

Book 3

**The Songs of Dave Greenfield
2003-2008**

Edited by: B. L. Cooke

Part One

Restless Winds, Acid Rain

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O the sand pile builds, and the sand pile grows.
The sand pile builds, as the sand grains fall.

One grain falls and another grain falls,
And another grain falls.
One grain falls and another grain falls,
And another grain falls.
And the sand pile grows as another grain falls,
And another grain falls.
Then it's one more grain, and the landslide rolls.
It's one more grain, and the landslide rolls.

Was it that one last grain,
That got the landslide going.
Was it that one last grain,
Or was it the last half million.
Was it that one last grain,
That got the landslide going.
Was it that one last grain,
Or was it the last half million.

One grain falls and another grain falls,
And another grain falls.
One grain falls and another grain falls,
And another grain falls.
The sand pile grows as another grain falls,
And another grain falls.
Then it's one more grain, and the landslide rolls.
It's one more grain, and the landslide rolls.

Social change comes rapidly when it comes.
The landslide rolls and nothing is where it was.
Social change comes rapidly when it comes.
The landslide rolls and nothing is where it was.

The landslide rolls and the landslide rolls,
And the landslide rolls.
The landslide rolls and the landslide rolls,
And the landslide rolls.
Society grows as the landslide rolls,
And the landslide rolls.
'Cause it's one more grain, and the landslide rolls.

Social change, comes like a landslide rolls.
One more grain, and the landslide rolls.
Social change, comes like a landslide rolls.
Like a landslide rolls.
Like a landslide rolls.

(Album, Rivers, Sage and Sand)

I Am Green Man

(2003-002)

I am green man. I am dancer.
I am Druid bard.
I am minstrel. I am enchanter.
You are who you are.

I am green man. I am dancer.
I am Druid bard.
I am minstrel. I am enchanter.
You are who you are. Who you are.

I am poem. I am traveler.
I am journey's end.
You are forest. I am Rambler.
I am furry friend.

I am poem. I am traveler.
I am journey's end.
You are forest. I am Rambler.
I am furry friend. Furry friend.
Furry friend, furry friend.

I'm gonna step into my big green shoes.
I'm gonna step into my big green shoes.
I'm gonna step into my big green shoes.
I'm gonna step into my big green shoes.
Big green shoes, big green shoes,
Step into my big green shoes.

I am green man. I am dancer.
I am Druid bard.
I am minstrel. I am enchanter.
You are who you are.

You are who you are. Play your blue guitar.
You are who you are. Play your blue guitar.
You are who you are. Play your blue guitar.
Play your blue guitar.

(Album, Rivers, Sage and Sand)

Certainty

(2003-003)

It seems to me, It seems to me,
That we all want our certainty.
Not these changing shapes, changing forms so free.
Not this unexpected fluidity.
We want our certainty.

In the town of Newark, California,
There was a party going on.
High school and university-aged,
Young people having fun.

A girl named Gwen,
Who had a few friends,
Went into the washroom,
And another girl went in.
And saw, "O my God, O my God,"
Gwen was not a girl. Gwen was a boy.
He'd been disguising himself for two or three years.

The girl ran out into the room,
And screamed, "Gwen is not a girl! Gwen has a cock!
Gwen is a boy."

The people at the party were incensed.
They wanted their firm certainty.
Did the memory of a scapegoat ritual,
Possess them, take them over, take control.

They dragged Gwen out into the room.
They stripped her and they beat her.
They tied her with a rope,
And they hung her til she died.
They tied her with a rope,
And they hung her til she died.

They drove her body out into the hills.
They tried to bury her, hoping none would know.
Hoping none would ever know,
About their scapegoat ritual.

It might have been only,
Three or four or five,
Who committed the actual murder,
But what about the others,
Who did nothing to help her.

It seems to me, it seems to me,
That we all want our certainty.
Not these changing shapes, changing forms so free,
Not this unexpected fluidity.

