin' back to where you'd been,
Back to being a wanderer,
With long shaggy hair and a shaggy beard,
Losing your bus fair, spending it on booze,
Having to hitch hike or hop a train.
What else could you have been,
In Joe McCarthy's USA.
Yeah what else could you have been,
In Joe McCarthy's USA.

Sometimes it takes a crazy man,
To have the nerve to change a crazy world.
Sometimes it takes a crazy man,
To have the nerve to change a crazy world.
Til they lock you up in a mental hospital,
So you won't go crazy on them any more.
Til they lock you up in a mental hospital,
So you won't go crazy on them any more.
They'll say, it's been good to know you and so long,
And once you're safely stored at Belleview, they'll record your songs.
They'll say, it's been good to know you and so long,
And once you're safely stored at Belleview, they'll record your songs.

Sometimes it takes a crazy man.
Sometimes it takes a crazy man.
Sometimes it takes a crazy crazy man.
And once you're safely stored at Belleview, they'll record your songs.

(Album, Thought I Heard the Lightening)

A Million More Songs (2000-008)

I was born the night that Woody Guthrie died.
I was born the night that Woody Guthrie died.
I was comin' in and he was rollin' on.
He said, Carry it on! Carry it on!
There's a million more songs to be sung before the dawn.
There's a million more songs to be sung.

Sing them in the street or on the rich man's lawn.
Sing them when you go to storm the Pentagon.
Never underestimate the power of a song.
There's a million more songs to be sung.

I was born the night that Woody Guthrie died.
I was born the night that Woody Guthrie died.
I was comin' in and he was rollin' on.
He said, Carry it on! Carry it on!
There's a million more songs to be sung before the dawn.
There's a million more songs to be sung.

Sing them in the street or on the rich man's lawn.
Sing them when you go to storm the Pentagon.
Never underestimate the power of a song.
There's a million more songs to be sung.

And there'll be more to keep on singing when we die.
There'll be more to keep on singing when we die.
We will sing no more but they will carry on.
We'll tell them to keep on singing, now that we are gone.
And they will touch our spirits in the great gray light of dawn.
There's a million more songs to be sung.

Sing them in the subways or in the concert halls.
Write a great big ballad all around this big blue ball.
And we will stand in awe at the beauty of it all.
There's a million more songs to be sung.

I was born the night that Woody Guthrie died.
I was born the night that Woody Guthrie died.
I was comin' in and he was rollin' on.
He said, Carry it on! Carry it on!
There's a million more songs to be sung before the dawn.
There's a million more songs to be sung.

Sing them in the street or on the rich man's lawn.
Sing them when you go to storm the Pentagon.
Never underestimate the power of a song.
There's a million more songs to be sung.
Never underestimate the power of a song.
There's a million more songs to be sung.
There's a million more songs to be sung before the dawn.

There's a million more songs to be sung.

(Album, Thought I Heard the Lightening)

You Are the Marcher (2000-009)

We organize, We mobilize,
To move the world together.
And then one day, we realize,
We've changed the world forever.
We organize, We mobilize,
To move the world together.
And then one day, we realize,
We've changed the world forever.

There you are, striker on a picket line,
Spring of 1941.
There you are, in a Mississippi freedom war,
Summer of 1964.
There you are, marching for disarmament,
June of 1982.
There you are, resisting corporate rule,
November 1999.
Here we are, marching forever more,
At break of day or fall of night.

Keep on marching, keep on being,
Keep on living what is true.
Keep on marching, keep on rocking.
You are the world, the world is you.
Keep on marching, keep on being.
Keep on living what is true.
You are the marcher, you are the mover.
You are the world, the world is you.
You are the world, the world is you.

We organize, we mobilize,
To move the world together.
And then one day, we realize,
We've changed the world forever.
We organize, we mobilize,
To move the world together.
And then one day, we realize,
We've changed the world forever.

There you are, with the Paris Communards,
Spring of 1871.
There you are, massacred at Ludlow Town,
Greek Easter Sunday 1914.
There you are, on the long march with Chairman Mao,
Somewhere in 1942.
There you are, forgotten on Robin Island,
Circum 1973.
Here we are, marching forever more,
Marching into infinity.

Keep on marching, keep on being.
Keep on living what is true.
Keep on marching, keep on rocking.
You are the world, the world is you.
Keep on marching, keep on being.
Keep on living what is true.
You are the marcher, you are the mover.
You are the world, the world is you.
You are the world, the world is you.

Keep on marching, keep on being.
Keep on living what is true.
You are the marcher, you are the mover.
You are the world, the world is you.
You are the world, the world is you.
You are the world, the world is you.
You are the world, the world is you.
You are the world, the world is you.

(Album, Thought I Heard the Lightening)

Acre on the Moon (2000-010)

Gonna buy myself an acre on the moon.
Gonna buy myself an acre on the moon.
You can all come and visit me, in my lunar home,
When I buy myself an acre on the moon.

Gonna build myself a stone house on the moon.
Gonna build myself a stone house on the moon.
You can all come and visit me, in my lunar home,
When I build myself a stone house on the moon.

They're selling acres on the moon, for ten dollars a piece,
Acres that they bought from the man,
Who is the owner of the Solar System that he bought,
From the no one who has been since time began,
From the no one who has been since time began.

Gonna build a lunar gulf course on the moon.
Gonna build a lunar gulf course on the moon.
You can come and have a game, though the balls might fly away.
Don't lose your balls upon my gulf course on the moon.
Don't lose your balls upon my gulf course on the moon.

Gonna look back on Mother Terra from the moon.
Gonna look back on Mother Terra from the moon.
You can all smile with me as I'm looking back on you.
Gonna look back on Mother Terra from the moon.

They're selling acres on the moon, for ten dollars a piece,
Acres that they bought from the man,
Who is the owner of the Solar System that he bought,
From the no one who has been since time began,
From the no one who has been since time began.

Gonna buy myself an acre on the moon.
Gonna buy myself an acre on the moon.
You can all come and visit me, in my lunar home,
When I buy myself an acre on the moon.
When I buy myself an acre on the moon.

(Album, Giants and Red Sky Heretics)

Last Ride (2000-011)

Get in kid and don't put up a fight.
Your skin is brown and the law is white.
Colonialism is refusing to die.
This police car is gonna be your last ride.
This police car is gonna be your last ride.

We greet the public with a policeman smile,
But we like to abuse our powers just once in awhile.
Like on a cold dark January night,
This police car is gonna be your last ride.
This police car is gonna be your last ride.

It's been many years that we've been around.
We've seen a lot of things goin' down.
We've learned that as policemen we can do what we like,
That the guns and the judges are on our side.
This police car is gonna be your last ride.
This police car is gonna be your last ride.

We'll dump you out at the edge of town.
You can start walking or you can crawl along the fucking ground.
We've heard enough about aboriginal rights.
This police car is gonna be your last ride.
This police car is gonna be your last ride.

Some will tell me I should hang my head in shame,
But everybody has to have their little games.
Everyone needs their kicks and their kryptonite.
So this police car is gonna be your last ride.
This police car is gonna be your last ride.

Some say racism is a thing of the past,
But it's two steps forward and two steps back.
Tell me how did these two young men die.
Did somebody say, This police car is gonna be your last ride.
This police car is gonna be your last ride.

So we demonstrate and we march through the streets,
And we call for a public inquiry.
If someone's tryin' to prove some kind of might makes right,
I hope they’re thinking things over on these long winter nights.
This police car is gonna be your last ride.

We all have to live in this society.
May we learn to treat each other with dignity.
For the sake of us all both aboriginal and white,
I hope we live to see racism take its final ride.
This police car is gonna be your last ride.

This police car is gonna be your last ride.

So get in kid and don't put up a fight.
Your skin is brown and the law is white.
Police racism is refusing to die.
This police car is gonna be your last ride.
This police car is gonna be your last ride.

This police car, gonna be your last ride.
This police car, gonna be your last ride.

(Album, The Embers and the Stars)

Whitehead (2000-012)

They chased Alfred North Whitehead,
From the tomb of the library shelves.
They chased Alfred North Whitehead,
From the tomb of the library shelves.
They said we gotta take old Alfred North Whitehead down,
Lock him in our prison cell,
Lock him in our prison cell,
Lock him in our prison cell.
They said we gotta chase old Alfred North Whitehead down,
Lock him in our prison cell.

The philosopher will sing of freedom,
Way down in your prison cell.
The philosopher will sing of freedom,
Way down in your prison cell.
But for all your frantic preaching,
You and your hierarchy,
Are sending your own souls to Hell.
You're the ones who are living in Hell.
You and your chapel bell,
You're the ones who are living in Hell.
For all your frantic preaching,
You and your hierarchy,
Are sending your own souls to Hell.

Hell is a state of being,
In which we have lost the ability to love.
Hell is a state of being,
In which we have lost the ability to love.
If you cannot love freedom or beauty,
Or the wonder of the cosmos,
You're the sorry souls I'm singing of.
You're the sorry souls I'm singing of.
Sorry souls I'm singing of.
You who cannot love freedom or beauty,
Or the wonder of the cosmos,
You're the sorry souls I'm singing of.

Alfred North Whitehead,
Wrote a song that sang in many a heart.
Alfred North Whitehead,
Wrote a song that sang in many a heart.
He said God is a gentle living dreamer.
We are growing in Him; He is growing with us,
In the universe of where we are.
Universe of where we are.
Universe of where we are.
God is a gentle living dreamer.
We are growing in Him; He is growing with us,
In the universe of where we are.

You who would choose to fear Whitehead,
I only beg of you,
Not to teach the world to share your fear.
You who would choose to fear Whitehead,
I only beg of you,
Not to teach the world to share your fear.
For we will dance with the Maker,
And the Maker will dance with us,
In the beauty of the biosphere.
We'll make love amid the biosphere.
Make love amid the biosphere.
We will dance with the Maker,
And the Maker will dance with us,
In the oneness of the biosphere.

We are the children,
Who stayed to listen,
To hear what the gentle philosopher had to say.
We are the children,
Who stayed to listen,
To hear what the gentle lover of wisdom had to say.
And the universe opened up,
In a hundred thousand directions.
We turned around and we were changed.
We turned around and we were changed.
Turned around and we were changed.
The universe opened up,
In a hundred thousand directions.
We turned around and we were changed.
Freedom did not seem so strange.

(Album, The Embers and the Stars)

Used to Be the Drummer (2000-013)

I used to be the drummer,
In a band called Pegasus.
We used to fly to the place,
Where dreams are made.
I used to be the leader,
Of a movement of a million hearts.
Now here I am,
Lingering in the sprawling shade.

Used to be the drummer in a band.
Used to be the drummer in a band.
I used to be the drummer in a band.
Used to be the drummer in a band, in a band.

Used to be the dreamer,
Of a Terranova better world.
Used to play my jazz,
Like mysticism in the rain.
They used to love to see me shuffle,
Down Thousand Crystal Avenue.
Just to play those chords of love,
Let them mingle with the gentle notes of pain.

I used to be the drummer in a band.
I used to be the drummer in a band.
Used to be the drummer in a band.
Used to be the drummer in a band, in a band.

I used to be the drummer,
In a band called Pegasus.
We used to fly to the place,
Where dreams are made.
I used to be the leader,
Of a movement of a million hearts.
Now here I am,
Lingering in the sprawling shade.

Used to be the drummer in a band.
Used to be the drummer in a band.
I used to be the drummer in a band.
Used to be the drummer in a band.

I used to be the drummer in a band.
I used to be the drummer in a band.
Freak me out a drummer in a band.
Freak me out a drummer in a band.
I used to be the drummer in a band.
Freak me out a drummer in a band.
Used to be the drummer in a band.
Freak me out a drummer in a band, in a band.

Used to be the drummer in a band.
Used to be the drummer in a band, in a band.

(Album, Thought I Heard the Lightening)

The Me I Lost (2000-014)

Twenty years of wearing a mask,
Twenty years of being someone else.
Twenty years of smiling with a turquoise smile,
Prophesying Heaven, living in Hell.

Where do I go, where do I look, for the me I lost.
Where do I go, where do I look, for the me I lost.
Where do I go, where do I look, for the me I lost.
So long ago.

Twenty years of wearing a mask,
Twenty years of being someone else.
Twenty years of smiling with a turquoise smile,
Prophesying Heaven, living in Hell.

Where do I go, where do I look, for the me I lost.
Where do I go, where do I look, for the me I lost.
Where do I go, where do I look, for the me I lost.
So long ago.
So long ago.

Twenty years of walking around,
Twenty years of taking action instead of life.
Twenty years of robot dreams,
Never getting any nearer to the light.

Where do I go, where do I look, for the me I lost.
Where do I go, where do I look, for the me I lost.
Where do I go, where do I look, for the me I lost.
So long ago.

Twenty years of walking around,
Twenty years of taking action instead of life.
Twenty years of robot dreams,
Never getting any nearer to the light.

Where do I go, where do I look, for the me I lost.
Where do I go, where do I look, for the me I lost.
Where do I go, where do I look, for the me I lost.
So long ago.
So long ago.
So long ago.

Where do I go, where do I look, for the me I lost.
Where do I go, where do I look, for the me I lost.
Where do I go, where do I look, for the me I lost.
So long ago.
So long ago.
So long ago.

(Album, Thought I Heard the Lightening)

Christmas in Jail (2000-015)

It's cold December once again.
The December snow is falling,
Beyond the bars on the window.
And John is in his prison cell,
Watching the snowflakes fall.

And he remembers, saying,
I don't wanna spend,
Another Christmas in this place.
I don't wanna spend another Christmas in jail.

He thinks about his kid on the outside.
He thinks about the woman he once loved,
Not so many years ago.
He thinks about the world out there,
That he left behind,
And the world on the inside,
He has come to know.

And he remembers, saying,
I don't wanna spend,
Another Christmas in this place.
I don't wanna spend another Christmas in jail.

He remembers the guards how they were laughing,
When a man from down the way,
Pulled a knife on him and told him he would kill him.
He had to pull his own knife out,
And now he's up for murder,
And they say there could be no chance of parole,
For twenty-five years.

Sometimes in his dreams,
He's spending weekend afternoons,
With his woman and his child on the outside.
But in his nightmares the guards are laughing,
And leering at him all around.
And saying we will get you, once again.

And he remembers, saying,
I don't wanna spend,
Another Christmas in this place.
I don't wanna spend another Christmas in jail.

And he remembers, saying,
I don't wanna spend,
Another Christmas in this place.
I don't wanna spend another Christmas in jail.
I don't wanna spend,
Another Christmas in this place.

I don't wanna spend another Christmas in jail.
I don't wanna spend another Christmas in jail.

(Album, Thought I Heard the Lightening)

Shake Down (2000-016)

People who live in glass houses,
Shouldn't throw stones. I don't deny.
But people who live on the street can throw,
All the stones they bloody well like.
Shake down the ruling class my friends.
Shake down the ruling class.
Shake down the right wing taxpayers.
Shake down the house of glass.
Shake down the house of glass.
Shake down the ruling class.

We are the people of the streets.
Where we come from, you don't know.
We've come to speak our minds today,
With every truth we throw.
You who wish to keep us down,
Or pretend we are not there,
We have come to haunt you.
Fair is fowl and fowl is fair.

People who live in glass houses,
Shouldn't throw stones. I don't deny.
But people who live on the street can throw,
All the stones they bloody well like.
Shake down the ruling class my friends.
Shake down the ruling class.
Shake down the right wing taxpayers.
Shake down the house of glass.
Shake down the house of glass.
Shake down the ruling class.

The politicians come,To express their sympathy.
They say if they had the reins of power,
They'd be good to you and me.
But one was with Mulroney,
And another will never be in power.
Can you trust the politicians who just,
Want to be the saviour of the hour.

People who live in glass houses,
Shouldn't throw stones. I don't deny.
But people who live on the street can throw,

All the stones they bloody well like.
Shake down the ruling class my friends.
Shake down the ruling class.
Shake down the right wing taxpayers.
Shake down the house of glass.
Shake down the house of glass.
Shake down the ruling class.

When the demonstration's over,
And the homeless all go home,
Home to a night at minus twenty,
Or a homeless shelter bed roll,
The news anchor will smile,
And gingerly turn the page.
But did I hear somebody whisper,
Welcome to the dawn of a new dark age.

People who live in glass houses,
Shouldn't throw stones. I don't deny.
But people who live on the street can throw,
All the stones they bloody well like.
Shake down the ruling class my friends.
Shake down the ruling class.
Shake down the right wing taxpayers.
Shake down the house of glass.
Shake down the ruling class my friends.
Shake down the ruling class.
Shake down the right wing taxpayers.
Shake down the house of glass.
Shake down the house of glass.
Shake down the ruling class.
Shake down the house of glass.
Shake down the ruling class.
Shake down. Shake down. Shake down. Shake down.

(Album, This Burning Sword)

Who Killed John Lennon (2000-017)

Eighth of December 1980,
Shots ring out in front of the Dakota.
One more killed in New York City,
All over the world the world would mourn him.

The assassin was just a crazy man.
Tell me what else could it be.
But you must admit that it's interesting,
That a man of peace died so conveniently.

Who killed John Lennon. Who killed John Lennon.
Might have been a crazy man who worked alone.
Or it might have been the CIA. No one really knows.
It might have been just a crazy man who worked alone.
Or he might have been under the influence of CIA mind control.
Who killed John Lennon. Who killed John Lennon.
Who killed John Lennon.

Only thirty-four days before,
Ronald Reagan had swept to power,
A right wing agenda to impose,
To kill every tree and hunt down every flower.

And only six short days before,
Four American church women were killed in El Salvador,
By the right wing death squads in their war on the poor.
And the Pentagon was getting ready,
To join the right wing death squads in their dirty war.

So who killed John Lennon. Who killed John Lennon.
Might have been a crazy man who worked alone.
Or it might have been the CIA. No one really knows.
It might have been just a crazy man who worked alone,
Or he might have been under the influence of CIA mind control.
Who killed John Lennon. Who killed John Lennon.
Who killed John Lennon.

Mark David Chapman, the man who fired the gun,
Was a former employee of the YMCA.
And Phillip Agee said in "Inside the Company",
That the YMCA was a front for the CIA.

And what was Chapman doing in Beirut,
Way back in 1975.
Was there a CIA training camp that had taught him how to shoot.
Was that how they began to hypnotize his mind.

Who killed John Lennon. Who killed John Lennon.
Might have been a crazy man who worked alone.
Or it might have been the CIA. No one really knows.
It might have been just a crazy man who worked alone,
Or he might have been under the influence of CIA mind control.
Who killed John Lennon. Who killed John Lennon.
Who killed John Lennon.

Eighth of December 1980,
Shots ring out in front of the Dakota.
One more killed in New York City,
All over the world the world would mourn him.

The assassin was just a crazy man.
Tell me what else could it be.
But you must admit that it's interesting,
That a man of peace died so conveniently.

Who killed John Lennon. Who killed John Lennon.
Lennon died but we live on.
We gotta build a just and peaceful world somehow.
Lennon died but we live on.
We are the ones who must imagine now.
Who killed John Lennon. Who killed John Lennon.
Who killed John Lennon. Who killed John Lennon.

(Album, The Embers and the Stars)

Until Your Bullets Fly (2000-018)

We are the poets.
We are the dreamers.
We are the dissidents,
The shouters and screamers.

We see the world the way we see it,
And we refuse to give the nod.
We say what must be said,
Whether you want us to or not.

And when we find our mouths,
We know that we must cry,
And speak the truth, until your bullets fly.
And when we find our mouths,
We know that we must cry,
And speak the truth, until your bullets fly.

Whether we are rich or poor,
Whether we are young or old,
Each of us has love somewhere,
Deep down in our souls.

When we see injustice going down,
Before our very eyes,
We raise our arms in protest,
And we begin to organize.

And when we find our mouths,
We know that we must cry,
And speak the truth, until your bullets fly.
And when we find our mouths,
We know that we must cry,
And speak the truth, until your bullets fly.

We grace your black lists.
We fill your hard drive files.
You listen to our phone calls.
You harass us and follow us with cynical smiles.

But we will keep on marching,
Wherever it is we go.
We're not afraid of you.
We left our fears behind long ago.

And when we find our mouths,
We know that we must cry,
And speak the truth, until your bullets fly.
And when we find our mouths,
We know that we must cry,
And hunger and thirst for what is just,
Til we are satisfied.

(Album, The Embers and the Stars)

The Sign on the Wall (2000-019)

There's a sign on the wall at the headquarters of the CIA.
Down in Virginia in the land of the CIA.
"You shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free.",
Is what the sign does say.
From the Holy Gospel, misquoted by the CIA.
From the Holy Gospel, misquoted by the CIA.

It's not the first or the last misuse of Christianity.
It's not the first or the last misuse of Christianity.
They burned a million witches, while saving African souls,
By way of slavery.
It's not the first or the last misuse of Christianity.

Now it's two thousand years since they nailed Jesus to the tree.
And that's two thousand years of oppression and autocracy.
They killed Jesus in the name of Jesus,
From Jerusalem to Wounded Knee.
Two thousand years since they nailed Jesus to the tree.

Brothers and sisters, it's time to turn things around.
Time to bring the unholy empire tumbling down.
Jesus was a companero,
Working for the left wing underground.
Brothers and sisters, it's time to turn things around.

Brothers and sisters, it's time to turn the story around.
Bring the right wing pseudo-Christian empire tumbling down.
Jesus is a companero,
Working for the left wing underground.
Brothers and sisters, it's time to turn the story around.

If Jesus were to come back to the world today,
What would he be like, what would he have to say.
He'd be hated by the right wing preachers,
And hunted down by the CIA.
If Jesus were to come back to the world today.
He might be a comandante.
He might take the name of Che.

You shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free.
Don't confuse capitalism with Christianity.
Every human being,
Has a right to live in dignity.
You shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free.
You shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free.

(Album, Conjectures for Kindred Spirits)

The Traveling Ones (2000-020)

Thunder crashing in the morning light,
O my brothers and sisters,
We chased that thunder storm all night,
O my brothers and sisters.

We are the traveling ones,
With our feet upon the ground.
We are the dancing ones,
Earth and sky don't make a sound.

Rode a poem across the lake,
O my brothers and sisters,
An ink well for a splashing wave,
O my brothers and sisters.

We are the traveling ones,
With our feet upon the ground.
We are the dancing ones.
When will our lyric souls be found.

The daystar makes the noon time bright,
O my brothers and sisters.
The human spirit will light the night,
O my brothers and sisters.

We are the traveling ones,
With our feet upon the ground.
We are the dancing ones.
A thousand spheres go round and round.

When the morning sun arose,
O my brothers and sisters,
We were dancing there without our clothes,
O my brothers and sisters.

We are the traveling ones,
With our feet upon the ground.
We are the dancing ones.
Earth and sky don't make a sound.

Thunder crashing in the morning light,
O my brothers and sisters,
We chased that thunder storm all night,
O my brothers and sisters.

We are the traveling ones,
With our feet upon the ground.
We are the dancing ones.
When will our lyric souls be found.

We are the traveling ones,
With our feet upon the ground.
We are the dancing ones.
A thousand spheres go round and round.

Earth and sky don't make a sound.
When will our lyric souls be found.
A thousand spheres go round and round.

(Album, Giants and Red Sky Heretics)

Still Have Love (2000-021)

If we can blockade the roadways,
And still have love,
If we can stand before the tear gas,
And still have love,
If we can fight the iron fist and heel,
And still have love,
Then we will see a new world dawning,
See a new world dawning,
See a new world dawning now.

If we can name the corporations,
And still have love,
If we can get arrested by the state police,
And still have love,
If we can suffer in the prisons,
And still have love,
Then we will see a new world dawning,
See a new world dawning,
See a new world dawning now.

So let us stand in the roadways,
With the force of love.
Let us sing liberation,
With the force of love.
Be it shining or raining,
We will still have love.
And we will see a new world dawning,
See a new world dawning,
See a new world dawning now.
Dawning now, dawning now.

We will not be statistics,
For we still have love.
We will not be afraid no,
For we still have love.
We will not be divided.
We are joined in love.
We will see a new world dawning,
See a new world dawning,
See a new world dawning now.
Dawning now, dawning now.

If we can blockade the roadway,
And still have love,
If we can stand before the tear gas,
And still have love,
If we can fight the iron fist and heel,
And still have love,
Then we will see a new world dawning,
See a new world dawning,
See a new world dawning now.

We will see a new world dawning,
See a new world dawning,

See a new world dawning now.
Dawning now, dawning now,
Dawning now, dawning now.

(Album, Giants and Red Sky Heretics)

The Coffee Song (2000-022)

We drink four hundred billion cups,
Of coffee every year.
That's more than a billion cups a day.
That's sixty-seven cups,
For every living human being.
How many headaches if we try to break away.

We drink two cups for every star,
In our galaxy,
Ten for every millimetre 'round the earth,
One for every millimetre,
From the earth out to the moon.
Now just how much are those coffee empires worth.

We drink four hundred billion cups,
Of coffee every year.
The corporations have us hooked upon caffeine.
From America to Africa,
From Sweden to Japan,
One more twinkle in the corporate machine.

But the revolution's growing.
I can feel it in the air.
We are fighting for the day when we'll be free.
To those four hundred billion cups,
Of coffee every year,
We will plant our seeds and sip our herbal tea.

We drink four hundred billion cups,
Of coffee every year.
I am not a coffee drinker; I can smile.
Though I like my Coca Cola,
Which of course is even worse,
Every step will lead us to the thousandth mile.

O the yanks had a tea party.
The French stormed the Bastille.
Gandhi marched and made some salt down by the sea.
Perhaps the chucking of the coffee cup,
Into the coffee void,
Will be the revolutionary act of the twenty-first century.

Take those four hundred billion cups,
Of coffee every year.
Throw the restaurants and the coffee shops away.
Put your money where your mouth is,
Is an old warn out cliché,
But put your mouth where there's no money to be made.

Imagine no more coffee,
No more caffeinated tea,
No more Coke and no more Pepsi anywhere,
But locally grown herb tea,
And fruit juice of every kind,

And beer and wine and cider all quite fair.

I would like to end this shanty,
On a self-affirming note,
For the question is quite simple and quite clear.
Would you rather be addicted,
To the corporate coffee pot,
Or be hung over from your neighbour's home made beer.
I say beer!

(Album, Giants and Red Sky Heretics)

The Day the Friendly Giant Died (2000-023)

The day the Friendly Giant died,
The inner child said, I will be all right.
The day the Friendly Giant died,
The inner child said, I will be all right.

Part of my childhood seems to be gone,
But it still lives on. It still lives on.
Somewhere there's a castle, deep inside me.
They're lettin' down the drawbridge to set the people free.

The day the Friendly Giant died,
Part of me smiled and part of me cried.
The day the Friendly Giant died,
I knew I still had a place where I could abide.
I knew I still had a place where I could abide.

Where did I learn about life and dreams.
Where did I learn we could live in peace,
In gentleness and simplicity.
Is that what Friendly means to you and me.

The day the Friendly Giant died,
Part of me smiled and part of me cried.
The day the Friendly Giant died,
I knew I still had a place where I could abide.
I knew I still had a place where I could abide.

Sweet little place, sweet little merry band,
Right in the middle of Television Land.
For the eyes and the ears of a young child growin'.
Every child needs a gentle place to have as home.

Now I have grown and I've seen the world,
Seen a thousand bitter truths unfurl.
But if I can come back and be at peace,
I really oughta thank good old Friend-ly.

The day the Friendly Giant died,
The inner child said I will be all right.
The day the Friendly Giant died,
Part of me smiled and part of me cried.
The day the Friendly Giant died,
I knew I still had a place where I could abide.
I knew I still had a place where I could abide.
Abide in peace, abide in the light,
Abide in that gentle castle deep down inside.

The day the Friendly Giant Died,
The day the Friendly Giant died.
The day the Friendly Giant died,
The day the Friendly Giant died.

(Album, Giants and Red Sky Heretics)

May Our Hearts Live in Peace (2000-024)

As we walk in the footsteps,
Of giants on the road,
Taller than the naked sky,
And brighter than our souls.

May our hearts, live in peace.
May our hearts, live in peace.

Masters of the craft,
Of the songsmith and the bard,
Who said song could see us through,
To change this world in which we are.

May our hearts, live in peace.
May our hearts, live in peace.

Those who wrote of life,
And of dreaming strangest dreams,
Til the dreams no longer seemed so strange,
Like pebbles on a stream.

May our hearts, live in peace.
May our hearts, live in peace.

And three hundred years from now,
They may still sing your words,
If we keep this old world rolling on,
All around the world.

May our hearts, live in peace.
May our hearts, live in peace.

As we walk in the footsteps,
Of giants on the road,
Taller than the naked sky,
And brighter than our souls.

May our hearts, live in peace.
May our hearts, live in peace.
May our hearts, live in peace.
May our hearts, live in peace.

(Album, Giants and Red Sky Heretics)

What You Gonna Do (2000-025)

What you gonna do when the free lunch comes to an end.
What you gonna do when the free lunch comes to an end.
When the forests all burn down,
And there's a hurricane everywhere,
And we see the system we have known,
Full of a lot of hot air.
What you gonna do when the free lunch comes to an end.
What you gonna do when the free lunch comes to an end.

What you gonna do when society becomes unplugged.
What you gonna do when society becomes unplugged.
No food on the grocery shelves,
No money in the ATM's,
Your mutual funds will collapse,
With the ecosphere my friends.
What you gonna do when society becomes unplugged.
When a billion people come down from their drug.

What you gonna do when there's nowhere else to go.
What you gonna do when there's nowhere else to go.
When the world you know is crumbling,
Everywhere you turn.
All the oceans, all the cities,
Simply burn burn burn.
What you gonna do when there's nowhere else to go.
What you gonna do when there's nowhere else to go.

Some will call it the wrath of God, but I don't think so.
Some will call it the wrath of God, but I don't think so.
It's the wrath and final desperate cry,
Of sacred Mother Earth.
She's tried to change us again and again,
But we kept on raping her.
Some will call it the wrath of God, but I don't think so.
Some will call it the wrath of God, but I don't think so.

What you gonna say to a man-made Armageddon.
What you gonna say to a man-made Armageddon.
We tried to get the world,
On to the eco-track,
But the smiling corporations,
They kept on lashing back.
What you gonna say to a man-made Armageddon.
What you gonna say to a man-made Armageddon.

What you gonna do when the free lunch comes to an end.
What you gonna do when the free lunch comes to an end.
When the forests all burn down,
And there's a hurricane everywhere,
And we see the system that we've known,
Full of a lot of hot air.
What you gonna do when the free lunch comes to an end.
What you gonna do when the free lunch comes to an end.
What you gonna do when the free lunch comes to an end.

(Album, Giants and Red Sky Heretics)

Wheel's Gonna Turn (2000-026)

Adolf Eichmann said he was just a bureaucrat,
Paper pusher with a pen who did what he was told.
Ambitious ladder climber who knew where things were at,
Wanting to surround himself with NAZI gold.

But the wheel's gonna turn and people gonna die.
The wheel's gonna turn and people gonna die.
The wheel is gonna turn til someone stops the wheel,
When the eyes of the millions are a little bit too real.
The wheel's gonna turn til someone wonders why.
The wheel is gonna turn til someone wonders why.

Canada was just a friendly middle power middleman.
Fuelled the war machine for LBJ.
Building guns, airplane parts and Agent Orange for use on Vietnam.
Not wanting to know how many kids we've killed today.
As in "Hay hay LBJ,
How many kids did you kill today.".

But the wheel's gonna turn and people gonna die.
The wheel's gonna turn and people gonna die.
The wheel is gonna turn til someone stops the wheel,
When the eyes of the millions are a little bit too real.
The wheel's gonna turn til someone wonders why.
The wheel is gonna turn til someone wonders why.

Now the currency speculator sits at his computer screen,
And speculates on the currencies of nation-states.
While governments cut back programs throwing people on the street,
And the currency speculator says, "I'm just playing the game.
I feel no pain.".

But the wheel's gonna turn and people gonna die.
The wheel's gonna turn and people gonna die.
The wheel is gonna turn til someone stops the wheel,
When the eyes of the millions are a little bit too real.
The wheel's gonna turn til someone wonders why.
The wheel is gonna turn til someone wonders why.

O the twentieth century is over now,
Where the poet went to sleep in the psycho-killer's layer.
A hundred years of history are going down,
And the banality of evil it is everywhere.
The banality of evil it is everywhere.

And the wheel's gonna turn and people gonna die.
The wheel is gonna turn and people gonna die.
The wheel is gonna turn til someone stops the wheel,
When the eyes of the millions are a little bit too real.
The wheel's gonna turn til someone wonders why.
The wheel is gonna turn til someone wonders why.

Adolf Eichmann said he was just a bureaucrat.

(Album, Giants and Red Sky Heretics)

The Dust is Rising (2000-027)

The dust is rising in this old town,
On the streets where I once ran around,
Where the candy store stood so strong and brown.
The dust is rising in this old town.

The dust is rising in this old town.
The further I go the more I've found,
The more life turns you around.
The dust is rising in this old town.
The dust is rising in this old town.
The dust is rising in this old town.

Thinking back on the neighbourhood,
Where I came from so long ago,
The action figure comic books,
The mysteries I longed to know.

The streets that I once ran upon,
The boulevarded avenue,
I wonder where that world has gone.
Where am I now and where are you.

The dust is rising in this old town,
The streets where I once ran around,
Where the candy store stood so tall and brown.
The dust is rising in this old town.

The dust is rising in this old town.
The faster we move the more I've found,
The more time comes and slows you down.
The dust is rising in this old town.
The dust is rising in this old town.
The dust is rising in this old town.

I grew out of a movie screen,
Space men against a sky of stars.
And if I could be my own poet bean,
I could sprout in the bright red soil of Mars.

And when we walked out into the day,
We would act out what we had seen.
And we could write our own screen play,
And be super heroes or hallowed beings.

The dust is rising in this old town,
On the streets where I once ran around,
Where the candy store stood so strong and brown.
The dust is rising in this old town.

The dust is rising in this old town.
The further I go the more I've found,
The more life turns you around.
The dust is rising in this old town.
The dust is rising in this old town.

The dust is rising in this old town.
The dust is rising in this old town.

Here I am, twenty-five years gone by,
Since those days beneath that cherry bowl sky.
I am doing what I always wanted to do,
Singing songs in a mystery of blue.
Singing songs in a mystery of blue.
Singing songs in a mystery of blue.

The dust is rising in this old town.
The dust is rising in this old town.
The dust is rising in this old town.

(Album, Giants and Red Sky Heretics)

Drowned Poet in the Rain (2000-028)

Is anybody out there listening.
Is anybody out there listening.
Is anybody out there listening.
Or am I just a drowned poet in the rain.
Or am I just a drowned poet in the rain.

Does anybody out there hear our cry.
Does anybody out there hear our cry.
Does anybody out there hear our cry.
Or are we in the desert speaking to sand and sky.
Or are we in the desert speaking to sand and sky.

Does anybody out there hear our voice.
Does anybody out there hear our voice.
Does anybody out there hear our voice.
When we tell them capitalism is not the only choice.
When we tell them capitalism is not the only choice.

Does anybody out there really care.
Does anybody out there really care.
Does anybody out there really care.
When we speak of peace and justice for people everywhere.
When we speak of peace and justice for people everywhere.

Is anybody out there listening.
Is anybody out there listening.
Is anybody out there listening.
Or am I just a drowned poet in the rain.
Or am I just a drowned poet in the rain.

Drowned poet in the rain, drowned poet in the rain.
Drowned poet in the rain, drowned poet in the rain.
Drowned poet in the rain, drowned poet in the rain.
Drowned poet in the rain, drowned poet in the rain.
Drowned poet in the rain, drowned poet in the rain.
Drowned poet in the rain, drowned poet in the rain.
Drowned poet in the rain, drowned poet in the rain.

Tell it to the ears, of the universe.
The birds of heaven will not get there first.
Listen to the stones, and the lamp posts of your home town.
May every Bastille you storm come down.
May every Bastille you storm come down.

Tell it to the ears, of the universe.
The birds of heaven will not get there first.
Listen to the stones, and the lamp posts of your home town.
May all the Bastilles you storm come down.
May all the Bastilles you storm come down.

Drowned poet in the rain, drowned poet in the rain.
Drowned poet in the rain, drowned poet in the rain.
Drowned poet in the rain, drowned poet in the rain.

This is the drowned poet in the rain.
Is anybody out there listening.
This is the drowned poet in the rain.
Is anybody out there listening.

(Album, Giants and Red Sky Heretics)

Soul Force Wheel (2000-029)

Let us share our power in the soul force wheel,
Commonweal, common wheel.
Let us share our power in the soul force wheel.
Working together it will be made real.
Working together it will be made real.

People of the planet both near and far,
Where you are, where you are,
People of the planet both near and far,
Joining hands in reaching for that furthest star,
Joining hands in reaching for that furthest star.

Let us share our power in the soul force wheel,
Commonweal, common wheel.
Let us share our power in the soul force wheel,
Working together it will be made real,
Working together it will be made real.

People of the cities and of the land,
Take your stand. Take your stand.
People of the cities and of the land,
We are strong though we may be a ragged band.
We are strong though we may be a ragged band.

Let us share our power in the soul force wheel,
Commonweal, common wheel.
Let us share our power in the soul force wheel,
Working together it will be made real.
Working together it will be made real.

Soul force truth force turning 'round,
We are bound. We are bound.
Soul force truth force turning 'round,
Every clod on the planet is sacred ground.
Every clod on the planet is sacred ground.

Let us share our power in the soul force wheel,
Commonweal, common wheel.
Let us share our power in the soul force wheel.
Working together it will be made real.
Working together it will be made real.

Let us bring down the deities of our day,
Day by day, day by day.
Let us bring down the deities of our day.
The true divinity within us will not go away.
True divinity within us will not go away.

Let us share our power in the soul force wheel,
Commonweal, common wheel.
Let us share our power in the soul force wheel.
Working together it will be made real.
Working together it will be made real.

Let us share our power in the soul force wheel,
Commonweal, common wheel.
Let us share our power in the soul force wheel.
Working together it will be made real.
Working together it will be made real.

Let us share our power in the soul force wheel,
Commonweal, common wheel.
Let us share our power in the soul force wheel.
Working together it will be made real.
Working together it will be made real.
Working together it will be made real.
Working together it will be made real.

(Album, Giants and Red Sky Heretics)

Love Will (2000-030)

Love will melt the metal of the bombs,
Metal of the missiles, tanks and guns.
Love will cool the starwars laser beams,
And dare all the world to live its dreams,
And dare all the world to live its dreams.

Love will crumble the fortresses of stone.
Love will levitate the Pentagon.
Til the wind blows free and the rain falls true,
Love will dare all the world to begin anew.
Love will dare all the world to begin anew.

When the people fear they have no choice,
Love comes with a strong and gentle voice.
See the kingdom spread its wings upon the earth.
You shall be more than conquerors.
You shall be more than conquerors.

When the power structures seem too strong,
Love is a firm and boisterous song,
Singing in the hearts of everyone,
Singing through the night to greet the sun,
Singing through the night to greet the sun.

Love will transform the dollared world,
Til living greens and wilds unfurl.
Til every human being stands,
And justice rolls across the land,
And justice rolls across the land.

Love is the song that stirs us all,
Enveloping this blue white ball.
Enveloping our hearts and minds,
Over all the earth and humankind,
Over all the earth and humankind.

Sing of love, sing of love, in the dead of night,
In prisons light-years from the light.
Amid the grind of stark control,
Surely love can stir the oppressor's soul.
Surely love can stir the oppressor's soul.

Love is as fierce as it is strong.
Woe to those who would hold back love's fierce dawn.
And when all the world drops down drops down,
It is love that keeps us moving 'round.
It is love that keeps us moving 'round.

Love will melt the metal of the bombs,
Metal of the missiles, tanks and guns.
Love will cool the starwars laser beams,
And dare all the world to live its dreams,
And dare all the world to live its dreams.

Love will crumble the fortresses of stone.
Love will levitate the Pentagon.
Til the wind blows free and the rain falls true,
Love will dare all the world to begin anew.
Love will dare all the world to begin anew.
Love will dare all the world to begin anew.

(Album, Giants and Red Sky Heretics)

Undermine and Overthrow (2000-031)

We are the people of the earth.
We have come together,
To move the world for all we're worth,
Change the world forever.

We say no. We won't go.
Rise'm up from down below.
Undermine and overthrow.
Rise'm up from down below.
We say no. We won't go.
Rise'm up from down below.
Undermine and overthrow.
Rise'm up from down below.

The very earth has been defiled,
By the corporations.
Desecrate the corporate smile.
Shout for liberation.

We say no. We won't go.
Rise'm up from down below.
Undermine and overthrow.
Rise'm up from down below.
We say no. We won't go.
Rise'm up from down below.
Undermine and overthrow.
Rise'm up from down below.

Capitalism's had its day.
It's time for dissolution.
Corporate world get out of the way.
We are the revolution.

We say no. We won't go.
Rise'm up from down below.
Undermine and overthrow.
Rise'm up from down below.
We say no. We won't go.
Rise'm up from down below.
Undermine and overthrow.
Rise'm up from down below.

Capitalism's had its day.
It's time for dissolution.
Corporate world get out of the way.
We are the revolution.
We are the revolution.
We are the revolution.

We say no. We won't go.
Rise'm up from down below.
Undermine and overthrow.
Rise'm up from down below.
We say no. We won't go.

Rise'm up from down below.
Undermine and overthrow.
Rise'm up from down below.
Undermine and overthrow.
Rise'm up from down below.
Undermine and overthrow.
Rise'm up from down below.

(Album, Giants and Red Sky Heretics)

No to Caffeine (2000-032)

I've gotta say no, no to caffeine.
I've gotta say no, no to caffeine.
I don't wanna be a slave, to the capitalist machine.
I've gotta say no, no to caffeine.
I've gotta say no, no to caffeine.

From the tea plantations of south Asia,
To the west African coffee bean,
To the Coke and Pepsi empires,
Bordering on the obscene,
How many people have been murdered for the sake of caffeine.
How many people have been murdered for the sake of caffeine.

I've gotta say no, no to caffeine.
I've gotta say no, no to caffeine.
I don't wanna be a slave, to the capitalist machine.
I've gotta say no, no to caffeine.
I've gotta say no, no to caffeine.

The caffeine imperialists,
March across the globe,
Bringing about oppression,
Everywhere they go.
There's only one way out and that's to say no.
There's only one way out and that's to say no.

I've gotta say no, no to caffeine.
I've gotta say no, no to caffeine.
I don't wanna be a slave, to the capitalist machine.
I've gotta say no, no to caffeine.
I've gotta say no, no to caffeine.

No to the corporations,
Coca Cola to Nescafe.
No to the Caffeine Imperialist Army,
Initials, CIA.
Caffeine capitalism is a game we must refuse to play.
Caffeine capitalism is a game we must refuse to play.

I've gotta say no, no to caffeine.
I've gotta say no, no to caffeine.
I don't wanna be a slave, to the capitalist machine.
I've gotta say no, no to caffeine.
I've gotta say no, no to caffeine.
I've gotta say no, no to caffeine.
I've gotta say no, no to caffeine.
No to caffeine, no to caffeine, no to caffeine.

(Album, Giants and Red Sky Heretics)

At Least I'm Free (2000-033)

You don't know how to take it,
When I tell you I've shook hands,
With the ones that you were taught to fear,
And hate rather than to understand.
And you don't know how to face it,
When you turn around again,
And I'm just as radical as I've ever been,
Since you really can't remember when.

O let me run I say.
O let me run I say.
And let me be the way,
I wish to be.
Let me have the freedom of my mind.
Let me have the freedom of my mind.
And if I fall down sometimes,
At least I'm free.
And if I fall down sometimes,
At least I'm free.

I will take your world and turn it,
Upside down a couple times.
I will shuffle your life like a deck of cards,
And scream right through your narrow mind.
I will shake the stars of your cosmos,
Like a tree shook by the wind,
Til they fall like autumn leaves to the ground,
Never to get back up again.

O let me run I say.
O let me run I say.
And let me be the way,
I wish to be.
Let me have the freedom of my mind.
Let me have the freedom of my mind.
And if I fall down sometimes,
At least I'm free.
And if I fall down sometimes,
At least I'm free.

The empires you believed in,
The assumptions that you had,
They were all very well for the privileged few,
Who rode the waves of the great facade.
But for the millions you killed and tortured,
And beat down into the sand,
Your good life was a gagging hell,
Governed by an iron hand.

O let me run I say.
O let me run I say.
And let me be the way,
I wish to be.
Let me have the freedom of my mind.

Let me have the freedom of my mind.
And if I fall down sometimes,
At least I'm free.
And if I fall down sometimes,
At least I'm free.

O let me run I say.
O let me run I say.
And let me be the way,
I wish to be.
Let me have the freedom of my mind.
Let me have the freedom of my mind.
And if I fall down sometimes,
At least I'm free.
And if I fall down sometimes,
At least I'm free.
And if I fall down sometimes,
At least I'm free.
At least I'm free.
At least I'm free.

(Album, Giants and Red Sky Heretics)

I Love the Dandelions (2000-034)

I love the dandelions.
I love the dandelions.
I wanna see dandelions growing everywhere.
I love the dandelions.
I love the dandelions.

Here's to the dandelions.
Here's to the dandelions.
Here's to those rebel spirits growing on our lawns.
Here's to the dandelions.
Here's to the dandelions.

I am a dandelion.
I am a dandelion.
I'm a gentle rebel spirit.
You snuff me out, but I come back again.
I am a dandelion.
I am a dandelion.

Long live the dandelions.
Long live the dandelions.
Long live the movement for freedom peace and love.
Long live the dandelions.
Long live the dandelions.

Long live the dandelions.
Long live the dandelions.
May the dandelions flower, when the corporations die.
Long live the dandelions.
Long live the dandelions.

I love the dandelions.
I love the dandelions.
Long live the dandelions.
I love the dandelions.
Long live the dandelions.
I love the dandelions.

(Album, Giants and Red Sky Heretics)

Arise (2000-035)

Arise arise o people.
The fire in our hearts is burning.
We are the ones who live upon,
The earth as she keeps turning.
The earth as she keeps turning.

The elders and the mountain streams,
Have spoken in the dreaming.
We are to be the keepers here,
As all of life comes streaming.
As all of life comes streaming.

Arise arise o people.
The fire in our hearts is burning.
We are the ones who live upon,
The earth as she keeps turning.
The earth as she keeps turning.

The name of every mother's child,
Of every human being,
Is written in the grains of sand,
Where knowing is believing.
Where knowing is believing.

Arise arise o people.
The fire in our hearts is burning.
We are the ones who live upon,
The earth as she keeps turning.
The earth as she keeps turning.

Arise arise o people.
The fire in our hearts is burning.
We are the ones who live upon,
The earth as she keeps turning.
The earth as she keeps turning.
The earth as she keeps turning.
The earth as she keeps turning.
The earth as she keeps turning.

(Album, Giants and Red Sky Heretics)

Today I Go a Sailing (2000-036)

Today I go a sailin',
The waves upon me boat,
They toss me as I roll along the sea.
Today I go a sailin'.
I barely stay afloat,
But I'm longing for the day when I'll be free.
I'm longing for the day when I'll be free.

I made my way down,
To where the ocean meets the shore,
And stepped into the boat that I had made.
I cast out from the shore,
Said I'll be a slave no more,
Though it may mean a watery grave,
Though it may mean a watery grave.

I'm sailing can't you see.
I'm longing to be free.
Saying never will I be a slave again.
I'm sailin' can't you see.
I'm longing to be free.
Saying never will I be a slave again.
No never will I be a slave again.>

The first night out,
A storm came up,
And tossed me til I feared that I would drown.
But I said to the wind
And the waves, I'm tough,
Vowing that I never would go down,
Vowing that I never would go down.

On the second day,
An iceberg came along,
And cast its shadow over me.
So I sung that iceberg,
An emancipation song,
Til the iceberg decided it was free,
Til the iceberg decided it was free.

I'm sailin' can't you see.
I'm longing to be free.
Sayin' never will I be a slave again.
I'm sailin' can't you see.
I'm longing to be free,
Sayin' never will I be a slave again,
No never will I be a slave again.

The landlords and the goons,
Back in my home land,
They worked me til I nearly died.
There could be no escape,
For my heart and mind and hand,
But leaving, so that is what I've tried,

But leaving, so that is what I've tried.

Now the waves go on,
And on, and on.
I'm hoping for the day when I shall see,
The new free land,
That I shall dwell upon,
And finally finally I'll be free.
Yes, finally finally I'll be free.

I'm sailin' can't you see.
I'm longing to be free.
Sayin' never will I be a slave again.
I'm sailin' can't you see.
I'm longing to be free.
Sayin' never will I be a slave again.
No never will I be a slave again.

I'm sailin' can't you see.
I'm longing to be free,
And never will I be a slave again.
I'm sailin' can't you see.
I'm longing to be free,
And never will I be a slave again.
No never will I be a slave again.

Today I go a sailin'.
The waves upon me boat,
They toss me as I roll along the sea.
Today I go a sailin'.
I barely stay afloat.
But I'm longing for the day when I'll be free.
I'm longing for the day when I'll be free.
I'm longing, for the day, when I'll be free.

(Album, This Burning Sword)

Woody Used to Tell Arlo (2000-037)

Woody used to tell Arlo,
Not to play the guitar so loud.
But what Woody didn't realize,
Is that space and time are round.
One generation comes,
To bring us through the trees.
Another generation has to come,
And lead us down to the sea.
Lead us down to the sea.

Sometimes I feel angry.
Sometimes I feel calm.
Sometimes I feel like dreaming,
In a gentle misty fog.
Sometimes I fear the young will,
Never know the things I know.
Sometimes it seems that they,
Are a hundred thousand K,
Ahead of us along the road.
Ahead of us along the road.

Woody had to teach Arlo,
The forgotten words of "This Land is Your Land".
The verses no one else would sing,
So posterity would understand.
About the sign that said "private property",
But on the other side,
The sign didn't say anything.
That side of the sign was for you and I.
That side of the sign was for you and I.

So many bright young people,
I hear about today,
Are making the connections,
It took me twenty years to make.
From GMOs to forestry,
To Mumia Abu-Jamal,
They know there's one hand of oppression,
And one finite blue white ball.
One finite blue white ball.
So a little optimism,
About tomorrow's dawn,
A little hope amid the fear and pain,
To keep us, keep us rollin' on.
Sixty thousand in Seattle,
Did shut the monster down.
The youthful flame that dares to love the earth,
That the corporations thought that they could drown,
Come to turn the world around.

Woody used to tell Arlo,
Not to play the guitar so loud.
But what Woody didn't realize,
Is that space and time are round.

One generation comes,
To bring us through the trees.
And another generation has to come,
And lead us down to the sea.
Lead us down to the sea.
Lead us down to the sea.
Lead us down to the sea.

(Album, This Burning Sword)

World of Ice (2000-038)

Six hundred million years ago,
When the world was made of ice,
When the sun was shining sweetly,
But about six percent less bright,
All the continents were one,
Gathered 'round the old South Pole.
The rain and snow kept falling.
Glaciers formed, and the planet it grew cold.
And the planet it grew cold.

The glaciers they expanded,
Toward the equatorial line.
And there was only a narrow space,
Where you could find a hint of life.
But that flickering spark of life,
Said, we've got to keep ourselves alive.
Six hundred million years ago,
When the world was made of ice,
When the world was made of ice.

Six hundred million years ago,
When Panocea was the land,
Where the continents were gathered,
Like a joining of all hands,
The glaciers kept enlarging,
As if to take back the entire earth,
And many times the micro-organisms,
Must have questioned their own meaning, and their own worth.
Their own meaning and their own worth.

But the dream of a living world,
Beat on, in the planetary heart,
Til the subterranean motion came,
And tore that continent apart.
The volcanoes they erupted,
Til the world grew warm again.
Six hundred million years ago,
When Panocea was the land,
When Panocea was the land.

Six hundred million years ago,
When the world was made of ice,
Six hundred million years ago,
When the world was made of ice,
That narrow band of life,
Had the daring to survive,
As if to say, there is life and hope,
In the darkest depths of winter night,
The darkest depths of winter night.

Now here we are with the power,
To throw it all away.
Half a billion years of bio-dream,
We're speaking of today.

Did those micro-organisms have a vision, of humans,
Who would have the power to decide,
Six hundred million years ago,
When the world was made of ice,
When the world was made of ice.
Six hundred million years ago,
When the world was made of ice,
When the world was made of ice.

(Album, This Burning Sword)

Cat Stevens (2000-039)

A lot of people didn't understand,
When Cat Stevens converted to Islam.
A lot of people didn't understand,
When Cat Stevens converted to Islam.

People of the west said why on Earth,
Would you throw away your music and throw away your worth.
A lot of people didn't understand,
When Cat Stevens converted to Islam.

The Prophet and the Quran, that's just a bit too far.
We liked you better when you were a rock and roll star.
A lot of people didn't understand,
When Cat Stevens converted to Islam.
A lot of people couldn't understand,
Why Cat Stevens converted to Islam.

We liked the man who said, I've got to go away,
Who raised questions like where do the children play.
A lot of people didn't understand,
When Cat Stevens converted to Islam.

But it could be there's a spirit within all faiths,
That calms your soul and kinda hits you in the face.
A lot of people didn't understand,
When Cat Stevens converted to Islam.
A lot of people couldn't understand,
Why Cat Stevens converted to Islam.

We liked the man who said, I've got to go away,
Who raised questions like where do the children play.
A lot of people didn't understand,
When Cat Stevens converted to Islam.

But it could be there's a spirit within all faiths,
That calms your soul and kinda hits you in the face.
A lot of people didn't understand,
When Cat Stevens converted to Islam.
A lot of people couldn't understand,
Why Cat Stevens converted to Islam.

A lot of people didn't understand,
When Cat Stevens converted to Islam,
When Cat Stevens converted to Islam,
When Cat Stevens converted to Islam.
A lot of people didn't understand.

(Album, This Burning Sword)

Mr. Ochs (2000-040)

Sorry Mr. Ochs, your day is through.
We really gotta slam the door on you.
You were fun for awhile. You made a big noise,
But now no one wants to hear your voice.
Mr. Ochs, the times are changing.

O there was a time when you could be proud,
When on campuses everywhere, you drew crowds.
When people came to scream and to shout,
As you belted your political lyrics out,
But Mr. Ochs, the times are changing.

Ya I remember you back in 1965,
When you told everyone they should stand up for their rights.
But times have changed and we've grown old.
One of these days you're gonna have to be told.
Mr. Ochs, the times are changing.

The people who came, your concerts to see,
Have graduated from university.
And the students there now have changed with the years.
They're not fighting for peace. They just want careers.
Mr. Ochs, the times are changing.

I'm not a politician, can't you see.
I'm an agent from a record company.
I'm here to make profits, I'm sorry to say.
Mr. Ochs, I really think you've had your day.
Mr. Ochs, the times are changing.

Sorry Mr. Ochs, your day is through.
We really gotta slam the door on you.
You were fun for awhile. You made a big noise,
But now no one wants to hear your voice.
Mr. Ochs, the times are changing.

No we don't wanna hear about you being crucified,
Or talkin' about committing suicide.
We're getting on with our lives. It's 1975.
Good luck to you, in the rest of your life.
Mr. Ochs, the times are changing.
Mr. Ochs, the times are changing.
Mr. Ochs, the times are changing.

(Album, This Burning Sword)

Stand on the Mountain (2000-041)

Stand on the mountain. Let your light shine.
Stand on the mountain. Let your light shine.
You are the lighted city, of the soul and mind.
Stand on the mountain. Let your light shine.

Walk in the forest. Let your footsteps be heard.
Walk in the forest. Let your footsteps be heard.
May you be the sacred silence, that calms the heart of every bird.
Walk in the forest. Let your footsteps be heard.

Swim in the ocean. Let your heartbeat be known.
Swim in the ocean. Let your heartbeat be known.
Every wave will crash, every whale, every stone.
Swim in the ocean. Let your heartbeat be known.

Stand on the mountain. Let your light shine.
Stand on the mountain. Let your light shine.
You are the lighted city, of the soul and mind.
Stand on the mountain. Let your light shine.

If we are all pilgrims, and our work is our light,
If we are all pilgrims, and our work is our light,
Let us all light a candle, against the dark of night.
If we are all pilgrims, and our work is our light.

May our lives be a ballad. May our hearts be a song.
May our lives be a ballad. May our hearts be a song.
One great hymn to the universe, to carry on and on.
May our lives be a ballad. May our hearts be a song.

Stand on the mountain. Let your light shine.
Stand on the mountain. Let your light shine.
You are the lighted city, of the soul and mind.
Stand on the mountain. Let your light shine.

Children of the Maker, children of the earth,
Children of the Maker, children of the earth,
We did not spring from concrete, or steal or Astroturf.
We are children of the Maker. We are children of the earth.

We are children of the Maker. We are children of the earth.
We are children of the Maker. We are children of the earth.
We did not spring from concrete, or steal or Astroturf.
We are children of the Maker. We are children of the earth.

Stand on the mountain. Let your light shine.
Stand on the mountain. Let your light shine.
You are the lighted city, of the soul and mind.
Stand on the mountain. Let your light shine.
Let your light shine. Let your light shine.
Let your light shine.

(Album, This Burning Sword)

Tell my People (2000-042)

Tell my people not to cry for me,
Or look for me in the morning glow.
'Cause I'm goin' down to Calgary,
Where the petroleum companies roll,
Where the petroleum companies roll.

I'm going to face the pepper spray,
The clubs and the tear gas everyone.
Going to fight for a better day,
Powered by the love of the wind and the sun,
Powered by the wind and the sun.

There are times in history my friend,
When there are choices to be made,
When we must take our fate into our own hands,
Decide we're not gonna be afraid.
We're not gonna be afraid.

We might block your city roads,
And you might send your horses down,
For the crime of not doing what we were told,
Roasting in the heat of your company town,
In the heat of your company town.

Tell my people not to cry for me,
Or look for me in the morning glow.
'Cause I'm goin' down to Calgary,
Where the petroleum companies roll,
Where the petroleum companies roll.

Here's to the corporate executives,
Exxon, Shell and Standard Oil.
We are standing in your way that the future may live,
And not bring the planet to a steaming boil,
Not bring the planet to a steaming boil.

Here's to the spirit of humankind.
Here's to the spirit of Planet Earth.
Here's to all the good people with whom I share this time.
May the maker of the universe bless your work.
May the Maker bless your work.

Tell my people not to cry for me,
Or look for me in the morning glow.
'Cause I'm goin' down to Calgary,
Where the petroleum companies roll,
Where the petroleum companies roll.

I'm going to face the pepper spray,
The clubs and the tear gas everyone.
Going to fight for a better day,
Powered by the love of the wind and the sun,
Powered by the wind and the sun.

So here's to the spirit of humankind.
Here's to the spirit of Planet Earth.
Here's to all the good people with whom I share this time.
May the maker of the universe bless your work.
May the Maker bless your work.

Tell my people not to cry for me,
Or look for me in the morning glow.
'Cause I'm goin' down to Calgary,
Where the petroleum companies roll,
Where the petroleum companies roll.
Where the petroleum companies roll,
Where the petroleum companies roll.

(Album, This Burning Sword)

Forces of the Dawn (2000-043)

Czars of the petroleum world,
They have come to town,
To shake each other's hands and smile,
Thinking it is they who make the world go 'round.
We're just billionaires who drill for oil,
'Cause that is what we do,
And if you wanna raise a protest,
Then we'll pepper spray the hell out of you.
We'll pepper spray the hell out of you.

And the temperature is rising.
Man the heat is on.
As capitalism scrambles to crush,
The dream of a brighter dawn.
The temperature is rising.
Man the heat is on.
But capitalism cannot withstand,
The forces of the breaking dawn.
Capitalism will not withstand,
The forces of the dawn.

We are the tens of thousands.
We come from everywhere.
With nothing but the dream of a world,
Where all the goods of the earth are shared.
The dream of peace and justice,
Sustainable and free,
It's what we fought for in Seattle,
What we fought for in Washington D.C.
Then Windsor, Calgary.

And the temperature is rising.
Man the heat is on.
As capitalism scrambles to crush,
The dream of a brighter dawn.
The temperature is rising.
Man the heat is on.
Capitalism cannot withstand,
The forces of the breaking dawn.
Capitalism will not withstand,
The forces of the dawn.
We are the forces of the dawn.

Brothers and sisters everyone of us,
Daring to be strong,
Daring to step out from the past,
And sing a liberation song.
We know who it is we're fighting for,
The billions yet to come.
They will thank us some day, if there is a some day,
Beyond the shadows of the dollar and gun,
In the place where hope comes from.

And the temperature is rising.

Man the heat is on.
As capitalism scrambles to crush,
The dream of a brighter dawn.
And the temperature is rising.
Man the heat is on.
But capitalism cannot withstand,
The forces of the breaking dawn.
Capitalism will not withstand,
The forces of the dawn.
We are the forces of the dawn.
We are the forces of the dawn.
We are the forces of the dawn.
We are the forces of the dawn.

(Album, This Burning Sword)

What It Is We Wish to Be (2000-044)

We are like dandelions, on a corporation lawn.
We are like dandelions, on a corporation lawn.
We are like dandelions, on a corporation lawn.
You keep trying to put us down,
But we keep comin' back round and round.
Spreading our seeds all over town,
Our seeds all over town.

We are like crystals, growing in the ground.
We are like crystals, growing in the ground.
We are like crystals, growing in the ground.
You'd like us all to fade away,
From the radar screens of the NSA,
But we are the seeds of a brighter day,
The seeds of a brighter day.

We're like a song-smith, whose voice you never hear.
We're like a song-smith, whose voice you never hear.
We're like a song-smith, whose voice you never hear.
When you turn the top forty radio on,
Where life and sanity are gone,
But the radical song-smith sings his song,
And the song keeps rollin' on.

We are the movement. We are growing free and wild.
We are the movement. We are growing free and wild.
We are the movement. We are growing free and wild.
You can try to stop us whatever you do,
But we'll keep comin' back on you.
For we have a truth we know is true,
A truth we know is true.

That life and hope and love are alive,
In the hearts of me and you.
We will not shrink from the shadows,
Of the powerful privileged few.
All the world is a living being,
In which we are but cells.
No one cell is an island,
Entire to itself.
Community is freedom.
Freedom is community.
Let us move and build the whole of,
What it is we wish to be.
Let us move and build the whole of,
What it is we wish to be.

(Album, This burning Sword)

Iconoclast Blues (2000-045)

You can read between the lines.
You can tell the people who I am.
You can read between the lines.
You can tell the people who I am.
I'm the one who used to smash statues,
At the Cathedral Notre Dam.
I'm the one who used to smash statues,
At the Cathedral Notre Dam.

I have come to Earth again,
Come to call the people home.
I have come to Earth again,
Come to call the people, call the people home.
And I have come to rap you, in a spirit blanket,
That you need never be alone.
I've come to rap you, in a spirit blanket,
That you need never be alone.

Sister resister,
Great granddaughter of the dream.
Sister resister,
Great granddaughter of the dream.
I heard you on the radio.
Heard you were planting seedlings,
Along an honoured stream.
Heard you on the radio.
Heard you were planting seedlings,
Along an honoured stream.

The rockets fly and call our names,
As the midnight rain comes down.
The rockets fly and call our names,
As the midnight rain comes down.
I hope you find that peace you couldn't find,
Back in your home town.
I hope you find that peace you couldn't find,
Back in your home town.

Sweet woman dissident,
Sister poet of the wind.
Sweet woman dissident,
Sister poet of the wind.
Let me lay with you, and we can break on through,
To heal this pain within.
Let me lay with you, and we can break on through,
To heal this pain within.

You can read between the lines.
You can tell the people who I am.
You can read between the lines,
And you can tell the people who I am.
I'm the one who used to smash statues,
At the Cathedral Notre Dam.
I'm the one who used to smash statues,

At the Cathedral Notre Dam.

Sweet woman dissident,
Sister poet of the wind.
Sweet woman dissident,
Sister poet of the wind.
Let me lay with you, and we can break on through,
To heal this pain within.
Let me lay with you, and we can break on through,
To heal this pain within.
Only you, can bring me through,
And make me whole again.
Sister poet of the wind,
Make me whole again.

(Album, This Burning Sword)

Some Say the World (2000-046)

Some say the world will change through anger.
Some say the world will change through love.
Who says the world will change?, the cynic smiles,
And gives our minds a shove.

Some say the soul is made of freedom.
Some say that freedom's made of soul.
Who says the soul exists?, the doubter cries,
But still we are made whole.

Some people live to meet the future.
Some people meet to live the past.
But tell me what is time, the thinker scrawls,
And so the die is cast.

Some wait for weeping death in winter.
Some weep for waiting death in spring.
Aw death will never come, the dreamer croons,
For life is everything.

Some say the world will change through anger.
Some say the world will change through love.
Some say the world has changed. This is the world,
The world we're dreaming of.

For if the Kingdom's in the heavens,
Or if the Kingdom's in the sea,
The birds or fish they would precede you there.
The kingdom is in you and me.
The Kingdom is, in you and me.

(Album, This Burning Sword)

Where the Mountain People Play (2000-047)

We are children, of the mountains.
We know no concrete rails.
We know only, beautiful water,
Reflected in the ice of falling hail.

In the land, in the land, where the mountain, people play.
In the land, in the land, where the mountain, people play.
Where the spirits dance, and the stars dance,
And the thunder calls your name.
In the land, in the land, where the mountain, people play.

We know passion. We know freedom.
We know leaves upon the trees.
We know springtime. We know autumn.
Seasons turning as pleasant as a breeze.

In the land, in the land, where the mountain, people play.
In the land, in the land, where the mountain, people play.
Where the spirits dance, and the stars dance,
And the thunder calls your name.
In the land, in the land, where the mountain, people play.

Hear the shepherds. Hear the flautists
Hear the rivers rushing on.
We will listen, as we turn in our sleep,
To the tales that tell us of a breaking dawn.

In the land, in the land, where the mountain, people play.
In the land, in the land, where the mountain, people play.
Where the spirits dance, and the stars dance,
And the thunder calls your name.
In the land, in the land, where the mountain, people play.
In the land, in the land, where the mountain, people play.
Where the mountain, people play.
Where the mountain, people play.
Where the mountain, people play.

(Album, This Burning Sword)

The Rent We Pay (2000-048)

I was there in Calgary,
In the month of June in the millennium,
When two thousand people took the street,
Sang our songs and beat our drums.
And called for an end to corporate greed,
And an end to oil in a petroleum town.
Saying, There aint no power like the power of people,
'Cause the power of people don't stop.
And here we are between the barricades,
The delegates, the skinheads, the cameras and the cops.

And Alice Walker said,
Activism is the rent we pay,
For living on this planet.
And Alice Walker said,
Activism is the rent we pay,
For living on this planet.
And I agree with her,
And I'll continue to pay my rent,
As long as I have it.

I was there as the sun shone down,
And the wind blew wild as we walked along.
And we took back the avenues saying,
This is what democracy looks like.
This is what democracy sounds like.
This is what democracy feels like.
I say corporate; you say greed.
I say has to; you say go.
Corporate greed, has to go.
The Radical Cheerleaders told us so.

And Alice Walker said,
Activism is the rent we pay,
For living on this planet.
And Alice Walker said,
Activism is the rent we pay,
For living on this planet.
And I agree with her,
And I'll continue to pay my rent,
As long as I have it.

There aint no power like the power of people,
'Cause the power of people don't stop.
There aint no power like the power of people,
'Cause the power of people don't stop.
There aint no power like the power of people,
'Cause the power of people don't stop.
There aint no power like the power of people,
'Cause the power of people don't stop.

This is what democracy looks like.
This is what democracy sounds like.
This is what democracy feels like.

This is what democracy looks like.
This is what democracy sounds like.
This is what democracy feels like.

There aint no power like the power of people,
'Cause the power of people don't stop.
There aint no power like the power of people,
'Cause the power of people don't stop.
There aint no power like the power of people,
'Cause the power of people don't stop.
There aint no power like the power of people,
'Cause the power of people don't stop.
Don't stop. Don't stop. Don't stop.

Activism is the rent we pay,
For living on this planet.
And I'll continue to pay my rent,
As long as I have it.
As long as I have it.

(Album, This burning Sword)

This Burning Sword of Mine (2000-049)

This burning sword of mine, I'm gonna let it shine.
This burning sword of mine, I'm gonna let it shine.
This burning sword of mine, I'm gonna let it shine.
Let it shine. Let it shine. Let it shine.

This rising star of justice, we're gonna let it shine.
This rising star of justice, we're gonna let it shine.
This rising star of justice, we're gonna let it shine.
Let it shine. Let it shine. Let it shine.

This burning sword of mine, I'm gonna let it shine.
This burning sword of mine, I'm gonna let it shine.
This burning sword of mine, I'm gonna let it shine.
Let it shine. Let it shine. Let it shine.

This fiery dawn of freedom, we're gonna let it shine.
This fiery dawn of freedom, we're gonna let it shine.
This fiery dawn of freedom, we're gonna let it shine.
Let it shine. Let it shine. Let it shine.

This burning sword of mine, I'm gonna let it shine.
This burning sword of mine, I'm gonna let it shine.
This burning sword of mine, I'm gonna let it shine.
Let it shine. Let it shine. Let it shine.

This lightening of integrity, we're gonna let it shine.
This lightening of integrity, we're gonna let it shine.
This lightening of integrity, we're gonna let it shine.
Let it shine. Let it shine. Let it shine.

This burning sword of mine, I'm gonna let it shine.
This burning sword of mine, I'm gonna let it shine.
This burning sword of mine, I'm gonna let it shine.
Let it shine. Let it shine. Let it shine.

This spark of revolution, we're gonna let it shine.
This spark of revolution, we're gonna let it shine.
This spark of revolution, we're gonna let it shine.
Let it shine. Let it shine. Let it shine.

This burning sword of mine, I'm gonna let it shine.
This burning sword of mine, I'm gonna let it shine.
This burning sword of mine, I'm gonna let it shine.
Let it shine. Let it shine. Let it shine.

This fire of transformation, we're gonna let it shine.
This fire of transformation, we're gonna let it shine.
This fire of transformation, we're gonna let it shine.
Let it shine. Let it shine. Let it shine.

This burning sword of mine, I'm gonna let it shine.
This burning sword of mine, I'm gonna let it shine.
This burning sword of mine, I'm gonna let it shine.
Let it shine. Let it shine. Let it shine.

This burning sword of mine, I'm gonna let it shine.
This burning sword of mine, I'm gonna let it shine.
This burning sword of mine, I'm gonna let it shine.
Let it shine. Let it shine. Let it shine.
Let it shine. Let it shine. Let it shine.
Let it shine. Let it shine. Let it shine. Shine.

(Album, This Burning Sword)

Rock the Hemlock (2000-050)

My name is Socrates. I'm riding on the road.
My name is Socrates. I'm riding on the road.
I've got a rock and roll band, the Philosophic Overtones.
My name is Socrates. I'm riding on the road.

Don't wanna be too doctrinaire. Don't wanna be too philosophical.
Don't wanna be too doctrinaire. Don't wanna be too philosophical.
Just let us fill the air. Let us play our rock and roll.
Don't wanna be too doctrinaire. Don't wanna be too philosophical.

My name is Socrates. I'm riding on the road.
My name is Socrates. I'm riding on the road.
I've got a rock and roll band, called the Philosophic Overtones.
My name is Socrates. I'm riding on the road.

I love those steal guitars. I love those cobblestones.
I love those steal guitars. I love those cobblestones.
We're gonna shake the rocks in your head around.
Gonna see if anyone's home.
I love those steal guitars. I love those cobblestones.

My name is Socrates. I'm riding on the road.
My name is Socrates. I'm riding on the road.
I've got a rock and roll band, called the Philosophic Overtones.
My name is Socrates. I'm riding on the road.

We're gonna question authority. Gonna try to speak the truth.
We're gonna question authority, unravel and uncover truth.
For our labours we shall be, condemned for corrupting youth.
Gonna question authority. Gonna try to speak the truth.

My name is Socrates. I'm riding on the road.
My name is Socrates. I'm riding on the road.
I've got a rock and roll band, the Philosophic Overtones.
My name is Socrates. I'm riding on the road.
My name is Socrates. I'm riding on the road.

Rock the hemlock. Rock the hemlock.
Rock the elders of Athens. Rock the hemlock.
Rock the hemlock. Rock the hemlock.
Rock the elders of Athens. Rock the hemlock.

Rock the hemlock. Rock the hemlock.
Rock the elders of Athens. Rock the hemlock.
Rock the hemlock. Rock the hemlock.
Rock the hemlock. Rock the hemlock.
Rock the hemlock. Rock the hemlock.

(Album, Breakfast on a Small Planet)

Youth Crime (2000-051)

The politicians all agree,
And so they must be right.
They said it in the papers,
Youth crime is on the rise.
Left and right and in between,
Are talking tough on crime.
Woe to he or she who dares,
To champion the freedom of the youthful mind.

Youth crime, youth crime,
Young offenders everywhere.
What are we gonna do about these,
Young people running wild today.
Youth crime, youth crime,
Youth crime hysteria.
What are we gonna do about these,
Politicians reaching middle age, hay.

They fear the next generation,
Turning wild or turning rad.
The generation who will not have,
The luxuries they've had.
They feel guilty as they profit,
From the crimes of the corporate right.
They fear the coming of a new revolution,
Like a thief in the night.

Youth crime, youth crime,
Young offenders everywhere.
What are we gonna do about these,
Young people running wild today.
Youth crime, youth crime,
Youth crime hysteria.
What are we gonna do about these,
Politicians reaching middle age, hay.

They talk of family values,
Like it were some kind of drug,
To fix the leaks in our society,
While they pull the plug.
But in the end the inequalities,
And injustices remain.
As long as we build walls to keep the millions out,
There'll be a market for bars across your window pain.

Youth crime, youth crime,
Young offenders everywhere.
What are we gonna do about these,
Young people running wild they say.
Youth crime, youth crime,
Youth crime hysteria.
What are we gonna do about these,
Politicians reaching middle age.

The Yuppies vote to keep their mansions,
And not pay a cent of tax,
Then hire private security,
To kick us off their grass.
They send their kids to private schools,
And say they've called our bluff,
Then have the nerve to say the Young Offenders Act,
Isn't tough enough.

Youth crime, youth crime,
Revolutionaries everywhere.
What are we gonna do about these,
Young people running wild they say.
Youth crime, youth crime,
We got youth crime hysteria.
What are we gonna do about these,
Politicians reaching middle age.
And hay what are we gonna do about these,
Corporations blowing us all away.

I say let's get tough on crime.
Capitalism being the biggest crime of our time.
I say let's get tough on crime.
Capitalism being the biggest crime of our time.

Youth crime, youth crime,
Revolutionaries everywhere.
What are we gonna do about these,
Young people running wild they say.
Youth crime, youth crime,
We got youth crime hysteria.
What are we gonna do about these,
Politicians reaching middle age.
And what are we gonna do about these,
Corporations blowing us all away.

I say let's get tough on crime.
Capitalism being the biggest crime of our time.
I say let's get tough on crime.
Capitalism being the biggest crime of our time.

(Album, Breakfast on a Small Planet)

Many a Tall Ship (2000-052)

Many a tall ship, sails on the ocean,
Waves a rolling, sea in motion.
Many a dreamer, many a notion,
Many a tall ship, sails on the ocean.

In a tall ship flotilla, to Halifax harbour,
In the hot month of July, in the millennium year.
Comes a tall ship, the Esmeralda,
Once a place of, torture and murder and fear.

Many a tall ship, sails on the ocean,
Waves a rolling, sea in motion.
Many a dreamer, many a notion,
Many a tall ship, sails on the ocean.

Once a military torture ship, under General Penociet,
Where those who dared to dream, had their spirits broken.
Now twenty years gone by, the ship is on parade,
And there are words that we, cannot leave unspoken.

Many a tall ship, sails on the ocean,
Waves a rolling, sea in motion.
Many a dreamer, many a notion,
Many a tall ship, sails on the ocean.

The peaceful demonstrators, they hand out leaflets,
That the truth of what has been, may not be lost.
But some site-seers, are jeering and heckling,
"Don't spoil our party. Don't ask us to count the cost.".

Many a tall ship, sails on the ocean,
Waves a rolling, sea in motion.
Many a dreamer, many a notion,
Many a tall ship, sails on the ocean.

To you who bear witness here, may you be commended.
May the people united, never be defeated.
But to you who heckle and jeer, and want your party,
I only pray that history, not be repeated.

Many a tall ship, sails on the ocean,
Waves a rolling, sea in motion.
Many a dreamer, many a notion,
Many a tall ship, sails on the ocean.
Many a dreamer, many a notion,
Many a tall ship, sails on the ocean.
Many a tall ship, sails on the ocean.

(Album, Breakfast on a Small Planet)

Culture on a Rock (2000-053)

We came to this place, they call Turtle Island,
And we built some trading posts.
We traded beads and small pox blankets,
Crosses and communion hosts.
We dreamed of a manifest destiny,
Stretching from shore to shore.
We came for the gold. We came for the water.
We came for uranium ore.

And we told ourselves, we built this culture on a rock.
We told ourselves, we built this culture on a rock.
From the ones who dug the gold mines, to the ones who work the docks,
We told ourselves, we built this culture on a rock.

We brought hundreds of thousands to work the mills,
And settle and farm the land.
We told stories 'bout the pioneers,
And the work of human hands.
We needed those hands to fight a couple wars,
And when they came home again,
We said now we'll have peace and prosperity,
With ten thousand missiles in the bin.

And we told ourselves, we built this culture on a rock.
Yeah we told ourselves, we built this culture on a rock.
And we had the nerve to put the resisters, in the prisoner's dock,
And we told ourselves, we built this culture on a rock.
Yeah we told ourselves, we built this culture on a rock.

But icebergs they turn over,
And an ice-cream cone will melt.
A rock returns to sand, just ask,
The alters where you once knelt.
The mountains they will rumble,
When the avalanches roll.
We built this culture on a beam of light,
Shining through a bullet hole.

But we told ourselves, we built this culture on a rock.
Yeah we told ourselves, we built this culture on a rock.
Keep your eye upon the test tube. Keep your eye on the atomic clock.
We told ourselves, we built this culture on a rock.
Yeah we told ourselves, we built this culture on a rock.

Icebergs they turn over,
And an ice-cream cone will melt.
A rock returns to sand. Just ask,
The alters where you once knelt.
The mountains they will rumble,
As the avalanches roll.
We built this culture on a beam of light,
Shining through a bullet hole.

But we told ourselves, we built this culture on a rock.

Yeah we told ourselves, we built this culture on a rock.
Yeah we told ourselves, we built this culture on a rock.
Westinghouse on Maggie's farm gonna give you all a shock.
We told ourselves, we built this culture on a rock.
We told ourselves, we built this culture on a rock.
Keep your eye upon the test tube. Keep your eye on the atomic clock.
We told ourselves, we built this culture on a rock.
We told ourselves, we built this culture on a rock.
We told ourselves, we built this culture on a rock.

We built this culture on a rock.
We built this culture on a rock.
We built this culture on a rock.
We built this culture on a rock.

(Album, Breakfast on a Small Planet)

No Mr. Monsanto (2000-054)

No Mr. Monsanto, we don't want your plastic homes.
We think our plaster, glass and tile, quite adequate you know.
The future you envision, is not the one we've grown.
So no Mr. Monsanto, we don't want your plastic homes.

No Mr. Monsanto, we don't want your Astroturf.
We like to kick our football, with our feet upon the earth.
Every beetle, every dandelion, every microbe has its worth.
So no Mr. Monsanto, we don't want your Astroturf.

No Mr. Monsanto, we don't want your Agent Orange.
From the pesticides on our front lawns, to the jungles we have torched.
There's a chemical for everything, and all the world is scorched.
No Mr. Monsanto, we don't want your Agent Orange.

No Mr. Monsanto, we don't want your Franken-food.
Your Canola's ready for Roundup, but we're not ready for being used.
We will not be modified, or have our power defused.
So no Mr. Monsanto, we don't want your Franken-food.

Woe Mr. Monsanto, you've fallen on your face,
By building artificial worlds all over time and space.
All we want is a planet that's a gentle livable place.
So woe Mr. Monsanto, you've fallen on your face.
No Mr. Monsanto, you've fallen on your face.

No Mr. Monsanto, we don't want your plastic homes.
We think our plaster, glass and tile, quite adequate you know.
The future you envision, is not the one we've grown.
So no Mr. Monsanto, we don't want your plastic homes.
No Mr. Monsanto, we don't want your plastic homes.
No Mr. Monsanto, we don't want your plastic homes.
No Mr. Monsanto, we don't want your plastic homes.

(Album, Breakfast on a Small Planet)

What We Give Out to the Universe (2000-055)

Some say it's sad that some churches,
May not ring their bells any more.
That thousands upon thousands of civil suits,
Might find some churches closing their doors.
But speaking of churches as property,
And as money in collection plates,
Is strange to the ears of a man like me,
Who knows Jesus as someone who said no to the temple money changers,
And was killed by the militarist state.

Building a nation on the colonization,
Of the ones who were here when we came.
Beating their children for speaking their language,
Teaching them sin and Satan and fear and evil and shame.
Now the white man's bourdon still echoes,
Through the belfries of our crimes.
And what we give out to the universe,
Comes back to us, in the fullness of time.
What we give out to the universe,
Comes back to us, in the fullness of time.

Some church buildings might close, and property be disposed.
Some will say it just isn't right.
But some will remember the Indian Act,
That outlawed the sweat lodge, the sun dance, and the sacred pipe.
Some will call this a circus of lawyers.
I say the spirit works in strange ways.
For the only time Jesus ever spoke on church property,
They said hay we better blow him away.

Building a nation on the traumatization,
Of the ones who were here when we came.
Abducting their children to a white man's religion,
Teaching them sin and Satan and fear and evil and possession,
And perversion and shame.
Now the white man's burden still lingers,
In the belfries of our minds.
And what we give out to the universe,
Comes back to us, in the fullness of time.
What we give out to the universe,
Comes back to us, in the fullness of time.

So worship on hillsides, worship in forests.
Feel the wind and the rain and sunshine.
A corporation is a corporation,
Let it fall by the wayside, of mammon and time.
And do the Christian churches of Canada,
Really have any right to complain,
After playing their part in a genocide,
By crawling in bed with the imperialist, fascist, racist Canadian state.

Building a nation on the forced assimilation,
Of the ones who were here when we came.
Where one out of four residential school kids, in 1907,

Died of malnutrition or disease, or anguish and pain.
And the white man's burden worked overtime,
In our hymnals and our doctrinal lines.
Now what we gave out to the universe,
Comes back to us, in the fullness of time.
What we gave out to the universe,
Comes back to us, in the fullness of time.

So take up my yoke and learn from me.
I never said, impose my message on every land.
Imprisoning children in colonial state schools,
Was never among my commands.
I said blessed are those who hunger and thirst,
For justice. They shall be satisfied.
Every time you assaulted or terrorized a child,
In your residential schools, in my name,
I was once more crucified.

Building a nation on the colonization,
Of the ones who were here when we came.
Beating their children for speaking their language,
Teaching them sin and Satan and Hell and fear and evil and guilt,
And possession and perversion and shame.
Now the white man's burden still echoes,
Through the belfries of our crimes.
And what we give out to the universe,
Comes back to us, on the fullness of time.
What we give out to the universe,
Comes back to us, on the fullness of time.

And the white man's burden still lingers,
Beneath our doctrinal lines.
And what we give out to the universe,
Comes back to us, in the fullness of time.
What we give out to the universe,
Comes back to us, in the fullness of time.

(Album, Breakfast on a Small Planet)

By Our Tanks and Our Guns (2000-056)

We are one with the dollar. We are one with the sword.
We are one with the dollar. We are one with the sword.
We pray that all capital, is retained and restored.

And they'll know we are Christians by our tanks and our guns.
They'll know we are Christians by our guns.

We will walk with the CIA. We'll walk hand in hand.
We'll walk with the CIA. We'll walk hand in hand.
And we'll spread capitalism, to every distant land.

And they'll know we are Christians by our tanks and our guns.
They'll know we are Christians by our guns.

With the corporate executives, we'll work side by side.
With the corporate executives, we'll work side by side.
We'll join them in their planning of a holy omnicide.

And they'll know we are Christians by our tanks and our guns.
They'll know we are Christians by our guns.

All praises to capital, from whom all things come.
All praise to the State Department and the Pentagon.
For God is a dollar sign and the H bomb is his son.

And they'll know we are Christians by our tanks and our guns.
They'll know we are Christians by our guns.
O they'll know we are Christians by our tanks and our guns.
They'll know we are Christians by our guns.

They'll know we're fundamentalist right wing Americans.
They'll know we are Christians by our guns.

(Album, Breakfast on a Small Planet)

Tiny Pebble (2000-057)

Here we are,
Two thirds of the way out,
In the Milky Way Galaxy,
Orbiting around a minor star.
Third planet from the sun,
Third pebble in the pond,
Sending out our ripples,
Across the holy cosmos,
Wondering exactly who we are.
Wondering exactly who we are.

We are children of this, tiny pebble.
And we all love this, tiny pebble.
Come all yee dreamers, ye poet rebels.
Let us sing our heartbeat song,
As we go wandering along.
As we go wandering along.

The spaces in between,
The planets and the stars,
They stretch out in their light-years,
As the darkness of space rolls on and on.
It seems so distant.
It seems so far.
But deep within it all,
Everything so we are told is one.
Everything so we are told is one.

And we are children of this, tiny pebble.
And we all love this, tiny pebble.
Come all yee dreamers, ye poet rebels.
Let us sing our heartbeat song,
As we go wandering along.
As we go wandering along.

The voice within us,
Is clear and sound.
Calling us to live in peace,
And love all creatures that we meet.
The voice that comes from,
The cosmic ground,
Keeps us in harmony,
With everything that is and what shall be.
Everything that is and what shall be.

And we are children of this, tiny pebble.
And we all love this, tiny pebble.
Come all yee dreamers, ye poet rebels.
Let us sing our heartbeat song,
As we go wandering along.
As we go wandering along.

Here we are,
Two thirds of the way out,

In the Milky Way Galaxy,
Orbiting around a minor star.
Third planet from the sun,
Third pebble in the pond,
Sending out our ripples,
Across the holy cosmos,
Wondering exactly who we are.
Wondering exactly who we are.

We are children of this, tiny pebble.
And we all love this, tiny pebble.
Come all yee dreamers, ye poet rebels.
Let us sing our heartbeat song,
As we go wandering along.
As we go wandering along.
As we go wandering along.
As we go wandering along.
As we go wandering along.

(Album, Breakfast on a Small Planet)

Gonna Tear Down This Temple (2000-058)

Gonna tear down this temple,
And rebuild it in three days.
Gonna tear down this temple,
And rebuild it in three days.
I have come to do the tearing.
All of us can do the sharing.
As we transform society,
From some kind of flash back haze.
Gonna tear down this temple,
And rebuild it in three days.

Gonna walk in the garden,
Til the stones they raise their voice.
Gonna walk in the garden,
Til the stones they raise their voice.
I might have to do the dying.
Holy Earth will do the crying.
Whether it's the angels,
Or the tyrants who rejoice.
Gonna walk in the garden,
Til the stones they raise their voice.

Gonna dream on a windmill,
Til the wind it shakes the stars.
Gonna dream on a windmill,
Til the wind it shakes the stars.
A million lungs will do the blowing.
A million rivers do the flowing.
Down to the sea, but the sea,
Will never be full of trucks and cars.
Gonna dream on a windmill,
Til the wind it shakes the stars.

Gonna knock on the castle,
But the king and queen aren't home.
Gonna knock on the castle,
But the king and queen aren't home.
Guess I'll have to do the dreaming.
The authorities will do the scheming.
Tryin' to wrench our spirits,
From our bodies, flesh and bone.
Gonna knock on the castle,
But the king and queen aren't home.

Gonna slide down the highway,
Have a riot in the air.
Gonna slide down the highway,
Have a riot in the air.
You and I can do the rocking,
Rites and mysteries unlocking.
Ancient tree green trunks,
That we have buried there.
Gonna slide down the highway,
Have a riot in the air.

Gonna tear down this temple,
And rebuild it in three days.
Gonna tear down this temple,
And rebuild it in three days.
I have come to do the tearing.
All of us can do the sharing.
As we transform society,
From some kind of flashback haze.
Gonna tear down this temple,
And rebuild it in three days.
Gonna tear down this temple,
And rebuild it in three days.
Gonna tear down this temple,
And rebuild it in three days.
Rebuild it in three days.
Rebuild it in three days.

(Album, Breakfast on a Small Planet)

Dancing with the Dark Side (2000-059)

We are space cadets from spaceman land,
Who hold the world in our command.
Like a cowboy on a rocket-ship horse,
Dancing with the dark side of the force.
The nuclear space ray laser beam,
That makes a nightmare of the strangest dream,
Apocalypse by satellite,
We smile to our cousins on the Christian right.

But there will be peace, upon that day,
When we're blown away, by a laser ray.
We say the force is with us. We say God is love.
But what force, what god, are we speaking of.
We're dancing with the dark side.
We're dancing with the dark side.
Dancing with the dark side.

And the iron triangle rumbles on,
The corporate boardroom and the Pentagon,
And the people who are afraid to try,
To look beyond the military lie.
So we turn our backs on Obi Wan.
Darth Vader and Boeing meet the Apocalypse of John.
Welcome to space, the final frontier,
Says the military corporate engineer.

But there will be peace, upon that day,
When you're blown away, by a laser ray.
Build'em bigger and better and don't be afraid.
There are billions of dollars to be made.
When you're dancing with the dark side.
When you're dancing with the dark side.
We're dancing with the dark side.

Some say they do it for liberty.
Some cry manifest destiny.
Some quote the Bible and speak of the end,
And for some, well, money is their only friend.
But whatever the reason, whatever the cry,
We are building atrocity in the sky.
What kind of future shall there be,
In a laser cannon democracy.

But there will be peace, upon that day,
When we're blown away, by a laser ray.
We say the force is with us. We say God is love.
But what force, what god, are we speaking of.
We are dancing with the dark side.
We are dancing with the dark side.
Dancing with the dark side.

Build'em bigger and brighter and don't be afraid.
There are billions of dollars to be made.
And billions of spirits to be enslaved,

Before we send the universe to its grave.
By dancing with the dark side.
We're dancing with the dark side.
We're dancing with the dark side.
Dancing with the dark side.

(Album, Breakfast on a Small Planet)

Hay Stockwell (2000-060)

Hay Stockwell you asshole, we would give you no hassle,
But we can be silent no longer.
The Fuhrer of Canada, must be unravelled.
Our rage and our anger grow stronger.
We are Diggers and Levellers, Ranters and rebels and,
Heretics from down through the ages.
We are witches and pagans and Druids and Vegans,
You would banish from history's pages.
We're coming to haunt you. We're coming to taunt you,
That not everyone shares your vision,
Of a world redeemed by the Stockwell Day version of,
Eckville Alberta fascism.
Of a world redeemed by the Stockwell Day version of,
Eckville Alberta fascism.

You're right wing; we're left wing. We're green black and red wing.
We're proud to be marching against you.
As Buddhists and Taoists and Marxists and Maoists,
And Greens, we have come to avenge you.
From your friends in the evangelical church,
To your friends in the Arian Nations,
We know the fascistic and shady supporters,
Who support you without hesitation.
They gave you their votes and they gave you their dollars.
They called you outstanding and moral.
What will you give them if you ever get power.
I shutter to think of tomorrow.

Hay Stockwell you asshole, we would give you no hassle,
But we can be silent no longer.
The Hitler of Canada, must be unravelled.
Our rage and our anger grow stronger.
We are Diggers and Levellers, Ranters and rebels and,
Heretics from down through the ages.
We are witches and pagans and Druids and Vegans,
You would banish from history's pages.
We're coming to haunt you. We're coming to taunt you,
That not everyone shares your vision,
Of a world redeemed by the Stockwell Day version of,
Eckville Alberta fascism.
Of a world redeemed by the Stockwell Day version of,
Eckville Alberta fascism.