But there are many kinds of certainty,
It seems to me.
It would have been nice if Gwen,
Could have had the certainty,
Of being loved and respected,
Whatever gender she was shown to be.
Being loved and respected,
Whatever gender she was shown to be.

Certainty for the thousand,
Certainty for the one who is different.
Certainty for the thousand,
Certainty for the one who is different.

It seems to me, it seems to me,
That we all want our certainty.

(Album, Rivers, Sage and Sand)

Benedict Joseph Labre

(2003-004)

A beggar, in the streets of Rome,
In the eighteenth century.
A beggar, in the streets of Rome,
In the eighteenth century.
You chose to walk your road alone,
With nothing to your name,
And next to nothing to eat.

Your family, of the French bourgeoisie,
You left them far behind.
Your family, of the French bourgeoisie,
You left them far behind.
You became a pilgrim, to the shrines of Europe,
Then settling in Christendom's capital,
To find that peace that's hard to find.

Sleeping, in a crack in the wall,
When the rain came down,
Sleeping, in a crack in the wall,
When the rain came down,
Scavenging for food,
Giving away what alms people gave you,
Usually sleeping on the ground.

Spending your day,
Praying at the forty hour devotion,
In the churches of Rome,
Spending your day,
Praying at the forty hour devotion,
In the churches of Rome.
Poor man of the forty hours,
Beggar saint, vagabond of God,
The names by which you have been known.

And when you died, on Holy Week Wednesday,
In April 1783,
When you died, on Holy Week Wednesday,
In April 1783,
The children cried, "The saint is dead.",
And went running through the Roman street.

Thousands came to your funeral,
And a hundred and thirty miracles,
Were ascribed to your name.
Thousands came to your funeral,
And a hundred and thirty miracles,
Were ascribed to your name.
And almost ninety-nine years later,
The church declared you were a saint.

St. Benedict Joseph Labre,
It's two hundred years later,
And we still have people sleeping on the street.
St. Benedict Joseph Labre,
It's two hundred years later,
And we still have people sleeping on the street.
Blessed are those who choose to walk,
In your genuine spirit of poverty.
Blessed are those who choose to walk,
In your genuine spirit of poverty.

(Album, Rivers, Sage and Sand)

Moon Moon Moon

(2003-005)

Moon moon moon, What we gonna do about moon.
Moon moon moon, What we gonna do about moon.

Moon is rising. Moon is setting.
Moon is waxing. Moon is waning.
Moon is rising. Moon is setting.
Moon is waxing. Moon is waning.

Moon moon moon, What we gonna do about moon.
Moon moon moon, What we gonna do about moon.

All the dogs and all the wolves,
And all the people that I know,
Go mad when they know,
The rising moon is full.
All the dogs and all the wolves,
And all the people that I know,
Go mad when they know,
The rising moon is full.

Moon moon moon, What we gonna do about moon.
Moon moon moon, What we gonna do about moon.

Can't bring the moon down. It's too big.
Can't hide the moon, no. It won't hide.
Can't bring the moon down. It's too big.
Can't hide the moon, no. It won't hide.

Moon moon moon, What we gonna do about moon.
Moon moon moon, What we gonna do about moon.
Moon moon moon, What we gonna do about moon.
Moon moon moon, What we gonna do about moon.
What we gonna do about moon.
What we gonna do about,
Moon moon moon moon moon.

Moon moon moon, What we gonna do about moon.
Moon moon moon, What we gonna do about moon.

(Album, Rivers, Sage and Sand)

When Your Name Means Warrior

(2003-006)

When your name means warrior,
And your century is in flames,
When you've seen the millions crushed,
By Caesar's power games,
You have to dream a new land,
New utopias that might come to be,
So you can keep on keeping on,
And live to see a future, just and free.

When your name means warrior,
You were born to fight the fight,
To blaze a path of love and truth,
Blaze a path of light.
So from the time of darkness,
You boldly made your way,
And you told a million souls,
We can build a brighter day.

And when the armchair Marxists,
Drummed you out of what was your own,
The battle it was just as real,
As any you had known.
You knew the lies of empire.
You knew the lies of fear.
The ones who smiled and then turned out,
To be not what they appeared.
The ones who smiled and then turned out,
To be not what they appeared.

But when your name means warrior,
And your generation burns,
You have to fight to give the world,
The love for which it yearns.
And so do not go gentle,
Into that good night.
Give us the strength to carry on,
And fight the hopeful fight.

And so do not go gentle,
Into that good night.
Give us the love to stand as one,
And fight the hopeful fight.
When your name means warrior,
You were born to be,
A fighter and resister,
Who dreamed a world of peace.

Martin Quaker Warrior,
Child of the light,
You gave us all the strength to love,

Gave us all the strength to fight.
You gave us all the strength to love,
Gave us all the strength to fight.
To fight the hopeful fight,
To dream a world of light,
Where freedom takes to flight.
Fight the hopeful fight,
Dream a world of light,
Where freedom takes to flight.
You gave us all the strength to fight.

(Album, Rivers, Sage and Sand)

I Believe in People

(2003-007)

I believe in people,
Six billion human beings.
I believe in people,
Six billion human beings.

We come in all shapes and sizes and shades.
We have no reason to be afraid.
We come in all shapes and sizes and shades.
We have no reason to be afraid.

Whether you are brown or white,
Gay or straight or trans or bi,
With or without disability,
You have the right to live in peace.

Whether you are brown or white,
Gay or straight or trans or bi,
With or without disability,
You have the right to live in peace.
Have the right to live in peace.
Have the right to live in peace.

We are not afraid. We are not afraid.
We're all people who, the universe has made.
We are not afraid. We are not afraid.
We're all people who, the universe has made.

Transformation, transformation, transformation now.
Transformation, transformation, transformation now.

I believe in people,
Six billion human beings.
I believe in people,
Six billion human beings.

We come in all shapes and sizes and shades.
We have no reason to be afraid.
We come in all shapes and sizes and shades.
We have no reason to be afraid.

Don't be afraid. Don't be afraid. Don't be afraid.

(Album, Rivers, Sage and Sand)

Speak Truth to Power

(2003-008)

Some people say we should speak truth to power,
Til the power moves and injustices fall.
But maybe we oughta speak truth to each other,
And realize the power is within us all.
Realize the power is within us all.

First there came the sit-in.
Then there was the teach-in.
Then there came the love-in.
And then there was the be-in.

Then there was the sing-in.
Then there was the cry-in.
Then there came the starve-in.
And then there came the die-in.

Some people say we should speak truth to power,
Til the power moves and injustices fall.
But maybe we oughta speak truth to each other,
And realize the power is within us all.
Realize the power is within us all.

Gonna sit in an office and refuse to leave,
Have a sit-in.
Gonna raise our voices in a song of peace,
Have a sing-in.
Gonna fast for a day or two or three,
Have a starve-in.
Gonna gather together just to be be be,
Have a be-in.

Some people say we should speak truth to power,
Til the power moves and injustices fall.
But maybe we oughta speak truth to each other,
And realize the power is within us all.
Realize the power is within us all.

Gonna say everything there is to learn,
Have a teach-in.
Gonna love and let our passions burn,
Have a love-in.
Gonna share all our feelings all around,
Have a cry-in.
Gonna lie quietly on the ground,
Have a die-in.

Some people say we should speak truth to power,
Til the power moves and injustices fall.
But maybe we oughta speak truth to each other,
And realize the power is within us all.

Realize the power is within us all.
Realize the power is within us all.

We are the power.
The power dwells in everyone.
We are the power.
Let us join together and be strong.
We are the power.
The power dwells in everyone.
We are the power.
Let us join together and be strong.
The power dwells in everyone.
Let us join together and be strong.
Everyone, be strong. Everyone, be strong.

Some people say we should speak truth to power,
Til the power moves and injustices fall.
But maybe we oughta speak truth to each other,
And realize the power is within us all.
Realize the power is within us all.
Realize the power is within us all.
Within us all, within us all, within us all.