Who needs a swastika. Who needs a Luftwaffe,
Torch light parades all over the nation.
There need be no mystery. We know the history,
Of our own sweet colonization.
From indigenous peoples destroyed by the steeples,
Of state church school re-education,
To the current destruction of all progressive functions,
For something called globalization.
So Stockwell you fascist, like Caesar or Cassius,
You'll be strutting out on to the stages.
But we know what shapes you. There can be no escape you,

Must one day be truthful and face us.

Hay Stockwell you asshole, we would give you no hassle,
But we can be silent no longer.
The Fuhrer of Canada, must be unravelled.
Our rage and our anger grow stronger.
We are Diggers and Levellers, Ranters and rebels and,
Heretics from down through the ages.
We are witches and pagans and Druids and Vegans,
You would banish from history's pages.
We're coming to haunt you. We're coming to taunt you,
That not everyone shares your vision,
Of a world redeemed by the Stockwell Day version of,
Eckville Alberta fascism.
Of a world redeemed by the Stockwell Day version of,
Eckville Alberta fascism.

We're the witches that you like to burn at the stake,
The artists and poets and dreamers.
We're the people who simply don't see things your way.
Lord knows we don't need a redeemer.
Every doggy must have its day,
Every monger his moment of power.
Every right wing Christian his cannon and sword,
His prison, his fortress and tower.
You say the earth's only six thousand years old,
That dinosaurs walked among us not before us.
I say there's one dinosaur not yet extinct.
His name is Stockwellasaurus.

Hay Stockwell you asshole, we would give you no hassle,
But we can be silent no longer.
The Hitler of Canada, must be unravelled.
Our rage and our anger grow stronger.
We are Diggers and Levellers, Ranters and rebels and,
Heretics from down through the ages.
We are witches and pagans and Druids and Vegans,
You would banish from history's pages.
We're coming to haunt you. We're coming to taunt you,
That not everyone shares your vision,
Of a world redeemed by the Stockwell Day version of,
Eckville Alberta fascism.
Of a world redeemed by the Stockwell Day version of,
Eckville Alberta fascism.
Of a world redeemed by the Stockwell Day version of,
Eckville Alberta fascism.

(Album, Breakfast on a Small Planet)

Strangers (2000-061)

We are strangers, in a strange land,
Seeking a human heart, amid the iron hand.
We are not quite of this place,
Because of how much we are truly of it.
We are not quite of the world we see,
Because of how deeply we try to love it.

Our many companeros, nailed to crosses,
Killed by death squads in the night.
Our brothers and our sisters, among the unknown missing,
Forever in our hearts, if banished from our sight.
Our mothers and our fathers, swept away by winds,
And waves that would wash over every land.
Our homes and our villages, but memories that come to us in dreams,
Like water flowing over shifting sand.

We are strangers, in a strange land,
Seeking a human heart, amid the iron hand.
We are not quite of this place,
Because of how much we are truly of it.
We are not quite of the world we see,
Because of how deeply we try to love it.

In a vision in a doorway, stands a woman,
With a gentle smile upon her face.
Madre Maria, are you welcoming us all,
Into your loving arms' embrace.
Madre Tierra, you embrace so many of our friends,
And comrades who have fallen to their rest.
But the flowers still bloom again, and the waters of the spring are cool,
And refreshing on our faces, arms and chests.

We are strangers, in a strange land,
Seeking a human heart, amid the iron hand.
We are not quite of this place,
Because of how much we are truly of it.
We are not quite of the world we see,
Because of how deeply we try to love it.

We are strangers, in a strange land,
Seeking a human heart, amid the iron hand.
We are not quite of this place,
Because of how much we are truly of it.
We are not quite of the world we see,
Because of how deeply we try to love it.

(Album, Breakfast on a Small Planet)

Up Against the Wall (2000-062)

When you're up against the wall in a comic book,
There's always some way out.
You've got secret powers or a superhero.
Gonna bust the big door down.
The bad guys they might sneak away,
To be back in the next episode,
But life just aint no comic book,
So where are we to go.
Where are we to go.

From currency speculation,
To the burning of fossil fuels,
For corporations everywhere,
It's business as usual.
They laugh at peace and human rights,
And sustainability.
It's not as hip as their private yachts,
Or the sugar in their tea.
Sugar in their tea.
Sugar in their tea.

If we have a secret power,
It's the power of a million strong,
Marching through the streets and singing,
A liberation song.
Our superhero is the one within,
Who dwells among us all,
The inner self who strengthens us when we're,
Up against the wall.
Up against the wall.
Up against the wall.

We don't need no laser guns.
We just bring things to the light.
We don't need no disintegrator beams.
We say people all unite.
We don't need no superman,
Or batman in a cave.
We say power to the people.
We've taken all we can take.
We've taken all we can take.

When you're up against the wall in a comic book,
There's always some way out.
You've got secret powers or a superhero,
Gonna bust the big door down.
The bad guys they might get away,
And be back in the next episode,
But life just aint no comic book,
So where are we to go.
Where are we to go.

Up against the wall.
Up against the wall.

We're up against the wall.
We're up against the wall.

(Album, Breakfast on a Small Planet)

Breakfast on a Small Planet (2000-063)

Gonna get my spacesuit on,
Rev my spaceship up at dawn.
Gonna streak across the morning sky.
If anybody asks me why.

Gonna have breakfast on a small planet.
Gonna have breakfast on a small planet, ahii.

Gonna soar across the asteroid belt,
Watch the snows on Io melt.
Do a dance through Saturn's rings,
Come to land on Titan's plain.

Gonna have breakfast on a small planet.
I'm gonna have breakfast on a small planet, ahii.

With Saturn glowing in the sky,
I'll have a slice of Titanite pie.
And a glass of frozen nitrogen,
That melts and trickles down my chin.

I'm gonna have breakfast on a small planet.
I'm gonna have breakfast on a small planet.
I'm gonna have breakfast on a small planet, ahii.

We don't need no Starship Enterprise,
Just inner ears and inner eyes,
To let us know just who we are.
Each one of us is brighter than the brightest star.

My spacesuit is in my mind.
My spaceship is a transept line.
I'm goin' downtown to the common land,
To share some tales and make some plans.

We're gonna have breakfast on a small planet.
Gonna have breakfast on a small planet.
We're gonna have breakfast on a small planet, ahii.

The meaning of life is love and friends.
We're here to transform, not to transcend.
Gonna be at peace in our own gentle place,
Or we'll never find peace in outer space.

The meaning of life is love and friends.
We're here to transform, not to transcend.
Gonna be at peace in our own gentle place,
Or we'll never find peace in outer space.

We're gonna have breakfast on a small planet.
Come and have breakfast on a small planet.
Planet Earth is our small planet.
Come and have breakfast on our small planet.
We're gonna have breakfast on a small planet.

Come and have breakfast on our small planet.
Planet Earth is our small planet.
Come and have breakfast on our small planet, ahii.

Come and have breakfast, small planet.
Come and have breakfast, small planet.
Come and have breakfast on our small planet.

(Album, Breakfast on a Small Planet)

Nutty Club (2000-064)

Hay, can you tell me, where the Nutty Club has gone.
Hay, can you tell me, where the Nutty Club has gone.
Is there any more space any more, for simply having fun.
Hay, can you tell me, where the Nutty Club has gone.

We're quantifying childhood, and scheduling control.
We're privatizing society, and corporatizing the soul.

Hay, can you tell me, where the Nutty Club has gone.
Hay hay, can you tell me, where the Nutty Club has gone.
Is there any more space any more, for simply having fun.
Hay hay, can you tell me, where the Nutty Club has gone.

We used to play with twigs and stones, and talk about the stars.
And make believe our rocketships and voyages to Mars.

Hay, can you tell me, where the Nutty Club might be.
Hay, can you tell me, where the Nutty Club might be.
Is there any more time any more, to let ourselves be free.
Hay, can you tell me, where the Nutty Club might be.

The Nutty Knotty Sassy Club, is what we were made of.
The formula we brought with us, was earth and air and love.

Hay, can you tell me, why the Nutty Club went away.
Hay, can you tell me, why the Nutty Club went away.
Is there any more time any more, to let the children play.
Hay, can you tell me, why the Nutty Club went away.

We saw the children laughing, and we said, "for shame, for shame".
We stole away their time from them, and imposed an adult game.

Hay, can you tell me, where the Nutty Club has gone.
Hay, can you tell me, where the Nutty Club has gone.
Is there any more space any more, for simply having fun.
Hay, can you tell me, where the Nutty Club has gone.
Hay, can you tell me, where the Nutty Club has gone.
Can you tell me where the Nutty Knotty Sassy Club has gone.
Tell me, does the Nutty Knotty Sassy Club live on.
Hay, can you tell me, where the Nutty Club has gone.
Can you tell me where the Nutty Knotty Sassy Club has gone.
Where has it gone. Where has it gone. Where has it gone.

(Album, Breakfast on a Small Planet)

Viva Tierra Libre (2000-065)

Viva tierra libre. Viva tierra libre.
Viva tierra libre. Viva tierra libre.

Viva tierra libre. Viva tierra libre.
Viva tierra libre. Viva tierra libre.

Long live the earth in freedom. Long live the earth in freedom.
Long live the earth in freedom. Long live the earth in freedom.

Viva tierra libre. Viva tierra libre.
Viva tierra libre. Viva tierra libre.

May the people stand together. May the people stand together.
May the people stand together. May the people stand together.

Viva tierra libre. Viva tierra libre.
Viva tierra libre. Viva tierra libre.

Let us live and work in solidarity. Let us live and work in solidarity.
Let us live and work in solidarity. Let us live and work in solidarity.

Viva tierra libre. Viva tierra libre.
Viva tierra libre. Viva tierra libre.

May our hearts sing liberation. May our hearts sing liberation.
May our hearts sing liberation, liberation, liberation.

Viva tierra libre. Viva tierra libre.
Viva tierra libre. Viva tierra libre.

May our souls pound revolution. May our souls pound revolution.
May our souls pound revolution, revolution, revolution.

Viva tierra libre. Viva tierra libre.
Viva tierra libre. Viva tierra libre.

May there be equity among all nations. May there be equity among all nations.
May there be equity among all nations. Peace and equity among all nations.

Viva tierra libre. Viva tierra libre.
Viva tierra libre. Viva tierra libre.

Let us be at peace with all the biosphere.
Let us be at peace with all the biosphere.
Let us be at peace with all the biosphere.
Let us be at peace with all the biosphere.

Viva tierra libre. Viva tierra libre.
Viva tierra libre. Viva tierra libre.

Viva tierra libre. Viva tierra libre.
Viva tierra libre. Viva tierra libre.

Viva tierra libre. Viva tierra libre.
Viva tierra libre. Viva tierra libre.

Viva tierra libre. Viva tierra libre.
Viva tierra libre. Viva tierra libre.

Long live the earth in freedom. Long live the earth in freedom.
Long live the earth in freedom. Viva tierra libre.

(Album, Breakfast on a Small Planet)

Empire Gonna Tumble Down (2000-066)

Empire gonna tumble down.
Empire gonna tumble down.
Empire gonna tumble, grumble, crumble.
Fumble, Bumble, stumble.

We set them up and we think they can stand,
And cast their shadows across the land.
They think that they can rule and rule,
By calling every questioner a fool.

But empire gonna tumble down.
Empire gonna tumble down.
Empire gonna tumble, grumble, crumble.
Stumble, bumble, fumble.

The corporations turn their wheels,
And try to tell us all what is and isn't real.
But to their propaganda we have grown wise.
We've seen through every one of their not so mice white lies.

And empire gonna tumble down.
Empire gonna tumble down.
Empire gonna tumble, grumble, crumble.
Fumble, bumble, stumble.

They face the world with a fascist smile,
Throwing human bodies on the garbage pile.
But garbage mountains sometimes have land slides,
And crush a thousand shanties in the blink of an eye.

And empire gonna tumble down.
Empire gonna tumble down.
Empire gonna tumble, grumble, crumble.
Stumble, fumble, bumble.

When justice comes on the edge of a sword,
And the ones you trampled get their just reward,
The crimes you committed you fascist few,
Will be done ten thousand times on to you.

Your empire's gonna tumble down.
Your empire's gonna tumble down.
Your empire's gonna tumble, grumble, crumble.
Fumble, bumble, stumble.

Your empire's gonna tumble down.
You'll be the ones in the shanty town.
Your empire's gonna tumble down.
No one will catch you as you hit the ground.
Your empire's gonna tumble down.
You'll be the ones in the shanty town.
Your empire's gonna tumble down.
No one will catch you as you hit the ground.
Your empire's gonna tumble down.

Empire gonna tumble down.
Empire gonna tumble down.
Empire gonna tumble down.
Empire gonna tumble down.
Empire gonna tumble, grumble, crumble.
Tumble, grumble, crumble.

(Album, Who Will Tell the Weathermen)

The Pigs Are Having Their Banquet (2000-067)

The pigs are having their banquet,
At the Corporate Piggy Hotel.
Toasting each other with glasses of blood,
Damning each other to Hell.
The pigs are having their banquet,
At the Corporate Piggy Hotel.
The Devil is their CEO,
And all the world is their Hell.

The banquet is held to celebrate,
The victory of the rich,
And their right to control and dominate,
And never to roll back an inch.
The security guards are ready,
With their guns and their cameras trained,
Trained on the streets in the world below,
Aimed at the faces and brains.

The pigs are having their banquet,
At the Corporate Piggy Hotel.
Toasting each other with glasses of blood,
Damning each other to Hell.
The pigs are having their banquet,
At the Corporate Piggy Hotel.
The Devil is their CEO,
And all the world is their Hell.

Let's have a snort for the government,
Who gave us our corporate way.
And a snort for the World Bank and IMF,
Our favorite imperialist games.
Let's have a snort for the echelons,
Of right wing economists,
Who converted the world to the world we desired,
With a punch and a cloud of mist.

The pigs are having their banquet,
At the Corporate Piggy Hotel.
Toasting each other with glasses of blood,
Damning each other to Hell.
The pigs are having their banquet,
At the Corporate Piggy Hotel.
The Devil is their CEO,
And all the world is their Hell.

Some children will live in the sewers.
Some workers will feed the machine.
But capitalism can never afford,
To treat people like human beings.
So we'll grind up the world and the future,
Into bite-sized morsels of feed,
To be served at the Piggyville banquet,
Covered with Alfredo of Greed.

The pigs are having their banquet,
At the Corporate Piggy Hotel.
Toasting each other with glasses of blood,
Damning each other to Hell.
The pigs are having their banquet,
At the Corporate Piggy Hotel.
The Devil is their CEO,
And all the world is their Hell.
The Devil is their CEO,
And all the world is their Hell.

The pigs are having their banquet,
At the Corporate Piggy Hotel.

(Album, Who Will Tell the Weathermen)

Radical Man (2000-068)

Radical man, radical man, I am a radical man.
Radical man, radical man, I am a radical man.

Do I run with the moon, through the night.
Do I run with the rivers when the sun is bright.
Do I growl with the panthers, howl with the wolves,
Howl with my fellow radicals.

Radical man, radical man, I am a radical man.
Radical man, radical man, I am a radical man.

Do I dream of a city, dream of a place,
Dream of making revolution in the rain.
Do I dream of a better world that could be,
Where every human spirit can be free.

Radical man, radical man, I am a radical man.
Radical man, radical man, I am a radical man.

Hear the radical stories, radical songs.
Come on with me as I travel along.
Come as I take you down a radical road,
Where only radicals need not fear to go.

Radical man, radical man, I am a radical man.
Radical man, radical man, I am a radical man.

Do I run with the moon, through the night.
Do I run with the rivers when the sun is bright.
Do I growl with the panthers, howl with the wolves,
Howl with my fellow radicals.

Radical man, radical man, I am a radical man.
Radical man, radical man, I am a radical man.

Do I dream of a city, dream of a place,
Dream of making revolution in the rain.
Do I dream of a better world that could be,
Where every human spirit can be free.

Radical man, radical man, I am a radical man.
Radical man, radical man, I am a radical man.

Radical stories and radical songs,
Come on with me as I travel along.
Come as I take you down a radical road,
Where only radicals need not fear to go.

Radical man, radical man, I am a radical man.
Radical man, radical man, I am a radical man.
Radical man, radical man, I am a radical man.
Radical man, radical man, I am a radical man.
Radical man, radical man, I am a radical man.
Radical man, radical man, I am a radical man.

Radical man, radical man, I am a radical man.

(Album, Who Will Tell the Weathermen)

In the Rooms of my Imagination (2000-069)

Yeah I remember, when I was sixteen.
The light of the stars shone down,
And I felt there would be, an epiphany coming soon.
Marilyn Ferguson, took me places I had never been,
And E. F. Schumacher,
Showed me a gentle way of being true.

And in the rooms of my imagination, I would dwell,
Every morning, every evening, every night and every day.
And in the rooms of my imagination, I would dwell,
Every morning, every evening, every night and every day.

Meditation, could be an art that springs,
From the place within,
Quiet contemplation, on something as simple,
As a leaf turning in the wind.
And then to go out, out into the world,
And say, this is who I am, may I come along with you.
And then to walk forward, in the company of friends,
And do the thousand things, that we were here to do.

And in the rooms of my imagination, I would dwell,
Every morning, every evening, every night and every day.
And in the rooms of my imagination, I would dwell,
Every morning, every evening, every night and every day.

Now the years have traveled by,
And I've gone many a mile,
Since that adolescent dreaming room.
And many wizards, and many sages,
Have invited me into their gardens,
Where the flowers bloom.
But after all that sitting, after all that, all that listening,
After all that, all that dreaming, on life and time,
I have come home, and I have painted my walls,
According to, how things appear to me, in my own mind.

And in the rooms of my imagination, I will dwell,
Every morning, every evening, every night and every day.
And in the rooms of my imagination, I will dwell,
Every morning, every evening, every night and every day.
Every morning, every evening, every night and every day.

In the rooms of my imagination,
In the rooms of my imagination,
I will dwell.

(Album, Who Will Tell the Weathermen)

And I Go Walking (2000-070)

Today I dream of, shining highway.
Today I dream of, broken bones.
Only the shadows, of fallen buildings,
Where the people are, no one knows.

And I go walking, among the stars.
And I go walking, among the stars.
And I go Walking, among the stars.
And I go walking, among the stars.

Today I say I'm, mind guerrilla.
Today I say I'm, poet soul.
And all the sidewalks, they are flowering,
As the earthquakes, take their toll.

And I go walking, among the stars.
And I go walking, among the stars.
And I go walking, among the stars.
And I go walking, among the stars.

Is there a blackout, broken window.
Is that a dream from, long ago.
Is that a siren, in the distance,
Says the shepherd's horn will blow.

And I go walking, among the stars.
And I go walking, among the stars.
And I go walking, among the stars.
And I go walking, among the stars.

Douse the fire. Douse the terror.
Let your spirit, hover free.
That our minds be, quiet and gentle.
Let our hearts, simply dare to be.

And I go walking, among the stars.
And I go walking, among the stars.
And I go walking, among the stars.
And I go walking, among the stars.

Who will walk on, boulevard sidewalk.
Who will stand inside the moon.
Shield their eyes from, flashing lightening.
Shield their minds from, falling doom.

And I go walking, among the stars.
And I go walking, among the stars.
And I go walking, among the stars.
And I go walking, among the stars.

And I go walking, among the stars.
And I go walking, among the stars.
And I go walking, among the stars.
And I go walking, among the stars.

Among the stars. Among the stars.

(Album, Who Will Tell the Weathermen)

You Shall Fall. You Shall Fall. You Shall Fall. (2000-071)

I know what you did to the Panthers.
I know what you did to Malcolm X.
I know what you did to Crazy Horse.
I know what you did to A.I.M.

And I know, who you are.
You are the stripe, inside the star.
You are the ones, who have the gold,
Who make the rules, so I've been told.
You are the dagger, inside the cloak.
But you shall fall. You shall fall. You shall fall.

You say you believe in liberty.
You say that you believe in life.
All people are born free and equal.
Your constitution sure sounds nice.
But tell that to the ghost of Fred Hampton.
Tell that to the memory of Martin Luther King.
And Frank Clearwater, Joe Killsright Stuntz, Tina Trudell,
Dallas Thundershield, Bobby Garcia,
And all who shared the same fate.

For I know, who you are.
You are the pistil, inside the star.
FBI, CIA, NSA, BIA.
You are the ones, who have the gold,
Who make the rules, so I've been told.
You are the dagger, inside the cloak.
But you shall fall. You shall fall. You shall fall.

O say can you see, by the dawn's early light,
A nation drowning in the blood of genocide.
Omnicide, ethnocide, ecocide, megacide.
So free Mumia Abu-Jamal.
Free Leonard Peltier.
And free the man who wouldn't do your bidding,
The man named Standing Deer.

For I know, who you are.
The loaded pistil, inside the star.
You are the ones, who have the gold,
Who make the rules, so I've been told.
The bloody dagger, inside the cloak.
But you shall fall. You shall fall. You shall fall.
You shall fall. You shall fall. You shall fall.

(Album, Who Will Tell the Weathermen)

Our Freedom Song (2000-072)

Come on and sing our freedom song.
Come on and sing our freedom song.
Join us on the road as we walk along.
Come on and sing our freedom song.
Come on and sing our freedom song.

The battle is hard but our souls are warm.
The battle is hard but our souls are warm.
With our hearts we can see right through the storm.
The battle is hard but our souls are warm.

Come on and sing our freedom song.
Come on and sing our freedom song.
Join us on the road as we walk along.
Come on and sing our freedom song.
Come on and sing our freedom song.

We'll light a candle in the night til we see a new day.
We'll light a candle in the night til we see a new day.
Til the darkness of oppression finally fades away.
We'll light a candle in the night til we see a new day.

Come on and sing our freedom song.
Come on and sing our freedom song.
Join us on the road as we walk along.
Come on and sing our freedom song.
Come on and sing our freedom song.

Freedom is a seed that a thousand sew.
Freedom is a seed that a thousand sew.
It takes the love of ten million for a forest to grow.
Freedom is a seed that a thousand sew.

Come on and sing our freedom song.
Come on and sing our freedom song.
Join us on the road as we walk along.
Come on and sing our freedom song.
Come on and sing our freedom song.

With love in our hearts and freedom in our minds,
With love in our hearts and freedom in our minds,
We'll make a patchwork quilt for all of humankind.
With love in our hearts and freedom in our minds.

Come on and sing our freedom song.
Come on and sing our freedom song.
Join us on the road as we walk along.
Come on and sing our freedom song.
Come on and sing our freedom song.

Come on and sing our freedom song.
Join us in the singing of our freedom song.
Come help make the road a little less long.
Come on and sing our freedom song.

Come on and sing our freedom song.
Come on and sing our freedom song.

(Album, Who Will Tell the Weathermen)

Gods of the Universe (2000-073)

Gonna rock the Buddha. Gonna rock Lao-tse.
Gonna rock Confucius into a satari.
Gonna rock old Ramah and Krishna too.
We're gonna rock the gods of the universe, oo, oo.
We're gonna rock the gods of the universe, oo, oo.

We're gonna rock the Jesus out of Galilee.
Gonna rock old Moses right across the Red Sea.
Gonna rock old Abraham and Isaac too.
We're gonna rock the gods of the universe, oo, oo.
We're gonna rock the gods of the universe, oo, oo.

Gonna rock Osiris and Amen Ra.
Gonna get Tutankhamen doin' the cha cha cha.
Gonna rock every mummy right out of his tomb.
We're gonna rock the gods of the universe, oo, oo.
We're gonna rock the gods of the universe, oo, oo.

We're gonna rock Apollo and Dionysus.
Gonna rock Demeter and Persephone.
Gonna rock Aphrodite til she dances nude.
We're gonna rock the gods of the universe, oo, oo.
We're gonna rock the gods of the universe, oo, oo.

Gonna rock old Woden, Freya and Thor,
Til Valhalla won't be Valhalla any more.
Gonna rock the Vikings as they're passing through.
We're gonna rock the gods of the universe, oo, oo.
We're gonna rock the gods of the universe, oo, oo.

We're gonna rock King Arthur at Camelot.
Gonna rock Guinevere and Sir Lancelot.
Gonna rock the Knight of Indigo Blue.
We're gonna rock the gods of the universe, oo, oo.
We're gonna rock the gods of the universe, oo, oo.

Gonna rock old Fingle and Ossian.
Gonna rock the misty women of Avalon.
Gonna rock the Druids and the Witches too.
Gonna rock the gods of the universe, oo, oo.
Gonna rock the gods of the universe, oo, oo.

Let's rock the Druids. Let's rock the Druids.
Let's rock the Witches. Let's rock the Witches.
Let's rock the Druids. Let's rock the Druids.
Let's rock the rocks of Stonehenge. Let's rock the rocks of Stonehenge.

Gonna rock the Buddha. Gonna rock Lao-tse.
Gonna rock Confucius into a satari.
Gonna rock old Ramah and Krishna too.
We're gonna rock the gods of the universe, oo, oo.
We're gonna rock the gods of the universe, oo, oo.
Gonna rock the gods of the universe, oo, oo.

Gonna keep'em rockin'. Gonna keep'em rockin'. Gonna keep'em rockin'.
Gonna rock the gods of the universe, oo, oo.
Gonna rock the gods of the universe, oo, oo.
Gonna rock the gods of the universe, oo, oo.

(Album, Who Will Tell the Weathermen)

Ode to 1982 (2000-074)

I remember, 1982,
How the year would begin, like a flash of lightening.
The year would be, my year to own, my year to dream,
A time to live or find so frightening.
And I remember, mystical poems,
And I remember, those empty evenings.
And I remember, "ET Call Home",
And I remember feeling, like an alien being.

There we were, out in the middle of it all.
There we were, pondering the meaning of it all.
There we were, out in the middle of the world.
There we were, walking and dreaming of a world.
Dreaming our world, dreaming our world, dreaming our world.

And I remember, right wing religion,
Of condemnation, persecutors coming after me.
And I remember, universal spirit,
Saying that I need not fear. We live on a planet and we are free.
And I remember, the turnings over, the gurus and the guards,
Decisions being made inside of me.
Peace and non-violence, sweet mysticism,
Or fundamentalist fear. Now which way would it be.

There we were, out in the middle of it all.
There we were, pondering the meaning of it all.
There we were, out in the middle of the world.
There we were, walking and dreaming of a world.
Dreaming our world, dreaming our world, dreaming our world.

That's long ago now, and I have grown now,
But still sometimes those demons they come haunting me.
They would attack me. They would destroy me.
And they would tell me I must bow and fear their authority.
That God's a tyrant, that God's a monster,
With a cosmic sword, just waiting to devour me.
But I respond with, poems of the light,
And of the cosmic pond, and gently feel the flowering.

There we were, out in the middle of it all.
There we were, pondering the meaning of it all.
There we were, out in the middle of the world.
There we were, walking and dreaming of a world.
Dreaming our world, dreaming our world, dreaming our world.

So I will rest now, in the heart of spirit,
And know the sacred ground, at the centre of all being.
And here the dream soul, the inner candle,
Will be my focus, my centring down and yet my freeing.
So I will rest now, in the heart of spirit,
And know the sacred ground, at the centre of all being.
And here the dream soul, the inner candle,
Will be my focus, my centring down and yet my freeing.

And here we are, out in the middle of it all.
Here we are, pondering the meaning of it all.
Here we are, out in the middle of the world.
Here we are, walking and dreaming of a world.
Dreaming our world, dreaming our world, dreaming our world.

O I remember, 1982.

(Album, Who Will Tell the Weathermen)

Let It Go Man (2000-075)

Let it go man. Let it go man.
Don't be a prisoner, of the death-faced snowman.
Let it go man. Let it go man.
Don't be a prisoner, of the death-faced snowman.
Set her free man. Set her free man.
Sometimes the time has come, to let things be man.
Set her free man. Set her free man.
Sometimes the time has come, to let things be man.

You say you're angry. You say she took from you.
Something from inside you, that you can't retrieve.
You say you're mad at her, that you wanna get back at her,
But before you seek revenge, think of where you'll be in the end.

Let it go man. Let it go man.
Don't be a prisoner, of the death-faced snowman.
Let it go man. Let it go man.
Don't be a prisoner, of the death-faced snowman.
Set her free man. Set her free man.
Sometimes the time has come, to let things be man.
Set her free man. Set her free man.
Know when the time has come, to let things be man.

You say she ran away, or was it you who went.
Does it really matter when, all is said and done this day.
You think about violent acts. Show her bloody well where it's at.
But that will never bring relief. It will only multiply your grief.

Let it go man. Let it go man.
Don't be a prisoner, of the death-faced snowman.
Let it go man. Let it go man.
Don't be a prisoner, of the death-faced snowman.
Set her free man. Set her free man.
Know when the time has come, to let things be man.
Set her free man. Set her free man.
Sometimes the time has come, to let things be man.

Let past things be the past. What is done is done and gone.
A new tomorrow will dawn. Let your moments of anguish pass.
There are many ways that wind. You have the power to free your mind.
You have the power to free your soul,
From all the feelings that would control.

Let it go man. Let it go man.
Don't be a prisoner, of the death-faced snowman.
Let it go man. Let it go man.
Don't be a prisoner, of the death-faced snowman.
Set her free man. Set her free man.
Sometimes the time has come, to let things be man.
Set her free man. Set her free man.
Know when the time has come, to let things be man.
Sometimes the time has come, to let things be man.
Know when the time has come, to let things be man.
Sometimes the time has come, to let things be man.

(Album, Who Will Tell the Weathermen)

The Name of the Wheel (2000-076)

Love is the name of the wheel.
Time is the name of the deal.
The deal that everybody signs,
To drive them drive them from their minds,
To drive them from their minds.

As we made love on the sunny green,
Hoping we had not been seen,
And as our nakedness unfurled,
We thought we'd left behind the world.
Left behind the clothing of,
A culture barring us from love,
Holding our souls in chains unseen,
As we made love, on the sunny green.

Love is the name of the wheel.
Time is the name of the deal.
The deal that everybody signs,
To drive them drive them from their minds,
To drive them from their minds.

When we returned to the sunlit day,
We knew nothing would ever be the same.
Neither love nor life could be a game,
And we could not be players or pawns again.
We'd been transformed by the midnight rain,
To dream a sweeping meadow plane,
As if to build community,
In green and pleasant liberty.

Love is the name of the wheel.
Time is the name of the deal.
The deal that everybody signs,
To drive them drive them from their minds,
To drive them from their minds.

O wheel of love roll on, roll on.
Let my heart and mind be filled with song.
To the edges of the universe,
May love speak her nine billion words.
But time you deal and terrible pawn,
Away with you. Be gone. Be gone.
We will sign our names to no owners' deed.
May our hearts and feet and wings be free.

Love is the name of the wheel.
Time is the name of the deal.
The deal that everybody signs,
To drive them drive them from their minds,
To drive them from their minds.

Love is the name of the wheel.
Time is the name of the deal.
The deal that everybody signs,

To drive them drive them from their minds,
To drive them from their minds.
To drive them from their minds.
To drive them from their minds.

(Album, Who Will Tell the Weathermen)

The Yellow Canaries Go Down (2000-077)

And the yellow canaries go down in the mine,
And the yellow canaries go down.
And the yellow canaries go down in the mine,
And the yellow canaries go down.

The Russians explode an atomic bomb,
August 1949.
Who we gonna blame. Who we gonna frame.
Leave it to Hoover's FBI.
Looks like the Rosenbergs will do.
Two Jewish communists, who will care.
The nation will smile, a victory smile,
As we send the Rosenbergs to the chair.

And the yellow canaries go down in the mine,
And the yellow canaries go down.
And the yellow canaries go down in the mine,
And the yellow canaries go down.

A man by the name of Malcolm X,
Who dares to stand his ground and dream,
Dream of a world where all may live,
In freedom and justice by whatever means.
Some say it was Hoover and LBJ,
Who said, "Shoot the basturd before it goes too far.".
And in February 65, Malcolm goes down,
In a hail of bullets for which no one was ever charged.

And the yellow canaries go down in the mine,
And the yellow canaries go down.
And the yellow canaries go down in the mine,
And the yellow canaries go down.

Shoot out in Chicago town,
Fourth of December, 69.
They tried to say both sides were armed,
But the bullet holes were all on the inside.
J. Edgar Hoover planned it all,
To bring the Black Panther Party down.
Fred Hampton would be the man lying dead,
When the Chicago morning came around.

And the yellow canaries go down in the mine,
And the yellow canaries go down.
And the yellow canaries go down in the mine,
And the yellow canaries go down.

Out on the South Dakota land,
Spring of 1973,
The American army fires five hundred thousand rounds,
At a village they call Wounded Knee.
And a three-year reign of terror follows,
With over sixty unsolved homicides.
The cameras turn away as the silence falls,

And the companies get their uranium mines.

And the yellow canaries go down in the mine,
The yellow canaries go down.
And the yellow canaries go down in the mines,
And the yellow canaries go down.

What does it say. What does it mean.
The ones who fired and the ones who died,
For standing up to the corporate machine,
And daring to call megacide, megacide.
The yellow canaries sang their song,
To break the silence of the quiet war.
Imperialism marches on,
But we're all a little wiser on this morn.

And the yellow canaries go down in the mine,
And the yellow canaries go down.
And the yellow canaries go down in the mine,
The yellow canaries go down.
And the yellow canaries go down in the mine,
And the yellow canaries go down.
And the yellow canaries go down in the mine,
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And the yellow canaries go down.
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And the yellow canaries go down.

And the yellow canaries go down in the mine,
And the yellow canaries go down.
And the yellow canaries go down in the mine,
And the yellow canaries go down.

(Album, Who Will Tell the Weathermen)

Dumpster Diving (2000-078)

We're gonna go, dumpster diving. Gonna go, dumpster diving.
Gonna, keep the best of our culture surviving.
At the library dumpster where culture is thriving,
Where the library dumps the books they no longer take pride in,
Gonna go, dumpster diving. Gonna go, dumpster diving.
Gonna go, dumpster diving, a ha.

Once we found a whole copy of Plato's "Republic".
No one had checked it out for awhile, so they didn't want it.
We found books on feminism, books on art,
Even a few volumes by Jean Paul Sartre.

We're gonna go, dumpster diving. Gonna go, dumpster diving.
Gonna, keep the best of our culture surviving.
At the library dumpster where culture is thriving,
Where the library dumps the books they no longer take pride in,
Gonna go, dumpster diving. Gonna go, dumpster diving.
Gonna go, dumpster diving, a ha.

We found books on the nuclear industry,
Books on Marxism, books on anarchy.
A book about the history of the RCMP,
And a long play record of Sesame Street.

We're gonna go, dumpster diving. Gonna go, dumpster diving.
Gonna, keep the best of our culture surviving.
At the library dumpster where culture is thriving,
Where the library dumps the books they no longer take pride in,
Gonna go, dumpster diving. Gonna go, dumpster diving.
Gonna go, dumpster diving, a ha.

So why do they dump. Does anybody know why.
'Cause they want some parts of our memory to die.
And by the same token, why do we dive.
'Cause we wanna keep a diversity of memory alive.

We're gonna go, dumpster diving. Gonna go, dumpster diving.
Gonna, keep the best of our culture surviving.
At the library dumpster where culture is thriving,
Where the library dumps the books they no longer take pride in,
Gonna go, dumpster diving. Gonna go, dumpster diving.
Gonna go, dumpster diving, a ha.

We are Dissidents United and Mobilized,
For the Preservation and Salvaging,
Of Texts and Educational Resources.
D, U, M, P, S, T, E, R,
Dumpster it spells. Dumpster we are.

We're gonna go, dumpster diving. Gonna go, dumpster diving.
Gonna, keep the best of our culture surviving.
At the library dumpster where culture is thriving,
Where the library dumps the books they no longer take pride in,
Gonna go, dumpster diving. Gonna go, dumpster diving.

Gonna go, dumpster diving, a ha.
Gonna go, dumpster diving. Gonna go, dumpster diving.
Gonna go, dumpster diving, a ha.

Gonna go, dump dump dump dump dump dump dump dump
Dump dump dump dump dumpster,
We're gonna go, dumpster diving, a ha.

(Album, Who Will Tell the Weathermen)

People of Planet Earth (2000-079)

We are the people of Planet Earth,
Orbiting around a minor star.
We are children of the universe.
Tell the universe who we are.
Tell the universe who we are.

Deep at the centre of everything,
Deep in the heart of all our souls,
Love and compassion are the only thing,
That keeps us going and that makes us whole,
That keeps us going and that makes us whole.

We are the people of Planet Earth,
Orbiting around a minor star.
We are children of the universe.
Tell the universe who we are.
Tell the universe who we are.

In the beginning there was the dream,
Dream of an energy we call love,
Dream of an empathy like a stream.
This is what the universe is made of.
This is what the universe is made of.

We are the people of Planet Earth,
Orbiting around a minor star.
We are children of the universe.
Tell the universe who we are.
Tell the universe who we are.

We are the people of Planet Earth,
Orbiting around a minor star.
We are children of the universe.
Tell the universe who we are.
Tell the universe who we are.
Tell the universe who we are.
Tell the universe who we are.

(Album, Who Will Tell the Weathermen)

As I Have Loved You (2000-080)

Love one another, as I have loved you.
Love one another, as I have loved you.
Remember the Master in all you say and do.
Love one another, as I have loved you.

As children we gather from near and from far,
A movement, a people, who shine like a star.
A vision, a drama, an eternal word,
A voice in the silence, now to be heard.

Love one another, as I have loved you.
Love one another, as I have loved you.
Remember the teachings in all you say and do.
Love one another, as I have loved you.

Lift up thine eyes, unto the hills.
Those who hunger for justice are sure to be filled.
Show mercy and mercy will be shown you,
As your grim persecution shows that you've been true.

Love one another, as I have loved you.
Love one another, as I have loved you.
Remember the Master in all you say and do.
Love one another, as I have loved you.

In morning, in evening, we drink of the song.
And the Comforter Spirit comes to help us along.
At sunrise there stand ye a child of the light.
As in raindrops and shadows, we dance in our flight.

Love one another, as I have loved you.
Love one another, as I have loved you.
Remember the teachings in all you say and do.
Love one another, as I have loved you.
Love one another, as I have loved you.
Love one another, as I have loved you.

(Album, Who Will Tell the Weathermen)

Forces Of Life **(2000-081)**

Forces of life come roaring like a river
Swarms of freedom dance before our eyes
Forces of life come roaring like a river
We will all be changed when we realize
We will all be changed when we realize

Guardians of time, they slip away before us
The figures and the shadow boxers change their form
Guardians of time, they slip away before us
The boats get rocked as the waves come crashing in the mounting storm
We don't have to walk on water
Or command the storm to be calm
We will dance among the waves
And one day the prisons will be gone

Guardians of time, they slip away before us
Figures and the shadow boxers change their form
Guardians of time, they slip away before us
The boats get rocked as the waves come crashing in the mounting storm
We don't have to walk on water
Or command the storm to be calm
We will dance among the waves
And one day the prisons will be gone

Forces of life come roaring like a river
Swarms of freedom dance before our eyes
Forces of life come roaring like a river
We will all be changed when we realize
We will all be changed when we realize

The monsters at our party don't scare us anymore
For we knocked over the tea tables and chased them out the door
The monsters are not the ones who snap and growl
They're the ones who serve tea and smile
And deny reality on the prowl

The monsters at our party don't scare us anymore
For we knocked over the tea tables and chased them out the door
The monsters are not the ones who snap and growl
They're the ones who serve tea and smile
And deny reality on the prowl

Forces of life come roaring like a river
Swarms of freedom dance before our eyes
Forces of life come roaring like a river
We will all be changed when we realize
We will all be changed when we realize
When we realize

Beware of those who teach that you can change reality
Without someone giving up something
Do not be deceived
The iron fist that rules might be the velvet hand that feeds you
The iron teeth that chew you up might be the velvet tongue that comes to teach you

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Forces of life come roaring like a river
Swarms of freedom dance before our eyes
Forces of life come roaring like a river
We will all be changed when we realize
We will all be changed when we realize
When we realize

Forces of life come roaring like a river
Forces of life come roaring like a river
Forces of life come roaring like a river

(Album, Grain Of Sand)

Land of the Shooting Stars (2000-082)

You may ask me who I am,
Where I come from, where I'm going and,
I may ask you in my turn,
To tell me who you are.
As for me I am a sage,
Rebel from another age,
Banished to this planet,
From the land of the shooting stars,
Banished to this planet,
From the land of the shooting stars.

O, o, o, land of the shooting stars,
My soul would sail through galaxies,
Faster than the speed of time.
O, o, o, land of the shooting stars,
My soul could cry a universe,
Of interstellar rhyme.
My soul could cry a universe,
Of interstellar rhyme.

On the world where I come from,
A billion waited for the dawn,
But the masters cast their shadows long,
To keep away the day.
But the billion in their pain and fear,
Joined their hands around the sphere,
And told the masters we would rise,
And chase them all away.
And told the masters we would rise,
And chase them all away.

O, o, o, land of the shooting stars,
My soul would sail through galaxies,
Faster than the speed of time.
O, o, o, land of the shooting stars,
My soul could cry a universe,
Of interstellar rhyme.
My soul could cry a universe,
Of interstellar rhyme.

But the masters said "We are the ones,
Who own the missiles, bombs and guns,
And we would take the sun and blot it,
Right out of the sky.
We'll beat you. We will torture you.
We'll erase the very mystic blue,
Until you have no memory,
Of beauty, love or life.
Until you have no memory,
Of beauty, love or life.".

O, o, o, land of the shooting stars,
My soul would sail through galaxies,
Faster than the speed of time.

O, o, o, land of the shooting stars,
My soul could cry a universe,
Of interstellar rhyme.
My soul could cry a universe,
Of interstellar rhyme.

A billion of us did rebel,
To send the masters to their Hell,
But they came at us with a thousand guns,
And tanks and armoured cars.
They broke our movement everywhere,
And smiled and said "Now fair is fair.",
And we were exiled to the cosmos,
From the land of the shooting stars.
We were exiled to the cosmos,
From the land of the shooting stars.

O, o, o, land of the shooting stars,
My soul would sail through galaxies,
Faster than the speed of time.
O, o, o, land of the shooting stars,
My soul could cry a universe,
Of interstellar rhyme.
My soul could cry a universe,
Of interstellar rhyme.

You may ask me who I am,
Where I come from, where I'm going and,
I may ask you in my turn,
To tell me who you are.
Well as for me, I am a sage,
Rebel from another age,
Banished to this planet,
From the land of the shooting stars,
Banished to this planet,
From the land of the shooting stars.
Banished to this planet,
From the land of the shooting stars.

(Album, Land of the Shooting Stars)

Down in the Dungeon (2000-083)

I spent a long long time,
Down in the dungeon.
Walking back and forth,
Down in the dungeon.
I wrote three hundred songs,
Down in the dungeon.
Sang them with my drum,
Down in the dungeon.

Oo, oo, down in the dungeon.
Oo, oo, down in the dungeon.

It's dark in the middle of the day,
Down in the dungeon.
It's noisy in the middle of the night,
Down in the dungeon.
You feel quite subterranean,
Down in the dungeon.
And you don't know what's goin' on,
Down in the dungeon.

Oo, oo, down in the dungeon.
Oo, oo, down in the dungeon.

Sometimes you walk in fantasy,
Down in the dungeon.
Sometimes you hallucinate,
Down in the dungeon.
The ghosts they come and visit you,
Down in the dungeon.
Your future stares you in the face,
Down in the dungeon.

Oo, oo, down in the dungeon.
Oo, oo, down in the dungeon.

Sometimes you long for a mirror,
Down in the dungeon.
Sometimes you yearn for a friend,
Down in the dungeon.
You try to remember who you are,
Down in the dungeon.
And what your purpose is,
Down in the dungeon.

Oo, oo, down in the dungeon.
Oo, oo, down in the dungeon.

You have no feline familiar,
Down in the dungeon.
You have no companera,
Down in the dungeon.
You only have your heart and soul,
Down in the dungeon.

But they won't save you from the cold,
Down in the dungeon.

Oo, oo, down in the dungeon.
Oo, oo, down in the dungeon.

I spent a long long time,
Down in the dungeon.
Walking back and forth,
Down in the dungeon.
I wrote three hundred songs,
Down in the dungeon.
Sang them with my drum,
Down in the dungeon.

Oo, oo, down in the dungeon.
Oo, oo, down in the dungeon.
Oo, oo, down in the dungeon.
Oo, oo, down in the dungeon.
Oo, oo, down in the dungeon.
Oo, oo, down in the dungeon.

(Album, Starship Revolution)

Ocean Will Rise (2000-084)

The ocean will rise. The ocean will rise.
The ocean will rise and shake hands with the sky.
And the ocean will rise. And the ocean will rise.
And the ocean will rise and shake hands with the sky.

You talk about freedom. You talk about love.
You walk around in a daze like you were half drugged.
What you gonna do when Mother Gaia says shove.
And the grocery stores become unplugged.
And the grocery stores become unplugged.

And the ocean will rise. And the ocean will rise.
Yeah the ocean will rise and shake hands with the sky.
And the ocean will rise. And the ocean will rise.
And the ocean will rise and shake hands with the sky.

You sing your little song, and you do your little dance.
You have your little job and your little romance.
But the world in which you're living is o so small.
No time to feel the heartbeat of the all.
No time to feel the heartbeat of the all.

But the ocean will rise. Yeah the ocean will rise.
The ocean will rise and shake hands with the sky.
And the ocean will rise. And the ocean will rise.
And the ocean will rise and shake hands with the sky.

The elders felt it generations ago,
In tune with the heart of the universal soul.
If civilization doesn't clean up its act,
There's gonna be a shaking from which there'll be no turning back.
There's gonna be a shaking from which there'll be no turning back.

And the ocean will rise. And the ocean will rise.
And the ocean will rise and shake hands with the sky.
And the ocean will rise. And the ocean will rise.
And the ocean will rise and shake hands with the sky.

With your uranium mining and your nuclear waste,
And the fossil fuels you're burning at a feverish pace,
It'll all come together in a great big crunch.
And the cosmic machine will eat you for its lunch.
Yeah the cosmic machine will eat you for its lunch.

For the ocean will rise. The ocean will rise.
The ocean will rise and shake hands with the sky.
And the ocean will rise. And the ocean will rise.
Yeah the ocean will rise and shake hands with the sky.

When the moment comes and our chances have passed,
And there's nowhere to run from the planetary blast,
What will you be thinking. Where will you be,
When everything you've known is washed away by the sea.
When everything you've known is washed away by the sea.

And the ocean will rise. And the ocean will rise.
And the ocean will rise and shake hands with the sky.
And the ocean will rise. And the ocean will rise.
And the ocean will rise and shake hands with the sky.

And the ocean will rise. And the ocean will rise.
And the ocean will rise and shake hands with the sky.
And the ocean will rise. And the ocean will rise.
And the ocean will rise and shake hands with the sky.

The ocean will rise and shake hands with the sky.
The ocean will rise and shake hands with the sky.
The ocean will rise and shake hands with the sky.

(Album, Starship Revolution)

The Chandelier Crashed (2000-085)

The chandelier crashed,
Pretty picture, shattered on the lawn.
My life is full of tiny glass fragments,
That seem to rain down from everywhere.
And where am I in the middle of all my junk.
Where am I in the middle of all my clutter.

The chandelier fell,
Shaken by a lightening storm.
Lightening flashing a little too brightly,
Made the baby cry, in the next door home.
'Twas a midnight rush from a midnight run,
And the thunder rumbles on and on and on.
And where am I in the middle of all that rain.
And where am I in the middle of all that electricity.

The chandelier that,
I should have never had.
It was decadent. It was expensive.
And I'm glad it's gone.
As for the pretty pictures,
They were only in my mind.
I let them fade one by one,
When I knew that it was time to draw the line.
And I imagined ladybugs,
Dancing hip-hopping among the glass.
And I knew I could dream a new world,
If I just got a little sleep.
And got up in the morning,
And started all over again.
When the chandelier crashed.
When the chandelier crashed.
When the chandelier crashed.

(Album, Song for Andromeda)

Gooseman and Spiderman (2000-086)

I'm Walking on the street.
My name is Gooseman.
This is my brother Spiderman,
Who sometimes comes along for the ride.

They call me Gooseman because I'm wearing a jacket,
That makes me look like a Canada Goose.
And Spiderman is Spiderman,
'Cause he lived for twenty-three years,
On Rudolf Steiner and Waldorf Schools.
On Rudolf Steiner and Waldorf Schools.

Gooseman and Spiderman,
We squawk and we spin quite fine.
Gooseman and Spiderman,
Moving pictures in our minds.
Gooseman and Spiderman,
We squawk and we spin quite fine.
Gooseman and Spiderman.
Gooseman and Spiderman.

Spiderman will tell you what he thinks,
Of little honey wine glasses.
It's in his name and it's in his nature,
To talk about wine served in a sparkling stein.

As for me I have no beak,
But I keep squawking sometimes quite annoyingly.
I don't do much wine but a lot of caffeine,
That sometimes makes me fly with the geese.

I have no wings but I'm still walkin' along,
Singing a revolutionary song.
Wishing all the best to you,
Love and freedom, justice and peace.
Love and freedom, justice and peace.

Gooseman and Spiderman,
We squawk and we spin quite fine.
Gooseman and Spiderman,
Moving pictures in our minds.
Gooseman and Spiderman,
We squawk and we spin quite fine.
Gooseman and Spiderman.
Gooseman and Spiderman.

Spiderman likes to talk about UFO's.
Roswell is a place he'd like to be.
Schaulberger’s inventions and bases on the moon,
Doesn't always get through to you and me.

But if he has ten thousand wild ideas,
He's got twenty thousand books to read.
If books could kill, they'd have brought him down.

But books are okay. They can set you free.

Maybe Ray Bradbury was right.
Maybe Butterfield carved the universe.
Maybe Barfield took us for a ride,
On an interstellar spacecraft swirl.
On an interstellar spacecraft swirl.

Gooseman and Spiderman,
We squawk and we spin quite fine.
Gooseman and Spiderman,
Moving pictures in our minds.
Gooseman and Spiderman,
We squawk and we spin quite fine.
Gooseman and Spiderman.
Gooseman and Spiderman.
We are Gooseman and Spiderman.
We are Gooseman and Spiderman.
Gooseman and Spiderman.

(Album, Little Green Creatures from Earth)

Let the Moon Dogs Howl (2000-087)

There's a shadow passing over my moon.
Let the moon dogs howl.
There's a shadow passing over my moon.
Let the moon dogs howl.
The bear would give you the gift of,
The ability to growl.
There's a shadow passing over my moon.
Let the moon dogs howl.

O the crickets chirped in harmony,
As the busker sang his song.
The crickets chirped in harmony,
As the busker sang his song.
Of pebbles and rings and a myriad of things,
To help you all along.
The crickets chirped in harmony,
As the busker sang his song.

And who would see a darker day,
Across the face of time.
And who would see a darker day,
Across the face of time.
Singing for the prisoner,
And the absence of a crime.
Who would see a darker day,
Across the face of time.

Was it Merlin the magician,
Who lived inside a stone.
Was it Merlin the magician,
Who lived inside a stone.
Telling stories from history's way,
With sci-fi overtones.
Was it Merlin the magician,
Who lived inside a stone.

Count the fossils on the cave floor.
Count the fingers on your hand.
Count the fossils on the cave floor.
Count the fingers on your hand.
And tremble at the lion's roar,
As it booms across the land.
Count the fossils on the cave floor.
Count the fingers on your hand.

And could it be a game to me,
A test from future's glow.
Could it all be a game to me,
A test from future's glow.
Where it comes from is the deepest heart,
Where it goes nobody knows.
Could it all be a game to me,
A test from future's glow.

There's a shadow passing over my moon.
Let the moon dogs howl.
There's a shadow passing over my moon.
Let the moon dogs howl.
The bear would give you the gift of,
The ability to growl.
There's a shadow passing over my moon.
Let the moon dogs howl.
There's a shadow passing over my moon.
Let the moon dogs howl.
Let the moon dogs howl.
Let the moon dogs howl.

(Album, Little Green Creatures from Earth)

Hay Woman (2000-088)

Hay woman do you know the name,
Of the planet that I'm on.
Hay woman can you show me the way,
To the doorway or the dawn.
Take me to the bell tower.
Show me to the drum.
And I will show you liberty,
Where the night comes from.
Where the night comes from.

We were all little people,
Back in my home town.
No one stuck their neck out,
For fear of being cut down.
Then we came to the city,
Where the ladders were so high.
We decided to be world crawler souls,
And try to reach the sky.

Hay woman do you know the name,
Of the planet that I'm on.
Hay woman can you show me the way,
To the doorway or the dawn.
Take me to the bell tower.
Show me to the drum.
And I will show you liberty,
Where the night comes from.
Where the night comes from.

To dwell among the sneaky skies,
That paint the skyway blue.
There must have been ten thousand stars,
Comin' after you.
Where they come and where they go,
Are questions we can't find.
It's written on the tablets,
That haunt the inner mind.

Hay woman do you know the name,
Of the planet that I'm on.
Hay woman can you show me the way,
To the doorway or the dawn.
Take me to the bell tower.
Show me to the drum.
And I will show you liberty,
Where the night comes from.
Where the night comes from.

Pencil crayon paper man,
Going door to door.
Dropping fliers in the boxes,
Grace the sky no more.
Brush of skin and brush of mind,
Brush of times long gone.

Kind of makes me wonder,
Is the sky turned on.

Hay woman do you know the name,
Of the planet that I'm on.
Hay woman can you show me the way,
To the doorway or the dawn.
Take me to the bell tower.
Show me to the drum.
And I will show you liberty,
Where the night comes from.
Where the night comes from.

Whispered ballads, whispered knives,
Whispered mysteries.
We just know the wonder world,
In among the trees.
We came naked from the grove,
Our bodies painted blue.
Our hands upraised in silhouette.
I guess our minds were too.

Hay woman do you know the name,
Of the planet that I'm on.
Hay woman can you show me the way,
To the doorway or the dawn.
Take me to the bell tower.
Show me to the drum.
And I will show you liberty,
Where the night comes from.
Where the night comes from.
And I will show you liberty,
Where the night comes from.
Where the night comes from.

Hay woman do you know the name,
Of the planet that I'm on.

(Album, Little Green Creatures from Earth)

Snap Dragon Rag (2000-089)

Snap dragon rag, snap dragon rag,
I love the sound of the paddles of your,
Voyager's canoe.
Snap dragon rag, snap dragon rag,
Betelgeuse and Pagan Times,
Walking on and through.
Betelgeuse and Pagan Times,
Walking on and through.

Back when I was a mystery,
Walking on the moon,
Telling tales from classics,
Losing heart and tune.
I would fly to your upstairs window,
And hover as you dreamed.
May this young girl come to me,
On a silver stream.

Snap dragon rag, snap dragon rag,
I love the sound of the paddles of your,
Voyager's canoe.
Snap dragon rag, snap dragon rag,
Betelgeuse and Pagan Times,
Walking on and through.
Betelgeuse and Pagan Times,
Walking on and through.

Woman of the witchy way,
Priestess of the dawn,
Let me take you home with me.
Let you turn me on.
We can fly together on the sea.
We can swim the sky.
We can soar the dream space,
Together if we try.

Snap dragon rag, snap dragon rag,
I love the sound of the paddles of your,
Voyager's canoe.
Snap dragon rag, snap dragon rag,
Betelgeuse and Pagan Times,
Walking on and through.
Betelgeuse and Pagan Times,
Walking on and through.

Once I kissed a nebula,
With my lips of foam,
Twenty thousand light-years,
From the place called home.
And that was not as sweet or high,
As you have taken me.
Take me further further further,
Into your mystery.

Snap dragon rag, snap dragon rag,
I love the sound of the paddles of your,
Voyager's canoe.
Snap dragon rag, snap dragon rag,
Betelgeuse and Pagan Times,
Walking on and through.
Betelgeuse and Pagan Times,
Walking on and through.
Betelgeuse and Pagan Times,
Walking on and through.
Betelgeuse and Pagan Times,
Walking on and through.
Betelgeuse and Pagan Times,
Walking on and through.

(Album, Little Green Creatures from Earth)

Beaver Dam Road (2000-090)

I didn't have me no chicken that I could kill,
So I fixed me up an itty bitty still.

And it's hard times on the Beaver Dam Road.
It's hard times poor boy.
It's hard times on the Beaver Dam Road.
It's hard times poor boy.

I made me some moonshine on a full moon night.
I tasted that moonshine. It tasted all right.

It's hard times on the Beaver Dam Road.
It's hard times poor boy.
It's hard times on the Beaver Dam Road.
It's hard times poor boy.

I drank down that moonshine. 'Twas sweeter than rain.
Then all I remember is blackness and pain.

It's hard times on the Beaver Dam Road.
It's hard times poor boy.
It's hard times on the Beaver Dam Road.
It's hard times poor boy.

When I awoke and my hangover came to an end,
I thought I'd make moonshine for all of my friends.

It's hard times on the Beaver Dam Road.
It's hard times poor boy.
It's hard times on the Beaver Dam Road.
It's hard times poor boy.

So I made me more moonshine and passed it around.
And for the money I made, I could have bought half the town.

It's hard times on the Beaver Dam Road.
It's hard times poor boy.
It's hard times on the Beaver Dam Road.
It's hard times poor boy.

So I bought me some chickens to see the winter through,
But things took a strange turn when they drank the moonshine too.

It's hard times on the Beaver Dam Road.
It's hard times poor boy.
It's hard times on the Beaver Dam Road.
It's hard times poor boy.

Those chickens flopped over just like they were dead.
I still had some money so I called in the vet.

And it's hard times on the Beaver Dam Road.
It's hard times poor boy.
It's hard times on the Beaver Dam Road.

It's hard times poor boy.

Now the vet said, my goodness now what have we here.
Looks like they've been drinkin' moonshine much stronger than beer.

It's hard times on the Beaver Dam Road.
It's hard times poor boy.
It's hard times on the Beaver Dam Road.
It's hard times poor boy.

He said, I'd report you to the sheriff you know.
But I gave him some moonshine and he turned to go.

It's hard times on the Beaver Dam Road.
It's hard times poor boy.
It's hard times on the Beaver Dam Road.
It's hard times poor boy.

Now the vet and the sheriff and the law men all 'round,
They all like my moonshine and I'm on solid ground.

It's hard times on the Beaver Dam Road.
It's hard times poor boy.
It's hard times on the Beaver Dam Road.
It's hard times poor boy.

When you're talkin' 'bout moonshine down Tennessee way,
If you can't beat'em join'em is the name of the game.

It's hard times on the Beaver Dam Road.
It's hard times poor boy.
It's hard times on the Beaver Dam Road.
It's hard times poor boy.

So they all drink my moonshine as deep as a well.
And they pay me by promising never to tell.

It's hard times on the Beaver Dam Road.
It's hard times poor boy.
It's hard times on the Beaver Dam Road.
It's hard times poor boy.

So here's to my moonshine and here's to my still.
Here's to the moon risin' in the Tennessee hills.

It's hard times on the Beaver Dam Road.
It's hard times poor boy.
It's hard times on the Beaver Dam Road.
It's hard times poor boy.

It's hard times on the Beaver Dam Road.
It's hard times poor boy.
It's hard times on the Beaver Dam Road.
It's hard times poor boy.

(Album, Little Green Creatures from Earth)

This Is Our Song (2000-091)

A tower of pizza boxes,
Exploded in the rain.
I could take that cardboard,
Cut it into cardboard cranes.
I hung the moon, I hung the moon,
Upon my cherry tree,
And I just sat there watchin' that moon,
Shinin' back on me.

This is our song. This is our song.
This is our song. This is our song.
Don't gaze into the mirror for too long.
This is our song. This is our song.

A car made out of Coke cans,
Drove into the drive.
I will sell you apple sauce,
If there's anyone left alive.
The driver was a robot,
With nowhere else to go.
His pockets they were empty.
His soul was monotone.

This is our song. This is our song.
This is our song. This is our song.
Don't stare into the ocean for too long.
This is our song. This is our song.

The candles on your birthday cake,
They number sixty-two.
The calendar upon the wall,
Is staring back at you.
You took the moon off of the tree,
And held it in your hand,
And felt the pulsing heartbeat,
Of the people and the land.

This is our song. This is our song.
This is our song. This is our song.
Don't walk across the cosmos for too long.
This is our song. This is our song.
Don't stare into the ocean for too long.
This is our song. This is our song.
Don't gaze into the mirror for too long.
This is our song. This is our song.
This is our song. This is our song.
This is our song. This is our song. This is our song.
Song song song song song.

(Album, Starship Revolution)

Shadows Dancing (2000-092)

Shadows dancing, on the pages,
On the pages, of our mind.
Shadows dancing, on the pages.
Goodness knows what we shall find.
Goodness knows what we shall find.

Wind chimes turning, in the morning,
Wind chimes turning, in the breeze.
Rain a falling, wind a blowing,
Whispers through the autumn trees.
Whispers through the autumn trees.

Once I saw a, shiny dragon,
Offered me a puff of peace.
No you devil, tail a waggin'.
I wish my soul to remain free.
I wish my soul to remain free.

There be many, sparks and rainbows,
Many things you shall be seeing.
When you ride the quasar spaceship.
Guard the freedom, of your being.
Guard the freedom, of your being.

Shadows dancing, on the pages,
On the pages, of our mind.
Shadows dancing, on the pages.
Goodness knows what we shall find.
Goodness knows what we shall find.

Wind chimes turning, in the morning,
Wind chimes turning, in the breeze.
Rain a falling, wind a blowing,
Whispers through the autumn trees.
Whispers through the autumn trees.

Staying true to light within us,
Let us walk with candles bared.
Staying true to love among us,
Build a world where life is shared.
Build a world where life is shared.

How to tell a daemon profit,
Does he offer you great peace.
Peace without a corn of justice,
Beware is what the sages scream.
Beware is what the sages scream.

Shadows dancing, on the pages,
On the pages, of our mind.
Shadows dancing, on the pages,
Goodness knows what we shall find.
Goodness knows what we shall find.

Wind chimes turning, in the morning,
Wind chimes turning, in the breeze.
Rain a falling, wind a blowing,
Whispers through the autumn trees.
Whispers through the autumn trees.

Shadows dancing, on the pages,
On the pages, of our mind.
Shadows dancing, on the pages,
Goodness knows what we shall find.
Goodness knows what we shall find.
Goodness knows what we shall find.

Shadows dancing, shadows dancing,
Goodness knows, what we shall find.
Shadows dancing, shadows dancing,
Goodness knows, what we shall find.
Goodness knows, what we shall find.

(Album, Starship Revolution)

Tiger Lilly (2000-093)

She is strong like a tiger,
And gentle like a lily.
She's as free as the prairie wind,
As determined as the Saskatchewan River.
She's Tiger Lilly.

Tiger Lilly, Don't try to bring her down.
Tiger Lilly, Don't try to turn her 'round.
Tiger Lilly.

She was born amid the prairie grass,
And as a child she knew the prairie ways.
She grew to be a woman,
And she came to the city.
Tiger Lilly.

From her childhood through her womanhood,
She learned about life's lessons.
She had to struggle for her dignity,
And struggle for her freedom.
She had to find her own path.
She had to make her own way.
She was Tiger Lilly.

She is strong like a tiger,
And caring like a lily.
She's as loving as the prairie wind,
As determined as a swiftly flowing river.
She's Tiger Lilly.

Tiger Lilly, Don't try to bring her down.
Tiger Lilly, Don't try to turn her 'round.
Tiger Lilly.

She is strong like a tiger,
And tender like a lily.
As caring as the prairie wind,
As determined as the Saskatchewan River.
She's Tiger Lilly.

Tiger Lilly, Don't let them bring you down.
Tiger Lilly, You'll turn the world around.
Tiger Lilly, Don't let them stop you now.
Tiger Lilly, You'll see it through somehow.
Tiger Lilly.

Now she lives in an apartment,
In a city 'neath the prairie sky.
And the prairie moon it rises,
And her heart sings liberation.
Let there be peace and justice.
Let there be dignity for all.
Life and love and equity,
Are ringing like a song within her soul.

Tiger Lilly.

Life and love and equity,
Are ringing like the song of what she's living for.
She's Tiger Lilly.

She is strong like a tiger,
Gentle like a lily.
As wild as the prairie wind,
As determined as the swiftly flowing river.
She's Tiger Lilly.

Tiger Lilly, Don't let them bring you down.
Tiger Lilly, You'll turn the world around.
Tiger Lilly, They'll never stop you now.
Tiger Lilly, You'll make it through somehow.
Tiger Lilly, Don't let them shake you down.
Tiger Lilly, You'll turn the world around.

Tiger Lilly, They'll never stop you now.
Tiger Lilly, You'll see it through somehow.
Tiger Lilly, Keep on walking proud.
Tiger Lilly, Keep on singing loud.
Tiger Lilly, Keep on keeping on.
Tiger Lilly, Daring to be strong.

Tiger Lilly, Keep on singing loud.
Tiger Lilly, Keep on walking proud.
Tiger Lilly, Don't let them stop you now.
Tiger Lilly, You'll turn the world around.
Tiger Lilly, And there'll be freedom and justice,
In every city and every town.

Tiger Lilly, They'll never bring you down.
Tiger Lilly, They'll never bring you down.
Tiger Lilly, Don't let them stop you now.
Tiger Lilly, You'll see it through somehow.
Tiger Lilly, Keep on walking proud.
Tiger Lilly, Be one voice in the crowd.

Tiger Lilly,
Tiger Lilly,
Tiger Lilly.

(Album, Poets and Brooding Angels)

Coffee Shop Séance (2000-094)

Sittin' in a coffee shop,
Stirrin' the milk in my coffee cup,
Havin' a conversation about the weather,
With the ghost of Phillip Ochs.

Sometimes you wrote songs,
That made people angry at you.
But you were right on when you wrote,
About Jim Dean of Indiana.

We all take the journey.
We all take the journey, til we know,
We can't go home again.
Til we know, we can't go home again.

Now I know you're not marching any more.
But there's still news, news that's fit to sing.

Sittin' in a coffee shop,
Stirrin' the milk in my coffee cup,
Havin' a conversation about the weather,
With the ghost of Phillip Ochs.

Now a quarter century's gone by.
Lots of truths come rumbling along.
A quarter century gone down,
But we're still here. We're still writing songs.

Twenty-five years gone by, since you went away,
But we still sing, and we still love, and we still pray.

And the Jews still pray after Auschwitz.
And the Christians still pray after the residential schools.
And the Buddhists still turn their prayer wheels in the wind.
And the sun might be rising again.
And the sun might be rising again.

Sittin' in a coffee shop,
Stirrin' the milk in my coffee cup,
Havin' a conversation about the weather,
With the ghost of Phillip Ochs.

Then Phil smiled and said, if I was here today,
I really wonder just what I'd be doin' hay.
I'd either be etching out a marginal existence, way out on the edge.
Or I'd have sold my soul for a mansion,
Moved in with Dylan and all those faking friends.

Sometimes I regret the rope I used.
Sometimes I regret the reasons why.
Then I look out at the world and I wonder,
If it wasn't such a bad thing that I said goodbye.
That I said goodbye.

Sittin' in a coffee shop,
Stirrin' the milk in my coffee cup,
Havin' a conversation about the weather,
With the ghost of Phillip Ochs.

Sometimes you wrote songs,
That made people angry at you.
But you were right on when you wrote,
About Jim Dean of Indiana.

We all take the journey.
We all take the journey, til we know,
We can't go home again.
Til we know, we can't go home again.

Now I know you're not marching any more.
But there's still news, news that's fit to sing.
News that's fit to sing.

(Album, Poets and Brooding Angels)

In the Freedom of Dementia (2000-095)

No one's ridin' freight trains any more.
The Big Rock Candy Mountain melted down,
To a family on a sunny shore.

And perhaps it's just as well,
When time rolls backward in your mind,
With your hair all long and shaggy,
Like a whisper out of place and out of time.

As in the freedom of dementia,
You walk the roads of a nation not your own.
Tryin' to find your way back to the truth,
Somewhere far away that you had known.
Like a pure but exiled spirit, without a home.

The songs that you sang have been written down.
And sung by the children,
Reminding someone else of their hometown.

Tom Joad is making airplane parts,
For the military arm of Uncle Sam.
Why go back to the time when your music,
Helped to build the great Grand Coolie Dam.

As in the freedom of dementia,
You walk the roads of a nation not your own.
Tryin' to find your way back to the truth,
Somewhere far away that you had known.
Like a pure but exiled spirit, without a home.

Another generation,
Would claim you as their own.
With a thousand would be protegees,
In ten thousand human tones.

And you would sit and listen,
When you could no longer sing,
Knowing that your words would roll on,
With the universe and everything.

As in the freedom of dementia,
You saw the roads of a nation that could be your own.
Glimpses looking forward to a time,
When the people they would come to know,
Your pure but exiled spirit, might find a home.
Your pure but exiled spirit, might find a home.

(Album, Poets and Brooding Angels)

Poet with an Amplifier (2000-096)

Who needs an existentialist,
Poet with an amplifier.
Another bright young questioner,
Joins the corporate rock choir.
Folk or blues or rock 'n' roll,
Whatever your desire.
Who needs an existentialist,
Poet with an amplifier.
Who needs an existentialist,
Poet with an amplifier.

We've seen the times go by,
Seen them comin' seen them goin'.
Bob Dylan, Neil Young,
Joni Mitchell, Leonard Cohen.
They write the odd political line,
Like it was some kind of token.
That's not enough when there's a hell of a lot,
Needs to be spoken.

Who needs an existentialist,
Poet with an amplifier.
Another bright young questioner,
Joins the corporate rock choir.
Folk or rap or rock 'n' roll,
Whatever your attire.
Who needs an existentialist,
Poet with an amplifier.
Who needs an existentialist,
Poet with an amplifier.

Dylan sends us letters,
From Desolation Roe.
Suzanne takes you down,
To where I do not know.
The old man looks at our lives,
Says I'm a lot like you.
But the battle rages in the streets,
Whether or not it fits,
In the rhythm of your latest tune.

Who needs an existentialist,
Poet with an amplifier.
Another bright young questioner,
Joins the corporate rock choir.
Folk or blues or rock 'n' roll,
Whatever your desire.
Who needs an existentialist,
Poet with an amplifier.
Who needs an existentialist,
Poet with an amplifier.

Phil Ochs and Victor Jara,
Over twenty years in their graves,

Killed by a corporate world,
That would not hear what they had to say.
Then they take some gilded poetry,
Penned by a golden pen,
And pass it off as radical,
And here we go again.

Who needs an existentialist,
Poet with an amplifier.
Another bright young questioner,
Joins the corporate rock choir.
Folk or rap or rock ‘n’ roll,
Whatever your attire.
Who needs an existentialist,
Poet with an amplifier.
Who needs an existentialist,
Poet with an amplifier.

We who are the voices,
That you try to marginalize.
We will sing forever,
In human hearts and eyes.
We are at the demonstrations.
We are not on MTV.
But we are with the people,
With whom we are meant to be.

Who needs an existentialist,
Poet with an amplifier.
Another bright young questioner,
Joins the corporate rock choir.
Folk or rap or rock ‘n’ roll,
Whatever your attire.
Who needs an existentialist,
Poet with an amplifier.

Who needs an existentialist,
Poet with an amplifier.
Another bright young questioner,
Joins the corporate rock choir.
Folk or blues or rock ’n’ roll,
Whatever your desire.
Who needs an existentialist,
Poet with an amplifier.
Who needs an existentialist,
Poet with an amplifier.
Who needs an existentialist,
Poet with an amplifier.
Who needs an existentialist,
Poet with an amplifier.
Who needs an existentialist,
Poet with an amplifier.

(Album, Poets and Brooding Angels)

Bluebird Blues (2000-097)

Gonna have to learn to live without a paycheck.
Gonna have to learn to cry.
Gonna have to learn to live without a paycheck.
Gonna have to learn to cry.
Gonna have to sell the clouds and the waters,
Before they dam our rivers, and take away the sky.

Gonna have to share all things in common,
If there's gonna be anything left to share at all.
Gonna have to share all things in common,
If there's gonna be anything left to share at all.
Gonna have to keep in mind the love of the living,
Or be reduced to ghosts dancing on the wall.

We sit in our living rooms and we talk of global warming,
Like it were some kind of theory or a far off dream.
We sit in our living rooms and we talk of global warming,
Like it were some kind of theory or a far off dream.
But it ain't no dream to the billions who will die,
When the corporations drink up every flowing stream.

Write a ballad, ballad maker.
You want me to make songs like Jupiter Pluvius makes the rain.
Write a ballad, ballad maker.
You want me to make songs like Jupiter Pluvius makes the rain.
But as the world goes haywire,
I will not throw my name in your hurricane.

We sit at the piano. We try to drink a vision.
But the ivories won't rock, and the vision train won't roll.
We sit at the piano. We try to drink a vision.
But the ivories won't rock, and the vision train won't roll.
But what kind of a vision would you dare to ask me to dream,
When we've lost the world, and you wanna make me lose my soul.

What's up with you, said the bluebird.
Let me help you with your backpack before the rain comes down.
What's up with you, says the bluebird.
Let me help you with your backpack, before the rain comes down.
But in a town near Smithers they'll be drummin' in the morning.
Gonna wait all day for that burger clown.
Yeah they're gonna wait all day for that burger clown.

Why burger me, why burger you.
Lonely little burger won't know what to do.
Lonely little burger won't know what to do.
Lonely little burger won't know what to do.

Why burger me, why burger you.
Lonely little bluebird sings the bluebird blues.
Lonely little bluebird sings the bluebird blues.
Lonely little bluebird sings the bluebird blues.
Lonely little bluebird sings the bluebird blues.

(Album, Poets and Brooding Angels)

Goin' to the Book Wars (2000-098)

Goin' to the book wars,
The pig might be there.
Goin' to the book wars,
The pig might be there.
Bill is runnin' on down.
He aint got time to spare.
Goin' to the book wars,
The pig might be there.

Who are the star men?
Does anyone really know?
Who are the star men?
Does anyone really know?
We're waiting with our sled dog teams,
Waiting for a fall of snow.
Who are the star men?
Does anyone really know?

Goin' to the book wars,
The pig might be there.
Goin' to the book wars,
The pig might be there.
Bill is runnin' on down,
To catch it by a breadth of hair.
Goin' to the book wars,
The pig might be there.

Owen Barfield
Had a dream of feathered green.
Owen Barfield
Had a dream of feathered green.
Saving the appearances
In a cosmic sky machine,
Owen Barfield
Had a dream of feathered green.

Goin' to the book wars,
The pig might be there.
Goin' to the book wars,
The pig might be there.
Bill is runnin' on down,
Flying through the air.
Goin' to the book wars,
The pig might be there.

J. R. R. Tolkien
And C. S. Lewis were his friends.
J. R. R. Tolkien
And C. S. Lewis were his friends.
They called themselves the inklings
And climbed over every fence.
J. R. R. Tolkien
And C. S. Lewis were his friends.

Goin' to the book wars,
The pig might be there.
Goin' to the book wars,
The pig might be there.
Bill is runnin' on down.
He aint got time to spare.
Goin' to the book wars,
The pig might be there.

Goin' to the book wars,
The pig might be there.
Goin' to the book wars,
The pig might be there.
Bill is runnin' on down,
Flying through the air.
Goin' to the book wars,
The pig might be there.
There there there there there.

(Album, Archimedes)

Crash the Parade (2000-099)

Crash the parade. Crash the parade.
We are gonna crash the parade.
Crash the parade. Crash the parade.
We are gonna crash the parade.

We are not afraid. We are not afraid.
We're not afraid to crash the parade.
Crash the parade. Crash the parade.
Rain on capitalism. Crash the parade.
Rain on capitalism. Crash the parade.

Paulo Freire said, To wash one's hands,
Of the conflict between the powerful,
And the powerless,
Is to side with the powerful.

Paulo Freire said, To wash one's hands,
Of the conflict between the powerful,
And the powerless,
Is to side with the powerful.

Crash the parade. Crash the parade.
We have come to crash the parade.
Crash the parade. Crash the parade.
We are gonna crash the parade.

We are not afraid. We are not afraid.
We're not afraid to crash the parade.
Crash the parade. Crash the parade.
Rain on capitalism. Crash the parade.
Rain on capitalism. Crash the parade.

Paulo Freire said, To wash one's hands,
Of the conflict between the powerful,
And the powerless,
Is to side with the powerful.

Paulo Freire said, To wash one's hands,
Of the conflict between the powerful,
And the powerless,
Is to side with the powerful.

Crash the parade. Crash the parade.
We are gonna crash the parade.
Crash the parade. Crash the parade.
The time has come to crash the parade.

We are not afraid. We are not afraid.
We're not afraid to crash the parade.
So crash the parade. Crash the parade.
Rain on capitalism. Crash the parade.
Rain on capitalism. Crash the parade.

We are gonna crash the parade.

We're not afraid to crash the parade.
We have come to crash the parade.
Rain on capitalism. Crash the parade.
We are gonna crash the parade.

(Album, Poets and Brooding Angels)

Lost Brooding Angel (2000-100)

I'm a lost brooding angel,
Tryin' to find my way home.
I'm a lost brooding angel,
Tryin' to find my way home.
In a land that's so strange to me,
Where I am on my own,
I'm a lost brooding angel,
Tryin' to find my way home.

And my mother and my father,
They have long since gone.
And my mother and my father,
They have long since gone.
And the world is an empty world,
Covered with burned out lawn.
And my mother and my father,
They have long since gone.

I'm a lost brooding angel,
Tryin' to find my way home.
I'm a lost brooding angel,
Tryin' to find my way home.
In a land that's so strange to me,
Where I am on my own,
I'm a lost brooding angel,
Tryin' to find my way home.

All the forests are blackened,
And the rivers turned to steam.
All the forests are blackened,
And the rivers turned to steam.
And the music has disappeared,
Like the beauty and the dream.
All the forests are blackened,
And the rivers turned to steam.

I'm a lost brooding angel,
Tryin' to find my way home.
I'm a lost brooding angel,
Tryin' to find my way home.
In a land that's so strange to me,
Where I am on my own,
I'm a lost brooding angel,
Tryin' to find my way home.

Is there anybody anywhere,
Who can help me in my flight.
Is there anybody anywhere,
Who can help me in my flight.
For my feet are sore upon the stone,
'Mid the dangers of the night.
Is there anybody anywhere,
Who can help me in my flight.

I'm a lost brooding angel,
Tryin' to find my way home.
I'm a lost brooding angel,
Tryin' to find my way home.
In a land that's so strange to me,
Where I am on my own.
I'm a lost brooding angel,
Tryin' to find my way home.

Tell me where could my home be.
Tell me could it be no more.
Tell me where could my home be.
Tell me could it be no more.
Is it over the next hill or tree,
Or on a distant shore.
Tell me where could my home be.
Or could it be no more.

I'm a lost brooding angel,
Tryin' to find my way home.
I'm a lost brooding angel,
Tryin' to find my way home.
In a land that's so strange to me,
Where I am on my own,
I'm a lost brooding angel,
Tryin' to find my way home.

I'm a lost brooding angel,
Tryin' to find my way home.
I'm a lost brooding angel,
Tryin' to find my way home.
Tryin' to find my way home.
Tryin' to find my way home.
Home, home, home.

It is rumoured that,
The stars are falling from the sky.
It is rumoured that,
The stars are falling from the sky.
And the sun is turning black,
And the moon is looking like she's about to cry.

It is rumoured that,
The stars are falling from the sky.
It is rumoured that,
The stars are falling from the sky.
And the sun is turning black,
And the moon is looking like she's about to cry.

And the whole of the world is burning,
Beautiful burning world.
And the whole of the world is burning,
Beautiful burning world.

It is rumoured that,
The stars are falling from the sky.

It is rumoured that,
The stars are falling from the sky.
And the sun is turning black,
And the moon is looking like she's about to cry.

And the whole of the world is burning,
Beautiful burning world.
And the whole of the world is burning,
Beautiful burning world.
Beautiful burning world.
Beautiful burning world.

I'm a lost brooding angel,
Tryin' to find my way home.
I'm a lost brooding angel,
Tryin' to find my way home.

(Album, Poets and Brooding Angels)

Pretty Pretty People (2000-101)

We're the pretty pretty people,
With the pretty pretty lawn.
We really do not care to know,
What's really going on.
We're the pretty pretty people.
This is all that life is for.
If we come this way again we'll say,
We've seen it all before.
If we come this way again we'll say,
We've seen it all before.

We bought ourselves a pretty house,
In a pretty neighbourhood.
We bought some pretty pictures,
'Cause someone said we should.
We have a pretty driveway,
And a pretty pretty car.
And it can take us anywhere,
From the places where we are.

We're the pretty pretty people,
With the pretty pretty lawn.
We really do not care to know,
What's really going on.
We're the pretty pretty people.
This is all that life is for.
If we come this way again we'll say,
We've seen it all before.
If we come this way again we'll say,
We've seen it all before.

We had a pretty baby.
That was seven years ago.
Now two more pretty babes have come,
To join him in the row.
We love our pretty children.
We put them on display.
We cover them with corporate logo,
Kisses every day.

We're the pretty pretty people,
With the pretty pretty lawn.
We really do not care to know,
What's really going on.
We're the pretty pretty people.
This is all that life is for.
If we come this way again we'll say,
We've seen it all before.
If we come this way again we'll say,
We've seen it all before.

Don't speak to me of justice.
Don't speak to be of war.
Although I sometimes get annoyed,

At the noisy River Roar.
But I'd never hold a placard.
I'd never raise my voice.
Keep your noses to yourselves,
And your neighbours will rejoice.

We're the pretty pretty people,
With the pretty pretty lawn.
We really do not care to know,
What's really going on.
We're the pretty pretty people.
This is all that life is for.
If we come this way again we'll say,
We've seen it all before.
If we come this way again we'll say,
We've seen it all before.

But underneath the prettiness,
Could there be a severed ear.
Beneath this pretty garden,
Are there bodies buried here.
Are there gamma rays a-glowing,
And GMOs galore.
Please! give me back my pretty world,
And speak to me no more.

We're the pretty pretty people,
With the pretty pretty lawn.
We really do not care to know,
What's really going on.
We're the pretty pretty people.
This is all that life is for.
If we come this way again we'll say,
We've seen it all before.
If we come this way again we'll say,
We've seen it all before.

We're the pretty pretty people,
With the pretty pretty lawn.
We really do not care to know,
What's really going on.
We're the pretty pretty people,
This is all that life is for.
If we come this way again we'll say,
We've seen it all before.
If we come this way again we'll say,
We've seen it all before.

(Album, Poets and Brooding Angels)

Hog Barn (2000-102)

Hog barn, hog barn, hog barn, hog barn.

We got a great big hog barn,
Comin' to this town.
Some people swear by it. Some people swear at it.
We're gonna swear til we bring that hog barn down.
Hog barn.

A thousand hogs, five thousand hogs,
Ten thousand hogs or more.
How ya gonna feed'em, and what you gonna do,
About that hog manure. Hog manure.

We don't want them shittin' in our watershed.
We don't want them shittin' in our wells.
And the smell of pig on the prairie wind,
Is clear as a ringing bell.

Hog barn, hog barn, hog barn, hog barn.

We got a great big hog barn,
Comin' to this town.
Some people swear by it. Some people swear at it.
But we're gonna swear til we bring that hog barn down.
Hog barn.

A thousand hogs, five thousand hogs,
Ten thousand hogs or more.
How ya gonna feed'em, and what you gonna do,
About that hog manure. Hog manure.

We don't want them shittin' in our watershed.
We don't want them shittin' in our wells.
And the smell of pig on the prairie wind,
Is clear as a ringing bell.
Hog barn, hog barn.

Welcome to the New World Odor.
It'll follow you wherever you go.
Let's have a snort for the hog barn,
Corporations and the WTO.

Welcome to the New World Odor.
It'll follow you wherever you go.
So let's have a snort for the hog barn,
Corporations and the WTO.
Hog barn, hog barn.

The business people say,
It's the only way to be.
The only way that we can save,
Our rural economy.

We used to say, I smell a rat,

When something was clearly wrong.
I don't know about rats, my friend,
But I definitely smell a hog.
Hog barn, hog barn.

We got a great big hog barn,
Comin' to this town.
Some people swear by it. Some people swear at it.
We're gonna swear til we bring that hog barn down.

Hog barn, hog barn, hog barn.

(Album, Poets and Brooding Angels)

Cosmic Spider (2000-103)

I wanna believe in, the cosmic spider,
Who is the mother of us all.
If you believe in her, she'll spin away your sins,
By dying on the wall.

She is the spider, at the heart of everything,
At the heart of every galaxy.
She's spun away the stains, of many a planet and,
Declared many a creature to be free.

The spider came and, spun her web and died,
Said that she would come again.
All she asks is that we accept her,
As our personal webster, spin doctor and friend.

I wanna believe in, the cosmic spider,
Who is the mother of us all.
If you believe in her, she'll spin away your sins,
By dying on the wall.

She is the spider, at the heart of everything,
At the heart of every galaxy.
She's spun away the stains, of many a planet and,
Declared many a creature to be free.

The spider came and, spun her web and died,
Said that she would come again.
All she asks is that we accept her,
As our personal webster, spin doctor and friend.

When the spider comes again, everyone who's living then,
Will be caught up in her web.
Those who have accepted her will be free.
Those who haven't, to the cosmic cat, will be fed.

And the cosmic cat will meow.
And the cosmic cat will meow.

When the spider comes again, everyone who's living then,
Will be caught up in her web.
Those who have accepted her will be free.
Those who haven't, to the cosmic cat, will be fed.

And the cosmic cat will meow.
And the cosmic cat will meow.
And the cosmic cat will meow.
And the cosmic cat will meow.

I wanna believe in, the cosmic spider,
Who is the mother of us all.
If you believe in her, she'll spin away your sins,
By dying on the wall.

If you believe in her, she'll spin away your sins,

By dying on the wall.
By dying on the wall.
By dying on the wall.
By dying on the wall.

(Album, Poets and Brooding Angels)

Watch Those Waters Roll (2000-104)

I stand by the river,
And watch those waters roll.
And I listen to the music,
From a long time ago.
I just heard a story,
On the radio.
About a man we came to fear,
Twenty-five years ago.
Twenty-five years ago.

And I let it take me back,
To when the earth was green,
When the skies were gentle,
And the wind blew free.
I let the song ring out,
Through the canyons of my mind,
To the summers of my childhood,
Back to another time.
Back to another time.

A man by the name of Threinen,
Summer of seventy-five,
Kidnapped and strangled four children,
In my home town, in my home time.
But the birds still sang,
In the garden where we played.
And we still built our rocketships,
Though our parents might have been afraid.
Might have been afraid.

Now I still play my music,
From a long time ago.
Twenty-five years have gone by,
And Threinen's up for parole.
For some it brings back memories,
They do not want to know.
But I pray for the man nobody loves,
Heart and mind and soul.
Heart and mind and soul.

In a world controlled by killing machines,
And a turning Pentagon,
It really makes me wonder,
How life can carry on.
Should we be surprised,
If some people lose control,
And have to kill and kill and kill,
To do what they've been told.
To do what they've been told.

And I still play my music,
From a long time ago.
And I stand by the river,
And watch those waters roll.

Watch those waters roll.
I stand by the river,
And watch those waters roll.
Watch those waters roll.

(Album, Poets and Brooding Angels)

Liberate Your Mind (2000-105)

Liberate your mind. Liberate your mind.
Liberate your mind. Liberate your mind.

Liberate your mind. Liberate your mind.
Liberate your mind. Liberate your mind.

We need not be children.
We need not be slaves,
With a guardian oppressor,
Telling us how to behave.

We shall be our own masters,
Our own daughters, our own sons.
And we shall turn the windmill,
When the morning has begun.

Liberate your mind. Liberate your mind.
Liberate your mind. Liberate your mind.

The words that once were written,
On tablets of gray stone,
Are written now on the cobblestones,
Along our spirit road.

The fears that once controlled us,
Like shadows 'tween the trees,
Have been swept away like puffs of dream,
Upon the dawn time breeze.

Liberate your mind. Liberate your mind.
Liberate your mind. Liberate your mind.

We are the holy lightening.
We are the falling rain.
We are the rolling thunder,
That roars across the plane.

We are the looming mountains.
We are the wind that blows.
We are the sweet and fertile soil.
We are the seed that grows.

Liberate your mind. Liberate your mind.
Liberate your mind. Liberate your mind.

Spread your wings and fly. Spread your wings and fly.
Spread your wings and fly. Spread your wings and fly.

Liberate your mind. Liberate your mind.
Liberate your mind. Liberate your mind.

Liberate your mind. Liberate your mind.
Liberate your mind. Liberate your mind.

Liberate your mind. Liberate your mind.
Liberate your mind. Liberate your mind.
Liberate your mind. Liberate your mind.

(Album, Poets and Brooding Angels)

Sesame Rocket (2000-106)

Sesame Rocket, Sesame Rocket, where would you fly today.
Sesame Rocket, Sesame Rocket, where would you fly today.

I remember a big yellow bird,
Who climbed into a Tinker Toy can,
And blasted off on my television screen,
When I still thought the earth was flat.

Flying high in the night sky,
As a flautist played a cosmic tune.
He ran into a cow in the middle of the sky, and said,
This must be the cow that jumped over the moon.

Sesame Rocket, Sesame Rocket, where would you fly today.
Sesame Rocket, Sesame Rocket, where would you fly today.
Sesame Rocket, Sesame Rocket, are you in the sky today.
Sesame Rocket, Sesame Rocket, where would you fly today.

And the big yellow bird said, we must be,
Getting kind of close to the Milky Way.
Milk comes from cows now after all.
Why don't we just moo the time away.

I don't remember how he landed,
Or where on Earth the ship came down.
But something in my soul expanded,
Beyond the frames of my home town.

Sesame Rocket, Sesame Rocket, where would you fly today.
Sesame Rocket, Sesame Rocket, where would you fly today.
Sesame Rocket, Sesame Rocket, are you in the sky today.
Sesame Rocket, Sesame Rocket, where would you fly today.

So plant your Sesame seeds my friend,
And watch the mushroom trees grow tall.
Children dream and children play,
And soon our world is not so small.

The jumpsuits of our early years,
Turn to peddles on the wind.
And I would ride those rocking horses,
Sesame Rockets once again.

Sesame Rocket, Sesame Rocket, where would you fly today.
Sesame Rocket, Sesame Rocket, where would you fly today.
Sesame Rocket, Sesame Rocket, are you in the sky today.
Sesame Rocket, Sesame Rocket, where would you fly today.

Where would you fly today.
Where would you fly today.
Where would you fly today.

(Album, Alpha 27 Omega)

Sing a Song of Freedom (2000-107)

We, we are the human soul,
Speaking in the streets and on the factory floor.
They, they are but few my friends.
We shall outnumber them,
Til we see the day when they shall be no more.

So sing a song of freedom.
Dream a just society.
And sing of liberation,
And before too long my friend we'll all be free.
Before too long my friend we'll all be free.

They build the system, to keep us moving,
To keep the wheels a turning day by day.
They tell us all to want, the things they want us to.
Makes me wonder what would happen,
If we all stood as one and walked away.

So sing a song of freedom.
Dream a just society.
And sing of liberation.
And before too long my friend we'll all be free.
Before too long my friend we'll all be free.

They think that they can keep, on growing and growing,
Never running out of space or time or steam.
But we, we know the planet is finite,
And if we do not rebel, then the planet she will scream,
And crush their capitalist dream.

So sing a song of freedom.
Dream of peaceful equity.
And sing of liberation.
And before too long my friend we'll all be free.
Before too long my friend we'll all be free.