(Album, Rivers, Sage and Sand)

Golden Vision

(2003-009)

The golden vision,
Came with the sunrise,
After too many days without eating,
Upon the road.

It said we are the dreamers,
We are the runners.
And we'll run with all the light and love,
And peace in our souls.

Thirty thousand women,
Joined hands around Greenham Common,
In the month of December,
1984.

One tied a poem,
To the raiser wire.
One brought the first pair of booties,
Her first grandchild wore.

And eight hundred people,
Marched through the streets of,
Old Saskatoon,
January 2003.

And we felt the old songs,
Warming our spirits.
We felt Ed and Woody and Phil,
And Sonny and Brownie,
There marching with us,
Saying we're gonna be free.

And five hundred thousand,
Marched on the same day,
Filling the streets of,
Washington D.C.

And there were the old ones,
And there were the young ones,
Children and veterans,
Parents and students,
Dreamers and poets,
Like you and like me.

The golden vision,
Came with the sunrise,
After too many days without eating,
Upon the road.

It said we are the dreamers,

We are the peace runners.
We will run with all the light and love,
And peace in our souls.
We will run with all the light and love,
And peace in our souls.

(Album, Rivers, Sage and Sand)

Second Coming

(2003-010)

They ran out into the street,
Like they were lookin' for the Second Coming,
Whether Christ came as a Marxist or a Zen Buddhist.
Somebody said, If there's gonna be,
Another coming of the Nazarene,
Seems to me there'll have to be another Judas.

We are all the Second Coming.
Tell the story; hear the call.
The Second Coming is within us,
Everywhere around this blue-white ball.

They gathered in their thousands,
And they lit a million fires,
Watched the cities around the planet burning.
And they wondered what kind of phoenix,
Could rise from all the ashes.
Was there anything we were capable of learning.

We are all the Second Coming.
Tell the story; hear the call.
The second Coming is within us,
Everywhere around this blue-white ball.

John the Baptist came,
And called us all into the river,
This time to walk on water or be drowned.
The river was made of fire,
But still we kept on swimming,
Took another thousand lessons in the Tao.

We are all the Second Coming.
Tell the story; hear the call.
The Second Coming is within us,
Everywhere around this blue-white ball.
Everywhere around this blue-white ball.
Everywhere around this blue-white ball.

Joseph Campbell walking like a Sasquatch,
Aldus Huxley talking like a bear,
Then shall come the Son of Man,
Coming on the clouds,
And the Prince of Peace shall be everywhere.
The Prince of Peace shall be everywhere.

We are all the Second Coming.
Tell the story; hear the call.
The Second Coming is within us,
Everywhere around this blue-white ball.
Everywhere around this blue-white ball.

Everywhere around this blue-white ball.
Everywhere around this blue-white ball.

We are all the Second Coming.
We are all the Second Coming.
We are all the Second Coming.
Second Coming, Second Coming, Second Coming.

(Album, Rivers, Sage and Sand)

Alphabet Revolution

(2003-011)

We are anarchist bioregionalist,
Communitarian democratic eco-folky,
Gandhian hippy internationalist,
Justice-keeping liberationist Marxist,
Nonviolent Owenite pacifist Quaker,
Radical socialist Trotskyite,
Unitarian visionary Wiccan,
Xenophanesian yippy Zapatistes.

We are anarchist bioregionalist,
Communitarian democratic eco-folky,
Gandhian hippy internationalist,
Justice-keeping liberationist Marxist,
Nonviolent Owenite pacifist Quaker,
Radical socialist Trotskyite,
Unitarian visionary Wiccan,
Xenophanesian yippy Zapatistes.

And we drink Zam Zam Cola,
While reading Howard Zinn,
Practicing Zen meditation in a Ziggurat,
In a ziggurat, in a ziggurat.

We are anarchist bioregionalist,
Communitarian democratic eco-folky,
Gandhian hippy internationalist,
Justice-keeping liberationist Marxist,
Nonviolent Owenite pacifist Quaker,
Radical socialist Trotskyite,
Unitarian visionary Wiccan,
Xenophanesian yippy Zapatistas.