We, who are the common folk,
We have a vision of a peaceful world, of sharing smaller pies.
Not the poverty, not the aquizitor's greed,
But sweet cooperation shining in each other's eyes.

So sing a song of freedom.
Dream a just society.
And sing of liberation.
And before too long my friend we'll all be free.
Before too long my friend we'll all be free.

We, who are the common folk,
We have a vision of a peaceful world, of sharing smaller pies.
Not the poverty, not the acquisitor's greed,
But sweet cooperation shining in each other's eyes.

So sing a song of freedom.
Dream cooperation and simplicity.

And sing of liberation.
And before too long my friend we'll all be free.
And before too long my friend we'll all be free.

So sing a song of freedom.
Dream of peaceful equity.
And sing of liberation.
And before too long my friend we'll all be free.
And before too long my friend we'll all be free.

(Album, Love, Time and Resistance)

Will the Children Ever Come Home (2000-108)

Civil war in an African land,
Blood on the streets and blood on the sand.
Loyalist forces fighting rebels and,
Every side needs its child soldier band.

Seven-year-olds who smile and stand,
With AK47's in their hand.
We've heard of inhumanity to man,
But this is something we never planned.

Will the children ever come home.
Will the children ever come home.
Time to admit that they have grown,
Coming of age in a warfare zone.
Will the children ever come home.
Will the children ever come home.
They've left behind a childhood they've never known.
The only way forward, may they not be alone.
The only way forward, may they not be alone.

Five or six or seven years old,
Taken by guerrillas from their family homes,
Trained to kill and to love the feel,
Of burning down houses and never to yield.

Watching beatings and rape and torture go on,
Til the smell of blood's as common as the break of dawn.
You can moralize and say, "War is Hell.",
But before too long they've known nothing else.

Will the children ever come home.
Will the children ever come home.
Time to admit that they have grown,
Coming of age in a warfare zone.
Will the children ever come home.
Will the children ever come home.
They've left behind a childhood they've never known.
The only way forward, may they not be alone.
The only way forward, may they not be alone.

When the war is over and their bosses have died,
There's an emptiness that they feel inside.
Where do I come from? Nobody knows.
Welcome to a world of civilian clothes.

Will the children ever come home.
Will the children ever come home.
Time to admit that they have grown,
Coming of age in a warfare zone.
Will the children ever come home.
Will the children ever come home.
They've left behind a childhood they've never known.
The only way forward, may they not be alone.
The only way forward, may they not be alone.

Will the children ever come home.
Will the children ever come home.
Will the children ever come home.
Will the children ever come home.

(Album, Love, Time and Resistance)

In the Name of Family Values (2000-109)

In the name of family values,
Burning witches,
In the name of family values,
Cutting taxes, hording riches.
In the name of family values,
Giving us charity not justice,
In the name of family values,
Military men saying trust us.

In the name of family values,
Adolf Hitler came to power,
And Reagan almost brought the world,
To its final nuclear hour.
In the name of family values,
Fundamentalist religion,
Mixing money, masculinity,
And militarism.

In the name of family values,
They killed Oscar Romero,
Armed the right wing death squads,
To keep things on the straight and narrow.
In the name of family values,
Empires have arisen,
Raising rents and closing schools,
While opening more prisons.

In the name of family values,
Afghan women being stoned,
For daring to show their eyelids,
Or walk beyond their homes.
In the name of family values,
The world will act as one.
When we hear the word, diversity,
We'll all reach for our guns.

In the name of family values,
You can do whatever you please,
Preaching the sanctity of life,
While mining uranium, and clearcutting all the trees.
In the name of family values,
We will build the Father-land,
'Cause after all Heinrich Himmler,
Was a good family man.
After all Heinrich Himmler,
Was a good family man.

In the name of family values,
Burning witches,
In the name of family values,
Downsizing everything but riches.
In the name of family values,
Giving us agony not justice,
In the name of family values,

Military men saying trust us.
In the name of family values,
Military men saying trust us.

In the name of family values.
In the name of family values.

(Album, Love, Time and Resistance)

Game for Men (2000-110)

The WTO says war's a game for men,
So we'll give you one exemption from our trading rules my friend.
You can build all the tanks and guns and missiles that you want,
And subsidize your arsenals until the war is won.
And subsidize your arsenals until, the would be war is won.

A billion dollar contract for a missile system here,
Another hundred million to pay the engineer,
Ten billion here, five billion there, what do we care.
When CEO's and generals make the rules, pray tell me what is fair.
When CEO's and generals make the rules, pray tell me what is fair.

We break down all the barriers, state protection, subsidies,
But we love those tanks and guns so much, we had to let them be.
With freer trade our mantra, socialism we revile,
But even we could not resist, a military smile.
No even we could not resist, a military smile.

The WTO says war's a game for men,
So we've given you one exemption from our trading rules my friend.
The gospel of neoliberalism marches on,
But not without the power of Boeing, Lockheed Martin and Raytheon.
But not without the power of Boeing, Lockheed Martin and Raytheon.

The gospel of neoliberalism marches on,
But not without the power of Boeing, Lockheed Martin and Raytheon.

(Album, Love, Time and Resistance)

Mother Marria Ocean (2000-111)

Mother Marria Ocean,
Rocks us in the pounding of her tide.
And Sister Luna Moonlight,
Keeps us in the golden of her eye.
Mother Marria Ocean,
Rocks us in the pounding of her tide.
And Sister Luna Moonlight,
Keeps us in the golden of her eye.

We are children of universe,
With human souls that wonder why.
With Father Forest and Mother Earth,
Brother Sun and Sister Sky.

Mother Marria Ocean,
Rocks us in the pounding of her tide.
And Sister Luna Moonlight,
Keeps us in the golden of her eye.
And Mother Marria Ocean,
Rocks us in the pounding of her tide.
And Sister Luna Moonlight,
Keeps us in the golden of her eye.

Connection to valley and waterfall,
Moving with the turning of the leaves.
Universe, we your sons and your daughters call,
As the seasons of our songs of passion weave.

Mother Marria Ocean,
Rocks us in the pounding of her tide.
And sister Luna Moonlight,
Keeps us in the golden of her eye.
And Mother Marria Ocean,
Rocks us in the pounding of her tide.
And Sister Luna Moonlight,
Keeps us in the golden of her eye.

And Mother Marria Ocean,
Rocks us in the pounding of her tide.
And Sister Luna Moonlight,
Keeps us in the golden of her eye.
Rocks us in the pounding of her tide.
Keeps us in the golden of her eye.
Rocks us in the pounding of her tide.
Keeps us in the golden of her eye.

(Album, Love, Time and Resistance)

We Shout Love (2000-112)

Perhaps we are adventurers,
Just stepping out to take our chance,
Seeing the world for the first time,
Letting the howling of red orange moon, leave us in a trance.
Perhaps we are adventurers,
But we're still adventuring. We're still adventuring.
We're still moving forward, with every step we go.

Perhaps we are sojourners,
Holy strangers in a wholly unholy land,
Speaking a truth many do not wish to hear,
Being driven from the temple, by the force of human hands.
Perhaps we are sojourners,
But we're still sojourning. We're still sojourning.
We're still moving forward, with every step we go.

And who shouts love, as the night comes down,
And the stars dare to shine, above the darkness of the town.
Love in our inner souls, will turn the world around,
So we shout love. We shout love. We shout love.
'Cause it's the only truth we've found.

Perhaps we are foolish questioners,
Leaving no stone or mind link undisturbed,
Raising the questions of the universe,
Saying the question came, long before the answered word.
Perhaps we are free questioners,
But we're still questioning. We're still questioning.
We're still walking forward, with every step we go.

Perhaps we are crazy dreamers,
Dreaming alternatives both large and small,
Stepping out of the dream to live the vision,
Saying we need not be sleep-walking, toward a cliff's edge fall.
Perhaps we are crazy dreamers,
But we're still dreaming. We're still dreaming.
And we're still walking forward, with every step we go.

And who shouts love, as the night comes down,
And the stars dare to shine, above the darkness of the town.
Love in our inner souls, will turn the world around.
So we shout love. We shout love. We shout love.
'Cause it's the only truth we've found.

And who shouts love, as the night comes down,
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'Cause it's the only truth we've found.

We shout love. We shout love.
'Cause love in our inner souls, will turn the world around.
And we shout love. We shout love.
As the stars dare to shine, above the darkness of the town.

We shout love. We shout love. We shout love. We shout love.
We shout love. We shout love. We shout love. We shout love.
We shout love. We shout love.
'Cause it's the only truth we've found.

(Album, Love, Time and Resistance)

Old Moon (2000-113)

Old moon, old moon, old winds of old Europe,
Come back to us now, on a sweet gentle spirit.
And if you listen long enough, surely you will hear it.
Old moon, old moon, old winds of old Europe.

Old hag, old witches, old dreamers of the land,
Old ways, old religions, that held soil in their hand.
Old languages from eons past, we no longer understand.
Old hag, old witches, old dreamers of the land.

Old moon, old moon, old winds of old Europe,
Come back to us now, on a sweet gentle spirit.
And if you listen long enough, surely you will hear it.
Old moon, old moon, old winds of old Europe.

Old times, old memories, old waves on the shore,
Take us to places, where we've been before.
In another lifetime, on another metaphor.
Old times, old memories, old waves on the shore.

Old moon, old moon, old winds of old Europe,
Come back to us now, on a sweet gentle spirit.
And if you listen long enough, surely you will hear it.
Old moon, old moon, old winds of old Europe.
Old moon, old moon, old winds of old Europe.
Old moon, old moon, old winds of old Europe.

(Album, Love, Time and Resistance)

October Fourth (2000-114)

Sunday night, October fourth,
Year of 1970.
Sunday night, October fourth,
Year of 1970.
Somewhere in an L.A. hotel,
One woman breathes the last breath, she would ever breathe.
Somewhere in an L.A. hotel,
One woman breathes the last breath, she would ever breathe.

And the media would say, the heavy drinkin',
Heavy druggin' wild girl of rock and roll is dead.
And the media would say, the heavy drinkin',
Heavy druggin' wild girl of rock and roll is dead.
Never really took the time to try to understand,
Just exactly what it was she said.
Never really took the time to try to understand,
Just exactly what it was she said.

St. Francis of Assisi, pray for us,
As we make our way along life's line.
St. Francis of Assisi, pray for us,
As we make our way along life's line.
Life is hard reality,
Sometimes drives us from our mind.
Life is hard reality,
Sometimes drives us from our mind.

God bless the spirit of, Janice Joplin.
May her spirit rest in peace.
God bless the spirit of, Janice Joplin.
May her spirit rest in peace.
And all who tried to climb beyond,
And all who dreamed of breaking free.
And all who tried to climb beyond,
And all who dreamed of breaking free.

Every night I make love to ten thousand,
And then go home alone.
Every night I make love to ten thousand,
And then go home alone.
I hope you find that love, that sweet community.
I hope you find that gentle home.
I hope you find that love, that sweet community.
I hope you find that gentle home.

(Album, Love, Time and Resistance)

Join the Resistance (2000-115)

Join the resistance, one and all,
Though the power elites would like to make us feel small.
Join the resistance, answer the call,
As we live out our lives on this blue white ball.
Join the resistance. Join the resistance. Join the resistance.

Join the resistance, heart and mind.
Goodness knows good planets are hard to find.
We are the people who must draw the line.
We are what we make of these interesting times.
Join the resistance. Join the resistance. Join the resistance.

Join the resistance, one and all,
Though the power elites would like to make us feel small.
Join the resistance, answer the call,
As we live out our lives on this blue white ball.
Join the resistance. Join the resistance. Join the resistance.

Join the resistance, wherever you are.
We're a gathering movement from near and from far.
With our song shining brighter than the brightest star,
We will outshine the generals and the commissars.
Join the resistance. Join the resistance. Join the resistance.

Join the resistance, one and all,
Though the power elites would like to make us feel small.
Join the resistance, answer the call,
As we live out our lives on this blue white ball.
Join the resistance. Join the resistance. Join the resistance.

Now the corporations of this company town,
Are making it their business to keep people down.
But I feel another energy goin' 'round.
Hold your placards high and your ears to the ground.
Join the resistance. Join the resistance. Join the resistance.

Join the resistance, one and all,
Though the power elites would like to make us feel small.
Join the resistance, answer the call,
As we live out our lives on this blue white ball.
Join the resistance. Join the resistance. Join the resistance.

Join the resistance, everyone.
Get your power from the earth and the wind and the sun.
What the masters have created shall be undone,
When we lend our hands to the revolution.
Join the resistance. Join the resistance. Join the resistance.

Join the resistance, one and all,
Though the power elites would like to make us feel small.
Join the resistance, answer the call,
As we live out our lives on this blue white ball.
Join the resistance. Join the resistance. Join the resistance.

Join the resistance. Join the resistance. Join the resistance.
Join the resistance. Join the resistance.

(Album, Love, Time and Resistance)

Archimedes (2000-116)

We are Archimedes. We are Copernicus.
We are Euripides. We are Prometheus.
We are Archimedes. We are Copernicus.
We are Euripides. We are Prometheus.

And with Archimedes, we let our truth unfurl.
Give us a place to stand, and we shall move the world.
And with Copernicus, we make a revolution.
The earth is traveling, once a year around the sun.

We are Archimedes. We are Copernicus.
We are Euripides. We are Prometheus.
We are Archimedes. We are Copernicus.
We are Euripides. We are Prometheus.

And with Euripides, we write the drama scenes,
Plays that our countrymen, really do not want to see.
And with Prometheus, we steel fire from the gods,
That the great creative spark, may live in all of us.

We are Archimedes. We are Copernicus.
We are Euripides. We are Prometheus.
We are Archimedes. We are Copernicus.
We are Euripides. We are Prometheus.

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We are Euripides. We are Prometheus.
We are Archimedes. We are Copernicus.
We are Euripides. We are Prometheus.
We are Archimedes. We are Copernicus.
We are Euripides. We are Prometheus.

Archimedes, Copernicus, Euripides, Prometheus.

(Album, Love, Time and Resistance)

Song for the Planet-Bearers (2000-117)

They found Bobby Garcia,
Drugged and strangled in his cell.
They found Bobby Garcia,
Drugged and strangled in his cell.
They tried to call it suicide,
But we knew all too well.
They found Bobby Garcia,
Drugged and strangled in his cell.

He was just one of dozens killed,
In a ten-year reign of terror.
He was just one of dozens killed,
In a ten-year reign of terror.
When the iron heel tried to crush,
The gentle planet-bearers.
He was just one of dozens killed,
In a ten-year reign of terror.

They shot Frank Clearwater,
As he lay at rest at Wounded Knee.
They shot Frank Clearwater,
As he lay at rest at Wounded Knee.
And they fired on the stretcher, as we tried to save his life.
They would not let him be.
They shot Frank Clearwater,
As he lay at rest at Wounded Knee.

They gave Dick Wilson's GOON Squad,
A free and murderous hand.
They gave Dick Wilson's GOON Squad,
A free and murderous hand.
From 1973 to 76, some sixty unsolved murders,
On the Pine Ridge land.
They gave Dick Wilson's GOON Squad,
A free and murderous hand.

They set fire to the home, where John Trudel's wife Tina,
Lay sleeping, one night in 79.
They set fire to the home, where John Trudel's wife Tina,
Lay sleeping, one night in 79.
And Tina and her mother, and John and Tina's three small children,
Were the five who died.
John would carry on, refusing to be broken,
A wild horse warrior in the fight.

They killed Dallas Thundershield,
As he helped Peltier escape.
They killed Dallas Thundershield,
As he helped Peltier escape.
They may have been trying to shoot Leonard,
But got the wrong long-haired Indian, some say.
They killed Dallas Thundershield,
As he helped Peltier escape.

And they found Bobby Garcia,
Drugged and strangled in his cell.
Yeah they found Bobby Garcia,
Drugged and strangled in his cell.
They tried to call it suicide,
But we knew all too well.
They found Bobby Garcia,
Drugged and strangled in his cell.

Helping Leonard Peltier,
Was Bobby's capital offence.
Helping Leonard Peltier,
Was Bobby's capital offence.
And the FBI smiles and says,
Policemen are your friends.
Helping Leonard Peltier,
Was Bobby's capital offence.

Now the memories of twenty years,
Are burned into our minds.
The memories of twenty years,
Are burned into our minds.
But still we fight for freedom,
Even when freedom seems impossible to find.
Peace my brothers and sisters, and all my relations.
May you all be strengthened in the fight.
Peace my brothers and sisters, and all my relations.
May we all be strengthened in the fight.

(Album, Love, Time and Resistance)

Peace is a River (2000-118)

Peace is a river. Justice is a tree.
Freedom is the whispering on the breeze.
Life is the soil on which we stand.
Love is the heartbeat of the land.
Love is the heartbeat of the land.

If peace is a river, let it flow.
If justice is a tree, well let it grow.
If freedom is the breeze, let it blow. Let it blow.
Like the love and the life we have come to know.
Like the love and the life we have come to know.

Peace is a river. Justice is a tree.
Freedom is the whispering on the breeze.
Life is the soil on which we stand.
Love is the heartbeat of the land.
Love is the heartbeat of the land.

And the river flows forever more.
And the tree of justice grows by the shore.
The whispering has grown into a roar.
Let us change the world like never before.
Let us change the world like never before.

Peace is a river. Justice is a tree.
Freedom is the whispering on the breeze.
Life is the soil on which we stand.
Love is the heartbeat of the land.
Love is the heartbeat of the land.

And the river flows forever more.
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Freedom is the whispering on the breeze.
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Love is the heartbeat of the land.
Love is the heartbeat of the land.
Love is the heartbeat of the land.
Love is the heartbeat of the land.

(Album, Love, Time and Resistance)

Sing It Just One Time (2000-119)

When do the voices sing.
When do the fishers hear the sound.
When do the luggers greet the rising moon.
When the fiddlers play, when the sun's gone down.

When do the voices sing.
When do the fishers hear the sound.
When do the luggers greet the rising moon.
When the fiddlers play, and the sun's gone down.

Shake back our memories now,
To another place and time.
To a man named Stan,
Who dared to sing about these Maritimes,
Who dared to sing it just one time.
Who dared to sing it just one time.

When do the people stand,
And dream they hear a voice they call their own.
A living fire right across the land,
You could take us out to sea,
And you could bring us all back home.

When do the people stand,
And dream they hear a voice they call their own.
A living fire right across the land,
You could take us out to sea,
And you could bring us all back home.
You could bring us all back home.

Shake back our memories now,
To another place and time.
To the man named Stan,
Who dared to sing about these Maritimes,
Who dared to sing it just one time,
Who dared to sing it just one time.

Sang about the rivers,
Of the human heart and mind,
And dared to sing it just one time.
Sang about the rivers,
Of the human heart and mind,
And dared to sing it just one time.

Let us sing it just one time.
Let us sing it just one time.

(Album, Love, Time and Resistance)

Let Us Have Love (2000-120)

I might raise my voice and carry placards,
And go marching down the street,
But if I do not have love,
I am no more than the squeaking of a squeaky wheel.
I might have all the correct political opinions,
And express them every day,
But if I do not have love,
I am no more than a man in a mask,
Who wears a clown nose on his face.

So let us have love. Let us have love.
Every day of our lives.
Let us have love. Let us have love.
In our hearts and in our minds.
Let us have love. Let us have love.

I might attend every demonstration,
You can possibly imagine, under the big blue sky,
But if I do not have love,
I am no more than a robot who's just putting in time.
I might write letters to the editor, challenging the powers,
From the chambers of commerce to the Pentagon,
But if I do not have love,
I have no more of a soul,
Than the word-processing program I wrote the letters on.

So let us have love. Let us have love.
Every day of our lives.
Let us have love. Let us have love.
In our hearts and in our minds.
Let us have love. Let us have love.

Love was here,
Before the very universe began.
It was love that made the galaxies,
And love that made the stars to shine.
It was love that made the world,
And keeps it rolling on,
And love will be here,
When we are long gone, from this assembly line.

So let us have love. Let us have love.
Every day of our lives.
Let us have love. Let us have love.
In our hearts and in our minds.
Let us have love. Let us have love.

I might raise my voice and carry placards,
And go marching down the street,
But if I do not have love,
I am no more than the squeaking of a squeaky wheel.
The squeaky wheel might get the grease,
But what the hell is grease for,
If there aint no love,

Anywhere, any more.
I'll choose love over power any day.
I'll choose love over power any day.

So let us have love. Let us have love.
Every day of our lives.
Let us have love. Let us have love.
In our hearts and in our minds.
Let us have love. Let us have love.
Let us have love. Let us have love.
Let us have love. Let us have love.

(Album, Love, Time and Resistance)

Love is a Trickster (2000-121)

Love is a trickster. Love is a poem.
Love is a field, of mustard growin'.
Love is a sunrise. Love is a flower.
Love is a raindrop, amidst a shower.

Love is a forest, branches reaching,
Or a meditation, on an ancient teaching.
Love is a circle, of human beings.
Love is growing. Love is believing.

Love is a trickster. Love is a poem.
Love is a field, of mustard growin'.
Love is a sunrise. Love is a flower.
Love is a raindrop, amidst a shower.

Love is a forest, branches reaching,
Or a meditation, on an ancient teaching.
Love is a circle, of human beings.
Love is growing. Love is believing.
Love is a circle, of human beings.
Love is growing. Love is believing.
Love is growing. Love is believing.

(Album, Love, Time and Resistance)

I'll Be Walking With (2000-122)

When the time it comes, and I spread my wings,
And I take to flight, to the place beyond all things.
I'll let my spirit soar, and I'll be flying free.
And I'll be walking with, the ones who've inspired me.

And I'll be walking with, Mahatma Gandhi.
And I'll be walking with, Ammon Hennacy.
And I'll be walking with, Steven Beako.
And I'll be walking with, Oscar Romero.

And I'll be walking with, Karen Silkwood.
And I'll be walking with, Anna Mae Aquash.
And I'll be walking with, Woody Guthrie.
And I'll be walking with, Victor Jara.

And I'll be walking with, Emma Goldman.
And I'll be walking with, Peter Kropotkin.
And I'll be walking with, Petra Kelly.
And I'll be walking with, Abbie Hoffman.

And I'll be walking with, Ethel Rosenberg.
And I'll be walking with, Carl Morgan.
And I'll be walking with, Bertrand Russell.
And I'll be walking with, William Morris.

When the time it comes, and I spread my wings,
And I take to flight, to the place beyond all things.
I'll let my spirit soar, and I'll be flying free,
And I'll be walking with, the ones who've inspired me.
I'll let my spirit soar, and I'll be flying free,
And I'll be walking with, the ones who've inspired me.
And I'll be walking with, the ones who've inspired me.

(Album, Love, Time and Resistance)

We Are the Power (2000-123)

We are the power that creates.
We are the power that destroys.
We put the earth and the quake in earthquake,
The ones who dare to make a noise,
The ones who dare to make a noise.

We are the stars that fall from the sky.
We are the wind that shakes the stars.
We are the moon that pulls the tide.
We are the song that rocks the czars.
We are the song that rocks the czars.

We are the power that creates.
We are the power that destroys.
We put the earth and the quake in earthquake,
The ones who dare to make a noise,
The ones who dare to make a noise.

We are the quiet grain of sand.
We are the one drop in the sea.
We are the touch of human hands.
We are the lines of destiny.
We are the lines of destiny.

We are the power that creates.
We are the power that destroys.
We put the earth and the quake in earthquake,
The ones who dare to make a noise,
The ones who dare to make a noise.

We are the stars that fall from the sky.
We are the wind that shakes the stars.
We are the moon that pulls the tide.
We are the storm that rocks the czars.
We are the storm that rocks the czars.

We are the power that creates.
We are the power that destroys.
We put the earth and the quake in earthquake,
The ones who dare to make a noise,
The ones who dare to make a noise.

We are the quiet grain of sand.
We are the one drop in the sea.
We are the touch of human hands.
We are the lions of destiny.
We are the lions of destiny.

We are the power that creates.
We are the power that destroys.
We put the earth and the quake in earthquake,
The ones who dare to make a noise,
The ones who dare to make a noise,
The ones who dare to make a noise.

Make a noise. We are the power.
Make a noise. We are the power.
Make a noise. We are the power. We are the power.
We are the power. Make a noise.
We are the power. Make a noise.
We are the power.

(Album, Freedom Will Flower)

We Tried Talking Nicely (2000-124)

We tried talking nicely, but you smiled and did nothing,
So we tried talking nicely again.
We got good and angry, so you brought out the tear gas,
Then we tried talking nicely again.
But there aint no more time, for talking nicely,
Like a sweet little bird in the tree.
'Cause if we don't do somethin', if we don't do somethin',
There won't be any future to be.
If we don't do somethin', if we don't do somethin',
There won't be any future to be.

From the pin-striped suits at their computer screens,
Who speculate on currency,
To the hard right pushers, who do their bidding,
To the fakers in the centre-left parties,
They will tell you that life consists of pleasing corporations,
Building our acquisitive greed.
If you'll pardon me friends, I beg to differ.
There's a whole other world reality.
There's a whole other world reality.

We tried talking nicely, but you smiled and did nothing,
So we tried talking nicely again.
We got good and angry, so you brought out the tear gas,
Then we tried talking nicely again.
But there aint no more time, for talking nicely,
Like a sweet little bird in the tree.
'Cause if we don't do somethin', if we don't do somethin',
There won't be any future to be.
If we don't do somethin', if we don't do somethin',
There won't be any future to be.

Let me tell you 'bout a planet named Earth,
The planet that we're living on,
Not for exploitation, not for domination,
Not to be combed into one big fancy lawn.
But a place where billions of species flourish,
Where the wind and the rain are free.
Where every living creature and every human being,
Has its own name purpose destiny.
Where every living creature and every human being,
Has its own name purpose and destiny.

We tried talking nicely, but you smiled and did nothing,
So we tried talking nicely again.
We got good and angry, so you brought out the tear gas,
Then we tried talking nicely again.
But there aint no more time, for talking nicely,
Like a sweet little bird in the tree.
'Cause if we don't do something, if we don't do something,
There won't be any future to be.
If we don't do something, if we don't do something,
There won't be any future to be.

We will take your transnational, corporations,
And chop'em up one by one.
There will only be fragment memory imagination,
When the revolution day is done.
We are the voices, voices of the people,
Voices of the biosphere.
Pardon me you bastards. We're the ones who live here.
Wait until the hour when we feel our power,
When we break the shackles of our fear.
Wait until the hour when we feel our power,
When we break the shackles of our fear.

We tried talking nicely, but you smiled and did nothing,
So we tried talking nicely again.
We got good and angry, so you brought out the tear gas,
Then we tried talking nicely again.
But there aint no more time, for talking nicely,
Like a sweet little bird in the tree.
'Cause if we don't do something, if we don't do something,
There won't be any future to be.
If we don't do something, if we don't do something,
There won't be any future to be.

(Album, Freedom Will Flower)

Old Mother Earth (2000-125)

Old Mother Earth, Old Mother Earth,
She turns in gentle dark.
Old Mother Earth, Old Mother Earth,
She turns in gentle dark.
Great Sun, Great Majesty,
Shines brightly, shines free,
Sending light and love and life and warmth,
Across a cosmic sea.
Old Mother Earth, Old Mother Earth,
She turns in gentle dark.
Old Mother Earth, Old Mother Earth,
She turns in gentle dark.

And her oceans, and her glaciers,
Her forests and her plains,
All dwell in sweet balance,
With her winds, her snows and her rains.
But the balance is delicate,
Almost as if designed,
By the beating heart of Gaia,
Or a universal mind.

Old Mother Earth, Old Mother Earth,
She turns in gentle dark.
Old Mother Earth, Old Mother Earth,
She turns in gentle dark.
Great Sun, Great Majesty,
Shines brightly, shines free,
Sending light and love and life and warmth,
Across a cosmic sea.
Old Mother Earth, Old Mother Earth,
She turns in gentle dark.
Old Mother Earth, Old Mother Earth,
She turns in gentle dark.

Now a new breed smiles and says,
This earth is ours to own,
Not just a dwelling place to live,
But something to control.
For we are the corporations.
All existence is our prey.
We will belch our greenhouse gasses out,
And none shall stand in our way.
For we are the corporations.
All existence is our prey.
We will belch our greenhouse gasses out,
And none shall stand in our way.

Old Mother Earth, Old Mother Earth,
She turns in gentle dark.
Old Mother Earth, Old Mother Earth,
She turns in gentle dark.
Great Sun, Great Majesty,
Shines brightly, shines free,

Sending light and love and life and warmth,
Across a cosmic sea.
Old Mother Earth, Old Mother Earth,
She turns in gentle dark.
Old Mother Earth, Old Mother Earth,
She turns in gentle dark.

But the children of Mother Earth,
We raise our heads and cry.
Bring down the corporations.
Expose each corporate lie.
For we are the heart of Mother Earth,
The immortal hand and eye.
We will smash the fearful symmetry,
And dare, and dare, to survive.

Old Mother Earth, Old Mother Earth,
She turns in gentle dark.
Old Mother Earth, Old Mother Earth,
She turns in gentle dark.
Great Sun, Great Majesty,
Shines brightly, shines free,
Sending light and love and life and warmth,
Across a cosmic sea.
Old Mother Earth, Old Mother Earth,
She turns in gentle dark.
Old Mother Earth, Old Mother Earth,
She turns in gentle dark.
Old Mother Earth, Old Mother Earth,
She turns in gentle dark.
Old Mother Earth, Old Mother Earth,
She turns in gentle dark.

(Album, Freedom Will Flower)

Dandelion Revolution (2000-126)

We are the voices out of the dark.
We speak with our souls. We speak with our hearts.
We like to tell things just as they are.

All over the world we are gathering now,
Believing we can turn the whole world around.
We keep coming back each time that you put us down.

We are the dandelion revolution.
We are the dandelion revolution.

Growing wild and chemically free,
Born in the winter, never to be.
We are the radicals. Can't you see.

Take back the streets and take back the lawns.
We're gonna keep growing til our fears are gone,
The morning has broken and the sun has shone.

We are the dandelion revolution.
We are the dandelion revolution.
And with the dandelions we shout freedom.
We are the dandelion revolution.
And with the dandelions we shout freedom.
We are the dandelion revolution.

We are the voices out of the dark.
We speak with our souls. We speak with our hearts.
We try to tell things just as they are.

All over the world we are gathering now,
Believing we can turn the whole world around.
We keep coming back each time that you put us down.

We are the dandelion revolution.
We are the dandelion revolution.
With the dandelions we shout freedom.
The seeds of the dandelions are among us.

We are the dandelion revolution.
And with the dandelions we shout freedom.
The seeds of the dandelions are among us.
We are the dandelion revolution.

We are the dandelion revolution.
We are the dandelion revolution.
Revolution, revolution, revolution.

(Album, Freedom Will Flower)

The Shooting of Malcolm X (2000-127)

LBJ said to J. Edgar,
Do a character profile please,
Of the man who calls himself Malcolm X.
Tell me what Malcolm will mean.
Tell me what Malcolm will mean.

So J. Edgar got his Cointelpro boys,
To do a character sketch,
Getting every little detail about the man,
The man called Malcolm X,
The man called Malcolm X.

J. Edgar said to LBJ,
I've got some bad news for you.
Malcolm X is a charismatic leader,
With a following that is true,
With a following that is true.

He will have all of black America,
In a state of revolution any day.
So LBJ said to J. Edgar,
Shoot that bastard before it's too late.
Shoot that bastard before it's too late.

So on the twenty-first day of February,
In 1965,
Malcolm went down in a hail of bullets,
For which no one was ever tried,
For which no one was ever tried.

Some people say it was the KKK,
Or the Nation of Islam.
I say it was J. Edgar Hoover and LBJ,
Just tryna be good Americans,
Tryna be good Americans.

'Cause Malcolm X was a good man,
Who wanted all people to be free,
And he was prepared to fight for freedom,
By whatever means necessary,
By whatever means necessary.

Yeah some people say it was the KKK,
Or the Nation of Islam.
I say it was J. Edgar Hoover and LBJ,
Just tryna be good Americans,
Tryna be good Americans.

'Cause Malcolm X was a good man,
Who wanted all people to be free,
And he was prepared to fight for freedom,
By whatever means necessary,
By whatever means necessary,
By whatever means necessary,

By whatever means necessary.

(Album, Freedom Will Flower)

Wise as a Serpent (2000-128)

We will change the world by dreaming.
We'll change the world with truth.
We will change the world by daring,
To do what we have to do.
We'll change the world with wisdom.
We'll change the world with love.
Be as wise as a serpent,
But as gentle as a dove.
Be as wise as a serpent,
But as gentle as a dove.

Social historians,
And social philosophers,
Noam Chomsky, Bertrand Russell,
Herbert Marcuse, Rosa Luxemberg,
Marx and Engels, Kropotkin,
Bakunin and the rest,
Have taught us all to see with eyes,
That never close to rest.
They've taught us there are power structures,
With which we are surrounded.
We will not bring them down by wishing it.
We must build a movement,
That is socio-historically grounded.

We will change the world by dreaming.
We'll change the world with truth.
We'll change the world by daring,
To do what we have to do.
We will change the world with wisdom.
We'll change the world with love.
Be as wise as a serpent,
But as gentle as a dove.
Be as wise as a serpent,
But as gentle as a dove.

So we read the words and we hear,
What others have had to say.
Then we step out into the reality,
Of unartistic day.
And we see working class men and women,
Whose minds are so controlled,
Collecting frequent flyer points,
Like Swiss bankers hording NAZI gold.
And we wonder to each other how on Earth,
Can we ever bring about change,
With people so co-opted, and a world,
So twisted and so strange.

But we will change the world by dreaming.
We'll change the world with truth.
We will change the world by daring,
To do what we have to do.
We will change the world with wisdom.

We'll change the world with love.
Be as wise as a serpent,
But as gentle as a dove.
Be as wise as a serpent,
But as gentle as a dove.

There are times in history,
When old structures melt away.
When the voices of a million rise,
To claim the hour and the day.
Perhaps this point in time shall be,
A moment just like those,
When the bonds of death were broken,
And the light of a new empowering morning rose.

We will change the world by dreaming.
We'll change the world with truth.
We'll change the world by daring,
To do what we have to do.
We'll change the world with wisdom.
We'll change the world with love.
Be as wise as a serpent,
But as gentle as a dove.
Be as wise as a serpent,
But as gentle as a dove.

We will change the world by dreaming.
We'll change the world with truth.
We'll change the world by daring,
To do what we have to do.
We'll change the world with wisdom.
We'll change the world with love.
Be as wise as a serpent,
But as gentle as a dove.
Be as wise as a serpent,
But as gentle as a dove.
Be as wise as a serpent,
But as gentle as a dove.

(Album, Freedom Will Flower)

Free Wild Prairie Soul (2000-129)

She's a free wild prairie spirit.
She's a free wild prairie soul.
She's a free wild prairie spirit.
She's a free wild prairie soul.
She's a free wild prairie spirit.
She's a free wild prairie soul.
She's a free wild prairie spirit.
She's a free wild prairie soul.

Let the music rock you.
Let the music roll.
Let the music rock you.
Let the music roll.
She's a free wild prairie spirit.
She will dance by the sweet grass moon, o, o, o.
She's a free wild prairie spirit.
She will dance when the sweet grass moon is full.
She will dance when the sweet grass moon is full.
Dance when the sweet grass moon is full.

She's a free wild prairie spirit.
She's a free wild prairie soul.
She's a free wild prairie spirit.
She's a free wild prairie soul.
Free wild prairie soul.
Free free wild wild prairie soul.
Free free wild wild prairie soul.

Let the music rock you.
Let the music roll.
Let the music rock you.
Let the music roll.
She's a free wild prairie spirit.
She will dance by the sweet grass moon, o, o, o.
She's a free wild prairie spirit.
She's a free wild prairie soul.
Free wild prairie soul.

Spirits like hers keep the world a goin'.
Spirits like hers gonna make us whole.
Spirits like hers keep the world a goin'.
Spirits like hers gonna make us whole.
Spirits like hers keep the world a goin'.
Spirits like hers gonna make us whole.
Spirits like hers keep the world a goin'.
Free wild prairie soul.
Free wild prairie soul.
Spirits like hers are gonna make us whole.
Free wild prairie soul.

Let the music rock you.
Let the music roll.
Let the music rock you.
Let the music roll.

Let the music rock you.
Let the music roll.
Let the music rock you.
Let the music roll.
She's a free wild prairie spirit.
She's a free wild prairie soul.
Free wild prairie soul.
Free free wild wild prairie soul.
Free free wild wild prairie soul.

Spirits like hers keep the world a goin'.
Spirits like hers gonna make us whole.
Spirits like hers keep the world a goin'.
Spirits like hers gonna make us whole.
Free wild prairie spirit.
Free wild prairie soul.
Free wild prairie spirit.
Free wild prairie soul.
Free wild prairie soul.
Free free wild wild prairie soul.
Free free wild wild prairie soul.
Free free wild wild prairie soul.
Free free wild wild prairie soul.

She's a free wild prairie spirit.
She's a free wild prairie soul.

(Album, Freedom Will Flower)

Sometimes a Dream (2000-130)

Sometimes a dream, inside a million minds,
Is more powerful than dynamite explosives.
Sometimes a dream, inside a million minds,
Is more powerful than dynamite explosives.
So the counterintelligence security patrol,
Will try to crush that dream,
Dividing and conquering til it's hopeless,
Dividing and conquering til it's hopeless.

Sometimes a vision, in a story or a song,
Can move a hundred million souls to action.
Sometimes a vision, in a story or a song,
Can move a hundred million souls to action.
And once the millions move, there can be no going back,
There can be no divisions, no red herrings, no retractions.
There can be no divisions, no red herrings, no retractions.

Sometimes the wind, will whisper gentle freedom,
In the ears of the people of a nation.
Sometimes the wind, will whisper gentle freedom,
In the ears of the people of a nation.
And once the air is stirred, none can stand in the way,
Of the hurricane that we call liberation,
Of the hurricane that we call liberation.
And once the air is stirred, none can stand in the way,
Of the hurricane that we call liberation,
The hurricane that we call liberation.
The hurricane that we call liberation,
The hurricane that we call liberation.
Liberation, liberation.

(Album, Freedom Will Flower)

A Vision Anyway (2000-131)

The ghost of truth showed us,
Nightmare reality.
The lightening flashed and said,
Is this where you wanna be.
A thousand people screamed,
Where are we to go.
Where are we to go, now.

But hay, we had a vision anyway.
For a moment, we had a vision anyway.
Black as night and, bright as day.
We said we'd write our own, Passion Play,
'Cause hay, we had a vision anyway.
For a moment, we had a vision anyway.
For a moment, we had a vision anyway.
We had a vision anyway.

The corporate logo smiled, and said,
How can I co-opt you.
I'll produce a million t-shirts saying,
"The system is screwed.".
And when you buy my t-shirts,
You'll be destroying,
Everything you're standing for, Ha Ha!

But hay, we had a vision anyway.
For a moment, we had a vision anyway.
Clear as night and, fiery as day.
We said we'd write our own, Passion Play,
'Cause hay, we had a vision anyway.
For a moment, we had a vision anyway.
For a moment, we had a vision anyway.
We had a vision anyway.

The comets shot their way,
Across the sky.
The galaxies turned 'round,
Daring each of us to fly.
We held our candles high,
And raised our placards,
As the thousands of us,
Smiled in the noonday sun.

'Cause hay, we have a vision anyway.
For a moment, we have a vision anyway.
Clear as night and, colourful as day.
We say we'll write our own, Passion Play.
'Cause hay, we have a vision anyway.
For a moment, we have a vision anyway.
For a moment, we have a vision anyway.
We have a vision anyway.

In every lifetime,
In every century,

In every place and time,
People have dared to be free.
They've stood their ground against,
The faceless tyranny,
Sparks of rebellion, and resistance,
Carrying them on and on.

Saying hay, we have a vision anyway.
For a moment, we have a vision anyway.
Black as night and, bright as day.
We say we'll write our own, Passion Play.
'Cause hay, we have a vision anyway.
For a moment, we have a vision anyway.
For a moment, we have a vision anyway.
We have a vision anyway.

And in the depths of night,
With the thermometers,
Turned a million below zero,
The young ones dream of,
Sparkling sunlight,
And revolutionary heroes.
You try to silence us,
But still our voices cry,
And still our memories speak,
Out of the mists of time.
Saying we shall rise once more.
We shall rise once more.
We shall rise once more,
To take what's ours.

Saying hay, we have a vision anyway.
For a moment, we have a vision anyway.
Clear as night and, fiery as day.
We say we'll write our own, Passion Play.
'Cause hay, we have a vision anyway.
For a moment, we have a vision anyway.
For a moment, we have a vision anyway.

'Cause hay, we have a vision anyway.
For a moment, we have a vision anyway.
For a moment, we have a vision anyway.
For a moment, we have a vision anyway.
For a moment, we have a vision anyway.

(Album, Freedom Will Flower)

Welcome the Anarchist (2000-132)

Welcome the anarchist to your door.
He's traveled many a mile on many a shore.
He's felt the tear gas and the rubber bullets too.
All he asks is a good night's rest from you.

Welcome the anarchist and let him in.
No need to ask him where he's been.
Led by a dream called anarchy,
That human beings can live differently.

Step inside. Lay your knapsack down,
Far away from the ones who'd chase you from your ground.
A good night's rest in this unknown land,
A bowl of hot cereal and a shake of hands.

Now the sun has risen high in the day.
The anarchist says I best be on my way.
But never forget that mind-felt dream,
That every human spirit shall be free.

And every human spirit shall be free.
And every human spirit shall be free.
And all the world shall live in peace,
With justice in our hearts, so it shall be.
Gentle anarchy.

Welcome the anarchist to your door.
She's traveled many a mile on many a shore.
She's felt the tear gas and the rubber bullets too.
All she asks is a good night's rest from you.

Welcome the anarchist and let her in.
No need to ask her where she's been.
Led by a dream called anarchy,
That human beings can live differently.

Step inside. Lay your knapsack down,
Far from the ones who'd chase you from your ground.
A good night's rest in this unknown land,
A bowl of hot cereal and a shake of hands.

Now the sun has risen high in the day.
The anarchist says I best be on my way.
But never forget that mind-felt dream,
That every human spirit shall be free.

And every human spirit shall be free.
And every human spirit shall be free.
And all the world shall live in peace,
With justice in our hearts, so it shall be,
Gentle anarchy.
Gentle anarchy.
Gentle anarchy.

Welcome the anarchist to your door.

(Album, Freedom Will Flower)

Out with the Wasteland (2000-133)

Out with the wasteland, in with the flower.
We are the people of an alternate power.
Power of the spirit growing every hour.
Out with the wasteland, in with the flower.
Out with the wasteland, in with the flower.

Out with the winter, in with the spring now.
Here is a song that the whole world can sing now.
And all the bells on the planet will ring now.
Out with the winter, in with the spring now.
Out with the winter, in with the spring now.

Out with the wasteland, in with the flower.
We are the people of an alternate power.
Power of the spirit growing every hour.
Out with the wasteland, in with the flower.
Out with the wasteland, in with the flower.

Out with oppression, in with revolution.
Topple the monoliths. Smash the institutions.
Time for a radical redistribution.
Out with oppression, in with revolution.
Out with oppression, in with revolution.

Out with the wasteland, in with the flower.
We are the people of an alternate power.
Power of the spirit growing every hour.
Out with the wasteland, in with the flower.
Out with the wasteland, in with the flower.

And the flower says, love will topple the monoliths.
And the flower calls to all the people who wanna live.
And the flower says, love will topple the monoliths.
And the flower calls to all the people who wanna live.

Out with the wasteland, in with the flower.
We are the people of an alternate power.
Power of the spirit growing every hour.
Out with the wasteland, in with the flower.
Out with the wasteland, in with the flower.
Out with the wasteland, in with the flower.
Out with the wasteland, in with the flower.

(Album, Freedom Will Flower)

I've Got Community (2000-134)

I'm all right. I've got community.
I'm all right. I've got community.
They have taught me, how to be a human being.
I'm all right. I've got community.

We're all right. We are loving friends.
We're all right. We are loving friends.
It starts from within you and it never ends.
We're all right. We are loving friends.

Our revolution, is a peaceful one.
Our revolution, is a peaceful one.
Let it come from within you and grow among, you all.
Our revolution, is a peaceful one.

Just freedom, just earth and sky.
Just freedom, just earth and sky.
We are the movement. We will never die.
Just freedom, just earth and sky.

I'm all right. I've got community.
I'm all right. I've got community.
They have taught me, how to be a human being.
I'm all right. I've got community.

We're all right. We are loving friends.
We're all right. We are loving friends.
It starts within you and it never ends.
We're all right. We are loving friends.

Our revolution, is a peaceful one.
Our revolution, is a peaceful one.
Let it come from within you and grow among, you all.
Our revolution, is a peaceful one.

Just freedom, just earth and sky.
Just freedom, just earth and sky.
We are the movement. We will never die.
Just freedom, just earth and sky.

I'm all right. I've got community.
I'm all right. I've got community.
They have taught me, how to be a human being.
I'm all right. I've got community.

Just freedom, just earth and sky.
Just freedom, just earth and sky.
We are the movement. We will never die.
Just freedom, just earth and sky.

I'm all right. I've got community.
I'm all right. I've got community.
They have taught me, how to be a human being.
I'm all right. I've got community.

I'm all right. I've got community.
I'm all right. I've got community.

(Album, Freedom Will Flower)

I'm a Wild Man (2000-135)

I'm a wild man. I'm a wild man.
I'm a wild man, in a cave.
I'm a wild man. I'm a wild man.
I'm a wild man, in a cave.
In the forest, in the moonlight,
In the sunlight, in the shade,
I'm a wild man. I'm a wild man.
I'm a wild man, in a cave.

And I move to, ancient drumming,
Drumming pounding, through the glade.
Rushing rivers, roaring rapids,
Falling droplets, rolling waves.
And I move to, ancient drumming,
Drumming pounding, through the glade,
Rushing rivers, roaring rapids,
Falling droplets, rolling waves.

I'm a wild man. I'm a wild man.
I'm a wild man, in a cave.
I'm a wild man. I'm a wild man.
I'm a wild man, in a cave.
In the forest, in the moonlight,
In the sunlight, in the shade,
I'm a wild man. I'm a wild man.
I'm a wild man, in a cave.

Flash of lightening, roar of thunder,
From a subterranean storm.
I'm an earthquake. I'm a cyclone.
I'm a new and holy morn.
Flash of lightening, roar of thunder,
From a subterranean storm,
I'm an earthquake. I'm a cyclone.
I'm a new and holy morn.

I'm a wild man. I'm a wild man.
I'm a wild man, in a cave.
I'm a wild man. I'm a wild man.
I'm a wild man, in a cave.
In the forest, in the moonlight,
In the sunlight, in the shade,
I'm a wild man. I'm a wild man.
I'm a wild man, in a cave.

Like a sasquatch, like a snowman,
Like a wise man on a hill,
Like a mystic, dreaming poet,
Like a lampshade blue and still.
Like a sasquatch, like a snowman,
Like a wise man on a hill,
Like a mystic, dreaming poet,
Like a lampshade blue and still.

I'm a wild man. I'm a wild man.
I'm a wild man, in a cave.
I'm a wild man. I'm a wild man.
I'm a wild man, in a cave.
In the forest, in the moonlight,
In the sunlight, in the shade,
I'm a wild man. I'm a wild man.
I'm a wild man, in a cave.

I'm a wild man. I'm a wild man.
I'm a wild man, in a cave.
I'm a wild man. I'm a wild man.
I'm a wild man, in a cave.
I'm a wild man. I'm a wild man.
I'm a wild man, in a cave.
I'm a wild man. I'm a wild man.
I'm a wild man, in a cave.

I'm a wild man. I'm a wild man.
I'm a wild man, in a cave.
I'm a wild man. I'm a wild man.
I'm a wild man, in a cave.
I'm a wild man. I'm a wild man.
I'm a wild man, in a cave.
I'm a wild man. I'm a wild man.
I'm a wild man, in a cave.

(Album, Freedom Will Flower)

Just Drop Us a Card (2000-136)

If you've got a mountain that's not in the right place,
Just drop us a card.
We've got the great big bombs and we feel no disgrace.
Just drop us a card.

Edward Teller is my name.
Blowing up the universe is my game.
I'm a mad scientist and I feel no shame.
Just drop us a card.

We'll send that mountain half way to the stars.
Just drop us a card.
And we'll power a spaceship all the way to Mars.
Just drop us a card.

Edward Teller is my name.
Blowing up the universe is my game.
I'm a mad scientist and I feel no shame.
Just drop us a card.

With the power of the atom we will feel no fear.
Just drop us a card.
We'll be known as the planetary engineers.
Just drop us a card.

Edward Teller is my name.
Blowin' up the universe is my game.
I'm a mad scientist and I feel no shame.
Just drop us a card.

Rerouting rivers, tearing mountains down,
Just drop us a card.
Radiation has no scent no sight or sound.
Just drop us a card.

Edward Teller is my name.
Blowing up the universe is my game.
I'm a mad scientist and I feel no shame.
Just drop us a card.

"You know it was so obvious!
It was so obvious,
That the Strategic Defence Initiative was so wonderful!
'Cause with the Strategic Defence Initiative, in a nuclear war,
Only a hundred-and-twenty million people would die,
In North America, instead of three hundred million.
Isn't that wonderful! Isn't it obvious!"

Edward Teller is my name.
Blowin' up the universe is my game.
I'm a mad scientist and I feel no shame.
Just drop us a card.

O the year was 1959.

I said, just drop us a card.
Ha ha, I really wanted to be Frankenstein.
Just drop us a card.

Edward Teller is my name.
Blowing up the universe is my game.
I'm a mad scientist and I feel no shame.
Just drop us a card.

When Edward Teller says there's nothing to be afraid of.
Just drop us a card.
Well who really needs Dr. Strangelove.
Just drop us a card.

Edward Teller is my name.
Blowin' up the universe is my game.
I'm a mad scientist and I feel no shame.
Just drop us a card.
Just drop us a card.
Just drop us a card.
Ha ha ha ha ha.
Just drop us a card.
Just drop us a card.

(Album, Freedom Will Flower)

I Hope I'm More (2000-137)

Matthew Hardy said to me,
Back in March of 93,
Just a few weeks before,
He left us all forever.
He said Dave you're a real good guy,
And your politics are always right.
Your politics are always right,
In all kinds of weather.

But I hope I'm more,
Than just a political machine.
I hope I'm more,
Than some kind of dreamer, living in a dream.
I hope I've been a friend.
I hope I've been a human being.
I hope I'm more than just,
A political machine.

So I march and sing and scream,
And I write poetry and dream,
Using words like love and peace and justice,
Like they were some kind of mantra.
But I hope there's more to what I am,
Than a beatnik poet in a trance.
I hope I'm more than just,
Some kind of would be liberator rebel ranter.

And I hope I'm more,
Than just a political machine.
I hope I'm more,
Than some kind of dreamer, living in a dream.
I hope I've been a friend.
I hope I've been a human being.
I hope I'm more than just,
A political machine.

Matthew Hardy said to me,
Back in March of 93,
Your politics are always right,
As if he thought it would make me feel better.
But he made me want to be a friend.
Politics is never its own end.
It made me want to be a loving person,
And to want people to be kind to each other,
As we dwell together.

And I hope I'm more,
Than just a political machine.
I hope I'm more,
Than some kind of dreamer, living in a dream.
I hope I've been a friend.
I hope I've been a human being.
And I hope I'm more than just,
A political machine.

I hope I'm more than just,
A political machine.

If the little wheels are spinning well,
With our hearts and minds at peace,
Then the big wheels will take care of themselves,
And we will all be free.
And there will be no need.
There will be no need,
To make a revolution,
Or to be a political machine.
And I hope I'm more than just,
A political machine.
I hope I'm more,
Than what I've often been.
I hope I'm more,
Than just a political machine.
I hope I'm more,
Than just a political machine.

(Album, Freedom Will Flower)

Freedom Will Flower (2000-138)

Freedom will flower. Love will flow.
Justice will sprout, from the soil and grow.
Freedom will flower, and the winds of peace will blow.
Truth will take root, though it be a hard row to hoe.

Sometimes it seems, the world of our dreams,
Is a thousand light-years or more away.
But a thousand light-years, is really quite near,
When compared to the vastness of the cosmic display.

Freedom will flower. Love will flow.
Justice will sprout, from the soil and grow.
Freedom will flower, and the winds of peace will blow.
Truth will take root, though it be a hard row to hoe.

We teach ourselves, to build the movement well,
Making new linkages with every step we take.
The empires of sand, will crumble in our hands,
And the world will turn around so we can face what we must face.

Freedom will flower. Love will flow.
Justice will sprout, from the soil and grow.
Freedom will flower, and the winds of peace will blow.
Truth will take root, though it be a hard row to hoe.

I meet with the old. Their stories unfold,
Of times in the darkness,
When they feared they'd never see the morning sun.
I meet with the young. Their songs still to be sung,
And the hope beats on,
And the hope beats on, in the hearts of everyone.

Freedom will flower. Love will flow.
Justice will sprout, from the soil and grow.
Freedom will flower, and the winds of peace will blow.
Truth will take root, though it be a hard row to hoe.

Freedom will flower. Love will flow.
Justice will sprout, from the soil and grow.
Freedom will flower, and the winds of peace will blow.
Truth will take root, though it be a hard row to hoe.

Freedom will flower. Freedom will flower.
Freedom will flower. Freedom will flower.
Freedom will flower. Freedom will flower.
Freedom will flower. Freedom will flower.

(Album, Freedom Will Flower)

Spirit of Love (2000-139)

You are there in the morning,
When the morning star shines gently,
Just before the rising of the sun.
You are there in the evening,
When the sunset fills the skyline,
And makes a flower bloom in the hearts of everyone.
You are there in the turning,
And churning of the ocean.
You are there in the sparkle,
Of a thousand notions.

Spirit of love, you keep us going.
Spirit of love, all things a flowing.
Spirit of love, spirit of love,
May you dance forever more.
Spirit of love, spirit of love,
May you dance forever more.

You stretch to the limits,
Of the sweet and sparkling cosmos.
You pulsate in every quasar, galaxy and star.
You dwell in the smallest,
Inner turnings of the atom.
You bring all things together,
Calling all creatures near and far.
You are there in the roaring,
Molten centre of the planet.
You are there in the desert,
On the haunting cliffs of granite.

Spirit of love, you keep us going.
Spirit of love, all things a flowing.
Spirit of love, spirit of love,
May you dance forever more.
Spirit of love, spirit of love,
May you dance forever more.

I knew you as a small child,
Playing in the garden,
In the awesomeness I felt with the wind upon my face.
I felt you as I grew to learn,
Of dinosaurs and asteroids,
And turned my mind to the vast expanse of outer space.
I felt you in the splendor,
Of the moons and rings of Saturn.
I felt you like a heartbeat,
Forming all things in their pattern.

Spirit of love, you keep us going.
Spirit of love, all things a flowing.
Spirit of love, spirit of love,
May you dance forever more.
Spirit of love, spirit of love,
May you dance forever more.

Spirit of love, spirit of love,
May you dance forever more.
May you dance forever more.
May you dance forever more.

(Album, Song for Andromeda)

We Have the Power (2000-140)

The power of the people is the thunder of our feet,
The power of the placard, the power of the street.
The power of a million voices shouting loud,
We have the power to turn the world around.
We have the power to turn the world around.

The power of the people is the thunder of our feet,
The power of the placard, the power of the street.
The power of a million voices shouting loud,
We have the power to turn the world around.
We have the power to turn the world around.

The dawning of change is the universal dream.
We have no mouth but we must scream.
We have no arms but we must shove,
With minds of defiance and hearts of love.
Minds of defiance and hearts of love.

The power of the people is the thunder of our feet,
The power of the placard, the power of the street.
The power of a million voices shouting loud,
We have the power to turn the world around.
We have the power to turn the world around.

The day will come when we all awaken,
To find there's a bold new dawn a breakin'.
A bold new future in our eyes,
There'll be no turning back when we realize.
Be no turning back when we realize.

The power of the people is the thunder of our feet,
The power of the placard, the power of the street.
The power of a million voices shouting loud,
We have the power to turn the world around.
We have the power to turn the world around.
We have the power, to turn the world around.

Around around around around around around.
Around around around around around around.

The power of the people.
The power of the people.

Around around around around around around.
Around around around around around around.

The dawning of change is the universal dream.
We have no mouth but we must scream.
We have no arms but we must shove,
With minds of defiance and hearts of love.
Minds of defiance and hearts of love.

The power of the people is the thunder of our feet,
The power of the placard, the power of the street.

The power of a million voices shouting loud,
We have the power to turn the world around.
We have the power to turn the world around.

The day will come when we all awaken,
To find there's a bold new dawn a breakin'.
A bold new future in our eyes,
There'll be no turning back when we realize.
Be no turning back when we realize.

The power of the people is the thunder of our feet,
The power of the placard, the power of the street.
The power of a million voices shouting loud,
We have the power to turn the world around.
We have the power to turn the world around.
We have the power to turn the world around.
We have the power, to turn the world around.

Around around around around around around.
Around around around around around around.

The power of the people.
The power of the people.

Around around around around around around.
Around around around around around around.

We have the power, to turn the world around.

(Album, Starship Revolution)

Gentle Silence (2000-141)

The word goes out across the land.
A forest is going down.
The world is getting warmer,
And cities being drowned.
Come raise your hands. Come raise your eyes.
There's a battle to be won.
There'll be a thousand Hells to pay,
If nothing more is done.

Come all ye fine young warriors,
I hear the networks say.
No time for rest. Don't let,
The corporations have their way.
But in the winds of autumn,
Mid the fading and the sighing,
I'm reminded there's an ebb and flow,
To living and to dying.

May there be food, on every table.
May we unmask, each corporate label.
May every dragon, be confronted,
But gentle silence, is all I've wanted.
Gentle silence, is all I've wanted.

The hundreds they go marching out,
As brothers and as sisters,
To be a nation set apart,
Of dreamers and resisters.
They call me up to sing the songs,
That built their honoured nation.
One more time to raise my voice,
For love and liberation.

Shall I heed the call again,
And join them in their movement,
The movement that first taught me,
How to live and to be human.
Or is there time for quietude,
For peaceful contemplation,
Solidarity in solitude,
And dreams of levitation.

May there be food, on every table.
May we unmask, each corporate label.
May every dragon, be confronted,
But gentle silence, is all I've wanted.
Gentle silence, is all I've wanted.

So ring the bells of liberty,
And sing the songs of freedom.
Fight the fight for dignity.
Keep loving and believing.
I will join you in my time,
With music, hope and thunder,

But woe to those who never took,
The time to simply wonder.

To wonder on the why and where,
And seek the heart-felt quiet,
Before they saw the slogans dancing,
Calling them to riot.
We all mean well upon this earth.
We are Heaven's sons and daughters.
But let us rock of holy stone.
Let us not be cannon fodder.

May there be food, on every table.
May we unmask, each corporate label.
May we confront, what we're afraid of,
But gentle silence, is what we're made of.

May there be food, on every table.
May we unmask, each corporate label.
May every dragon, be confronted,
But gentle silence, is all I've wanted.
Gentle silence, is all I've wanted.
Gentle silence, is what we're made of.
Gentle silence, is all I've wanted.

(Album, Alpha 27 Omega)

Arthur C. (2000-142)

I heard an interview, upon the radio.
Arthur C. Clarke was being interviewed on Writers and Company.
It took me back my friends, to another time in life,
When I was younger, so naive,
And I had faith to believe,
That we were growing in our galaxy.
That we were growing in our galaxy.

They asked dear Arthur,
What the greatest issues were.
He said one day an asteroid's gonna fall,
And we must be prepared.
But I have grown my friends,
Been to Hell and back again,
Felt the pulsing heartbeat of,
A world of desperate love,
And felt the pulse of people everywhere.
And felt the pulse of people everywhere.

I remember reading, The City and the Stars.
I remember reading, 2001.
I remember dreaming, science fiction universe.
I remember wondering, when that great day would come.
But now I walk upon the earth,
And I feel the wind and sun.
And I feel the wind and sun.

Arthur C. Clarke he spoke,
Of space and time and sea,
Of the vast universe,
And of unfolding possibility.
Still spoke of rocket ships, of incredible journeying,
Of amazing stories, living on inside of us,
And can you sense the solar breeze.
Can you sense the solar breeze.

I remember reading, The City and the Stars.
I remember reading, 2001.
I remember dreaming, science fiction universe.
I remember wondering, when that great day would come.
But now I walk upon the earth,
And I feel the wind and sun.
And I feel the wind and sun.

Come on Arthur.
Come down from your tower.
Come face the people here below you.
There's more than your head trips and,
There's blood spilled on the sand.
And if we don't like you, we'll overthrow you.
And if we don't like you, we'll overthrow you.

You'll say, o no, o no.
I've got post-polio.

I'm just an old man by the sea,
And I'm turning eighty-three.
Why do you hate me.
Do you wanna debate me.
'Cause I'll tell things as they are.
I'll build you one more star.
O yes, o yes, o yes.
And the capitalist system will bless you Arthur C.
And the capitalist system will bless you Arthur C.
Arthur C., Arthur C., Arthur C.

I heard an interview, upon the radio.
Arthur C. Clarke was being interviewed on writers and Company.

(Album, Song for Andromeda)

Big Dollars Turn the Wheels (2000-143)

What if we're told, what to believe,
What to think and what to dream,
To serve the corporations' schemes.
Is that what you call democracy.
Is that what you call democracy.

They will sell you an image in a can.
Come join the corporate fascist plan.
Reinstate tyranny across the land,
And call it the power of the citizann.
Call it the power of the citizann.

Big dollars turn the wheels,
That turn and turn and turn.
They would melt the Antarctic icecaps,
While a billion people yearn.
Big dollars turn the wheels,
That turn and turn and turn.
They would buy the ropes and the stakes where the witches,
And the heretics will burn.
Burn burn burn.

What if the papers and the TV screens,
Fill our souls with acquisitor's dreams,
Tell us when to be kind and when to be mean.
Just another button on the big machine.
Just another button on the big machine.

They will sell you Jean Cretien or Stockwell Day,
Sweep the little people right out of the way.
Out of the camera's view and into the jails.
Then turn our attention to some other clapper's tales.
Then turn our attention to some other clapper's tales.

Big dollars turn the wheels,
That turn and turn and turn.
They would melt the Antarctic icecaps,
While a billion people yearn.
Big dollars turn the wheels,
That turn and turn and turn.
They would buy the ropes and the stakes where the witches,
And the heretics will burn.
Burn burn burn.

So here we are. The world goes 'round,
And tells us to live without making a sound.
Born on the wheel to die in a night,
Hoping that we never dream the light.
Hoping that we never dream the light.

But deep inside remains the dream.
Make us the masters not the machine.
Deep inside remains the dream,
That makes us the masters not the machine.

Deep inside remains the dream.
Make us the masters not the machine.
Deep inside remains the dream,
That makes us the masters not the machine.

We have no mouth but we must scream.
Make us the masters not the machine.
We are more than a blip on a computer screen.
Make us the masters not the machine.
We are human. We are being.
We're the heart of a world that's fit for the freeing.
We are human. We are being.
We're the heart of a world that's fit for the freeing.

And deep inside remains the dream.
Make us the masters not the machine.
Deep inside remains the dream,
That makes us the masters not the machine.
Make us the masters not the machine.
Make us the masters not the machine.
Make us the masters, not the machine.

(Album, Morning Star Poem)

Blessed Are Those (2000-144)

Blessed are those who allow themselves,
To become disturbed.
Blessed are those who allow themselves,
To Become disturbed.
Blessed are those who allow themselves,
To become disturbed.
Blessed are those who allow themselves,
To become disturbed.

Blessed are those who have the courage to question,
Every answerer.
Blessed are those who have the courage to question,
Every answerer.
Blessed are those who have the courage to question,
Every answerer.
Blessed are those who have the courage to question,
Every answerer.

Blessed are those who find love at the heart,
Of every questioned word.
Blessed are those who find love at the heart,
Of every questioned word.
Blessed are those who find love at the heart,
Of every questioned word.
Blessed are those who find love at the heart,
Of every questioned word.

Blessed are those who choose love and refuse,
To serve or be served.
Blessed are those who choose love and refuse,
To serve or be served.
Blessed are those who choose love and refuse,
To serve or be served.
Blessed are those who choose love and refuse,
To serve or be served.

Blessed are those who allow themselves,
To become disturbed.
Blessed are those who allow themselves,
To become disturbed.
Blessed are those who allow themselves,
To become disturbed.
Blessed are those who allow themselves,
To become disturbed.
Blessed are those who allow themselves,
To become disturbed.
Blessed are those who allow themselves,
To become disturbed.

(Album, Song for Andromeda)

Somewhere I Heard a Moon (2000-145)

Somewhere I heard a moon,
Come rolling silently,
Around the rings of Saturn,
Or the ice on Ganymede.
Somewhere I heard a song,
A broken voice that cried.
Empty are the craters,
Like the bombed out landscape of our minds.

And the whiskey priest and the fairy queen,
And the sirens of the night,
And the very trees were singing,
Everything will be all right.
Take the Solar System,
Take her as your bride.
The cosmos is your mother,
And the universe is deep inside.
The cosmos is your mother,
And the universe is deep inside,
Deep inside.

And still the snow is falling,
Up on Danger Hill,
An ancient cold volcano,
That might be living still.
And the children they were laughing,
Amid the urban haze,
Not knowing they were living,
In someone's final days.

And the whiskey priest and the fairy queen,
And the sirens of the night,
And the very trees were singing,
Everything will be all right.
Take the Solar System,
Take her as your bride.
The cosmos is your mother,
And the universe is deep inside.
The cosmos is your mother,
And the universe is deep inside,
Deep inside.

And the universe is one great mind,
Dreaming time away,
Waiting for the giant shadow,
Coming of the day.
Waiting for the north wind,
To dare to speak its name,
And the comets they will answer,
And make their play in the universal game.

And the shamans of Mercury,
And the swami of Pluto's fair plane,
Would drape themselves in asteroid belts,

And dare to call down rain.
But when the rain stops falling,
Where will they have to go,
With the guru-smashers out for blood,
And the lightening from the polestar, flashing heel and toe.

And the whiskey priest and the fairy queen,
And the sirens of the night,
And all the moons of Neptune saying,
Everything will be all right.
Take the Solar system,
Take her as your bride.
Come walk the mirror pathway,
That tells the other side.
Come walk the mirror pathway,
That tells the other side,
Other side.

I thought I saw a shooting star,
But it might have been my mind.
I thought I saw a Solar flare,
But maybe it was just an echo out of time.
And the wheelers and the weavers,
They felt their way inside,
Til the sun went down on cave-land,
And we were left alone in our dreams to cry.

And the whiskey priest and the fairy queen,
And the sirens of the night,
Were calling to each other,
Everything will be all right.
Take the Solar System,
Take her as your bride.
Come walk the mirror pathway,
That tells the other side.
Come walk the mirror pathway,
That tells the other side.

Tempers they were flaring,
Weathered by the storm.
All the world will be a sunrise,
When we raise tomorrow's morn.
Don't ask me for a lion's skin.
Don't ask me for a robe.
I am only a poor beggar,
In the icy streets of Rome.

And Spartacus and Socrates,
And Cicero have gone.
The circuses, the bread men,
And the popes are coming on.
And the palaces they crackle,
With the flames of long ago.
Interplanetary spaceships,
Are standing, waiting in a row.

And the whiskey priest and the fairy queen,
And the sirens of the night,
Are calling to each other,
Everything will be all right.
Take this falling empire,
Take her as your bride.
The cosmos is your mother,
And the universe is deep inside.

And the whiskey priest and the fairy queen,
And the sirens of the night,
And all the moons of Neptune saying,
Everything will be all right.
Take this crabby empire,
Take her as your bride.
Come walk the mirror pathway,
That tells the other side.
Come walk the mirror pathway,
That tells the other side.

Somewhere I heard a moon,
Come rolling silently,
Around the rings of Saturn,
Or the ice on Ganymede.
Somewhere I heard a song,
A broken voice that cried.
Empty are the craters,
Like the bombed out landscape of our minds.

And the locksmiths and the Geiger counters,
Raise their voices too.
A hundred thousand solar years,
And what are we to do.
But pray for peace and eloquence,
And sing for liberty.
But in the end, only the Star-child,
Holds the cosmic key.
In the end, only the Star-child,
Holds the cosmic key.
In the end, only the Star-child,
Holds the cosmic key.

And the whiskey priest and the fairy queen,
And the sirens of the night,
And the very trees were singing,
Everything will be all right.
Take the Solar System,
Take her as your bride.
The cosmos is your mother,
And the universe is deep inside.
Take this falling empire,
Take her for your bride.
Come walk the mirror pathway,
That tells the other side.
O the cosmos is your mother,
And the universe is deep inside.

Come walk the mirror pathway,
That tells the other side,
Deep inside.

(Album, Little Green Creatures from Earth)

And the Moon is Made of Cardboard (2000-146)

There are times when I wonder,
Just exactly who I am.
When the dreams that I treasure,
Fall hollow in my hand.
There are times when I wonder,
If my life is truly real.
When all I find is soft aluminum,
Where once I thought was steal.

And the moon is made of cardboard,
That is covered in tin-foil.
And it shines like bright silver,
But it is not worth your toil.
And the moon is made of cardboard,
That is covered in tin-foil.
And it shines like bright silver,
But it is not worth your toil.

O the sky was made with crayons,
When the teacher she was gone.
And the children took the Crayola,
From the scrapbook's sacred throne.
And the gods they clipped the goslings,
Flying brighter than the sun.
And the calendar flew by in a flash,
And the new year had begun.

But the moon is made of cardboard,
That is covered in tin-foil.
And it shines like bright silver,
But it is not worth your toil.
And the moon is made of cardboard,
That is covered in tin-foil.
And it shines like bright silver,
But it is not worth your toil.

The disciples climbed a mountain,
To the cave in ice and snow.
And they knocked on the cave door,
But the guru was not home.
Nor the Yeti nor any yogi,
Only the wind in their ears.
So they sat down amid the snowstorm,
To freeze through their tears.

And the moon is made of cardboard,
That is covered in tin-foil.
And it shines like bright silver,
But it is not worth your toil.
And the moon is made of cardboard,
That is covered in tin-foil.
And it shines like bright silver,
But it is not worth your toil.

Take my house. Take my lyrics.
Take the songs that I have sung.
Take my dreams and my memories.
Take my heart and my lungs.
You can cut them into pieces,
Place them in a box of pine.
You can float them down the river,
When the sea is at high tide.

For the moon is made of cardboard,
That is covered in tin-foil.
And it shines like bright silver,
But it is not worth your toil.
And the moon is made of cardboard,
That is covered in tin-foil.
And it shines like bright silver,
But it is not worth your toil.

Damn the earth! Damn the mountains!
Damn the ones who tell us lies.
Damn the ones who make their promises,
From the bog-land to the sky.
Damn the soft smiling statues.
Damn the sun and crescent moon.
Damn the silence with its wholeness.
Damn the lyre with its tune.

For the moon is made of cardboard,
That is covered in tin-foil.
And it shines like bright silver,
But it is not worth your toil.
And the moon is made of cardboard,
That is covered in tin-foil.
And it shines like bright silver,
But it is not worth your toil.
And it shines like bright silver,
But it is not worth your toil.

(Album, Little Green Creatures from Earth)

Annie Mae AIM Warrior (2000-147)

My name is Annie Mae.
I was a warrior,
Nearly thirty years ago,
When the fights were as hot,
As the fire inside the barrel of a gun.
But we believed our rising had only begun.

I went to Wounded Knee,
In the spring of 73.
There were two thousand of us,
Came to stand with the Lakota,
In their struggle to be free.

And when the siege was over,
The world had changed for us,
But the world around us was the same.
The hatred and the blame,
And the injustices,
Seemed just as insurmountable as they had ever been.

But I kept fighting,
For the freedom of my people.
I kept working,
Til the tensions on the Pine Ridge land,
Brought me back to South Dakota, in the spring of 75.

I'd been to Washington,
And to Los Angeles,
And I had stood at many a standoff,
And I had shone my Indian pride.

And I'd become known,
To those in power,
To those defenders of the privileged,
They call the FBI.

Perhaps they saw me,
As a threat to them,
As a strong assertive woman,
Who could lead a battle cry.

The rumours went around,
That I wasn't real,
That I was an informant, plant,
Provocateur or spy.

Who spread the rumours.
Who spread the poison.
Who got a hundred people thinking,
That I wasn't genuine.

It wasn't friends of mine,
Or true AIM warriors.
I can only conclude that it was those,

Who really were working for the FBI.
Perhaps at the orders of the FBI, from way on high.

And so the rumours spread,
And I was hurt inside.
They took me out on to the mesa,
And interrogated me.

They came back believing,
That I was genuine.
And I thought that it was over,
And that my spirit could fly free.

But the FBI,
Wasn't finished yet.
They would not be thwarted.
They had set their sites on me.

Then the shoot out came,
On the 26th of June.
Then the panic days of summer,
As the bureau sought revenge.

Then on September 5th,
I was arrested.
The agent had the nerve to offer me,
A new identity.

If I would cooperate,
And give information.
I said, Either kill me or throw me in jail.
Those are the only two options I will give you.
I make it plain to see.

Then the agent said to me,
If you take that attitude,
I will see you dead,
Within the space of a year.

Then they released me,
And people wondered why.
Had I made a deal.
Was I an informant.
I felt the pain, the hurt, but most of all, the fear.

Then we were on the march again,
Armed in a motor home.
The Oregon state troopers intercepted us,
A few miles short of the Idaho line.

I was arrested then,
And then released again.
Fewer and fewer of my comrades,
Were prepared to stand up and say,
That I was not a spy.

I called my family,
Some time that autumn,
And I said, there are men in the woods with guns,
Who want to kill me.
And if they don't kill me, then the FBI will.

Those x-COINTELPRO boys,
With years of experience,
Know that if they can't kill someone directly,
There are other more convenient ways to kill.

Spread the rumours round.
Appear to treat her nicely.
If she's part of an armed movement,
Sooner or later, someone in her own movement,
Will pick up a gun and do your dirty work for you.

And you just bide your time,
And say, We're the FBI.
We'd never do a thing like that.
Don't those conspiracy theories bore you.

But that's how it was with me.
I was abducted,
Not by the FBI, but by my own people.
Do you know how that feels,
To have your hands tied and your mouth gagged,
By the ones you love,
Whose liberation you are fighting for.

We drove from Denver,
To Rapid City,
Where they interrogated me,
Comrade after comrade,
Accusing me of being a plant, a spy.

Then they took me,
Early one December morning,
To the north-east edge of Pine Ridge,
Where they shot me,
And my earthly life was no more.
And my earthly life was no more.

My name is Annie Mae.
I am an AIM warrior.
I have watched the years go by,
And felt the pain of my people everywhere.

Pine Ridge is just as poor.
And justice is just as far.
The iron heel is just as raw,
And the corporate tentacles are stretching,
To every corner of the biosphere.

You ask who murdered me.
It was both the FBI,

And members of my own movement,
Whom the FBI manipulated,
In their own paranoia and despair.

It's an old familiar power game.
It's been played many a time.
Get the people killing each other,
And all the oppressor has to do,
Is smile and say how much he cares.

Divide and conquer,
Murder and marginalize,
Spread rumour, innuendo, propaganda,
Anything but what is true.

But one day the people will rise,
And see through every layer of lie.
And we will know true liberation,
And on that day you will see me,
For my spirit will be there too.
And on that day you will see me,
For my spirit will be there too.

My name is Annie Mae.
I am a warrior.

(Album, If Galaxies Have Souls)

Slide on Over Little Bear (2000-148)

A woman knocking on the door,
Whose name I don't recall.
She says is anybody home.
We're gonna open up the wall.
We're gonna open up the ceiling.
We're gonna open up the floor.
We're gonna open up existence,
So the rooms won't be silent any more.
So the rooms won't be silent any more.

How's your house. How's your stereo.
How's your kitchen table.
How's your house. How's your stereo.
How's your kitchen table.

Slide on over little bear.
Slide on over little bear.
Little dog and little kitty cat,
You've been a meowing everywhere.
Slide on over little bear.
Slide on over little bear.
Little dog and little kitty cat,
You've been a meowing everywhere.
Slide on over little bear.
Slide on over little bear.

She said is anybody listening.
She said does anybody hear.
Or is it just the earth and sky,
Who hear my cries of fear.
Who hear my Monday morning warning,
The trains no longer go on time.
Something has stopped them in their rolling.
No more the whistle in our minds, no more chimes.
No more the whistle in our minds, no more chimes.

How's your house. How's your stereo.
How's your kitchen table.
How's your house. How's your stereo.
How's your kitchen table.

Slide on over little bear.
Slide on over little bear.
Little dog and little kitty cat,
You've been a meowing everywhere.
Slide on over little bear.
Slide on over little bear.
Little dog and little kitty cat,
You've been a meowing everywhere.

Slide on over little bear.
Slide on over little bear.
Little dog and little kitty cat,
You've been a meowing everywhere.

You've been a meowing everywhere.
Meow Meow meow meowing everywhere.
Meow meow meow meow meow everywhere.
Meow meow meow meow meow everywhere.

Slide on over little bear.
Slide on over little bear.
Slide on over little bear.
Slide on over little bear.

Slide on over little bear.
Slide on over little bear.
Slide on over little bear.
Slide on over little bear.
Slide on over little bear.
Slide on over little bear.
Slide on over little bear.
Slide on over little bear.

Slide on over little bear.
Slide on over little bear.

(Album, Starship Revolution)

Snow Angel (2000-149)

Here I am,
Lying in the snow,
On a busy street in Ottawa,
In the month of December, in the year, 00.
The Christmas traffic rushes by.
I wonder what they think.
Just another drunk they sigh,
Who's had too much to drink.
I have my own life to live,
So I won't get involved.
It's a complicated world out there.
Our problems won't be solved,
By one more act of kindness,
One more act of humanity.
So I'll just drive on by. I'm all right.
It's best to let things be.

Call me what you will. I'm a snow angel.
I'm a snow angel. I'm a snow angel.
Call me what you will. I'm a snow angel.
Let it snow.
I'm just an angel in the snow.

I'm fifty-four years old.
I live in an apartment on my own.
I thought I'd be all right.
I'd make it to the store,
And have no problem getting home.
I'd had an operation on my knee,
And was released, perhaps too soon.
But I'm sure that there were thousands more,
Who needed the doctor and the room.
Now I tripped and fell and I tried to call.
Does anyone hear my cry.
I might have something broken.
I don't seem to be able to rise.
But for all my efforts,
The cars just go on by.
The wind is getting colder,
And is that a snowplough in the corner of my eye.

Call me what you will. I'm a snow angel.
I'm a snow angel. I'm a snow angel.
Call me what you will. I'm a snow angel.
Let it snow.
I'm just an angel in the snow.

The snowplough came and went,
And covered me with snow.
The unbelievable is happening.
It must be twenty-eight below.
I'm afraid I'm gonna freeze here,
As the night comes down.
If they saw me here before,

They sure as hell don't see me now.
I'll say my final prayers,
And bid the world goodbye.
They say freezing is a gentle way to go.
You just go to sleep, and then you die.

Call me what you will. I'm a snow angel.
I'm a snow angel. I'm a snow angel.
Call me what you will. I'm a snow angel.
Let it snow.
I'm just an angel in the snow.

Now my spirit's long since gone,
From my icy tomb.
But my ghost haunts the TV stations,
And newspaper editors' rooms.
It's a story you don't wanna hear,
But it won't let you go.
She lived in an apartment.
She was fifty-four years old.
It might have been the snowplough.
Might have been the falling snow.
Or it might be that Ottawa,
Is in more than one way cold.
How many more will freeze this year,
With or without homes.
Well Virginia, there might be a Santa Claus somewhere,
But there's a lot of sorrow, and loneliness,
Everywhere you go.

So call me what you will. I'm a snow angel.
I'm a snow angel. I'm a snow angel.
Call me what you will. I'm a snow angel.
Let it snow.
I'm just an angel in the snow.
Killed by a system, a circumstance, a mentality, who knows.
I'm just an angel in the snow.
I'm just an angel in the snow.
I'm just an angel in the snow.

(Album, Song for Andromeda)

Tony Walker (2000-150)

Thought I saw Tony Walker,
Come walkin' down the road,
Selling cards that were written in his name.
Telling of the future,
With a pet rock and pet toad,
Saying won't you come and join me in my game.

Tell me no Tony Walker,
Will you walk this way again.
When will you turn around and let us be.
We'll be passing through December,
In the company of men,
But on the last day of December we'll be free.
On the last day of December we'll be free.

Thought I saw young Maggie,
In the corner of my eye,
Running out to greet her Tony boy.
The only woman who could dare,
To look him in the eye,
And say I'll be making love as you make joy.

Tell me no Tony Walker,
Will you walk this way again.
When will you turn around and let us be.
We'll be passing through December,
In the company of men,
But on the last day of December we'll be free.
On the last day of December we'll be free.

I found myself at home alone,
And everything was gloom.
The calendar declared it New Year's Eve.
Tony Walker came a knockin'.
He was standing in the room.
Did I have the guts to tell his ghost to leave.

Tell me no Tony Walker,
Will you walk this way again.
When will you turn around and let us be.
We'll be passing through December,
In the company of men,
But on the last day of December we'll be free.
On the last day of December we'll be free.

O the last day of December,
Is the day that Tony died,
But still he comes to visit us each year.
Sometimes he has no head on.
Sometimes he has no eyes.
Is it any wonder we still tremble in our fear.

Tell me no Tony Walker,
Will you walk this way again.

When will you turn around and let us be.
We'll be passing through December,
In the company of men,
But on the last day of December we'll be free.
On the last day of December we'll be free.

Tell me no Tony Walker,
Will you walk this way again.
When will you turn around and let us be.
We'll be passing through December,
In the company of men,
But on the last day of December we'll be free.
On the last day of December we'll be free.
On the last day of December we'll be free.

(Album, Alpha 27 Omega)

It's Been a Long Time (2000-151)

I spent a long time,
Traveling through the dark caverns,
And the tunnels 'neath the earth of my soul.
I spent a long time,
Traveling through the dark caverns,
And the tunnels 'neath the earth of my soul.
Wondering if I'd ever,
Touch the light of day again,
Wondering if my spirit could be whole.

It's been a long time, since Father Sun,
Kissed my face in the morning.
It's been a long time, since the wind and rain,
Bid me walk in a world worth transforming.
It's been a long time, since Father Sun,
Kissed my face in the morning.
It's been a long time, since the wind and rain,
Bid me walk in a world worth transforming.

Sometimes it seems,
All the clocks have lost their hands,
And the calendars have lost their faces and their minds.
Sometimes it seems,
All the clocks have lost their hands,
And the calendars have lost their faces and their minds.
And I am driftwood,
In a rock 'n' roll machine,
Impression song and poetry,
The only food on which I dine.

It's been a long time, since Father Sun,
Kissed my face in the morning.
It's been a long time, since the wind and rain,
Bid me walk in a world worth transforming.
It's been a long time, since Father Sun,
Kissed my face in the morning.
It's been a long time, since the wind and rain,
Bid me walk in a world worth transforming.

I spent a long time,
Traveling through the dark caverns,
And the tunnels 'neath the earth of my soul.
I spent a long time,
Traveling through the dark caverns,
And the tunnels 'neath the earth of my soul.
Wondering if I'd ever,
Touch the light of day again,
Wondering if my spirit could be whole.
Wondering if my spirit could be whole.
Wondering if my spirit could be whole.

(Album, Snowy Orbiter)

The Monks Are Dead (2000-152)

The monks are dead and the moon is risin',
And we don't know where to go.
The monks are dead and the moon is risin',
And we don't know where to go.
But from your upstairs window,
You can hear the whistle blow.
The monks are dead and the moon is risin',
And we don't know where to go.

It's plain as day somebody killed these monks,
On a mission from somewhere.
It's plain as day somebody killed these monks,
On a mission from somewhere.
You can taste it in the water.
You can squeeze it in the air.
It's plain as day somebody killed these monks,
On a mission from somewhere.

The monks are dead and the moon is risin',
And we don't know where to go.
The monks are dead and the moon is risin',
And we don't know where to go.
But from your upstairs window,
You can see the marshlands glow.
The monks are dead and the moon is risin',
And we don't know where to go.

The detective says that he has found,
An old and rusted sword.
The detective says that he has found,
An old and rusted sword.
There's a prayer book lying face-down,
Saying "Welcome to the house of the Lord.".
The detective says that he has found,
An old and rusted sword.

The monks are dead and the moon is risin',
And we don't know where to go.
The monks are dead and the moon is risin',
And we don't know where to go.
But from your upstairs window,
You can catch the falling snow.
The monks are dead and the moon is risin',
And we don't know where to go.

I'll come back to you some day,
But now I hear the bell.
I'll come back to you some day,
But now I hear the bell.
And the priests they are a-calling.
They will save our souls from Hell.
I'll come back to you some day,
But now I hear the bell.

The monks are dead and the moon is risin',
And we don't know where to go.
The monks are dead and the moon is risin',
And we don't know where to go.
But from your upstairs window,
You say you really don't think so.
The monks are dead and the moon is risin',
And we don't know where to go.

The monks are dead and the moon is risin',
And we don't know where to go.
The monks are dead and the moon is risin',
And we don't know where to go.
We don't know where to go.
We don't know where to go.
We don't know where to go.

(Album, Rumblebee)

Ballad of Cluff Lake (2000 lyrics) (2000-153)

There's a glow growing strong to the north,
And the sun's hanging low to the east.
But the sound of the trucks,
And the planes flying in,
Are disturbing this northerly peace.

And I've heard we're about to begin,
Pulling rock from the soil and the sand.
And this rock, so they say,
It will pay us one day,
And bring light, love and peace to the land.

Keep Saskatchewan safe and sound.
Leave the uranium down in the ground,
For our children, and their children, and their children.

Well they say there'll be no need to debate,
What we do in the name of science and fate.
If the experts agree,
What is right for you and me,
Should I stand up and cry or just wait.

And one man says there's nothin' here to fear,
For the workers will wear their proper gear.
And the waste is encased,
In the vaults, so they say,
But the vaults they won't last a hundred years.

Keep Saskatchewan safe and sound.
Leave the uranium down in the ground,
For our children, and their children, and their children.

Well they tell me it's morally wrong,
To withhold fuel because we are strong.
That if we do not sell,
There are others who will,
And it's not our task to judge what is wrong.

Well my heart can't abide by these lies,
For to sell would risk all of our lives.
It would be as if man,
Held a gun in his hand,
And we gave him the bullets to fire.

Keep Saskatchewan safe and sound.
Leave the uranium down in the ground,
For our children, and their children, and their children.

Well we sold a reactor to Gandhi,
Back in 72 I am told,
For the dream of peaceful,
And good use for humankind,
But they blew up a bomb in 74.

And what of the waste here at home,
So we know what effects are in store,
O the cancers we fear,
Lurking low, lurking near,
Leukemia, bone cancer and more.

Keep Saskatchewan safe and sound.
Leave the uranium down in the ground,
For our children, and their children, and their children.

Now we're mining the ore at Rabbit Lake,
And we're milling it to free that yellowcake.
But they die every day,
Death by lungs twice as high,
Death by blood five times high as the rate.

What is safe and what is not, what do we care.
Who will win. Who will lose. What's the cost.
Will you see a lie's a lie.
Will you stand up and cry.
Or will you wait until the future is lost.

Keep Saskatchewan safe and sound.
Leave the uranium down in the ground,
For our children, and their children, and their children.

Now some twenty-five years have gone by,
Since me and my friends first asked why,
And we're mining the ore,
Like never before,
But deep down I can hear the earth cry.

Keep Saskatchewan safe and sound.
Leave the uranium down in the ground,
For our children, and their children, and their children.

And their children, and their children, and their children,
And their children, and their children.

(Album, Earth and Prairie Thunder)

Part Three

A Jail Can Be a Temple

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January River (2001-001)

All the clocks are upside-down,
And the recording reel's unravelled.
The calendars are turned around.
January seems embattled.

And there's a battle on the January River.
There's a battle on the January River.

So I'm sleeping in the afternoon,
While it's snowing in July.
The mummies yawning in their tombs,
Think we shall never die.

And there's a battle on the January River.
There's a battle on the January River.

Didn't mean to start the year this way,
But sometimes that's how it goes.
You're tellin' me I'm crazy hay,
Shovin' it up my nose.

But there's a battle on the January River.
There's a battle on the January River.

Small minds, narrow minds,
Like the mind of uncle Bill,
Picking away at the uneven lines,
Til he finds some cause to kill.

There's a battle on the January River.
There's a battle on the January River.

You're telling me I don't know my own mind,
That you know better than me,.
But I shall reclaim myself this time.
Only the golden flower within me can set me free.
Only the golden flower within me can set me free.

Gonna win that battle on the January River.
Gonna win that battle on the January River.

I know my name. I know my power.
I'm reaching for that star.
And every wall and every tower,
Is asking you who the hell you think you are.
Asking you who the hell you think you are,
Small mind, narrow mind, that you are.

I'm gonna win that battle on the January River.
Gonna win that battle on the January River.

All the clocks are upside-down,
And the recording reel's unravelled.
The calendars are turned around.

January seems embattled.

There's a battle on the January River.
There's a battle on the January River.

Gonna win that battle on the January River.
Gonna win that battle on the January River.

There's a battle on the January River.
Gonna win that battle on the January River.

(Album, Alpha 27 Omega)

O My Children (2001-002)

O my children, I hear you crying.
O my children, I hear you crying.
I'm just a ghost now, who walks in your garden.
If I come again, you may not know me.

I hear a five-year-old child, who comes and asks me,
Will we go out and play again, in the summertime.
Here I am, dying in the dark of January,
But I answer yes we will, though I know I'm dying.

I wish I could have been,
The father that I wished to be.
I wish I could have watched you grow,
And spent those summers with you,
And felt the summer breeze.

O my children, the wind is blowing.
O my children, the wind is blowing.
We plant our seeds, and leave them to grow,
Believing that the sun will, warm the leaves.
And there'll be a rainbow, over the cherry tree.

Last night I dreamed, that it was raining,
And I was walking with you, in our yard.
The rain was coming down like crystal,
And everything was illumined,
Like a universe of shining stars.
And that was when I knew,
That I would be with you,
For as long as you needed me.
And you would feel my presence, and somehow,
You wouldn't have to grieve.

O my children, I have flown.
O my children, I have flown.
I spread my wings. My spirit soars.
And I am happy.
Though I love the ones I left behind.
Though I love the ones I left behind.

We plant our seeds, and leave them to grow,
Believing that the sun will, warm the leaves.
There'll be a rainbow, over the cherry tree.
There'll be a rainbow, over the cherry tree.

(Album, Alpha 27 Omega)

Ginsberg (2001-003)

I asked Allen Ginsberg for a lighted poem.
He told me his name in a quasar stream.
He said do what you are dancing for.
Always leave your door open for the poor.
Sit down in your chair, and hope it's not electric.
You can fly from here to Andromeda in your mind.

You are all my children, said gray beard man.
Gray Beard Man who used to be, a young man on the prowl.
Who used to walk the desert streets, and dare to howl and howl.
Now Gray Beard Man is Gray Beard Man,
No longer protesting, outside the museum, o no.
There's a picture of him on every wall.
There's a picture of him on every wall.

I asked Allen Ginsberg for a lighted poem.
He told me his name in a quasar stream.
You are all my children, said Gray Beard Man.
Come walk with me, and I will tell you more stories.
Come walk with me, and I will tell you more stories.

You are all my children, said Gray Beard Man.
Come walk with me, and I will tell you more stories.
Gray Beard Man is Gray Beard Man.
Come walk with me, and I will tell you more stories.

(Album, Alpha 27 Omega)

Wild Angel (2001-004)

When the night is falling,
And the mountains call my name.
When the night is falling,
And the mountains call my name.
Then I know where I'm going.
I know from whence I came.
We are travelers all the same.

When the rain is poring,
And the city calls my name.
When the rain is poring,
And the city calls my name.
Then I know we are wanderers.
We are players in the game.
She can touch me with no shame.

Who am I, Lord, but a wild angel.
Who am I, Lord, but a wild angel.
The darkness is transformed, free of all danger.
Who am I, Lord, but a wild angel.

When the moon is whispering,
And the desert is alone.
When the moon is whispering,
And the desert is alone.
She will feel me dreaming.
She will show me my way home,
With a gentle undertone.

Who am I, Lord, but a wild angel.
Who am I, Lord, but a wild angel.
The darkness is transformed, free of all danger.
Who am I, Lord, but a wild angel.

Who am I, Lord, but a wild angel.
Who am I, Lord, but a wild angel.
The darkness is transformed, free of all danger.
Who am I, Lord, but a wild angel.
Who am I, Lord, but a wild angel.
Who am I, Lord, but a wild angel.

(Album, Alpha 27 Omega)

I Am Community (2001-005)

So high, so high, I am community.
So High, so high, I am community.
The people, the people, they are in tune with me.
So high, so high, I am community.

I have, I have, I have my radio.
It is, tuned in, to let me know.
And everyone, is one big soul.
I have, I have, I have my radio.

So high, so high, I am community.
So high, so high, I am community.
The people, the people, they are in tune with me.
So high, so high, I am community.

And I, and I, will never be alone.
There is, a sacred song, in every stone.
And in every moment, and in every tone.
And I, and I, will never be alone.

So high, so high, I am community.
So high, so high, I am community.
The people, the people, they are in tune with me.
So high, so high, I am community.

We come, we come, together to commune.
With interstellar news served on a spoon.
A thousand worlds smile back at us and bloom.
We come, we come, together to commune.

So high, so high, I am community.
So high, so high, I am community.
The people, the people, they are in tune with me.
So high, so high, I am community.

And you, and you, are never far away.
My sister, my lover, my soul mate.
And all you are, I shall contemplate.
And you, and you, are never far away.

So high, so high, I am community.
So high, so high, I am community.
The people, the people, they are in tune with me.
So high, so high, I am community.

So high, so high, I am community.
So high, so high, I am community.
So high, so high, I am community.
So high, so high, I am community.
Community, community, community.

(Album, Alpha 27 Omega)

Your Little World Upside-down (2001-006)

You'd like me to be,
A goody two shoes,
Sing in a church choir,
And never sing the blues.

I'm gonna turn your little world upside-down,
Your little world upside-down.
Gonna turn your little world upside-down,
Your little world upside-down.

You'd like us to get movin',
And stop all this carryin' on.
But every human being,
Gets to sing their own sweet song.

We're gonna turn your little world upside-down,
Your little world upside-down.
Gonna turn your little world upside-down,
Your little world upside-down.

For we are revolutionaries.
We shall overturn,
The false power structures,
That you would like us all to learn.

We're gonna turn your little world upside-down,
Your little world upside-down.
Gonna turn your little world upside-down,
Your little world upside-down.

The only problem that I have,
In my life it is true,
Are relatives with long noses,
By whom I might mean you.

We're gonna turn your little world upside-down,
Your little world upside-down.
Gonna turn your little world upside-down,
Your little world upside-down.

Your little world upside-down.
Your little world upside-down.
Your little world upside-down.
Your little world upside-down.

(Album, Alpha 27 Omega)

Baker Man Disciple (2001-007)

He used to be a Trappist monk,
In the rolling hills of Scotland.
He used to chant those Trappist chants,
In the springtime and the autumn.
He left the monastery,
'Round the time humankind,
Stumbled out on to the moon.
He went a travelin',
To find out what there was to know,
And what there was to do.

He found a table leg and a toilet seat,
And an old desk drawer,
And he said, you are my guitar.
Gonna play that radical Galilean music,
Though I may never be a star.
Though I travel near and far,
I'm just a troubadour.
Please don't mistake me for a star.
I'm just a troubadour.
Don't mistake me for a star.

Baker man disciple,
Spreading the yeast of life,
Among the lyrics of a song.
Baker man disciple,
Spreading the yeast of life,
Among the lyrics of a song.

He used to be a Trappist monk,
In the rolling hills of Scotland.
He used to chant those Trappist chants,
In the springtime and the autumn.
He left the monastery,
'Round the time humankind,
Stumbled out on to the moon.
He went a travelin',
To find out what there was to know,
And what there was to do.

He says I stood at many a bus stop,
And sang in many a hurricane.
But the table leg and the toilet seat,
And the old desk drawer,
They don't mind the rain.
No we don't mind the rain.
Let the rain come down,
And let the thunder roar.
Gonna play that radical music,
Just like the waves on the Galilean shore.
Gonna play that radical music,
Just like the waves on the Galilean shore.

Baker man disciple,

Spreading the yeast of life,
Among the lyrics of a song.
Baker man disciple,
Spreading the yeast of life,
Among the lyrics of a song.

Baker man disciple,
Spreading the yeast of life,
Among the lyrics of a song.
Baker man disciple,
Spreading the yeast of life,
Among the lyrics of a song.

(Album, Song for Andromeda)

The Atheist (2001-008)

If Christ came back today, you'd call him an atheist.
If Christ came back today, you'd call him an atheist.
He'd tear down the statues of your gods,
And the temples of your pseudo-spiritual frauds.
And you'd call him an atheist.
You'd call him an atheist.

If Christ came back today, you'd call him an anarchist.
If Christ came back today, you'd call him an anarchist.
He'd say there's a power within everyone,
A light that shines brighter than the sun.
And you'd call him an anarchist.
You'd call him an anarchist.

If Christ came back today, you'd call him a communist.
If Christ came back today, you'd call him a communist.
He'd say the peasants and workers shall inherit the land,
And your capitalist empires shall crumble into sand.
And you'd call him a communist.
You'd call him a communist.

If Christ came back today, he'd be a revolutionist.
If Christ came back today, he'd be a revolutionist.
He'd call for a revolution of the heart and mind,
And for his troubles you'd crucify him one more time.
He'd be a revolutionist,
A gentle revolutionist.

If Christ came back today, you'd call him an atheist.
If Christ came back today, you'd call him an atheist.
No more idols, no more gods,
Just the spirit within us to help us carry on.
And you'd call him an atheist.
You'd call him an atheist.
You'd call him an atheist.

(Album, Song for Andromeda)

I Am Flier (2001-009)

I am flier. I spread my wings.
I sing my song, at the break of spring.
I am dreamer. I touch my mind.
I know the stones, rushing rhyme by rhyme.
I am swimmer, swimming in the stream.
Every drop I feel, one drop in the dream.

I am visitor. I am inhabiter.
I am journeyer, gentle traveler.
I am builder. I am unraveler.
I am sojourner. I am inhabiter.
I am sojourner. I am inhabiter.

I am dancer, dancing freedom time,
Moving heart and limb, in a pantomime.
I am juggler, juggling earth and sky,
Holding peace and truth, juggling love and life.
I am drifter, over hills and seas,
pilgrim hobo man, searching for the keys.

I am visitor. I am inhabiter.
I am journeyer, gentle traveler.
I am builder. I am inhabiter.
I am sojourner. I am inhabiter.
I am sojourner. I am inhabiter.

Touch the spark of tree. Touch the face of sun.
All the masks of time, hearts of everyone.
Feel the energy, gentle rhythm life.
Pulsating universe, eagle takes to flight.
In the morning shine, in the evening glow,
That is where I am, everywhere you go.

I am visitor. I am inhabiter.
I am journeyer, gentle traveler.
I am builder. I am unraveler.
I am sojourner. I am inhabiter.
I am sojourner. I am inhabiter.
I am sojourner. I am inhabiter.
I am inhabiter.
I am inhabiter.

(Album, Song for Andromeda)

Year of the Volunteer (2001-010)

Here we are in the year,
2001,
A brave new millennium,
Having just begun.
And the UN has decided,
To celebrate the year,
By making it the international year,
Of the volunteer.
But the question must be posed,
From shore to distant shore,
Just exactly what it is,
We're volunteering for.

I'll volunteer to hold a placard,
Volunteer to raise my voice,
Volunteer to build the movement,
Volunteer to make a noise.
But I'll never volunteer,
To keep the status quo,
The World Bank, the IMF,
The WTO.
And it's only fair to wonder,
In this voluntary year,
What systems we're sustaining,
Before we volunteer.

And Uncle Corporation says,
I want you, I want you,
To volunteer to do the work,
That I refuse to do.
We refuse to pay our corporate taxes,
To support the nation-state,
Except for buying guns and tear gas,
To put down the ones we hate.
But we celebrate those volunteers,
So innocent and fine,
Cleaning up the mess that global,
Capitalism leaves behind.

I'll volunteer to hold a placard,
Volunteer to raise my voice,
Volunteer to build the movement,
So the people have a choice.
But I'll never volunteer,
To keep the status quo,
The World Bank, the IMF,
The WTO.
And it's only fair to wonder,
In this voluntary year,
What power structures we're sustaining,
Before we volunteer.

Some volunteer at food banks,
Or third world shantytowns,

While the military sends their tanks,
To keep the people down.
And the corporations write their cheques,
To right wing charities,
While the UN's been subverted,
By the corporate elite.
But the volunteers are waiting,
Standing in a row,
Carefully instructed,
Not to be political.
And we'll all shout the edict,
Corporations Uber All.
If you wanna change the world,
You'll have to do it with a Coke sign on your wall.

I'll volunteer to hold a placard,
Volunteer to raise my voice,
Volunteer to build the movement,
Volunteer to make a noise.
But I'll never volunteer,
To keep the status quo,
McDonald's Cargill Cameco,
Coca Cola Monsanto.
There is only one solution,
Or so it would appear,
When the oligarchy tells you,
To be a volunteer.
Come celebrate the year,
2001.
Volunteer for the Planetary,
People's Liberation Front.
Volunteer for the Planetary,
People's Liberation Front.

(Album, Song for Andromeda)

Alpha 27 Omega (2001-011)

I remember being nine years old,
Brave new house, in a nine year old world.
A friend of mine and I, we built a fort,
Under the stairway, going downstairs.

And the name of our fort was, Alpha 27 Omega.
And the name of our fort was, Alpha 27 Omega.
Whole new house, and the skies were clear.
Whole new house, and the skies were clear.
And the name of our fort was, Alpha 27 Omega.
And the name of our fort was, Alpha 27 Omega.

I remember I had a fleet of planes,
That would take off from the floor in the basement room.
Before we put the carpet in, and the room,
Became a place to be sociable.
And my friends and I would gather on many an eve,
And listen to my 8 track stereo.

And the name of our fort was, Alpha 27 Omega.
And the name of our fort was, Alpha 27 Omega.
Whole new house, and the skies were clear.
Whole new house, and the skies were clear.
And the name of our fort was, Alpha 27 Omega.
And the name of our fort was, Alpha 27 Omega.

As late summer grew into early fall,
My grade five classroom was so much more.
With a cat named Pretzel and typing class,
And finding my place in the universe.
Travels to Jupiter in my mind,
I'd left my bad old days behind.
Though the fort was only there for a couple of days,
It was quickly turned into a storage space.
The wonders of life would take my time.
I was able to say that I was doing fine.

But the name of our fort was, Alpha 27 Omega.
The name of our fort was, Alpha 27 Omega.
Whole new world, and the skies were clear.
Whole new world, and the skies were clear.
And the name of our fort was, Alpha 27 Omega.
And the name of our fort was, Alpha 27 Omega.
And the name of our fort was, Alpha 27 Omega.
And the name of our fort was, Alpha 27 Omega.

(Album, Alpha 27 Omega)

Over Clear Water (2001-012)

Call me, over clear water.
Call me, over clear sky.
Call me, over clear water.
Call me, the poppy seed, will make you wise.

Call me, over clear water.
Call me, over clear sky.
Call me, over clear water.
Call me, the poppy seed, will make you wise.

Call me, your heart is a mirror.
Call me, the stars are your eyes.
Call me, your soul is a river.
Call me, your mind, your mind, your mind, is a disguise.

Call me, your heart is a mirror.
Call me, the stars are your eyes.
Call me, your soul is a river.
Call me, your mind, your mind, your mind, is a disguise.

Call me, over clear water.
Call me, over clear sky.
Call me, over clear water.
Call me, the poppy seed, will make you wise.
Make you wise, make you wise, make you wise.

Take your mind off. Take your mind off now.
It is only, a piece of clothing, that you wear anyhow.
Take your mind off. Take your mind off now.
It is only, a piece of clothing, that you wear anyhow.

I saw a thousand people with their minds off,
But they weren't going anywhere.
They were running around and around,
With their faces smiling in the air.

I saw a thousand people with their minds off,
But they weren't going anywhere.
They were running around and around,
With their faces smiling in the air.
Ha ha ha.

Take your mind off. Take your mind off now.
It is only, a piece of clothing, that you wear anyhow.
Take your mind off. Take your mind off now.
Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha.
It is only, a piece of clothing, that you wear anyhow.

Call me, over clear water.
Call me, over clear sky.
Call me, over clear water.
Call me, the poppy seed, will make you wise.
Call me, the poppy seed, will make you wise.

(Album, Alpha 27 Omega)

Ode to Mr. S. (2001-013)

You were the one, who got us going,
All those many years ago.
You were the one, who got us thinking.
You're the reason I know now the things I know.
You're the reason I know now the things I know.

I was a brash kid,
From a semi-redneck zone.
All I knew was what I had been told.
Playing ninety-nine and thirty-one,
And using words like welfare bum,
While flying rockets to the sky which were made of gold.

You told us there were many ways,
Many ways of seeing things.
You showed us there were many things to see.
You believed in telescopes.
You watched us peer through microscopes.
But you also told us about the Kraft monopoly.

You were the one, who got us going,
All those many years ago.
You were the one, who got us thinking.
You're the reason I know now the things I know.
You're the reason I know now the things I know.

You came into my world,
When I was turning ten years old,
Having just seen Star Wars, watching Star Trek and Space 1999.
You wanted to make a place for me,
So I could be who I could be,
Be my own person, spread my wings and fly.

Grade five and six were a wonderful time,
And I excelled in heart and mind,
Learning with every new stone and star I found.
And by the time I left the school,
At the end of grade eight, month of June,
I was ready to join the revolutionary underground.

You were the one, who got us going,
All those many years ago.
You were the one, who got us thinking.
You're the reason I know now the things I know.
You're the reason I know now the things I know.

You were the one, who got us going,
All those many years ago.
You were the one, who got us thinking.
You're the reason I know now the things I know.
You're the reason I know now the things I know.
You're the reason I know now, the things I know.

(Album, Alpha 27 Omega)

Blow Up the School (2001-014)

Blow up the school. Blow up the principle.
You better throw me in jail.
Blow up the school. Blow up the principle.
You better throw me in jail.
Writing all the news that's thinkable and printable,
We will tell our tale.
Blow up the school. Blow up the principle.
You better throw me in jail.

At a school near a town in rural Ontario,
Freedom of speech is under assault.
A young man writes a story for a drama class,
And the teachers and the principle are climbing the walls.
A story 'bout a school boy being bullied,
Who snaps and brings bombs to school one day.
It's in the third person. No places or names are named,
But they threw the writer in jail anyway.
They threw the writer in jail anyway.

Blow up the school. Blow up the principle.
You better throw me in jail.
Blow up the school. Blow up the principle.
You better throw me in jail.
Writing all the news that's thinkable and printable,
Better withhold my bail.
Blow up the school. Blow up the principle.
You better throw me in jail.

What is the meaning of true creativity.
What does it mean to write what we feel.
Write it out, don't fight it out. That's what they've been telling me.
So a man writes a story. Now what's the big deal.
Freedom of speech is freedom of speech I say.
We'll write down our feelings to get us all through.
Writers and free thinkers of the world unite I say.
This is a freedom song, for me and for you.
This is a freedom song, for me and for you.

Blow up the school. Blow up the principle.
You better throw me in jail.
I said blow up the school. Blow up the principle.
You better throw me in jail.
Writing all the news that's thinkable and printable,
We will tell our tale.
Blow up the school. Blow up the principle.
You better throw me in jail.

Blow up the school. Blow up the principle.
You better throw me in jail.
I said blow up the school. Blow up the principle.
You better throw me in jail.
Writing all the news that's thinkable and printable,
Better withhold my bail.
Blow up the school. Blow up the principle.

You better throw me in jail.
Blow up the school. Blow up the principle.
You better throw me in jail.
You better throw me in jail.
You better throw me in jail.
You better throw me in jail.

(Album, Song for Andromeda)

Next Good Man to Go (2001-015)

John Hus was a man who dared to speak his mind,
So they burned him at the stake in 1415.
John Hus was a man who dared to speak his mind,
So they burned him at the stake in 1415.
He said the soul is a song that cries out to God.
You don't need no burned offerings, no priest machine.
John Hus was a man who dared to speak his mind,
So they burned him at the stake in 1415.

Thirteen fourteen fifteen, seventeen eighteen nineteen,
Soldiers standing in a row.
One has your name and one has your number.
Who will be the next good man to go.

John Ball was a wild man priest who led a revolution,
In the year of 1381.
John Ball was a wild man priest who led a revolution,
In the year of 1381.
They executed him for inspiring a peasant uprising.
Said we don't want any more where you came from.
John Ball was a wild man priest who led a revolution,
In the year of 1381.

Thirteen fourteen fifteen, seventeen eighteen nineteen,
Soldiers standing in a row.
One has your name and one has your number.
Who will be the next good man to go.

John Swift was the name that Thomas Merton took,
When he joined the Communists 'round 1935.
John Swift was the name that Thomas Merton took,
When he joined the Communists 'round 1935.
He died by electrocution from an electric fan in Bangkok,
A monk who spoke of Marx, and tried to turn the tide.
John Swift was the name that Thomas Merton took,
When he joined the Communists 'round 1935.

Thirteen fourteen fifteen, seventeen eighteen nineteen,
Soldiers standing in a row.
One has your name and one has your number.
Who will be the next good man to go.

John Lennon was a Quarryman who spoke of love and peace.
One dark December eve they shot him down.
John Lennon was a quarryman who spoke of love and peace.
One dark December eve they shot him down.
And the CIA and the FBI they smiled across the table.
Our Manchurian candidate will buy the next few rounds.
John Lennon was a quarryman who spoke of love and peace.
One dark December eve they shot him down.

Thirteen fourteen fifteen, seventeen eighteen nineteen,
Soldiers standing in a row.
One has your name and one has your number.

Who will be the next good man to go.

John Trudel is an Indian who dares to spread his wings,
And proclaim the spirit has the right to fly.
John Trudel is an Indian who dares to spread his wings,
And proclaim the spirit has the right to fly.
They burned down a home, killed his wife and family,
When he raised his voice too loud in February 1979.
John Trudel is an Indian who dares to spread his wings,
And proclaim the spirit has the right to fly.

Thirteen fourteen fifteen, seventeen eighteen nineteen,
Soldiers standing in a row.
One has your name and one has your number.
Who will be the next good man to go.
One has your name and one has your number.
Who will be the next good man to go.

(Album, Song for Andromeda)

Edge of Andromeda (2001-016)

I might dream myself, out in my garden.
It is summertime, and there is no snow.
I might dream myself, back in my living room,
Back in my 1970's, childhood home.
I hear a voice saying, someone's coming to visit you.
Someone you haven't seen, for a long long time.
You better get ready, for what they have to say to you.
Is this a work of fiction, or could this be a sign.

There we are, out on the edge of Andromeda.
Here we are, back at home by the fireside.
There we are, out on the edge of Andromeda.
We can go where we want to, with the power of our minds.
We can go where we want to, with the power of our minds.

I hear a weeping, back in behind the wall.
Open the wall, to find out what's behind.
Only the sunlight, afternoon at midnight.
Please don't try to tell me, I have lost my mind.
I hear a laughter, from the ionosphere,
But there's no interviewer, and no radio.
Only the midnight, only the emptiness,
Only the empty eggshells, we abandoned long ago.

There we are, out on the edge of Andromeda.
Here we are, back at home by the fireside.
There we are, out on the edge of Andromeda.
We can go where we want to, with the power of our minds.
We can go where we want to, with the power of our minds.

Who is the refrigerator. Who is the stereo.
And the television set, is clearly on.
I stand my ground, as time keeps rushing so.
I will dig my way back to, my Athenian Parthenon.

There we are, out on the edge of Andromeda.
Here we are, back at home by the fireside.
There we are, out on the edge of Andromeda.
We can go where we want to, with the power of our minds.
We can go where we want to, with the power of our minds.
We can go where we want to, with the power of our minds.

(Album, Song for Andromeda)

Sing Our Own Song (2001-017)

Some people make their drums from the wood of an oak.
Some cover their drums with the skin of a goat.
As for me I have a drum that used to be,
A part of the system, part of the hegemony.
But my drum escaped from the industrial machine,
Ran away one day and said I'm gonna be free.

And the capitalist system can rumble on,
But I will not join in your voiceless song.
If you want me to sing for your chemical lawn,
Mine will be one voice that will be gone gone gone.
I'll be one voice that will be gone gone gone.

We're gonna sing our own song, and let the rain fall free.
We're gonna sing our own song, and let the rain fall free.
Gonna build an alternative, to the hegemony.
We're gonna sing our own song, and let the rain fall free.

Some people make their drums from the wood of an oak.
Some cover their drums with the skin of a goat.
As for me I have a drum that used to be,
A part of the system, part of the hegemony.
But my drum escaped from the industrial machine.
Ran away one day and said I'm gonna be free.

And the capitalist system can rumble on.
I will not join in your voiceless song.
If you want me to sing for your chemical lawn,
Mine will be one voice that will be gone gone gone.
I will be one voice that will be gone gone gone.

We're gonna sing our own song, and let the rain fall free.
We're gonna sing our own song, and let the rain fall free.
Gonna build an alternative, to the hegemony.
We're gonna sing our own song, and let the rain fall free.

Power of the song, power of the drum,
Beating in the hearts of everyone.
Power of the song, power of the drum,
Beating in the hearts of everyone.

We're gonna sing our own song, and let the rain fall free.
We're gonna sing our own song, and let the rain fall free.
Gonna build an alternative, to the hegemony.
We're gonna sing our own song, and let the rain fall free.

Power of the song, power of the drum,
Beating in the hearts of everyone.
Power of the song, power of the drum,
Beating in the hearts of everyone.

We're gonna sing our own song.
Gonna sing our own song.
Gonna sing our own song.

(Album, Song for Andromeda)

One More Tree for the Pulp mill (2001-018)

One more tree for the pulp mill,
One more dollar, one more scream.
One more forest, consigned to memory,
Thanks to the blade, of the big machine.
One more tree for the pulp mill,
One more dollar, one more scream.
One more forest, consigned to memory,
Thanks to the blade, of the big machine.
One more desert, for the future,
One more promise, one more lie.
One more dream, crushed and trampled,
Only the dollar and the blade on your side.
Only the dollar and the blade on your side.

Cutting down people like they cut down trees,
Calling themselves the NDP.
Living by the edict of the company,
Cutting down people like they cut down trees.
Cutting down people like they cut down trees.
Cutting down people, like they cut down trees.

A future bought is a future sold,
Erasing the memory of stories told.
Who gets the clear-cut. Who gets the gold.
A future bought is a future sold.
A future bought is a future sold.
A future bought, is a future sold.

One more tree for the pulp mill,
One more dollar, one more scream.
One more forest, consigned to memory,
Thanks to the blade, of the big machine.
One more desert, for the future,
One more promise, one more lie.
One more dream, crushed and trampled,
With only the dollar and the blade on your side.
Only the dollar and the blade on your side.

Cutting down people like they cut down trees,
Calling themselves the NDP.
Living by the edict of the company,
Cutting down people like they cut down trees.
Cutting down people like they cut down trees.
Cutting down people, like they cut down trees.

A future bought is a future sold,
Erasing the memory of stories told.
Who gets the clear-cut. Who gets the gold.
A future bought is a future sold.
A future bought is a future sold.
A future bought, is a future sold.

One more tree for the pulp mill.
One more tree for the pulp mill.

One more tree for the pulp mill.
One more tree, one more tree.

(Album, Song for Andromeda)

The Battle Cry Is Getting Louder (2001-019)

The battle cry is getting louder.
The battle cry is getting louder.
The battle cry is getting louder.
Fighting for a just and ecological world.
We are fighting for a just and ecological world.

We are the children of Mother Gaia.
We are the children of Mother Gaia.
We are the children of Mother Gaia.
Fighting for a just and ecological world.
We are fighting for a just and ecological world.

Wave upon wave of us who come from all over.
Wave upon wave of us who come from all over.
Wave upon wave of us who come from all over.
Working for a just and ecological world.
We are working for a just and ecological world.

The battle cry is getting louder.
The battle cry is getting louder.
The battle cry is getting louder.
Fighting for a just and ecological world.
We are fighting for a just and ecological world.

Voices of everyone forming a rainbow.
Voices of everyone forming a rainbow.
Voices of everyone forming a rainbow.
Singing for a just and ecological world.
We are singing for a just and ecological world.

The rainbow shines across the earth and the cosmos.
The rainbow shines across the earth and the cosmos.
The rainbow shines across the earth and the cosmos.
Shining for a just and ecological world.
Shining for a just and ecological world.

The battle cry is getting louder.
The battle cry is getting louder.
The battle cry is getting louder.
Fighting for a just and ecological world.
We are fighting for a just and ecological world.
We are fighting for a just and ecological world.

We are fighting for a just and ecological world.
We are fighting for a just and ecological world.
We are fighting for a just and ecological world.

(Album, Song for Andromeda)

Morning Star (2001-020)

Sing of morning in the sunlight morning star.
Sing of morning in the sunlight morning star.
Peace will speak in silence. There you are.
Sing of morning in the sunlight morning star.

And the noontime bird is calling Mercury.
The noontime bird is calling Mercury.
Comes flying on his silver wings so free.
The noontime bird is calling Mercury.

Sing of morning in the sunlight morning star.
Sing of morning in the sunlight morning star.
Love will speak in silence. There you are.
Sing of morning in the sunlight morning star.

And the afternoon's a mirror now unveiled.
The afternoon's a mirror now unveiled.
Who would keep a rainbow in a jail.
The afternoon's a mirror now unveiled.

Sing of morning in the sunlight morning star.
Sing of morning in the sunlight morning star.
In love and gentle silence, there you are.
Sing of morning in the sunlight morning star.

And the swimmers of the evening speak their minds.
The swimmers of the evening speak their minds.
To the ocean, to forever, to the sky.
The swimmers of the evening speak their minds.

Sing of morning in the sunlight morning star.
Sing of morning in the sunlight morning star.
In love and gentle silence, there you are.
Sing of morning in the sunlight morning star.

And the owls hoot at midnight lead the way.
The owls hoot at midnight lead the way.
To the quiet beacon of the break of day.
The owls hoot at midnight lead the way.

Sing of morning in the sunlight morning star.
Sing of morning in the sunlight morning star.
In truth and loving silence, there you are.
Sing of morning in the sunlight morning star.
Sing of morning in the sunlight morning star.
Sing of morning in the sunlight, morning star.
Morning star, morning star.

(Album, Morning Star Poem)

World of Sand (2001-021)

We go back to the sand box, back to the world of sand.
We go back to the sand box, back to the world of sand.

When you were under the fig tree, and I was under the moon,
I saw you in the mirror, of Monday afternoon.

We go back to the sand box, back to the world of sand.
We go back to the sand box, back to the world of sand.

I knew you in the classroom, in the schoolyard on the road,
Searching for the pathway, to crack the secret code.

We go back to the sand box, back to the world of sand.
We go back to the sand box, back to the world of sand.

We saw the castle fading as we took our journey high,
Away above the chimneys, where we could almost fly.

We go back to the sand box, back to the world of sand.
We go back to the sand box, back to the world of sand.

And so we take our journeys, 'cross the valleys and the hills,
With snow upon the yard-scapes, and on the windowsills.

We go back to the sand box, back to the world of sand.
We go back to the sand box, back to the world of sand.

There's no number on your Mondays, no price upon your smiles.
We've walked a thousand Sundays, and a hundred thousand miles.

We go back to the sand box, back to the world of sand.
We go back to the sand box, back to the world of sand.

We go back to the sand box, back to the world of sand.
We go back to the sand box, back to the world of sand.
We go back to the sand box, back to the world of sand.
We go back to the sand box, back to the world of sand.

(Album, Morning Star Poem)

Go Tell Ed McCurdy (2001-022)

Go tell Ed McCurdy,
We're still workin' on his strangest dream.
Go tell Woody Guthrie,
We're still makin' those pastures free.
Tell Steve Goodman and Phil Ochs,
The movement never dies,
And we'll all sing together,
In the hootenanny on the other side.
We'll all sing together,
In the hootenanny on the other side.

Go tell Ed McCurdy,
We're still workin' on his strangest dream,
Though they're makin' those missiles bigger,
And they're firing laser beams.
But the people of the world,
Are joining hands around the globe,
To put an end to war my friends.
So we'll see how it goes.

Go tell Ed McCurdy,
We're still workin' on his strangest dream.
Go tell Woody Guthrie,
We're still makin' those pastures free.
Tell Steve Goodman and Phil Ochs,
The music never dies,
And we'll all sing together,
In the hootenanny on the other side.
And we'll all sing together,
In the hootenanny on the other side.

Go tell Woody Guthrie,
We're still makin' those pastures free,
Though the multinational corporations,
Are bigger than you and me.
They will put us down at every turn,
But still we carry on.
Til the workers of the world will rise,
And breathe a brighter dawn.

Go tell Ed McCurdy,
We're still workin' on his strangest dream.
Go tell Woody Guthrie,
We're still makin' those pastures free.
Tell Steve Goodman and Phil Ochs,
The movement never dies,
And we'll all sing together,
In the hootenanny on the other side.
We'll all sing together,
In the hootenanny on the other side.

Now Stevy Goodman and Phil Ochs,
Tried to ride the waves of fame.
But far too soon they were both spat out,

By the masters of the game.
One day the movement was up my friends.
The next day it was down.
We had to learn not to rely on NBC,
To spread the message 'round.

Go tell Ed McCurdy,
We're still workin' on his strangest dream.
Go tell Woody Guthrie,
We're still makin' those pastures free.
Tell Steve Goodman and Phil Ochs,
The music never dies,
And we'll all sing together,
In the hootenanny on the other side.
We'll all sing together,
In the hootenanny on the other side.

May there be music in the movement,
And movement in our song,
And movement in the words we sing,
To keep us keeping on.
So the many who have shown the way,
Will not have lived in vane.
When we see the world we're dreaming of,
We'll hear their sweet refrain.

Go tell Ed McCurdy,
We're still workin' on his strangest dream.
Go tell Woody Guthrie,
We're still makin' those pastures free.
Tell Steve Goodman and Phil Ochs,
The music never dies,
And we'll all sing together,
In the hootenanny on the other side.
We'll all sing together,
In the hootenanny on the other side.

Go tell Ed McCurdy,
We're still workin' on his strangest dream.
Go tell Woody Guthrie,
We're still makin' those pastures free.
Tell Steve Goodman and Phil Ochs,
The movement never dies,
And we'll all sing together,
In the hootenanny on the other side.
We'll all sing together,
In the hootenanny on the other side.
We'll all sing together,
In the hootenanny on the other side.
Gonna be a great big hootenanny,
Hootenanny on the other side.
Gonna be a great big hootenanny,
Hootenanny on the other side.

(Album, Morning Star Poem)

Space Probes Go to Seed (2001-023)

I remember those afternoons,
And the broad sunlight shining.
Windchimes blowing in the wind,
Were there no watches timing.

And the grass was taller than me,
As I walked in playful sea.
And the grass was taller than me,
As I watched our space probes go to seed.
As I watched our space probes go to seed.

Is this a song for melody,
Or a melody for singing.
I saw the future stars come down,
And all the bells a ringing.

And the grass was taller than me,
As I walked in playful sea.
And the grass was taller than me,
As I watched our space probes go to sea.
As I watched our space probes go to seed.

And the seeds were gently planted,
In the gardens of our minding.
And we were puppets on a string,
And all the world unwinding.

And the grass was taller than me,
As I walked in playful sea.
And the grass was taller than me,
As I watched our space probes go to seed.
As I watched our space probes go to seed.

And the black cough of your smoke rings,
And the white wine on your table,
And the patrons at your restaurants,
Threw the street cars off their cables.

And the grass was taller than me,
As I walked in playful sea.
And the grass was taller than me,
As I watched our space probes go to seed.
As I watched our space probes go to seed.

Yeah I remember those afternoons,
And the broad sunlight shining.
The wind chimes blowing in the wind,
Were there no watches timing.

And the grass was taller than me,
As I walked in playful sea.
And the grass was taller than me,
As I watched our space probes go to seed.
As I watched our space probes go to seed.

As I watched our space probes go to seed.
As I watched our space probes go to seed.

(Album, Morning Star Poem)

Spirit (2001-024)

Spirit in our hearts, spirit in the trees,
Spirit in the wondering ponder of the breeze.
Every living creature has the right to dream.
Spirit in our hearts, spirit in the trees,
Spirit in our hearts, spirit in the trees.

Spirit of the sunrise, morning comes our way.
Spirit of the mist as it gently falls away.
Spirit of the night meets the spirit of the day.
Spirit of the sunrise, morning comes our way.

Spirit in our hearts, spirit in the trees,
Spirit in the wondering ponder of the breeze.
Every living creature has the right to dream.
Spirit in our hearts, spirit in the trees,
Spirit in our hearts, spirit in the trees.

Spirit of the sidewalk, spirit of the street,
Spirit of the sound of a hundred thousand feet.
Here we are the dwellers in a heart felt beat.
Spirit of the sidewalk, spirit of the street.

Spirit in our hearts, spirit in the trees,
Spirit in the wondering ponder of the breeze.
Every living creature has the right to dream.
Spirit in our hearts, spirit in the trees,
Spirit in our hearts, spirit in the trees.

Spirit of the people, spirit of the land,
Spirit of the everywheres where we stand.
See it in our eyes. Feel it in our hands.
Spirit of the people, spirit of the land.

Spirit in our hearts, spirit in the trees,
Spirit in the wondering ponder of the breeze.
Every living creature has the right to dream.
Spirit in our hearts, spirit in the trees,
Spirit in our hearts, spirit in the trees.

Spirit by the name of freedom joy and love.
Spirit takes to flight like the eagle and the dove.
Spirit of the universe is what we're speaking of.
Spirit by the name of freedom joy and love.

Spirit in our hearts, spirit in the trees,
Spirit in the wondering ponder of the breeze.
Every living creature has the right to dream.
Spirit in our hearts, spirit in the trees,
Spirit in our hearts, spirit in the trees.
Spirit in our hearts, spirit in the trees,
Spirit in our hearts, spirit in the trees.

Spirit in our hearts, spirit in the trees,
Spirit in the wondering ponder of the breeze.

Every living creature has the right to dream.
Spirit in our hearts, spirit in the trees,
Spirit in our hearts, spirit in the trees.
Spirit in our hearts, spirit in the trees.

(Album, Morning Star Poem)

I Will Build Jerusalem (2001-025)

I will walk in the summer rain. I will feel the summer breeze.
I will build Jerusalem, any anywhere I please.
I will walk in the summer rain. I will feel the summer breeze.
I will build Jerusalem, any anywhere I please.

O the spirit lives in you, and the spirit lives in me.
And the spirit lives in spaces, all around us, can't you see.

I will walk in the summer rain. I will feel the summer breeze.
I will build Jerusalem, any anywhere I please.
I will walk in the summer rain. I will feel the summer breeze.
I will build Jerusalem, any anywhere I please.

All the universe she sings. All the cosmos is on fire.
With a love at the heart of all things, like a universal choir.

I will walk in the summer rain. I will feel the summer breeze.
I will build Jerusalem, any anywhere I please.
I will walk in the summer rain. I will feel the summer breeze.
I will build Jerusalem, any anywhere I please.

Here we are in February, at twenty-five below.
But I know the spring will come our way. I know. I know. I know.

And I will walk in the summer rain. I will feel the summer breeze.
I will build Jerusalem, any anywhere I please.
I will walk in the summer rain. I will feel the summer breeze.
I will build Jerusalem, any anywhere I please.

Love is here and love is there. Love is everywhere around.
We're embedded in the soul, of a deep divining ground.

And I will walk in the summer rain. I will feel the summer breeze.
I will build Jerusalem, any anywhere I please.
I will walk in the summer rain. I will feel the summer breeze.
I will build Jerusalem, any anywhere I please.
I will walk in the summer rain. I will feel the summer breeze.
I will build Jerusalem, any anywhere I please.

Any anywhere I please, any anywhere I please.
Any anywhere I please, any anywhere I please.
Any anywhere I please.

(Album, Morning Star Poem)

Sailing to Europa (2001-026)

The ceiling of the Solar System,
Was bent in the last earthquake.
Solar rays and Vedic scriptures,
Dance around my birthday.

And I'm flying to Mercury, swimming to Ganymede, sailing to Europa.
We're flying to Mercury, swimming to Ganymede, sailing to Europa.
We know the name of the troubadour, who would lead us to Utopia.
We're flying to Mercury, swimming to Ganymede, sailing to Europa.

The floor of the house of all,
Will shake with a thousand angels.
But this is only the cosmos,
So we need not be strangers.

And I'm flying to Mercury, swimming to Ganymede, sailing to Europa.
We're flying to Mercury, swimming to Ganymede, sailing to Europa.
We know the name of the troubadour, who would lead us to Utopia.
And we're flying to Mercury, swimming to Ganymede, sailing to Europa.

Once more my mind and my soul are being,
Drawn back to this part of the universe.
Back to a small round planet whose love,
Would shine on everyone of us.

Once more my mind and my soul are being,
Drawn back to this part of the universe.
Back to a small round planet whose love,
Would shine on everyone of us.

And we're flying to Mercury, swimming to Ganymede, sailing to Europa.
We're flying to Mercury, swimming to Ganymede, sailing to Europa.
We know the name of the troubadour, who would lead us to Utopia.
And we're flying to Mercury, swimming to Ganymede, sailing to Europa.
We're flying to Mercury, swimming to Ganymede, sailing to Europa.
Sailing to Europa.
Sailing to Europa.
Sailing to Europa.

(Album, Morning Star Poem)

Thomas and Luna (2001-027)

I gave you a slice of the Gospel of Thomas.
It tasted like ice-cream. It tasted like more.
Like the bread and the wine of a Eucharist passion,
Fit for the plates of a sovereign of yore.

In the morning we saw the Easter sun rising.
A thousand round planets did rise from the moore.
Then Thomas appeared in the smoke of our fire,
Fit for a date with the moon on the shore.

Thomas and Luna they danced until midnight,
Chanted sweet mantras and psalms until four.
She gave him a taste of the Bhagavad Gita.
He gave her the gospel he'd written, good news from the poor.

She ate it and dined on the people of Corinth,
Where cannibalism is but metaphor.
And Tasitus said you're a threat to the empire,
But Caesar is coming, like he's come once before.
Caesar is coming, like he's come once before.

The last time I saw them they were dancing on sandbars,
Eating their Shelly and Wordsworth each morn.
Dancing on waves further out in the ocean,
Begging the weather, to sweep them away in a storm.
Begging the weather, to sweep them away in a storm.

I gave you a slice of the Gospel of Thomas.
It tasted like ice-cream. It tasted like more.
Like the bred and the wine of a yucarist passion,
Fit for the plates of a sovereign of your.
Fit for the plates of a sovereign of your.
Fit for the plates of, a sovereign of your.

(Album, Alpha 27 Omega)

Ode to the Love Song Storyteller (2001-028)

There's a shadow, in the moonlight,
By a river, by a sea,
And the people, they are coming. They are going.
And they ask, of the song man,
Where he is, where could he be.
And time is like a river flowing.

There's a room, in a building,
In a city, by a stream,
And a light still shines in the window.
There's a book lying open,
As if left for you and me,
But it's been a long long time since someone's been here.

And poetry and music sheets,
Are scattered on the floor,
And there's a diagram of love on a chockboard.
And the room seems to say,
He'll be coming back no more,
But still there's a hand that keeps knocking.
Still there's a hand that keeps knocking.

Tell me where has the love song,
Storyteller gone.
Has he gone, gone to join the Master.
We believed him. We believed him,
When he sang to us his song.
Now we seek him in the here and ever after.
Tell me where has the love song,
Storyteller gone.
Has he gone, gone to join the Master.
We believed him. We believed him,
When he sang to us his song.
Now we seek him in the here and ever after.
We seek him in the here and ever after.

There's a lamp post, on a sidewalk,
By a lonely taxi cab.
There's a song that's playing on the radio.
There can be no more sequels,
To the one time love we had.
It seems to me it must be twenty years ago.

And a ghost in a shadow,
Whispers "16 Parkside Lane".
The cabby looks up from the monitor.
"Excuse me sir,
Could you say that place again?",
But the ghost and the shadow, they are gone now.

Tell me where has the love song,
Storyteller gone.
Has he gone, gone to join the Master.
We believed him. We believed him,

When he sang to us his song.
Now we seek him in the here and ever after.
Tell me where has the love song,
Storyteller gone.
Has he gone, gone to join the Master.
We believed him. We believed him,
When he sang to us his song.
Now we seek him in the here and ever after.
We seek him in the here and ever after.

He's still riding, he's still riding,
In his taxi cab,
Somewhere on the highway or the roadway.
Still singing of the circles,
And the loves he has had,
And we know his songs will never go away.

He's still riding, he's still riding,
In his taxi cab,
Somewhere on the highway or the roadway.
Still singing of the circles,
And the loves he has had,
And we know his song will never go away.
We know his songs will never go away.
We know his song will never go away.

And we seek him in the here and ever after.
We know his song will never go away.
We seek him in the here and ever after.
We know his songs will never go away.

(Album, Alpha 27 Omega)

Silver Machines (2001-029)

Here I awaken, trapped in a cosmos,
Trapped in a vision, trapped in a nightmare,
Of silver machines, and laser torpedoes.
Silver machines, and laser torpedoes.

From where came the circus. From where came the sizzler.
Some say the command came, straight from the emperor.
Some say there is no command line, and there is no emperor,
Only a consensus, an iron-clad consensus,
Of silver machines, and laser torpedoes.
Silver machines, and laser torpedoes.

Who built such a vision. Who built such a nightmare.
Was it ten corporations, or two billion people.
Wearing their blinders, wearing their steel cage,
Driving their road bugs, living in their road rage.
Silver machines, and laser torpedoes.
Silver machines, and laser torpedoes.

Buy me today, and I'll give away tomorrow.
I'll take a ride, on your flying mcsaucer.
Chip factory sprawls, over lead turned to desert.
Away with your forests. Away with your rivers.
Here come the silver machines, and laser torpedoes.
Silver machines, and laser torpedoes.

Blow away forests, and blow away cities.
Blow away mind space, and blow away memory.
Til only the sound, of the end times grim idiots,
Brightens the silence, into submission,
To silver machines, and laser torpedoes.
Silver machines, and laser torpedoes.

Here I awaken, trapped in a cosmos,
Trapped in a vision, trapped in a nightmare,
Of silver machines, and laser torpedoes.
Silver machines, and laser torpedoes.
Silver machines, and laser torpedoes.
Silver machines, and laser torpedoes.

Silver machines, and laser torpedoes.
Laser torpedoes, laser torpedoes.
Silver machines, and laser torpedoes.

(Album, Alpha 27 Omega)

Train Bound for Seattle (2001-030)

There's a train that's bound for Seattle,
Where some say the new world began.
It might be 1941,
Or it might be 1999.
And the people are coming in thousands,
To protest, to march and to sing.
And all of the world we will be there,
With a love in our hearts, for every living thing.

And if you wonder what you are doing here,
And why you have answered the call.
It is better to have struggled and lost, my friend,
Than never to have struggled at all.
It is better to have struggled and lost, my friend,
Than never to have struggled at all.

And the rain's coming down on the mountains,
And the tide's coming in from the sea.
And a million voices are joining,
In a planet-wide harmony.
We are joining our hands for a new world,
The corporations no longer control.
Away with your logos. Away with your smiles.
We will not have our beings, bought paid for and sold.

And if you wonder what you are doing here,
And why you have answered the call.
It is better to have struggled and lost, my friend,
Than never to have struggled at all.
It is better to have struggled and lost, my friend,
Than never to have struggled at all.

And the ballad-makers of yesterday,
Watch on from their place in the air.
The ones who wrote songs for the movement,
Who have gone to their rest, after doing their share.
And they watch all our spirits converging,
For the world that they dreamed long ago,
One of peace and freedom and equity,
Where every living creature is able,
To live and to grow.

And if you wonder what you are doing here,
And why you have answered the call.
It is better to have struggled and lost, my friend,
Than never to have struggled at all.
It is better to have struggled and lost, my friend,
Than never to have struggled at all.

There's a train that's bound for Seattle,
A memory, a dream or a song.
With a miner's lamp for the future,
And all of the world is a call to be strong.
We are climbing the ladders to daylight,

From the underground cities of time,
Til our minds are engulfed by the sunrise,
And our struggled are written,
In ballad and story and rhyme.

And if you wonder what you are doing here,
And why you have answered the call.
It is better to have struggled and lost, my friend,
Than never to have struggled at all.
It is better to have struggled and lost, my friend,
Than never to have struggled at all.

There's a train that's bound for Seattle,
Where some say the new world began.

(Album, Alpha 27 Omega)

We Say Mobilize (2001-031)

You say globalize. We say mobilize.
You say globalize. We say mobilize.

You say privatize. We say resist the lies.
You say privatize. We say resist the lies.

You say FTAA. We say we won't go away.
You say FTAA. We say we won't go away.

You say corporatize. We say democratize.
You say corporatize. We say democratize.

You say globalize. We say mobilize.
You say globalize. We say mobilize.

You say WTO. We say hell no we won't go.
You say WTO. We say hell no we won't go.

You say IMF. We say property is theft.
You say IMF. We say property is theft.

You say love the banks. We say we'll never join your ranks.
You say love the banks. We will never join your ranks.

You say globalize. We say mobilize.
You say globalize. We say mobilize.

You have the iron hand. We are the people of every land.
You have the iron hand. We are the people of every land.

You have the iron fist. We have the power to resist.
You have the iron fist. We have the power to resist.

You are the iron heel. We will not be cogs in your wheel.
You are the iron heel. We will not be cogs in your wheel.

You say globalize. We say mobilize.
You say globalize. We say mobilize.

You say corporate power. We say this is the people's hour.
You say corporate power. We say this is the people's hour.

You say corporate tyranny. We shout democracy.
You say corporate tyranny. We shout democracy.

You say big business makes us free. We say let the commons be.
You say big business makes us free. We say let the commons be.

You say globalize. We say mobilize.
You say globalize. We say mobilize.

You say privatize. We say resist the lies.
You say privatize. We say resist the lies.

You say FTAA. We say we won't go away.
You say FTAA. We say we won't go away.

You say corporatize. We say democratize.
You say corporatize. We say democratize.

You say globalize. We say mobilize.
You say corporatize. We say mobilize.

You say corporate power. We say this is the people's hour.
You say corporate power. We say this is the people's hour.

You have the iron fences. We are the monkey wrenches.
You have the iron fences. We are the monkey wrenches.

You say globalize. We say mobilize.
You say corporatize. We say mobilize.

You say globalize. We say mobilize.
You say corporatize. We say mobilize.

We say mobilize. We say mobilize.
We say mobilize. We say mobilize.

(Album, Morning Star Poem)

Song About the FTAA (2001-032)

Here's a little song about the FTAA.
Here's a little song about the FTAA.
The people will never turn away,
When the multinationals come to play.
The people will never turn away,
When the multinationals come to play.

Well we stopped them in Seattle Town.
Fifty thousand shut the WTO down.
We were in the streets in Washington,
But we told them we'd be back again.
We haunted them in the streets of Prague.
And the corporate masters said my god.
My god the people are everywhere.
That's right my friends we really care.

Here's a little song about the FTAA.
Here's a little song about the FTAA.
The people will never turn away,
When the corporate interests come to play.
The people will never turn away,
When the corporate interests come to play.

Well I've heard it said that what would not flow,
By way of the WTO,
They wrote into the FTAA,
And then they ordered more pepper spray.
Then I hear they're coming to Quebec.
Well we'll be there, lest they forget.
We're not afraid of their clubs and shields,
Their iron fists and their iron heels.

Here's a little song about the FTAA.
Here's a little song about the FTAA.
The people will never turn away,
When the multinationals come to play.
The people will never turn away,
When the multinationals come to play.

They're the ones who once killed Che Guevara,
Sandino, Allende, Oscar Romero,
And how many hundreds of thousands more,
In their bloody corporate imperialist war.
Now where once the Yankee gunboats played,
The stroke of a pen would give us all free trade,
Designing the future how we should live,
And claiming there is no alternative.
Designing the future how we should live,
And claiming there is no alternative.

Chanting the mantra of privatization,
From water management to education.
Goodbye healthcare, goodbye trees,
Goodbye to the future for you and me.

With a hemispheric free trade zone,
For the many to suffer and the few to own,
Sell your future and sell your soul,
For the sake of the freedom of capital.
Sell your future and sell your soul,
For the sake of the freedom of capital.

Here's a little song about the FTAA.
Here's a little song about the FTAA.
The people will never turn away,
When the multinationals come to play.
The people will never turn away,
When the multinationals come to play.

When they violate our human rights,
It's called good business and that's all right.
But if we smash a single window with a human fist,
They say, my god, they're anarchists.
They thought that if they globalized,
They'd be out of reach and out of mind.
But we can globalize resistance too.
We've only begun to see what we can do.
We can globalize resistance too.
We've only begun to see what we can do.

I'd like to ask one question now.
I'd like to ask one question now.
Whose world is it anyhow.
Whose world is it anyhow.
Does the world belong to the corporate powers,
Making their rules in their iron towers,
Or does the world belong to everyone,
Who breathes the air and feels the sun.
Does the world belong to the corporate powers,
Making their rules in their iron towers,
Or does the world belong to everyone,
Who breathes the air and feels the sun.

Here's a little song about the FTAA.
Here's a little song about the FTAA.
The people will never turn away,
When the corporate interests come to play.
The people will never turn away,
When the corporate interests come to play.

You're deluded if you think we've gone away.
The people of the world will have their say.
The movement is growing every day.
The people of the world have come to play.
The people of the world will have their say.
The movement is growing in every way.
A just tomorrow begins today.
The people of the world have come to play.

The people of the world have come to play.
The people of the world have come to play.

A just tomorrow begins today.
The people of the world have come to play.

(Album, Morning Star Poem)

Solidarity Forever (New Millennium Lyrics) (2001-033)

Come on and join the movement,
If there's passion in your soul,
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 the new millennium we must,
Unite around the earth.
For a just and peaceful freedom,
We shall 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.

We gathered in Seattle,
Stopped the WTO.
We haunted them from Washington,
To Prague to Davos.
And from Qatar to Quebec City,
We have met them blow for blow,
For the movement makes us strong.

Solidarity forever,
Solidarity forever,
Solidarity forever,
The movement makes us strong.

The corporations everywhere,
Are shouting globalize!
Believing if they're global,
They'll be out of reach and mind.
But we can globalize resistance,
On a global protest line,
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.

There are forces all around us,
Just itching to divide,
But we are here to say we stand,
Together in the fight.
Farmers, workers, students, women,
North and south, let us unite,
For the movement makes us strong.

Solidarity forever,
Solidarity forever,
Solidarity forever,
The movement makes us strong.

So come on and join the movement,
If there's passion in your soul,
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.

Solidarity forever,
Solidarity forever,
Solidarity forever,
The movement makes us strong.
The movement makes us strong.

(Album, Morning Star Poem)

Blue Galaxy (2001-034)

Lightening flashing in a blue galaxy,
Lightening flashing in a blue galaxy,
Lightening flashing in a blue galaxy,
Lightening flashing in a blue galaxy.

Thunder crashing knocking small planets off the tree,
Thunder crashing knocking small planets off the tree.
Won't you walk through the backyard summer rain with me.
Thunder crashing knocking small planets off the tree.

Lightening flashing in a blue galaxy,
Lightening flashing in a blue galaxy,
Lightening flashing in a blue galaxy,
Lightening flashing in a blue galaxy.

When the big boulders come to play, where will you be.
When the big boulders come to play, where will you be.
You'll be running running from the rain, no place to flee.
When the big boulders come to play, where will you be.

Lightening flashing in a blue galaxy,
Lightening flashing in a blue galaxy,
Lightening flashing in a blue galaxy,
Lightening flashing in a blue galaxy.

Apollo plays his flute to the summer eve.
Apollo plays his flute to the summer eve.
The weaving spiders they will come and they will weave.
Apollo plays his flute to the summer eve.

Lightening flashing in a blue galaxy.
Lightening flashing in a blue galaxy.
Lightening flashing in a blue galaxy.
Lightening flashing in a blue galaxy.
Lightening flashing in a blue galaxy.
Lightening flashing in a blue galaxy.

(Album, Morning Star Poem)

FTAA (2001-035)

We the people, say no to, the FTAA.
Go and tell the, corporations, we will not go away.
We the people, say no to, the FTAA.
Go and tell the, corporations, we will not go away.

We say no to the corporations,
Ruling our world with an iron hand.
We join the cry of liberation,
With the people and the ecospheres of every land.

We the people, say no to, the FTAA.
Go and tell the, corporations, we will not go away.
We the people, say no to, the FTAA.
Go and tell the, corporations, we will not go away.

Every time you make a move,
To expand freedom for big business,
For the millions of people you displace,
You always have to build more prisons.

We the people, say no to, the FTAA.
Go and tell the, corporations, we will not go away.
We the people, say no to, the FTAA.
Go and tell the, corporations, we will not go away.

To decision makers everywhere,
I'd like to put one question now.
The corporate elite or the common people,
Whose world is it anyhow.
Whose world is it anyhow.
Whose world is it anyhow.

We the people, say no to, the FTAA.
Go and tell the, corporations, we will not go away.
We the people, say no to, the FTAA.
Go and tell the, corporations, we will not go away.

We the people, say no to, the FTAA.
Go and tell the, corporations, we will not go away.
We the people, say no to, the FTAA.
Go and tell the, corporations, we will not go away.
Go and tell the, corporations, we will not go away.
Go and tell the, corporations, we will not go away.
We the people, say no to, the FTAA.

(Album, Morning Star Poem)

If We All Wear Our Scarves (2001-036)

Wear your scarves in green and yellow,
Orange and red and pink and blue.
Wear your scarves for liberty,
Democracy and justice too.
Wear them flying in the breeze,
As freely as our hearts would be.
If they try to crush our freedom,
We will take it to the streets.

If we all wear our scarves, they can't arrest us all.
If we all wear our scarves, they can't arrest us all.
They might have their iron fences, and their concrete walls,
But if we all wear our scarves, they can't arrest us all.

Quebec City City Council,
Passed an interesting decree.
Anyone can be arrested,
For wearing a scarf so bright and free.
Puppet states and corporate interests,
Are coming to sign our rights away.
And the police forces want the right to,
Spray their tear gas in our face.

But if we all wear our scarves, they can't arrest us all.
If we all wear our scarves, they can't arrest us all.
They who fear their privileges and power games might fall.
If we all wear our scarves, they can't arrest us all.

In this land of many colours,
Many voices, many dreams,
Wear black scarves for gentle anarchism,
Red for justice, white for peace.
Wear your scarves in gold and purple,
Brown and orange and pink and green.
The power of ten thousand scarves,
Will stop the corporate machine.

'Cause if we all wear our scarves, they can't arrest us all.
If we all wear our scarves, they can't arrest us all.
They might have their iron fences, and their concrete walls,
But if we all wear our scarves, they can't arrest us all.
If we all wear our scarves, they can't arrest us all.
If we all wear our scarves, they can't arrest us all.
If we all wear our scarves, they can't arrest us all.

So wear your scarves in green and yellow,
Orange and red and pink and blue.

(Album, Morning Star Poem)

Keep the Good Old Earth a Turning (2001-037)

We came from a nebula,
Five billion years ago,
Coalesced into this planet,
Of rock and wind and fire and snow.
Somewhere a crashing ocean wave,
Gave to us a song,
A tiny gentle soul spark,
To help us carry on.

Keep the good old earth a turning.
Keep the sacred fire burning.
And all the universe is yearning.
Keep the good old earth a turning.

We sang our song in afternoon.
We sang our song by night.
And felt the sweet hot shower,
Of a thousand meteorites.
We saw the mountains rise in time,
And the chunks of lava fall.
Our world it was a living world.
We felt the power of the sacred all.

Keep the good old earth a turning.
Keep the sacred fire burning.
Keep our hearts and minds a learning.
Keep the good old earth a turning.

Here we are, human spirits,
In a crazed chaotic time.
Destruction and confusion,
The prevailing paradigm.
But we greet the four directions,
And the peoples of all lands,
The keepers of earth and fire and water and air,
Reaching outward, joining hands.

Keep the good old earth a turning.
Keep the sacred fire burning.
And all the universe is yearning.
Keep the good old earth a turning.

Keep the good old earth a turning.
Keep the sacred fire burning.
Keep our hearts and minds a learning.
Keep the good old earth a turning.
Keep the good old earth a turning.
Keep the good old earth a turning.

(Album, Morning Star Poem)

I Saw the Solar System (2001-038)

I saw the Solar System upside-down,
Starlight beaming at me all around.
Comets from the Ort Cloud be my clowns.
I saw the Solar System upside-down.
I saw the Solar System upside-down,
Starlight beaming at me all around.
Comets from the Ort Cloud be my clowns.
I saw the Solar System upside-down.
I saw the Solar System upside upside-down.

I saw the Solar System upside-down,
Rings of Saturn shining like a crown.
Bands on Jupiter in gold and brown.
I saw the Solar System upside-down.
I saw the Solar System upside-down,
Rings of Saturn shining like a crown.
Bands on Jupiter in gold and brown.
I saw the Solar System upside-down.
I saw the Solar System upside upside-down.

Feeling like Prometheus no longer bound,
I saw the Solar System upside-down.
Asteroids rushing at me so profound,
I saw the Solar System upside-down.
Feeling like Prometheus no longer bound,
I saw the Solar System upside-down.
Asteroids rushing rushing so profound,
I saw the Solar System upside-down.
I saw the Solar System upside upside upside upside-down.

Where darkness is free and rumours they abound,
I saw the Solar System upside-down.
Working for the Triton Underground,
I saw the Solar System upside-down.
Where darkness is free and rumours they abound,
I saw the Solar System upside-down.
Working for the Triton Underground,
I saw the Solar System upside-down.
I saw the Solar System upside upside-down.

I saw the Solar System.
I saw the Solar System.
I saw the Solar System.
I saw the Solar System.

Starlight beaming to me all around,
I saw the Solar System upside-down.
Comets from the Ort Cloud be my clowns.
I saw the Solar System upside-down.
Rings of Saturn shining like a crown,
I saw the Solar System upside-down.
Bands on Jupiter in gold and brown,
I saw the Solar System upside-down.
Feeling like Prometheus no longer bound,

I saw the Solar System upside-down.
Asteroids rushing at me so profound,
I saw the Solar System upside-down.
Where darkness is free and rumours they abound,
I saw the Solar System upside-down.
Working for the Triton Underground,
I saw the Solar System upside-down.
I saw the Solar System upside-down.
I saw the Solar System upside upside upside upside-down.

I saw the Solar System.
I saw the Solar System.
I saw the Solar System.
I saw the Solar System.
I saw the Solar System upside-down.

(Album, Morning Star Poem)

One Spark (2001-039)

It only takes one spark,
To start a prairie fire.
It only takes one seed,
To plant a cherry tree.
One grain of salt,
Can shake a whole empire.
One gust of wind,
Will shake a cherry free.

Let us spark. Let us sprout. Let us grow.
Let us sing. Let us shout. Let the wind blow.
Let us spark. Let us sprout. Let us grow.
Let us sing. Let us shout. Let the wind blow.

It only takes one child,
To unmask a naked emperor.
It only takes one song,
To move a million hearts.
One strike of a match,
Can rebuild a dying ember.
So get ready for the flash,
Of the match in the dark.

Let us spark. Let us sprout. Let us grow.
Let us sing. Let us shout. Let the wind blow.
Let us spark. Let us sprout. Let us grow.
Let us sing. Let us shout. Let the wind blow.

It only takes one spark.
It only takes one spark.
It only takes one spark.
It only takes one spark.

(Album, Morning Star Poem)

God in the Gentle (FTAA Lyrics) (2001-040)

God in the gentle, falling summer rain.
God in the gentle, falling summer rain.
And we are all embedded, in your holy name.
God in the gentle, falling summer rain.

God in the birdsong, that flowers from the trees.
God in the birdsong, that flowers from the trees.
God in the moisture, that whispers on the breeze.
God in the birdsong, that flowers from the trees.

God in the vastness, of stretching prairie sky.
God in the vastness, of stretching prairie sky.
God when the forest blooms, with a prayerful sigh.
God in the vastness, of stretching prairie sky.

God in the earthworms, in their holy time.
God in the earthworms, in their holy time.
Every creature has its purpose, its poem and its rhyme.
God in the earthworms, in their holy time.

God in the gentle, falling summer rain.
God in the gentle, falling summer rain.
And we are all embedded, in your holy name.
God in the gentle, falling summer rain.
God in the gentle, falling summer rain.
God in the gentle, falling summer rain.

(Album, Morning Star Poem)

Which Side Are You On (FTAA Lyrics) (2001-041)

They wrote a big agreement,
They called FTAA.
The corporations wanted it,
So it must be okay.

Which side are you on. Which side are you on.
Which side are you on now. Which side are you on.

They built a wall of concrete,
Of chain link steal and wire,
Protecting all the puppet states,
Of the corporate empire.

Which side are you on. Which side are you on.
Which side are you on now. Which side are you on.

They hired five thousand officers,
In a tear gas terror brigade,
Believing they could silence us,
From saying what we have to say.

Which side are you on. Which side are you on.
Which side are you on now. Which side are you on.

As for the details of the plan,
They cannot be revealed.
They must remain a secret,
Inside their caves of steal.

Which side are you on. Which side are you on.
Which side are you on now. Which side are you on.

From forestry to healthcare,
Agriculture, schools and more,
The enclosure of a hemisphere,
From the Arctic to Cape Horn.

Which side are you on. Which side are you on.
Which side are you on now. Which side are you on.

But the people of this hemisphere,
Will not be turned around.
With a vision for the future,
We will stand our ground in the company town.

Which side are you on. Which side are you on.
Which side are you on. Which side are you on.

For the rights of every worker,
Every farmer, fish and tree,
First peoples, women, students,
We stand in solidarity.

Which side are you on. Which side are you on.

Which side are you on. Which side are you on.

No the people of this hemisphere,
Will not be turned around.
With a vision for the future,
We will stand our ground in the company town.

Which side are you on. Which side are you on.
Which side are you on. Which side are you on.

For the rights of every worker,
Every farmer, fish and tree,
First peoples, women, students,
We stand in solidarity.

Which side are you on. Which side are you on.
Which side are you on. Which side are you on.

Which side are you on. Which side are you on.
Which side are you on. Which side are you on.
Which side are you on. Which side are you on.
Which side are you on. Which side are you on.
Which side are you on. Which side are you on.
Which side are you on. Which side are you on.
Which side are you on. Which side are you on.
Which side are you on. Which side are you on.
Which side are you on. Which side are you on.
Which side are you on. Which side are you on.

(Album, The Power Is in Our Hands)

We Say No, We Won't Go (2001-042)

We say no. We won't go.
Down with the power of capital.
We say we won't go away.
Scrap your corporate empires we say.

We say no. We won't go.
Down with the power of capital.
We say we won't go away.
Scrap your corporate empires we say.

We are growing ever stronger.
We will take this shit no longer.
We are gathering everywhere,
To build a world that's just and fair.

We say no. We won't go.
Down with the power of capital.
We say we won't go away.
Scrap your corporate empires we say.

We say no. We won't go.
Down with the power of capital.
We say we won't go away.
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To build a world that's just and fair.

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To build a world that's just and fair.

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We will take this shit no longer.
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We say no. We won't go.
Down with the power of capital.
We say we won't go away.
Scrap your corporate empires we say.

We are growing ever stronger.
We will take this shit no longer.
We are gathering everywhere,
To build a world that's just and fair.
We are gathering everywhere,
To build a world that's just and fair.

(Album, The Power Is in Our Hands)

Ballad of Jose Bove (2001-043)

Jose Bove was a man,
Just a farmer from the land,
Raising sheep near a small French town.
He was not well disposed,
To McDonald's GMOs,
So he rammed a McDonald's to the ground.

Jose is just one man.
Come rally if you can,
And turn the world around.
He thought he'd had his fill,
Of this world of corporate will,
So he rammed that McDonald's to the ground.

Jose and his comrades,
They loaded up their tractors,
And drove to the nearby town,
Where in the name of you and me,
And a just society,
They watched that McDonald's tumble down.

Jose is just one man.
Come rally if you can,
And turn the world around.
He thought he'd had enough,
Of the corporate power cuff,
So he rammed that McDonald's to the ground.

Jose became a hero,
From Paris to Seattle,
For standing up to corporate rule.
He's been all around the globe,
And his story has been told,
And no working folks have ever called him fool.

Jose is just one man.
Come rally if you can,
And turn the world around.
He was tired of playing lame,
To the corporate power game,
So he toppled that McDonald's to the ground.

Now the customs and police,
London to Los Angeles,
At every seaport and border town,
Have their eye out for the man,
Who dared to take a stand,
Who toppled that McDonald's to the ground.

Jose is just one man.
Come rally if you can,
And turn the world around.
He thought he'd had his fill,
Of the corporate overkill,

So he rumbled that McDonald's to the ground.

It seems that they are leery,
That he might be appearing,
To protest in your home town.
It seems they are afraid,
That if he has his say,
He might make some McDonald's tumble down.

Jose is just one man.
Come rally if you can,
And turn the world around.
He thought he'd had enough,
Of the corporate power cuff,
So he rammed that McDonald's to the ground.

Now everywhere I go,
There's a corporate overflow,
While the common is being torn down.
It's time for you and me,
To proclaim a mutiny,
And bring the corporations to the ground.

Jose is just one man.
Come rally if you can,
And turn the world around.
If you think you've had your fill,
Of this world of corporate will,
Come and bring the corporations to the ground.

Every woman, every man,
Come rally if you can,
And turn the world around.
If you're tired of playing fool,
In this world of corporate rule,
Come and bring the corporations to the ground.

From Monsanto-ready Canola,
To Coke and Pepsi Cola,
We will bring the corporations to the ground.

(Album, The Power Is in Our Hands)

Sixth of April (2001-044)

It was the night of the sixth of April,
With a cold wind blowing.
I headed out not really sure,
Where it was that I was going.
Nothing seemed to be happening,
Where I was told to go.
But my guardian angel Bill appeared,
And told me what I needed to know.

The lights were off. The doors were locked,
At the old Ukrainian Hall.
The party I was searching for,
It wasn't here at all.
So we wandered down to Mykonos,
To have a beer or two,
With my drum bag in my hand,
As the prairie April wind it blew and blew.

At Mykonos we met a woman,
Who introduced herself.
I told her that my name was Dave.
Bill said his name was Bill.
She bought us both a drink and said,
Why don't you stay another hour.
And we can sit and chat awhile,
And let the words come rushing like a shower.

Her and I we touched our hands,
And laughed a little while.
I wanted to touch the rest of her,
And feel her body smile.
I told her about Henri,
Who'd once been with Riel,
How Henri lived in New York City,
Til the fifties when he died by himself.

She said that she was Metis,
And there were some things she knew.
She had a friend who was working on,
On a master's thesis too.
I told her that by my books,
Riel was a good man.
And we drank a toast to history,
To Oneray, Riel and to the land.

Somewhere along the way she told me,
That her name was Chris.
I almost felt like asking her,
If I could give her a kiss.
I said sister aint it sad that there,
Are those who concentrate power,
To keep the people divided,
And conquer every moment, every hour.

We could live in a free world,
And make love to each other.
We would be brothers and sisters,
And yet we would be lovers.
No power elites to frighten us,
To struggle to bring down,
But only love and sweet diversity,
Where all the earth was known as sacred ground.

Then the hour it was over.
My song was not quite sung,
But the incompleteness was all right,
For the journey it was done.
I shook her hand one more time,
And got my jacket on.
And wandered out the door,
With my heart drinking deeply of a song.

As we rambled to the bus stop,
I spread my gentle wings.
I felt like taking flight,
And flying over everything.
For we are all one people,
Born of one great light.
If we could only know it,
And touch the sensuous freedom of the night.

We are all one people,
Born of one great light.
If we could only know it,
And touch the sensuous freedom of the night.

It was the night of the sixth of April,
With a cold wind blowing.

(Album, The Power Is in Our Hands)

Butterfly Garden (2001-045)

All the world is a butterfly garden,
And the butterflies are wise.
And the bears and birds take council,
From the wisdom of the butterflies.
And the bears they sit and listen,
And learn the way of wings,
While the birds learn of caterpillars,
Cocoons and everything.

And the rain is falling on the mountains,
And the seeds are in the ground.
While the lightening flashes in the valley,
And the thunder rumbles down.
And the rain is falling on the mountains,
And the seeds are in the ground.
And the lightening flashes in the valley,
And the thunder rumbles down.

And the butterflies they flap their wings,
And so the world goes on.
And all the world's transfigured,
By the butterfly's sweet song.
And the wind it blows from east to west,
And so the clouds they swarm.
And the sunlight shines a rainbow,
On a gentle summer storm.

And the rain is falling on the mountains,
And the seeds are in the ground.
While the lightening flashes in the valley,
And the thunder rumbles down.
And the rain is falling on the mountains,
And the seeds are in the ground.
And the lightening flashes in the valley,
And the thunder rumbles down.

And when the people come my friends,
And see the world they see,
Some call it foggy curtain.
Some call it liberty.
They learn they have a choice to make,
In a vision or a trance.
They can build a wall to keep it out,
Or learn to love the dance.
They can build a wall to keep it out,
Or learn to love the dance.

And the rain is falling on the mountains,
And the seeds are in the ground.
While the lightening flashes in the valley,
And the thunder rumbles down.
And the rain is falling on the mountains,
And the seeds are in the ground.
And the lightening flashes in the valley,

And the thunder rumbles down.

All the world is a butterfly garden,
And the butterflies are wise.
And the bears and birds take council,
From the wisdom of the butterflies.
And the bears they sit and listen,
And learn the way of wings.
While the birds learn of caterpillars,
Cocoons and everything.

And the rain is falling on the mountains,
And the seeds are in the ground.
While the lightening flashes in the valley,
And the thunder rumbles down.
And the rain is falling on the mountains,
And the seeds are in the ground.
And the lightening flashes in the valley,
And the thunder rumbles down.
The thunder rumbles down.
The thunder rumbles down.
The thunder, rumbles down.

All the world is a butterfly garden,
And the butterflies are wise.

(Album, The Power Is in Our Hands)

Capitalist System Gonna Come Down (2001-046)

You're telling me there is no alternative,
To the world of the globalizer's dream.
Privatize, deregulate and corporatise,
We all know the jargon of your scheme.

But the people of the world we see things differently.
We have a vision of another path to climb.
One of egalitarian community,
We know the future will be ours in time.

And the capitalist system gonna come down.
The capitalist system gonna come down.
And the capitalist system gonna come down.
The capitalist system gonna come down.

You would build walls to keep us in our shantytowns.
You would build walls to keep us out of your sub-urbs.
You would arm all the guardians of your guard towers.
But we are the children of the earth.
We are the children of the earth.
We are the children of the earth.

And the capitalist system gonna come down.
The capitalist system gonna come down.
And the capitalist system gonna come down.
The capitalist system gonna come down.
Gonna come down. Gonna come down.
Gonna come down. Gonna come down.
Gonna come down.

We are singing, for the freedom,
Of the village common land.
Freedom to live, and freedom to grow,
And freedom from the iron hand.
We are singing, for the freedom,
Of the village common land.
Freedom to live, and freedom to grow,
And freedom from your iron hand.
Freedom from your iron hand.
Freedom from your iron hand.

You with your chartered souls and chartered schools,
Your private healthcare, and your private yachts.
Beware of the title wave approaching you.
We are the power of creation, lest you forgot.
We are the power of creation, lest you forgot.

And the capitalist system gonna come down.
The capitalist system gonna come down.
The capitalist system gonna come down.
And the capitalist system gonna come down.

The capitalist system gonna come down.
The capitalist system gonna come down.

The capitalist system gonna come down.
And the capitalist system gonna come down.
Gonna come down. Gonna come down. Gonna come down.
Gonna come down. Gonna come down. Gonna come down.

We are singing, for the freedom,
Of the village common land.
Freedom to live, and freedom to grow,
And freedom from the iron hand.
We are singing, for the freedom,
Of the village common land.
Freedom to live, and freedom to grow,
And freedom from your iron hand.
Freedom from your iron hand.
Freedom from your iron hand.
Freedom from your iron hand.

(Album, The Power Is in Our Hands)

Who Threw the Molotov Cocktail (2001-047)

I went to the hamster riot,
And the riot went on all night.
Setting toilet paper rolls on fire,
Setting the sky alight.
Who threw the Molotov cocktail,
The Mounties tried to say.
Must have been the ghost of Spartacus,
Or Commandante Che.
Must have been the ghost of Spartacus,
Or Commandante Che.

I saw thirty thousand people,
Who were marching peacefully,
But the corporate TV cameras,
Just couldn't seem to see.
They chose to see a riot,
Watch the rocks and bottles fly.
Who threw the Molotov cocktail.
It wasn't I. It wasn't I.

I went to the hamster riot,
And the riot went on all night.
Setting toilet paper rolls on fire,
Setting the sky alight.
Who threw the Molotov cocktail,
The Mounties tried to say.
Must have been the ghost of Spartacus,
Or Commandante Che.
Must of been the ghost of Spartacus,
Or Commandante Che.

And the corporate TV cameras,
And the corporate microphones,
They zoom in on the anarchists,
And say they're gonna burn down your homes.
But it's not the anarchists, my friend,
Who blow our world away,
But the quiet violence of the CEOs,
Who honk for freer trade.

I went to the hamster riot,
And the riot went on all night.
Setting toilet paper rolls on fire,
Setting the sky alight.
Who threw the Molotov cocktail,
Someone tried to say.
Must have been the ghost of Spartacus,
Or Commandante Che.
Must have been the ghost of Spartacus,
Or Commandante Che.
Commandante Che.
Commandante Che.
Commandante Che.

Who threw the Molotov cocktail.
Who threw the Molotov cocktail.
Who threw the Molotov cocktail.

Who threw the Molotov cocktail.
Who threw the Molotov cocktail.
Who threw the Molotov cocktail.

Che. Commandante
Commandante Che.
Commandante Che.

(Album, The Power Is in Our Hands)

The Circle (2001-048)

God is a circle. God is a circle.
God is a circle,
Whose center is everywhere,
And whose circumference is nowhere.

Love is a circle. Love is a circle.
Love is a circle,
Whose center is everywhere,
And whose circumference is nowhere.

Peace is a circle. Peace is a circle.
Peace is a circle,
Whose center is everywhere,
And whose circumference is nowhere.

Life is a circle. Life is a circle.
Life is a circle,
Whose center is everywhere,
And whose circumference is nowhere.

We are a circle. We are a circle.
We are a circle.
May our center be everywhere.
May our circumference be nowhere.
May our center be everywhere.
May our circumference be nowhere.

(Album, The Power Is in Our Hands)

God Bless the Fifty Thousand (2001-049)

If fifty million have been brain-washed,
And lulled into apathy,
If fifty million have been brain-washed,
And lulled into apathy,
Then God bless the fifty thousand,
Who have the courage to go marching in the street.
God bless the fifty thousand,
Who have the courage to go marching in the street.

If society turns its face away,
From omnicidal tragedy,
If society turns its face away,
From omnicidal tragedy,
Then there is no justice, there is just us,
And it is up to you and me.
Then there is no justice, there is just us.
Yeah it is up to you and me.

If the only ears listening, and the only eyes watching,
Are the ears and the eyes of the dead,
If the only ears listening, and the only eyes watching,
Are the ears and the eyes of the dead,
Then let me tell you people, that is all the more reason,
To scream and scream and say what must be said.
Let me tell you people, that is all the more reason,
To scream and scream and say what must be said.

If fifty million have been brain-washed,
And lulled into apathy,
If fifty million have been brain-washed,
And lulled into apathy,
Then God bless the fifty thousand,
Who have the courage to go marching in the street.
God bless the fifty thousand,
Who have the courage to go marching in the street.

God bless the fifty thousand,
Who have the courage to go marching,
The courage to go marching,
Marching marching marching,
Courage to go marching in the street.
Courage to go marching,
Marching marching marching,
Courage to go marching, in the street.

God bless the fifty thousand,
Who have the courage to go marching in the street.

(Album, The Power Is in Our Hands)

Build Your Own Shanty (2001-050)

Some countries build walls to keep people in,
Try to believe so hard,
In Joseph Stalin's Paradise.
But sooner or later the walls come down,
And the people shout peace and try to believe,
That everything will be all right.
Like in 1989,
We thought we'd finally crossed the line.
And maybe this time, a new world had begun.
We should have known better.
We were still living in the shadow,
Of the capitalist gun.
We were still living in the shadow,
Of the capitalist gun.

Some countries build walls to keep people out,
Like the mile after mile of electric fence,
On the Mexican-American borderline,
Where people by the hundred have lost their lives,
Trying to escape from the hells we've made.
Their only mistake was to believe,
That the Gringos could build a paradise.

And you tell me capitalism is a paradise.
There's a trickle down trickle. Things will be all right.
But from the fortified suburbs of the USA,
To the Maquiladora zones down Mexico way,
We are building the walls up everywhere,
And teaching our children not to care.
We're teaching our children to close their eyes,
And believe we are living in a paradise.
That a laser beam will set them free some day,
With some brand new software for a brand new age.
Where every living creature knows its place,
From the private schools to the beggar's lanes.

Now it's over ten years since the Berlin Wall came down,
Still you're free to starve in your shanty town.
Capitalism never wears a frown.
You're free to build your own shanty in your shanty town.
You're free to build your own shanty in your shanty town.
So say your prayers and close your eyes,
And believe we are living in a paradise.
We're building more walls every time we turn around,
But you can build your own shanty in your shanty town.
Capitalism never wears a frown.
You're free to build your own shanty in your shanty town.
You're free to build your own shanty in your shanty town.
You're free to build your own shanty,
In the global shanty town.
You're free to build your own shanty,
In the global shanty town.

(Album, The Power Is in Our Hands)

We're Not Going Away (2001-051)

It is not our intention to cry in your beer,
To spit in your face or to scream in your ear.
We just want to say, We are here. We are here.
And we're not going away.
We're not going away.

We are the children of earth and of sky.
We've seen what we're doing and we wanna cry.
So we've gathered together to raise our voices high.
And we're not going away.
We're not going away.

You try to distract us with flatter and praise.
You tell us we'll all be prime minister some day,
If we sign on the line of the corporate way.
But we're not going away.
We're not going away.

Once you could dismiss us. You'd seen us before,
Superannuated hippies, old lefties and more.
But the tide that you silenced comes back with a roar.
And we're not going away.
We're not going away.

Whether fifteen or forty or seventy-five,
We are the great movement still very alive.
We march for a just world. We march to survive.
And we're not going away.
We're not going away.

With love in our hearts and truth in our minds,
We read between words and walk over your lines.
Arrest us or spray us. Steel our puppets and signs.
But we're not going away.
We're not going away.

You thought that your new world corporate scheme,
Would be loved by all people like the American dream.
And like nice social democrats we would join the main stream.
But we're not going away.
We're not going away.

We are the movement, some new and some old,
As this moment in history longs to unfold.
Rewriting the story, let the story be told.
We're not going away.
We're not going away.

It is not our intention to cry in your beer,
To spit in your face or to scream in your ear.
We just want to say, We are here. We are here.
And we're not going away.
We're not going away.
We're not going away.

We're not going away.
We're not going away.

(Album, The Power Is in Our Hands)

Beautiful Rain (2001-052)

Rain, rain, beautiful rain,
Falling from the sky.
Rain showering in our hearts,
Raindrops in our minds.
Rain, rain, beautiful rain,
Shining all around.
Rain, calling, whispering,
Upon this prairie town.

Rain bringing life to the earth,
Bringing life and love to our souls.
Moist wind, sings of spring,
Making us free and whole.
We are the people of the rain,
With the earthworms and the trees.
Dancing on the rain-tuned earth,
Breathing in the breeze.

Rain folk, windy folk, one and all,
Forever let us dance.
Dance in the spring and in the fall.
All the earth is our romance.
Rain folks, windy folks, one and all,
Forever let us dance.
Dance in the spring and in the fall.
All the earth is our romance.
All the earth is our romance.

Rain, rain, beautiful rain,
Falling from the sky.
Rain showering in our hearts,
Raindrops in our minds.
Rain showering in our hearts,
Raindrops in our minds.
Raindrops in our minds.

(Album, The Power Is in Our Hands)

The Emperor's New Clothes (2001-053)

Come and tell me, come and tell me,
'Bout the emperor's new clothes,
So I can help to hide the nakedness,
Should it be exposed.
Free trade, neo-liberalism,
Globalization,
Making everybody better off,
By giving power to the corporation.
Come and tell me what I need to know,
So I too can believe,
So I don't make a fool of myself,
When the emperor comes walking down the street.

Away with corporate taxes.
Away with terrif walls.
And we will have a perfect world,
With jobs and health for all.
Cutting social programs,
Pensions, welfare and EI.
Don't you know that it is poverty,
That keeps the human soul alive.

Come and tell me, come and tell me,
'Bout the emperor's new clothes,
So I can help to hide the nakedness,
Should it be exposed.
Free trade, neo-liberalism,
Globalization,
Making everybody better off,
By giving power to the corporation.
Come and tell me what I need to know,
And help me to believe,
So I don't make a fool of myself,
When the emperor comes walking down the street.

Cutting down the rain forest,
And raising fast food beef,
Heating up the entire planet,
To help us grow our winter wheat.
Genetically engineering seeds,
For a drier growing season,
Watching island nations disappear,
And saying we don't really know the reason.

Come and tell me, come and tell me,
'Bout the emperor's new clothes,
So I can help to hide the nakedness,
Should it be exposed.
Free trade, neo-liberalism,
Globalization,
Making everybody better off,
By giving power to the corporation.
Come and tell me what I need to know,
So I too can believe,

So I don't make a fool of myself,
When the emperor comes walking down the street.

Paying fifty cents an hour,
In Maquiladora zones,
Destroying every union,
So the worker stands alone.
But should the workers choose to mobilize,
You've got the army and the cops.
Still I believe every worker, who works hard enough,
Can make their way, one day, to the top.

Come and tell me, come and tell me,
'Bout the emperor's new clothes,
So I can help to hide the nakedness,
Should it be exposed.
Free trade, neo-liberalism,
Globalization,
Making everybody better off,
By giving power to the corporation.
Come and tell me what I need to know,
And help me to believe,
So I don't make a fool of myself,
When the emperor comes walking down the street.

And when the emperor comes walking,
And everybody knows,
That there is holy nothingness,
To the emperor's new clothes,
Everyone is silent,
For we have all been told,
That we have only ourselves to blame,
If we don't see things,
With the spin of the corporate glow.

So come and tell me, come and tell me,
'Bout the emperor's new clothes,
So I can help to hide the nakedness,
Should it be exposed.
Free trade, neo-liberalism,
Globalization,
Making everybody better off,
By giving power to the corporation.
Come and tell me what I need to know,
And help me to believe,
So I don't make a fool of myself,
When the emperor comes walking down the street.
So I don't make a fool of myself,
When the emperor comes walking down the street.
So I don't make a fool of myself,
When the emperor comes walking down the street.

(Album, The Power Is in Our Hands)

The Walls Go Up All Around Us (2001-054)

And the walls go up all around us,
As we speak of the freedom of trade.
And the walls go up all around us,
As we speak of the freedom of trade.
But the people gather in their thousands,
Saying we are not afraid.
Still the walls go up all around us,
As we speak of the freedom of trade.

Freedom for the rich and the privileged,
Freedom for capital.
Freedom for the rich and the privileged,
Freedom for capital.
But walls and enslavement for the rest of the world,
For all of the common people.
Freedom for the rich and the privileged,
Freedom for capital.

And the walls go up all around us,
As we speak of the freedom of trade.
Yeah the walls go up all around us,
As we speak of the freedom of trade.
But the people gather in their thousands,
Saying we are not afraid.
Still the walls go up all around us,
As we speak of the freedom of trade.

But somewhere deep down there's a vision,
Of the earth as a common treasury.
Somewhere deep down there's a vision,
Of the earth as a common treasury.
Where people everywhere and the biosphere,
Live in justice and harmony.
Somewhere deep down there's a vision,
Of the earth as a common treasury.

Still the walls go up all around us,
As we speak of the freedom of trade.
Yeah the walls go up all around us,
As we speak of the freedom of trade.
But the people gather in their thousands,
Saying we are not afraid.
Still the walls go up all around us,
As we speak of the freedom of trade.

One day we'll see the walls come down.
One day we'll see the walls come down.
One day, we'll see the walls come down.

One day we'll see the walls come down.
One day we'll see the walls come down.
One day, we'll see the walls come down.

One day we'll see the walls come down.

One day we'll see the walls come down.
One day, we'll see the walls come down.

One day we'll see the walls come down.
One day we'll see the walls come down.
One day, we'll see the walls come down.
One day, we'll see the walls come down.
Come down, come down. We'll see the walls come down.

(Album, The Power Is in Our Hands)

Only Democracies (2001-055)

Mr. Cretien said,
Only democracies, will be allowed inside.
Only democracies, as defined and seen,
Through the filter of corporation eyes.

Take the great democratic state,
Of Mr. Fox's Mexico.
Where you can lose your job, as a matter of routine,
For supporting an independent union, and away you go.

They made the workers run the gauntlet,
Playing loud rock music everywhere.
And without a secret ballot, only four brave workers,
Dared to cast a dissenting vote, yet they call it fair.

And Mr. Cretien said,
Only democracies, will be allowed inside.
Only democracies, as defined and seen,
Through the filter of corporation eyes.

Take a man like the ruler of Haiti,
Jean Bertrand Aristide.
A man who has been grounded in the principles,
Of liberation theology.

I was not too surprised to hear,
That he'd been told that his democracy,
Might stand on shaky ground.
Maybe next year they'll call him another Castro,
And maybe the year after that,
They'll send in the U.S. marines, to put him down.

But Mr. Cretien said,
Only democracies, will be allowed inside.
Only democracies, as defined and seen,
Through the filter of corporation eyes.

So you better build yourself, a free trade zone,
And buy yourself a nice sparkling factory.
And pay your workers, thirty cents an hour,
And fire and intimidate,
Those who choose to disagree.

Now you might be in violation,
Of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights.
But hay, you'll be a democracy, in Mr. Cretien’s eyes.
You'll be a democracy, in Mr. Cretien’s eyes.
You'll be a democracy, in Washington's eyes.
You'll be a democracy, in the corporations' eyes.

And that's all that matters, don't you know.
Just another morning, in the free trade zone.
Just another morning, in the free trade zone.

(Album, The Power Is in Our Hands)

I Am an Angel (2001-056)

I am an angel. You are my wings.
I am an angel. You are my wings.
I am a rainbow, shining the light in everything.
I am an angel. You are my wings.

I am a castle. You are the sky.
I am a castle. You are the sky.
I see a flock of seagulls.
May they fly freely. May they fly.
I am a castle. You are the sky.

I am an angel. You are my wings.
I am an angel. You are my wings.
I am a rainbow, shining the light in everything.
I am an angel. You are my wings.

I am a poem. You are the stone.
I am a poem. You are the stone.
My lyrics they come flowing,
Like a rushing river overtone.
I am a poem. You are the stone.

I am an angel. You are my wings.
I am an angel. You are my wings.
I am a rainbow, shining the light in everything.
I am an angel. You are my wings.

I am a cathedral. You are the choir.
I am a cathedral. You are the choir.
And the Gregorian quatrains echo,
Through the steeple spire.
I am a cathedral. You are the choir.

I am an angel. You are my wings.
I am an angel. You are my wings.
I am a rainbow, shining the light in everything.
I am an angel. You are my wings.

I am the night dance. You are the wind.
I am the night dance. You are the wind.
Carry me over houses,
Over forests where I've never been.
I am the night dance. You are the wind.

I am an angel. You are my wings.
I am an angel. You are my wings.
I am a rainbow, shining the light in everything.
I am an angel. You are my wings.

I am an angel. You are my wings.
I am an angel. You are my wings.
I am an angel. You are my wings.

(Album, The Power Is in Our Hands)

One Grain (2001-057)

One grain of sand, one drop of rain,
One gentle turn of the wheel.
One point in time, one fragile seed,
One question posed for real.

One quiet voice, one flash of light,
One revelation in song.
One restless dream, one sleepless night,
One figure praying at dawn.

One turning leaf, one shooting star,
One remembering wind.
One pounding drum, one beating heart,
One expression of love from a friend.

One story told, one hero grown,
One page of history burned.
One rising sun, one rising moan,
One thinker to ask what we've learned.

What was it for. What does it mean.
Where is it taking us now.
Who knows the why, of every unseen.
Who knows the where, when and how.
Who knows the where, when and how.

One grain of sand, one drop of rain,
One gentle turn of the wheel.
One point in time, one fragile seed,
One question posed for real.
One question posed for real.

(Album, The Power Is in Our Hands)

New Millennium (2001-058)

I remember who I was,
Where I was, where I was going to,
In those programmed days.
We thought that we would never grow up.
We thought that a nuclear bomb would fall,
And blow us all away.
Unlike some I marched in the streets,
Saying we refuse to test the cruise,
And we don't want to radiate.
Then we grew up to roam the world,
To ponder the meaning of it all,
And drift away our days,
In the planetary haze.

Now here we are, thirty something, in the new millennium.
Here we are, thirty something, in the new millennium.
And the image makers tell us, it's time to be moving on,
But here we are, thirty something, in the new millennium.

The iron curtain rumbled down,
But the corporate walls are rising still,
But some choose not to know.
Some drift along from job to job,
While some have found security,
And some still live at home.
They called us Generation X,
But now we're Generation Y,
Asking why the corporate complex cannot fall.
And then one day we turned around,
And woke to hear a country version,
Of Pink Floyd's "The Wall".
We were surprised it didn't drive us up the wall.

But here we are, thirty something, in the new millennium.
Here we are, thirty something, in the new millennium.
And the image makers tell us, it's time to be moving on,
But here we are, thirty something, in the new millennium.
Here we are, thirty something, in the new millennium.
But the image makers do not know, who we are, where we come from,
But here we are, thirty something, in the new millennium.
Here we are, thirty something, in the new millennium.

There's something we have found my friend, somewhere we have gone.
Here we are, thirty something, in the new millennium.
Here we are, thirty something, in the new millennium.
Here we are, thirty something, in the new millennium.
Here we are, thirty something, in the new millennium.
Millennium, millennium, millennium.

(Album, Millennium Village)

Proportional Representation (2001-059)

Be on the lookout, for proportional representation,
Comin' down strong, taking over the nation.
Be on the lookout, for proportional representation.

The plurality system,
We used to think was okay,
But now we've seen through it,
And we won't go away.
The principle of equality,
All covered in dust.
It's time for direction,
And democratic trust.

So be on the lookout, for proportional representation,
Comin' down strong, taking over the nation.
Be on the lookout, for proportional representation.

Democracy's a birth right,
For all women and men,
And every generation,
Has to win it again.
Parliamentary majorities,
Just lording it over us.
It's time for direction,
And democratic trust.