We are anarchist bioregionalist,
Communitarian democratic eco-folky,
Gandhian hippy internationalist,
Justice-keeping liberationist Marxist,
Nonviolent Owenite pacifist Quaker,
Radical socialist Trotskyite,
Unitarian visionary Wiccan,
Xenophanesian yippy Zapatistas.

And we drink Zam Zam Cola,
While reading Howard Zinn,
Practicing Zen meditation in a ziggurat,
In a ziggurat, in a ziggurat.

Yeah we drink Zam Zam Cola,
While reading Howard Zinn,
Practicing Zen meditation in a ziggurat,
In a ziggurat, in a ziggurat.

We are the alphabet revolution in a ziggurat.
We are the alphabet revolution in a ziggurat,
In a ziggurat.

We are anarchist bioregionalist,
Communitarian democratic eco-folky,
Gandhian hippy internationalist,
Justice-keeping liberationist Marxist,
Nonviolent Owenite pacifist Quaker,
Radical socialist Trotskyite,
Unitarian visionary Wiccan,
Xenophanesian yippy Zapatistas.

Anarchist bioregionalist,
Communitarian democratic eco-folky,
Gandhian hippy internationalist,
Justice-keeping liberationist Marxist,
Nonviolent Owenite pacifist Quaker,
Radical socialist Trotskyite,
Unitarian visionary Wiccan,
Xenophanesian yippy Zapatistas.

And we drink Zam Zam Cola,
While reading Howard Zinn,
Practicing Zen meditation in a ziggurat,
In a ziggurat, in a ziggurat.

We are the alphabet revolution in a ziggurat.
We are the alphabet revolution in a ziggurat,
In a ziggurat, in a ziggurat, in a ziggurat.

(Album, Paint the Cornfields Purple)

Peaceful Spirit

(2003-012)

Peaceful Spirit,
Hover over the water.
Peaceful Spirit,
Hover over the land.
Peaceful Spirit,
Hear your sons and your daughters.
Hear our dreams rising,
Like warm night air,
Rises from sand.

Let us build a great house,
On the rock of true freedom.
Let us build it with courage,
And the strength of our hands.
Let us build a great house,
For all of the people,
And engrave it with peace,
And all for which we stand.

Let us dream a deep valley,
As green as sweet Terra.
Let us dream a deep valley,
Carved into our souls.
Where a century's rivers,
Have flowed through our spirits,
Where the earth stone is weathered,
As time makes us whole.

Peaceful Spirit,
Hover over the water.
Peaceful Spirit,
Hover over the land.
Peaceful Spirit,
Hear your sons and your daughters.
Hear our dreams rising,
Like warm night air,
Rises from sand.
Hear our dreams rising,
Like warm night air,
Rises from sand.

(Album, Paint the Cornfields Purple)

The Wrath of Gaia

(2003-013)

Telephone pole crashes,
In lightening storm.
Hurricane force winds,
Hurricane driven rain, comin' down.

And all the little people,
Scamper and scatter, 'Cause they know,
We are small in the face of,
The wrath of Gaia.
We are small in the face of,
The wrath of Gaia.

Mother Earth is powerful.
She is wrathful Goddess Kali.
Come to take another swing,
At our arrogance.
Drums of ocean, drums of storm cloud,
Come to knock us out of,
Our place of pride.
We are not the lords of the earth;
We are peasants.
We are not the lords of the earth;
We are beggars.

And all the little people,
Scamper and scatter, 'cause they know,
We are small in the face of,
The wrath of Gaia.
We are small in the face of,
The wrath of Gaia.

Our tallest statues,
Can be swept away.
Our satellite dishes,
Can be swept away.
Our finest mansions,
Can be swept away.
Everything we dreamed of,
Everything we worked for,
Can be swept away.
When the hand of Gaia,
Comes like Kali.
Angry Woman Nature,
Bitch of the Night,
Once she has come through,
All we can do,
Is rebuild everything one more time.