So be on the lookout, for proportional representation,
Comin' down strong, taking over the nation.
Be on the lookout, for proportional representation.

There is something twisted,
About a democracy,
Where you have to come first,
In your constituency,
Before you can have a single,
Parliamentary seat.
It's time to change the system.
That's how it seems to me.

So be on the lookout, for proportional representation,
Comin' down strong, taking over the nation.
Be on the lookout, for proportional representation.

In a proportional system,
Here's how it would be.
Whatever percent of the vote you get,
That's what you receive.
Ten or twenty or thirty percent,
That's your percentage of seats.
No more four year dictatorships,
With a small plurality.

So be on the lookout, for proportional representation,
Giving us all, a glimpse of liberation.

Be on the lookout, for proportional representation.

Be on the lookout, for proportional representation,
Comin' down strong, taking over the nation.
Be on the lookout, for proportional representation,
Giving us all, a glimpse of liberation.
Be on the lookout, for proportional representation,
Comin' down strong, taking over the nation.
Be on the lookout, for proportional representation.
Representation, representation, representation.

Be on the lookout, for proportional representation.

(Album, Millennium Village)

Diversity (2001-060)

Two men tending flowers,
Out in front of their home,
Where they'd lived as a couple,
For twenty-three years or so.
Then a new man just moved in,
From across the street comes by.
Says why don't you stop tending your flowers,
And get yourselves each a family and a wife.

But the two men had every right,
To live the way they were,
And help to make their neighbourhood,
A little more diverse.
And someone should have told,
That man across the street,
The world was made for everyone,
Whoever and however they might be.

Diversity, is movin' in.
Diversity, is movin' in.
Gotta learn to love that rainbow, and face it with a grin.
Diversity, is movin' in.

Black and brown and red and white,
Gay and straight and shades of bi.
Married, single, young and old,
Disabled and non-disabled.

Diversity, is movin' in.
Diversity, is movin' in.
Gotta learn to love that rainbow, and face it with a grin.
Diversity, is movin' in.

Now the friend of a friend in Calgary,
Says his opinion.
He blames the Liberals for inventing,
The hyphenated Canadian.
He thinks multi-culturalism's,
Gone too far.
I think to myself, should I tolerate,
This redneck with his canines and his cars.

Diversity, is movin' in.
Diversity, is movin' in.
Gotta learn to love that rainbow, and face it with a grin.
Diversity, is movin' in.

Hindu, Muslim, Christian, Sikh,
Wiccan, Taoist, Quaker Freak,
Carnivorous or vegetare.
Who's on top, why should I care.

Diversity, is movin' in.
Diversity, is movin' in.

Gotta learn to love that rainbow, and face it with a grin.
Diversity, is movin' in.

So the men can tend their flowers,
And the flowers they can bloom,
And the Alberta redneck,
Can have his point of view.
It takes all types to make a world.
We otta know by now.
The light shines in everyone.
Let's get together, build a future, free and proud.

Diversity, is movin' in.
Diversity, is movin' in.
Gotta learn to love that rainbow, and face it with a grin.
Diversity, is movin' in.

One person's sin is another's sacred truth.
There aint no point in hiding. Closets are for shoes.
And shoes were made for walkin', and not for steppin' on.
Get up and walk. There is no sin to be forgiven,
Only love to make us strong.

Diversity, is movin' in.
Diversity, is movin' in.
In your workplace, in your neighbourhood, among your kip and kin.
Diversity, is movin' in.
Diversity, is movin' in.
It's movin' in. It's movin' in. It's movin' in.

(Album, Millennium Village)

Ballad of the Argenta Friends (2001-061)

It was back in the 1950's world.
O people cry for freedom now.
With Joe McCarthy and a co-mmi-ttee,
On un-American activities.

Forgive them all. We were told,
Take the loyalty oath or you'll have to go.
There can be no reds in our schools they said.
But with the peace of God we will stand our ground,
Or make a run for a northern town.

They told every teacher in the USA.
O people cry for freedom now.
You must swear an oath of loyalty,
To the Pentagon's vision of democracy.

Forgive them all. We were told,
Take the loyalty oath or you'll have to go.
There can be no reds in our schools they said.
But with the peace of God we will stand our ground,
Or make a run for a northern town.

Quakerly teachers one and all.
O people cry for freedom now.
We are servants of the state, yes it is true,
But God's servants first in all we do.

Forgive them all. We were told,
Take the loyalty oath or you'll have to go.
There can be no reds in our schools they said.
But with the peace of God we will stand our ground,
Or make a run for a northern town.

The state apparatus rests its case.
O people cry for freedom now.
There can be no jobs for you who stand,
And speak of an inner light in this land.

Forgive them all. We were told,
Take the loyalty oath or you'll have to go.
There can be no reds in our schools they said.
But with the peace of God we will stand our ground,
Or make a run for a northern town.

So in 51 we sent our scouts.
O people cry for freedom now.
To find a place where we could be free,
Deep in the interior of B.C.

Forgive them all. We were told,
Take the loyalty oath or you'll have to go.
There can be no reds in our schools they said.
But with the peace of God we will stand our ground.
We'll see you in Argenta town.

Then in 52 our families came.
O people cry for freedom now.
To this land of mud and rain and trees,
Argenta our new home would be.

Forgive them all. We were told,
Take the loyalty oath or you'll have to go.
There can be no reds in our schools they said.
But with the peace of God we will stand our ground.
We'll see you in Argenta town.

In the years that followed we built a life.
O people cry for freedom now.
And a school to nurture the dignity,
And the inner spirit in you and me.

Forgive them all. We were told,
Take the loyalty oath or you'll have to go.
There can be no reds in our schools they said.
But with the peace of God we will stand our ground.
Spread the dream of peace and freedom 'round.

So new life sprouts from adversity.
O people cry for freedom now.
From the seed of fleeing the McCarthy zone,
Ten thousand Quaker oats have grown.

Forgive them all. We were told,
Take the loyalty oath or you'll have to go.
There can be no reds in our schools they said.
But with the peace of God we will stand our ground.
Spread the dream of peace and freedom 'round.

So here's to everyone young and old.
O people cry for freedom now.
Forgive the ones whom fear controls.
The only true freedom is in our souls.

Forgive them all. When you are told,
There's a loyalty oath that you must hold.
Every generation will have its reds.
But with the peace of God let us stand our ground,
And spread the dream of peace and freedom 'round.

(Album, Millennium Village)

Meteor Shower (2001-062)

Meteor shower,
May meteor shower,
Lighting up the springtime sky.
We call them shooting stars.
Meteor shower,
May meteor shower.

Tiny bits of dust and rock,
Orbiting around the sun,
Part of the Solar System, just as we are,
Left over from a comet, of a million years ago,
Or a tiny planet, that would not form.

Now they strike the ionosphere,
And the earth's atmosphere sets them aflame.
And we see meteor showers, from the ground.
And it reminds us of how, the sparkling cosmos,
Keeps on whirling around.

Meteor shower,
May meteor shower,
Lighting up the springtime sky.
We call them shooting stars.
Meteor shower,
May meteor shower.

And for the people on the ground,
We see the brightness spectacular, fantastic.
And some just feel entertained.
Wasn't that a sweet delight.
While some feel moved to write and sing,
Sing about the wonders of the cosmic night.
Tiny pieces of the universe give us light.
Tiny pieces of the universe, power and might.

Meteor shower,
May meteor shower,
Lighting up the springtime sky.
We call them shooting stars.
Meteor shower,
May meteor shower.
Meteor shower,
May meteor shower,

All the matter, of the universe,
It will shine. It will speak to us.
All the matter, of the universe,
It will shine. It will speak to us.
All the matter, of the universe,
It will shine. It will speak to us.
Universe. Speak to us.
Universe. Speak to us.

Universe. Speak to us.
Universe. Speak to us.

(Album, Millennium Village)

One in the Living Spirit (2001-063)

I wanna be a Quaker Buddhist.
I wanna be a Quaker Buddhist.
Chanting om and living like a nudist,
Early in the morning.

We are one in the living spirit.
We are one in the living spirit.
We are one in the living spirit,
Early in the morning.

I wanna be a Quaker Wiccan.
I wanna be a Quaker Wiccan.
Offer Artemis up a chicken,
Early in the morning.

We are one in the living spirit.
We are one in the living spirit.
We are one in the living spirit,
Early in the morning.

I wanna be a Quaker Taoist.
I wanna be a Quaker Taoist.
Welcome every crypto-Maoist,
Early in the morning.

We are one in the living spirit.
We are one in the living spirit.
We are one in the living spirit,
Early in the morning.

Let's be led into peaceful battle.
Let's be led into peaceful battle,
By the warrior friends of Sappho,
Early in the morning.

We are one in the living spirit.
We are one in the living spirit.
We are one in the living spirit,
Early in the morning.

Proud to be universalistic,
Proud to be universalist,
Diversity is food for the mystic,
Early in the morning.

We are one in the living spirit.
We are one in the living spirit.
We are one in the living spirit,
Early in the morning.

We are children of Mother Gaia.
We are children of Mother Gaia.
Who wants a one big true messiah,
Early in the morning.

We are one in the living spirit.
We are one in the living spirit.
We are one in the living spirit,
Early in the morning.

May Quakerly salt never lose its flavour.
Quakerly salt never lose its flavour.
A love for all is our only saviour,
Early in the morning.

We are one in the living spirit.
We are one in the living spirit.
We are one in the living spirit,
Early in the morning.

We are one in the living spirit.
We are one in the living spirit.
We are one in the living spirit,
Early in the morning.

(Album, Millennium Village)

It Is Raining (2001-064)

It is raining. It is raining.
It is raining. It is raining.
It is raining. It is raining.
And it is raining. And it is raining.

It is morning, and it's still raining.
It is afternoon, and it's still raining.
It is twilight now, and it's still raining.
It is midnight now, and it's still raining.

Once I was young, and full of hopes and dreams,
And then one day my friend, it started raining.
And I saw through the walls, through the paper schemes,
And it was raining, and it's still raining.

I am walking, in my neighbourhood,
And it is raining. It's still raining.
I am singing, a poem to myself,
And it is raining, and it's still raining.

It is morning, and it's still raining.
It is afternoon, and it's still raining.
It is twilight now, and it's still raining.
It is midnight now, and it's still raining.

It's still raining. It's still raining.
It's still raining. And it's still raining.
It's still raining. And it's still raining.
It's still raining. It's still raining.

(Album, Millennium Village)

Give Me an Altar (2001-065)

The Mr. preacher men,
With their snake oil Bibles,
Rumble down along the avenue.
They are all one in Christ,
Yet they are rivals.
Which one of them was it rolled away the tomb.

Selling cure all doctrines,
Of true salvation,
Saying they will take you, set your spirit right.
No need to question now,
Or make observations.
Only believe, the true disciples cry.

Give me an altar to worship at.
Give me a god to believe in.
Give me a faith to fill my day,
And I'll surrender my freedom.
And I'll surrender my freedom.

The doorbell rings one day,
When I am lonely.
The Jehovah's Witnesses have a message for me.
It would be so easy I think,
To lose my only,
Individuated self, amid this swarm of bees.

But I say no to them,
Like twenty times before,
Tell them I'm not interested, please let me be.
And I breathe a sigh of relief,
As I have slammed the door.
I might be lonely, but you will not get me.

Give me an altar to worship at.
Give me a god to believe in.
Give me a faith to fill my day,
And I'll surrender my freedom.
And I'll surrender my freedom.

I've known many who,
Let themselves be swept away,
For the fear of living in a lonely world.
Joined the religion,
The crowds and company,
But I don't think they ever found the pearl.

The pearl of freedom,
The pearl of community,
Must be dreamed and thought and fought and struggled for.
Where's the freedom of thought my friend.
Where's the equality.
Only promises of Heaven on a golden shore.

Give me an altar to worship at.
Give me a god to believe in.
Give me a faith to fill my day,
And I'll surrender my freedom.
And I'll surrender my freedom.

Give me an altar to worship at.
Give me a god to believe in.
Give me a faith to fill my day,
And I'll surrender my freedom.
And I'll surrender my freedom.
And I'll surrender my freedom.
And I'll surrender my freedom.

(Album, Millennium Village)

Friday Evening (2001-066)

I love the rain, that's falling everywhere.
I love the rain, that's falling everywhere.
Mingles with the moisture, in my mind and in my hair.
I love the rain, that's falling everywhere.

I love the dream, and the darkness of the trees.
I love the dream, and the darkness of the trees.
The forest is an ocean, waves rushing over me.
I love the dream, and the darkness of the trees.

Friday evening's comin' down.
We're gonna rock this prairie town.
Friday evening's comin' down comin' down.
We're gonna rock this prairie town.
Gonna rock this prairie town.

I love the song, that's beating in our souls.
I love the song, that's beating in our souls.
And the pianos fall from heaven, as the moon shines full.
I love the song, that's beating in our souls.

I love the bard, who whispers gentle verse.
I love the bard, who whispers gentle verse.
And the lamp posts bend their ears, to hear the sweet subversive words.
I love the bard, who whispers gentle verse.

Friday evening's comin' down.
We're gonna rock this prairie town.
Friday evening's comin' down comin' down.
Gonna rock this prairie town.
Gonna rock this prairie town.

I love the spirit, swimming in a glass.
I love the spirit, swimming in a glass.
When the rolling hills grow old, and I run out of gas.
I love the spirit, swimming in a glass.

I love the mind, who made the universe.
I love the mind, who made the universe.
Pray tell what were you thinking, when you made us who we were.
I love the mind, who made the universe.

Friday evening's comin' down.
We're gonna rock this prairie town.
Friday evening's comin' down comin' down.
We're gonna rock this prairie town.
Gonna rock this prairie town.

Friday evening's comin' down.
We're gonna rock this prairie town.
Friday evening's comin' down comin' down.
We're gonna rock this prairie town.
Gonna rock this prairie town.
We're gonna rock this prairie town.

Friday evening's comin' down.
We're gonna rock this prairie town.
Friday evening's comin' down.
We're gonna rock this prairie town.

(Album, Millennium Village)

The Alternative (2001-067)

There is no alternative.
There is no alternative.
Freedom dies. Oppression lives.
There is no alternative.

There is no alternative.
There is no alternative.
We've given all we have to give.
There is no alternative.

Margaret Thatcher said it first,
To justify the plans of her's,
To do away with every decency,
And set the corporate monsters free.

Now it's been said by everyone,
From Tony Blair to Jean Cretien.
They seem to like that little line,
The four big letters of our time.

T. I. N. A.
What more do we have to say.
T. I. N. A.
There simply is no other way.

There is no alternative.
There is no alternative.
Freedom dies. Oppression lives.
There is no alternative.

There is no alternative.
There is no alternative.
We've given all we have to give.
There is no alternative.

They say it as they globalize,
Hoping we will close our eyes,
And follow meekly with blind faith,
Down the garden path that they have made.

But those who remember know,
That there are other ways to go.
There's a million other ways to be,
Respecting human dignity.

And building a sustainable Earth,
Where every creature knows its worth,
Where money's kept to the margins and,
Life is at the center, of this and every land.

So don't be bought off by the lie,
T. I. N. A. one day will die.
The alternatives will flourish everywhere,
In a world with life and wealth to share.

So let the alternatives live.
Let the alternatives live.
Let the alternatives live.

Let the alternatives live.
Let the alternatives live.
Let the alternatives live.

Let the alternatives live.
Let the alternatives live.
Let the alternatives live.

Let the alternatives live.
Let the alternatives live.
Let the alternatives live.

Let the alternatives live.

(Album, Millennium Village)

Too Late To Read The Riot Act (2001-068)

It's too late to read the riot act,
For the riot has begun.
It's too late to seek concessions,
There is no more to be won.
No more time to enjoy the scenery.
No more time for having fun.
This is war now.
This is battle.
We must wait till all is done.
This is war now.
This is battle.
We must wait till all is done.

And the wheels of war will turn
And the battle will commence.
There can be no turning back my friends.
No shelter.
No defence.
In the end we will discover who is foe and who is friend.
We will have grown.
We will all be wiser in the end, in the end.
We will have grown.
We will all be wiser in the end, in the end.

Once the ruling class, they smiled at us
And said how nice we were.
They flattered us.
They hired us,
Trying to detour.
To detour the inevitable knowledge,
That everyone one day must learn,
That we are the conquered who refuse to die,
And they are the conquerors.
We are the conquered who refuse to die
And they are the conquerors.
But we are rising.
We are rising.

Like the first rays of the sun on the horizon,
We are rising.
We are rising
Like the first rays of the sun on the horizon.

It's too late to read the riot act,
For the riot has begun.
It's too late to seek concessions.
There is no more to be won.
No more time to enjoy the scenery.
No more time for having fun.
This is war now.
This is battle.
We must wait till all is done
This is war now
This is battle

We must wait till all is done.
We are the revolution.
We are the revolution.
We are the revolution.
We are the revolution.

Whose revolution?
Whose brave new world?
Our revolution.
Let it all unfurl.
Whose revolution?
Whose brave new world?
Our revolution.
Let it all unfurl.
We are the revolution.
We are the revolution.
We are the revolution.
We are the revolution.

It’s too late to read the riot act.
The revolution has begun.
The revolution has begun.

(Album, Grain Of Sand)

Song for a Tear Gas Democracy (2001-069)

This is a song for the tens of thousands,
Men and women, young and old,
Who made their way to Quebec City
To tell a tale that must be told.
To speak about the corporate powers,
Stand before the iron heel,
Breathe the tear gas in the air
And learn how a water cannon feels
And raise their voices in a tear gas democracy.

The thousands came from near and far
With banners, drums and vinegar,
First aid kits and legal council,
Ready for battle in a battle zone.
"But this is Canada" some would say,
Things surely cannot go too far,
But all the same we are prepared
To stand our ground in the streets we call our own,
But were we ready for a tear gas democracy?
Were we ready for a tear gas democracy?

The police forces they came down,
Through the fence and down the road,
Marching in their iron-clad formations
Legions of death from another globe.
They threw their tear gas canisters
At the feet of peaceful innocents;
The brave ones threw the canisters back
Through the clouds and over the fence.
This was battle in a tear gas democracy.

Search and destroy was the police mission
With their rubber bullets and their mass arrests,
Arresting members of the legal team
And medics so there would be no place to rest.
It was one more battle in a bloody class war
As they reigned reality from above,
Knock out the gentle infrastructures
Of the movement we have come to love.
These were the poundings of a tear gas democracy.
These are the poundings of a tear gas democracy.

And when the night had turned to morning
Something had changed inside us all.
The innocence we thought we'd had
Shattered by a battle and a chain-link wall,
By the sting of tear gas in our eyes
The mass arrests and the cattle prods
And a gunpoint raid by the police
On the medical center late Saturday eve.
These were the workings of a tear gas democracy.
These are the workings of a tear gas democracy.

So tell your message to the world,

East and west and everywhere,
We are only as free as we fight to be,
But something is rising in the air.
A people's future on the breeze
Being built and being dreamed,
The Sun is rising in the sky;
The Sun is shining on you and me,
Above the clouds of this tear gas democracy
Above the clouds of this tear gas democracy.

So this is a song for the tens of thousands,
Men and women, young and old,
Who made their way to Quebec City
To tell a tale that must be told.
O carry on, fight on my friends.
You are one but there are millions more,
Who feel the same way that you do.
Utopia's shore is not so far.
We can see it through the tear gas democracy
Through the tears of this tear gas democracy,
Through the bullets of this plastic bullet democracy
Through the cannons of this water cannon democracy.
We are rising in this tear gas democracy.
We are living in a tear gas democracy.
We are living in a tear gas democracy.

(Album, Millennium Village)

I Am Suspended (2001-070)

I am suspended, between Earth and Heaven.
I am suspended, between Earth and Heaven.
I am a river, rushing on forever.
I am suspended, between Earth and Heaven.

I am the radiai, from the Point Imperium.
I am the radiai, from the Point Imperium.
Don't try to touch me, in my delirium.
I am the radiai, from the Point Imperium.

In love and liberty, embracing light and darkness.
In love and liberty, embracing light and darkness.
And the universe is full, of birdsong and star-song.
In love and liberty, embracing light and darkness.

Don't try to find me. Don't try to reach me.
Don't try to find me. Don't try to reach me.
Only the dolphins, and the sky can teach me.
Don't try to find me. Don't try to reach me.

I am suspended, between Earth and Heaven.
I am suspended, between Earth and Heaven.
I am a river, rushing on forever.
I am suspended, between Earth and Heaven.
I am suspended, between Earth and Heaven.
Between Earth and Heaven,
Between Earth and Heaven.

(Album, Millennium Village)

Song for Herb and Rain (2001-071)

Herb Carnegie, was a young man with a dream,
Playing hockey in the juniors in the forties.
His dream was to play in the NHL one day,
But human attitude would tell another story.
Human attitude would tell another story.

Herb could shoot and score as well,
As any hockey player of his generation.
But Herb was a black man, was no politician,
But he learned the word discrimination.
He learned the word discrimination.

The NHL was a white man's game,
Whiter than the ice and the snow.
And the man called Smite said, if I could make him white,
I would draft Herb in a moment, I'll have you know.
I would draft Herb in a moment, I'll have you know.

Year after year, through the scoring and the cheers,
Herb tried to keep his dream alive,
But Jim Crow reigned at the good old hockey game,
Til he skated his way right out of time.
He skated his way right out of time.

Then Jacky Robinson cracked that ball.
Dr. King said I have a dream.
Bob Dylan said the times are a changing,
And change has come or so it seems.
And change has come or so it seems.

Some fifty years have come and gone.
There are still many things to rearrange.
But the chance that a dream may come to be,
No longer seems so strange,
No longer seems so strange.

Now Herb is eighty-one, his sight completely gone.
Still he comes to the game and gives them hell.
But his dream lives on in his proud grand son,
Who's been drafted to the OHL,
Who's been drafted to the OHL.

His grandson Rain is a proud sixteen,
Been playing hockey since the age of five,
When his grandpa called up on his birthday,
Said how'd you like to go skating on some ice.
How'd you like to go skating on some ice.

O the wheels of justice, time and hope,
May turn as slowly as our lives.
But a dream may be fulfilled one day,
If we dare to hope and strive,
If we dare to hope and strive.

Herb's grandson Rain may one day play,
In the NHL my friends.
And grandpa Herb will stand and cheer,
And his dream will live in the end.
And his dream will live in the end.

So shoot and score, and take the puck once more.
Play the game. Play the game.
When you hear the crowd roar, know what you're playing for.
Play the game. Play the game.

Play the game. Play the game.
Play the game. Play the game.
Play the game. Play the game.
Play the game.

So shoot and score, and take the puck once more.
Play the game. Play the game.
When you hear the crowd roar, know what you're playin' for.
Play the game. Play the game.

Play the game. Play the game.
Play the game. Play the game.
Play the game. Play the game.
Play the game.

(Album, Millennium Village)

Let Us Dance (2001-072)

Sister Earth, Brother Sky,
Mother Ocean, Father Tide.
Sister Moon, Brother Sun,
Mother River, rushing on.

Father Forest, Grandmother Rain,
Grandfather Wind, comes again.
Brother Oak Tree, Sister Pine,
Mother Space, Father Time.

Brother Story, Sister Song,
Let us dance, and carry on.
Let us dance. Let us dance.
Let us dance. Let us dance. Let us dance.

Sister Earth, Brother Sky,
Mother Ocean, Father Tide.
Sister Moon, Brother Sun,
Mother River, rushing on.

Father Forest, Grandmother Rain,
Grandfather Wind, comes again.
Brother Oak Tree, Sister Pine,
Mother Space, Father Time.

Brother Story, Sister Song,
Let us dance. Let us carry on.
Let us dance. Let us dance.
Let us dance. Let us dance. Let us dance.

Spiraling world, surging life,
Freedom energy, turning light.
Flowering cosmos, gentle love,
From below, and from above.

Spiraling world, surging life,
Freedom energy, turning light.
Flowering cosmos, gentle love,
From below, and from above.

Let us dance. Let us dance.
Let us dance. Let us dance. Let us dance.
Let us dance. Let us dance. Let us dance.

(Album, Millennium Village)

Wild People (2001-073)

Wild people gonna go wild.
Wild people gonna go wild.
Wild people gonna go wild wild wild.
Wild people gonna go wild.

We are the earthy people. We are the star people.
We are creatures of the dawn.
We are the ocean people. We are the mind people.
You'll look for us but we'll be gone.

Wild people gonna go wild.
Wild people gonna go wild.
Wild people gonna go wild wild wild.
Wild people gonna go wild.

We are the sand people. We are the wind people.
We are walking to the sea.
We are the forest people. We are the river people.
We know where it is we wish to be.

Wild people gonna go wild.
Wild people gonna go wild.
Wild people gonna go wild wild wild.
Wild people gonna go wild.

We are the song people. We are the vision people.
Everywhere we go we find our home.
We are the living people. We are the action people.
In this universe we'll never be alone.

Wild people gonna go wild.
Wild people gonna go wild.
Wild people gonna go wild wild wild.
Wild people gonna go wild.

We are the earthy people. We are the star people.
We are creatures of the dawn.
We are the ocean people. We are the mind people.
You'll look for us but we'll be gone.

Wild people gonna go wild.
Wild people gonna go wild.
Wild people gonna go wild wild wild.
Wild people gonna go wild.

Wild people gonna go wild.
Wild people gonna go wild.
Wild people gonna go wild wild wild.
Wild people gonna go wild.

Wild people gonna go wild.
Wild people gonna go wild.
Wild people gonna go wild.
Wild people gonna go wild.

Gonna go wild.

(Album, Millennium Village)

On the Day I was Born (2001-074)

On the day I was born,
The wind blew ten directions,
Without inhibitions,
And told me my name.
And it told me that love,
Is a gift and a vision,
And to share it with all those,
Who travel my way.

Once I met a bard,
On a bright shining morning,
With the sunlight reflecting,
On an echoing green.
Once I met a woman,
On a dark sensuous evening,
Who held me and took me,
Where I'd never been.

On the day I was born,
The wind blew ten directions,
Without inhibitions,
And gave me my soul.
And in the blue of the sky,
These words they were written.
Be open to all,
If you want to stay whole.

Be open to every,
Part of your being,
Each part of the cosmos,
Each shimmering sphere.
Be open to love.
Be open to feeling.
Dare to learn more,
With each turning wheel year.

On the day I was born,
The wind blew ten directions,
Without inhibitions,
And told me my name.
It told me this life,
Comes in many dimensions,
A gift from the maker,
That can never be tamed.

Sometimes I will journey,
With the dreamers of winter,
The seekers of clarity,
Everywhere.
Sometimes I'll make love,
With the summer wind blowing,
And the rain falling gently,
And mist in the air.

On the day I was born,
The wind blew ten directions,
Without inhibitions,
And told me my name.
And on the day that I die,
I will fly to the heavens.
In love joy and freedom,
My soul will exclaim.

Somewhere in this moment,
The spirits are dancing,
In the pulse of the eye,
Of a great hurricane.
And somewhere tomorrow,
Our hearts will be laughing,
As the song of our lives,
Is remembered again.

Love is the anthem.
Life is the meaning.
Hope is the poem,
That sings in our souls.
Truth is the gesture,
That beckons us onward,
To envision a future,
A moment made whole.

Truth is the gesture,
That beckons us onward,
To envision a future,
A moment made whole.

On the day I was born,
The wind blew ten directions,
Without inhibitions,
And told me my name.
And it told me that love,
Is a gift and a vision,
And to share it with all those,
Who travel my way.

And it told me that love,
Is a gift and a vision,
And to share it with all those,
Who travel my way.

(Album, Of Free and Peaceful Spirits)

Love with a Little Deconstruction (2001-075)

Love will feel the beauty,
That shines at the heart of the universe,
The pulsating energy,
Bringing freedom and life to everyone of us.
Love will give us hope,
In the dark and clouds of midnight,
That we will live to feel the morning sun.
But it will take a little more,
If we're gonna tear down the idols,
And see through the charade,
Til the moment when the battle's won.
It will take a little more,
If we're gonna tear down the idols,
And see through the charade,
Til the moment when the battle's won.

It's gonna take love with a little deconstruction.
Love with a little deconstruction,
Love with a little deconstruction, on our minds.
Love with a little deconstruction,
Love with a little deconstruction,
Love with a little deconstruction, on our minds.

The deconstructionist will tell you,
What the system is and how the system runs.
And sometimes it will seem, almost impossible,
That the big machine could ever be overcome.
We know the circuitry, and the illusion-makers,
But the people just keep marching on.
Marching to a faceless drummer, who smiles and says,
You're never gonna see the dawn.
Marching to a faceless drummer, who smiles and says,
You're never gonna see the dawn.

We need love with a little deconstruction.
Love with a little deconstruction,
Love with a little deconstruction, on our minds.
Love with a little deconstruction,
Love with a little deconstruction,
Love with a little deconstruction, on our minds.

So take the spark of love, the deep well of energy,
That rises from the cosmic spring.
Let it shine in our hearts and souls,
In the trees and in the sunsets, and in everything.
Take that spark of love. Shape it and point it,
Like an analytical laser beam.
Tear down the idols. Tear down the coliseum.
Turn the world into the world of our hopes and dreams.
Tear down the idols. Tear down the coliseum.
Turn the world into the world of our hopes and dreams.

Call it love with a little deconstruction.
Love with a little deconstruction,

Love with a little deconstruction, on our minds.
Love with a little deconstruction,
Love with a little deconstruction,
Love with a little deconstruction, on our minds.

Love with a little deconstruction,
Love with a little deconstruction,
Love with a little deconstruction, on our minds.
Love with a little deconstruction,
Love with a little deconstruction,
Love with a little deconstruction, on our minds.

Love with a little deconstruction, on our minds.

(Album, Of Free and Peaceful Spirits)

Great Christ of the Universe (2001-076)

Calling spirits, far and near,
From every planet, in the cosmosphere.
Galactic arms reaching, out into space,
To every heart moved, by the thrust of grace.

Galaxies turn, in a hundred million years.
Starlight shimmers like, splinter of tears.
Ten trillion minds, speak with one voice.
May every fiber in the universe rejoice.

Great Christ of the universe.
Great Christ of the universe.
Holy lantern in all of us.
Great Christ of the universe.

Christ has come, in every heart,
In every nebula, in every star.
And life evolves, in a quintillion ways,
In every nook and chasm, of time and space.

Beating hearts and, beating drums,
Stuff of soul in, everyone.
Feel the wind of, ten million suns.
You think it's over. It's just begun.

Great Christ of the universe.
Great Christ of the universe.
Holy lantern in all of us.
Great Christ of the universe.
Great Christ of the universe.
Great Christ of the universe.
Holy lantern in all of us.
Great Christ of the universe.

Not just one man, who walked this earth,
Told every human soul, of its true worth.
But holy spirit, cascading down,
Down through the eons, to here and now.

Living word and, living truth,
Lord of our final hour, lord of our youth.
Quasars shine and, comets yearn.
So all the universe, one day returns.

Great Christ of the universe.
Great Christ of the universe.
Holy lantern in all of us.
Great Christ of the universe.
Great Christ of the universe.
Great Christ of the universe.
Holy lantern in all of us.
Great Christ of the universe.

So rock the cosmos, with your song.

When the road of time, seems too long.
Feel the whispered, break of dawn.
Give us the spirit courage, to carry on.

Child of God in, every soul,
Set us free and, make us whole.
Children of the, universe,
Touching depth of sky, touching earth.

Great Christ of the universe.
Great Christ of the universe.
Holy lantern in all of us.
Great Christ of the universe.
Great Christ of the universe.
Great Christ of the universe.
Holy lantern in all of us.
Great Christ of the universe.
Great Christ of the universe.
Great Christ of the universe.
Great Christ of the universe.

(Album, Millennium Village)

There's a Lamp on the Hill (2001-077)

There's a lamp on the hill,
Shining through the night.
There's a lamp on the hill,
For the thousands who've died.
There's a spirit in our hearts,
You can't kill, you can't kill.
We will see your system tumble down.
We will see this old world turn around.
There's a lamp on the hill.

There's a lamp on the hill,
Shining through the night.
There's a lamp on the hill,
For the millions who've died.
There's a spirit in our hearts,
Carry on. Carry on.
We will see a world of justice and peace,
Where all people shall be free.
There's a lamp on the hill.
There's a lamp on the hill.

There's a spirit in our hearts,
Ever more, ever more.
We will build that world of justice and peace,
Where all people shall be free.
There's a lamp on the hill.
There's a lamp on the hill.
There's a lamp on the hill.
There's a lamp on the hill.
There's a lamp on the hill.

(Album, Millennium Village)

Shalom (2001-078)

May we live to be children of shalom,
As we walk upon the earth our home.
May we greet every creature that we meet,
With a love that flows from gentle peace.
Live in peace, shalom.

Walk cheerfully upon the earth my friend,
Through the twistings, the turnings and the bends.
Answer that of God in everyone,
In the rising and the setting of the sun.
Live in peace, shalom.

Though the night may find us far from home,
We will never be alone,
If we dwell in God's shalom.
Live in peace, shalom.

Feel the wind. Touch the soil and gentle stone,
With our flesh and blood and bone.
May we live in peace, shalom.
Live in peace, shalom.

God who is the maker of all things,
Has called us all to dwell in living springs.
To know all the earth as sacred ground,
Touch the pulse of creation turning 'round.
Live in peace, shalom.

May the peace of the light we sense within,
Touch the world as time is wearing thin.
May a peace with justice come to be,
In a world infused with love's divinity.
Live in peace, shalom.

Though the night may find us far from home,
We will never be alone,
If we dwell in God's shalom.
Live in peace, shalom.

Feel the wind. Touch the soil and gentle stone,
With our flesh and blood and bone.
May we live in peace, shalom.
Live in peace, shalom.

Though the night may find us far from home,
We will never be alone,
If we dwell in God's shalom.
Live in peace, shalom.

Feel the wind. Touch the soil and gentle stone,
With our flesh and blood and bone.
May we live in peace, shalom.
Live in peace, shalom.

May we never be alone,
Here on Earth our island home.
May we live in peace, shalom.
Live in peace, shalom.

May we never be alone,
Here on Earth our island home.
May we dwell in God's shalom.
Live in peace, shalom.

Shalom, shalom, shalom.
Live in peace, shalom.

(Album, Millennium Village)

The Three Old Men (2001-079)

There were three old men,
Rumoured to be wise,
Said to be living,
On a blessed misty isle.
Three old men,
Keepers of a way,
A way of their own,
But a way of truth just the same.

O the three men lived,
On an island in the sea,
Far away from the centers,
Of society.
One day a ship was passing,
Near the island where they were,
And on board was a bishop,
Of the One Imperial Church.

And the sailors told the bishop,
About the three old men.
The bishop said, "Let us stop,
And visit the island.".
On the isle they found the men,
Who spent their time in prayer,
Praying to the God,
Of all people everywhere.

They spoke the words they used,
To address the deity,
Saying simply, "We are three,
And ye are three.".
And the bishop said,
Quite contemptuously,
"It appears you have heard,
Of the Holy Trinity,

But in this world,
There's only one true way to pray,
So listen while I teach you,
The only proper way."
And he taught them the "Our Father",
And went through it several times,
To be sure the three old men,
Got it through their feeble minds.

And the bishop left the island,
Satisfied that he,
Had converted the old men,
To Christianity.
And the ship set sail,
And continued on its way,
An empire to visit,
Tomorrow another day.

But later on that night,
From across the rolling sea,
The sailors saw a light,
Coming toward them so it seemed.
As the light came closer,
The bishop crossed himself.
Could it be a spirit of Heaven,
Could it be a fiend from Hell.

They could make out three figures,
As the light drew near.
As it drew up along side,
The three old men shone clear.
"Dear Bishop we have come.
We have traveled all this way.
We've forgotten the words,
That you taught us to pray.

Please teach us once again,
That we may pray anew,
And pray, dear Sir,
As you instructed us to do."
But the bishop said, "Good friends,
You are more blessed men than I.
Pray as you choose,
To the God of Earth and Sky.

For God is surely with you,
However you may pray,
Wherever you may worship,
In your own gentle way.".
And the three old men departed,
And the ship went on its way,
But it seemed that something great,
Yet unnamable had changed.

For if the Spirit of Creator,
Dwells in everyone,
We all must be a-shining,
As brightly as the sun.
No one can claim an ownership,
Or a monopoly,
Upon the Blessed Spirit.
It must be forever free.

So worship, live and play,
Wherever you may be,
However you may come,
To the true Divinity.
Worship, live and play,
Wherever you may be,
However you may come,
To the true Divinity.

There were three old men,

Rumoured to be wise,
Said to be living,
On a blessed misty isle.
Three old men,
Keepers of a way,
A way of their own,
But a way of truth just the same.
A way of their own,
But a way of truth just the same.

(Album, Earth and Sky)

The Hummingbird (2001-080)

A monk went out one morning bright,
With the sun high in the sky.
He heard the song of a hummingbird,
And he followed by and by.

The song the hummingbird sang was sweet,
Its feathers beautiful.
He followed the hummingbird tree by tree,
Felt a flowering in his soul.

He followed the gentle hummingbird,
Across the morning green,
Past forest groves and crystal ponds,
And down along trickling streams.

The sun traveled high across the sky,
And began to sink west-ward,
But the monk barely noticed the passing of time,
For the song of the hummingbird.

The sun was sinking in the west,
When the monk finally returned,
After having spent such a peaceful day,
Having grown and having learned.

As the monk approached the monastery door,
He was surprised how things had changed.
There were monks he had never seen before,
And they looked at him kind of strange.

He spoke to the father superior then,
And told him of his name.
The monks had never heard of him,
But they welcomed him all the same.

He was ushered in to the chapel then,
While the father superior slipped away.
Then the father superior returned and said,
There is something I have to say.

We have a record in our archives,
Of a monk by your name who was known.
That monk he wandered off one day.
That was two hundred years ago.

A blissful day in mindful peace,
With the hummingbird's sweet song,
Had carried the monk two centuries,
While the rest of the world rumbled on.

Then the monk fell dead upon the floor,
For now he knew it all.
The hummingbird was an angel of God.
Its song had been his call.

O the monk fell dead upon the floor,
For now he knew it all.
The hummingbird was an angel of God.
Its song had been his call.

(Album, Starship Revolution)

Shaggy Shaggy (2001-081)

I've got a shaggy shaggy beard, and a shaggy shaggy shaggy mind.
I've got a shaggy shaggy beard, and a shaggy shaggy shaggy mind.
And whatever you be doin' Babe, that will be just fine.
Whatever you be doin' Babe, that will be just fine.

I've got a shaggy shaggy lawn, and a shaggy shaggy shaggy tree.
Got a shaggy shaggy lawn, and a shaggy shaggy shaggy tree.
If you wanna shake my tree, well Babe that'll be all right with me.
If you wanna shake my tree, well Babe that'll be all right with me.

Shaggy shaggy, shaggy shaggy.

I'm a shaggy shaggy bear, got a shaggy shaggy shaggy layer.
I'm a shaggy shaggy bear. I've got a shaggy shaggy shaggy layer.
And there's lots of room for you.
Yeah there's lots of shaggy room to share.
Yeah there's lots of room for you. lots of shaggy room to share.

We are shaggy shaggy people, and we're workin' for a shaggy Earth.
We are shaggy shaggy people, and we're workin' for a shaggy Earth.
We're gonna have a shaggy shaggy time, with lots of shaggy mirth.
We'll have a shaggy shaggy time, with lots of shaggy shaggy shaggy mirth.

I've got a shaggy shaggy beard, and a shaggy shaggy shaggy mind.
I've got a shaggy shaggy beard, and a shaggy shaggy shaggy mind.
And whatever you be doin' Babe, that will be just fine.
Whatever you be doin' Babe, that will be just fine.

Shaggy shaggy, shaggy shaggy.
Shaggy shaggy, shaggy shaggy.
Shaggy shaggy, shaggy shaggy.
Shaggy shaggy.

(Album, Of Free and Peaceful Spirits)

Some Were Following Orders (2001-082)

O the wiggy wag world that I come from,
Was a planet that loved to smile.
A world of abundant distractions,
A planet of abundant denial.
We spent billions on blockbuster movies,
Of fantasy, love pain and fear.
Billions on arms, commercials and charms,
Taunting each ghost to appear.

And some were following orders,
And some were following trends.
And some were choosing sweet silence,
But silence speaks louder than words in the end.
And some were manning the keyboards,
And some were stroking the pens.
And some were printing out paper,
But paper will not save you in the end.
No paper will not save you in the end.

'Twas a world of six billion sweet spirits,
Locked in a symmetry dance,
Where poverty mirrored the poverty,
And death was the name of the trance.
Empty souls, empty tables,
Broken minds, broken dreams.
And flowers for the rebels who refused to bend,
Who were shattered by the infinity-making machine.

And some were following orders,
And some were following trends.
And some were choosing sweet silence,
But silence speaks louder than words in the end.
And some were manning the keyboards,
And some were stroking the pens.
And some were printing out paper,
But paper will not save you in the end.
No paper will not save you in the end.

O this wiggy wag world had its critics,
Its heretics, poets and saints.
Who painted their own bloody pictures,
Using their own kind of paint.
There was blood in the sky and blood in the sea,
Blood in the forests and streams.
'Cause none could escape the bludgeon,
Yielded by the leader of the football team.

And some were following orders,
And some were following trends.
And some were choosing sweet silence,
But silence speaks louder than words in the end.
And some were manning the keyboards,
And some were stroking the pens.
And some were printing out paper,

But paper will not save you in the end.
No paper will not save you in the end.

And the waitress turned to the death squad,
As her mini skirt flapped in the breeze.
"I will give you the names and locations,
Of the rebels who sleep in the trees."
Every death squad man he had had her,
And he had her a hundred times more.
But did she hear the screams from the chamber,
Or notice the traces of blood on the floor.

And some were following orders,
And some were following trends.
And some were choosing sweet silence,
But silence speaks louder than words in the end.
And some were manning the keyboards,
And some were stroking the pens.
And some were printing out paper,
But paper will not save you in the end.
No paper will not save you in the end.

And some were manning the keyboards,
And some were stroking the pens.
And some were printing out paper,
But paper will not save you in the end.
No paper will not save you in the end.
Paper will not save you in the end.

(Album, Of Free and Peaceful Spirits)

Truckers in the Night (2001-083)

An activist went riding out,
One dark and windy eve,
Believing she could change the world,
And daring to believe.
When all at once she heard a roar,
From somewhere down the road.
Truckers of the yellowcake,
Hard driving with their load.

238, 235,
Truckers in the night.

Their wheels they were on fire,
And their truck cabs were aglow.
Covered in flashing radioactive,
Signs from head to toe.
Their tail lights were laser beams,
Piercing through the night.
And as the trucks went roaring by,
She heard their mournful cry.

238, 235,
Truckers in the night.

We bring our load from far away,
From North Saskatchewan,
To serve the power companies,
And please the Pentagon.
We are building Armageddon,
From Oak Ridge to Rocky Flats,
Truckers of the atom war,
We zoom by in a flash.

238, 235,
Truckers in the night.

There is no peaceful atom,
You ought to know by now.
There's only a nuclear industry,
That's like a sacred cow.
And there'll be no peace for those who choose,
To travel with our kind,
And wrap the deadly nuclear chain,
'Round the human heart and mind.

238, 235,
Truckers in the night.
Truckers in the night.

There's alpha radiation,
Where we mined it from the ground,
And nuclear weapons fall out,
The whole wide world around.
And there's nuclear reactors,

Accumulating waste.
Some people never see the light,
Til they glow with gamma rays.

238, 235,
Truckers in the night.
Truckers in the night.

One trucker hailed the activist,
And spoke these words aloud.
If you wanna save the world,
From nuclear Hell and mushroom clouds,
Keep doing what you're doing,
Til you are ten million strong,
Or we'll all be riding ever more,
Joining in this mournful song.

238, 235,
Truckers in the night.
Truckers in the night.

Plutonium, 239,
Strontium and iodine.

Hiroshima, Sellofield,
Maralinga, Chernobyl.
Maralinga, Chernobyl.

Truckers in the night.

(Album, The Rain Before It Falls)

New Democrats in the Night (2001-084)

An activist went riding out,
One dark and windy eve,
Believing he could change the world,
And daring to believe.
When all at once he heard a howl,
From somewhere down the way.
It must have been the NDP,
Having gone astray.

Which way is left? Which way is right?
New Democrats in the night.

Alexa McDunna tried,
Embracing Blair's Third Way.
When asked about Buzz Hargrove,
She laughed and said,
Well some things never change!
Trying to be all things,
To all people is our game,
Even if our socialist principles,
Go rolling down the drain.

Which way is left? Which way is right?
New Democrats in the night.

The NDP caucus,
Must have felt quite out of place,
Going to Quebec City,
With a gas mask on its face.
After twenty years of telling us,
Street battles are passé,
I'm afraid they had to eat their words,
Til the tear gas rolled away.

Which way is left? Which way is right?
New Democrats in the night.

While back home in Saskatchewan,
There are some things you can't say.
Like I've had it with the NDP,
I've joined the NGA.
But Lorne Calvert's only comment,
On the FTAA,
Was to gently smile and sigh and say,
Who could be against free trade.

Which way is left? Which way is right?
New Democrats in the night.

So we're mining out uranium,
Clear-cutting all the trees.
Building hog barns and supporting,
Biotechnology.
As for the Nettie Wiebe campaign,

I'll give her credit for tryin'.
But I could have told them from the start,
The Weib campaign was a waste of time.

Which way is left? Which way is right?
New Democrats in the night.

Here's my advice to all of you,
Who wander in this land.
Don't put all your eggs in one basket,
Or in one partisan plan.
If we're gonna make an omelette,
We'll have to smash some of those eggs.
If we're gonna have a world that's free,
From the capitalist pigs.

Which way is left? Which way is right?
New Democrats in the night.
New Democrats in the night.

So you can join the New Greens,
And be warriors in the fight.
A better world is possible,
With a little more green light.
Or you can flounder with the NDP,
Until the day you die,
And roam the plains forever more,
Singing out this mournful cry.

Which way is left? Which way is right?
New Democrats in the night.
Which way is left? Which way is right?
New Democrats in the night.
New Democrats in the night.
New Democrats in the night.
New Democrats in the night.

(Album, Of Free and Peaceful Spirits)

Summer Cosmos (2001-085)

Good morning morning star,
Good morning daybreak hour,
Good morning, good morning, gentle birdsong.
I breathe in the air is free.
I raise my hands and arms to thee.
Touch the morning. My soul is filled with earth song.

I will dance, dance in summer cosmos.
I will sing, sing on prairie green.
I will frolic long on Troubadour Common.
I will dream, dream a sacred dream.
I will dream, dream a sacred dream.

Sometimes I step alone.
Other times I dream a home,
That community and woman lover I desire.
I've been a warrior for too long.
I'd rather be a lover with a song.
You and I will play each other's beings like a lyre.

I will dance, dance in summer cosmos.
I will sing, sing on prairie green.
I will frolic long on Troubadour Common.
I will dream, dream a sacred dream.
I will dream, dream a sacred dream.

But love can never dwell alone,
Locked inside a prison or a soul,
In atomized destruction isolation.
If our relationship is whole,
A poem of our inner soul,
Let us be partners with the cosmos and the task of liberation.

I will dance, dance in summer cosmos.
I will sing, sing on prairie green.
I will frolic long on Troubadour Common.
I will dream, dream a sacred dream.
I will dream, dream a sacred dream.

Summer cosmos, sacred dream.
Summer Cosmos, sacred dream.
Summer cosmos, summer cosmos, summer cosmos.

(Album, Of Free and Peaceful Spirits)

There's a Hole in my Heart (2001-086)

There's a hole in my heart, where your love used to be.
There's an emptiness inside, where I once held a dream.
Dream of summer days, dream of you and me.
Now you've gone to your forest-man,
I have no choice but to set you free.

Set you free, set you free.
I will breathe deep-ly, and set you free.
Set you free, set you free.
I will breathe deep-ly, and set you free.

They say he wears leaves, in his long flowing hair.
They say he dances on oceans, and travels with the bears.
I hope you are happy. I hope you feel at home.
And I also hope that soon I shall,
No longer be alone.

Set you free, set you free.
I will breathe deep-ly, and set you free.
Set you free, set you free.
I will breathe deep-ly, and set you free.

There's a hole in my heart, and a story to tell,
But that hole I shall fill, with the love of someone else.
I will go on living, and find somebody new,
But I always will cherish, the time I had with you.

Set you free, set you free.
I will breathe deep-ly, and set you free.
Set you free, set you free.
I will breathe deep-ly, and set you free.
I will breathe deep-ly, and set you free.
I will breathe deep-ly, and set you free.
Set you free, set you free.

(Album, Of Free and Peaceful Spirits)

Liquidate (2001-087)

Liquidate the corporations,
Before the corporations liquidate you.
Liquidate the corporations,
Before the corporations liquidate you.
We are sisters and brothers in a world-wide struggle,
For a world that is just and true.
Liquidate the corporations,
Before the corporations liquidate you.

Smash the power of capitalism,
Before capitalism smashes you.
Smash the power of capitalism,
Before capitalism smashes you.
There is nothing more powerful, than a people,
Mobilized with truth.
Smash the power of capitalism,
Before capitalism smashes you.

Put an end to imperialism,
Before imperialism puts an end to you.
Put an end to imperialism,
Before imperialism puts an end to you.
Dream the democratic common,
In everything you say and do.
Put an end to imperialism,
Before imperialism puts an end to you.

Bring down the pyramids of iron.
Don't let the pyramids of iron bring you down.
Bring down the pyramids of iron.
Don't let the pyramids of iron bring you down.
There are many a pure and noble heart,
Beating in this company town.
Bring down the pyramids of iron.
Don't let the pyramids of iron bring you down.

We are marching in our hundreds of thousands,
For the world that we see in our dreams.
We are marching in our hundreds of thousands,
For the world that we see in our dreams.
Where the sun will rise on everyone,
Over a free-flowing mountain stream.
We are marching in our hundreds of thousands,
For the world that we see in our dreams.

There are few who will fight the powers,
But there can even be power in a few.
There are few who will fight the powers,
But there can even be power in a few.
If you're not turned on to politics,
Then politics will turn on you.
There are few who will fight the powers,
But there can even be power in a few.

Liquidate the corporations,
Before the corporations liquidate you.
Liquidate the corporations,
Before the corporations liquidate you.
We are sisters and brothers in a world-wide struggle,
For a world that is just and true.
Liquidate the corporations,
Before the corporations liquidate you.

Liquidate the corporations,
Before the corporations liquidate you.
Liquidate the corporations,
Before the corporations liquidate you.

(Album, Of Free and Peaceful Spirits)

The Budgie in the Mall (initial lyrics) (2001-088)

There was a budgie who went crazy,
At the West Edmonton Mall.
He said, Don't show me any more capitalism.
I have seen at all.
They said, What, you said capitalism.
You must be crazy bird.
Don't you know, capitalism,
Is an unspoken word.
Don't you know, capitalism,
Is an unspoken word.

The budgie said, I really,
Do not know what you can mean.
For what name would you give,
To this horrible machine.
The machine that we're surrounded by,
Every single day.
The lights go on. The muzak sounds.
Makes me wanna blow it all away.
The lights go on. The muzak sounds.
Makes me wanna blow it all away.

The budgie said, It's like a fish,
I once saw on TV,
Who said, All my life I've heard,
About something called the sea.
But exactly what this sea could be,
I really do not know.
I said Fish you are surrounded by it,
Everywhere you go.
I said Fish you are surrounded by it,
Everywhere you go.

Well the masters of the mall,
They came together from all around.
They said, We really have to do something,
To put that budgie down.
He's talking about capitalism,
From dawn til dusk each day.
He might educate the customers,
And drive them all away.
He might educate the customers,
And drive them all away.

Every morning, every evening,
The budgie could be seen,
Discoursing on the evils,
Of the corporate machine.
From maquiladora factories,
To McDonald's, Shell and Coke.
And the people stood amazed,
At every word the budgie spoke.
And the people stood amazed,
At every word the budgie spoke.

Then one day the people gathered,
And the budgie he was gone.
There was a sign upon his cage that read,
"The budgie died at dawn.".
But even the corporate spin doctors,
And the masters of the mall,
Could not erase the bullet hole,
In the budgie's cage rear wall.
Could not erase the bullet hole,
In the budgie's cage rear wall.

There was a budgie who went crazy,
At the West Edmonton Mall.
He said, don't show me any more capitalism.
I have seen at all.
They said, What, you said capitalism.
You must be crazy bird.
Don't you know, capitalism,
Is an unspoken word.
Don't you know, capitalism,
Is an unspoken word.
Don't you know, capitalism,
Is an unspoken word.

(Album, Of Free and Peaceful Spirits)

Crystal Spirit (2001-089)

Calling crystal spirit, spirit of the dawn.
Calling crystal spirit, spirit of the dawn.
Calling crystal spirit, spirit of the dawn.
Calling crystal spirit, spirit of the dawn.

People joining voices, world will carry on.
People joining voices, world will carry on.
Calling crystal spirit, spirit of the dawn.
Calling crystal spirit, spirit of the dawn.

Energy and freedom, dancing in a song.
Energy and freedom, dancing in a song.
Calling crystal spirit, spirit of the dawn.
Calling crystal spirit, spirit of the dawn.

Love in a melody, come to make us strong.
Love in a melody, come to make us strong.
Calling crystal spirit, spirit of the dawn.
Calling crystal spirit, spirit of the dawn.

I shall be with you always, though the struggle it be long.
I shall be with you always, though the struggle it be long.
Calling crystal spirit, spirit of the dawn.
Calling crystal spirit, spirit of the dawn.

Calling crystal spirit, spirit of the dawn.
Calling crystal spirit, spirit of the dawn.
Calling crystal spirit, spirit of the dawn.
Calling crystal spirit, spirit of the dawn.
Spirit of the dawn.
Spirit of the dawn.
Spirit of the dawn.

Calling crystal spirit, spirit of the dawn.

(Album, Of Free and Peaceful Spirits)

And We March and We Sing (2001-090)

O we march and we sing,
And we try to change the world.
We wonder if we're getting anywhere.
But then we turn around,
And we see how far we've come,
And we know that one day we will all be there.
So come on and dream my friend.
Come on and march my friend.
Come on out and agitate.
Nothing was ever done,
No battle was ever won,
Til someone said things need not be this way.
Til someone said things need not be this way.

Once there was a dream,
An end to slavery.
They were told that simply never would transpire.
But then came 1834.
We showed slavery the door,
In every realm of the British Empire.
Now the Yanks they like to tell their tales,
Of battles of the blue and gray,
And battlegrounds where liberty got mired.
But in Canada, Great Britain and,
Over a dozen other lands,
We did it all without one gunshot being fired.

And we march and we sing,
And we try to change the world.
We wonder if we're getting anywhere.
But then we turn around,
And we see how far we've come,
And we know that one day we will all be there.
So come on and dream my friend.
Come on and march my friend.
Come on out and agitate.
Nothing was ever done,
No battle was ever won,
Til someone said things need not be this way.
Til someone said things need not be this way.

Once there was a gentle hope.
Womankind could have the vote,
And half the population find its voice.
They were told that that just wouldn't fit,
That woman's place was to submit,
And would the suffragettes stop making all that noise.
Well ten or twenty years went by.
Woman raised the battle cry,
And men were forced to stand and face the truth.
Til finally in 1919,
In Canada from sea to sea,
Woman citizen stepped into the voting booth.

And we march and we sing,
And we try to change the world.
We wonder if we're getting anywhere.
But then we turn around,
And we see how far we've come,
And we know that one day we will all be there.
So come on and dream my friend.
Come on and march my friend.
Come on out and agitate.
Nothing was ever done,
No battle was ever won,
Til someone said things need not be this way.
Til someone said things need not be this way.

Some said India would always kneel,
Before the British iron heel,
Then Gandhi moved a hundred million hearts to dream.
Some said apartheid would never end,
That Bota's boys would never bend,
And then one day Nelson Mandela he was free.
And we have fought a thousand fights,
From DDT to workers' rights,
With victory and setback here and there.
But there is no power in any land,
No iron fist that can withstand,
The gentle thrill of freedom in the air.

And we march and we sing,
And we try to change the world.
We wonder if we're getting anywhere.
But then we turn around,
And we see how far we've come,
And we know that one day we will all be there.
So come on and dream my friend.
Come on and march my friend.
Come on out and agitate.
Nothing was ever done,
No battle was ever won,
Til someone said things need not be this way.
Till someone said things need not be this way.

So come on and dream my friend.
Come on and march my friend.
Come on out and agitate.
Nothing was ever done,
No battle was ever won,
Til someone said things need not be this way.
I'm telling you things need not be this way.
It's time you knew things need not be this way.
I'm telling you things need not be this way.
Til someone said things need not be this way.
I'm telling you things need not be this way.

(Album, Of Free and Peaceful Spirits)

I Am in the Mountains (2001-091)

I am in the mountains. The mountains are in me.
I am in the mountains. The mountains are in me.
Somewhere there's a wind, blowing free, blowing free.
I am in the mountains. The mountains are in me.

I am in the storm. The storm is in me.
I am in the storm. The storm is in me.
Somewhere there's a song, singing free, singing free.
I am in the storm. The storm is in me.

I am in the moon. The moon is in me.
I am in the moon. The moon is in me.
Somewhere in the dark, falling free, falling free.
I am in the moon. The moon is in me.

I am in the music. The music is in me.
I am in the music. The music is in me.
Somewhere there's a drum, beating free, beating free.
I am in the music. The music is in me.

I am in the stars. The stars are in me.
I am in the stars. The stars are in me.
Somewhere there's a voice, speaking free, speaking free.
I am in the stars. The stars are in me.

I am in the mountains. The mountains are in me.
I am in the mountains. The mountains are in me.
Somewhere there's a wind, blowing free, blowing free.
I am in the mountains. The mountains are in me.

I am in the mountains. The mountains are in me.
I am in the mountains. The mountains are in me.
The mountains are in me.

(Album, Of Free and Peaceful Spirits)

Sister in the Moon (2001-092)

I have a sister in the moon.
I have a sister like no other.
And when she shows herself to me,
We are no longer brother and sister,
We are lovers.

I have a sister in the moon.
I have a sister like no other.
And when she shows herself to me,
We are no longer brother and sister.
We are lovers.
We are lovers.
We are lovers.

I have a sister on an island,
At the bottom of the sea.
And she rides those ocean waves,
Just to spend a night with me.

I have a sister on an island,
At the bottom of the sea.
And she rides those ocean waves,
Just to spend a night with me.

We are brother and sister in the spirit,
We are sweet wild lovers of the flesh, flesh, flesh.
We are brother and sister in the spirit.
We are sweet wild lovers of the flesh, flesh, flesh, flesh, flesh.

I have a sister in the moon.
I have a sister like no other.
When she shows herself to me,
We are no longer brother and sister.
We are lovers.
We are lovers.
We are lovers.

I have a sister in the moon.
I have a sister in the moon.
I have a sister in the moon.
I have a sister in the moon.
The moon, the moon, the moon, the moon.
The moon, the moon, the moon, the moon, the moon.

I have a sister in the moon.
I have a sister in the moon.
I have a sister in the moon.
I have a sister in the moon.

(Album, Of Free and Peaceful Spirits)

Love Is Like a Mountain (2001-093)

Come my dear and gentle one.
Let us dance together.
Feel the warm and windy day,
In our sails forever.

Love is like a mountain,
Gentle on its furry slopes.
Love is like the prairie wind,
That carries you on your journey.
Love is like a rushing stream,
With a mind of its own making.
Love is sweet like starlight,
Falling from the firmament,
Falling from the firmament.

You and I are journeyers,
Journeying through a forest,
Finding our way through the world,
Like actors in a chorus.

Love is like a mountain,
Gentle on its furry slopes.
Love is like the prairie wind,
That carries you on your journey.
Love is like a rushing stream,
With a mind of its own making.
Love is sweet like starlight,
Falling from the firmament,
Falling from the firmament.

I love your holy beating heart.
I love your woman spirit.
Speak of the horizon.
I feel we're getting near it.

Woman warrior I love you.
I give you strength to carry on.
You give me love to live for,
And gentle life to tarry on.

Love is like a mountain,
Gentle on its furry slopes.
Love is like the prairie wind,
That carries you on your journey.
Love is like a rushing stream,
With a mind of its own making.
Love is sweet like starlight,
Falling from the firmament,
Falling from the firmament.

Love is like a mountain,
Gentle on its furry slopes.
Love is like the prairie wind,
That carries you on your journey.

Love is like a rushing stream,
With a mind of its own making.
Love is sweet like starlight,
Falling from the firmament,
Falling from the firmament,
Falling from the firmament.

Love is like a mountain.
Love is like a mountain.
Love is like a mountain.

(Album, Of Free and Peaceful Spirits)

Wind Is Blowing (2001-094)

Wind is blowing, shake the stars.
Stars are falling, down wind down.
Wind is blowing, shake the stars.
Stars are falling, down wind down.

Sun is rising, night be gone.
Morning rocks forever more.
Sun is rising, night be gone.
Morning rocks forever more.

Wind is blowing, shake the stars.
Stars are falling, down wind down.
Wind is blowing, shake the stars.
Stars are falling, down wind down.

Sun is rising, night be gone.
Morning rocks forever more.
Sun is rising, night be gone.
Morning rocks forever more.

Children turn their golden eyes.
There is hope upon this shore.
Children turn their golden eyes.
There is hope upon this shore.

Children turn their golden eyes.
There is hope upon this shore.
Children turn their golden eyes.
There is hope upon this shore.

Wind is blowing, shake the stars.
Stars are falling, down wind down.
Wind is blowing, shake the stars.
Stars are falling, down wind down.

Wind is blowing, shake the stars.
Stars are falling, down wind down.
Wind is blowing, shake the stars.
Stars are falling, down wind down wind down wind down.

Wind is blowing, shake the stars.
Stars are falling, down wind down.

(Album, The Rain Before It Falls)

Brand WTO (2001-095)

I got an email the other day,
Of a memo that was leaked,
From a WTO office,
From a wheel that somehow squeaked.
The memo it revealed,
A marketing strategy,
To make the WTO seem as cool,
As losing your virginity.

Brand WTO,
Was the product being sold.
Image was the problem.
A new package was the goal.
And those who believe in people,
In rivers, trees and land,
Were given an interesting label.
We were called the Anti-Brand.
We were called the Anti-Brand.

Brand WTO, Brand WTO,
Buy it if you can. It will never let you go.
Brand WTO, is the only brand we know.
You don't need the Anti-Brand. Buy WTO.
Buy WTO.

Young people of America,
From twelve up to nineteen,
Don't believe in corporate power,
Don't love the old regime.
Fifty thousand in Seattle,
Shut the WTO down,
And the trade wheels are still smarting,
From the puppets, the turtles and the clowns.

So the WTO hired,
A marketing agency,
To survey adolescents,
About the corporate machine.
They found that sixty percent of boys,
Seventy-four percent of girls,
Identify with the anti-corporate,
Movement 'round the world.
The movement 'round the world.

Brand WTO, Brand WTO,
Buy it if you can. It will never let you go.
Brand WTO, is the only brand we know.
You don't need the Anti-Brand. Buy WTO.
Buy WTO.

But forty-nine percent,
Said they'd be ready for something new.
So the marketer did some thinking,
On what Brand W could do.

From making fun of protesters,
On late night comedies,
To interviewing Mike Moore,
Like he were the idol,
Every teenaged female longs to meet.

Hiring teenagers to spread,
The corporate word among their friends,
About how wonderful the WTO,
Is, in the end.
Getting a pro-corporate female model,
To speak on their behalf,
And debate an anti-corporate male,
Making use of her good-natured smile,
And sexy laugh.
Her smile and sexy laugh.

Brand WTO, Brand WTO,
Buy it if you can. It will never let you go.
Brand WTO, is the only brand we know.
You don't need the Anti-Brand. Buy WTO.
Buy WTO.

But the Anti-Brand is in the land.
We will not go away.
And there's one more thing worth noting,
That young people had to say.
They told the WTO,
We might believe in you,
If you really start to do the things,
You say you're going to do.

Eliminating poverty,
Working for disarmament and peace.
Forgiving third world debt,
And practicing sustainable forestry.
So let's stop these market insults,
From shore to bleeding shore.
Let's have that revolution,
We've all been working for.
We've all been working for.

Join the Anti-Brand. Join the Anti-Brand.
The fact we're a competitor, is really rather grand.
Join the Anti-Brand, for the people and the land.
We're the people of the planet and we're proud,
To be called the Anti-Brand.
We are the Anti-Brand.

Join the Anti-Brand. Join the Anti-Brand.
The fact we're a competitor, is really rather grand.
Join the Anti-Brand, for the people and the land.
We're the people of the planet and we're proud,
To be called the Anti-Brand.
We are the Anti-Brand.
We are the Anti-Brand.

We are the Anti-Brand.

(Album, The Rain Before It Falls)

Purple Blues (2001-096)

O the circle goes around.
It is in you and in me.
In the sun and in the moon,
In the rocks and in the trees.
And the spirit carries on.
It is in you and in me.
In the sun and in the moon,
In the rocks and in the trees.

There are rivers that are flowing,
Flowing wilder than our dreams.
There are oceans. There are journeys.
And our tears' remembered streams.
There are rivers that are flowing,
Flowing wilder than our dreams.
There are oceans. There are journeys.
And our tears' remembered streams.

Two sisters torn apart,
For a hundred years or more.
But still the stars are watching,
On an unseen far off shore.
Two sisters torn apart,
For a hundred years or more.
But still the stars are watching,
On an unseen far off shore.

And the circle goes around.
It is in you and in me.
In the sun and in the moon,
In the rocks and in the trees.
And the spirit carries on.
It is in you and in me.
In the sun and in the moon,
In the rocks and in the trees.

Brothers and sisters they will journey.
Holy people will unite.
And home shall be our fountain.
Life will be our sweet delight.
Brothers and sisters they will journey.
Gentle people will unite.
Love shall be our fountain.
Life will be our sweet delight.

There are rivers that are flowing,
Flowing wilder than our dreams.
There are oceans. There are journeys.
And our tears' remembered streams.
There are rivers that are flowing,
Flowing wilder than our dreams.
There are oceans. There are journeys.
And our tears' remembered streams.

O the circle goes around.
It is in you and in me.
In the sun and in the moon,
In the rocks and in the trees.
And the spirit carries on.
It is in you and in me.
In the sun and in the moon,
In the rocks and in the trees.

In the sun and in the moon,
In the rocks and in the trees.
In the sun and in the moon,
In the rocks and in the trees.
In the rocks and in the trees.
In the rocks and in the trees.

(Album, The Rain Before It Falls)

Paint Brush Paint the Sky (2001-097)

Paint brush paint the sky. Paint brush paint the sky.
Paint brush paint the sky. Paint brush paint the sky.

Fire from candle gonna fly. Fire from candle gonna fly.
Fire from candle gonna fly. Fire from candle gonna fly.

This little world aint no game. This little world aint no game.
This little world aint no game. This little world aint no game.

Our soul is in the land. Our soul is in the land.
Our soul is in the land. Our soul is in the land.

Home is in your mind. Home is in your mind.
Home is in your mind. Home is in your mind.

Paint brush paint the sky. Paint brush paint the sky.
Paint brush paint the sky. Paint brush paint the sky.

And the flower people cry. And the flower people cry.
And the flower people cry. And the flower people cry.

This little world aint no game. This little world aint no game.
This little world aint no game. This little world aint no game.

Our soul is in the land. Our soul is in the land.
Our soul is in the land. Our soul is in the land.

Home is in your mind. Home is in your mind.
Home is in your mind. Home is in your mind.

May we live at peace with everyone. May we live at peace with everyone.
May we live at peace with everyone. May we live at peace with everyone.

May we live at peace with everyone. May we live at peace with everyone.
May we live at peace with everyone. May we live at peace with everyone.

Paint brush paint the sky. Paint brush paint the sky.
Paint brush paint the sky. Paint brush paint the sky.

Paint brush paint the sky. Paint brush paint the sky.
Paint brush paint the sky. Paint brush paint the sky.

Paint brush paint the sky. Paint brush paint the sky.
Paint brush paint the sky. Paint brush.

(Album, The Rain Before It Falls)

Ballad of September 11th (2001-098)

On a day in September 2001,
I turned on my radio,
To hear a special news report,
Not quite sure what was going on.
Sheila Rogers was talking to a journalist,
Who said all American commercial planes,
Had been grounded, and international flights,
To the USA had been diverted to Canada.

Two hijacked planes, as it turned out,
Had slammed into the World Trade Center in New York.
Another had struck the Pentagon.
The people screamed and the fires burned.
And President Bush assured everyone,
The terrorists would be hunted down.
It was an act of evil and an act of war.
Swift retribution would be won,
No doubt, in the best of American style.

But do we have any right,
To live a better life,
Than the women and children in the refugee camps,
Living in the Palestinian lands.
The Universal Declaration of Human Rights,
Says every man, every woman and every child,
Has the right to economic security,
Not the right to be a right wing American running free.
And if you carry on around the globe,
Putting down people wherever you go,
Sooner or later there will be a bomb,
An explosion that will shatter your calm.
Someone will highjack an aeroplane,
And fly into the World Trade Center my friend.
Sooner or later, it all comes back on you.
Sooner or later, it all comes back on you.

I don't believe in violence my friend.
I've lived for peace for all of my life.
But peace will never be maintained,
Unless true social justice is sustained.
There are six billion people in this world,
Far too many living in sorrow and fear.
Some say capitalism kills,
Thirty to sixty million people a year.
In refugee camps, in shantytowns,
And countrysides where the companies,
Have swept away the people like they,
Were so many specks of dust on a stained glass window.

Now NBC and CNN,
Show the crumbling towers again and again.
An image is burned into a nation's mind.
Some people cry. Some people seek revenge.
Well how do you think the Iraqis felt.

How do you think the North Koreans felt.
When we came in with our justified wars,
And flattened their nations to the ground.
Perhaps if we learn anything,
It will be to feel what our victims feel.
A question posed many years ago,
What is the moral equivalent of war,
Was answered for me upon that day.
It's a universal love for humanity.

And do we have any right,
To live a more secure life,
Than the millions of people around this sphere,
That capitalism kills every year.
Every man, every woman and every child,
From South Manhattan to Palestine,
Has the right to economic security,
Wherever they are, whoever they might be.
And if you carry on around the globe,
Oppressing the people wherever you go,
Sooner or later, there will be a bomb,
An explosion that will shatter your calm.
Someone will highjack an aeroplane,
And fly into the side of the Pentagon.
Sooner or later, it all comes back on you.
Sooner or later, it all comes back on you.

So let's build a world of justice and peace,
Where nobody feels they have to build a bomb.
If you wanna get rid of the terrorist groups,
You'll have to get rid of your Pentagon.
If you wanna live in peace my friend,
We'll have to share that peace with everyone.
Ask why centres in the western world,
Are seen as centres of oppression.
We'll have to give up our supremacy,
The power of our dollars, our missiles and guns.

The message it came clear to me,
About western imperialism here and abroad,
When Sheila Rogers mentioned what day it was.
September 11th was the day they killed Allende.
September 11th was the day they killed Allende.

So do we have any right,
To live a more comfortable life,
Than the billions of people everywhere,
Who simply want a just and equitable share.
The Universal Declaration of Human Rights,
Says every man, every woman and every child,
Has the right to live in dignity,
Not the right to be a right wing imperialist running free.
Now some wanna bomb Afghanistan,
Syria, Iraq or maybe Sudan.
But the children who watch your fire fall from the sky,
Will be the next generation of terrorist bands.

Sooner or later, it all comes back on you.
Sooner or later, it all comes back on you.

So let's build a world of justice and peace,
Where nobody feels they have to build a bomb.
If you wanna live in peace my friend,
We'll have to share that peace with everyone.
We'll have to share that peace, with everyone.

(Album, Of Free and Peaceful Spirits)

A Jail Can Be a Temple (initial arrangement) (2001-099)

A jail can be a temple.
A pinch of salt can change the world.
When a thousand thousand people dream,
And their vision it unfurls.
We'll get to peace and freedomland,
In a whisper or a song.
We'll get to peace and freedomland,
Before too long, before too long.

One lonely night in 'Martsberg,
Thrown from a train.
Knowing that you had a choice,
To die or break your chain.
You said the bond of a slave is snapped,
The moment that the slave,
Considers himself or herself,
To be a free being all the way.

A jail can be a temple.
A pinch of salt can change the world.
When a thousand thousand people dream,
And their vision it unfurls.
We'll get to peace and freedomland,
In a whisper or a song.
We'll get to peace and freedomland,
Before too long, before too long.

Sometimes a thousand have to stand,
When a million choose to run.
When a million voices call for war,
The thousand have to call for love.
When the vision of a people,
Has been clouded by their pain.
The prophets have to raise their voice,
To bring that vision back again.

A jail can be a temple.
A pinch of salt can change the world.
When a thousand thousand people dream,
And their vision it unfurls.
We'll get to peace and freedomland,
In a whisper or a song.
We'll get to peace and freedomland,
Before too long, before too long.

On the last day of your life my friend,
As the times were rolling on,
You were asked if Satya Graha,
Could stand against the bomb.
You said, I would refuse to go into their shelters,
When the air raid siren wailed.
Ten years later, there were hundreds,
Of New York pacifists, who did just that,
Til there were too many for the jails.

A jail can be a temple.
A pinch of salt can change the world.
When a thousand thousand people dream,
And their vision it unfurls.
We will get to peace and freedomland,
In a whisper or a song.
We will get to peace and freedomland,
Before too long, before too long.

So carry on, great souls of time,
And dare to make us strong.
We will get to peace and freedomland,
Before too long, before too long.
We'll get to peace and freedomland,
Before too long, before too long.

(Album, Of Free and Peaceful Spirits)

Small Blue Planet (2001 lyrics) (2001-100)

Small blue planet,
Shining like a pearl.
Small blue planet,
Place we call the world.

Your oceans and your icebergs,
Lyrics in your song.
Your mountains and your forests,
Carry us along.

Small blue planet,
Shining like a pearl.
Small blue planet,
Place we call the world.

Blue velvet of your atmosphere,
Dark velvet of your soil.
People walking upon you,
Living lives of toil.

Small blue planet,
Shining like a pearl.
Small blue planet,
Place we call the world.

And here I am an earth-child,
Flower of the field,
Growing on your prairie,
One point upon the wheel.

Here I am an earth-child,
Flower of the field,
Growing on your prairie,
One point upon the wheel.

Small blue planet,
Shining like a pearl.
Small blue planet,
Place we call the world.

Light shines upon us,
From the candle of your joy.
Quasar shine among us,
Soul song of the void.

Light shines upon us,
From the candle of your joy.
Quasar shine among us,
Soul song of the void.

Small blue planet,
Shining like a pearl.
Small blue planet,
Place we call the world.

Small blue planet,
Shining like a pearl.
Small blue planet,
Place we call the world.

Small blue planet,
Shining like a pearl.
Small blue planet,
Place we call the world.

Small blue planet,
Small blue planet,
Small blue planet,
Place we call the world.

(Album, Of Free and Peaceful Spirits)

Free Free Spirits (2001-101)

We are free free spirits.
We are free free spirits.
We are free free spirits.
We are free. We are free.

We will fly through the desert,
On a lonely desert wind.
We will fly over the ocean,
To where the day begins.

We are free free spirits.
We are free free spirits.
We are free free spirits.
We are free. We are free.

We were there on the morning,
When the world came to be.
And amid the sweet expansion,
We said let all things be free.

We are free free spirits.
We are free free spirits.
We are free free spirits.
We are free. We are free.

From the rocks of the mountains,
To the forest's trillion trees,
From the icebergs on the water,
To the whispers on the breeze.

We are free free spirits.
We are free free spirits.
We are free free spirits.
We are free. We are free.

And upon this blue white planet,
We will spread our gentle wings.
We will travel through the cosmos,
To whatever our journey brings.

We are free free spirits.
We are free free spirits.
We are free free spirits.
We are free. We are free.

We are the makers of justice,
And a deep ecology,
That all beings in the life force,
May live well and live free.

We are free free spirits.
We are free free spirits.
We are free free spirits.
We are free. We are free.

We are free free spirits.
We are free free spirits.
We are free free spirits.
We are free. We are free.
We are free. We are free.
We are free. We are free. We are free.

(Album, Of Free and Peaceful Spirits)

Mother Gonna Rock (2001-102)

Mother gonna rock her children.
Mother gonna rock her children.
Mother gonna rock her children.
Mother gonna rock her children.

Mother gonna rock her children tonight.
Rock'em by the stars and the bright moonlight.
May they dream of a day when they'll be free from fright.
Mother gonna rock her children.
Mother gonna rock her children.

Brother wind gonna sing a song in the sky.
Sister moon gonna keep on shinin' all night.
May a million stars keep you in their sight.
Mother gonna rock her children.
Mother gonna rock her children.

Mother gonna rock her children tonight.
Rock'em by the stars and the bright moonlight.
May they dream of a day when they'll be free from fright.
Mother gonna rock her children.
Mother gonna rock her children.

May we be one planet. May we be one mind,
Reaching out to the edges of space and time.
May we let the love in our soul spark shine.
Mother gonna rock her children.
Mother gonna rock her children.

Mother gonna rock her children tonight.
Rock'em by the stars and the bright moonlight.
May they dream of a day when they'll be free from fright.
Mother gonna rock her children.
Mother gonna rock her children.

Brother wind gonna sing a song in the sky.
Sister moon gonna keep on shinin' all night.
May a million stars keep you in their sight.
Mother gonna rock her children.
Mother gonna rock her children.

May we be one planet. May we be one mind,
Reaching out to the edges of space and time.
May we let the love in our soul spark shine.
Mother gonna rock her children.
Mother gonna rock her children.

Mother gonna rock her children tonight.
Rock'em by the stars and the bright moonlight.
May they dream of a day when they'll be free from fright.
Mother gonna rock her children.
Mother gonna rock her children.

Mother gonna rock her children.

Mother gonna rock her children.
Mother gonna rock her children.
Mother gonna rock her children.

Mother gonna rock her children.
Mother gonna rock her children.
Mother gonna rock her children.
Mother gonna rock her children.

(Album, The Rain Before It Falls)

Born of One Light (2001-103)

O the spirit is calling us,
Calling us to be one.
One people on one living sphere,
In the warm love of the sun.

My country is this planet.
My nation is humanity.
The earth is our mother,
Calling us all to be.

We are sisters. We are brothers.
We are children of one mother.
In the rain and in the sunlight,
We are people born of one light.
We are sisters. We are brothers.
We are children of one mother.
In the rain and in the sunlight,
We are people born of one light.
We are people born of one light.
We are people born of one light.

O the spirit is calling us,
Calling us to be one.
One people on one living sphere,
In the warm love of the sun.

My country is this planet.
My nation is humanity.
The earth is our mother,
Calling us all to be.

We are sisters. We are brothers.
We are children of one mother.
In the rain and in the sunlight,
We are people born of one light.
We are sisters. We are brothers.
We are children of one mother.
In the rain and in the sunlight,
We are people born of one light.
We are people born of one light.
We are people born of one light.

O the spirit is calling us,
Calling us to be one.
One people on one living sphere,
In the warm love of the sun.

My country is this planet.
My nation is humanity.
The earth is our mother,
Calling us all to be.
The earth is our mother,
Calling us all to be.
The earth is our mother,

Calling us all to be.

(Album, The Rain Before It Falls)

Starship Galahad (2001-104)

You tell me God and space,
And energy and time,
Are deeply interwoven,
Deeply intertwined.
And if we could travel faster,
Than the speed of light's design,
Time would go backward,
The movie would unwind.

Here we are on board,
The Starship Galahad,
Coming into the station,
From a trans-galactic lab.
Every star, every meteor,
And every grain of sand,
Says you shall know the universe,
Like the fingers of your hand.
You shall know the universe,
Like the fingers of your hand.

And the Starship Galahad,
Is orbiting the earth,
Launched from the twenty-fifth century,
Into the twenty-first.
And the spirits of the Galahad,
They are among us now,
Telling us we still have time,
To turn this world around.

Here we are on board,
The Starship Galahad,
Coming into the station,
From a trans-galactic lab.
Every star, every meteor,
And every grain of sand,
Says you shall know the universe,
Like the fingers of your hand.
You shall know the universe,
Like the fingers of your hand.

And the once and future earth,
Is a once and future dream,
Peaking through the keyhole,
On a blessed infinity.
And the morning birds are singing,
As we set our feet for home.
May the Goddess bless your journey,
May you never be alone.

And the spirit of the Galahad,
Ascends into the sky.
The parted mists of Avalon,
They pass the spirit by.
Children of the earth,

Yet seekers of the stars,
Say we'll be back again my friends,
To heal this world of ours.

Here we are on board,
The Starship Galahad,
Coming into the station,
From a trans-galactic lab.
Every star, every meteor,
And every grain of sand,
Says you shall know the universe,
Like the fingers of your hand.
You shall know the universe,
Like the fingers of your hand.

We are travelers,
On the Starship Galahad.
We are travelers,
On the Starship Galahad.
Starship Galahad.

(Album, The Rain Before It Falls)

What Is a Terrorist (2001-105)

Tell me what is a terrorist.
Tell me who could it be.
Is a terrorist anyone who strikes terror,
In the hearts of the oligarchy.
Tell me what is a terrorist.
Tell me who could it be.
Is it anybody who dares to dream,
Of a world of peace and equity.
If that's your definition,
If that's your attitude,
If that's your definition,
I'm a terrorist too.

Jesus Christ was a terrorist,
Who struck terror into the hearts,
Of the Sadducees and the Roman Legions.
Socrates was a terrorist,
For getting the young to put the wisdom,
Of the elders of Athens to the test of reason.

Tell me what is a terrorist.
Tell me who could it be.
Is a terrorist anyone who strikes terror,
In the hearts of the oligarchy.
Tell me what is a terrorist.
Tell me who could it be.
Is it anybody who dares to dream,
Of a world of peace and equity.
If that's your definition,
If that's your attitude,
If that's your presupposition,
I'm a terrorist too.

Thomas Pane was a terrorist.
He had to run for his life,
When the British Empire,
Declared him to be seditious.
Mahatma Gandhi was a terrorist.
Though he lived nonviolence every day of his life,
He was as good as a terrorist,
To the minds of the British.

Tell me what is a terrorist.
Tell me who could it be.
Is a terrorist anyone who strikes terror,
In the hearts of the oligarchy.
Tell me what is a terrorist.
Tell me who could it be.
Is it anybody who dares to dream,
Of a world of peace and equity.
If that's your definition,
If that's your attitude,
If that's your presupposition,
I'm a terrorist too.

Rosa Parks was a terrorist,
For having the nerve to refuse,
To surrender her seat to a system,
Of racialized segregation.
And John Lennon was a terrorist,
Asking people to imagine a world,
Where the ruling class no longer had,
Its weapon of eternal damnation.

Tell me what is a terrorist.
Tell me who could it be.
Is a terrorist anyone who strikes terror,
In the hearts of the oligarchy.
Tell me what is a terrorist.
Tell me who could it be.
Is it anybody who dares to dream,
Of a world of peace and equity.
If that's your definition,
If that's your attitude,
If that's your definition,
I'm a terrorist too.

So let us all be terrorists.
Let us change the world with love and nonviolence,
And the power in our minds.
Let us all be terrorists.
If we're speaking our truth peacefully,
We cannot take responsibility,
If the power elites decide to be terrified.

Tell me what is a terrorist.
Tell me who could it be.
Is a terrorist anyone who strikes terror,
In the hearts of the oligarchy.
Tell me what is a terrorist.
Tell me who could it be.
Is it anybody who dares to dream,
Of a world of peace and equity.
If that's your definition,
If that's your attitude,
If that's your presupposition,
I'm a terrorist too.
If that's your definition,
If that's your attitude,
If that's your presupposition,
I'm a terrorist too.

Tell me what is a terrorist.
Tell me what is a terrorist.
Tell me what is a terrorist.

(Album, The Rain Before It Falls)

Children of Resistance (2001-106)

We are children of resistance,
And we dance upon the earth.
We will sing our songs of freedom,
Til every sand grain knows its worth.
And we dance and howl with the wild wind,
And we travel with the rain.
And we rise with the morning sun.
All the tomorrows to reclaim.

May the love of the spirit,
In the hearts of everyone,
Be with you on your journey,
As you travel toward the sun.
And may the love of the spirit,
In the hearts of everyone,
Be with you on your journey,
Until the work is done.

We are children of resistance,
And we dance upon the earth.
We will sing our song of freedom,
Til every sand grain knows its worth.
And we dance and howl with the wild wind,
And we travel with the rain.
And we rise with the morning sun,
All the tomorrows to reclaim.

And may the love of the spirit,
In the hearts of everyone,
Be with you on your journey,
As you travel toward the sun.
And may the love of the spirit,
In the hearts of everyone,
Be with you on your journey,
Until the work is done.

We are children of resistance,
And we dance upon the earth.
We will sing our song of freedom,
Til every sand grain knows its worth.
And we dance and howl with the wild wind,
And we travel with the rain.
And we rise with the morning sun,
All the tomorrows to reclaim.

And may the love of the spirit,
In the hearts of everyone,
Be with you on your journey,
As you travel toward the sun.
And may the love of the spirit,
In the hearts of everyone,
Be with you on your journey,
Until the work is done.
Be with you on your journey,

Until the work is done.

We are children of resistance.
We are children of resistance.
We are children of resistance.

(Album, The Rain Before It Falls)

Love Is the Spark (2001-107)

Love is the spark at the centre of the cosmos.
Sing to the morning. Fly with the eagle.
Peace is the song that sings in sacred darkness.
Dance with the morning. Drum with the people.

Love is the spark at the centre of the cosmos.
Sing to the morning. Fly with the eagle.
Peace is the song that sings in sacred darkness.
Dance with the morning. Drum with the people.
Dance with the morning. Drum with the people.

Love is the spark at the centre of the cosmos.
Sing to the morning. Fly with the eagle.
Peace is the song that sings in sacred darkness.
Dance with the morning. Drum with the people.
Dance with the morning. Drum with the people.

Love is the spark at the centre of the cosmos.
Love is the spark at the centre of the cosmos.
Love is the spark at the centre of the cosmos.

(Album, The Rain Before It Falls)

Snowwalker (2001-108)

O the Snowwalker comes, and the Snowwalker goes,
And takes away the ones, who are ready to go.
And the Snowwalker sighs, and the Snowwalker sings,
And none need be afraid, of what the Snowwalker brings.

O the Snowwalker creeps, as soft as soft feet,
In the dead of the winter, in the quiet of sleep.
And the old ones go walking, and nobody turns,
To tell them to stay. They are left undisturbed.
To tell them to stay. They are left undisturbed.

O the Snowwalker comes, and the Snowwalker goes,
And takes away the ones, who are ready to go.
And the Snowwalker sighs, and the Snowwalker sings,
And none need be afraid, of what the Snowwalker brings.

For the Snowwalker takes, and the Snowwalker gives.
One person dies, that the village may live.
And the Snowwalker takes, and the Snowwalker gives.
One person dies, that the village may live.
One person dies, that the village may live.

And the Snowwalker comes, and the Snowwalker goes,
And takes away the ones, who are ready to go.
And the Snowwalker comes, and the Snowwalker goes.
And the Snowwalker comes, and the Snowwalker goes.
The Snowwalker comes, and the Snowwalker goes.

(Album, The Rain Before It Falls)

The Rain Before It Falls (2001-109)

You who want to own the rain before it falls,
You who want to own the sun before it shines,
You who want to own the wind before it blows,
Let me tell you you will never own my mind.
Let me tell you you will never own my mind.

You've got your corporations taking their toll.
You've got your operation mind control.
You want to own our bodies, steal our souls.
But we say hell no, we won't go, we won't go.

With NAFTA and the WTO,
You think you can manipulate the show,
And tell us everything we need to know.
But there's a whisper, overthrow, overthrow.

You who want to own the rain before it falls,
You who want to own the sun before it shines,
You who want to own the wind before it blows,
Let me tell you you will never own my mind.
Let me tell you you will never own my mind.

Your power it will slowly bring you down.
Your shadows they will crumble all around,
Til you are but a shadow on the ground,
With the people shouting, here and now, here and now.

Another world will rise from the debris,
Where people come and build community,
With love and peace and truth and equity.
And we'll be crying, we are free. We are free.

You who want to own the rain before it falls,
You who want to own the sun before it shines,
You who want to own the wind before it blows,
Let me tell you you will never own my mind.
Let me tell you you will never own my mind.

And the rain will fall free,
And the sun will shine.
And the wind will rise in freedom,
With the freedom in our minds.
For the earth is not ours to own.
It is owned by the maker.
And this world was not given to us by the past,
But only loaned to us by the future.

And the rain will fall free,
And the sun will shine.
And the wind will rise in freedom,
With the freedom in our minds.
For the earth is not ours to own.
It is owned by the maker.
And this world was not given to us by the past,

But only loaned to us by the future.
And this world was not given to us by the past,
But only loaned to us by the future.

(Album, The Rain Before It Falls)

Milky Way (2001-110)

Here we are upon life's plane,
World so huge and yet so small.
Calling Mother Universe by name,
Calling the spirit deep inside us all.
Calling the spirit deep inside us all.

Who we are and why we are,
Reaching for that buried star.
What we do and what we say,
Children of the Milky Way.
Children of the Milky Way.

Here we are upon life's plane,
World so huge and yet so small.
Calling Mother Universe by name,
Calling the spirit deep inside us all.
Calling the spirit deep inside us all.

Who we are and why we are,
Reaching for that buried star.
What we do and what we say,
Children of the Milky Way.
Children of the Milky Way.

Here we are this point in time,
This dreaming space, this dreaming soul.
Coming of age in the planet mind,
Starlight shining make us whole.
Starlight shining make us whole.

Who we are and where we are,
Reaching for that shining star.
What we do and what we say,
Coming of age in the Milky Way.
Coming of age in the Milky Way.
Coming of age in the Milky Way.

Who we are and where we are,
Reaching for that buried star.
What we do and what we say,
Children of the Milky Way.
Children of the Milky Way.

Here we are upon life's plane,
World so huge and yet so small.
Calling Mother Universe by name,
Calling the spirit deep inside us all.
Calling the spirit deep inside us all.
Calling the spirit deep inside us all.
Calling the spirit deep inside us all.

Deep inside us all.
Deep inside us all.

(Album, The Rain Before It Falls)

If There Had Been (2001-111)

If there had been no World Trade Center,
There'd have been no World Trade Center to bomb.
There'd have been no Pentagon to wound,
If there had been no Pentagon.

If there had been no America,
No corporate empire in the night,
We might have all been living in peace,
Like the west wind takes to flight.

If there had only been the people,
And gentle Earth community,
With the rivers flowing freely,
From the mountains to the sea.

North America I love you,
For the drumbeat of your soul.
You are deeper than all memory,
Like the moon that rises full.

But North America you haunt me,
When you try to turn our brains,
Into building walls of fear and greed,
And binding ourselves with chains.

You are sweeter than all sacredness,
Deeper than our hearts and minds.
You are older than these mountains,
Greener than these oaks and pines.

But when the sacred hoop is broken,
Can it ever be reclaimed.
And when the holy fool has spoken,
Can we ever find freedom from our shame.

If there had been no World Trade Center,
There'd have been no World Trade Center to bomb.
And there'd have been no wounded Pentagon,
If there had been no Pentagon.
If there had been no Pentagon.

(Album, The Rain Before It Falls)

May They Never Crush Your Spirits (2001-112)

May they never crush your spirits.
May they never grind you down.
May they never burn you out, break you up,
Or beat you to the ground.
May the world stand with you as you work,
To turn your world around.
May they never crush your spirits.
May they never, never grind you down.

Women in a land at war,
For twenty years or more,
Daring to stand together,
Knowing what you're fighting for.
You saw the Russian tanks roll in,
With fire from the sky,
As the thunder of invasion,
Drowned out the people's cry.
Then the Mujahideen with western arms,
Came quoting the Quran,
And posing as the liberators,
Of Afghanistan.
Who were the ones who suffered,
As the bombs and bullets flew.
As the eyes of the world ignored you,
You were the only ones who knew.

May they never crush your spirits.
May they never grind you down.
May they never burn you out, break you up,
Or beat you to the ground.
May the world have open hearts to help you,
Turn your world around.
May they never crush your spirits.
May they never, never grind you down.

You knew the women of Kabul,
Who committed suicide,
Rather than ending up,
As a Mujahideen man's battle prize.
And the fathers who sold their daughters,
To the men of the Mujahideen,
Believing they'd be blessed by God,
Or spared by the regime.
Then civil war brought civil war,
And the Taliban moved in,
Identifying evil,
With the sight of a woman's skin.
And the beatings and the stonings,
And the lynchings they went on.
Did you wonder in the darkest hours,
How the night could be so long.

May they never crush your spirits.
May they never grind you down.

May they never burn you out, break you up,
Or beat you to the ground.
May the world stand with you as you work,
To turn your world around.
May they never crush your spirits.
May they never, never grind you down.

You told the world of the Taliban,
But the world just turned away.
It was something happening somewhere else.
For CNN it didn't pay.
Though some spoke out, their voice was small,
And lost amid the haze.
But you, you kept on struggling,
While your sisters were buried in mass graves.
Then three airplanes did their deadly work,
Over half a world away,
And suddenly the word, Taliban,
Pounds in everybody's brain.
Once more the bombs are falling,
And the guns aren't far behind.
How many million refugees,
On the Pakistan-Afghan line.
But for the women of Afghanistan,
You've seen it all before.
You only hope that there'll be something that remains,
When the men are weary of their war.

May they never crush your spirits.
May they never grind you down.
May they never burn you out, break you up,
Or beat you to the ground.
May the world have open hearts to help you,
Turn your world around.
May they never crush your spirit.
May they never, never grind you down.

It's not the men with tanks and guns,
Who have the power to,
Create a better future,
Better world for me and you.
But the women who have struggled,
With the power of mind and hand,
And dared to dream that morning might bring,
Some kind of justice to their land.
A world of peace with equity,
That hears the voice of all.
That's all that you are asking for.
Pray may we hear your call.
That every man and every woman,
Who walks upon this earth,
May be able to live in peace,
And come to know, some flicker of their worth.

May they never crush your spirits.
May they never grind you down.

May they never burn you out, break you up,
Or beat you to the ground.
May the world stand with you as you work,
To turn your world around.
May they never crush your spirits.
May they never, never grind you down.

May they never crush your spirits.
May they never grind you down.
May they never burn you out, break you up,
Or beat you to the ground.
May the world stand with you as you work,
To turn your world around.
May they never crush your spirits.
May they never, never grind you down.
May they never, never grind you down.
May they never, never, never grind you down.
May they never, never, never grind you down.
May they never, never, never grind you down.

(Album, The Rain Before It Falls)

Long Live the Power of the People (2001-113)

There is power in the movement,
From sea to sea to sea,
And love in the hearts of the people.
We are fighting for a future,
That is peaceful just and free.
And we say power to the people.

The movement is moving.
We know what we're fighting for.
And once we have moved forward,
We won't go back no more.
There is no time to be sleeping.
There is no time to snore.
We say power to the people.

The corporations everywhere,
They want to keep control.
The iron fist of the corporate state is waiting,
To do the corporate bidding,
Wherever it is they go.
But we say power to the people.

The movement is moving.
We know what we're fighting for.
And once we have moved forward,
We won't go back no more.
There's no time to be sleeping.
There is no time to snore.
We say power to the people.

September 11th,
Will be used as an excuse,
To crack down on every free dissenter.
But we will not be still,
Before the corporate state's abuse.
For we say power to the people.

The movement is moving.
We know what we're fighting for.
And once we have moved forward,
We won't go back no more.
O people of the planet,
Let us rise in one great roar.
Long live the power of the people.

We know the terror,
The corporations bring,
The violence of the capitalist system.
But we will be the ones who will,
Be changing everything.
For we say power to the people.

The movement is moving.
We know what we're fighting for.

And once we have moved forward,
We won't go back no more.
My brothers and my sisters,
Let us rise in one great roar.
Democracy means power to the people.

We stopped them in Seattle.
They thought that we had gone.
We haunted them from Washington to Davos.
They shot us in Genoa,
But still we're marching on.
Long live the power of the people.

The movement is moving.
We know what we're fighting for.
And once we have moved forward,
We won't go back no more.
O people of the planet,
Let us rise in one great roar.
Long live the power of the people.

The movement is moving.
We know what we're fighting for.
And once we have moved forward,
We won't go back no more.
My brothers and my sisters,
Let us rise in one great roar.
Long live the power of the people.
Democracy means power to the people.
We say power to the people.
Long live the power of the people.

Long live the power of the people.

(Album, Starship Revolution)

Babylon (2001-114)

I thought I heard the sweet birds sing,
This is Babylon.
I thought I heard the wind chimes ring,
This is Babylon.
I thought I heard the wild wolves howl,
This is Babylon.
And a hibernating bear did growl,
This is Babylon.

Babylon, great Babylon,
I've climbed your walls and your towers.
Babylon, o Babylon,
But you shall fall in an hour.
Babylon, great Babylon,
I've climbed your walls and your towers.
Babylon, o Babylon,
But you shall fall in an hour.

I thought I saw the sun grow dark,
Over Babylon.
And moon brought low by harper's harp,
Down to Babylon.
There was no escape. There was no way out,
Away from Babylon.
But not even the most naive child would doubt,
This is Babylon.

Babylon, great Babylon,
I've climbed your walls and your towers.
Babylon, o Babylon,
But you shall fall in an hour.
Babylon, great Babylon,
I've climbed your walls and your towers.
Babylon, o Babylon,
But you shall fall in an hour.

The lightening flashed. The thunder roared,
Shaking Babylon.
One blinding flame, one flashing sword,
Came down on Babylon.
The rain was hot. The rain was hard,
That fell on Babylon.
In the end a sky empty of stars,
Hung over Babylon.

Babylon, great Babylon,
I've climbed your walls and your towers.
Babylon, o Babylon,
But you shall fall in an hour.
Babylon, great Babylon,
I've climbed your walls and your towers.
Babylon, o Babylon,
But you shall fall in an hour.

Babylon, great Babylon,
I've climbed your walls and your towers.
Babylon, o Babylon,
But you shall fall in an hour.
You shall fall in an hour.
You shall fall in an hour.

(Album, Starship Revolution)

Might It Be (2001-115)

Might it be,
Kathmandu
Might it be,
The North Star is out tonight.

Might it be,
A place where we are freezing,
In the wintertime.
Might it be,
A home for the people for whom,
Home is everywhere.

Might it be,
Laughter in the midnight hour.
Might it be,
The company of joyful friends.

Might it be,
One last cup of wine we pour.
Might it be,
A song to the ocean dream.

In late November,
As the veil wears thin,
I journey to a freedom land,
Where I am welcomed in.

But this is not so far away,
Not in any other world.
We are very much in this world,
Just a few snow swirls.

Might it be,
A Shangri-La of our own making.
Might it be,
But Katmandu is a real city,
With thousands of poor and struggling people.

Might it be,
The only kingdoms are in our minds.
Might it be,
We will find a better way this time.

This is not a mountain.
This is not a yogic dream.
We are ordinary believers,
Ordinary human beings.

The Fairy Folk will strengthen us,
From inside their Fairy mounds.
But in the end we are the only ones,
Who can keep our feet on solid ground.

Might it be,

Lightening flashing bright.
Might it be,
Forty-two below tonight.

Might it be,
The North Star is still dancing and,
Might it be,
We are a people,
Who can learn to love the land.

Might it be,
The North Star is still dancing and,
Might it be,
We are a people,
Who can learn to love the land.
We are a people,
Who can learn to love the land.

Might it be.
Might it be.
Might it be.

(Album, Starship Revolution)

Starship Revolution (2001-116)

Exactly where we come from no one knows,
But we travel with the wind and rain and snow.
We appeared one morning after a midnight storm,
With the ocean in our eyes, and the moon to keep us warm.

We are free. We are in chains.
We are old yet we are new.
We are nameless. We have names.
You are we. We are you.

We are the Starship Revolution.
We are the Starship Revolution.
Humanity was born free and is everywhere in chains.
Let us tear away the mask and feel the sweet spring rain.
We are the Starship Revolution.
We are the Starship Revolution.

Dreaming with the sunlight in our minds,
A gentle voice says take the quest and you shall find.
There are sunlight spirits all along the way,
Making bright the spirit road, the road to Arton Zay.

We are lost. We are found.
We are here yet we are there.
Right side up, upside down,
Now we're nowhere, now everywhere.

We are the Starship Revolution.
We are the Starship Revolution.
Humanity was born free and is everywhere in chains.
Let us tear away the mask and feel the sweet spring rain.
We are the Starship Revolution.
We are the Starship Revolution.

We are children of the shadow and the light.
We are people of the woodland moonlit night.
We will dance a million rivers to the sea,
But the sea is never full.
She will always give us room to breathe.

We are Earth. We are sky.
We are midnight. We are noon.
We are humble. We are high.
We are the sun. We are the moon.

We are the Starship Revolution.
We are the Starship Revolution.
Humanity was born free and is everywhere in chains.
Let us tear away the mask and feel the sweet spring rain.
We are the Starship Revolution.
We are the Starship Revolution.
We are the Starship Revolution.
We are the Starship Revolution.

Starship Revolution.
Starship Revolution.
Starship Revolution.
Starship Revolution.
Starship Revolution.
Starship Revolution.
We are the Starship Revolution.

(Album, Starship Revolution)

The Rising Moon Is Weeping (2001-117)

They tell me Bob Dylan is sixty years old.
Everything that once was has been bought and been sold.
But we've seen the shadows so dark and so cold.
We've felt the wind that is creeping.
What is the price of a Dyllenesk soul,
When the rising moon is weeping.

We remember the sixties even if we weren't there.
We remember the music the mantras the hair.
We remember the dream of a new world so fair,
Of something that was worth believing.
Like a wave that went out calling people to care.
Now the rising moon is weeping.

Now if you are a band at least you can dissolve,
And become a nostalgia item for all.
But if you are a solo act and the people still call,
You have to keep ranting and wheezing.
And if you lack creativity hope they don't mind at all,
While the rising moon is weeping.

Don't ask me why Dylan keeps recording songs.
Perhaps it's his way to say keep on keeping on.
Though Hendricks Oches Joplin and Lennon are gone,
The peppermint tea is still steeping.
And once you have spoken you cannot be withdrawn,
While the rising moon is weeping.

Now sometimes your music gets sold to the banks.
Sometimes you get sung as we stare down the tanks.
'Cause the capitalist system it still gives us anxt,
And we know in our hearts we're not teasing.
Have a good one Bob Dylan. It's my way to say thanks,
While the rising moon is weeping.
Have a good one Bob Dylan. It's my way to say thanks,
While the rising moon is weeping.

(Album, Starship Revolution)

Flying With the Swans (2001-118)

I am flying with the swans.
I am flying with the swans.
I am flying with the swans.
I am flying with the swans.

Once they called me ugly duckling,
And knew not a place for me.
And sometimes they were embarrassed,
To count me as family.
So I wandered and I wondered,
Would I always be alone.
Then one day I saw my people,
And I knew I had come home.

I am flying with the swans.
I am flying with the swans.
I am flying with the swans.
I am flying with the swans.

O the love and the friendship,
Of my new sweet family,
Is a love I cannot put in words,
But only feel in poet dreams.
It's a love, a love that holds me,
And gives me space to spread my wings.
A love that lasts with gentle passion,
For what tomorrow's dawn may bring.

I am flying with the swans.
I am flying with the swans.
I am flying with the swans.
I am flying with the swans.

Somewhere out there, there's a family.
There's a sweet community.
For everyone called ugly duckling,
As every leaf shall have its tree.
And when you find your kindred journeyers,
A spirit family of your own,
You shall know your inner being.
You shall know you have come home.

I am flying with the swans.
I am flying with the swans.
I am flying with the swans.
I am flying with the swans.

I am flying with the swans.
I am flying with the swans.
I am flying with the swans.

(Album, Starship Revolution)

You Are the Alpha (2001-119)

You are the alpha, and the omega.
You are the sunshine. You are the flower.
You are the dreamer, and the awakener.
You are eternity in an hour.
You are eternity in an hour.

What is this garden, where we sit quietly.
What is this blossoming, that flowers inside of me.
What is the quiet. What is the freedom,
That asks of the being part, of human being.

You are the alpha, and the omega.
You are the sunshine. You are the flower.
You are the familiar. You are the stranger.
You are eternity in an hour.
You are eternity in an hour.

Sometimes it feels like we're, just raindrops falling down.
Sometimes a nightingale, is all that's calling now.
You are the spirit, the living waters.
We are your lanterns, your sons and daughters.

You are the alpha, and the omega.
You are the sunshine. You are the flower.
You are creation, and the Creator.
You are eternity in an hour.
You are eternity in an hour.
You are eternity in an hour.
You are eternity in an hour.
Tee in an hour, tee in an hour.
You are eternity in an hour.

(Album, Starship Revolution)

Nice Ordinary Citizens (2001-120)

Shape them well, the human soft drink cans,
As they fall from your machine.
Give each of them a name and number.
Tell them they are free.
Fill them with acquisitivist,
Ideology.
Teach them to be nice ordinary citizens,
Who keep their noses clean.

We are nice ordinary citizens.
We keep our noses clean.
Never look beyond our backyards,
To see what there is to see.
Forming our opinions,
From the nightly corporate news,
Designed to satisfy self-righteousness,
And help us all to snooze.

If there were something to be done,
The faces on our screens,
Would do that something for us.
No we don't have to scream.
We don't have to wonder,
What it is or what it means.
We are nice ordinary citizens.
We keep our noses clean.

If you would take a look, my friend,
At the bowels of history,
You'd realize just how important,
The nice ordinary citizen has been.
We were the ones who clapped our hands,
Showing no concern,
When the witches and the heretics,
Were being tried and burned.

It was the nice ordinary citizen,
Who never raised a hand,
As the legacy of slavery marched on,
Over ocean, over land.
It was the nice ordinary citizen,
Who smiled with each new dawn,
As the pogroms, the religious wars,
And masicres went on.

Without us there would have been no Hitler.
There'd have been no Holocaust.
No Suharto, no Pinochet,
No need to count the cost.
There would have been no Manhattan Project,
And no atomic bomb.
No ecocide, no global warming,
No free trade deal, the list goes on and on.

We are the ones whose silence,
Buys a thousand omnicides,
Just taking care of business,
And going with the flow and with the tide.
We are the little wheels who turn,
The fascist mind machine.
We are the nice ordinary citizens.
We keep our noses clean.
We are the nice ordinary citizens.
We keep our noses clean.

So shape them well, the human soft drink cans,
As they fall from your machine.
Give each of them a name and number.
Tell them they are free.
Fill them with acquisitivist,
Ideology.
Teach them to be nice ordinary citizens,
Who keep their noses clean.
Teach them to be nice ordinary citizens,
Who keep their noses clean.
Nice ordinary citizens,
Who keep their noses clean.

(Album, Starship Revolution)

Nothing Wrong Here (2001-121)

Uncle Sam went over to South East Asia,
And spent fifteen years fighting a war that was never declared.
And from two to four million unarmed civilians,
Were killed, on the ground, in the lands they call
Cambodia, Laos and Vietnam.
But the Ministry of Truth, the revisers of history said,
No, it wasn't millions. It was only a few hundred,
Or maybe a few thousand who died, on the other side.
And what more do you want.
We were fair and open and honest about Mi Lai.

And there's nothing wrong here. There's nothing wrong here.
There is no reason for your concern, your pain or your fear.
There's nothing wrong here. There's nothing wrong here.

In the spring of 1979,
At the Three Mile Island nuclear power plant,
They came within thirty minutes of a nuclear meltdown,
But even short of a meltdown,
They spread radioactivity across the land.
And the nuclear industry was caught unprepared,
And the media they had a field day,
When they couldn't get answers from those,
Who were supposed to be in the know.
But ten years later when Benjamin Goldman,
Published his findings that showed,
That from fifty to a hundred thousand Americans,
Died, across the U.S., in the shadow of TMI,
The nuclear industry was quick to dismiss him and say,
Didn't you know that nobody died.

And there's nothing wrong here. There's nothing wrong here.
There is no reason for your concern, your pain or your fear.
There's nothing wrong here. There's nothing wrong here.

Early in the year 2000, in the city of Saskatoon,
Two aboriginal men were found frozen to death,
Near a power station, a couple kilometres out of town.
A third man was driven by Saskatoon's finest,
Out to the same location, and left there,
At minus twenty-five, only a few days before.
But he lived to tell the tale.
An RCMP commission looked into the matter,
But to no one's surprise concluded that there was no evidence,
Linking police action to the deaths of the two men,
And police racism doesn't exist anyway.

And there's nothing wrong here. No there's nothing wrong here.
There is no reason for your concern, your anger or fear.
There's nothing wrong here. There's nothing wrong here.

In matters of racism, matters of war,
The environment, public health, and anything else you can name,
To stand up and speak out as a progressive citizen,

Is to hear the constant refrain.
For there are many whose purpose it is to declare,
That we live in a happy democracy, and everything is,
Even nicer than it appears.
For there are many whose power and privilege depends,
On the lie, that there's nothing wrong here.

So there's nothing wrong here. There's nothing wrong here.
We are nice, democratic, progressive and sensitive.
Please let us keep our careers.
There's nothing wrong here. There's nothing wrong here.
The rich and the privileged are still rich and privileged,
While the poor are living in fear.
There's nothing wrong here. There's nothing wrong here.
The wheels of capitalism are turning.
Everything is as it should be,
Regardless of how things appear.
And there's nothing wrong here. There's nothing wrong here.
No there's nothing wrong here.

(Album, Starship Revolution)

I Wanna Be There (2001-122)

If there is a firing line,
I wanna be there.
If there is a battle to fight,
I wanna be there.
If the barricades are aflame,
I wanna be there.
If people are refusing to play the game,
I wanna be there.
I wanna be there.

No time to stand on the side,
I wanna be there,
And stand in the thick of the fight.
I wanna be there.
When the tear gas canisters fly,
I wanna be there.
And the pepper spray gets in our faces and eyes,
I wanna be there.
I wanna be there.

There's no glory,
And no romance,
Just desperate people,
Caught in a desperate dance.
There is rarely an hour of rest,
And seldom a reward.
There may even be times when you ask,
What the hell you are doin' this for.
But I wanna be there.
I wanna be there.

If there is a firing line,
I wanna be there.
If there is a battle to fight,
I wanna be there.
If the barricades are aflame,
I wanna be there.
If people are refusing to play the game,
I wanna be there.
I wanna be there.
I wanna be there.
I wanna be there.

I wanna be there.

(Album, Starship Revolution)

We Are Comrades (2001-123)

We are comrades. We are comrades.
Whether near or far away.
We are working, for a world that,
We're only dreaming of today.
We are comrades. We are comrades.
Whether near or far away.
We are working, for a world that,
We're only dreaming of today.

We will build that, democratic common.
We will build that sacred space.
Common land and, common freedom,
Peace and justice shall embrace.
We will build that, democratic common.
We will build that sacred space.
Common land and, common freedom,
Peace and justice shall embrace.

Let justice roll, roll down like water,
And righteousness, like a flowing stream.
With the hearts and, minds of everyone,
We will build that cherished dream.
Let justice roll, roll down like water,
And righteousness, like a flowing stream.
With the hearts and, minds of everyone,
We will build that cherished dream.

We are comrades. We are comrades.
Whether near or far away.
We are working, for a world that,
We're only dreaming of today.
We are comrades. We are comrades.
Whether near or far away.
We are working, for a world that,
We're only dreaming of today.
We are working, for a world that,
We're only dreaming of today.

We are comrades. We are comrades.
Whether near or far away.
We are comrades. We are comrades.
Whether near or far away.

(Album, Starship Revolution)

I Am Sleeping (2001-124)

I am sleeping, with the radio on.
I am sleeping, with the radio on.
Waves of human heart, waves of song.
I am sleeping, with the radio on.

River of silver, flows around this star.
River of silver, flows around this star.
Deep inside the fire, that is where we are.
River of silver, flows around this star.

Voices sounding, from the far and wide.
Voices sounding, from the far and wide.
Through the cosmosphere, it is cold outside.
Voices sounding, from the far and wide.

Holy city, temples of my mind.
Holy city, temples of my mind.
Ocean dreamers, poke their way through time.
Holy city, temples of my mind.

Silver wings, on silver craft.
Silver wings, on silver craft.
You will take us, take us home at last.
Silver wings, on silver craft.

I am sleeping, with the radio on.
I am sleeping, with the radio on.
Waves of human heart, waves of song.
I am sleeping, with the radio on.
I am sleeping, with the radio on.
With the radio on.
With the radio on.
With the radio on.

(Album, If Galaxies Have Souls)

I Thought the World was With Me (2001-125)

It was June of 1980,
When I was twelve years old,
I bought Billy Joel's "Glass Houses",
And he sang of rock'n'roll.

And all the world was opening.
There was a sweetness in the air.
And all the world was sparkling,
Like a love song or a prayer.

And I thought the world was with me.
I thought the world so fine.
I knew the world was with me.
I knew the world was mine.
I knew the world was mine.

It was October 1980.
I remember the radio.
Songs like "Late in the Evening",
And "Looking for Trouble".

I thought myself a young rebel,
And runner in the rain.
Somewhere out on the highway,
Never coming home again.

And I thought the world was with me.
I thought the world so fine.
I knew the world was with me.
I knew the world was mine.
I knew the world was mine.

It was December 1980,
The month John Lennon died.
Listening to the music,
Of another day and time.

Imagining and dreaming,
That the world could live in peace.
We could make that revolution,
In our hearts and we'd be free.

And I thought the world was with me.
I thought the world so fine.
I knew the world was with me.
I knew the world was mine.
I knew the world was mine.

Now twenty-one years I've traveled,
Along the windy road.
Seen many shadows in the night,
And messages in code.

But the stone rings are still standing,

And the temples call our names.
The music of our grounding,
Is the song that keeps us sane.

O the stone rings are still standing,
And the temples call our names.
The music of our grounding,
Is the song that keeps us sane.
The song that keeps us sane.
The song that keeps us sane.
The song that keeps us sane.
The song that keeps us sane.

(Album, If Galaxies Have Souls)

Hit the Road Pigs (2001-126)

Now this little piggy went to market,
And this little piggy stayed home.
Somewhere there's a community,
That's been wasted to the bone.

Hit the road pigs,
And don't ya come back no more no more no more no more.
Hit the road pigs,
And don't ya come back no more.

One community got oinkish.
One community took a snort.
But there wasn't any meat left on the bone,
When they pork barrelled all the pork.

Hit the road pigs,
And don't ya come back no more no more no more no more.
Hit the road pigs,
And don't ya come back no more.

Some people love the corporations,
And some people love the farm.
But there won't be anything left to love,
When the pigs are out of the barn.

Hit the road pigs,
And don't ya come back no more no more no more no more.
Hit the road pigs,
And don't ya come back no more.

The developer said to the local wreathe,
I'll tell you what I think.
We gotta build that mega hog barn now,
Before anyone makes a stink.

Hit the road pigs,
And don't ya come back no more no more no more no more.
Hit the road pigs,
And don't ya come back no more.

Now some people like their bologna,
And some people like their Spam.
But we've gotta find a better way my friend,
To bring our bacon home in a can.

Hit the road pigs,
And don't ya come back no more no more no more no more.
Hit the road pigs,
And don't ya come back no more.

Well the companies did their shmoozing,
And they made it all seem so real.
But before the papers were all signed,
They were afraid the pig might squeal.

Hit the road pigs,
And don't ya come back no more no more no more no more.
Hit the road pigs,
And don't ya come back no more.

Yeah this little piggy went to market,
And this little piggy stayed home.
But with twenty thousand hogs per barn no piggy,
Need ever fear being alone.

Hit the road pigs,
And don't ya come back no more no more no more no more.
Hit the road pigs,
And don't ya come back no more.

Hit the road pigs,
And don't ya come back no more no more no more no more.
Hit the road pigs,
And don't ya come back no more.

Pigs pigs pigs pigs pigs pigs pigs pigs,
Don't ya come back no more.

(Album, If Galaxies Have Souls)

And So We Dream (2001-127)

Teilhard saw the moon,
Shining bright and full,
Rising over the trenches,
Of the First World War.
And because he was a dreamer he said,
Could it be the earth made whole,
Rising over the trenches,
Of our pain and fear.

And an astronaut,
Held the shining crescent earth,
In the palm of his hand,
No bigger than an ornament,
On a Christmas tree.
And he said, There is everything,
That means anything to you,
All of art and life and music,
And history.

And so we dream, we dream of being,
The one bright Earth, that we are seeing.
And so we dream, we dream of living,
In a world of love, and sweet forgiving.
And sweet forgiving.

I heard pagans dance,
Beneath a bright full moon,
In a clearing in the forest,
By a rushing stream.
I thought I heard them sing,
"The earth is our mother.",
"We must take care of her.", and I thought,
Things are more beautiful,
Than they might seem.

Is it the living Earth,
The lighted flower in us all,
That shines out in everything,
That we behold.
Is there a light that shines,
That does not fade with the years,
A spark of believing,
That will not grow old.

And so we dream, we dream of being,
The one bright Earth, that we are seeing.
And so we dream, we dream of living,
In a world of love, and sweet forgiving.
And sweet forgiving.

And so we dream, we dream of knowing,
Where we have come from, and where we are going.
And so we dream, we dream of living,
In a world of love, and sweet forgiving.

And sweet forgiving.
And sweet forgiving.
And sweet forgiving.
Sweet forgiving.

(Album, If Galaxies Have Souls)

Progress (2001-028)

O the city wants to build a ring road,
And built it all around the town.
Out as far as Martinsville, in through Montgomery Place,
Round and round and round.
We're gonna be three hundred thousand strong.
Gonna be more cars, be it right or wrong.
And if you don't like it, better move along.
This is progress.

And you're standing in the way of progress.
That's what the developer said.
Better step aside for the good of everyone.
Better get it through your head.
But who defines progress anyway.
Progress for whom, who gets the say.
Bikes and busses are progress for me.
No more parking lots, and no more streets.
No more automobiles from your big machine.
This is progress. This is progress.

We'll build it through a low income neighbourhood,
And hope the people don't find their voice.
And the cars will zoom by all day long,
Who cares about the fumes or the gas or the noise.
And NAFTA told us we're not allowed,
To have unleaded gas flowing over our ground.
So we're making those corporations proud.
And this is progress.

And you're standing in the way of progress,
If you dare to have a mind of your own.
If you care about people, if you care about the future,
If you call the earth your home.
But who defines progress anyway.
Progress for whom, who gets the say.
Bikes and busses are progress for me.
Lots of green spaces, gardens and trees.
No more big ideas from your corporate machine.
This is progress. This is progress.

We are the people and we are rising,
And we're gonna study and learn.
When a million drops in the bucket come together,
We know the tide will turn.
Haunted by visions of a greenhouse globe,
Lead and monoxide where our children grow.
We can build a green city right here at home.
And this is progress.

And you're standing in the way of progress.
That's what they always say.
If you take back the freedom to have your own mind,
And call a spade a spade.
But who defines progress anyway.

Progress for whom, who gets the say.
Bikes and busses are progress to me.
Lots of green spaces, gardens and trees.
Windmills turning on the springtime breeze.
No more oil to justify your war machine.
This is progress.

Bikes and busses are progress to me.
Lots of green spaces, gardens and trees.
Windmills turning on the springtime breeze.
Eco-community and democracy.
This is progress. This is progress.

And to you who live by the corporate machine,
I say, Get out of the way of progress.
Get out of the way of progress.

(Album, If Galaxies Have Souls)

God Is a Dreamer (2001-129)

God is a dreamer,
Who dreams a million dreams.
God is a mountain range,
Who births a million streams.
God is a forest,
Where the wind blows through the trees.
God is the silence,
Of a deep timeless sea.

And God dreams a morning,
An awakening world.
But the city streets are hungry,
For a raindrop or a word.
But the word cannot be eaten,
By the children of the dawn,
Before the silver idols,
That would land on your lawn.

But God is a dreamer,
And all of life his dream.
God is a mountain range,
And each of us a stream.
God is a forest,
And our hearts are the trees.
And we are the silence,
That sleeps in the sea.

So we call you Mother Silence,
And we call you Mother Soul.
And we contemplate the icicles,
That form in the cold.
But somewhere in the darkness,
The rain turns into snow.
And we know the midnight wind shall come,
Shall come and make us whole.

For God is a dreamer,
Who dreams a million dreams.
And God is a mountain range,
Who births a million streams.
And God is a forest,
Where the wind blows through the trees.
And God is the silence,
Of a deep timeless sea.
God is the silence,
Of a deep timeless sea.

(Album, If Galaxies Have Souls)

Gonna Go Forward (2001-130)

Gonna go forward, forward.
There is no other place to go.
Gonna go forward, forward.
There is no other place to go.
If the waves of time are pushing you,
You are the river. You must flow.
We're gonna go forward, forward.
There is no other place to go.

Gonna keep talking, talking,
'Cause it's the only thing we can do.
Gonna keep talking, talking,
'Cause it's the only thing we can do.
Talkin' and movin', talkin' and movin',
Til the world that we want comes true.
Gonna keep talking, talking,
'Cause it's the only thing we can do.

Gonna live gently, gently,
'Cause it's the only way we can be.
Gonna live gently, gently,
'Cause it's the only way we can be.
With the earth and the air and the fire of the sun,
And the water of the sea.
We're gonna live gently, gently,
'Cause it's the only way we can be.

Gonna think freely, freely,
Because that is what thinking means.
Gonna think freely, freely,
Because that is what thinking means.
We will plant the seeds of a forest,
And dismantle the old machine.
We're gonna think freely, freely,
Because that is what thinking means.

Gonna stand united, united,
'Cause in our hearts, we are one, all one.
Gonna stand united, united,
'Cause in our hearts, we are one, all one.
And the light will shine inside of us,
With the brilliance of the sun.
Gonna stand united, united,
'Cause in our hearts, we are one, all one.

Gonna go forward, forward,
'Cause there's no other place to go.
Gonna go forward, forward.
There is no other place to go.
When the waves of time are pushing you,
You are the river. You must flow.
Gonna go forward, forward,
'Cause there's no other place to go.
Gonna go forward, forward.

There is no other place to go.
There is no other place to go.
There is no other place to go.

(Album, If Galaxies Have Souls)

Galaxy Green (2001-131)

The light in the ceiling of the universe,
Was shining in my mind.
There was a crimson glow in everything,
That made my red heart pine.
So I turned to the woman next to me,
Who was dressed in green and blue.
And I said don't take me for a fool,
But I'm in love with you.

Are we gonna dance on Galaxy Green.
Are we gonna sing to the Solstice Queen.
Will you wander through the stars with me.
Don't you wanna fly. Don't you wanna dream. Don't you wanna be.
Don't you wanna fly. Don't you wanna dream. Don't you wanna be.

She moved her mouth so softly.
She barely said a word.
But she signalled to a starcraft,
And we were welcomed aboard.
She said I am the empress,
Of the Milky Way Galaxy.
You can travel anywhere you want,
If you come along with me.

Are we gonna dance on Galaxy Green.
Are we gonna sing to the Solstice Queen.
Will you wander through the stars with me.
Don't you wanna fly. Don't you wanna dream. Don't you wanna be.
Don't you wanna fly. Don't you wanna dream. Don't you wanna be.

She introduced the captain,
A Zen master from afar,
Who had a planet of his own where he contemplated,
The light from a nearby star.
She introduced her daughter,
And said this might be the one,
Whose face you saw a-shining,
In the mirror of the sun.

Are we gonna dance on Galaxy Green.
Are we gonna sing to the Solstice Queen.
Will you wander through the stars with me.
Don't you wanna fly. Don't you wanna dream. Don't you wanna be.
Don't you wanna fly. Don't you wanna dream. Don't you wanna be.

There are oak trees, among the nebulae.
There are Druids, dancing in the sky.
There are oak trees, among the nebulae.
There are Druids, dancing in the sky.

Don't you wanna dance with a transgalactic Druid.
Don't you wanna dance with a transgalactic Druid.
Don't you wanna rush with a star's exploding fluid.
Don't you wanna rush with a star's exploding fluid.

Don't you wanna dance with a transgalactic Druid.
Don't you wanna dance with a transgalactic Druid.
Don't you wanna rush with a star's exploding fluid.
Don't you wanna rush with a star's exploding fluid.

There are oak trees, among the nebulae.
There are Druids, dancing in the sky.
There are oak trees, among the nebulae.
There are Druids, dancing in the sky.

Are we gonna dance on Galaxy Green.
Are we gonna sing to the Solstice Queen.
Will you wander through the stars with me.
Don't you wanna fly. Don't you wanna dream. Don't you wanna be.
Don't you wanna fly. Don't you wanna dream. Don't you wanna be.
Galaxy Green, Galaxy Green, Galaxy Green, Galaxy Green.

(Album, If Galaxies Have Souls)

The Flowers Shall Bloom in Hiroshima (2001-132)

Many times we have dwelt in the dark of the night.
Many times we have been in despair.
We have seen the dreams smashed and the visions destroyed,
Til we no longer had the power to care.

We shouted our pain to the vast empty sky,
But only our echoes returned.
We wandered and wept amid mountains of bones,
And the ashes of villages burned.

But the flowers shall bloom in Hiroshima,
And the children shall walk from the refugee camps.
The bird song shall call from Guatemala to Afghanistan,
And the human soul shall dance.
The human soul shall dance.

The blood of a century, the tears of a world,
The pain and the sorrow and fear,
Go echoing on through the tunnels of time.
Like ghosts they rattle and jeer.

But somewhere the sun is waiting to rise.
The sky is waiting to dawn.
Somewhere the seeds are asleep in the soil,
And they whisper, Carry on. Carry on. Carry on.

And the flowers shall bloom in Hiroshima.
And the children shall walk from the refugee camps.
And the bird song shall call from Guatemala to Afghanistan.
And the human soul shall dance.
The human soul shall dance.

There is laughter and hope and music and joy,
As the people keep on keeping on.
There is love and tenderness, as we dream of the day,
When the shadows will finally be gone.

And the butterflies soar no matter the bombs,
And the leaves turn their face to the sun.
And the living goes on and keeps us alive,
Til the day when our work shall be done.

And the flowers shall bloom in Hiroshima.
And the children shall walk from the refugee camps.
And the bird song shall call from Guatemala to Afghanistan.
And the human soul shall dance.
And the human soul shall dance.

And the flowers shall bloom in Hiroshima.
And the children shall walk from the refugee camps.
And the bird song shall call from Guatemala to Afghanistan.
And the human soul shall dance.
And the human soul shall dance.
The human soul shall dance.

The human soul shall dance.

(Album, If Galaxies Have Souls)

Stand There (2001-133)

Don't just do something; stand there.
Don't just do something; stand there.
When all the world seems not to care,
Don't just do something; stand there.

Don't go crazy; live in peace.
Don't go crazy; live in peace.
The fact that you're still standing is a victory.
Don't go crazy; live in peace.

Don't just do something; stand there.
Don't just do something; stand there.
When all the world seems too tough to bear,
Don't just do something; stand there.

And know that the spirits,
Of those who've gone before,
Are watching over you,
And watching ever more.
Know that every effort borne,
And every dream,
Will return like a drop of rain,
Returns to the sea.
Will return like a drop of rain,
Returns from the sea.

Hunger and thirst, for what is just and right.
Hunger and thirst, for what is just and right.
And love will bring you through the dark and lonely night.
Hunger and thirst, for what is just and right.

Don't just do something; stand there.
Don't just do something; stand there.
With the love in the hearts of people everywhere,
Don't just do something; stand there.
Don't just do something; stand there.
Stand there. Stand there. Stand there.

(Album, If Galaxies Have Souls)

We Are Shining (2001-134)

We are shining.
We are shining.
We are the stars in the night sky.
We are shining.

We are shining.
We are shining.
We are the stars in the night sky.
We are shining.

We are shining.
We are shining.
We are the lanterns in the human soul.
We are shining.

We are shining.
We are shining.
We are the lanterns in the human soul.
We are shining.

We are shining.
We are shining.
We are glimpses of the rising sun.
We are shining.

We are shining.
We are shining.
We are glimpses of the rising sun.
We are shining.

We are shining.
We are shining.
We are the one light in everything.
We are shining.

We are shining.
We are shining.
We are the one light in everything.
We are shining.

We are shining.
We are shining.
One day there shall be
No more sun or moon.
For the light will shine,
Everywhere everywhere.
One day there shall be,
No more temple,
For God's presence,
Shall dwell in all,
For all to share.
For God's presence,
Shall dwell in all,
For all to share.

We are shining.
We are shining.
We are the one light in everything.
We are shining.
We are shining.
We are shining.

(Album, If Galaxies Have Souls)

If Galaxies Have Souls (2001-135)

If galaxies have souls,
And planets have heartbeats.
If the wind has a name that she treasures,
And holds in her heart.

If nebulae have ears,
And comets, mouths and tongues.
If the universe has a mind,
May we never be blown apart.
If the universe has a mind,
May we never be blown apart.

If butterflies dream,
If whales and dolphins dream,
If the waves have a mind of their own,
Like the current of some rushing stream.

Do butterflies dream,
That they are human beings.
Do the whales and the dolphins know where it is,
That they have been.
Do the whales and the dolphins know where it is,
That they have been.

If the stars know of windmills,
And play with Plasticine,
If the quasars have children,
And play with them,
On some whispering breeze.

Are we all just moments,
In the rush and swirl of time.
Are we all just figments,
In some cosmic rhyme.
Are we all just figments,
In some cosmic rhyme.

If galaxies have souls,
And planets have heartbeats.
If the wind has a name of her own,
That she treasures and holds,
In her heart.

If nebulae have ears,
And comets, mouths and tongues.
If the universe has a mind,
May we never be blown apart.
If the universe has a mind,
May we never be blown apart.
If the universe has a mind,
May we never be blown apart.

(Album, If Galaxies Have Souls)

Can't Walk on Water No More (2001-136)

I used to be able to walk on water,
Walking on out from a sleepy time shore.
I used to be able to walk on water,
But I can't walk on water no more.
No more, no more,
I can't walk on water no more.

I used to be able to turn water to wine.
The richest red wines in your glass I would pore.
I used to be able to turn water to wine.
Can't turn water to wine any more.
Any more, any more,
Can't turn water to wine any more.

Used to have the Son of Man within me,
Shining as bright as a bright rising star.
They used to call me Yeshuah Mesheah.
But then one day I just went too far.
I stole the moon from the cosmos,
And I hid the moon in my shiny guitar.
There you are.

I used to multiply loaves and fishes,
Feeding the thousands on a gentile shore.
I used to multiply loaves and fishes.
I can't do loaves and fishes no more.
No more, no more,
I can't do loaves and fishes no more.

I used to play with a rock'n'roll band,
And we made the mountains and the heavens to roar.
I used to play with a rock'n'roll band.
I can't do rock'n roll any more.
Any more, any more,
I can't do rock'n'roll any more.

Used to have the universe inside me,
Shining as bright as a bright meteor.
They used to call me Yeshuah Mesheah,
And how like an eagle my spirit would soar.
Then I tried to return to my spaceship,
But my fellow cosmic travelers wouldn't open the door.
So what's it for.

Joseph Campbell said we are all the Second Coming,
So light a candle to the Christ who blows in the wind.
St. Northrop got us all to wonder.
Till the soil for the sake of the flower within.
Till the soil for the sake of the flower within.
The flower within.

I used to be able to walk on water.

(Album, If Galaxies Have Souls)

Silver (2001-137)

Build your comets out of time.
Give them wings and make them fly.
Silver spacesuit, silver eye,
Silver journey through the night.

Silver wings in silver flight,
Silver moon, silver light.
Silver people, silver door,
Silver sand on silver shore.

Silver mountain, silver sky,
Silver live and silver die.
Silver wheat, silver rye,
Silver laugh and silver cry.

This is a song for John Minor.
This is a song for John Minor.

Build your comets out of time.
Give them wings and make them fly.
Silver spacesuit, silver eye,
Silver journey through the night.

Silver wings in silver flight,
Silver moon, silver light.
Silver people, silver door,
Silver sand on silver shore.

This is a song for John Minor.
This is a song for John Minor.
This is a song for John Minor.
This is a song for John Minor.

(Album, If Galaxies Have Souls)

Plasticine (2001-138)

Take away the rush of air, that let's you breathe,
Take away the song, of your heart beat,
Take away your mind, your inner movie screen,
And I'm afraid to tell you, you're only plasticine.

Take away your feelings, take away your pulse,
Take away the river of life, those rushing waterfalls,
Take away everything, that makes you human being,
And I'm afraid to tell you, you're only plasticine.

What would you be, without the eastern wind,
And the stars that shine, and tell you where you've been,
And the living breathing earth, our gentle mother queen,
I'm afraid to tell you, you'd be only plasticine.

So love this life we live, and keep it going.
Love the wind that stirs you. Keep it blowing.
Come dance upon the earth. You are no machine.
You are a sacred soul, who dwells in plasticine.
You are a sacred soul, who dwells in plasticine.
You are plasticine, who dwells in living dream.
You are plasticine, who dwells in living dream.

(Album, If Galaxies Have Souls)

Carry On Carry On (2001-139)

Square called Tiananmen, June of 89.
The tanks roll in and crush the student movement for democracy.
Might have been half a million there, a couple thousand killed,
Then the trucks came in and took the bodies away.
And now they paper over history.
Tiananmin Square is turned into a market with a smile.
All traces of blood and memory are gone.
But still we carry on.

Kanesatake, July 1990,
Tear gas and bullets fly. One SQ man is killed.
Across the country, First Nations rise,
The pain of five hundred years, in their children's eyes.
Eventually, we send in the army.
The house to house search goes on.
Cigarette burns burn the soul.
And Canada makes the Amnesty International, list,
Of human rights abusers for the year.
But still we carry on.

Carry on. Carry on.
Carry on. Carry on. Carry on.

Genoa Italy, July 2001,
A hundred thousand people marching peacefully.
Marching for an end to corporate power, an end to the boots of profit,
An end to the rule of the dollar sign.
In the name of fighting the few destroying property,
The Carabini fascist police,
Arrest the peaceful ones, where they lie sleeping.
They take'em to the station,
Where they beat them and torture them,
Make them sing fascist songs,
And shout "Viva el Duce.".
And all the world learns the name,
Of the young man shot and killed, on the previous day.
And we remember Carlo Giuliani.
But still we carry on.

Ottawa Canada, 17 November,
Almost two years since Seattle.
A couple thousand people, marching peacefully,
But the Mounties, the Ottawa police, and the OPP,
Come in with snarling dogs, respecting no one,
Claiming they are looking for the anarchists.
And the Living River embrace the anarchistei,
And we all dance in pagan time.
What is the hatred in the eyes of the police.
Some kind of revenge for the fact that we're still standing.
Is this what our country's come to.
When the dog bites the baby, we have no choice.
When the dog bights the baby, we must scream.
And scream and carry on.

Carry on. Carry on.
Carry on. Carry on. Carry on.

It's been a long road. The rain's still falling.
Still the battles cry to be fought and won.
But I'm still here my friends, and we're still marching.
There are a million or ten million more who make us strong.
Who help us carry on.

Yes I'm still here my friends, and we're still marching.
There are a million or ten million more who make us strong.
So let us carry on.

Carry on. Carry on. Carry on. Carry on.
Carry on. Carry on. Carry on. Carry on.
Carry on. Carry on. Carry on. Carry on. Carry on.
Carry on. Carry on.

(Album, If Galaxies Have Souls)

If Love Is the Answer (2001-140)

If love is the answer,
What was the question.
If hope is the lyric,
What is the poem.
The question might be how,
Can we live as one together.
The poem is a song,
That will keep us going.

If peace is the answer,
What was the question.
If truth is the title,
What is the poem.
The question might be how can we make,
This world a little better.
The poem is a river,
That will keep on flowing.

If freedom is the answer,
What was the question.
If life is the lyric,
What is the poem.
The question might be how can we,
Survive all kinds of weather.
The poem is a sunset,
That will keep on glowing.

If justice is the answer,
What was the question.
If God is the title,
What is the poem.
The question might be how,
Can we heal the world forever.
The poem is a mind,
That is all loving and all knowing.
The question might be how,
Can we heal the world forever.
The poem is a mind,
That is all loving and all knowing.
The poem is a mind,
That is all loving and all knowing.

(Album, If Galaxies Have Souls)

A Jail Can Be a Temple (2001-141)

A jail can be a temple.
A pinch of salt can change the world.
When a thousand thousand people dream,
And their vision it unfurls.
We will get to peace and freedomland,
In a whisper or a song.
We will get to peace and freedomland,
Before too long, before too long.

One lonely night in ‘maritzburg,
Thrown from a train,
You knew you had a choice to make,
To die or break your chain.
You said the bonds of a slave are snapped,
The moment that the slave,
Considers himself or herself,
To be a free being all the way.

A jail can be a temple.
A pinch of salt can change the world.
When a thousand thousand people dream,
And their vision it unfurls.
We will get to peace and freedomland,
In a whisper or a song.
We will get to peace and freedomland,
Before too long, before too long.

When the vision of a people,
Has been clouded by their pain,
The prophets have to raise their voice,
To bring that vision back again.
Sometimes a thousand have to stand,
When a million people run.
When a million voices call for war,
A thousand have to call for love.

A jail can be a temple.
A pinch of salt can change the world.
When a thousand thousand people dream,
And their vision it unfurls.
We will get to peace and freedomland,
In a whisper or a song.
We will get to peace and freedomland,
Before too long, before too long.

On the last day of your life, my friend,
As the times were rolling on,
You were asked if satya graha,
Could stand against the bomb.
You said, I'd refuse to go into their shelters,
When the air raid sirens wail.
A decade later there were thousands,
Of New York pacifists, who did just that,
Til there were too many for the jail.

For a jail can be a temple.
A pinch of salt can change the world.
When a thousand thousand people dream,
And their vision it unfurls.
We will get to peace and freedomland,
In a whisper or a song.
We will get to peace and freedomland,
Before too long, before too long.

We will get to peace and freedomland,
In a whisper or a song.
We will get to peace and freedomland,
Before too long, before too long.
Before too long, before too long.
We will get to peace and freedomland,
Before too long.

(Albums, Peace and Justice Everywhere, and, Peace on Earth)

Peace and Justice Everywhere (2001-142)

Peace and justice everywhere,
Peace and justice everywhere,
Peace and justice everywhere,
Peace and justice everywhere.

We are the peaceful revolution.
We are the peaceful revolution.
We are the peaceful revolution.
We are the peaceful revolution.

Peace and justice everywhere,
Peace and justice everywhere,
Peace and justice everywhere,
Peace and justice everywhere.

Raise your voice for liberation.
Raise your voice for liberation.
Raise your voice for liberation.
Your voice for liberation.

Peace and justice everywhere,
Peace and justice everywhere,
Peace and justice everywhere,
Peace and justice everywhere.

Let us stand in solidarity.
Let us stand in solidarity.
Let us stand in solidarity.
Stand in solidarity.

Peace and justice everywhere,
Peace and justice everywhere,
Peace and justice everywhere,
Peace and justice everywhere.

Let us love the earth we live upon.
Let us love the earth we live upon.
Let us love the earth we live upon.
Love the earth we live upon.

Peace and justice everywhere,
Peace and justice everywhere,
Peace and justice everywhere,
Peace and justice everywhere.

New Earth Warriors everywhere,
New Earth Warriors everywhere,
New Earth Warriors everywhere,
New Earth Warriors everywhere.

World peacemakers everywhere,
World peacemakers everywhere,
World peacemakers everywhere,
World peacemakers everywhere.

Peace and justice everywhere,
Peace and justice everywhere,
Peace and justice everywhere,
Peace and justice everywhere.

The world you dream of is among you now.
The world you dream of is among you now.
The world you dream of is among you now.
World you dream of is among you now.

Peace and justice everywhere,
Peace and justice everywhere,
Peace and justice everywhere,
Peace and justice everywhere.

Paz y justicia en todo.
Paz y justicia en todo.
Peace and justice everywhere.

There aint no power like the power of people,
'Cause the power of people don't stop.
There aint no power like the power of people,
'Cause the power of people don't stop.
There aint no power like the power of people,
'Cause the power of people don't stop.
There aint no power like the power of people,
'Cause the power of people don't stop.
There aint no power like the power of people,
'Cause the power of people don't stop.
There aint no power like the power of people,
'Cause the power of people don't stop.
There aint no power like the power of people,
'Cause the power of people don't stop.
There aint no power like the power of people,
'Cause the power of people don't stop.

Peace and justice everywhere,
Peace and justice everywhere,
Peace and justice everywhere,
Peace and justice everywhere.

Peace and justice everywhere,
Peace and justice everywhere,
Peace and justice everywhere.

(Album, Peace and Justice Everywhere)

The Budgie in the Mall (December lyrics) (2001-143)

There was a budgie who went crazy
At the world's largest shopping mall.
He said, Don't show me any more capitalism.
I have seen it all.
They said, What! You said capitalism.
You must be crazy bird.
Don't you know capitalism
Is an unspoken word.
Don't you know capitalism
Is an unspoken word.

Now the budgie said, I really do not
Know what you can mean.
What name would you give to this
All-encompassing machine.
The machine that we're surrounded by
Every single day.
The lights go on. The muzak sounds.
Makes me wanna blow it all away.
The lights go on. The muzak sounds.
Makes me wanna blow it all away.

The budgie said, it's like a fish
I once saw on TV,
Who said, All my life I've heard
About something called the sea.
But exactly what the sea could be
I really do not know.
I said, Fish you are surrounded by it
Everywhere you go.
I said, Fish you are surrounded by it
Everywhere you go.

Now the masters of the mall
They came together from all around.
They said, We've really got to do something
To put that budgie down.
He's talking about capitalism
From dawn til dusk each day.
He might educate the customers
And drive them all away.
He might educate the customers
And drive them all away.

Every morning, every evening,
The budgie could be seen,
Discoursing on the evils
Of the corporate machine.
From makilladora factories
To McDonald's Shell and Coke,
And the people stood amazed
At every word the budgie spoke.
And the people stood amazed
At every word the budgie spoke.

Then one day the people gathered
And the budgie he was gone.
There was a sign upon his cage that read,
The budgie died at dawn.
But even the corporate spin-doctors
And the masters of the mall,
Could not erase the bullet hole
In the budgie's cage rear wall.
Could not erase the bullet hole
In the budgie's cage rear wall.

There was a budgie who went crazy
At the world's largest shopping mall.
He said, Don't show me any more capitalism.
I have seen it all.
They said, What! You said capitalism.
You must be crazy bird.
Don't you know capitalism
Is an unspoken word.
Don't you know capitalism
Is an unspoken word.

Don't you know capitalism
Is an unspoken word.
Don't you know capitalism
Is an unspoken word.

(Album, Ripples on the Pond)

The Pot is on the Stove (2001 lyrics) (2001-144)

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,
Awe 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 can 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 at midnight,
And the Gestapo agents came for me.
Then there came a pounding
On my door at 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.
Now the rat wakes up,
But there's no place he can go.
So when the War on Terrorism comes for you,
I told you so.
I told you so.
I told you so.

(Album City of Gold)

No Power Over Me (2001 lyrics) (2001-145)

The capitalist system has
No power over me.
The capitalist system has
No power over me.
The capitalist system has
No power over me.
No power over me.

Down with the multinationals.
Let's have some democracy.
Down with the multinationals.
Let's have some democracy.
Down with the multinationals.
Let's have some democracy.
And so we're rolling on.

The capitalist system has
No power over me.
The capitalist system has
No power over me.
The capitalist system has
No power over me.
No power over me.

Out with the corporate media
Who just see what they want to see.
Out with the corporate media
Who just see what they want to see.
Out with the corporate media
Who just see what they want to see.
And so we're rolling on.

The capitalist system has
No power over me.
The capitalist system has
No power over me.
The capitalist system has
No power over me.
No power over me.

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.
And so we're rolling on.

The capitalist system has
No power over me.
The capitalist system has
No power over me.
The capitalist system has
No power over me.

No power over me.

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.
And so we're rolling on.

The capitalist system has
No power over me.
The capitalist system has
No power over me.
The capitalist system has
No power over me.
No power over me.

The capitalist system has
No power over me.
The capitalist system has
No power over me.
The capitalist system has
No power over me.
No power over me.

(Album, City of Gold)

Song for the People of West Virginia (2001-146)

The Appalachian Mountains,
Stretch across the land.
Beneath the great blue distance,
The work of human hands.
How many generations,
Dug into the ground.
How many buried silent,
Without a trace or sound.

But the people of West Virginia want the coal.
The people of West Virginia want the coal.

Economic growth,
Is a bright and shiny engine.
It lets you speak of wealth without a hint,
Of wealth redistribution.
But economic growth will never break,
The chains of poverty.
Only social revolution, however gentle,
Or ungentle it may be.

But the people of West Virginia want the coal.
The people of West Virginia want the coal.

Don't speak to us of acid rain.
Don't speak of global warming.
But out in the Atlantic,
A hurricane is forming.
With winds higher than they've ever been.
How much longer will we stoke the big machine.

But the people of West Virginia want the coal.
The people of West Virginia want the coal.

Where once Phil Ochs the troubadour,
Rode through and wrote a song,
To the hills of West Virginia,
Singing as he rode along.
Where broken strikes and broken dreams,
Scabs and company goons and misery,
Call like battle cries from down through time,
Like stories learned at your father's knee.

But the people of West Virginia want the coal.
The people of West Virginia want the coal.

Economic growth,
Is a bright and shiny engine.
It lets you speak of wealth without a hint,
Of wealth redistribution.
But economic growth will never break,
The chains of poverty.
Only social revolution, however gentle,
Or ungentle it may be.

But the people of West Virginia want the coal.
The only thing that they have ever known,
A livelihood in a black and shiny stone,
The people of West Virginia want the coal.

Don't speak to us of acid rain.
Don't speak of global warming.
But out in the Atlantic,
A hurricane is forming.
With winds higher than they've ever been.
How much longer will we stoke the big machine.

But the people of West Virginia want the coal.
The only thing that they have ever known,
A livelihood in a black and shiny stone,
The people of West Virginia want the coal.

But what about the millions,
Who will die around the planet,
From desertification, rising oceans,
Hurricanes and floods and famine.
Economic growth will never break,
The chains of poverty.
Living lightly on the earth,
Is the only revolution I can see.

But the people of West Virginia want the coal.
Gonna take a bigger dream to make us whole.
But the people of West Virginia want the coal.
A livelihood in a black and shiny stone,
But the people of West Virginia want the coal.
It's gonna take a bigger dream to make us whole,
But the people of West Virginia want the coal.
It's gonna take a bigger dream to make us whole.
Gonna take a bigger dream to make us whole.
Gonna take a bigger dream to make us whole.
Gonna take a bigger dream to make us whole.

(Album, Earth and Sky)

Song of the Golden Lemon (2001-147)

The golden lemon is not made,
But grows on a green tree.
And a strong heart in its crystal cells,
Is a heart born free.

The oxen pass under the yoke.
The ass is led at will.
But a heart born free has a path of its own,
And a house upon the hill.

The men and women are humans full,
Who till the soil and weave,
Where fifty own the lemon grove,
And no one is a slave.
Where fifty own the lemon grove,
And no one is a slave.

Aaa, aa, golden lemon.
Aaa, aa, golden lemon.

The golden lemon is not made,
But grows on a green tree.
And a strong heart in its crystal cells,
Is a heart born free.

The oxen pass under the yoke.
The ass is led at will.
But a heart born free has a path of its own,
And a house upon the hill.

The men and women are humans full,
Who till the soil and weave,
Where fifty own the lemon grove,
And no one is a slave.
Where fifty own the lemon grove,
And no one is a slave.

Aaa, aa, golden lemon.
Aaa, aa, golden lemon.

The men and women are humans full,
Who till the soil and weave,
Where fifty own the lemon grove,
And no one is a slave.
Where fifty own the lemon grove,
And no one is a slave.

May fifty own the lemon grove,
And no one be a slave.
May fifty own the lemon grove,
And no one be a slave.
And no one be a slave.
And no one be a slave.
And no one be a slave.

May no one be a slave.
May no one be a slave.

The golden lemon is not made.
May no one be a slave.
The golden lemon is not made.
May no one be a slave.

(Album, City of Gold)

Winter Solstice (2001-148)

There is snow on the ground,
Winter solstice.
There is frost in the air,
Winter solstice.
I breathe in the winter freedom,
Winter solstice.
In the spirit let us celebrate,
Winter solstice,
Winter solstice.

We are children of the earth,
Winter solstice.
People of the northern hemisphere,
Winter solstice.
We love the wind and the falling snow,
Winter solstice.
We love the longest night of the year,
Winter solstice,
Winter solstice.

There is snow on the ground,
Winter solstice.
There is frost in the air,
Winter solstice.
I breathe in the winter freedom,
Winter solstice.
In the spirit let us celebrate,
Winter solstice,
Winter solstice.

Love is the spirit we feel,
Winter solstice.
Let us gather together, everyone,
Winter solstice.
We are the journey within and without,
Winter solstice.
Let us join hands as we greet the return of the sun,
Winter solstice,
Winter solstice.

Somewhere deep inside us all,
Winter solstice.
There is a spark of love, and a spark of hope,
Winter solstice.
We are the dreamers of a just and peaceful world,
Winter solstice.
We are winter solstice people, everywhere,
Winter solstice,
Winter solstice.

We are children of the earth,
Winter solstice.
People of the northern hemisphere,
Winter solstice.

We love the wind and the falling snow,
Winter solstice.
We love the longest night of the year,
Winter solstice,
Winter solstice,
Winter solstice.

There is snow on the ground,
Winter solstice.
There is frost in the air,
Winter solstice.
I breathe in the winter freedom,
Winter solstice.
In the spirit let us celebrate,
Winter solstice,
Winter solstice,
Winter solstice,
Winter solstice.

(Album, Grain of Sand)

529 A.D. (2001-149)

It was the year five-hundred-and-twenty-nine A.D.
Nine hundred years since the days of Euripides.
Europe had long since been Christianized,
And looked upon the pagans with suspicious eyes,
And the Emperor Justinian had a Christian church to please.
Ya Justinian had a Christian upper class to please.

Now in the city of Athens where human thought had remained free,
There were schools of philosophy still making their inquiries.
But the Emperor Justinian
Decided that the time had finally come,
To shut down the Athenian schools of philosophy,
To shut down the Athenian schools of philosophy.

The Alexandrian library had been sacked in 415,
The local bishop and an angry mob declaring it to be obscene.
They took the woman who was the last keeper of the place,
Stoned her to death and called her a disgrace,
And then they set fire to the whole damn library,
Burning almost every book that remained from antiquity.

Now a hundred years had passed; it was 529 A.D.
With the shadows growing darker of a Christian hegemony.
And Justinian and his imperialists
Turned an angry eye and an iron fist
To the schools of Athens right down to the Academy,
To the schools of Athens right down to the Academy.

They said, in the name of Christ you have no freedom to be free.
We're gonna shut you down; we're gonna make it plain to see.
We're gonna shut you down with all of your apostasy.
Your ludity, your nudity, and your blasphemy.
In the name of Christ you have no freedom to be free.

It's the year five-hundred-and-twenty-nine A.D.
If you wanta do philosophy, don't you come cryin' to me.
My name is Justinian; it's 529 A.D.
If you wanta do philosophy, don't you come cryin' to me.
My name is Justinian; it's 529 A.D.

They will tell you Jesus saves,
But who will save Jesus when he misbehaves,
And tries to take away our freedom to be free,
Our freedom to inquire, our freedom just to be.
It was the year five-hundred-and-twenty-nine A.D.
It was the year five-hundred-and-twenty-nine A.D.

Let's hear it for the right to philosophical inquiry,
And for the ones who survived 529 A.D.
Let's hear it for the right to philosophical inquiry,
And for the ones who survived 529 A.D.

It was the year five-hundred-and-twenty-nine A.D.

Grain of Sand (2001-150)

See the lightning flash.
Hear the thunder roll.
Hear the gentle voice,
Of your inner soul.
Grain of sand.
Grain of sand.

We're all people living on this grain of sand.
Grain of sand.
Grain of sand.
We're all people living on this grain of sand.

Watch the camera flash from inside your mind.
See the universe in its webs of rhyme.
Grain of sand.
Grain of sand.
We're all people living on this grain of sand.
Grain of sand.
Grain of sand.

Lightning bolt.
Flaming mountain.
Grain of sand.
Lightning bolt.
Flaming mountain.
Grain of sand.

See the eagle fly on the morning breeze.
Watch the sailboats glide on the evening seas.
Grain of sand.
Grain of sand.

We're all people living on this grain of sand.
Grain of sand.
Grain of sand.

Lightning bolt.
Flaming mountain.
Grain of sand.
Lightning bolt.
Flaming mountain.
Grain of sand.

Feel the north wind rise.
Watch the hobbits dance.
You can join their kind in their touch of trance.
Grain of sand.
Grain of sand.

We're all people living on this grain of sand.
Grain of sand.
Grain of sand.

Lightning bolt.

Flaming mountain.
Grain of sand.
Grain of sand.
Grain of sand.
We’re all people living on the grain of sand.
Grain of sand.
Grain of sand.

Lightning bolt.
Flaming mountain.
Grain of sand.
We’re all people living on this grain of sand.

Call it earth,
Mother tera,
Grain of sand.
Lightning bolt.
Flaming mountain.
Grain of sand.
We’re all people living on this grain of sand.

Call it earth,
Mother tera,
Grain of sand.
Lightning bolt.
Flaming mountain.
Grain of sand.
We’re all people living on this grain of sand.

Call it earth,
Mother Tera,
Grain of sand.
Grain of sand.
Grain of sand.
We’re all people living on this grain of sand.
Grain of sand.
Grain of sand.
Grain of sand.

(Album, Grain Of Sand)

Peace To The Universe (2001-151)

Peace in the galaxy,
Peace among the stars,
Peace in the cosmos,
Near and far.
Peace among the planets
And the moons that orbit 'round,
Even peace to the meteoroids
As they glide without a sound.

Peace to the universe,
Peace to the universe.

Satya graha, satya graha,
Satya graha, satya graha.

The prophets they have spoken,
Speaking truth to power,
Giving soul force to our souls
To carry on another hour.
To continue on the journey
With the strength of truth,
With the love of humanity
In everything we do.

Peace to the universe,
Peace to the universe.

Satya graha, satya graha,
Satya graha, satya graha.

Peace in the galaxy,
Peace among the stars,
Peace in the cosmos,
Near and far.
Peace among the planets
And the moons that orbit 'round,
Even peace to the meteoroids
As they glide without a sound.

Peace to the universe,
Peace to the universe,
Peace to the universe,
Peace to the universe.

(Album, Grain of Sand)

Part Four

A Thousand More Will Rise

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2002-040 G8 Get Out of Our World
2002-041 Walk Outside
2002-042 Love and Peace and Revolution
2002-043 Together
2002-044 There Is a Spirit
2002-045 Avenue
2002-046 One Day They Will Bury Me
2002-047 Raining in my Mind
2002-048 Old Oak Tree
2002-049 In One Night
2002-050 Great Day for a War

2002-051 There Were No Haloes
2002-052 Made of Love
2002-053 Library Song
2002-054 Song for the Troubadour
2002-055 Mountain in Antarctica
2002-056 What the World Needs Now
2002-057 Knock on the Window
2002-058 Heartbeat Dream
2002-059 If I Was a Tree
2002-060 A New Soul
2002-061 We Are the People
2002-062 I Don't Have to Come Down
2002-063 Thirty-Five
2002-064 God is a Prairie Wind
2002-065 Song for A. M. Cline
2002-066 I Am not Free
2002-067 Like a Mustard Seed
2002-068 Rumblebee
2002-069 Come Alive
2002-070 Song for Brother Matthew
2002-071 Island
2002-072 The Land is for Those Who Work It
2002-073 We Are the Wind
2002-074 Step into the Beauty
2002-075 In the Songtime of my Soul
2002-076 Peace and Love
2002-077 Jimmy Banjo
2002-078 Radical People
2002-079 Trinkets
2002-080 Free Will
2002-081 Rocking the Western World
2002-082 Fascist Applecart
2002-083 Build a Man a Fire
2002-084 The Grain that was Like an Egg
2002-085 Stefania Knocked Down Cogema
2002-086 Big Green Wheel
2002-087 Song for Palestine
2002-088 Song for Iraq, (2002 lyrics)
2002-089 Crazy All the Time
2002-090 Wild Music
2002-091 Having a Dream
2002-092 Earth Born Love
2002-093 Dream About Houses
2002-094 Peace on Earth
2002-095 How Much Land does a Man Require
2002-096 Never Stop Speaking
2002-097 What Might Have Been
2002-098 Africa
2002-099 The Squatters
2002-100 Stoning You Tomorrow
2002-101 Spaceship Earth Goes Rolling
2002-102 I Am the Song
2002-103 We Kept on Marching
2002-104 A Little Bit of God
2002-105 Walk Across the River
2002-106 My Name is Aquarius

2002-107 There is No Santa Claus
2002-108 Seventeenth Planet
2002-109 Fascists with a Smiling Face
2002-110 Moon Time Energy
2002-111 What Human Beings Live By
2002-112 Is There Snow on the Moon
2002-113 On the Last Night of Atlantis
2002-114 Begin With a Rose
2002-115 I Walked Into a Forest
2002-116 What is a Left Wing Parent to Do
2002-117 Let Us Climb
2002-118 Rebels of Time
2002-119 Out on the Commune
2002-120 Dear Candle
2002-121 A Million Rivers
2002-122 Giant Oak Trees
2002-123 When the Clown No Longer Laughs
2002-124 No to Bush's War
2002-125 Postmodernism Gone Wild
2002-126 Colder Than
2002-127 Night Side of the Terrasphere
2002-128 Sophia's Dance

The Monument (2002-001)

O the terrorists hit the towers
Of the WTC,
A moment forever frozen
In our minds from sea to sea.
Three thousand died in an instant
And a nation went off to war,
And some people said the world had changed
Like it never had before.

Now the workers and their dump trucks
Are clearing the rubble away,
And the question has been posed of what
To build there in its place.
Now I'm not an urban planner;
I'm just a writer of freedom songs,
But allow me to make this suggestion
That the world may carry on.

Build the world's largest community garden,
Growing organic vegetables,
Where the people of the world can take their share
And have no reason to hate us so.
Build the world's largest windmill
High over the neighbourhood,
As a monument to sanity
Where once the twin towers stood.
Build a mile worth of solar panels
Getting power from the sun,
And vow never again to drop a single bomb
For the sake of petroleum.
If there is to be a monument
To the thousands crushed and burned,
The only fitting monument I can suggest
Would be to show that we have learned.
The only fitting monument I can suggest
Would be to show that we have learned.

Reduce car use by ninety percent;
Switch to alternative fuels.
Stop using other people and the ecosphere
As if they were our tools.
Build gardens instead of parking lots
And in place of shopping malls,
Build windmills and geo heat pumps
And photovoltaic cells.

If we no longer live by the motto,
"I consume therefore I am."
While millions work themselves to death just to live,
While the system smiles its good God damn,
No more military corporate complex
To keep us well fed and well oiled,
We might discover simplicity
And realize how we've been spoiled.

And community and friendship
And love would be what we live for,
As we share this life with everyone
On our global village shore.

Build the world's largest community garden,
Growing organic vegetables,
Where the people of the world can take their share
And have no reason to hate us so.
Build the world's largest windmill
High over the neighbourhood,
As a monument to sanity,
Where once the twin towers stood.
Build a mile worth of solar panels
Getting power from the sun
And vow never again to drop a single bomb
For the sake of petroleum.
If there is to be a monument
To the thousands crushed and burned,
The only fitting monument I can suggest
Would be to show that we have learned.
The only fitting monument I can suggest
Would be to show that we have learned.

2001 struck midnight
And turned the hands of time.
Mayor Giuliani bid farewell
And the band played Auld Lang Syne.
And the people were hoping among themselves
As we entered 2002,
That the coming year would be better
Than the year we'd just been through.

But if I was a fly on an office wall
At New York City Hall,
I'd gather flies from everywhere;
We'd come together on the wall.
And we'd write these words with our bodies
For everyone to see.
We'd be the buzzing Socratic truth
Of a gad fly democracy.

We'd say,
Build the world's largest community garden
Growing organic vegetables,
Where the people of the world can take their share
And have no reason to hate us so.
Build the world's largest windmill
High over the neighbourhood,
As a monument to sanity
Where once the twin towers stood.
Build a mile worth of solar panels
Getting power from the sun,
And vow never again to drop a single bomb
For the sake of petroleum.
If there is to be a monument

To the thousands crushed and burned,
The only fitting monument I can suggest
Would be to show that we have learned.
The only fitting monument I can suggest
Would be to show that we have learned.

And community and friendship
And love would be what we live for,
As we share this life with everyone
On our global village shore.

The only fitting monument I can suggest
Would be to show that we have learned.

(Album, Grain of Sand)

Three Bright Angels (2002-002)

Three bright angels from the sun
Said they had come to comfort me.
They took me up into their angel star-craft,
And we went sailing on a cosmic sea.

They said, if you wear our angel spacesuit,
And if you dawn our angel wings,
All the hot fires of the sun will be
As gentle as the cool green warm of spring,
As gentle as the cool green warm of spring.

So we descended from their angel starcraft,
And we danced upon the sun.
It was like dancing on a rolling ocean.
The cool green warm of spring had just begun.

And we went down through the layers of fire,
Descending through each layer of sun,
Until we came to the homeland at the centre,
Where spirits dream and all is one,
Where spirits dream and all is one.

Now here we are, at the centre of it all,
Knowing we have no need to fear.
The Solar System moves all around us,
Like a gigantic cosmosphere.

Here we are, at the centre of it all,
Knowing we have no need to fear.
The Solar System moves all around us,
Like a gigantic cosmosphere.

And when we dream, we see tomorrow,
And in our minds we conjure change.
No need for fear, no need for sorrow,
Changing the universe doesn't seem so strange,
Changing the universe doesn't seem so strange.

Three bright angels from the sun
Said they had come to comfort me.
Now here we are, dreaming on and on.
We are living; we are free.

Three bright angels, from the sun,
Three bright angels, from the sun.
They were three bright angels, from the sun.

(Album, Grain of Sand)

Song For Malcolm X (2002-003)

You refused to be
All that the power structures wanted you to be.
You chose to stand
And go head to head with power
To set your people free.
When you refused to be a hustler
And refused to be a rogue
And refused to be the kind of black muslem
forever non-political.

You chose to stand
And slip through every scheme
And call a million people to you
To fight for freedom's dream
And the power structures smiled and said
So you won't have tea with us.
We hear you won't play our little games
Well we don't like you making such a fuss.

They put you down
But a thousand more will rise
With your words
And the glow of liberation in their eyes
They cut you down
But a million will scream
And rock the power structures
With your unrelenting dream.
For by striking you down
They have made your name
More powerful than they can imagine
By striking you down
They have made your name
More powerful than they can imagine.

You lived your life
Leaning every moment
Till your journey's end.
And in the hall that day
The foreboding that you felt
Lead you to spare the life of your vice president and friends
But all the love in your heart
And all the love of your people
Could not save you from the anger the hatred or the evil
For the three men fired
And the three men ran
Two were shot at by your brothers
As your brothers made a stand
And the third man was surrounded and thrown to the ground.
Kicked at and punched at
But still he made no sound
While you lay there on the stage with bullets in your heart
And your mouth bled out your final life
So soon after you had made a start

They put you down
But a thousand more will rise with your words
And the glow of liberation in their eyes
They cut you down
But a million more will scream
And rock the power structures
With your unrelenting dream
For by striking you down
They have made your name
More powerful than they can imagine.
By striking you down
They have made your name
More powerful than they can imagine.

Now the years go by
The decades turn to memory
And we fight our foes
But wherever we are
Weather black or white or brown
Still your name is known
And many more will rise
And many more will fall
For the call to liberation
Is a universal call
One day we will dwell
In the world for which you longed.
Where radical freedom
Is more than the freedom
Of a freedom song

They put you down
But a thousand more will rise with your words
And the glow of liberation in their eyes
They cut you down
But a million more will scream
And rock the power structures
With your unrelenting dream

For By striking you down
They have made your name
More powerful than they can imagine.
By striking you down
They have made your name
More powerful than they can imagine.
By striking you down
They made the name of Malcolm
More powerful than they can imagine.
By striking you down
They made the name of Malcolm
More powerful than they can imagine.
More powerful than they can imagine.

(Album, Grain of Sand)

And the Rain Sounds Like Fire (2002-004)

I awaken 'neath the morning star,
And the cosmos is so pleasant.
I am dragonfly on paper.
I am dreamer; I am peasant.
I tune in to the universe
And I hear the starlight dreaming.
Hear the rush of air and rush of truth
And the solar winds a streaming.

And the rain sounds like fire,
And the cars sound like ocean waves.
And the moon looks like a sailboat,
And the cosmic sea is calm today.

I take a tablet from the world of mind.
It becomes a flying saucer.
I enter in where spirits dwell
And they make to me their offer.
I can have the cosmos in a jar,
If I will only keep the lid on.
And know which kinds of bottled change
Will always be forbidden.

And the rain sounds like fire,
And the cars sound like ocean waves.
And the moon looks like a sailboat,
And the cosmic sea is calm today.

And the rain sounds like fire,
And the cars sound like ocean waves.
And the moon looks like a sailboat,
And the cosmic sea is calm today.

I awaken 'neath the morning star,
And the cosmos is so pleasant.
I am dragonfly on paper.
I am dreamer; I am peasant.
I am dreamer; I am peasant.

(Album, Grain of Sand)

To Play The Cello (2002-005)

Superman‘s gona learn to play the cello.
Superman‘s gona learn to play the cello.
He will play a haunting tune,
As he spreads his wings on high.
Superman’s gona learn to play the cello.

And Dracula is playing water polo.
Yeah Dracula is playing water polo.
He will shed that drop of blood,
As he gets the ball a rolling.
Dracula is playing water polo.

And spider man has learned to love the opera.
Spider man has learned to love the opera.
Those high soprano notes,
Will get him spinning webs from the opera house ceiling.
Spider man has learned to love the opera

And Batman is studying the presocratics.
Batman is studying the presocratics.
He’s gona fuel that bat-mobile on s wisdom
Yeah Batman is studying the pre

Superman’s gona learn to play the cello.
Superman’s gona learn to play the cello.
He will play a haunting tune,
As he spreads his wings on high.
Superman’s gona learn to play the cello.
Superman’s gona learn the cello.
Superman’s gonna learn to play the cello.

(Album, Grain of Sand)

Gonna Have a Die-in (2002-006)

Gonna have a die-in.
Gonna lay on the ground.
Gonna tell the truth for what it is
About what's been goin' down.
Gonna have a die-in.
Gonna lay on the ground.
Gonna tell the truth for what it is
About what's been goin' down.

One is a Red Cross worker
Killed in Afghanistan.
Another is a person killed by an oil
Company in Sudan.
Another was killed in Baghdad
By a U.S. cluster bomb,
And another got irradiated
By depleted uranium.

Gonna have a die-in.
Gonna lay on the ground.
Gonna tell the truth for what it is
About what's been goin' down.
Gonna have a die-in.
Gonna lay on the ground.
Gonna tell the truth for what it is
About what's been goin' down.

One was killed in Manhattan,
When the towers they went down.
Another was killed by coca cola
When they kicked butt in their town.
One died in Chiapas,
Another in the Palestine land.
Another was killed by infant formula,
No doubt of the Nestle brand.

Gonna have a die-in.
Gonna lay on the ground.
Gonna tell the truth for what it is
About what's been goin' down.
Gonna have a die-in.
Gonna lay on the ground.
Gonna tell the truth for what it is
About what's been goin' down.

But it's not only people
Who are dying to be free.
They're killing legal process
And civil liberty.
So I'll be freedom of expression.
You can be the right to fight for peace.
Someone else can be the right to democratic
Control over the police.

Gonna have a die-in.
Gonna lay on the ground.
Gonna tell the truth for what it is
About what's been goin' down.
Gonna have a die-in.
Gonna lay on the ground.
Gonna tell the truth for what it is
About what's been goin' down.

Now you might think this song is a little
Too upbeat for you,
But sometimes you've gotta have rhythm
To get your message through.
They're singing as they're bombing,
Reigning fire from the sky.
But how many corporate jingles does it take
To make one genocide?

Gonna have a die-in.
Gonna lay on the ground.
Gonna tell the truth for what it is
About what's been goin' down.
Gonna have a die-in.
Gonna lay on the ground.
Gonna tell the truth for what it is
About what's been goin' down.

Gonna have a die-in.
Gonna lay on the ground.
Gonna tell the truth for what it is
About what's been goin' down.
Gonna tell the truth for what it is
About what's been goin' down.
What's been goin' down.
What's been goin' down.
Gonna tell the truth for what it is
About what's been goin' down

(Album, Grain of Sand)

A Thousand More Will Rise (2002-007)

Sacco and Vanzetti
Were two good men committed
To the cause of social anarchism.
Vanzetti was a dreamer
And Sacco was a worker,
But they both dared to live for a vision.

Somebody killed
A shoe factory foreman
In the town of Braintree Massachusetts.
And the judge and the crown
Put Sacco and Vanzetti down,
Saw these two innocent men
To their execution.

But a thousand more will rise.
A thousand more will rise.
For everyone that they cut down,
A thousand more will rise.

A thousand more will rise.
A thousand more will rise.
For everyone that they cut down,
A thousand more will rise.

Malcolm X was a man
Who struggled for his freedom,
Freedom from the jail cell
And the mafia underground.
He thought he found his vision
With the Nation of Islam,
But he had to fight the powers
Wherever hypocrisy was found.

In his final year of traveling
He raised a million voices,
And planted seeds in liberation's garden.
"Peace, be calm" were his final words,
As the guns began to fire
Through the Audubon Hall
That winter afternoon in Harlem.

But a thousand more will rise.
A thousand more will rise.
For everyone that they cut down,
A thousand more will rise.

A thousand more will rise.
A thousand more will rise.
For everyone that they cut down,
A thousand more will rise.

James Reckner was one of many
Student demonstrators,

Who filled the streets of Berkeley
In 1969.
Fighting for a people's park,
A green space for the commons,
When a generation spoke and said,
It's time to draw the line.

In a world of war and profit
With death on every helmet,
A people's park was something
That seemed worth fighting for.
James Reckner was killed
By the force of police buckshot,
But today there's a people's park
Where the winds of freedom roar.

And a thousand more will rise.
A thousand more will rise.
For everyone that they cut down,
A thousand more will rise.

A thousand more will rise.
A thousand more will rise.
For everyone that they cut down,
A thousand more will rise.

Dudley George was a man
Of the Stony Point Ojibwe.
He led the Stony Point people
In their struggle for their land.
In September 95
He was with those reclaiming Ipperwash,
A provincial park on the site
Of the burial ground of the Stony Point Band.

Mike Harris said, "They're an eyesore!
I want action and nothing else.
No warning, no negotiation,
Just get the Indians out of our provincial park."
The OPP opened fire
And Dudley George was fatally wounded.
He would die later that night in hospital,
As the Ontario night grew cold and dark.

But a thousand more will rise.
A thousand more will rise.
For everyone that they cut down,
A thousand more will rise.

A thousand more will rise.
A thousand more will rise.
For everyone that they cut down,
A thousand more will rise.

Carlo Giuliani
Was a young man demonstrator

Who raised his voice against the corporations,
As the Carabini with their guns
Their tear gas and their prisons
Came down on the Genoa G8 demonstrations.

Thousands were arrested
While provocateurs rioted.
Carlo was killed
And thousands more were injured.
Then at night, people were taken,
From where they were sleeping.
They were beaten and tortured and peed on,
In Mussolini's prison.

But a thousand more will rise.
A thousand more will rise.
For everyone that they cut down,
A thousand more will rise.

A thousand more will rise.
A thousand more will rise.
For everyone that they cut down,
A thousand more will rise.

A thousand more will rise.
A thousand more will rise.
For everyone that they cut down,
A thousand more will rise.
For everyone that they cut down,
A thousand more will rise.

(Album, Grain of Sand).

I Love the Wind (2002-008)

I love the wind. I love the wind.
I love to feel it blowing, blowing over me.
I love the wind. I love the wind.
Let it blow from the mountains, with the moisture of the sea.
A sweet soft memory.

I love the rain. I love the rain.
I love to feel it falling, falling over me.
I love the rain. I love the rain.
Let it fall from the mountains, with the moisture of the sea.
A sweet soft memory.

I love the snow. I love the snow.
I love to feel it snowing, snowing over me.
I love the snow. I love the snow.
From the summits of the mountains, to the waves of the sea.
A sweet soft memory.

I love the hail. I love the hail.
I love to feel it hailing, hailing over me.
I love the hail. I love the hail.
All hail to the mountains, and the earth and sky and sea.
A sweet soft memory.

I love the night, sweet summer night.
I love to feel the darkness, falling over me.
I love the night, sweet summer night.
On the dark and misty mountains, on the dark and rolling sea.
A sweet soft memory.

I love the dawn, sweet silver dawn.
I love to feel it breaking, breaking over me.
I love the dawn, sweet silver dawn.
Dawn light on the mountains, sun rising on the sea.
A sweet soft memory.

I love the wind. I love the wind.
I love to feel it blowing, blowing over me.
I love the wind. I love the wind.
Let it blow from the mountains, with the moisture of the sea.
A sweet soft memory.
A sweet soft memory.
A sweet soft memory.

(Album, Earth and Sky)

Child of the Universe (2002-009)

I am a child of the universe,
Born in the Milky Way.
Star traveler and mystic,
And poet of the break of day.
And I sing my song to the nebulae,
That dwell among the stars,
With a planetary violin,
And the sound of quasar guitars.

And we travel through the universe,
Calling the stars by name.
And the drummers and the dreamers,
They join in our refrain.
Let us love the universe,
To every speck of cosmic dust.
And in the light that shines in everything,
Let us place our trust.
In the light that shines in everything,
Let us place our trust.

And the planetary nebulae,
Give rise to planet spheres.
And the planets give rise to intelligence,
The power to know and hear.
And the intelligence casts shadows,
Across the cosmic field.
And the ripples grow across the pond,
At all that life reveals.

And we travel through the universe,
Calling the stars by name.
And the drummers and the dreamers,
They join in our refrain.
Let us love the universe,
To every speck of cosmic dust.
And in the light that shines in everything,
Let us place our trust.
In the light that shines in everything,
Let us place our trust.

And in the expanding field, of a dying star,
I see the forests and the oceans of a future world.
As the star explodes, and scatters near and far,
I see the stuff of mind, in a whirlpool whirl.

And we travel through the universe,
Calling the stars by name.
And the drummers and the dreamers,
They join in our refrain.
Let us love the universe,
To every speck of cosmic dust.
And in the light that shines in everything,
Let us place our trust.
In the light that shines in everything,

Let us place our trust.

I am a child of the universe,
Born in the Milky Way.
Star traveler and mystic,
And poet of the break of day.
I am a child of the universe,
Born in the Milky Way.
Star traveler and mystic,
And poet of the break of day.
Poet of the break of day.
Poet of the break of day.

I am a child of the universe.
I am a child of the universe.
I am a child of the universe.
I am a child of the universe.
I am a child of the universe.
The universe, the universe,
I am a child of the universe.

(Album, Earth and Sky)

Ghosts in Our Minds (2002-010)

There are snowflakes in the air,
Comin' down from on high.
We taste them with our shadows,
Like we taste winter pie.
There are songs in the lanterns.
There are notes on the line.
There are guests at the banquet.
There are ghosts in our minds.
There are guests at the banquet.
There are ghosts in our minds.

Sometimes our dreams,
Aren't as crystal or as bright,
As we'd like them to be,
In the free morning light.
But light is always free,
As it was meant to be.
So dance in the mirror.
Dance and tell me what you see.
Come dance in the mirror.
Dance and tell me what you see.

There are snowflakes in the air,
Comin' down from on high.
We taste them with our shadows,
Like we taste winter pie.
There are songs in the lanterns.
There are notes on the line.
There are guests at the banquet.
There are ghosts in our minds.
There are guests at the banquet.
There are ghosts in our minds.

Chocolate dinosaurs,
Chocolate rabbits on the run.
Someone robbed a convenience store,
Out on Highway One.
And as the cars went rushing by,
In the springtime splash,
We saw old museums,
Turn to halos, turn to ash.
We saw old museums,
Turn to halos, turn to ash.

There are snowflakes in the air,
Comin' down from on high.
We taste them with our shadows,
Like we taste winter pie.
There are songs in the lanterns.
There are notes on the line.
There are guests at the banquet.
There are ghosts in our minds.
There are guests at the banquet.

There are ghosts in our minds.

Some say there is a single road,
That will grind and grind.
And if you do not follow it,
Well, you're no friend of mine.
But I say there are many roads,
many mountains, many hills,
Many sketches of the landscape,
Many still life stills.
Many sketches of the landscape,
Many still life stills.

There are snowflakes in the air,
Comin' down from on high.
We taste them with our shadows,
Like we taste winter pie.
There are songs in the lanterns.
There are notes on the line.
There are guests at the banquet.
There are ghosts in our minds.
There are guests at the banquet.
There are ghosts in our minds.
There are guests at the banquet.
There are ghosts in our minds.
Ghosts in our minds,
Ghosts in our minds.

(Album, Earth and Sky)

The Night Sixth Avenue Caught Fire (2002-011)

The fire came from nowhere,
On a February night,
Somewhere at the neighbours' house,
Somewhere out of sight.
The woman across the road,
Smelled smoke at half past one.
She called the fire department,
Hoping quickly they would come.

As for me in the house between them,
I was only now awake.
I smelt smoke and heard the sirens,
And wondered, was there something happening hay.
And then they came a pounding,
Pounding on our doors.
And I wondered, could this be the night,
I dreamt about, so many years before.

No time to weep, no time to cry.
No time to dream, or to desire.
It was the night, it was the night,
It was the night Sixth Avenue caught fire.
No time to weep, no time to cry,
No time to dream, or to desire.
It was the night, it was the
night,
It was the night Sixth Avenue caught fire.

This house is the location,
Of my first memories,
When I was but a preschooler,
Learning how to be.
I learned of east and west,
North and south, winter and spring,
Up and down, good and bad,
Love and hate and everything.

And when we moved away from here,
When I was five years old,
It wasn't long before I knew that one day,
I would return, to this old home.
Now they say the fire's raging,
Somewhere on the roof,
And I'm sitting in an ambulance,
And there's nothing, nothing I can do.

No time to weep, no time to cry,
No time to dream, or to desire.
It was the night, it was the night,
It was the night Sixth Avenue caught fire.
No time to weep, no time to cry,
No time to dream, or to desire.
It was the night, it was the night,
It was the night Sixth Avenue caught fire.

Now they're working to rebuild it,
Working day by day.
We will rise like a phoenix,
And life will be on its way.
I thank the woman who smelled smoke,
And called the fire in.
I thank the Maker that there was,
No loss to life or limb.

I thank the fire fighters,
Who stood and fought the flames,
In the corners of the attic,
So the fire was contained.
They say that home is what you care about,
Where you live, what you desire.
So let us all join together,
'Cause our planetary home is still on fire.
The earth is still on fire.

No time to weep, no time to cry,
No time to dream, or to desire.
It was the night, it was the night,
It was the night Sixth Avenue caught fire.
No time to weep, no time to cry,
No time to dream, or to desire.
It was the night, it was the night,
It was the night Sixth Avenue caught fire.
It was the night Sixth Avenue caught fire.
It was the night Sixth Avenue caught fire.

(Album, Earth and Sky)

A Big Noise (2002-012)

O when I was a boy,
I wanted to make a big noise.
O when I was a boy,
I wanted to make a big noise.

So they gave me lots of toys,
With which I could make my noise.
And they let me have my song.
They let me have my voice.
I made a big noise.
I made a big noise.

All over the house,
All over the yard,
All over the neighbourhood.
It wouldn't be too hard.
I wanted to make a big noise.
I wanted to make a big noise.

When I was a young man,
I heard somethin' goin' down.
All over the planet,
Like one great big corporate town.

I said let me have my song,
Let me make my sound.
So I can sing about the rumours,
Of freedom goin' 'round.

Freedom goin' 'round,
Freedom goin' 'round,
I'll sing about the rumours,
Of freedom goin' 'round.
Let me make my sound.
Let me make my sound.

There's a military corporate system.
They make us act like circus clowns.
Maybe we should get together,
And shut that circus down.
Let me make my sound.

I wanna make a big noise.
Let me make my sound.
I wanna make a big noise.
Let me make my sound.

Now I feel I'm growing old.
Gettin' older every day.
I might not march as fast or as far.
Still I have not gone away.

But I still wanna raise my placard,

I still wanna speak my peace.
Anyone who tries to stop me,
You will have no friend in me.

I still wanna make a big noise.
I still wanna make my sound.
I still wanna make a big noise.
I still wanna make my sound.
And sing about the rumours,
Of trouble goin' 'round.
Trouble goin' 'round,
Trouble goin' 'round,
Let me make my sound.
Let me make my sound.

I wanna make a big noise.
Let me make my sound.
I wanna make a big noise.
Let me make my sound.
I wanna make a big noise.
I wanna make a big noise.
I wanna make a big noise.

(Album, Earth and Sky)

Ashes and Dreams (2002-013)

Another morning on the West Bank,
Another bloody day.
The guns they are a-firing,
Not so far away.
And the house of a young,
Palestinian family,
Goes down to the bulldozers,
Turned into debris.

In the name of those who say,
God gave this land to Abraham,
Four thousand years ago.
And Abraham is ours and no one else's.
We will make this Israel.
We will make this Israel.
We will make this Israel.

And the grandsons of the ashes of the Holocaust,
Carry guns and shoot the children,
Of Palestine for sport.
And the TV cameras turn their eyes away,
And pretend they do not know.
And pretend they do not know.
And pretend they do not know.

They prefer to sing the old familiar song,
Israel can do no wrong.
Israel can do no wrong.
Israel can do no wrong.

And a neighbourhood of Palestinian families,
Dies a slow and horrible death,
Beneath the mountains, of rubble and debris.
Fascism by any other name,
Genocide by any other name,
Feels the same.

And before the evening falls,
There'll be another suicide bombing,
A young Palestinian,
Will blow himself or herself up,
In the struggle to be free.
And the journalists will spin their pens and say,
O what insanity,
What inhumanity.

But desperation sometimes seems the only way,
When you've been kicked in the face,
For half a century.
So you strap a bomb to your body,
And leave only your memory.
In the hope that your people may go free.
That your people may go free.

And if I was an old man,
With a number from a concentration camp,
Upon my arm,
And I dared to protest,
Israel's imperialistic wars,
There would be those who would scream at me,
And call me an anti-Semite all the same.
Fascism by any other name,
The Wehrmacht by any other name,
The Gestapo by any other name,
Eichmann orders by any other name,
Feels the same.

And the grandsons of the ashes of the Holocaust,
Carry guns and shoot the children,
Of Palestine for sport.
And the TV cameras turn their eyes away,
And pretend they do not know,
And pretend they do not know,
And pretend they do not know.

Ariel Sharon wrote the lyrics of the song,
Israel can do no wrong.
Israel can do no wrong.
Israel can do no wrong.

But ashes have no children.
Bullets have no souls.
Dead children have no dreams.
Dead children have no dreams.

Ashes have no children.
Bullets have no souls.
Dead children have no dreams.
Dead children have no dreams.
Dead children have no dreams.