And all the little people,
Scamper and scatter, 'Cause they know,

We are small in the face of,
The wrath of Gaia.
We are small in the face of,
The wrath of Gaia.
We are small in the face of,
The wrath of Gaia.
The wrath of Gaia.
The wrath of Gaia.

(Album, Paint the Cornfields Purple).

No More Wars for Texaco

(2003-014)

We say no, we won't go.
No more wars for Texaco.
We say we won't go away.
Peace not war is what we say.

We say no, we won't go.
No more wars for Texaco.
We say we won't go away.
Peace not war is what we say.

We are growing ever stronger.
We will serve your guns no longer.
We are gathering everywhere,
To build a world that's just and fair.

We say no, we won't go.
No more wars for Texaco.
We say we won't go away.
Peace not war is what we say.

We say no, we won't go.
No more wars for Texaco.
We say we won't go away.
Peace not war is what we say.

We are growing ever stronger.
We will serve your guns no longer.
We are gathering everywhere,
To build a world that's just and fair.

We say no, we won't go.
No more wars for Texaco.
We say we won't go away.
Peace not war is what we say.

We say no, we won't go.
No more wars for Texaco.
We say we won't go away.
Peace not war is what we say.

We are growing ever stronger.
We will serve your guns no longer.
We are gathering everywhere,
To build a world that's just and fair.

We say no, we won't go.
No more wars for Texaco.
We say we won't go away.
Peace not war is what we say.

We say no, we won't go.
No more wars for Texaco.
We say we won't go away.
Peace not war is what we say.

We are growing ever stronger.
We will serve your guns no longer.
We are gathering everywhere,
To build a world that's just and fair.

We are growing ever stronger.
We will serve your guns 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, Paint the Cornfields Purple)

All Over the World

(2003-015)

All over the world, all over the world,
All over the world, all over the world.

All over the world,
We are human beings.
All over the world,
Marching in the street.
All over the world,
Feeling the earth's heart beating.
All over the world,
Raising our voice for peace.

All over the world,
February 15th.
All over the world,
2003.
All over the world,
We are humanity.
All over the world,
Raising our voice for peace.

From Melbourne in the sunshine,
To Jordan in the rain,
Paris London Montreal,
New York Chicago L.A.
A hundred thousand in Syria,
Over a million in Rome.
Berlin, Barcelona,
All around our planet home.

All over the world,
We are humanity,
Catching a glimpse of the earth made whole,
Seeing it in our dreams.
All over the world,
All over the world.

Let the light shine, in our hearts.
Let the light shine, around the earth.
Let the light shine, in our hearts.
Let the light shine, around the earth.

All over the world,
We are human beings.
All over the world,
Marching in the streets.
All over the world,
Feeling the earth's heart beating.
All over the world,
Raising our voice for peace,

Raising our voice for peace,
Raising our voice for peace.

Marching in the streets,
Seeing it in our dreams,
Marching in the streets,
Raising our voice for peace.
All over the world,
Seeing it in our dreams.
All over the world,
All over the world,
All over the world.

(Album, Paint the Cornfields Purple)

Twelve Billion Hands

(2003-016)

Hard hands, have known struggle.
Big hands, are made of iron.
Human hands, will calm our pounding hearts.
Great hands, pointing to the rising star.

Twelve billion hands, around the world.
Two of them are mine, and two of them are yours.
Twelve billion hands, around the world,
Two of them are mine, and two of them are yours.

Let's put our hands together,
In honour of the ones,
The ones who did not cower,
In the shadow of the guns.
Let's put our hands together,
In honour of the ones,
The ones who did not cower,
In the shadow of the guns.

Hard hands, of peasants and workers,
Big hands, speak of corporate power.
Human hands, joined together 'round the earth.
Great hands, with great hearts that know their worth.

Twelve billion hands, around the world,
Two of them are mine, and two of them are yours.
Twelve billion hands, around the world,
Two of them are mine, and two of them are yours.