(Album, Earth and Sky)

The Spirit Rolls (2002-014)

O the spirit walks, and the spirit sings.
And the spirit writes a poem,
About nine billion names.
And the spirit shouts, and the spirit smiles.
And the spirit says, how there are so many things,
That make our lives worthwhile.

And the spirit is, and the spirit
is.
And the spirit is, and the spirit is.
And the spirit rolls, and the spirit rolls.
Like a waterfall, come and make our spirits whole.
And the spirit rolls, and the spirit rolls.

And the spirit runs, like a river flows.
And the spirit comes, and the spirit goes.
And the spirit rings, out across the land.
Like a spirit bell, rung by a spirit hand.

And the spirit is, and the spirit is.
And the spirit is, and the spirit is.
And the spirit rolls, and the spirit rolls.
It cannot be bought, no and it cannot be sold.
And the spirit rolls, and the spirit rolls.

And the spirit climbs, to the mountain top.
And there is no place, where the spirit stops.
And the spirit says, what the spirit knows.
And in the dark of night, the gentle spirit glows.

And the spirit is, and the spirit is.
And the spirit is, and the spirit is.
And the spirit rolls, and the spirit rolls.
Like a waterfall, it's come to make our spirits whole.
And the spirit rolls, yeah the spirit rolls.
It cannot be bought, no and it cannot be sold.
And the spirit rolls, yeah the spirit rolls.
And the spirit rolls, yeah the spirit rolls.
And the spirit rolls, and the spirit rolls.
And the spirit rolls and rolls.
Spirit rolls.

(Album, Earth and Sky)

Your Love (2002-015)

I've never been this close to the horizon.
I've never been this far into the dawn.
I've never flown this high into the skyway,
Or crept so deep into the earth's sweet song.

But your love, is calling me,
Calling me, to carry on.
Your love is calling me to carry on.

I've never felt the dewdrops on a flower,
Or slept and heard the forest's secret song.
I've never felt the ocean's roar inside my heart's pulse,
Or sung my heart out with the cosmic throng.

But your love, is calling me,
Calling me, to carry on.
Your love is calling me to carry on.

Here I am the dreamer of a world soul.
Here I am the lover of your being.
Let us spread our wings and fly into the morning gold.
Let's you and I together share one dreaming.

For your love, is calling me,
Calling me, to carry on.
Your love is calling me to carry on.
For your love, is calling me,
Calling me, to carry on.
Your love is calling me to carry on.

(Album, Earth and Sky)

Mind of the Biosphere (2002-016)

Here we are,
An ink point someone pointed,
On a map of the galaxy,
Someone painted.
As if we could stand outside ourselves,
And look back at this spiral in space.
A hundred thousand light-years wide.

Two hundred million years,
We've gone around again.
We like to think that we are smarter,
Than the last time 'round.
But the last time we came 'round this way,
The dinosaurs were only a dream,
In the mind of the biosphere.

Here we are,
Walking upright on two legs,
Looking out at the universe,
Wondering what on Earth it's for.
Learning where we've come from,
Not quite sure where we're going,
Knowing that we have the brains,
To blow ourselves to pieces.
Not quite sure if we'd be able,
To put ourselves, together again.

But we're smart enough to know,
That in this universe of atoms,
Things are not always as they appear.
And the last time we came 'round this way,
The dinosaurs were only a dream,
In the mind of the biosphere.

Here we are.
Somewhere there's a tape machine,
Playing Einstein backwards,
While Nicholas of Cusa is being sung,
At one quarter speed.
There are dragons in among the stars,
And poems in the dragons,
But they need not be frightening,
For each of them is a mystery,
A great unfolding scroll,
A lesson to be dreamed.

Each dragon's claw could be a key,
To the cosmic song.
And the next time we come 'round this way,
Who knows who will be a memory or a pulse,
In the mind of the biosphere.
And the next time we come 'round this way,
Who knows who will be a memory or a pulse,
In the mind of the biosphere.

Here we are,
An ink-point someone pointed,
On the map of the galaxy.
But the galaxy is still turning 'round.
The galaxy is still turning 'round.
The galaxy is still turning 'round.
The galaxy is still turning 'round.

(Album, Earth and Sky)

When God Got Angry (2002-017)

We took away everything from them
And only left them God,
Then we were surprised,
When God got angry.

We took away everything from them
And only left them God,
Then we were surprised,
When God got angry.

We left them Allah, the Qur'an,
And the daily call to prayer.
We didn't know Allah
Was an airplane pilot.

We took away everything from them
And only left them God,
Then we were surprised,
When God got angry.

We built our pyramid
Called North America,
And talked about the oil sheiks
Of Arabia.

We built our pyramid
Called North America,
And talked about the oil sheiks
Of Arabia.

But money and religion
And the despair of millions
Will sooner or later
Make radical jihad.

We built our pyramid
Called North America,
And talked about the oil sheiks
Of Arabia.
And sometimes we shed a tear for Asia.

We took away everything from them
And only left them God,
Then we were surprised
When God got angry.

We took away everything from them
And only left them God,
Then we were surprised,
When God got angry.

We left them Allah, the Qur'an,
And the daily call to prayer.
We didn't know Allah

Was an airplane pilot.

We took away everything from them
And only left them God,
Then we were surprised,
When God got angry.

We were surprised,
When God got angry.
We were surprised,
When God got angry.

(Album, Grain of Sand)

It's Better to be Pissed Off (2002-018)

It's better to be pissed off than pissed on.
It's better to be pissed off than pissed on.
It's better to be pissed off than pissed on.
It's better to be pissed off than pissed on.

Once there was a man,
By the name of Louis Riel.
He gave the Metis people strength,
To stand up and rebel.
From the banks of the Red River,
To the battle of Batoche,
He knew the score. He knew just what there was,
To be gained and to be lost.

He knew it's better to be pissed off than pissed on.
It's better to be pissed off than pissed on.
It's better to be pissed off than pissed on.
It's better to be pissed off than pissed on.

Once there was a rebel,
Augusto Sandino.
Him and his warrior band,
Clipped the wings of the Yankee eagle.
They forced the Stars and Stripes,
To leave Managua town.
They killed Sandino in cold blood,
But they could not keep his spirit down.

Because it's better to be pissed off than pissed on.
It's better to be pissed off than pissed on.
It's better to be pissed off than pissed on.
It's better to be pissed off than pissed on.

Once there was an anarchist,
Michael Bakunin,
Who had a vision of a new world,
Somewhere beyond the ruin.
He said if you light a fire,
That fire it will blaze,
In the hearts of everyone until,
We see the dawning of another age.

He knew it's better to be pissed off than pissed on.
It's better to be pissed off than pissed on.
It's better to be pissed off than pissed on.
It's better to be pissed off than pissed on.

Ernesto Che Guevara,
Was Castro's right hand man.
They made a revolution,
Right across the Cuban land.
Che Guevara he went on to build,
The movement everywhere,
To tell the people who they were,

That they had the right to struggle for their share.

And that it's better to be pissed off than pissed on.
It's better to be pissed off than pissed on.
It's better to be pissed off than pissed on.
It's better to be pissed off than pissed on.

Emma Goldman was a warrior,
Who fought the freedom fight,
With revolution in everything,
We do both day and night.
Make the personal political,
And turn the world around.
To the workers and the women she said,
You've got to strike the first blow, and stand your ground.

Because it's better to be pissed off than pissed on.
It's better to be pissed off than pissed on.
It's better to be pissed off than pissed on.
It's better to be pissed off than pissed on.

Petra Kelly was a fighter,
Who dared to go too far.
If you wanna get rid of the tanks, she said,
You've gotta get rid of the cars.
For a world of peace and justice,
With a deep ecology,
We will battle in the parliament,
As surely as we battle in the street.

She said it's better to be pissed off than pissed on.
It's better to be pissed off than pissed on.
It's better to be pissed off than pissed on.
It's better to be pissed off than pissed on.

Now Sub-comandante Marcos,
Is hiding in the land,
With the spirit of Zapata,
Come back to take a stand.
Somewhere behind the ski mask,
There's a twinkle in his eye,
'Cause he knows there'll always be someone,
To stand and lead the battle cry.

And say it's better to be pissed off than pissed on.
It's better to be pissed off than pissed on.
It's better to be pissed off than pissed on.
It's better to be pissed off than pissed on.

So come on, brothers and sisters,
Wherever you may be,
With the memory of the millions,
Who have fought for dignity.
Let us join together,
With love and equity.
Have a revolution that will set,

The best of what we are within us free.

Because it's better to be pissed off than pissed on.
It's better to be pissed off than pissed on.
It's better to be pissed off than pissed on.
It's better to be pissed off than pissed on.

It's better to be pissed off than pissed on.
It's better to be pissed off than pissed on.
It's better to be pissed off than pissed on.
It's better to be pissed off than pissed on.

It's better to be pissed off than pissed on.
It's better to be pissed off than pissed on.
It's better to be pissed off than pissed on.

(Album, Earth and Sky)

Moon-Ridin' Woman (2002-019)

Moon-ridin' woman, woman of the night.
Time-blowin' woman, woman of my delight.
Moon-ridin' woman, woman of the night,
Mind-blowin' woman, my joy and my delight.

You come ridin' on your moon-ship,
With a purple tree cloud.
Take me 'cross the threshold,
Where all shall be allowed.
Take me to your pleasure room.
Lay your pleasure bare.
Touch me with your orchard.
Show me that you care.

Moon-ridin' woman, woman of the night.
Time-blowin' woman, woman of my delight.
Moon-ridin' woman, woman of the night.
Mind-blowin' woman, my joy and my delight.

You have the power,
To be so sweet and kind.
You have the power,
To blow my inner mind.
Somewhere in your forest,
Beneath your shaking moon,
There is a pleasure stone,
That cannot come too soon.

Moon-ridin' woman, woman of the night.
Time-blowin' woman, woman of my delight.
Moon-ridin' woman, woman of the night.
Brain-blowin' woman, my joy and my delight.

If you will be my priestess,
I will be your ritual.
I will be your lamp shade.
You can be my soul.
Take me to the places,
Where naked pleasure lies.
Cover me with kisses,
And watch the corn god rise.

Moon-ridin' woman, woman of the night.
Time-blowin' woman, woman of my delight.
Moon-ridin' woman, woman of the night.
Mind-blowin' woman, my joy and my delight.

Moon-ridin' woman, woman of the night.
Time-blowin' woman, woman of my delight.
Moon-ridin' woman, woman of the night.
Mind-blowin' woman, my joy and my delight.

Moon-ridin' woman.
Moon-ridin' woman.

Mood-ridin' woman.

Moon-ridin' woman, woman of the night.
Moon-ridin' woman, woman of the night.
Moon-ridin' woman, my joy and my delight.

(Album, Earth and Sky)

Apollo (2002-020)

Who was Apollo.
Did he slay the python.
Or was he just a dreamer.
Was he just a dreamer.

Did he learn to play the flute from Pan.
Did he learn to play the flute from Krishna.
Did he learn to play the flute from Pan.
Did he learn to play the flute from Krishna.

Who was Apollo.
Did he slay the python.
Or was he just a dreamer.
Was he just a dreamer.

Did he learn to play the flute from Pan.
Did he learn to play the flute from Krishna.
Did he learn to play the flute from Pan.
Did he learn to play the flute from Krishna.

Was he the child, of a conquering people,
Who decided to put down his sword and write poetry.
Was he a warrior god,
Who became a gentle man of culture.

In that case, there's a little bit of Apollo,
In each one of us.
A little bit of Apollo,
In each one of us.

Who was Apollo.
Did he slay the python.
Or was he just a dreamer.
Was he just a dreamer.

Did he learn to play the flute from Pan.
Did he learn to play the flute from Krishna.
Did he learn to play the flute from Pan.
Did he learn to play the flute from Krishna.

Who was Apollo.
Who was Apollo.
Who was Apollo.

(Album, Earth and Sky)

One Candle (2002-021)

Better to light one candle,
Better to light one candle,
Better to light one candle,
Than to curse the dark forever darkness.
Better to light one candle,
Better to light one candle,
Better to light one candle,
Than to curse the dark forever darkness.

Better to sing one love song,
Better to sing one love song,
Better to sing one love song,
Than to think the world forever heartless.
Better to sing one love song,
Better to sing one love song,
Better to sing one love song,
Than to think the world forever heartless.

Better to climb one mountain,
Better to climb one mountain,
Better to climb one mountain,
Than to think yourself too old for climbing.
Better to climb one mountain,
Better to climb one mountain,
Better to climb one mountain,
Than to think yourself too old for climbing.

Better to rhyme one poem,
Better to rhyme one poem,
Better to rhyme one poem,
Than to think yourself too old for rhyming.
Better to rhyme one poem,
Better to rhyme one poem,
Better to rhyme one poem,
Than to think yourself too old for rhyming.

Better to light one candle,
Better to light one candle,
Better to light one candle,
Than to curse the dark forever darkness.
Better to light one candle,
Better to light one candle,
Better to light one candle,
Than to curse the dark forever darkness.
Than to curse the dark forever darkness.
Than to curse the dark forever darkness.
Better to light one candle.

(Album, Earth and Sky)

The Real (2002-022)

So you thought that all of life,
Was shadows on the rear wall of a cave,
Darkness after darkness,
Twilight moment after moment slip away.

And then one day you stuck your neck out and you saw,
The greenness of a tree for what it is,
The beauty of a flower for what it is.
And you said hay,
Is this the real of what's been going on.
Is this the real of what's been going on.

And you thought that all of life,
Was cars upon a freeway in a haze,
Billboards selling happiness,
On a bright screen in a bottle in a daze.

Then one day you stuck your neck out and you saw,
The greatness of the earth for what it is,
The vastness of the sky for what it is.
And you said hay,
Is this the real of what's been going on.
Is this the real of what's been going on.

You can break free from the monsters in your mind.
You can break free from the cages of our time.
Your beating heart, only you there can define.

When one day you stick your neck out and proclaim,
There are places outside the popper's game.
There are places beyond the shooting range.
And I say hay,
This is the real of what's been going on.
This is the real of what's been going on.
This is the real of what's been going on.

And you thought that all of life,
Was shadows on the rear wall of a cave.

(Album, Earth and Sky)

Watching the Chimneys Fall (2002-023)

O we're watching the chimneys fall.
O we're watching the chimneys fall.
O we're watching the chimneys fall.
O we're watching the chimneys fall.

As the house goes down,
To a bucket for a wrecking ball,
The people gather 'round,
Just to watch the chimneys fall.

And we're watching the chimneys fall.
O we're watching the chimneys fall.
And we're watching the chimneys fall.
Yeah we're watching the chimneys fall.

We spend our lives in buildings,
And answering the call.
Then one day the call is all too clear,
And we watch those chimneys fall.

And we're watching the chimneys fall.
O we're watching the chimneys fall.
We are watching the chimneys fall.
We are watching the chimneys fall.

Sometimes life's a rat race,
And sometimes it's a crawl.
Sometimes it comes to a standstill,
And we watch those chimneys fall.

And we're watching the chimneys fall.
We are watching the chimneys fall.
We are watching the chimneys fall.
Yeah we're watching the chimneys fall.

So let the chimneys fall where they may.
We will pick things up again.
Remembering the love and hope,
That burns deep down within.

And we're watching the chimneys fall.
We are watching the chimneys fall.
We are watching the chimneys fall.
Yeah we're watching the chimneys fall.

O we're watching the chimneys fall.
O we're watching the chimneys fall.
We are watching the chimneys fall.
We are watching the chimneys fall.

And we're watching the chimneys fall.
O we're watching the chimneys fall.
We are watching the chimneys fall.
Yeah we're watching the chimneys fall.

We are watching the chimneys fall.
We are watching the chimneys fall.
We are watching the chimneys fall.

(Album, Earth and Sky)

All the Colours (2002-024)

All the colours of the earth and sky,
All the colours of the earth and sky,
All the colours of the earth and sky,
Let us stand. Let us sing. Let us dream.

All the poundings of our hearts and souls,
All the poundings of our hearts and souls,
All the poundings of our hearts and souls,
Let us stand. Let us sing. Let us dream.

All the voices of humanity,
All the voices of humanity,
All the voices of humanity,
Let us stand. Let us sing. Let us dream.

All the rhythms of the biosphere,
All the rhythms of the biosphere,
All the rhythms of the biosphere,
Let us stand. Let us sing. Let us dream.

All the sacred spaces of the earth,
All the sacred spaces of the earth,
All the sacred spaces of the earth,
Let us stand. Let us sing. Let us dream.

All the dancing of the wind and rain,
All the dancing of the wind and rain,
All the dancing of the wind and rain,
Let us stand. Let us sing. Let us dream.

All the stirrings of the ocean waves,
All the stirrings of the ocean waves,
All the stirrings of the ocean waves,
Let us stand. Let us sing. Let us dream.

All the planet may we turn as one.
All the planet may we turn as one.
All the planet may we turn as one.
Let us stand. Let us sing. Let us dream.

All the living earth is rolling on.
All the living earth is rolling on.
All the living earth is rolling on.
Let us stand. Let us sing. Let us dream.

All the colours of the earth and sky,
All the colours of the earth and sky,
All the colours of the earth and sky,
Let us stand. Let us sing. Let us dream.

All the poundings of our hearts and souls,
All the poundings of our hearts and souls,
All the poundings of our hearts and souls,
Let us stand. Let us sing. Let us dream.

All the voices of humanity,
All the voices of humanity,
All the voices of humanity,
Let us stand. Let us sing. Let us dream.

All the rhythms of the biosphere,
All the rhythms of the biosphere,
All the rhythms of the biosphere,
Let us stand. Let us sing. Let us dream.

All the sacred spaces of the earth,
All the sacred spaces of the earth,
All the sacred spaces of the earth,
Let us stand. Let us sing. Let us dream.

All the dancing of the wind and rain,
All the dancing of the wind and rain,
All the dancing of the wind and rain,
Let us stand. Let us sing. Let us dream.

All the stirrings of the ocean waves,
All the stirrings of the ocean waves,
All the stirrings of the ocean waves,
Let us stand. Let us sing. Let us dream.

All the planet may we turn as one.
All the planet may we turn as one.
All the planet may we turn as one.
Let us stand. Let us sing. Let us dream.

All the living earth we call our home,
All the living earth we call our home,
All the living earth we call our home,
Let us stand. Let us sing. Let us dream.

All the colours of the earth and sky,
All the colours of the earth and sky,
All the colours of the earth and sky,
Let us stand. Let us sing. Let us dream.

All the colours of the earth and sky,
All the colours of the earth and sky,
All the colours of the earth and sky,
Let us stand. Let us sing. Let us dream.
Let us stand. Let us sing. Let us dream.
Let us stand. Let us sing. Let us dream.

(Album, Earth and Sky)

Silver White Rain (2002-025)

I go walking in, the silver white rain.
The night is filled with freedom, filled with fear.
Is it the unseen voices, of which I'm afraid,
All the ghosts that haunt, the geosphere.

And all the legends, ring through my brain.
As I go walking in, the silver white rain.
Silver white rain.

I'm shrinking as, the darkness falls,
Down along the, quivering road.
Is there a saviour who can, speak to all,
Take up our yoke and, share the load.

And all the legends, ring through my brain,
As I go walking in, the silver white rain.
Silver white rain.

Where there's a candle, there's a shadow.
But where there's a shadow, there's a candle.
Where there's a lighted soul, there is a night of cold.
But where there's a night of cold, there is a lighted soul.
Silver white rain.

Snow came down today, and I felt joy,
Though it's one more day of, the complete unknown.
What is to become of me, this pilgrim boy.
Even the roads have, overtones.

And all the legends, dance in my brain,
As I go walking in, the silver white rain.
Silver white rain.

Where there's a candle, there's a shadow.
But where there's a shadow, there's a candle.
Where there's a lighted soul, there is a night of cold.
But where there's a night of cold, there is a lighted soul.
Silver white rain.

May the love that was, always there,
Bring you through, the dark night of despair.
May the love that was, always there,
Bring you through, the dark night of despair,
To the morning's blossom care.

Silver white rain.
Silver white rain.
Silver white rain.

(Album, Rumblebee)

You Cannot Keep the People Down (2002-026)

You can organize your coups
And have your bosses' strikes.
You can fund your puppet movements
Claiming wrong is right.
You can own your corporate media
And propagandize,
But you cannot keep the people down.

You cannot keep the people down.
You cannot keep the people down.

You can fund your corporate lobbies
From Washington to Prague.
You can smile and say we're always happy
To have dialogue.
You can sign your corporate trade deals
And sing your same old bloody song,
But you cannot keep the people down.

You cannot keep the people down.
You cannot keep the people down.

You can give us all your Coca Cola
Universities.
You can try to snap the bonds
Of solidarity.
I'm sure you've tried a million ways
To smash our dignity,
But you cannot keep the people down.

You cannot keep the people down.
You cannot keep the people down.

You can build your tanks and bombers
And rumble off to war.
You can try to tell us freedom
Is what you're fighting for,
But the people will see through you.
We've heard it all before,
And you cannot keep the people down.

You cannot keep the people down.
You cannot keep the people down.

You thought you'd seen the last of us
With your spanking business blue.
You thought you'd put an end to us
With your iron fisted coups,
But it's only the beginning.
The struggle is never through,
And you cannot keep the people down.

You cannot keep the people down.
You cannot keep the people down.

If a million people see the truth
And a billion people stand.
Your lying tongues will crumble
In this and every land.
And the people of the world
Will be marching hand in hand,
For you cannot keep the people down.

You cannot keep the people down.
You cannot keep the people down.

If a million people see the truth
And a billion people stand.
Your lying tongues will crumble
In this and every land.
And the people of the world
Will be marching hand in hand,
For you cannot keep the people down.

You cannot keep the people down.
You cannot keep the people down.

You cannot keep the people down.
You cannot keep the people down.
You cannot keep the people down.
You cannot keep the people down.

Can't keep the people down.
Can't keep the people down.
Can't keep the people down.

(Album, Grain of Sand)

Hay You (2002-027)

Hay You!
You in your neighbourhood,
In behind your window.
Hay you!
You in your neighbourhood,
In behind your window.

Can you feel the pulse of life,
Emanating out across the land.
Can you feel the pulse of life,
Emanating out across the land.

Hay you!
You in your SUV's,
Driving down the roadway.
Hay you!
You in your SUV's,
Driving down the roadway.

Can you hear the call to love,
Emanating out across the land.
Can you hear the call to love,
Emanating out across the land.

The corporations took us,
And made us what we are,
Respectable consumers,
Measuring our worth by what we own.
But somewhere deep inside us,
There's a nagging question mark.
There must be something more to life,
If we're gonna live on Planet Earth our home.

The corporations took us,
And made us what we are,
Respectable consumers,
Measuring our worth by what we own.
But somewhere deep inside us,
There's a nagging question mark.
There's gotta be something more to life,
Gotta be something more to life,
If we're gonna live on Planet Earth our home.

Hay you behind your television,
You behind your barbecues,
You who surf the internet,
For something you can buy or use.
I wonder if you could imagine,
Like a whisper on the breeze,
A world where people live in love,
And solidarity.

You behind your televisions,
You behind your barbecues,

You who surf the internet,
For something you can buy or use.
I wonder if you could imagine,
Like a whisper on the breeze,
A world where people live in love,
And solidarity.
A world where people live in love,
And solidarity.
Solidarity,
Solidarity.

Hay you!
You in your neighbourhood,
In behind your window.
Hay you!
You in your neighbourhood,
In behind your window.

Can you feel the pulse of life,
Emanating out across the land.
Can you feel the pulse of life,
Emanating out across the land.
Emanating out across the land.
Emanating out across the land.

We are of the planet.
Let us love the planet.
We are of the planet.
Let us love the planet.

Emanating out across the land.
Emanating out across the land.
Emanating out across the land.

Hay you! Hay you! Hay you!

(Album, I Scream for the Moon)

Time to Tumble Down (2002-028)

Go tell capitalism,
It's time to tumble down.
Go tell capitalism,
It's time to tumble down.
We have come to tumble you,
With a love for the earth in all we do.
It's time to tumble, yes it's true.
Time to tumble down.

Go tell the WTO,
It's time to tumble down.
Go tell the WTO,
It's time to tumble down.
We have come to tumble you,
With a love for the earth in all we do.
Time to tumble, yes it's true.
Time to tumble down.

Go tell Talisman Energy,
It's time to tumble down.
Go tell Talisman Energy,
It's time to tumble down.
We have come to tumble you,
With a love for the earth in all we do.
It's time to tumble, yes it's true.
Time to tumble down.

Go tell Exxon, go tell Shell,
It's time to tumble down.
Go tell Exxon, go tell Shell,
It's time to tumble down.
We have come to tumble you,
With a love for the earth in all we do.
It's time to tumble, yes it's true.
Time to tumble down.

Tell the World Bank and the IMF,
It's time to tumble down.
Tell the World Bank and the IMF,
It's time to tumble down.
We have come to tumble you,
With a love for the earth in all we do.
Time to tumble, yes it's true.
It's time to tumble down.

Tell the G8 leaders,
It's time to tumble down.
Tell the G8 leaders,
It's time to tumble down.
We have come to tumble you,
With a love for the earth in all we do.
It's time to tumble, yes it's true.
Time to tumble down.

Tell the right-wing fundamentalists,
It's time to tumble down.
Tell the right-wing fundamentalists,
It's time to tumble down.
We have come to tumble you,
With a love for the earth in all we do.
It's time to tumble, yes it's true.
Time to tumble down.

Tell the oligarchy,
It's time to tumble down.
Tell the oligarchy,
It's time to tumble down.
We have come to tumble you,
With a love for the earth in all we do.
It's time to tumble, yes it's true.
Time to tumble down.
We have come to tumble you,
With a love for the earth in all we do.
It's time to tumble, yes it's true.
Time to tumble down.
Time to tumble down.
Time to tumble down.

Time to tumble, tumble tumble tumble.
We are gonna rumble rumble rumble,
Til they tumble tumble tumble.
We are gonna rumble rumble rumble,
Until they tumble tumble tumble.
We are gonna rumble rumble rumble,
Until they tumble tumble tumble.

It's time to tumble, time to tumble.
It's time, time to tumble down down down.
We are gonna rumble rumble rumble,
Until they tumble tumble tumble.
Rumble til they tumble.
Rumble til they tumble.
Rumble til they tumble.
It's time to tumble down.

(Album, I Scream for the Moon)

Free-Floating (2002-029)

I am a free-floating angel being.
I beam my light into, the recesses of time.
I am a free-floating angel being.
I beam my light into, the recesses of time.

Right now I need a friend, something to calm my mind,
Something to make my heart to wonder.
Right now I need a friend, something to calm my mind,
Something to make my heart to wonder.

They took me from my house, upon the avenue.
They tossed me and turned me, a couple hundred times.
I'm sure they're still not through with me.
I'm sure that they will find, more wrinkles for my mind.

They took me from my house, upon the avenue.
They tossed me and turned me, a couple hundred times.
I'm sure they're still not through with me.
I'm sure that they will find, more wrinkles for my mind.
More wrinkles for my mind.

I am a free-floating angel being.
I beam my light into, the recesses of time.
I am a free-floating angel being.
I beam my light into, the recesses of time.

Right now I need a friend, something to calm my mind,
Something to make my heart to wonder.
Right now I need a friend, something to calm my mind,
Something to make my heart to wonder.

I am a free-floating angel being.
Something to make my heart to wonder.
Something to make my heart to wonder.

(Album, I Scream for the Moon)

I Scream for the Moon (2002-030)

I scream for the moon.
I scream for the moon.
Ice-cream on a silver spoon.
I scream for the moon.

I swim to the sea.
I swim to the sea.
Ice wind blowing over me.
I swim to the sea.

When I'm there I will fly.
When I'm there I will fly.
My soul will spread its wings on high.
When I'm there I will fly.

I scream for the moon.
I scream for the moon.
Ice-cream on a silver spoon.
I scream for the moon.

Ocean song sky and moon.
Ocean song sky and moon.
And all the universe in tune.
Ocean song sky and moon.

Let the moon pull the tide.
Let the moon pull the tide.
Let the spirit be our guide.
Let the moon pull the tide.

Night wind carry on.
Night wind carry on.
Take us to the crimson dawn.
Night wind carry on.

I scream for the moon.
I scream for the moon.
Ice-cream on a silver spoon.
I scream for the moon.

I scream for the moon.
I scream for the moon.
Ice-cream on a silver spoon.
I scream for the moon.

I scream for the moon.
I scream for the moon.
I scream for the moon.
For the moon, for the moon, for the moon.
I scream for the moon.

(Album, I Scream for the Moon)

Take Off Your Clothes (2002-031)

Take off your clothes, and let me make love to you.
Take off your clothes, and let me make love to you.
Touch me in a thousand places.
Kiss me in my secret spaces.
Take off your clothes, and let me make love to you.

You are a woman like no other woman I've ever known.
You are a woman like no other woman I've ever known.
I want to love you totally,
And you can give that love right back to me.
You are a woman like no other woman I've ever known.

Take off your clothes, and let me make love to you.
Take off your clothes, and let me make love to you.
Touch me in a thousand places.
Kiss me in my sacred spaces.
Take off your clothes, and let me make love to you.

You're a woman come travelin' down on a northern wind.
You're a woman come travelin' down on a northern wind.
You have lightening in your mind,
And lovin' o so fine.
You are a woman come travelin' down on a northern wind.

Take off your clothes, and let me make love to you.
Take off your clothes, and let me make love to you.
Touch me in a thousand places.
Kiss me in my secret spaces.
Take off your clothes, and let me make love to you.

I am an oak tree, waiting for you to shake me.
I am an oak tree, waiting for you to shake me.
All the forest it will shine,
When your loving blows my mind.
I am an oak tree, waiting for you to shake me.

Take off your clothes, and let me make love to you.
Take off your clothes, and let me make love to you.
Touch me in a thousand places.
Kiss me in my sacred spaces.
Take off your clothes, and let me make love to you.

Take off your clothes, and let me make love to you.
Take off your clothes, and let me make love to you.
Take off your clothes. Take off your clothes. Take off your clothes.
Take off your clothes. Take off your clothes. Take off your clothes.
Take off your clothes. Take off your clothes. Take off your clothes.
Take off your clothes. Take off your clothes.
Take off your clothes, and let me make love to you.

Let me make love to you.
Let me make love to you.
Let me make a make a make a make a make a love to you.
Let me let me let me let me make a make a love to you.

Let me make a make a make a make a make a love to you.
Take off your clothes, and let me make love to you.

(Album, I Scream for the Moon)

How Many Dogs (2002-032)

How many dogs, outside your door.
How many dogs, outside your door.
How many dogs, outside your door,
As the wind it does howl, and the ocean does roar.

How many dogs, outside your door.
How many dogs, outside your door.
How many dogs, outside your door,
As the wind it does howl, and the rain it does pour.

How many ghosts, calling your name.
How many ghosts, calling your name.
How many ghosts, calling your name,
Who were on the wrong side in your big power game.

How many dogs, outside your door.
How many dogs, outside your door.
How many dogs, outside your door,
As the wind it does howl, and the ocean does roar.

How many beggars, with a cup in their hand.
How many beggars, with a cup in their hand.
How many beggars, with a cup in their hand,
The ones you displaced with a boot in the sand.

How many dogs, outside your door.
How many dogs, outside your door.
How many dogs, outside your door,
As the wind it does howl, and the rain it does pour.

How many bones, cry in their graves.
How many bones, cry in their graves.
How many bones, cry in their graves,
For the tanks that you rolled, and the worlds you enslaved.

How many dogs, outside your door.
How many dogs, outside your door.
How many dogs, outside your door,
As the wind it does howl, and the ocean does roar.

You are the rulers, of this great empire.
You are the rulers, of this great empire,
From the swish of your money, to the song of your lyre,
But one day your soldiers will refuse to fire.

And one day your dogs will snarl as one.
One day your dogs will snarl as one.
And you'll know how it feels to face your own gun,
And you'll be no more 'neath the light of the sun.

How many dogs, outside your door.
How many dogs, outside your door.
How many dogs, outside your door,
As the wind it does howl, and the rain it does pour.

How many dogs, outside your door.
How many dogs, outside your door.
They toss and they turn, as they sleep on your shore,
And they dream of the day, when you'll be no more.
They toss and they turn, as they sleep on your shore,
And they dream of the day, when you'll be no more.

(Album, I Scream for the Moon)

May Dream (2002-033)

Take away the shopping malls,
And give us farmers' markets.
Take away the shopping malls,
And give us farmers' markets.
Think globally, eat locally,
And come out of the margins.
Take away the shopping malls,
And give us farmers' markets.

Take away the coal plants,
And give us solar panels,
Windmills and geo heat pumps,
And solar panels.
And we'll build all the love and peace,
And justice we can channel.
Take away the coal plants,
And give us solar panels.

Take away the shopping malls,
And let's have farmers' markets.
Take away the shopping malls.
Let's have farmers' markets.
Think globally, eat locally,
And come out of the margins.
Take away the shopping malls.
Let's have farmers' markets.

Take away the lawn chemicals,
And give us prairie grassland.
Take away the lawn chemicals,
And give us prairie grassland.
The right to let the dandelions grow,
Is all we ask man.
Take away the lawn chemicals,
And give us prairie grassland.

Take away the shopping malls.
Let's have farmers' markets.
Take away the shopping malls.
Give us farmers' markets.
Think globally, eat locally,
And come out of the margins.
Take away the shopping malls.
Give us farmers' markets.

Take away the death machine,
And let us go on living.
Take away the death machine,
And let us go on living.
We'll build a world of life and love,
For the taking and the giving.
Take away the death machine,
And let us go on living.

Take away the shopping malls.
Give us farmers' markets.
Take away the shopping malls.
Give us farmers' markets.
Think globally, eat locally,
And come out of the margins.
Take away the shopping malls,
Let's have farmers' markets.
Farmers' markets, farmers' markets.
Let's have farmers' markets.

I have set before you life and death.
Choose life, that you and your children may live.
I have set before you hope and fear.
Choose hope, that you and your children may dance.

I have set before you love and greed.
Choose love, that you and your children may dream.
Choose love, that you and your children may dream.
May dream, May dream, May dream.

(Album, I Scream for the Moon)

Dharma Lion (2002-034)

I went lookin' for Robert Frost,
Late one night on the internet.
I ended up at the Academy of American Poets,
Reading a poem called "Howl",
By a man named Alan Ginsberg.

It got me thinking about how,
There had to be a "Howl".
And there had to be a Ginsberg.
'Cause there had to be someone strong enough,
To write the words that could topple,
The military industrial complex,
In that world of the 1950's,
In that world of Eisenhower,
In that world where,
If you stepped a little bit too far out of line,
You could find yourself,
Spending the rest of your life,
In and out of a mental institution.

O, o, o, dharma Lion.
O, o, o, dharma Lion.
We will howl the night away.
We will howl til break of day.
With the best minds of our generation,
Dharma Lion, o, o, o, dharma Lion.

I went lookin' for Robert Frost,
Late one night on the internet.
And I ended up at the Academy of American Poets.
And Robert Frost read a poem,
At the inauguration of JFK.
While Alan Ginsberg was fighting charges,
Of obscenity.

I say we've got to stand with those,
Who've fought the charges through the years.
I say we've got to stand with those,
Who've fought the charges, down through the years.

O, o, o, dharma Lion.
O, o, o, dharma Lion.
We will howl the night away.
We will howl til break of day.
With the best minds of our generation.
Dharma Lion, o, o, o, dharma Lion.
O, o, o, dharma Lion.

Now you're gone these five long years,
And the shadows are just as long.
But we can still make the military industrial complex,
Quiver in its shoes,
With the power of a song,
With the power of a song.

May it never be said,
That it's all been said before.
May we always be open to hear,
The dharma Lion's roar.

O, o, o, dharma Lion.
O, o, o, dharma Lion.
We will howl the night away.
We will howl til break of day.
With the best minds of our generation.
Dharma Lion, o, o, o, dharma Lion.
O, o, o, dharma Lion.

I went lookin' for Robert Frost,
Late one night on the internet.
And I ended up reading a review,
Of "dharma Lion".

O America, when will you be worthy,
Of your million Trotskyites.
When will you find your Shangri-La.
So says, dharma Lion.
So says, dharma Lion.
So says, dharma Lion.
Dharma Lion, o, o, o, dharma Lion.
O, o, o, dharma Lion.

(Album, I Scream for the Moon)

Old Old Man in the Moon (2002-035)

I'm an old old man in the moon.
I'm an old old man in the moon.
I'm an old old man in the moon.
I'm an old old man in the moon.

Used to be a young man sailor,
Sailing on the oceans of the dawn.
Lakes of flowering sunlight,
Told me that the world had just begun.

West wind blowing through my halo,
Forces calling out my name,
Bells of Wickendom behind me,
Songs of speakers in the rain.

I'm an old old man in the moon.
I'm an old old man in the moon.
I'm an old old man in the moon.
I'm an old old man in the moon.

Four thousand years I traveled on my rowboat,
Rode a thousand rivers to the sea.
Brought a thousand children to their homeland,
The land of truth that dwells in you and me.

For another thousand years I wrote my poems,
Reflected in the sunlight on the stream.
I tied them to the branches of the pine trees,
And told the world I'd wandered off to dream.

I'm an old old man in the moon.
I'm an old old man in the moon.
I'm an old old man in the moon.
I'm an old old man in the moon.

On the first of May I climbed on board my spaceship,
And blasted off upon the misty moor.
Nine days I traveled to reach Luna,
To dwell among the blessed and the poor.

Who are these spirits of the ancients,
Who built this rocky Lunar village here.
The prophets and the avatars keep watching,
Each turning of the blue-white Terrasphere.

I'm an old old man in the moon.
I'm an old old man in the moon.
I'm an old old man in the moon.
I'm an old old man in the moon.

Here I am, a thousand years a-passing,
Watching each face of Terra turn.
Watching life and love and sunlight flower,
Each human, each palm tree and each worm.

Joining in the choir of Lunar mystics,
To sing a song of Heaven to the world.
Enveloping the gentle globe with God's love,
Watching holy human love unfurl.

I'm an old old man in the moon.
I'm an old old man in the moon.
I'm an old old man in the moon.
I'm an old old man in the moon.

I'm an old old man in the moon.
I'm an old old man in the moon.
I'm an old old man in the moon.
I'm an old old man in the moon.
I'm an old old man in the moon.

(Album, I Scream for the Moon)

I've Walked in the Rain (2002-036)

I feel I've walked in the rain,
For an hour or maybe a year.
I feel I'll keep walking until,
I'm sixty years old,
When I lay my head down,
When I lay my head down.

I feel I've walked in the rain,
For an hour or maybe a year.
I feel I'll keep walking until,
I'm sixty years old,
When I lay my head down,
When I lay my head down.

They took me away from my home,
And told me that one day I could surely return.
Maybe the day I turn sixty,
Or maybe the day when I turn, sixty-nine.

The wind and the lightening they call out my name,
Asking where is that young man we saw, yesterday.
I say I'm afraid I'll keep walking,
Til I'm not a young man any more,
Not a young man any more.

Who is that gray-bearded man,
Who turns his key in the door,
So many years away, from his house.
Only now he returns to his house,
On the shore,
At sixty years old.

I feel I've walked in the rain,
For an hour or maybe a year.
I feel I'll keep walking until,
I'm sixty years old,
When I lay my head down,
When I lay my head down,
When I lay my head down,
When I lay my head down.

(Album, I Scream for the Moon)

Burning with Fire (2002-037)

First time I came to Calgary,
I was a wee young child.
And there was only innocence,
And gentleness in my mind.

Now how I wish the earth were, burning with fire.
How I wish the earth were, burning with fire.

Next time I came to Calgary,
I walked with dinosaurs.
I learned the names of a hundred breeds.
I walked on that paleontological shore.

Now how I wish the earth were, burning with fire.
How I wish the earth were, burning with fire.

Next time I came to Calgary,
It was on a Christmas dream so fine.
The Berlin Wall had just come down.
It was 1989.

Now how I wish the earth were, burning with fire.
How I wish the earth were, burning with fire.

Next time I came to Calgary,
It was in the new millennium.
Three thousand of us marched so peacefully,
Against petroleum.

Now how I wish the earth were, burning with fire.
How I wish the earth were, burning with fire.

And now I come to Calgary,
Shouting revolution now.
I wonder what you'd say to me,
If I burned old Calgary down.

How I wish the earth were, burning with fire.
How I wish the earth were, burning with fire.

Now I come to Calgary,
Shouting revolution now.
I wonder what you'd say to me,
If I burned old Calgary down.

How I wish the earth were, burning with fire.
How I wish the earth were, burning with fire.

Burning with fire, burning with fire,
Hot sensuous desire, burning with fire,
Hot sensuous desire.
How I wish the earth were, burning with fire.

(Album, I Scream for the Moon)

Fight the Hegemony (2002-038)

Fight the hegemony. Fight the hegemony.
Fight the hegemony. Fight the hegemony.

Stop the pyramids of power.
Stop the pyramids of power.
Stop the pyramids of power.
Stop the pyramids of power.

Fight the hegemony. Fight the hegemony.
Fight the hegemony. Fight the hegemony.

Build the windmills. Plant the seeds.
Build the windmills. Plant the seeds.
Build the windmills. Plant the seeds.
Build the windmills. Plant the seeds.

Fight the hegemony. Fight the hegemony.
Fight the hegemony. Fight the hegemony.

May love be the spark that sets you free.
May love be the spark that sets you free.
May love be the spark that sets you free.
May love be the spark that sets you free.

Fight the hegemony. Fight the hegemony.
Fight the hegemony. Fight the hegemony.

May a just Earth be the life we choose.
May a just Earth be the life we choose.
May a just Earth be the life we choose.
May a just Earth be the life we choose.

Fight the hegemony. Fight the hegemony.
Fight the hegemony. Fight the hegemony.

And Che Guevara said, The true revolutionary,
Is guided by great feelings of love.
Che Guevara said, The true revolutionary,
Is guided by great feelings of love.
And Bruce Cockburn said, Bombs aren't the only thing,
That fall from above.

Fight the hegemony. Fight the hegemony.
Fight the hegemony. Fight the hegemony.

Fight the hegemony. Fight the hegemony.
Fight the hegemony. Fight the hegemony.
Fight the hegemony. Fight the hegemony.
Fight the hegemony. Fight the hegemony.

Fight the hegemony.

(Album, I Scream for the Moon)

I Know Differently (2002-039)

I am one of those they call refugee,
From over the border and across the sea,
Running from a land with blood in the streets,
Intolerance and hatred for minorities.

For how many months I have traveled so far,
With a dream in my mind of making a new start.
I have come among you to this unknown land,
Believing in the power of the human heart and hand.

And now they say they're gonna turn me 'round.
Now they say they're gonna send me home.
They're tellin' me that it will be all right.
Their government gets along with mine and so.
Didn't I know where I come from has to be,
The most wonderful place on Earth to be,
Flowing with justice and with liberty.
I wish it were true, but I know differently.

I know about death squads in the night,
Of people disappearing from our sight.
I've seen the torture chambers, felt the screams,
Of people who dared to stand up for their dreams.

I know about war and I know about hate.
I've seen brothers murdered and sisters raped.
I know about oppression at the end of a gun,
When you have no choice but to fight back or to run.

And now they say they're gonna turn me 'round.
Now they say they're gonna send me home.
They're tellin' me that it will be all right.
Their government gets along with mine and so.
Didn't I know where I come from has to be,
The most wonderful place on Earth to be,
Flowing with justice and democracy.
I wish it were true, but I know differently.

Now there's a war on terrorism, so it's called.
We all get bigger guns as if our problems could be solved.
Tighter security at border lines,
Fueling the fears that haunt the brain-washed mind.

And my refugee board just smiled and said,
We wouldn't shed a tear if you were dead.
Don't talk to us about human rights.
George Bush likes to fight his wars in black and white.

And now they say they're gonna turn me 'round.
Now they say they're gonna send me home.
They're tellin' me that it will be all right.
Their government gets along with mine and so.
Didn't I know where I come from has to be,
The most wonderful place on Earth. Can't you see.

It's a paradisian democracy.
I wish it were true, but I know differently.

America rules from pole to pole,
Keeping the world in its iron control.
We are all slaves of the corporate machine,
And woe to those who dare to raise their heads and dream.

It seems to me Canada has a choice to make.
Do we really believe in the things we say.
Are we working for a world where justice reigns,
Or are we just another lackey of George Bush's USA.

'Cause Canada is gonna send them back,
And Uncle Sam is gonna send them home.
Back to the places where they're running from,
While we supply the arms for the puppet show.
They say the world we're making is going to be,
A world of freedom and democracy,
Flowing with justice, love and peace.
I wish it were true, but I know differently.

They say the world we're making is going to be,
A world of freedom and democracy,
Flowing with justice, love and peace.
I wish it were true, but I know differently.
I wish it were true, but I know differently.
I wish it were true, but I know differently.
I know differently.
I know differently.
I know differently.

(Album, I Scream for the Moon)

G8 Get Out of Our World (2002-040)

I heard about an exclusive club they call the G8,
And once a year they get together.
To try to tell the rest of us what to do,
And to keep themselves in power forever.
But in recent years the people of the world,
Have become wise to the G8's scheming.
We've built a movement now that vibrates in the hearts and minds
Of everyone and everything.

Hay hay G8 get out of our world.
Hay hay G8 get out of our world.
Hay hay G8 get out of our world.
Get out of our world,
'Cause we wanna stay on.
We wanna stay on.

Well the oceans they are dying and the forest's disappearing,
But all you wanna talk about is the economy.
What about the fish, what about the birds, what about the plants,
What about the bears, what about the trees.
And what about the six billion people living starving and dying,
In the global shanty town.
First you sent the World Bank to enslave us, then you send,
Your American-made tanks to put us down.

Hay hay G8 get out of our world.
Hay hay G8 get out of our world.
Hay hay G8 get out of our world.
Get out of our world,
'Cause we wanna stay on.
We wanna stay on.

We are the voices of the world, of every eco-system,
Every bioregion and community.
And all around the planet we are building chains of freedom,
And chains of solidarity.
We have a vision of a world, of justice, peace,
And life and hope for everyone.
And when we get together we raise our voices in a song,
That echoes ten times 'round the sun.

Hay hay G8 get out of our world.
Hay hay G8 get out of our world.
Hay hay G8 get out of our world.
Get out of our world,
'Cause we wanna stay on.

Hay hay G8 get out of our world.
Hay hay G8 get out of our world.
Hay hay G8 get out of our world.
Get out of our world,
'Cause we wanna stay on.
We wanna stay on.

Get out of our world,
'Cause we wanna stay on.
Get out of our world,
'Cause we wanna stay on.
Stay on! Hay!

(Albums, I Scream for the Moon, and, Peace and Justice Everywhere)

Walk Outside (2002-041)

When we walk outside,
And the rain is coming down,
There is water in that rain,
That once flowed in the blood streams of the dinosaurs.
And when you feel the wind,
Blow upon your face,
There is air in that wind,
That once flowed from the mouth of Pythagoras.

And we are one sweet system,
Turning round and round,
Re-dreaming and renewing,
Ten thousand times.
So let us be one dreamer,
And dream the dream of Earth,
Turning in our orbit,
Rolling on through time.
Turning in our orbit,
Rolling on through time.
Rolling on through time.

When we walk outside,
And the rain is coming down,
There is water in that rain,
That once flowed in the blood streams of the dinosaurs.
And when you feel the wind,
Blow upon your face,
There is air in that wind,
That once flowed from the mouth of Pythagoras.

And we are one sweet system,
Turning round and round,
Re-dreaming and renewing,
Ten thousand times.
So let us be one dreamer,
And dream the dream of Earth,
Turning in our orbit,
Rolling on through time.
Turning in our orbit,
Rolling on through time.
Rolling on through time.

(Albums, I Scream for the Moon, and, Peace and Justice Everywhere)

Love and Peace and Revolution (2002-042)

Stop being part of the problem.
Come and be part of the solution.
Raise your voice and change the world,
With love and peace and revolution.
Love and peace and revolution.

Stop being part of the problem.
Come and be part of the solution.
Raise your voice and change the world,
With love and peace and revolution.
Love and peace and revolution.

Change the world. Change the world.
Change the world I wanna stay on.
Change the world I wanna stay on.
Wait too long and it will soon be gone.
Change the world I wanna stay on.
Change the world. Change the world.

Stop being part of the problem.
Come and be part of the solution.
Raise your voice and change the world,
With love and peace and revolution.
Love and peace and revolution.

Stop being part of the problem.
Come and be part of the solution.
Raise your voice and change the world,
With love and peace and revolution.
Love and peace and revolution.

Change the world. Change the world.
Change the world I wanna stay on.
Change the world I wanna stay on.
Wait too long and it will soon be gone.
Change the world I wanna stay on.
Change the world. Change the world.

Stop being part of the problem.
Come and be part of the solution.
Raise your voice and change the world,
With love and peace and revolution.
Love and peace and revolution.
Change the world. Change the world.

Stop being part of the problem.
Come and be part of the solution.
Raise your voice and change the world,
With love and peace and revolution.
Love and peace and revolution.
Love and peace and revolution.
Love and peace and revolution.
Raise your voice and change the world,
With love and peace and revolution.

(Album, I Scream for the Moon)

Together (2002-043)

Once I dreamed, I saw peace in a rainbow,
Arching its colours, across the sky.
And the rainbow said,
May all the people raise their heads,
In peace, together.

Once I dreamed, I saw peace in a sunset,
Spreading its rays, through the evening sky.
And the setting sun said,
May all the people light their,
Peace lanterns, together.

Once I dreamed, I heard peace in the wind,
Whispering gently, over my skin.
And the wind it said,
May all the people raise one voice,
For peace, together.

Once I dreamed, I felt peace in the world,
Small planet turning, through the dark of time.
And all the world,
Lived in peace and justice.
Six billion people carried on,
Together.

And all the world,
Lived in peace and justice.
Six billion people carried on,
Together.

Once I dreamed, I saw peace in a rainbow.

(Album, I Scream for the Moon)

There Is a Spirit (2002-044)

There is a spirit, that dwells in everything.
There is a spirit, that dwells in everything.
And that spirit, when I feel it, makes my heart to sing.

There is a light that shines, throughout the universe.
There is a light that shines, throughout the universe.
And the sweetness of that light, leaves me at a loss for words.

There is a song which is, unlike any other song.
There is a song which is, unlike any other song.
And it is the power of that song, that helps us carry on.

There is a love that lives, deep inside us all.
There is a love that lives, deep inside us all.
And hope and peace are its flowers, if we would only heed its call.
Hope and peace are its flowers, if we would only heed its call.

There is a spirit, that dwells in everything.
There is a spirit, that dwells in everything.
And that spirit, when I feel it, makes my heart to sing.
Makes my heart to sing.
Makes my heart to sing.
Makes my heart to sing.

(Album, I Scream for the Moon)

Avenue (2002-045)

Walkin' down along, the avenue,
Snow was falling, time reflected in memory.
I met a guitar man. I asked him what he knew.
He tried to answer, in G7 rhapsody.

And Robert Johnson, came back to say,
I never sold my soul. I gave it away.
But not to the Evil One. No, I gave it to,
All the beautiful people, who love the blues.
It was the oppressors, who spread their poison,
Spreading rumours about me, wanting people to feel jealousy.

And Robert Johnson knew, and Leadbelly knew,
And Molotov knew it too.
Sometimes in the face of fascism you must scream,
Even if all you have is a bottle of gasoline.
And you will try to stand, and they will put you down.
You must try to stand again.
Don't let them have their way my friend.
Don't let them have their way my friend.

And Long John Baldry, sings on a tribute album,
Remembering Leadbelly, like we had somethin' more to tell them.
And Jesus in the temple, knocked the money changers over and said,
I will tear down this temple, and rebuild it in three days.
No wonder they wanted him, to just go away.

But Robert Johnson knew, and Leadbelly knew,
And Molotov knew it too.
Sometimes in the face of fascism you must scream,
Even if all you have is a bottle of gasoline.
And you will try to stand, and they will put you down.
You must try to stand again.
Don't let them have their way my friend.
Don't let them have their way my friend.

And Robert Johnson, came back to say,
I never sold my soul. I gave it away.
And not to the Evil One. No, I gave it to,
All the beautiful people, who love the blues.

Long live the beautiful people, long live.
Long live the beautiful people, long live.
Long live the beautiful people, long live.
Long live the beautiful people, long live.
O the beautiful people, o, the beautiful people.

Walkin' down along, the avenue,
Snow was falling, time reflected in memory.

(Album, I Scream for the Moon)

One Day They Will Bury Me (2002-046)

One day, they will bury me,
And my flesh and blood will flow into the soil.
One day, they will bury me,
And my flesh and blood will flow into the soil.
I'll be no more than a memory,
When this sweet and sultry planet starts to boil.
I'll be no more than a memory,
When this sweet and sultry planet starts to boil.

One day, they will shut my eyes,
And tell me I will wake to see the sun.
One day, they will shut my eyes,
And tell me I will wake to see the sun.
And I will clasp the universe,
Inside my soul and say this world has just begun.
And I will clasp the universe,
Inside my soul and say the world has just begun.

One day, they will bury me,
And my consciousness will slowly melt away.
One day, they will bury me,
And my consciousness will slowly melt away.
And everywhere you look you'll see me,
For I'll be there upon that sacred day.
And everywhere you look you'll see me,
For I'll be there upon that sacred day.
Everywhere you look you'll see me,
For I'll be there upon that sacred day.

(Album, I Scream for the Moon)

Raining in my Mind (2002-047)

It's raining in my mind.
It's raining in my mind.
But the rain is beautiful tonight.
It's raining in my mind.
It's raining in my mind.
But the rain is beautiful tonight.

Stars shining in my soul,
Stars shining in my soul,
Sweet sister starlight is so beautiful.
Stars shining in my soul,
Stars shining in my soul,
Sweet sister starlight is so beautiful.

It's raining in my mind.
It's raining in my mind.
But the rain is beautiful tonight.
It's raining in my mind.
It's raining in my mind.
But the rain is beautiful tonight.

Moon streaming through my being,
Moon streaming through my being,
Moon beams interlocking weaving.
Moon streaming through my being,
Moon streaming through my being,
Moon beams interlocking weaving.

It's raining in my mind.
It's raining in my mind.
But the rain is beautiful tonight.
It's raining in my mind.
It's raining in my mind.
But the rain is beautiful tonight.

I hear the words that bind.
I hear the words that bind.
I hear the words that set us free in time.
I hear the words that bind.
I hear the words that bind.
I hear the words that set us free in time.
I hear the words that set us free in time.
And the rain is beautiful tonight.

(Album, I Scream for the Moon)

Old Oak Tree (2002-048)

Once I came from Pluto,
On a cosmic sailboat,
Catching on to Titan, Io, Ganymede.
I landed in the desert,
With a big white moon a-rising.
Now I feel like I am talking like an old oak tree.

I am the voice, deep down in the soil.
I am the voice. Father Oak is speaking.
I am the voice, of twenty years of toil.
I feel like I am talking like an old oak tree.
I feel like I am talking like an old oak tree.

I used to be an outsider,
On the edge of the system,
5.7 billion K from the heart of everything.
Then I journeyed to the earth,
And joined the honoured movement.
You can hear me in the nighttime when you hear the owls sing.

I am the voice, deep down in the soil.
I am the voice. Father Oak is speaking.
I am the voice, of twenty years of toil.
I feel like I am talking like an old oak tree.
I feel like I am talking like an old oak tree.

And I sing, with the waves on the shore.
And I sing, with the rain on the land.
And I sing, with the wind in the trees.
And I sing, hold the air in your hand.
Hold the air in your hand.

I am the voice, deep down in the soil.
I am the voice. Father Oak is speaking.
I am the voice, of twenty years of toil.
I feel like I am talking like an old oak tree.
I feel like I am talking like an old oak tree.
I feel like I am talking like an old oak tree.
I feel like I am talking like an old oak tree.
Old oak tree, old oak tree, old oak tree.
I feel like I am talking like an old oak tree.

(Album, The Summer of My Soul)

In One Night (2002-049)

Rome isn't gonna fall in one night.
Rome isn't gonna fall in one night.
It wasn't built in a day,
And it won't go away, in one night.
But one day we'll awaken and it'll be gone gone gone.
One day we'll awaken and it'll be gone.

What will there be to stand in place of the empire.
What will there be to stand in place of the empire.
What will there be,
For all to see, and to inspire.
A city of light and love dwelling in our minds.
A city of light and love dwelling in our minds.

Rome isn't gonna fall in one night.
Rome isn't gonna fall in one night.
It wasn't built in a day,
And it won't go away, in one night.
But one day we'll awaken and it'll be gone gone gone.
One day we'll awaken and it'll be gone.

So we demonstrate and we trespass and they arrest us.
We demonstrate and we trespass and they arrest us.
Some understand across the land,
While others detest us.
But we tell ourselves we're doing what's gotta be done done done.
We tell ourselves we're doing what's gotta be done.

Rome isn't gonna fall in one night.
Rome isn't gonna fall in one night.
It wasn't built in a day,
And it won't go away, in one night.
But one day we'll awaken and it'll be gone gone gone.
One day we'll awaken and it'll be gone.

The shadows of the empire are shaking.
The shadows of the empire are shaking.
They're trembling to, know that there's a new,
World in the making.
And one day the battle will be over and we will win win win.
One day the battle will be over and we will win.
One day the battle will be over and we will win win win.
One day the battle will be over and we will win.

One day we'll awaken and it'll be gone gone gone.
One day we'll awaken and it'll be gone.
One day we'll awaken and it'll be gone gone gone.
One day we'll awaken and it'll be gone.

(Album, The Summer of My Soul)

Great Day for a War (2002-050)

Ghost accounting practices,
For hiding broken dreams,
Have made their way across,
Our social television screens.
Enron and World.com,
File for bankruptcy,
And capitalism is shaken,
From sea to shining sea.
The bull market of the nineties,
Has turned into a bear,
Who seems content to hibernate,
Deep inside his lair.
What will Wall Street do to turn,
The trickle to a roar.
Will they do, what they have done before.
It's a great day for a war.

It's a great day for a war.
Get the big wheels turning 'round once more.
It's a great day for a war.
It's a great day for a war.

And Uncle Sam will bomb the hell,
Out of Saddam Hussein,
So that economically speaking,
We can get it up again.
And then we'll turn our sites,
To the North Korean land,
So we can stay erected,
With a palmtop in our hand.
From Columbia through Libya,
To Syria and more,
The Nasdaq is waiting to hear,
Those bomber engines roar.
It's a great day for a war.

It's a great day for a war.
Get the big wheels turning 'round once more.
The ones who win the baseball game,
Are the ones who know the score.
It's a great day for a war.
It's a great day for a war.
Great day for a war.

And Karl Marx is restless,
In his London grave.
He says I could have told you all,
That it would go this way.
You can only fire people,
And cut wages for so long,
Before the people no longer heed,
The mass consumption song.
Now there's only one place left where they,
Can help us get it on.

Infuse a thousand business contracts,
From the Pentagon.
It's a great day for a war.

It's a great day for a war.
We need not be impotent no more.
Please don't misunderstand me.
I speak in metaphor.
It's a great day for a war.

It's a great day for a war.
Get the big wheels turning 'round once more.
The ones who win the baseball game,
Are the ones who know the score.
It's a great day for a war.

It's a great day for a war.
And GI Joe keeps coming back for more.
It's a great day for a war.
It's a great day for a war.
Lockheed Martin keeps coming back for more.
And the Nasdaq is waiting to hear,
The bomber engines roar.
It's a great day for a war.
It's a great day for a war.

It's a great day for a, great day for a,
Great day for a war.
It's a great day for a, great day for a,
Great day for a war.
It's a great day for a war.

(Album, The Summer of My Soul)

There Were No Haloes (2002-051)

There were no haloes,
On Calvary.
Only nails pounded through wrists,
And into the wood of a tree.

There were no haloes,
On Calvary's mound.
Only the self-righteous walking by,
Saying "You saved others.
Where are your miracles now?
Where are your miracles now?"

And only the women,
Stood at the foot of the cross.
'Cause when Pilate's secret service went to work,
Well the boys kind of got themselves conveniently lost.

And in the end there weren't very many,
People there,
To hear his final words.
As they echoed through the air.

"My God, my God,
Why have you abandoned me?".
The opening line, of a poem of liberation,
And the cry of humanity.

For it wasn't for haloes,
That he lived his life,
But for a world of peace and justice, through forgiveness,
On to the day he died.
On to the day he died.

There were no haloes,
On Calvary.
There were no haloes,
On Calvary.
There were no haloes,
On Calvary.

(Album, The Summer of My Soul)

Made of Love (2002-052)

Everything you see is made of love.
Everything is made of love.
Love is what the cosmos is made of.
Everything is made of love.

Everyone you meet is made of love.
Everyone is made of love.
Love is what the cosmos is made of.
Everyone is made of love.

Everywhere you go is made of love.
Everywhere is made of love.
Love is what the cosmos is made of.
Everywhere is made of love.

Every moment that we have is made of love.
Every moment made of love.
Love is what the cosmos is made of.
Every moment made of love.

Everything you see is made of love.
Everything is made of love.
Love is what the cosmos is made of.
Everything is made of love.

Everyone you meet is made of love.
Everyone is made of love.
Love is what the cosmos is made of.
Everyone is made of love.

Everywhere you go is made of love.
Everywhere is made of love.
Love is what the cosmos is made of.
Everywhere is made of love.

Every moment that we have is made of love.
Every moment made of love.
Love is what the cosmos is made of.
Every moment made of love.

Love was here before we were here.
Love will be here when we're gone.
Love flows through the universe,
Before, behind and beyond.

Love was here before we were here.
And love will be here when we're gone.
Love flows through the universe,
Before, behind and beyond.
Before, behind and beyond.
Before, behind and beyond.

Everything you see is made of love.
Everything is made of love.

Love is what the cosmos is made of.
Everything is made of love.

Everything you see is made of love.
Everything is made of love.
Love is what the cosmos is made of.
Everything is made of love.
Everything is made of love.
Everything is made of love.

(Album, The Summer of My Soul)

Library Song (2002-053)

I walked in, to a library,
To lay my head down and say.
It's been a long long time since I've been here.
After twenty years of wandering,
Of walking in the rain,
It's been a long long time since I've been here.

This is not just any library,
But the one where I used to come,
In those days of hope and optimism.
Used to read about societies that could be,
Listen to a voice made just for me,
In those days of hope and optimism.
It's been a long long time since I've been here.

I was chasing fire flies,
And thought that they were visions.
I was chasing guru lies,
And thought that it was wisdom.
There were so many people making dough,
Selling rainbows over rivers.
And there were more takers in this world,
My friend, than there were givers.
I was turned around a thousand times,
Til I came around again,
To lay my head down in a library.
It's been a long long time since I've been here.
It's been a long long time since I've been here.

I walked in, to a library,
To lay my head down and say.
It's been a long long time since I've been here.

(Album, The Summer of My Soul)

Song for the Troubadour (2002-054)

For Pete, the troubadour,
The morning star was grand.
He survived the black list,
With a hammer in his hand.
And Pete, he sang his songs,
To the morning sky so clear.
And he played the five string banjo,
For all who had ears to hear.

And Pete, the troubadour,
Said all the world shall be my home.
And if he heard a song he liked,
He would make that song his own.
Moved by Guantanamera,
Or by Bowim baway.
And Which Side Are You On is still,
A question for you and me today.

For Pete, the troubadour,
The road's been wild and long.
But every step made gentler,
By the wonder in a song.
For Pete has known deep down inside,
Somewhere, somehow, some way,
There is something in the human heart,
That shall overcome some day.

So play your banjo well my friends,
And sing your heart-felt song,
And the love of the troubadour,
Will help you carry on.
Play your banjo well my friends,
And sing your heart-felt song,
And the love of the troubadour,
Will help you carry on.
The love of the troubadour,
Will help you carry on.
Carry on, carry on, carry on.

(Album, The Summer of My Soul)

Mountain in Antarctica (2002-055)

Here I linger, on this mountain in Antarctica,
Month of June and the night is as dark as night can be.
Lone survivor, on this mountain in Antarctica,
A million miles away, from sweet humanity.
A million miles away, from sweet humanity.

Sometimes life seems near me,
Sometimes so far away,
When there is just the nothingness,
Of starlight, ice and sky.
Sometimes I think I hear,
Voices calling me.
Then there is only the silence,
Of the Southern Cross so nigh.

But here I linger, on this mountain in Antarctica,
Month of June and the night is as dark as night can be.
Lone survivor, on this mountain in Antarctica,
A million miles away, from sweet humanity.
A million miles away, from sweet humanity.

There is no aeroplane.
There is no submarine.
There is no dog team coming,
To the rescue of my soul.
Only the darkness,
And the edge of insanity,
And the dreaded loneliness,
Of dying in the cold.

But here I linger, on this mountain in Antarctica,
Month of June and the night is as dark as night can be.
Lone survivor, on this mountain in Antarctica,
A million miles away, from sweet humanity.
A million miles away, from sweet humanity.

And then I know it,
I know it suddenly.
I am not a body,
Just a spirit lingering on.
Have I the power,
To spread my wings and flee,
To leave the polar night,
And struggle for the dawn.

For here I linger, on this mountain in Antarctica,
Month of June and the night is as dark as night can be.
Lone survivor, on this mountain in Antarctica,
A million miles away, from sweet humanity.
A million miles away, from sweet humanity.
A million miles away, from sweet humanity.

(Album, The Summer of my Soul)

What the World Needs Now (2002-056)

I've heard it said, that what the world needs now,
Are people who know how to love.
People who can build community based on love and compassion,
When the corporate and military push has come to shove.
What the world needs now is love.

I've heard it said, that what the world needs now,
Are people prepared to speak the truth.
To tear off the masks, and the lies and the facade,
Even when it's not the easiest thing to do.
What the world needs now is truth.

I've heard it said, that what the world needs now,
Are people with a willingness to fight.
To stand against the power structures,
To confront the injustices,
And build a revolution,
That will last longer than a single night.
We need people who can fight.

I've heard it said, that what the world needs now,
Are people who are able to dance.
Dancing with joy, with liberty and passion,
Turning all the world into a joyful free romance.
We need people who can dance.

So dancers and lovers, fighters and truth-speakers,
Let us change the world.
With our hearts and our minds, and our arms open wide,
Let us change the world.
We are what the world needs now.

Dancers and lovers, fighters and truth-speakers,
Let us change the world.
With our hearts and our minds, and our arms open wide,
Let us change the world.
We are what the world needs now.
We are what the world needs now.
We are what the world needs now.

(Album, The Summer of my Soul)

Knock on the Window (2002-057)

I'm gonna go to sleep, so knock on the window.
I won't hear the doorbell, so knock on the window.
Sherry when you come, knock on the window.
And try to wake me up, knock on the window.

I'm gonna go to sleep, so knock on the window.
I won't hear the doorbell, so knock on the window.
Sherry when you come, knock on the window.
Try to wake me up, knock on the window.

And if I don't awaken, knock again.
I love to hear you knocking, knock again.
I'm still in love with you, knock again.
Knock a little bit louder my good friend.
Knock a little bit louder my good friend.

I'm gonna go to sleep, so knock on the window.
I won't hear the doorbell, so knock on the window.
Sherry when you come, knock on the window.
And try to wake me up, knock on the window.

And if I don't awaken, knock again.
I love to hear you knocking, knock again.
I'm still in love with you, knock again.
Knock a little bit louder my good friend.
Knock a little bit louder my good friend.

Na, na na na na, na na, knock on the window.
Na, na na na na, na, knock on the window.
Na, na na na na, na na, knock on the window.
Na, na na na na, na na, knock on the window.
Na, na na na na, na, knock on the window.

Knock a little bit louder my good friend.
Knock a little bit louder my good friend.
Knock a little bit louder my good friend.

Na, na na na na, na na, knock on the window.
Na, na na na na, na na, knock on the window.

(Album, The Summer of my Soul)

Heartbeat Dream (2002-058)

Everyone of us is a cell, in a dreaming heart.
Everyone of us is a cell, in a dreaming heart.
The heart of Mother Cosmos, the heart of Sister Earth.
Everyone of us is a cell, in a dreaming heart.

Everyone of us is a neuron, in the cosmic mind.
Everyone of us is a neuron, in the cosmic mind.
Thinking through the universe, whirling on through time.
Everyone of us is a neuron, in the cosmic mind.

Everyone of us is a song spark, in a symphony.
Everyone of us is a song spark, in a symphony.
All the universe is singing, singing loud, singing free.
Everyone of us is a song spark, in a symphony.

Everyone of us is a cell, in a dreaming heart.
Everyone of us is a cell, in a dreaming heart.
The heart of Mother Cosmos, the heart of Sister Earth.
Everyone of us is a cell, in a dreaming heart.

Let us dream in cosmic rivers.
Let us dream in cosmic sea.
Let us dream in cosmic thunder.
Let us dream. Let us dream, heartbeat dream.
Let us dream. Let us dream, heartbeat dream.

Everyone of us is a cell, in a dreaming heart.
Everyone of us is a droplet, in a heartbeat dream.
Heartbeat dream.

(Album, The Summer of my Soul)

If I Was a Tree (2002-059)

Now if I was a tree,
I wouldn't be able to drink beer.
Yeah if I was a tree,
I wouldn't be able to drink beer.
But I'd drink in all that sunlight,
Raise my branches to the sky, and I'd shout, "Cheers".

And if I was an iceberg,
I wouldn't be able to drink wine.
Yeah if I was an iceberg,
I wouldn't be able to drink wine.
I'd just linger in the ocean,
Til it melted me away, and I'd feel fine.

And if I was a beach,
I wouldn't be able to drink gin.
Yeah if I was a beach,
I wouldn't be able to drink gin.
But I'd feel all those young bikini-clad women,
Walking and laying on me, and I'd take it all in.

And if I was an island,
I wouldn't be able to drink rye.
Yeah if I was an island,
I wouldn't be able to drink rye.
But I'd let the frogs and fishes,
Swim right up to me, and I'd say "Hi".
Hi Hi Hi Hi Hi.

And if I was the earth,
I wouldn't be able to get stoned.
Yeah if I was the earth,
I wouldn't be able to get stoned.
But I'd be one with you, and you'd be one with me,
And none of us would be alone.
Yeah we'd be high on life,
And none of us would be alone.
We'd have an earthquake now and then,
And we'd call it rock 'n' roll.

And if I was a tree,
I wouldn't be able to drink beer.
Yeah if I was a tree,
I wouldn't be able to drink beer.
But I'd drink in all that sunlight,
Raise my branches to the sky, and I'd shout, "Cheers".
I'd drink in all that sunlight,
Raise my branches to the sky, and I'd shout, "Cheers".
"Cheers!, Cheers everyone!".
I'd shout "Cheers".

(Album, The Summer of my Soul)

A New Soul (2002-060)

You can give me a new arm.
You can give me a new hand.
You can give me a new house,
On a whole new piece of land.
But you can never give me,
The only thing you cannot buy.
You can never give me, a new soul.
You can never give me,
The only thing you cannot buy.
You can never give me, a new soul.

You can give me a new face,
A new pair of lungs and heart.
You can give me a new automobile,
If my old one falls apart.
But you can never give me,
The only thing you cannot buy.
You can never give me, a new soul.
You can never give me,
The only thing you cannot buy.
You can never give me, a new soul.

You can give me a new country,
With a better government.
You can build a bold new shopping mall,
With new glass and new cement.
But you can never give me,
The only thing you cannot buy.
You can never give me, a new soul.
You can never give me,
The only thing you cannot buy.
You can never give me, a new soul.

My soul was born one morning,
On a planet in the sky.
And my soul will keep on shining,
Everywhere I travel.
My soul will never die.
You can never give me,
The only thing you cannot buy.
You can never give me, a new soul.
You can never give me,
The only thing you cannot buy.
You can never give me, a new soul.

No machine can manufacture, a new soul.
No brand name can put its stamp, on a new soul.
So I'll take care of the one I have,
And my soul will be as good as, a new soul.
A new soul.

(Album, The Summer of my Soul)

We Are the People (2002-061)

We are the people,
Gentle and strong.
Let us feel our power,
In the flowering of a song.
We are the people,
Gentle and strong.
Let us feel our power,
In the flowering of a song.

Love for the people,
Love for the earth.
All of the universe,
Is coming to rebirth.
Love for the people,
Love for the earth,
All of the universe,
Is coming to rebirth.

We are the people,
Gentle and strong.
Let us feel our power,
In the flowering of a song.
We are the people,
Gentle and strong.
Let us feel our power,
In the flowering of a song.

Dance with the moonlight.
Dance with the sun.
Spirit shower dreaming light,
Make us one.
Dance with the moonlight.
Dance with the sun.
Spirit shower dreaming light,
Make us one.

We are the people,
Gentle and strong.
Let us feel our power,
In the flowering of a song.
We are the people,
Gentle and strong.
Let us feel our power,
In the flowering of a song.

Dance in the shadows.
Dance in the rain.
Let us be the fury,
Of a hurricane.
Dance in the shadows.
Dance in the rain.
Let us be the fury,
Of a hurricane.

We are the people,
Gentle and strong.
Let us feel our power,
In the flowering of a song.
We are the people,
Gentle and strong.
Let us feel our power,
In the flowering of a song.

Love for the people,
Love for the earth,
All of the universe,
Is coming to rebirth.
Love for the people,
Love for the earth,
All of the universe,
Is coming to rebirth.

We are the people,
Gentle and strong.
Let us feel our power,
In the flowering of a song.
We are the people,
Gentle and strong.
Let us feel our power,
In the flowering of a song.

We are the people,
Gentle and strong.
Let us feel our power,
In the flowering of a song.
Let us feel our power,
In the flowering of a song.
Let us feel our power,
In the flowering of a song.
Let us feel our power,
In the flowering of a song.

Let us feel our power,
In the flowering of a song.

(Album, The Summer of my Soul)

I Don't Have to Come Down (2002-062)

I got so high, happy and high.
My head is higher than the height of the sky.
Somebody told me I will have to come down,
Come down some day and crash in the town.
But I don't wanna come down.
I don't wanna come down.
I don't have to come down, no,
I don't have to come down.

I'll stay up here at one with the all.
All the universe is a big green ball.
That ball is turning around and around.
All the universe says I don't have to come down.
I don't wanna come down, no,
I don't wanna come down.
I don't have to come down, no,
I don't have to come down.

Some say I've got problems I'll have to face,
But I wanna stay right here with my head up in space.
Watching the stars going round and round.
Everyone of them says I don't have to come down.
I don't wanna come down, no,
I don't have to come down.
The eagle's gonna poop in your town, yeah,
The eagle's gonna poop in your town.
'Cause I don't wanna come down, no,
I don't have to come down.

I got so high, happy and high.
My head is higher than the height of the sky.
Somebody told me I will have to come down,
Come down some day and crash in the town.
But I don't wanna come down, no,
I don't wanna come down.
The eagle's gonna poop in your town, yeah,
The eagle's gonna poop in your town.
'Cause I don't wanna come down.
So I don't have to come down.

I'm gonna stay up here at one with the all.
All the universe is a big green ball.
That ball is turning around and around.
And the universe says I don't have to come down.
I don't wanna come down, no,
So I don't have to come down.
The eagle's gonna poop in your town, yeah,
The eagle's gonna poop in your town.
'Cause I don't wanna come down.
I don't have to come down.

Some say I've got problems I'll have to face.
But I wanna stay right here with my head up in space.
Watching the stars going round and round.

Everyone of them says I don't have to come down.
I don't wanna come down, no,
I don't wanna come down.
The eagle's gonna poop in your town, yeah,
The eagle's gonna poop in your town.
'Cause I don't have to come down, no,
I don't have to come down.

Maybe I'll never come down.
I don't wanna come down.
I don't have to come down.
Maybe I'll never come down, no,
Maybe I'll never come down.

Maybe I'll never come down.
I don't have to come down.
I don't have to come down.
I don't have to come down.

(Album, The Summer of my Soul)

Thirty-Five (2002-063)

What was your meaning, those final months,
At your sister's house.
What was your meaning, those final months,
At your sister's house.
As you sat and watched reruns, on television,
Like you were letting your time run out.

There wasn't very much left of you,
When all the marchers burned out.
When a generation turned away,
And got on with what is called the task of living.
So there wasn't much for you to say,
In the mid 1970's.

It seemed like you were trying to say,
Don't turn away. Don't turn away.
The war is over but there's still a lot to do.
There's still a lot to do.

Til the ninth of April 1976,
When you turned away for the final time.
And your nephew found you hanging,
On the bathroom door.
And your nephew found you hanging,
On the bathroom door.

Thirty-five, thirty-five,
That's too damn young to die.
Thirty-five, thirty-five,
That's too damn young to die.

Didn't you know the world still needed you.
Didn't you know the world still needed you.
And when you died, somebody cried,
"The world just became a little bit safer,
For hypocrisy.".
"The world just became a little bit safer,
For hypocrisy.".

Thirty-five, thirty-five,
That's too damn young to die.
Suicide, suicide,
That aint no way,
For a folk singer activist to die.
That aint no way,
For a folk singer activist to die.

Didn't you know the world still needed you.
Didn't you know the world still needed you.
And when you died, somebody cried,
"The world just became a little bit safer,
For hypocrisy.".
"The world just became a little bit safer,
For hypocrisy.".

What was your meaning, those final months,
At your sister's house.
When you sat and watched reruns, on television,
Like you were letting your time run out.
Like you were letting your time run out.

(Album, The Summer of my Soul)

God is a Prairie Wind (2002-064)

God is a prairie wind, blowing over us all.
God is a prairie wind, blowing over us all.
In the green love of springtime, in the reds and golds of fall.
God is a prairie wind, blowing over us all.

Christ is an ocean, we are enveloped by.
Christ is an ocean, we are enveloped by.
Waves of hope and freedom, let us step inside.
Christ is an ocean, we are enveloped by.

God is a pine cone, vision of a tree.
God is a pine cone, vision of a tree.
Vision of a peaceful world, that dwells in you and me.
God is a pine cone, vision of a tree.

Christ is a candle, shining in the night.
Christ is a candle, shining in the night.
And all who truly listen, will hear the candle light.
Christ is a candle, shining in the night.

Let us welcome the prairie wind, in our hearts and minds.
Let us welcome the prairie wind, in our hearts and minds.
Feel the vast soaring skyway. Touch the edges of time.
Let us welcome the prairie wind, in our hearts and minds.

God is a prairie wind, blowing over us all.
God is a prairie wind, blowing over us all.
God is a prairie wind, blowing over us all.
God is a prairie wind, blowing over us all.
Blowing over us all.

(Album, The Summer of my Soul)

Song for A. M. Cline (2002-065)

A. M. Cline was a poet, and a seeker,
Who dreamed a million mind-fulls of a world.
A wanderer descended from wanderers,
He let those waves crash on the starlit shore.

Some called him laughing poet troubadour,
Who wandered in to a lawyer's office,
To get out of the rain.
They squeezed his soul in among the filing cabinets,
Til one day he sizzled,
And declared himself insane.

And I am walking in a light rain.
I am walking in a light rain.
Goldfish swimming, stars a-streaming.
Pardon me if I feel kind of strange.

And where are you, o young one,
Your eyes opening to freedom's land.
Land of the children of the Torah,
Land where Daniel saw the mystic hand.

After twenty years of dreaming of Zion,
At last your spirit comes to dwell in Israel.
Your hero, searching for Uncle,
His uncle searching for a place,
Where our hearts may dwell.

And I am walking in a light rain.
I am walking in a light rain.
Goldfish swimming, stars a-streaming.
Pardon me if I feel kind of strange.

But Uncle would be killed by an inhabitant,
From among the first people of your dear Palestine.
No one could have known, the twenty year silence that would follow,
When, whatever it was, was too big for you,
And drove you from the fullness of your mind.

Perhaps butterflies never really leave,
The laughter of the pogrom-makers, very far behind.
Perhaps silence was the only answer,
For the poet soul named Abraham M. Cline.

And I am walking in a light rain.
I am walking in a light rain.
Goldfish swimming, stars a-streaming.
Pardon me if I feel kind of strange.
Pardon me if I feel kind of strange.

(Album, The Summer of my Soul)

I Am not Free (2002-066)

If there is a soul in prison,
I am not free.
If there is a soul in prison,
I am not free.
We raise our voices in the dark of night,
In a song of freedom's dream.
If there is a soul in prison,
I am not free.

If one human being's in slavery,
I am not free.
If one human being's in slavery,
I am not free.
We raise our voices in the dark of night,
In a song of freedom's dream.
If one human being's in slavery,
I am not free.

If one human child is hungry,
I am not free.
If one human child is hungry,
I am not free.
We raise our voices in the dark of night,
In a song of freedom's dream.
If one human child is hungry,
I am not free.

If one community lives in oppression,
We shall not sleep.
If one community lives in oppression,
We shall not sleep.
We raise our voices in the dark of night,
In a song of freedom's dream.
If one community lives in oppression,
We shall not sleep.

If there is a soul in prison,
I am not free.
If there is a soul in prison,
I am not free.
We raise our voices in the dark of night,
In a song of freedom's dream.
If there is a soul in prison,
I am not free.
If there is a soul in prison,
I am not free.
If there is a soul in prison,
I am not free.

(Album, The Summer of my Soul)

Like a Mustard Seed (2002-067)

The Kingdom of God,
Is like a mustard seed.
It began with the smallest seed,
And grew into a tree.
The Kingdom of God,
Is a quiet gentle seed,
Growing ever greater,
In the hearts of you and me.

The Kingdom will not come,
In a flashing snarl of lightening,
Coming from on high,
With chariots of fear.
No ten-mile-high messiah,
With saber gaunt and frightening,
To shake the ground on which he walks,
Or stab it with his spear.

The Kingdom of God,
Is a gentle moving song,
To stir the hearts of millions,
In the quiet of the dawn.
To build community,
And do what must be done,
To make a world of peace and justice,
With the strength to carry on.

The Kingdom of God,
Is like a mustard seed.
It began with the smallest seed,
And grew into a tree.
The Kingdom of God,
Is a quiet gentle seed,
Growing ever greater,
In the hearts of you and me.

They hailed him as messiah,
Hosanna in the most high,
And spread their palms before him,
As he traveled down the road.
But only five days later,
They were shouting Crucify!
When the kingdom that he offered them,
Was something they had never known.

No instant flash bulb movement,
To send the Romans on the run.
No new regime that could become,
As bad as the one they'd overthrown.
But a whole new way of being,
In the hearts of everyone,
Knowing that the mustard seed,
Takes a long long time to grow.

The Kingdom of God,
Is like a mustard seed.
It began with the smallest seed,
And grew into a tree.
The Kingdom of God,
Is a quiet gentle seed,
Growing ever greater,
In the hearts of you and me.

Go out and till the soil.
Go out and till the soil.
Plant your mustard seeds,
And watch them grow.
Love and rain and sunlight,
And the help of human toil.
Just where time is taking us,
Only time can know.

Go out and till the soil.
Go out and till the soil.
Plant your mustard seeds,
And watch them grow.
Love and rain and sunlight,
And the help of human toil.
Just where love is taking us,
Only love can know.
Just where truth is taking us,
Only truth can know.
Just where life is taking us,
Only life can know.

The Kingdom of God,
Is like a mustard seed.

(Album, The Summer of my Soul)

Rumblebee (2002-068)

Rumblebee, Rumblebee,
We are the people of the Rumblebee.
Rumblebee, Rumblebee,
Join in the buzzing of the Rumblebee.
Rumblebee, Rumblebee,
We are the people of the Rumblebee.
Rumblebee, Rumblebee,
Join in the buzzing of the Rumblebee.

We are the Rumblebee.
We are ready to rumble.
What we say to tyranny is,
Get ready to tumble.
We are the Rumblebee.
We are ready to rumble.
What we say to tyranny is,
Get ready to tumble.

We are the Rumblebee.
We will never stumble.
We're taking on the corporate wheels.
We know the wheels will crumble.
We are the Rumblebee.
We will never stumble.
We're taking on the corporate wheels.
We know the wheels will crumble.

Rumblebee, Rumblebee,
We are the people of the Rumblebee.
Rumblebee, Rumblebee,
Join in the buzzing of the Rumblebee.
Rumblebee, Rumblebee,
We are the people of the Rumblebee.
Rumblebee, Rumblebee,
Join in the buzzing of the Rumblebee.

Rumblebee, Rumblebee, Rumblebee e ee e ee e ee.
Rumblebee, Rumblebee, Rumblebee e ee e ee e ee.

We are the Rumblebee.
We are ready to rumble.
What we say to tyranny is,
Get ready to tumble.
We are the Rumblebee.
We are ready to rumble.
What we say to tyranny is,
Get ready to tumble.

We are the Rumblebee.
We will never stumble.
We're taking on the corporate wheels.
We know the wheels will crumble.
We are the Rumblebee.
We will never stumble.

We're taking on the corporate wheels.
We know the wheels shall crumble.

Rumblebee, Rumblebee,
We are the people of the Rumblebee.
Rumblebee, Rumblebee,
Join in the buzzing of the Rumblebee.
Rumblebee, Rumblebee,
We are the people of the Rumblebee.
Rumblebee, Rumblebee,
Join in the buzzing of the Rumblebee.

Rumblebee, Rumblebee,
We are the people of the Rumblebee.
Rumblebee, Rumblebee,
Join in the buzzing of the Rumblebee.
Rumblebee, Rumblebee,
We are the people of the Rumblebee.
Rumblebee, Rumblebee,
Join in the buzzing of the Rumblebee.

Rumblebee, Rumblebee, Rumblebee e ee e ee e ee.
Rumblebee, Rumblebee, Rumblebee e ee e ee e ee.

Rumblebee, Rumblebee,
We are the people of the Rumblebee.
Rumblebee, Rumblebee,
Join in the buzzing of the Rumblebee.
Rumblebee, Rumblebee,
We are the people of the Rumblebee.
Rumblebee, Rumblebee,
Join in the buzzing of the Rumblebee.

Join in the buzzing of the Rumblebee.
We are the people of the Rumblebee.
Join in the buzzing of the Rumblebee.
We are the people of the Rumblebee.
Rumblebee, Rumblebee, rumble, Rumblebee.

(Album, Rumblebee)

Come Alive (2002-069)

Never despair, of the ability,
Of a small group of people to change the world.
It's the only thing that ever has.
It's the only thing that ever has.

Don't ask what the world needs.
Ask what makes you come alive, and then go do it.
What the world needs are people who have come alive.
What the world needs are people who have come alive.

Come alive. Come alive.
We can make it, if we try.
Come alive. Come alive.
We can make it, if we try.

Great to be wild, great to be strong.
Great to be moved by the rhythm of a song.
Great to be wild, great to be strong.
Great to be moved by the rhythm of a song.
Moved by the rhythm of a song.

What you do will be insignificant,
But it is important that you do it.
What you do will be insignificant,
But it is important that you do it.
So come on everybody, let's get to it.

Our lives begin to end,
The day we become silent,
About things that matter.
Our lives begin to end,
The day we become silent,
About things that matter.

So let us raise our voice,
Until the day we die.
Take a whole new thread.
Make a whole new pattern.

Come alive. Come alive.
We can make it, if we try.
Come alive. Come alive.
We can make it, if we try.

Great to be wild, great to be strong.
Great to be moved by the rhythm of a song.
Great to be wild, great to be strong.
Great to be moved by the rhythm of a song.
Moved by the rhythm of a song.
Moved by the rhythm of a song.

Never despair, of the ability,
Of a small group of people to change the world.
It's the only thing that ever has.

It's the only thing that ever has.

Don't ask what the world needs.
Ask what makes you come alive, and then go do it.
What the world needs are people who have come alive.
What the world needs are people who have come alive.

Come alive. Come alive.
We can make it, if we try.
Come alive. Come alive.
We can make it, if we try.

Great to be wild, great to be strong.
Great to be moved by the rhythm of a song.
Great to be wild, great to be strong.
Great to be moved by the rhythm of a song.
Moved by the rhythm of a song.
Moved by the rhythm of a song.
Moved by the rhythm of a song.
Moved by the rhythm of a song.

Come alive. Come alive.
Come alive. Come alive.

(Album, Rumblebee)

Song for Brother Matthew (2002-070)

It was in the spring of 91.
The Gulf War was just over.
We were yearning for the sun.
That I first met Matthew Hardy.

He seemed a young inspired man,
A man with real ideas,
Who thought the world could be transformed,
If enough of us believed it.

We walked and talked of social change.
We marched and raised our placards.
We worshiped at the people's mass,
Sang the poems of the traveler.

He stood his ground at Cameco.
One time he was arrested,
But it was his own bicycle.
They released him unmolested.

In the fall he left for Calgary,
Returning in the springtime.
Though both of us had somehow changed,
We went searching for the greentime.

North to the roadblock in July,
Fasting with me in December.
We mended all our damaged bonds.
It helps me to remember.

Then he was off to Calgary again,
As 1992 turned over.
This time for just a two month stay,
Though none of us could have known.

Julia got the call one day.
Matthew said he wanted to come home.
They left to get him Sunday night,
His mind a whirling cyclone.

He talked of devils and of hells,
Of prophets and redemption,
Of a gas station outside of town,
Of those who sold their souls to mammon.

For some three weeks he made his rounds,
Lost in his confusion,
Sometimes staying out long nights,
Cold and shivering by the mid March river.

Friends saw him and wondered why.
How had he become so strange.
What had happened. Will we ever know.
What was this break down. What was this change.

Late on Saturday April third,
Matthew walked out from a party.
Friends coming in, said Matthew left his shoes,
To go walking 'neath the starlight.

Across the town the search began,
When none had seen him by late Monday.
Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday ran,
Through Good Friday, Easter Sunday.

Sightings of a frightened man,
Not knowing where he was or who he was.
Footprints in the riverside sand,
Friends catching only glimpses.

After a month in Saskatoon,
Some said they'd seen him in Vancouver.
Alleged hitch hikers on the road,
Only add to the confusion.

Through 93 the glimpses dance,
Down the highways, in the shelters.
People lend their prayers and hands.
Matthew posters dot the billboards.

The years go by for everyone,
The sightings long since tapered,
Til the spring of 2002.
Seems like half a lifetime later.

Someone finds human remains,
On an island in the river,
Not much more than a K or two,
From where Matthew had gone missing.

DNA confirms the truth,
Sadness mixed with closure.
Seems like he'd been there all these years,
Through our comings and our goings.

They believe that he died peacefully,
Not long after he went missing.
An island where he loved to be,
His place of final resting.

This is the song I had to write,
A song for Brother Matthew.
Call it a tribute for a friend.
May he know love, and life, and peace, forever after.
Call it a tribute for a friend.
May he know love, and life, and peace, forever after.

(Album, Rumblebee)

Island (2002-071)

The moon is rising,
Over your island.
You look out at the city as it comes and goes.
The moon is rising,
Over your island.
You look out at the city as it comes and goes.
You think about the hierarchs,
Self-righteous tyrants,
Who smiled at you and told you it was time to go.

The moon is shining,
Down on your island.
You can no longer serve the steal machine.
The moon is shining,
Down on your island.
You can no longer serve the steal machine.
Though you had friends,
Who had befriended you.
Perhaps this was the only way you could be free.

The night is dreaming.
The stars are shining.
Around you the river rushes on.
The night is dreaming.
The stars are shining.
Around you the river rushes on.
Your spirit ebbs away.
The night grows silent.
You are dancing with the angels by the break of dawn.
You are dancing with the angels by the break of dawn.

Your spirit ebbs away.
The night grows silent.
You are dancing with the angels by the break of dawn.
You are dancing with the angels by the break of dawn.
You are dancing with the angels by the break of dawn.

(Album, Rumblebee)

The Land is for Those Who Work It (2002-072)

The land is for those who work it.
Liberty is for those who take it.
Hope is for those who dream it.
Peace is for those who make it.

The land is for those who work it.
Liberty is for those who take it.
Hope is for those who dream it.
Peace is for those who make it.

Land workers, liberty takers.
Hope dreamers, peace makers.
Land workers, liberty takers,
Hope dreamers, peace makers.

The wind is for those who ride it.
Rain is for those who need it.
The earth is for those who love it.
Truth is for those who speak it.

The wind is for those who ride it.
Rain is for those who need it.
The earth is for those who love it.
Truth is for those who speak it.

Wind riders, rain needers,
Earth lovers, truth speakers.
Wind riders, rain needers,
Earth lovers, truth speakers.

Life is for all of us to live.
Solidarity for all of us to give.
The earth is for everyone to share.
People and eco-systems everywhere.

Life is for all of us to live.
Solidarity for all of us to give.
The earth is for everyone to share.
People and eco-systems everywhere.
People and eco-systems everywhere.

The land is for those who work it.
Liberty is for those who take it.
Hope is for those who dream it.
Peace is for those who make it.

The land is for those who work it.
Liberty is for those who take it.
Hope is for those who dream it.
Peace is for those who make it.

Land workers, liberty takers,
Hope dreamers, peace makers.
Land workers, liberty takers,

Hope dreamers, peace makers.
Hope dreamers, peace makers.
Hope dreamers, peace makers.

(Album, Rumblebee)

We Are the Wind (2002-073)

We are the wind, that's come to shake the stars.
We are the wind, that's come to shake the stars.
Roaring out across the universe.
We are the wind, that's come to shake the stars.

And here I hold, a galaxy in my hand.
And here I hold, a galaxy in my hand.
Telescopic eyes watch the universe expand.
And here I hold, a galaxy in my hand.

What do the stars dream, when their minds are whole.
What do the stars dream, when their minds are whole.
Light beams carry on, across light centuries untold.
What do the stars dream, when their minds are whole.

Some say in the end, all we shall be is light.
Some say in the end, all we shall be is light.
Evenly dispersed, across the cosmic night.
Some say in the end, all we shall be is light.

We are the wind, that's come to shake the stars.
We are the wind, that's come to shake the stars.
Roaring out across the universe.
We are the wind, that's come to shake the stars.

Shake the stars, and shake illusions free.
Shake the stars, and shake illusions free.
Every atom, every asteroid,
Every star and world shall see.
Shake the stars, and shake illusion free.

There is a song that sings, of joyful equity.
There is a song that sings, of joyful equity.
At the heart of everything, a sweet divinity.
There is a song that sings, of joyful equity.

We watch the flower, of the universe unfold.
We watch the flower, of the universe unfold.
We let it turn our minds, to transgalactic gold.
We watch the flower, of the universe unfold.

We are the wind, that's come to shake the stars.
We are the wind, that's come to shake the stars.
Roaring out across the universe.
We are the wind, that's come to shake the stars.
We are the wind, that's come to shake the stars.

(Album, Rumblebee)

Step into the Beauty (2002-074)

Step into the beauty of life and live.
Step into the beauty and live.
Step into the beauty of life and live.
Step into the beauty and live.

You say you are searching for the meaning of life.
Well the meaning is right there where you are.
The garden is inside you, the sacred tree of time.
It's turning in the light of your inner star.

Step into the beauty of life and live.
Step into the beauty and live.
Step into the beauty of life and live.
Step into the beauty and live.

Swim that river. Swim that river.
Swim that river to the sea.
Climb that mountain. Climb that mountain.
Climb that mountain to the sky.
Break that prison. Break that prison.
Break that prison and be free.
Walk that roadway. Walk that roadway.
Walk that roadway. Wonder why.

Moon light, moon light, moon light, moon light.
Oak tree, oak tree, oak tree, oak tree.
Song bird, song bird, song bird, song bird.
Night wind, night wind, night wind, night wind.

Night owl sings a mystical song for me.
Night owl sings a mystical song for me.
Night owl sings a mystical song for me.
Night owl sings a mystical song for me.

Step into the beauty of life and live.
Step into the beauty and live.
Step into the beauty of life and live.
Step into the beauty and live.

Night owl sings a mystical song for me.
Step into the beauty and live.
Night owl sings a mystical song for me.
Step into the beauty and live.
Step into the beauty and live.
Step into the beauty and live.
Step into the beauty and live.

(Album, Rumblebee)

In the Songtime of my Soul (2002-075)

There was a gentle soft wind blowing,
In the songtime of my soul.
And I dreamed that it was snowing,
In the songtime of my soul.

I dreamed I caught the bus to Wildwood,
In the songtime of my soul.
And drove by glimpses of my childhood,
In the songtime of my soul.

I dreamed I took the last bus homeward,
In the songtime of my soul.
It seemed to be a bus to nowhere,
In the songtime of my soul.

It took me round and round the universe,
In the songtime of my soul.
I did not know December first from June the first,
In the songtime of my soul.

It was like the last bus home on New Year's Eve.
When we came to that snowy bus stop,
Familiar from my dream.
I got off and started heading back through time,
Walking back through every trembling paradigm.

In the songtime of my soul.
In the songtime of my soul.
In the songtime of my soul.

Drums a pounding, Druids dancing,
In the songtime of my soul.
I saw northern reindeer prancing,
In the songtime of my soul.

There was a howling moon a-rising,
In the songtime of my soul.
A thousand forests realizing,
In the songtime of my soul.

What song was the moon a-singing,
In the songtime of my soul.
What news was the starlight bringing,
In the songtime of my soul.

There was music in the meadow,
In the songtime of my soul.
Join the stars in their crescendo,
In the songtime of my soul.

It was like the last bus home on New Year's Eve.
When we came to that snowy bus stop,
Familiar from my dream.
I got off and started heading back through time.

Walking back through every trembling paradigm.

In the songtime of my soul.
In the songtime of my soul.
In the songtime of my soul.

There was a gentle soft wind blowing,
In the songtime of my soul.
And I dreamed that it was snowing,
In the songtime of my soul.
In the songtime of my soul.
In the songtime of my soul.
In the songtime of my soul.
In the songtime of my soul.
In the songtime of my soul.
Of my soul, of my soul.

(Album, Rumblebee)

Peace and Love (2002-076)

Peace and love, make the universe go 'round.
Life and hope, keep us standing on the ground.
Freedom in our minds, and power to us all.
The gift of a good future, on this beautiful turning ball.
The gift of a good future, on this beautiful turning ball.

A shooting star, shoots across my sky.
A meteoroid from somewhere, way up high.
A fragment from, ten billion years ago.
When a distant supernova, formed the nebula,
That formed each holy globe.

Peace and love, make the universe go 'round.
Life and hope, keep us standing on the ground.
Freedom in our minds, and power to us all.
The gift of a good future, on this beautiful turning ball.
The gift of a good future, on this beautiful turning ball.

The equinoxes dance, across the skyborne signs.
Constellations forming, as we see them in our minds.
Bringing stars together,
Giving each a name we've known.
But they are not aware of us,
As they do their dance alone.

Peace and love, make the universe go 'round.
Life and hope, keep us standing on the ground.
Freedom in our minds, and power to us all.
The gift of a good future, on this beautiful turning ball.
The gift of a good future, on this beautiful turning ball.
Beautiful turning ball.
Beautiful turning ball.

Peace and love, make the universe go 'round.

(Album, Rumblebee)

Jimmy Banjo (2002-077)

Jimmy Banjo was a banjo man.
He said, Play your banjo whenever you can.
Jimmy Banjo was a banjo man.
He said, Play your banjo whenever you can.
Jimmy Banjo, Jimmy Banjo.

Jimmy Banjo he liked to sing,
Of love and life and everything.
Jimmy Banjo he liked to sing,
Of love and life and everything.
Jimmy Banjo, Jimmy Banjo.

Jimmy Banjo liked living wild,
But he also liked his young girl child.
Jimmy Banjo liked living wild,
But he also liked his young girl child.
Jimmy Banjo, Jimmy Banjo.

Chloe was the girl child's name.
She wished her daddy lots of fame.
Chloe was the girl child's name.
She wished her daddy lots of fame.
Jimmy Banjo, Jimmy Banjo.

She loved her daddy the banjo man.
She said, Play your banjo whenever you can.
She loved her daddy the banjo man.
She said, Play your banjo whenever you can.
Jimmy Banjo, Jimmy Banjo.

Jimmy Banjo was a banjo man.
Jimmy Banjo was a banjo man.
Jimmy Banjo was a banjo man.
Jimmy Banjo was a banjo man.
Jimmy Banjo, Jimmy Banjo, Jimmy Banjo.
Jimmy Banjo, Jimmy Banjo, Jimmy Banjo.
Jimmy Banjo.

(Album, Rumblebee)

Radical People (2002-078)

Radical people on the prowl.
Radical people on the prowl.
Radical people on the prowl.
Radical people on the prowl.

You would make a moondog howl.
You would make a moondog howl.
You would make a moondog howl.
You would make a moondog howl.

Radical people on the prowl.
Radical people on the prowl.
Radical people on the prowl.
Radical people on the prowl.

A revolutionary named McDowell.
A revolutionary named McDowell.
A revolutionary named McDowell.
A revolutionary named McDowell.

Radical people on the prowl.
Radical people on the prowl.
Radical people on the prowl.
Radical people on the prowl.

You would make a fascist scowl.
You would make a fascist scowl.
You would make a fascist scowl.
You would make a fascist scowl.

Radical people on the prowl.
Radical people on the prowl.
Radical people on the prowl.
Radical people on the prowl.

Radical people, radical people,
Radical people, on, the, prowl.

Join the liberation front now.
Join the liberation front now.
Join the liberation front now.
Radical people on the prowl.

We'll get out of this mess somehow.
We'll get out of this mess somehow.
We'll get out of this mess somehow.
Radical people on the prowl.

One day it'll all come down.
One day it'll all come down.
One day it'll all come down.
Radical people on the prowl.

Radical people on the prowl.

Radical people on the prowl.
Radical people on the prowl.
Radical people on the prowl.

Radical people, radical people,
Radical people, on, the, prowl.

Radical people, radical people,
Radical people, on, the, prowl.

Beautiful radicals, beautiful radicals,
Beautiful radicals, on, the, prowl.

Beautiful radicals, beautiful radicals,
Beautiful radicals,
They will never stop us now.

Radical people on the prowl.
Radical people on the prowl.
Radical people on the prowl.
Radical people.

(Album, Rumblebee)

Trinkets (2002-079)

We came to the city.
We saw your trinkets.
We saw your flashing lights,
And the silk in the stores.
We saw the homeless people,
Who were sleeping on your roads.

Then we came home,
And we noticed there was,
Soup in every pot.
And we said they aint got nothing,
Nothing that we haven't got.
And we said there are many ways,
In which we are already free.

And maybe we've been told to need,
Things we really do not need.
Things we really do not need.
Things we really do not need.

We drank from your wells,
But we still thirsted.
We ate the food you gave us,
But we still hungered.
What is it we are thirsting for.
What is it we are thirsting for.
What is it we are yearning for.
What is it that our hearts are burning for.

Could it be something they call Heaven on Earth.
Could it be something they call inner self-worth.
Could it be something they call Heaven on Earth.
Could it be something they call inner self-worth.

Could it be something that cannot be named.
Could it be something that cannot be tamed.
Could it be something that cannot be framed.
Could it be something that is,
Free of all the power games.

Could it be something.
Could it be something.

We came to the city,
And we saw your trinkets.
We saw your trinkets and we turned away.
We saw your trinkets and we turned away.

(Album, Rumblebee)

Free Will (2002-080)

There are times I feel I am standing,
In the timespace on the summit of a hill.
And there are roads and paths that are diverging,
Out in all directions from my self.

They are paths that I will take,
Based on choices that I make,
And the choices are only time's to tell.
Over there is me.
And over there is me again.
And over there is still another me as well.

Sometimes I am smiling.
Sometimes I am crying.
And there's a wind that whispers, "You have free will.".
Sometimes there is community.
Sometimes I am alone.
But there's a wind that whispers, "You have free will.".
There's a wind that whispers, "You have free will.".

Free will, free will,
There's a wind that whispers, "You have free will.".
No nothing is determined.
The universe is open.
The possibilities are millions.
Free will.
No nothing is determined.
The universe is open.
The possibilities are millions.
You have free will.

Free will, free will,
There's a wind that whispers, "You have free will.".
The paths are there before you.
It is up to you to choose.
Better to choose than have your future,
Decided by the things that others do.
The paths are there before you.
It is up to you to choose.
Better to choose than have your future,
Decided by the things that others do.
You have free will.

Free will, free will,
There's a wind that whispers, "You have free will.".
No nothing is determined.
The universe is open.
The possibilities are millions.
You have free will.
Free will, free will.

Sometimes I feel I am standing,
In the timespace on the summit of a hill.
There are roads and paths that are diverging.

There's a wind that whispers, "You have free will.".
You have free will.

(Album, Rumblebee)

Rocking the Western World (2002-081)

We are the voice, of the unknown name.
We are the wind, you could not tame.
The roaring wave, you could not still,
The screaming thirst, you could not kill.

We are the light of a thousand suns,
Rocking the western world.
We're the breaking day on the ho-ri-zon,
Rocking the western world.
Rocking the western world.
Rocking the western world.
Rocking the western world.

We are the past, come back to haunt you.
Eyes of the future, come to taunt you.
We sadly smile, as fires burn.
Time and again, you would not learn.

We are the light of a thousand suns,
Rocking the western world.
We are the place where the dawn comes from,
Rocking the western world.
Rocking the western world.
Rocking the western world.
Rocking the western world.
Rocking the western world.
Rocking the western world.
Rocking the western world.

And one more time, you colonize.
Your well-paid analysts, analyze.
With tanks and limos, you pulverize.
Then have the nerve, to wonder why.

We are the light of a thousand suns,
Rocking the western world.
Our voices are louder than your guns,
Rocking the western world.
Rocking the western world.
Rocking the western world.
Rocking the western world.
Rocking the western world.
Rocking the western world.
Rocking the western world.
Rocking the western world.
Rocking the western world.

Think only of, the dead of your,
And not the blood, on foreign shores.
You'd like us to, go back to sleep,
But as you sew, so shall you reap.

We are the light of a thousand suns,
Rocking the western world.

Our voices are louder than your guns,
Rocking the western world.
We are the light of a thousand suns,
Rocking the western world.
We're the light in the hearts of everyone,
Rocking the western world.
Rocking the western world.

We are the light of a thousand suns,
Rocking the western world.
We're the breaking day on the ho-ri-zon,
Rocking the western world.
Rocking the western world.
We are the light of a thousand suns,
Rocking the western world.
We are the place where the dawn comes from,
Rocking the western world.
Rocking the western world.
Rocking the western world.
Rocking the western world.

We are rocking the western world.
We are rocking the western world.
We are rocking the western world.
We are rocking the western world.
We are rocking the western world.
We are rocking the western world.
Rocking the western world.
Rocking the western world.
Rocking the western world.
Rocking the western world.

(Album, Rumblebee)

Fascist Applecart (2002-082)

Did I knock over your little fascist applecart.
By sweeping the patriarchy and racism from your heart.
Did I knock over your little fascist applecart.

Did I rock your private little fascist motorboat.
By telling you there might be a more equitable way to go.
Did I rock your private little fascist motorboat.

Sometimes, you've gotta be knocked over.
Sometimes, you've gotta be rocked o yeah.
Sometimes, you've gotta be knocked over.
Sometimes, you've gotta be rocked o yeah.
O yeah, o yeah.

Did I invade your private little fascist tennis court.
Along with a hundred million people that you call poor.
Did I invade your private little fascist tennis court.

Did I upbraid you for the way you put most of the people down.
Making them slaves or throwing them right out of town.
Did I upbraid you for the way you cut most of the people down.

Sometimes, you've gotta be invaded.
Sometimes, you've gotta be upbraided.
Sometimes, you've gotta be invaded.
Sometimes, you've gotta be upbraided.
O yeah, o yeah.

Sometimes, you've gotta be knocked over.
Sometimes, you've gotta be rocked o yeah.
Sometimes, you've gotta be knocked over.
Sometimes, you've gotta be rocked o yeah.
O yeah, o yeah, o yeah.

Did I knock over your little fascist applecart.
Did I knock over your little fascist applecart.
I wanna revolution,
And there's no time like the present to make a start.
Time to knock over your little fascist applecart.
Time to knock over your little fascist applecart.
Time to knock over your little fascist applecart.

(Album, Rumblebee)

Build a Man a Fire (2002-083)

Build a man a fire,
And he'll be warm for a day.
Set a man on fire and he'll be warm,
For the rest of his life.

Tell a man a dream,
And he will hope for a day.
Give a man a reason to dream,
And he'll have reason to hope,
For the rest of his life.

Take off your clothes woman.
Lay down beside me.
Give me the love I need,
And I will keep going.
Take off your clothes woman.
Lay down beside me.
Give me the love I need,
And I will keep going.
Give me the love I need,
And I will keep going.

Build a man a fire,
And he'll be warm for a day.
Set a man on fire and he'll be warm,
For the rest of his life.

Build me a fire,
I'll have your love for a day.
But set me on fire woman;
I'll have your love for the rest of my life.
Build me a fire;
I'll have your love for a day.
But set me on fire woman.
Set me on fire woman.
Set me on fire woman;
I'll have your love for the rest of my life.

Build a man a fire,
And he'll be warm for a day.
Set a man on fire and he'll be warm,
For the rest of his life.

Tell a man a dream,
And he will hope for a day.
But give a man a reason to dream,
And he'll have reason to hope,
For the rest of his life.

I want your love,
For the rest of my life.
Come keep me warm,
For the rest of my life.
I want your love,

For the rest of my life.

(Album, Rumblebee)

The Grain that was Like an Egg (2002-084)

Two children found a curiosity.
No one was quite sure what it could be.
It was round and smooth about the size of an egg,
But had a seam on the side like a kernel of grain.

It was a grain that was like an egg.
It was a grain that was like an egg.

A merchant bought it from afar,
Took it to town and sold it to the Czar.
The Czar asked his wise men what it could be,
And the wise men pondered perpetually.

It was a grain that was like an egg.
It was a grain that was like an egg.

Then a bird came by and pecked a hole in the side,
And it was plain to all it was a grain egg-sized.
And the wisemen who really were not so wise,
Said it had to be an egg-sized grain of rye.

It was a grain that was like an egg.
It was a grain that was like an egg.

They said, Ask the elders of the peasant folk,
If such an egg-sized grain has ever been known.
On what kind of land has such a grain been grown.
Has it ever been reaped. Has it ever been sewn.

It was a grain that was like an egg.
It was a grain that was like an egg.

A peasant elder from afar,
Was brought into the presence of the Czar.
He walked on two canes and could no longer see,
And he could barely hear what the Czar had to say.

About the grain that was like an egg.
It was a grain that was like an egg.

Of such an egg-sized grain he had never heard,
But he said, Ask my father, he'll be true to his word.
His father came walking on only one cane,
And he could see well enough to see the egg-sized grain.

It was a grain that was like an egg.
It was a grain that was like an egg.

The father said The grain that they grew in my day,
Was bigger than the grain that they grow today.
But it wasn't as big as what you have here.
Perhaps my father could make things clear.

It was a grain that was like an egg.

It was a grain that was like an egg.

The father's father came walking without a cane,
And his eyes and ears were like a young man's game.
That size of grain, he said, I've seen before.
We used to grow such grain from shore to shore.

It was a grain that was like an egg.
It was a grain that was like an egg.

Back when that size of grain was grown,
Neither money nor buying nor selling were known.
The earth was shared freely by everyone.
The earth could not be owned any more than the sun.

And we grew grain that was like an egg.
And we grew grain that was like an egg.

The earth was shared freely by everyone.
The earth could not be owned any more than the sun.
We shared what we needed and kept our health,
And all of creation was our true wealth.

And we grew grain that was like an egg.
Yeah we grew grain that was like an egg.
And all the earth it was like an egg.
And all of life it was like an egg.

It was a grain that was like an egg.
It was a grain that was like an egg.
It was a grain that was like an egg.
It was a grain that was like an egg.
Like an egg, like an egg.
It was a grain that was like an egg.

(Album, Big Green Wheel)

Stefania Knocked Down Cogema (2002-085)

It was a day in September.
It was a day to remember.
In Saskatoon, Saskatchewan,
Stefania knocked down Cogema.
Stefania knocked down Cogema.
Stefania knocked down Cogema.
Stefania knocked down Cogema.

And the Nuclear Safety Commission,
And Cogema learned their lesson.
You can't push all of the people around all the time.
You can't push all of the people around all the time.
'Cause Steffania knocked down Cogema.
Stefania knocked down Cogema.
Stefania knocked down Cogema.
Stefania knocked down Cogema.

And the French nuclear industry,
So used to getting its way.
They sunk the Rainbow Warrior,
But they couldn't sink ICUC.
They couldn't sink ICUC.
They couldn't sink ICUC.
They couldn't sink ICUC.

And the flagship of the Saskatchewan,
Anti-nuclear movement sails on, sails on.
'Cause Steffania knocked down Cogema.
Stefania knocked down Cogema.
Stefania knocked down Cogema.
Steffania knocked down Cogema.

And you can't push all of the people around all the time.
You can't push all of the people around all the time.
And they couldn't sink ICUC.
They couldn't sink ICUC.
Stefania knocked down Cogema.
Stefania knocked down Cogema.
Stefania knocked down Cogema.
Stefania knocked down Cogema.

Let's hear it for the people.
Let's hear it for the people.
Stefania knocked Down Cogema.
Stefania knocked Down Cogema.
Radioactivity never dies.
It just loses its appeal.

(Albums, Big Green Wheel, and, Peace and Justice Everywhere)

Big Green Wheel (2002-086)

Big green wheel, big green wheel,
We are all citizens, of the big green wheel.

Sacred wheel of life,
Turning wheel of time.
Wheel of cosmic rest,
Wheel of truthfulness.

Big green wheel, big green wheel,
We are all citizens, of the big green wheel.

The earth is like a wheel,
The earth and moon, a wheel turning free.
The Solar System is a wheel,
And likewise the galaxy.

Big green wheel, big green wheel,
We are all citizens, of the big green wheel.

And the green of the wheel,
Is like the turning of a reel.
It turns in you and turns in me,
Turning to infinity.

Big green wheel, big green wheel,
We are all citizens, of the big green wheel.

And the green wheel turns.
Hopes are built and fears are burned.
Like a sphere, like a white rose,
We are here to learn and grow.

Big green wheel, big green wheel,
We are all citizens, of the big green wheel.

Somewhere I met you in another time,
Another point upon the wheel.
I heard you singing in the night.
I knew I'd meet you once more for real.

Big green wheel, big green wheel,
We are all citizens, on the big green wheel.

We write our poems to the stars,
And light our love songs in our hearts.
We form circles joining hands,
Making vows to never part,
In the task of being who we are.

Big green wheel, big green wheel,
We are all citizens, of the big green wheel.
We are all citizens, on the big green wheel.
Big green wheel, big green wheel.

(Album, Big Green Wheel)

Song for Palestine (2002-087)

The Israeli colonizer comes,
And takes away from the Palestinians,
Anything they might dare to own.
And the American-made Caterpillars come,
And bulldoze the Palestinian people,
Right out of their homes.

How do the people feel,
As town by town, they are turned,
Into refugees.
And how do the people feel,
When you talk of olive branches,
While you destroy their olive harvest,
And smash their olive trees.

Israel, get out of Palestine.
War criminals, get out of Palestine.
There can be no shalom,
Til you get out of Palestine.
Let the people have,
Liberation in their time.

You are acting as if,
The Palestinian people,
Simply do not feel.
As if the people of the West Bank,
And Gaza, and East Jerusalem,
Are just not real.

But they are real my friend,
And if I was them,
I'd be angry at you, it seems to me.
Do you really believe,
That building a wall around it all,
Will somehow bring you peace.

Israel, get out of Palestine.
War criminals, get out of Palestine.
There will be no shalom,
Til you get out of Palestine.
Let the people have,
Liberation in their time.

I am not the kind of person,
To take a Star of David,
And turn it into a swastika.
But never in history,
Has right been born,
From two successive wrongs.

Do you really believe,
You're defending Judaism,
With an occupation,
That goes on and on and on.

Do you really believe,
You're defending your people,
By building two hundred,
Atomic bombs.

Israel, get out of Palestine.
War criminals, get out of Palestine.
For the sake of your souls,
Get out of Palestine.
Let the people have,
Liberation in their time.

Then you tell me,
You built this nation,
Fleeing Hitler's genocidal war.
I acknowledge this,
But every land,
Has people who were living there before.

There can only be peace,
If there is love,
And universal justice in our hearts.
Let go of your control ideology.
Let the Palestinian people be,
And maybe we can make a new start.

Israel, get out of Palestine.
War criminals, get out of Palestine.
There can be no shalom,
Til you get out of Palestine.
Let the people have,
Liberation in their time.
Let the people have,
Liberation in their time.

Freedom is for everyone,
Both Jew and Palestinian.
Let's make a new start.
Freedom is for everyone,
Both Jew and Palestinian.
Let's make a new start.

(Albums, Big Green Wheel, and, Peace on Earth)

Song for Iraq (2002 lyrics) (2002-088)

Month of March,
1991,
The Gulf War was over,
When it had barely begun.
"No war for Bush",
"No blood for oil".
We filled the streets with thousands,
Like a rat about to boil.
Then the guns were silent,
And everyone went home,
And Operation Desert Storm,
Became a video.

Then we found ourselves,
Two years had gone by.
The guns were firing again,
And we looked into each other's eyes.
We remembered the war,
And we asked each other why.
Then we turned to go,
And get on with our lives,
One more time.

Though some of us took pause,
Being from Saskatchewan,
When we heard of Iraqi children,
Playing with uranium.
And I remember thinking,
"Where do the children play,",
When the gods have dropped uranium,
And the uranium's come to stay.

Then we found ourselves,
Five years had gone by.
The bombs were falling again,
And we looked into each other's eyes.
And we remembered the war,
And we asked each other why.
Then we turned to go,
And get on with our lives,
One more time.

Then Dennis Halliday,
In disillusionment resigns,
Speaks of the bite of sanctions,
And imperialistic lines.
And we hear five hundred thousand,
Iraqi children have died.
And grown men are citing,
The convention on genocide.
And millions of Iraqis,
Are without water and without food.
And their medical system's collapsing,
As the sanctions take their toll,

On behalf of me and you.

Then we found ourselves,
Eight years had gone by.
The missiles flew again,
And we looked into each other's eyes.
And we remembered the war,
And we asked each other why.
Then we turned to go,
And get on with our lives,
One more time.

The choice is up to you.
That's what it comes down to in the end.
You can believe in humanity,
Or believe in CNN.
Some wars are fast.
Some wars are slow.
Some holocausts are so silent,
You don't even hear them come and go.

And we find ourselves,
Twelve years have gone by.
There's talk of war again,
And we look into each other's eyes.
Thanks to our sanctions, over a million,
Adults and children have died.
Who are we to call Saddam Hussein,
The Hitler of our time,
One more time.
One more time.
One more time.

(Album, Peace on Earth)

Crazy All the Time (2002-089)

They used to say, I went crazy,
Every day at five.
They used to say, I went crazy,
Every day at five.
But now they have concluded,
That I'm crazy all the time.

They used to say, I went crazy,
For an hour every day.
They used to say, I went crazy,
For an hour every day.
But what they did not know,
Is it was in that hour,
That I was truly sane.

Every day from five to six,
I'd step outside my mind.
Every day from five to six,
I'd step outside my mind.
And from that point outside,
I would look back,
Upon our space and time.

My inner self was born,
As 1980 rolled around.
My inner self was born,
As 1980 rolled around.
I lit my candle in my heart,
As the windy evening rain came down.

They used to say, I went crazy,
Every day at five.
They used to say, I went crazy,
Every day at five.
But now they have concluded,
That I'm crazy all the time.
Yeah now they have concluded,
That I'm crazy all the time.

(Album, Big Green Wheel)

Wild Music (2002-090)

Somewhere,
Among the stars,
Wild music.
In the vast expanse,
Of this universe of ours,
Wild music.
In the light of a quasar,
Shining from afar,
Wild music, wild music.

The spider spins her web in peace.
The butterfly spreads its wings in peace.
The forest sinks its roots in peace.
Wild music, wild music.

The moon orbits 'round in silence.
The stars shine their light in silence.
The comets fan their tails in silence.
Wild music, wild music.

Somewhere,
In the dark of night,
Wild music.
We call for peace,
'Cause we know it's right,
Wild music.
We know it with a certainty,
Deep down inside,
Wild music, wild music.

May the world be given,
Another chance,
Wild music.
May the children of the world,
Live to dream and dance,
Wild music.
The wild and gentle music,
Of lifetime's joyful prance,
Wild music, wild music, wild music.

Wild music.

(Album, Big Green Wheel)

Having a Dream (2002-091)

I've been around this bloody old town,
For too many years I have to say.
Tryna say capitalism has gotta come down.
It's time that we stopped being afraid.

But there were too many people prepared to kiss ass,
Too many people prepared to sit back, and say,
There's nothing I can do anyway.
No way I could stand against the corporations,
Or turn the tide of corporatization,
Or stop the military cultural complex, called the USA.

But sometimes I just have to scream,
Nothin' ever changed without having a dream.
Sometimes I just have to scream,
nothin' ever changed without having a dream.

Antonio Gramsci said,
If you have the mind of the people,
You will have their hearts and hands.
Antonio Gramsci said,
If you have the mind of the people,
You will have their hearts and hands.

So don't give me no bullshit about,
There's nothing I can do.
The future is in the hands,
Of billions like you.
We've been down this path before,
And we can rise with one great roar.
We'll call it the revolution.
We'll call it the revolution.

I've been around this bloody old town,
For too many years I have to say.
There's been a lot of things done gone down,
Since I first stepped out of my place.

But one thing that I know for sure,
I'm not goin' back to where I was.
I'm gonna see the struggle through,
Whatever the future is, whatever the future does.

And sometimes I just have to scream,
Nothin' ever changed without having a dream.
Sometimes I just have to scream,
Nothin' ever changed without having a dream.

Antonio Gramsci said,
If you have the mind of the people,
You will have their hearts and hands.
Antonio Gramsci said,
If you have the mind of the people,
You will have their hearts and hands.

So don't give me no bullshit about,
There's nothing I can do.
The future is in the hands,
Of billions like you.
We've been down this path before,
And we can rise with one great roar.
We'll call it the revolution.
We'll call it the revolution.

Antonio Gramsci spent his final years,
In the Italian prison system,
Under Mussolini's rule.
Writing out his heart,
In notebook after notebook.
If Antonio Gramsci,
Could stand up to the fascists,
So can you.
If Antonio Gramsci,
Could stand up to the fascists,
So can you.

Sometimes I just have to scream,
Nothin' ever changed without having a dream.
Sometimes I just have to scream,
Nothin' ever changed without having a dream.

So don't give me no bullshit about,
There's nothing I can do.
The future is in the hands,
Of billions like you.
We've been down this path before,
And we can rise with one great roar.
We'll call it the revolution.
We'll call it the revolution.
It's time we call it the revolution.
It's time we build it, the revolution.
We will call it the revolution.
We will call it the revolution.

Sometimes I just have to scream,
Nothin' ever changed without having a dream.
Sometimes I just have to scream,
Nothin' ever changed without having a dream.
Nothin' ever changed without having a dream.

(Album, Big Green Wheel)

Earth Born Love (2002-092)

Christ dreams in the forest.
Christ freezes on winter pond.
Christ burns on Yuletide fire.
Christ of Earth born love.
Christ of Earth born love.

Christ shines deep inside us.
Christ embraces the rising moon.
Christ smiles in the smile of a small child.
Christ of Earth born love.
Christ of Earth born love.

Christ whispers in flowing river.
Christ sings softly in the night.
Christ listens in springtime bird song.
Christ of Earth born love.
Christ of Earth born love.

Christ of silence, dreamer listener.
The one within us all.
Christ of silence, dreamer listener.
The one within us all.

Make us one in you,
One with the universe,
One in this turning globe.
One in this turning globe.
Christ of Earth born love.
Christ of Earth born love.
One in this turning globe.
Christ of Earth born love.
Christ of Earth born love.

(Album, Big Green Wheel)

Dream About Houses (2002-093)

It was a long long time ago.
My father had a reoccurring dream.
He was walking down a snowy street,
On a snowy winter eve.

When an old woman pointed out to him,
An empty house along the street.
And she said somebody bought that house,
Many years ago, but never moved in, so it seemed.

Then the old woman suggested,
Maybe that someone had been he.
And the skies and time suggested,
Maybe that someone had been he.

And a space man shows me photographs,
Of birds that never flew, in the skies of Earth.
And a space man shows me photographs,
Of birds that never flew, in the skies of Earth.
And a film projector is projecting light,
Around the back ends of our minds,
Til someone takes a pencil,
And traces through our soul force truth.

And when I was a young child,
I dreamed the Solar System.
Dreaming all the planets,
And the rings and moons around them.

And then when I awoke I knew,
That I was in the Solar System,
And the Solar System was in me.
And my soul and the Solar System were as one.
And my soul and the Solar System were as one.

And a space man shows me photographs,
Of birds that never flew, in the skies of Earth.
And a space man shows me photographs,
Of birds that never flew, in the skies of Earth.
And a film projector is projecting light,
Around the back ends of our minds,
Til someone takes a pencil,
And traces through our soul force truth.

And R. Buckminster Fuller,
Thought he had a good idea.
We could all make our homes in geodesic domes.

But the last geodesic dome,
In Drop City Colorado,
Collapsed and tumbled over, in 1998.
But the old prairie log cabins,
From the turn of the century, are still standing.
Yeah the old prairie log cabins,

From the turn of the century, are still standing.

And a space man shows me photographs,
Of birds that never flew, in the skies of Earth.
And a space man shows me photographs,
Of birds that never flew, in the skies of Earth.
And a film projector is projecting light,
Around the back ends of our minds,
Til someone takes a pencil,
And traces through our soul force truth.
Til someone takes a pencil,
And traces through our soul force truth.

(Album, Big Green Wheel)

Peace on Earth (2002-094)

Peace on Earth,
What would it mean.
Would it mean the dismantling,
Of the corporate and military machine.

Peace on Earth,
What would it mean.
Would it mean an end to oppression,
An end to fascism, war and fear and greed.

Peace on Earth,
We mouth it once a year.
Then we go back to, the job of building bombs,
Pumping oil and pumping fear.
And the friendly suited ones, smile at us,
As we believe in our careers.
For fascism with a smiling face,
Is everywhere, even here.

Peace on Earth,
How would it be.
Would it be the end of transnational corporations,
The IMF, the World Bank,
And the World Trade Organization,
That unholy trinity.
Would it mean the birth of an ecological,
Worker-owned cooperative economy.
Too radical for the capitalists,
But not too radical for you or me.

Peace on Earth,
May it come to be.
When it is no longer the chains,
Of corporate and state imperialism,
That bind us globally.
But the loving arms of friendship,
Equity and solidarity.
One world one people, cannot come to be,
Til everyone is free.

Peace on Earth,
Peace on Earth,
May every human being,
Come to know their universal,
Human worth.

Peace on Earth,
Peace on Earth,
There will be a day of struggle,
Before that day of mirth.
But one day there will be,
Peace on Earth.
One day there will be,
Peace on Earth.

(Albums, Big Green Wheel, and, Peace on Earth)

How Much Land does a Man Require (2002-095)

How much land does a man require.
How much earth does our thirst desire.
The sun will drive the treadmill of the unseen fire.
How much land does a man require.

So you are a peasant,
Living with your family,
In the simple life of the land.
And your wife's older sister comes,
And says how much better off she is,
Married to a merchant in the town.
But you and your wife declare,
That the life of the peasant,
Is on the whole quite all right.
If you could only have more land you say,
Then no one in this world,
Could bring you down.

Then a traveling peasant comes,
And tells you of land in abundance,
Far far away.
So you travel there and buy the land,
And for awhile,
Things are going well.
Then a merchant comes and tells you,
Of the land of a tribal people,
Where there is even more land to be had.
The craving for more land,
Fills your entire being.
You decide you must go and see,
The tale that the merchant had to tell.

How much land does a man require.
How much earth does our thirst desire.
The sun will drive the treadmill of the unseen fire.
How much land does a man require.

So you travel to the land,
Where the simple tribal people,
Smile and welcome you in.
You give to them the gifts you brought,
And they say you can have,
Whatever it is you choose.
You ask them for a piece of their land,
And they smile and they say,
You can have our land in abundance any time.
For a thousand rubles,
You can have all the land,
You can walk around in a day.
You can't see any way you could lose.

But that night you have a dream.
You see their chiefdom laughing loudly.
He turns into the merchant,

Then the peasant, then the Evil One himself.
And you realize he is laughing,
Laughing at you,
As you're lying still and pale-faced,
Lifeless on the ground.
But you awaken in the morning,
Ready to do battle.
Nothing's gonna stop you,
In your quest for material security.
You place your money in your hat,
Upon a gentle knoll,
And you begin walking,
To see how much land you can walk around.

How much land does a man require.
How much earth does our thirst desire.
The sun will drive the treadmill of the unseen fire.
How much land does a man require.

And you walk and you walk,
As the day grows hot,
And the sun climbs high in the mid day sky.
And soon you remove,
Your jacket and your boots.
You circle 'round and you think of all that land.
As the afternoon is waning,
And you are far from the knoll,
You break into a run,
And run faster and faster and faster still.
Your heart is an engine's roar.
Your mind and body are on fire.
But o if you could hold,
All this earth in your hand.

The sun like the searing eye,
Of a Satanic mill,
Works you like the plaything,
Of an unrelenting systematized machine.
The sun is sinking down,
And the chiefdom he is laughing,
As you make your final dash,
For the starting point,
And you recall your terrible dream.

You drop dead on the ground,
And blood trickles from your mouth,
As you touch your hat and your money,
With your out-stretched hand.
The simple people have departed,
Having played their part in the play.
Only the chiefdom remains,
And tells your servant,
To bury you beneath your land.
The land that you earned,
But earned it with your life,
As you are now forgotten,

Between the earth and sky.
And the treadmills of the mechanists,
Go round and round.
Some get caught and get eaten,
While others say no,
And walk away with a gentle sigh.

How much land does a man require.
How much earth does our thirst desire.
The sun will drive the treadmill of the unseen fire.
How much land does a man require.
How much land does a man require.
How much land does a man require.

(Album, Big Green Wheel)

Never Stop Speaking (2002-096)

The New York Stock Exchange,
Must never stop turning,
Trading in stocks and bonds,
Counting its earnings.

And they say in the event of a nuclear war,
They want a bunker,
An underground bunker,
So they can keep trading,
Even if it's only for, one more day.
They say, we wanna keep trading.

Money makes the world go 'round.
Don't you know we can never shut down.
Even if there is no longer,
A planet to make money on,
We wanna keep trading,
Buying and selling,
Losing and gaining.

It was money that built the war machine,
So the war machine owes it to us,
To let us keep rolling.
While the mushroom clouds roll overhead,
We will have our rich man's addiction.
We will have our rich man's addiction.

And the common man,
Looked up from the street.
He said by the same token,
I want a bunker beneath every bar,
So we can keep drinking.
In the event of a nuclear war,
We wanna keep drinking.
Trying to forget all the times,
We failed in our thinking.
Let us keep drinking.

Perhaps we should challenge,
All the addictions,
Not least of which is our addiction,
To militarism.
Building more guns and tanks,
More bombs and missiles.

Perhaps it is time they admit,
They are powerless, over their addiction.
And that life has become intolerable,
And unmanageable, for the rest of us,
Thanks to capitalism, and militarism.

We can never stop speaking.
Til we live on a planet of peace,
We will never stop speaking.

Til we build a world without weapons,
We can never stop speaking.
Til peace comes to dwell in our beings,
Let us never stop speaking.

May the people who have opened their eyes,
Never stop speaking.
May the people with love in their hearts,
Never stop speaking.
We can never stop speaking,
Organizing and marching.
We can never stop speaking,
Never stop speaking,
Never stop speaking,
Never stop speaking.

(Album, Big Green Wheel)

What Might Have Been (2002-097)

If Hank Williams would have lived,
Another couple years or so,
He could have made a come-back,
By playing rock 'n' roll.
He could have performed with Elvis,
Chuck Barry and the rest.
He might have been on stage,
When Jimmy Hendricks headed west.
He could have gone to Woodstock,
Or joined the Grateful Dead.
He might have been there when Country Joe said,
"Give me an F.".

He was too wild for Nashville,
Just a little ahead of his time.
He was playing country rock,
When the word had not yet been coined.
But there aint no point in wondering,
Just what might have been,
If Hank Williams Senior,
Would have lived, would have lived.
Would have lived.

If Phill Oches would have lived,
Another twenty years let's say,
He might have joined the eighties peace movement,
Gone across the USA.
He could have rocked against Reagan,
Or folk rapped against George Bush.
He could have been there when the movement,
Needed him for its greatest push.
He might have been an anti-nuke,
Or a nouveau eco-ghost.
He could have trespassed at Diablo Canyon,
Or at Los Alamos.

He was too political for the sixties,
Just a little ahead of his time.
He was a punker and a rapper,
When the words had not yet jived.
But there aint no point in wondering,
Just what might have been,
If Phil Ochs had lived,
To crash another thousand scenes.
Another thousand scenes.

If Stan Rogers had walked,
From the Cincinnati crash,
And gone on to sing about it,
Like a phoenix from the ash,
He might have sung for native land claims,
Or sung against free trade.
He could have told the nation,
Not to be afraid.

He might have been as well known,
As Dylan or U2,
Or he might have turned around and said,
I've had enough of you.
But it was left up to the rest of us,
In the coming years,
To write the Stan Rogers parodies,
Like "The Last of Brian's Campaigneers".

He was a wild and sensitive man,
Just a little ahead of his time.
Just a boy from Hamilton,
Who breathed the Maritimes.
But there aint no point in wondering,
Just what might have been.
We'll sing it just one time,
And let the world begin.
And let the world begin.

The singers come to our doorsteps,
And smile and turn away.
And they say our time has come.
We have nothing more to say.
But we left you all a message,
In a lyric or a song.
Now we feel the wind a-blowing.
It's time for movin' on.
It's time for movin' on.

We left you all a message,
In a lyric or a song.
Now we feel the wind a-blowing.
It's time for movin' on.
It's time for movin' on.

(Album, Big Green Wheel)

Africa (2002-098)

Go back. Go back far enough,
And we all came from Africa.
Go back. Go back far enough,
And we all came from Africa.

Sweet, sweet savanna memory,
Of a million years ago.
Sweet, sweet savanna memory,
Of a million years ago.

I can see, the morning sun,
Shining through green leaf canopy.
I can see, the morning sun,
Shining through green leaf canopy.

Something is turning. Something is dreaming.
In the minds of early humanity.
Something is turning. Something is dreaming.
In the minds of early humanity.

And African moon is rising full,
As African night comes down.
And African moon is rising full,
As African night comes down.

Are we awakening,
As we walk out from the trees,
To dance beneath the starlight with a song.
Are we awakening,
As we walk out from the trees,
To dance beneath the starlight with a song.

Do we dream one day,
We will sail around the world,
And build a rocket to that glowing moon.
Do we dream one day,
We will sail around the world,
And build a rocket to that glowing moon.

And one day we,
Will link arms around this Earth,
And dream to save the forests,
And rivers of our souls.
And one day we,
Will link arms around this Earth,
And dream to save the forests,
And rivers of our soul.

Go back. Go back far enough,
And we all came out of Africa.
Go back. Go back far enough,
And we all came out of Africa.
And we all came out of Africa.
And we all came out of Africa.

(Album, Big Green Wheel)

*__The Squatters__ (2002-099)

From an abandoned building in Ottawa,
To Woodward's in Vancouver,
From the streets of Victoria,
To the streets of To-ron-to,
The ones they call the homeless,
Are gathering into a movement.
They are fighting back nonviolently,
And challenging a nation's soul.

They are they are the squatters,
And they will not go away.
They are they are the squatters,
And they will not go away.
And all they are demanding,
Is the right to a home.
The right to social housing,
And the right not to freeze in the cold.
And the right not to die in the cold.

And the corporations send the cops,
With dogs and pepper spray.
Saying we cannot have these squatters here.
We will not have anarchy.
The right to private property,
Is the order of the day.
And capitalism smiles and says,
You're homeless but you're free.

They are they are the squatters,
And they will not go away.
They are they are the squatters,
And they will not go away.
And all they are demanding,
Is the right to a home.
The right to social housing,
And the right not to freeze in the cold.
And the right not to die in the cold.

What kind of government,
What kind of society,
Sends tear gas and police dogs,
Instead of decent shelter.
This kind of government,
This kind of society,
That has no love for man or woman,
Or child or Mother Earth.

They are they are the squatters,
And they will not go away.
They are they are the squatters,
And they will not go away.
And all they are demanding,
Is the right to a home,
The right to social housing,

And the right not to freeze in the cold.
And the right not to die in the cold.

So come on and join the squatters.
They will not go away.
Come on and join the squatters.
They will not go away.
Let their demands be your demands,
With all the earth our home,
And build a society where peace,
With justice can be known.
Let their demands be your demands,
With all the earth our home,
And build a society where peace,
With justice can be known.
Where justice can be known.
Where justice can be known.

Where justice can be known.

(Album, Big Green Wheel)

Stoning You Tomorrow (2002-100)

So you are a first century,
Judean Jew.
You walked away and did nothing,
When you saw your fellow Jews,
Joining with the Romans,
To stone the early Christians to death.
It was right to kill the Christians you said.
They were blasphemers from the start,
And would be to the end.

Do as you will. Turn away as you may.
Hide your heart and don't feel a pinch of sorrow.
Do as you will. Turn away as you may.
But someone else will be stoning you tomorrow.
Someone else will be stoning you tomorrow.

So you are a sixteenth century,
European Christian.
You go to church on Sunday,
And you hear the old epistles.
When the people of your village,
Dragged a woman through the streets,
And burned her at the stake,
You said it was a good thing,
That she'd been done away with.
You joined with the others shouting "witch!,
Adulteress, sorceress, whore and bitch!".

Do as you will. Turn away as you may.
Hide your heart and don't feel a pinch of sorrow.
Do as you will. Turn away as you may.
But someone else will burn you at the stake tomorrow.
Someone else will burn you at the stake tomorrow.

So you are a twentieth century,
Gentile Pol,
Living as the Nazi occupation,
Takes its toll.
You heard rumours, you heard stories,
About what was going on.
But it was no skin off your nose,
If your Jewish neighbours,
Were suddenly gone.
You did nothing as your neighbours,
Were driven to their death.
It wasn't such a crime.
That is what you said.

Do as you will. Turn away as you may.
Hide your heart and don't feel a pinch of sorrow.
Do as you will. Turn away as you may.
But someone else will murder you tomorrow.
Someone else will murder you tomorrow.

City of Toronto,
2002,
You're a worshipping Catholic,
And you know what to do.
You heard the Pope express his sorrow,
About sexual abuse.
And then he said, "Ah, but let us remember,
All the good priests who do so much good.".
And you applauded with the rest of them,
So glad you could move on,
And go back to the silly little script,
That you'd been taught.

Do as you will. Turn away as you may.
Hide your heart and don't feel a pinch of sorrow.
Do as you will. Turn away as you may.
But someone else will be hurting you tomorrow.
Someone else will be abusing you tomorrow.

Do as you will. Turn away as you may.
Hide your heart and don't feel a pinch of sorrow.
Do as you will. Turn away as you may.
But someone else will be stoning you tomorrow.
Someone else will burn you at the stake tomorrow.
Someone else will murder you tomorrow.
Someone else will be hurting you tomorrow.
Someone else will be abusing you tomorrow.
Someone else will be stoning you tomorrow.
Someone else will be stoning you tomorrow.
Someone else will be stoning you tomorrow.

(Album, Big Green Wheel)

Spaceship Earth Goes Rolling (2002-101)

Spaceship Earth goes rolling on and on.
Spaceship Earth goes rolling on and on.
Turn around, another solar year has gone.
Spaceship Earth goes rolling on and on.

And the captain is each one of us.
And the crew is each one of us.
And the bridge is each one of us.
And the ion storm shall be overcome.

Spaceship Earth goes rolling on and on.
Spaceship Earth goes rolling on and on.
Turn around, another solar year has gone.
Spaceship Earth goes rolling on and on.

Our trajectory is in our minds.
Our purpose is in our minds.
Our journey is in our minds.
But no, this is not the Starship Enterprise.

Spaceship Earth goes rolling on and on.
Spaceship Earth goes rolling on and on.
Turn around, another solar year has gone.
Spaceship Earth goes rolling on and on.

Rolling rolling on and on,
Rolling rolling on and on,
Rolling rolling on and on.

Rolling rolling on and on,
Rolling rolling on and on,
Rolling rolling on and on.

And we go dancing on the solar wind.
We go sailing on the solar wind.
Let's go walking on the solar wind.
In the light that shines from without as from within.

Spaceship Earth goes rolling on and on.
Spaceship Earth goes rolling on and on.
Turn around, another solar year has gone.
Spaceship Earth goes rolling on and on.

Rolling rolling on and on,
Rolling rolling on and on,
Rolling rolling on and on.

Rolling rolling on and on,
Rolling rolling on and on,
Rolling rolling on and on.

Spaceship earth goes rolling on and,
Spaceship Earth goes rolling on and,
Spaceship Earth goes rolling on and on.

On and on and on and on, on and on and on.
On and on and on and on, on and on and on.

Rolling rolling on and on,
Rolling rolling on and on,
Rolling rolling on and on.

Rolling rolling on and on,
Rolling rolling on and on,
Rolling rolling on and on.

(Album, Big Green Wheel)

I Am the Song (2002-102)

I am the song inside the moon.
I am the song inside the stars.
I am the song inside the sun,
Inside Mercury, Venus Earth and Mars.
Inside Mercury, Venus Earth and Mars.

I am the song inside Jupiter,
Io, Europa, Callisto and Ganymede.
I am the song that spans the universe.
I am the song that sings out, We are free.
I am the song that sings out, We are free.

One Song in the morning,
One song in the afternoon.
One song in the evening,
One song by the dancing moon.
One song in the morning,
One song in the afternoon.
One song in the evening,
One song by the dancing moon.
Dancing moon, dancing moon, dancing moon.

I am the song inside your dreams.
I am the song inside your mind.
I am the song that stirs the stream.
I am the song that is everywhere you'll find.
I am the song that is everywhere you'll find.

One song in the morning,
One song in the afternoon.
One song in the evening,
One song by the dancing moon.
One song in the morning,
One song in the afternoon.
One song in the evening,
One song by the dancing moon.
Dancing moon, dancing moon, dancing moon.

Dancing moon, dancing moon, dancing moon.
Dancing moon, dancing moon, dancing moon,
Dancing moon, dancing moon, dancing moon,
Dancing moon, dancing moon, dancing moon,
Dancing moon, dancing moon, dancing moon,
Dancing moon, dancing moon, dancing moon.

One song in the morning,
One song in the afternoon.
One song in the evening,
One song by the dancing moon,
Dancing moon.

(Album, Big Green Wheel)

We Kept on Marching (2002-103)

I remember the first time,
I went marching through the streets,
On a sunny day in April,
In 1983.
Saying We refuse to test the cruise.
We don't wanna radiate.
We knew we had the power,
To bring about a brighter day.

Then I remember two years later,
I went marching once again,
And marched for Central America,
For non-intervention.
Then the Wollaston uranium blockade,
In June of 85.
We had to stop the nuclear industry at the source,
If we were to survive.

And o we kept on marching.
And o we kept on raising our voice.
O we kept on marching.
And o we kept on making our noise.
Making our noise.

I remember 1988,
I marched against free trade,
As by Mulroney and his cabinet,
Our country was betrayed.
Though a majority opposed it,
Two parties split the vote.
We felt we'd lost a big one,
Still we kept ourselves afloat.

Then came the Oka standoff,
1990 in July.
We said Oka land is Mohawk land,
As we went marching,
Beneath our prairie sky.
And then there came the Gulf War,
In 1991,
And across the western world,
We said no to the bombing,
Before the bombing had begun.

And o we kept on marching.
And o we kept on raising our voice.
And o we kept on marching.
And o we kept on making our noise.
Making our noise.

We stopped a Slowpoke reactor,
At the U of S,
And we stopped a Candu 3,
Though it had been Devinely blessed.

We sent AECL a-running,
And said no to nuclear waste.
And we joined hands with an anti-clearcutting,
Blockade at Wiggins Bay.

We stopped a gambling casino,
In Saskatoon in 94.
We were pepper-sprayed in 97,
Shouting, Get out of East Timor.
We fought rising tuition,
And we stopped the MAI,
And we ended the century,
By filling the streets of Seattle with our cries.

And o we kept on marching.
And o we kept on raising our voice.
O we kept on marching.
And o we kept on making our noise.
Making our noise.

From the World Petroleum congress,
In the town of Calgary,
To the eighty thousand who filled the streets,
Of old Quebec City,
To the G8 in Calgary again,
In 2002,
We told the corporate state where to go,
And what they should and shouldn't do.

And on September the 11th,
We watched the towers fall,
And we said this isn't what we meant,
By overthrowing capital.
We mourned the dead of 9-11,
But we also remembered,
The millions that capitalism,
And imperialism kill around the earth.

And o we kept on marching.
And o we kept on raising our voice.
O we kept on marching.
And o we kept on making our noise.
Making our noise.

In the fall of 2001,
We went marching once again,
As the U.S. was preparing,
To bomb Afghanistan.
And with 2002 awaiting,
We were in the streets once more,
To try to stop the USA,
From starting another Gulf War.

Now it has been some twenty years,
Since I first took to the streets.
We've had some hard defeats my friend,

But we have had some victories.
We've given each other strength,
And we've kept each other warm,
As together we have dreamed of that land,
Beyond the capitalist militarist storm.

And o we're gonna keep on marching.
And o we're gonna keep on raising our voice.
O we're gonna keep on marching.
And o we're gonna keep on making our noise.

O we're gonna keep on marching.
And o we're gonna keep on raising our voice.
And o we're gonna keep on marching.
And o we're gonna keep on making our noise.
Making our noise, making our noise, making our noise.

(Album, Big Green Wheel)

A Little Bit of God (2002-104)

There's a little bit of God in you.
There's a little bit of God in me.
There's a little bit of God in the mountains.
There's a little bit of God, in the roaring sea.

And sometimes when I get to feeling,
The shadows of my dark despair,
I remember there's a lot of God to go around.
God is love, and there is love to share.
God is love, and there is love to share.

There's a little bit of God in a rainbow.
There's a little bit of God in the rain.
I feel God when the wind blows,
And dancing in the ocean of my brain.

And sometimes when I get to feeling,
The shadows of my dark despair,
I remember there's a lot of God among us.
God is love, and there is love to share.
God is love, and there is love to share.

Share the love. Share the love.
Share the love. Share the love.
Share the love. Share the love.
Share the love. Share the love.
Share the love. Share the love.

There's a little bit of God in you.
There's a little bit of God in me.
There's a little bit of God in the mountains.
There's a little bit of God, in the roaring sea.

And when we love one another,
Loving in that sacred unity,
We're giving back a little piece of God,
In setting that glimpse of Heaven free.
Setting that glimpse of Heaven free.
Setting that glimpse of Heaven free.

(Album, Big Green Wheel)

Walk Across the River (2002-105)

The autumn leaves have fallen.
They shimmer in the golden sun.
The seasons they are turning.
The turning has begun.

Let's walk across the river,
And show our power there.
The spirit's in the air o.
Spirit's in the air.

The Bush administration,
They call for endless war.
But we who are the people,
Must make one endless roar.

Let's walk across the river,
And show our power there.
There's freedom in the air o.
Freedom in the air.

From Bogota to Baghdad,
Pyongyang to Tripoli,
The USA's preparing,
To bomb where e'er they please.

Let's walk across the river,
And show our power there.
There's movement in the air o,
Movement in the air.

Come all you fighting spirits,
And join the peaceful fight.
Come dance for peace and freedom,
Against this endless night.

Let's walk across the river,
And show our power there.
The spirit's in the air o.
Spirit's in the air.

It's better light a candle,
Then curse the falling dark.
Let's be a light on to the world,
In the joining of our hearts.

Let's walk across the river,
And show our power there.
There's freedom in the air o.
Freedom in the air.

The autumn sun is sinking.
The lights are coming on.
But reflected in the dreaming,
Is the breaking of the dawn.

Let's walk across the river,
And show our power there.
There's beauty in the air o.
Beauty in the air.

In the love within our beings,
In the joining of our hands,
Let's build a new tomorrow,
In this and every land.

Let's walk across the river,
And show our power there.
There's turning in the air o,
Turning in the air.

An empire of arrogance,
Atom bombs and greed.
It cannot stand forever.
It will tumble to its knees.

Let's walk across the river,
And show our power there.
There's movement in the air o,
Movement in the air.

And when the dust has settled,
And the people they have won,
A song will ring out through the trees.
Our world has just begun.

And we'll walk across the river,
And show our power there.
The spirit's in the air o,
Spirit's in the air.

We'll walk across the river,
And show our power there.
There's freedom in the air o,
Freedom in the air.

There's beauty in the air o,
Beauty in the air.
There's turning in the air o,
Turning in the air.
Movement in the air o,
Movement in the air.
Freedom in the air o,
Freedom in the air.
The spirit's in the air o,
Spirit's in the air.

The autumn leaves have fallen.
They shimmer in the golden sun.
The seasons they are turning.
And now it has begun.

And now it has begun.
And now it has begun.

(Album, Rivers, Sage and Sand)

My Name is Aquarius (2002-106)

It was snowing,
In November,
In the year 1979.
The wind was blowing.
I remember.
Memories come flooding back to me,
From the sea of time.
I was twelve years old,
And only starting to know,
What lay in store for me down the line.
I didn't know,
My name was Aquarius.
My name was Aquarius.

Snow was falling,
In the month of March,
In the year 1980.
Twas the spirit calling,
Inside our hearts,
Giving me the music,
That would one day save me.
I was twelve years old,
And only starting to know,
The forests on the lake shores of my mind.
I didn't know,
My name was Aquarius.
My name was Aquarius.

I spread my fins,
And I began to swim,
And the rivers flowed to the sea.
I spread my fins,
And began to swim,
And the rivers flowed to the sea.

A billion moments,
Flow into time,
But time is never full.
A billion moments,
Flow into time,
But time is never full.

It was snowing,
In October,
In the year 2002.
Our minds were knowing,
Deep and tender,
Just what it is,
The cosmic pond wants us to do.
I am thirty-five years old,
At the midpoint of my scroll.
Rivers of time rush past me undesigned.
And the lightening proclaims,
My name is Aquarius.

My name is Aquarius.
And the lightening proclaims,
My name is Aquarius.
My name is Aquarius.
My name is Aquarius.

(Album, Snowy Orbiter)

There is No Santa Claus (2002-107)

There is no Santa Claus.
There is no Santa Claus.
There is no Santa Claus.
There is no Santa Claus.

There is no Wonderful Wizard of Oz,
To save you from capitalism's jaws.
There is no Santa Claus.
There is no Santa Claus.

We're gonna have to stand and count the cost,
What we've gained and what we've lost.
There is no Santa Claus.
There is no Santa Claus.

If the police state don't like your cause,
You won't find protection in your paper laws.
There is no Santa Claus.
There is no Santa Claus.

They will cut down the forest with their corporate saws,
And they will tear up the people with their iron claws.
There is no Santa Claus.
There is no Santa Claus.

And the North Pole, is an ocean,
That is melting, thanks to global warming.
And the North Pole, is an ocean,
That is melting, thanks to global warming.
And there is no Santa Claus.
There is no Santa Claus.

And when the North Pole finally thaws,
What are they gonna do with old Mr. Claus.
There is no Santa Claus.
There is no Santa Claus.

And if there was a Santa, he'd be downsizing,
Like all the other capitalists.
And if there were a Santa, he'd be downsizing,
With all the other capitalists.
There is no Santa Claus.
There is no Santa Claus.

There is no Wonderful Wizard of Oz,
To save you from capitalism's jaws.
There is no Santa Claus.
There is no Santa Claus.

Gonna have to stand and count the cost,
What we've gained and what we've lost.
There is no Santa Claus.
There is no Santa Claus.
There is no Santa Claus.

Santa Claus, Santa Claus.

There is no Santa Claus.

(Album, Snowy Orbiter)

Seventeenth Planet (2002-108)

Seventeenth planet from the sun,
The snow flakes are coming down,
Like marsh mellows.
Seventeenth planet from the sun,
The snow flakes are coming down,
Like marshmallows.

O light o light,
Who illumines all who come into the world.
Your glow, your glow,
Is around us here.
Your glow, your glow,
Is around us now.

Seventeenth planet from the sun,
The snow flakes are coming down,
Like marshmallows.
Seventeenth planet from the sun,
The snow flakes are coming down,
Like marshmallows.

O light, o light,
Who illumines all who come into the world.
Your glow, your glow,
Is around us here.
Your glow, your glow,
Is around us now.
Around us now.
Around us now.

Seventeenth planet from the sun,
The snow flakes are coming down,
Like marshmallows
Like marshmallows
Like marshmallows.

(Album, Snowy Orbiter)

Fascists with a Smiling Face (2002-109)

What are you fighting against.
What are you fighting for.
Who do you think the terrorists are.
What are the reasons for your war.

Are you fighting for a way of life,
The way you claim,
Or are you fighting to oil the pawns,
Of your money and power game.

You are fascists with a smiling face.
You are fascists with a smiling face.
You smile as you torture, as you annihilate.
You are fascists with a smiling face.
You are fascists with a smiling face,
With a smiling face.

You've got your oil wells,
To bring us global warming.
You've got your enslavement camps,
Sending us a warning.

You've got your hog barns,
Your clear cut logging machines.
You've got your GMOs,
And your terminator genes.

You hide your torture cells,
So no one hears the screams,
Of those who dare to be dissenters,
Against your corporate schemes.

Your tanks and your missiles,
Mean money in the bank.
Then you advertise at breakfast,
Saying we have you to thank.

You are fascists with a smiling face.
You are fascists with a smiling face.
You smile as you torture, as you annihilate.
You are fascists with a smiling face.
You are fascists with a smiling face,
With a smiling face.

Fascism doesn't always wear a brown shirt.
Sometimes it wears a dress shirt.
Sometimes you have a gun,
Sometimes a free trade pen.
But oppression is oppression is oppression.

You are fascists with a smiling face.
You are fascists with a smiling face.
You smile as you torture, and say you liberate.
You are fascists with a smiling face.

You are fascists with a smiling face,
With a smiling face.

You get the people,
Of every hemisphere,
To internalize your agenda,
And internalize your fear.

You want the working class,
Of every land,
To be the working class puppets,
Of your puppet master hand.

One day we'll see through you.
We'll see through every lie.
And we will raise ourselves,
In one great battle cry.

Six billion people,
In a planet-wide roar,
Til military imperialist capitalism,
Shall be no more.

You are fascists with a smiling face.
You are fascists with a smiling face.
You smile as you torture, as you annihilate.
You are fascists with a smiling face.
You are fascists with a smiling face,
With a smiling face.

Fascism doesn't always wear a brown shirt.
Sometimes it wears a dress shirt.
Sometimes you're called Cogema.
Sometimes you're called Monsanto.
But oppression is oppression is oppression.

You are fascists with a smiling face.
You are fascists with a smiling face.
We will overthrow you all one day.
We know we will not go away.
You are fascists with a smiling face.
You are fascists with a smiling face.

We will build the peaceful world we dream one day.
Despite all your terror, we will not fade.
We will build the peaceful world we dream one day.
And despite all your terror, we will not fade.
You are fascists with a smiling face.
You are fascists with a smiling face.
But we will not fade.
We will not fade.
We will not fade.

(Album, Snowy Orbiter)

Moon Time Energy (2002-110)

Moon time energy,
Snow falling on snowy eve.
Moon time energy,
Snow falling on snowy eve.
Night-time winter wonderland,
Snow resting softly on winter tree.

Night warm winter song,
I make my way to my north wind home.
Night warm winter song,
I make my way to my north wind home.
I spread my wings and fly, in night so free,
Ascending in resonating cosmic cone.

I dream winter dream,
November porch light, December lantern, red and green.
I dream winter dream,
November porch light, December lantern, red and green.
I dream Saturnalia,
Saturn song returning,
To set our hearts and spirits free.
I dream Saturnalia,
Saturn song returning,
To set our hearts and spirits free.

This is Saturnalia.
This is Saturnalia.
Snowy eve, snowy eve.

This is Saturnalia.
This is Saturnalia.
Snowy eve, snowy eve.

This is Saturnalia.
This is Saturnalia.
Let us be free.
Let us be free.

Saturnalia, Saturnalia,
Snowy eve. Let us be free.
Saturnalia, Saturnalia,
Snowy eve. Let us be free.

Saturnalia, Snowy eve.
Saturnalia, snowy eve.

Moon time energy,
Snow falling on snowy eve.

(Album, Snowy Orbiter)

What Human Beings Live By (2002-111)

There was a shoemaker named Simon,
Who lived with his children and his wife.
He went down into the town one day,
A new winter coat to buy.
But the ones who owed him said,
They had no money they could spare,
So he drank up his twenty kopecks,
And headed home as the autumn wind blew bare.

That's when he saw a naked man,
Trying to keep warm,
Huddled by a church,
In the blowing autumn wind storm.
First he hesitated,
And walked on by.
Then he turned and greeted the man,
Hearing conscience's cry.
He put a coat around the man,
And they headed for the shoemaker's home.
He gave him shirt and trousers,
Supper and a bed,
Though his origins remained unknown.

And the man smiled for the first time,
When he received his supper meal.
The rest of the time he seemed solemn,
With few emotions to reveal.
Few emotions to reveal.

The man stayed the next day,
And to earn his lodging,
He began to learn the shoemaker's trade.
He learned quickly,
And before too long,
He was a master at the shoemaker's way.
Where he came from,
And where he was bound,
No one knew, only that Michael was his name.
But the customers,
Came from all around,
Having heard of Michael's shoe-making fame.

When a year or more had passed,
From the day when Michael first appeared,
A tall rich man came to the door,
Demanding a pair of boots,
That would last for at least a year.
Michael said he could make them,
And he took the man's foot size, but meanwhile,
As the man was standing there,
Michael looked over the man's shoulder, and smiled.

And Michael smiled for the second time,
As he took the rich man's boot size.

The rest of the time he seemed solemn.
No one knew what went on behind those eyes.
No one knew what went on behind those eyes.

Then a strange thing happened,
When the rich man went away.
With the fine leather he had left them,
Michael began to make,
Not a pair of boots,
As he had been instructed to,
But a pair of bosaviki,
Which are dead man's shoes.

Simon said, my dear sir,
What is it you have done.
Then there came a knock at the door,
To say the rich man had passed on.
All he needed now,
Were bosaviki for his feet.
And Simon knew this Michael,
Was someone extraordinary.

But Michael had only smiled two times,
In the year or more that he'd been there.
The rest of the time he seemed solemn,
Though not particularly filled with despair.
Not particularly filled with despair.

Then a woman with twin girls,
Came to the door.
Michael seemed more animated,
Than he'd ever been before.
The woman said she wanted shoes,
For both her little ones,
And she explained how the one girl's foot,
Had been twisted, shortly after she'd been born.
How she was not their mother,
How their mother had died,
Just after giving birth, and how she,
Had taken the two infants to her side.
And nursed them as her own,
And watched them grow.
Michael smiled for a third time,
As he watched them go.

Then Michael seemed to grow brighter,
Illuminating through the room.
And Simon and his wife, asked him who he was,
Pray tell us who.

Then Michael told the story,
Of where he had come from.
How he in fact was an angel,
Sent to walk among,
To walk among humankind,
To learn what it is,

What it is by which,
Human beings live.

Sent here as a punishment,
For disobeying God,
By refusing to carry away the soul,
Of the dying birthing mom.

He smiled the first time when he learned,
That love is what we have inside.
He smiled the second time when he saw,
The angel of death hovering nigh,
Behind the rich man's shoulder and he knew,
What it is that we never know.
We never know from one day to the next,
When we're gonna go.

Then when the woman with the twin girls came,
He smiled a final time,
For he had learned that it is love,
That human beings live by.
For he had learned that it is love,
That human beings live by.

So Michael only smiled for the three times,
As he learned the three words he had to learn.
Then he rose from the room of the dwelling,
And returned to the heart of God's word.
To the sky he returned having learned,
What it was that he had to learn.

And Simon and his family,
Fell to the floor,
In adoration,
For what they had never seem before.
They had entertained an angel.
They had entertained an angel.
They had entertained an angel.

(Album, Snowy Orbiter)

Is There Snow on the Moon (2002-112)

Is there snow on the moon.
Is there snow on the moon.
We will leave our boot tracks in the snow,
If there's snow on the moon.

Are there stars among the trees.
Are there stars among the trees.
We will leave our song tracks in the stars,
If there are stars among the trees.

A sky without stars,
A guitar without strings,
A song without music,
Saturn without rings.

A sea without water,
Sand without grains,
A house without shingles,
A downpour without rain.

Is there snow on the moon.
Is there snow on the moon.
We will leave our boot tracks in the snow,
If there's snow on the moon.

Are there stars among the trees.
Are there stars among the trees.
We will leave our song tracks in the stars,
If there are stars among the trees.

A sky without stars,
A guitar without strings,
A song without music,
Saturn without rings.

A sea without water,
Sand without grains,
A house without shingles,
A downpour without rain.

Is there snow on the moon.
Is there snow on the moon.
We will leave our boot tracks in the snow,
If there's snow on the moon.

Are there stars among the trees.
Are there stars among the trees.
We will leave our song tracks in the stars,
If there are stars among the trees.

Is there snow on the moon.
Is there snow on the moon.
Is there snow on the moon.
Is there snow on the moon.

Is there snow on the moon.

(Album, Snowy Orbiter)

On the Last Night of Atlantis (2002-113)

On the last night of Atlantis,
Only robots, dreams and memories tilled the soil.
On the last night of Atlantis,
There were oil rigs in the shadows drilled for oil.

There were cars pumping petroleum,
While radios played country-fried rock 'n' roll.
There were billboards selling freedom,
While evangelists were trying to save your soul.

On the last night of Atlantis,
On the last night of Atlantis,
Before the mountains dipped and rolled,
Before the rain and lightening took their toll.
O the last night of Atlantis,
Looked a lot like a land I know.
O the last night of Atlantis,
Looked a lot like a land I know.

On the last night of Atlantis,
There were homeless people freezing in the street.
On the last night of Atlantis,
The cake and wine on the private yachts were sweet.

There were protest signs and tear gas,
And a corporate-driven media who screamed.
Beware the anarchists in black.
They've come to smash your petty bourgeois dream.

On the last night of Atlantis,
On the last night of Atlantis,
Before the mountains dipped and rolled,
Before the rain and lightening took their toll.
O the last night of Atlantis,
Looked a lot like a land I know.
O the last night of Atlantis,
Looked a lot like a land I know.

On the last night of Atlantis,
On the last night of Atlantis,
The few who had it all,
Were building walls around their town.
And no one dreamed that everything they knew,
Would come crashing crashing down.

On the last night of Atlantis,
On the last night of Atlantis,
Take a message to Plato.
Carry it down through time.
For there were no survivors from this continent,
That sunk beneath the brine.

O take a message to Plato.
Carry it down through time.

For there were no survivors from this continent,
That sunk beneath the brine,
That sunk beneath the brine,
That sunk beneath the brine.

On the last night of Atlantis,
On the last night of Atlantis,
On the last night of Atlantis,
On the last night of Atlantis,
On the last night of Atlantis,
On the last night of Atlantis.

(Album, Snowy Orbiter)

Begin With a Rose (2002-114)

Did the universe, begin with a rose.
Did the rose begin, with a beam of light.
Did the world begin, with a nebula.
That grew into a choir, on a mountainside.

God sent us Darwin,
And the wise Kropotkin,
To tell us how the elephant,
Came from a protozoan.

How the universe began,
Fourteen billion years ago,
Nine billion years,
Before the year came to be.

And the universe will end,
As time's sweet rivers flow,
In the gentle dark of silence,
Where all is timeless, and all is free.

Split a piece of wood, I am there.
Turn over a stone, I am there.
I am Pan. I am Christ.
I am Spinoza's dream.
I am Krishna. I am the Tao.
I am the everlasting stream.

Did the universe, begin with a rose.
Will it end with a peace and freedom song.
Did the universe, begin with a rose.
Will it end with a peace and freedom song.
Will it end with a peace and freedom song.

(Album, Snowy Orbiter)

I Walked Into a Forest (2002-115)

I walked into a forest,
And I turned into a tree.
And I said to all my fellow trees,
Won't you come have tea with me.
And all the little people,
Said Won't you come inside.
O won't you come have tea with us,
And we will pass the time.

So I went into their cavern,
And I had two drinks of tea.
And they said May the trees keep growing,
For many centuries.
They said May the trees keep growing,
For many centuries.

I walked into a forest,
And I turned into a tree.
And I let my roots go down into,
The earth so deep and free.
And I felt the forest singing,
With every branch and every leaf.
And the forest sang a freedom song,
From the mountains to the sea.

And all the little people,
Who dance among the trees,
Said We are the guardians,
Of this and every century.
They said We are the guardians,
Of this and every century.

I walked into a forest,
And I turned into a tree.
And I reached out for the starlight,
With my branches and my leaves.
And I felt the starlight shining,
Over all the earth so free.
And the starlight shone down to our roots,
And said May you always be.

And all the little people danced,
Til night-time turned to dawn,
And the birds began their morning song,
Carry on, love, carry on.
And the birds began their morning song,
Carry on, love, carry on.

I walked into a forest,
And I turned into a tree.
And all the little people said,
We are you and you are we.
And all the little people said,
We are you and you are we.

I walked into a forest,
And I turned into a tree.
I walked into a forest,
And I turned into a tree.
I turned into a tree.

(Album, Snowy Orbiter)

What is a Left Wing Parent to Do (2002-116)

We wanted our kids to live in peace,
So they grew up and went to war.
We wanted our kids to be nonviolent,
So they became more violent,
Than they'd ever been before.

We wanted our kids to love diversity,
And gave them rainbows candy-coated.
But in the end they grew up to be,
Racist, classist, ageist,
And xenophobic.

O, o, what is a left wing parent to do.
O, o, what is to become of you.
O, o, what is a left wing parent to do.
O, o, what is to become of you.

We wanted our kids to think for themselves,
But they grew up and watched TV,
And to do and be what the commercials,
Told them they were supposed to do and be.

We wanted our kids to be sweet socialists,
Live on this finite Earth and share.
But they grew up to be capitalists,
Saying why the hell should I care.

O, o, what is a left wing parent to do.
O, o, what is to become of you.
O, o, what is a left wing parent to do.
O, o, what is to become of you.
What is to become of you.
What is to become of you.

We should have known.
We should have known.
The tomatoes that grow from the seed,
Are never as beautiful.
As the tomatoes on the box,
The tomatoes on the box,
The tomatoes on the box.
On the box, on the box.

We should have known.
We should have known.
The tomatoes that grow from the seed,
Are never as beautiful.
As the tomatoes on the box,
The tomatoes on the box,
The tomatoes on the box,
Box box box box box box box.
On the box, on the box,
On the box, on the box.
The tomatoes on the box.

We wanted our kids to be tomatoes,
But they said that's not possible.
They told us we are human beings.
We will not be your vegetables.
We will not be your vegetables.
We will not be your vegetables.
You are vegetarians. That's your choice.
But we will not be your vegetables.

You are vegetarian, libertarian,
Equalitarian, egalitarian,
Aquarian, communitarian,
Diversitarian, Sagittarian,
Equitarian, Unitarian,
And sometimes a little totalitarian.
But we will not be your vegetables.

(Album, Snowy Orbiter)

Let Us Climb (2002-117)

We emerge from Hell,
As the cool dawn light is breaking.
It's morning in the world,
A time for re-awaking.
We can breathe again,
The silver freedom air.
And let our spirits find a place,
Quenched of all despair.

I will plant my dreams, on the twenty-third moon,
Of planet number five.
I will plant my dreams, on the twenty-third moon,
Of planet number five.

Jupiter is very large,
But has no solid ground.
Yet it has so many moons,
Orbiting around.
To that snowy orbiter,
I will make my way.
I will seek redemption,
In the springtime of the day.

I will plant my dreams, on the twenty-third moon,
Of planet number five.
I will plant my dreams, on the twenty-third moon,
Of planet number five.

Leaving fear and death and the infernos,
Of my imagination far behind.
To the heights of soul's redemption, let us climb.
To the heights of soul's redemption, let us climb.

Dante will lead us,
Through the corners of our solar system.
Just as Virgil and Beatrice,
In their time, did lead him.
And Dante will lead us,
Through the corners of our solar system.
Just as Virgil and Beatrice,
In their time, did lead him.
And we will find our freedom.
We will find our freedom.

I will plant my dreams, on the twenty-third moon,
Of planet number five.
I will plant my dreams, on the twenty-third moon,
Of planet number five.

Leaving fear and death and the infernos,
Of my imagination far behind.
To the heights of soul's redemption, let us climb.
To the heights of soul's redemption, let us climb.
To the heights of soul's redemption, let us climb.

To the heights of soul's redemption, let us climb.

Let us climb. Let us climb.
Let us climb. Let us climb.
Let us climb. Let us climb.
Let us climb.

(Album, Snowy Orbiter)

Rebels of Time (2002-118)

Some of my friends, have been beheaded.
Some of my friends, have been burned at the stake.
Some of my friends, have been hung on the gallows.
Some of my friends, have been shot and killed,
While celebrating mass,
Or tortured and shot and killed,
As they tried to sing their song.
And some of my friends, have died of natural causes.

John Ball, John Huss,
Louis Riel, Oscar Romero, Victor Jara,
Peter Kropotkin, George Woodcock.

Drink a toast to the rebels of time.
Drink a toast to the rebels of time.

John Ball was beheaded.
John Huss was burned at the stake.
Louis Riel was hung on the gallows.
Oscar Romero was shot and killed,
While celebrating mass.
Victor Jara was tortured and shot and killed,
As he tried to sing his song.
Peter Kropotkin and George Woodcock,
Died of natural causes.

Drink a toast to the rebels of time.
Drink a toast to the rebels of time.

But most of my friends are still living,
And ready to stand and fight the fight.
Most of my friends are still living,
And ready to stand and shine their light.

Drink a toast to the rebels of time.
Drink a toast to the rebels of time.
Shine your light with all the light you have to shine.
Shine your light with all the light you have to shine.

Drink a toast to the rebels of time.
Drink a toast to the rebels of time.
Drink a toast to the rebels of time.

(Album, Snowy Orbiter)

Out on the Commune (2002-119)

Out on the commune, in the Touchy Wood Hills.
Out on the commune, in the Touchy Wood Hills,
The owls hoot the night away, waitin' for that whippoorwill.
Out on the commune, in the Touchy Wood Hills.

There aint no polar bears, in the Touchy Wood Hills.
There aint no polar bears, in the Touchy Wood Hills.
Only Old Man Coyote, gettin' his trickster thrills.
No there aint no polar bears, in the Touchy Wood Hills.

Out on the commune, in the Touchy Wood Hills,
Out on the commune, in the Touchy Wood Hills,
The owls hoot the night away, waitin' for that whippoorwill.
Out on the commune, in the Touchy Wood Hills.

One time we cooked a wild goose,
In the Touchy Wood Hills.
One time we cooked a wild goose,
In the Touchy Wood Hills.
And one man saw a bobcat trail,
In the autumn chill.
One time we cooked a wild goose,
In the Touchy Wood Hills.

Out on the commune, in the Touchy Wood Hills,
Out on the commune, in the Touchy Wood Hills.
The owls hoot the night away, waitin' for that whippoorwill.
Out on the commune, in the Touchy Wood Hills.

You can touch the moon, in the Touchy Wood Hills.
You can touch the moon, in the Touchy Wood Hills.
You don't need no flying saucer.
You don't need no moonshine still.
You can touch the moon, in the Touchy Wood Hills.

Out on the commune, in the Touchy Wood Hills,
Out on the commune, in the Touchy Wood Hills.
The owls hoot the night away, waitin' for that whippoorwill.
Out on the commune, in the Touchy Wood Hills.
Out on the commune, in the Touchy Wood Hills.

Out on the commune, in the Touchy Wood Hills,
Out on the commune, in the Touchy Wood Hills,
Out on the commune, in the Touchy Wood Hills,
Out on the commune, in the Touchy Wood Hills.
In the Touchy Wood Hills, in the Touchy Wood Hills,
Out on the commune, out on the commune,
Out on the commune, in the Touchy Wood Hills.

(Album, Snowy Orbiter)

Dear Candle (2002-120)

Live long, dear candle, live long.
Dream your candle light dream, weak or strong.
Live long, dear candle, live long.
As you await the coming of dawn.

And when my candle burns out,
To a puff of smoke, clear and free,
What song will I be singing.
Who and what will I be.

My spirit will dance on the moon.
I will dance, as the sun rises.
I will dream jazz concerts on the moon.
I will dream. I will dream. I will dream,
As the sun rises.

Live long, dear candle, live long.
Dream your candle light dream, weak or strong.
Live long, dear candle, live long.
As you await the coming of dawn.

And when my candle burns out,
To a puff of smoke, clear and free,
What song will I be singing.
Who and what will I be.

My spirit will dance on the moon.
I will dance, as the sun rises.
I will dream jazz concerts on the moon.
I will dream. I will dream. I will dream,
As the sun rises.

Live long, dear candle, live long.
Live long, dear candle, live long.
Live long, dear candle, live long.

(Album, Snowy Orbiter)

A Million Rivers (2002-121)

A million rivers, flow into the sea.
A million rivers, flow into the sea.
A million rivers, flow into the sea.
But the sea returns,
But the sea returns.

A million raindrops, fall to the ground.
A million raindrops, fall to the ground.
A million raindrops, fall to the ground.
But the ground returns,
But the ground returns.

A million sun beams, shine into the dark.
A million sun beams, shine into the dark.
A million sun beams, shine into the dark.
But the dark returns,
But the dark returns.

A million snowflakes, dance to the earth.
A million snowflakes, dance to the earth.
A million snowflakes, dance to the earth.
But the earth returns,
But the earth returns.

A million spirits, sore into the light.
A million spirits, sore into the light.
A million spirits, sore into the light.
But the light returns,
The light returns.

And here I love you, and kiss you goodnight.
And here I love you, and kiss you goodnight.
And here I love you, and kiss you goodnight.
As the night returns,
As the night returns.

A million rivers, flow into the sea.
A million rivers, flow into the sea.
A million rivers, flow into the sea.
But the sea returns,
But the sea returns.
But the sea returns,
But the sea returns.

The sea returns.
The sea returns.

(Album, Snowy Orbiter)

Giant Oak Trees (2002-122)

Giant oak trees, started out,
As little nuts, that held their ground.
Giant oak trees, started out,
As little nuts, that held their ground.
So just remember, when all the powers,
Seem to conspire, to bring you down,
Giant oak trees, started out,
As little nuts, that held their ground.

If you're a little nut, stand up and be proud.
It's the millions of you, make the world go 'round.
If you're a little nut, then have no doubt.
Sink your roots, and stand your ground.

Giant oak trees, started out,
As little nuts, that held their ground.
Giant oak trees, started out,
As little nuts, that held their ground.
So just remember, when all the powers,
Seem to conspire, to bring you down,
Giant oak trees, started out,
As little nuts, that held their ground.

There is a little nut, inside us all,
With a vision of an oak, tree growing tall.
There is an oak tree, that is not yet grown,
In every one of us, on Earth our home.

Giant oak trees, started out,
As little nuts, that held their ground.
Giant oak trees, started out,
As little nuts, that held their ground.
So just remember, when all the powers,
Seem to conspire, to bring you down,
Giant oak trees, started out,
As little nuts, that held their ground.

Giant oak trees, started out,
As little nuts, that held their ground.
Gotta thank those little nuts, that held their ground.
Gotta thank those little nuts, that held their ground.
Giant oak trees, started out,
As little nuts, that held their ground.

(Album, Rivers, Sage and Sand)

When the Clown No Longer Laughs (2002-123)

When the clown no longer laughs,
The show is over.
When the clown no longer laughs,
The show is over.
You had your day. You had your fun.
You had your moment in the sun.
But when the clown no longer laughs,
The show is over.

Take off your wig. Take off your makeup,
And your clown nose.
Take off your wig. Take off your makeup,
And your clown nose.
It's time to let the tears roll down,
Through the dry streets of the town.
When the clown no longer laughs,
The show is over.

O you told all the right jokes,
But you weren't joking.
O you told all the right jokes,
But you weren't joking.
And in every banquet hall,
You could bring laughter from them all.
But when the clown no longer laughs,
The show is over.

In every bourgeois banquet hall,
You could bring laughter from them all.
But when the clown no longer laughs,
The show is over.
When the clown no longer laughs,
The show is over.
When the clown no longer laughs,
The show is over.

(Album, Rivers, Sage and Sand)

No to Bush's War (2002-124)

We say no to Bush's war.
Say no. Say no.
We say no to Bush's war.
Say no. Say no.
We say no to Bush's war,
'Cause we have seen it all before.
As we go marching down, the street,
Saying no, to the war.

No to missiles tanks and guns.
Say no. Say no.
No to missiles tanks and guns.
Say no. Say no.
No to missiles tanks and guns.
Yes to peace for everyone.
As we go marching down, the street,
Saying no, to the war.

Ask why so many hate the west.
Say why. Say why.
Ask why so many hate the west.
Say why. Say why.
Ask why so many hate the west.
Ask how long they've been oppressed.
As we go marching down, the street,
Saying no, to the war.

We'll have to find a better way.
We will. We will.
We'll have to find a better way.
We will. We will.
We'll have to find a better way,
And build that just and peaceful day.
As we go marching down, the street,
Saying no, to the war.

No war for Bush, No blood for oil.
Say no. Say no.
No war for Bush, no blood for oil.
Say no. Say no.
No war for Bush, no blood for oil.
Don't be the rat about to boil.
As we go marching down, the street,
Saying no, to the war.

We'll raise our voices everywhere.
We will. We will.
We'll raise our voices everywhere.
We will. We will.
We'll raise our voices everywhere,
And build a world that's just and fair.
As we go marching down, the street,
Saying no, to the war.

And all the world will live as one.
We will. We will.
And all the world will live as one.
We will. We will.
And all the world will live as one,
With a future shining like the sun.
As we go marching down, the street,
Saying no, to the war.

We say no to Bush's war.
Say no. Say no.
We say no to Bush's war.
Say no. Say no.
We say no to Bush's war,
'Cause we have seen it all before.
As we go marching down, the street,
Saying no, to the war.
As we go marching down, the street,
Saying no, to the war.
As we go marching down, the street,
Saying no, to the war.

(Album, Rivers, Sage and Sand)

Postmodernism Gone Wild (2002-125)

When there is nothing you can say any more,
When you're not sure,
If your in the river or on the shore,
When you don't know,
If you're a dothering old fool,
Or a new born child,
Then my friend, you must have,
Postmodernism gone wild.

Postmodernism gone wild, gone wild.
Postmodernism gone wild.
Postmodernism gone wild, gone wild.
Postmodernism gone wild.
Postmodernism gone wild.
Postmodernism gone wild.

When it is no longer possible,
To draw a boundary,
When you don't know the difference,
Between a petunia and a full grown tree,
When you stand in a forest,
And someone says you're standing on their front lawn,
When the sun is clearly setting,
And a million people say,
It's an hour before dawn.

You've got, postmodernism gone wild, gone wild,
Postmodernism gone wild.
Postmodernism gone wild, gone wild,
Postmodernism gone wild.
Postmodernism gone wild.
Postmodernism gone wild.

So which way is up then,
And which way is down.
Is there any way,
To keep your feet on solid ground.
Which way is forward,
Or is that word passé.
If no way is backward,
Then sideways must be every way.

We've got, postmodernism gone wild, gone wild,
Postmodernism gone wild.
Postmodernism gone wild, gone wild,
Postmodernism gone wild.
Postmodernism gone wild.
Postmodernism gone wild.

First we had idealism.
Then we had impressionism.
Then we had surrealism.
Then it was existentialism.

Now it's postmodernism gone wild, gone wild,
Postmodernism gone wild.
Postmodernism gone wild, gone wild,
Postmodernism gone wild.
Postmodernism gone wild.
Postmodernism gone wild, gone wild,
Postmodernism gone wild.
Postmodernism gone wild, gone wild,
Postmodernism gone wild.
Postmodernism gone wild.
Postmodernism gone wild.
Postmodernism gone wild.

(Album, Rivers, Sage and Sand)

Colder Than (2002-126)

She was colder than the cold side of the moon,
Colder than the cold side of the moon.
She used to be as hot,
As the hot side of Mercury.
Now she's colder than the cold side of the moon.

She was colder than the ice on Pluto's plain,
Colder than the ice on Pluto's plain.
She used to be as hot,
As the atmosphere of Venus.
Now she's colder than the ice on Pluto's plain.

She was colder than a comet on its outer round,
Colder than a comet on its outer round.
She used to be as hot,
As a fiery meteorite.
Now she's colder than a comet on its outer round.

Loving her has been like gravity that pulls me down.
Loving her has been like gravity that pulls me down.
So much for the planets,
And our solar powered romance.
Loving her has been like gravity that pulls me down.

She was colder than the cold side of the moon,
Colder than the cold side of the moon.
She used to be as hot,
As the hot side of Mercury.
Now she's colder than the cold side of the moon.
Colder than the cold side of the moon.
Colder than the cold side of the moon.

(Album, Rivers, Sage and Sand)

Night Side of the Terrasphere (2002-127)

Here I am on the night side of the Terrasphere,
Mid the mushrooms and the night wolves of the shade.
Dreaming the sweet dreams of late December,
Contemplating how the universe is made.

For the universe is like a flower,
A flower at the heart of everything.
A flower growing in a garden,
And all the stars will sing.

And the universe is like a fire,
A fire that's never quite consumed.
And the wood still glows on the mountains,
Sending pictures of the mountains of the moon.

And the universe is like a waterfall,
Falling down along the riverbeds of time.
And the rivers are a-twisting and a-turning,
But still there is rhythm, there is rhyme.

And the universe is like a snowstorm,
Every snowflake its own sweet mystery.
And the snowflakes will come and land one day,
And the song will abide in you and me.
The song will abide in you and me.
The song will abide in you and me.

Here I am on the night side of the Terrasphere,
Mid the mushrooms and the night wolves of the shade.
Dreaming the sweet dreams of late December,
Contemplating how the universe is made.
Contemplating how the universe is made.
How the universe is made.
How the universe is made.
How the universe is made.

(Album, Rivers, Sage and Sand)

Sophia's Dance (2002-128)

How does the world appear,
From the inside of a rainbow.
Misty rain a-comin' down,
The sun a crescendoed halo.
High in the clouds you are free.
High in the clouds you are free.

How does the world appear,
From the inside of a corncob.
Growing on your tall stock,
'Neath the sun and rain and storm god.
Tall on the land you are free.
Tall on the land you are free.

You are mind. You are flower. You are wisdom.
You are mind. You are flower. You are wisdom.
You are Sophia's dance. You are Sophia's dance.

How does the world appear,
From the inside of a cucumber.
Growing on your vine,
As you wander through the summer.
Close to the earth you are free.
Close to the earth you are free.

How does the world appear,
From the inside of a snowflake.
Winter's come to sacred land,
Still the sky is glowing.
Falling through air you are free.
Falling through air you are free.

You are mind. You are flower. You are wisdom.
You are mind. You are flower. You are wisdom.
You are Sophia's dance. You are Sophia's dance.
You are Sophia's dance. You are Sophia's dance.
Sophia's dance, Sophia's dance,
Sophia's dance, Sophia's dance.

(Album, Rivers, Sage and Sand)

THE END