Let's put our hands together,
In honour of the ones,
The ones who did not cower,
Before the corporate guns.
Let's put our hands together,
In honour of the ones,
The ones who did not cower,
Before the corporate guns.

Hard hands, will shape the future.
Big hands, will rise from among us all.
Human hands, will help us give warmth to one another.
Great hands, the hands of six billion sisters and brothers.

Twelve billion hands, around the world,
Two of them are mine, and two of them are yours.
Twelve billion hands, around the world,
Two of them are mine, and two of them are yours.

Let's put our hands together,
In honour of the ones,

The ones who did not cower,
At the power of the guns.
Let's put our hands together,
In honour of the ones,
The ones who did not cower,
At the power of the guns.

Hard hands, big hands, human hands, great hands.

(Album, Paint the Cornfields Purple)

I Don't Like the Maoists

(2003-017)

I don't like the Maoists,
'Cause the Maoists have no minds.
I don't like the Maoists,
'Cause all they give you,
Is their Maoist party-line.

I don't like the Maoists,
'Cause the Maoists aren't going anywhere.
I don't like the Maoists.
The only place they lead you,
Is to despair.

I don't like the Maoists,
And I think you'll all agree.
I don't like the Maoists.
This world would be a better place,
If it were Maoist-free.

I don't like the Maoists,
'Cause all they say is Mao Mao Mao.
I don't like the Maoists.
I don't like their rendition of,
Revolution Now!

I don't like the Maoists.
They will try to tell you wrong is right.
I don't like the Maoists,
But I'm okay with the Trotskyites.

I don't like the Maoists.
I don't like their party-line.
No I don't like the Maoists,
But I'm okay with the Trotskyites.
I'm okay with the Trotskyites.
Yeah the Trotskyites.
I'm okay with the Trotskyites.

(Album, Paint the Cornfields Purple)

Weatherman

(2003-018)

I will come with a rainbow.
I will come with a lightening bolt.
I will come with a rainbow.
I will come with a lightening bolt.
I am Weatherman.
I am Weatherman.

I go underground,
To turn your house around.
I go underground,
To turn your house around.
I am Weatherman.
I am Weatherman.

You all know my name.
I bring the poring rain.
You all know my name.
I bring the poring rain.
I am Weatherman.
I am Weatherman.

I will carry on,
Underground in Babylon.
I will carry on,
Underground in Babylon.
I am Weatherman.
I am Weatherman.

Underground I will defy,
CIA and FBI.
Underground I will defy,
CIA and FBI.
I am Weatherman.
I am Weatherman.

Not even the wind can warn,
Warn you of the coming storm.
Not even the wind can warn,
Warn you of the coming storm.
I am Weatherman.
I am Weatherman.

We will meet again,
In thunder lightening wind and rain.
We will meet again,
In thunder lightening wind and rain.
I am Weatherman.
I am Weatherman.
I am Weatherman.
I am Weatherman.

I am Weatherman.
I am Weatherman.

I will come with a rainbow.
I will come with a lightening bolt.
I will come with a rainbow.
I will come with a lightening bolt.
I am Weatherman.
I am Weatherman.
I am Weatherman.
I am Weatherman.
I am Weatherman.
I am Weatherman.

Won Noitulover, Won noitulover,
Won noitulover, Won noitulover.

Ottaglad Noiram vil gnol.
Ottaglad Noiram vil gnol.

Won noitulover, Won noitulover.

(Album, Paint the Cornfields Purple)

Sprouted from a Seed

(2003-019)

The stars seem to shine so much brighter,
When a flower has sprouted from a seed.
Seeds of hope, seeds of resistance,
Are planted in our beings,
Even as we grow as children.

And then one day,
A seed suddenly flowers.
And then one day,
Ideas they bear fruit.
And then one day,
Everyone sees the power,
Of a few people speaking their minds,
Even if it's only three or four or five.
And it all comes true,
And the world is a better place,
Because of what you do.

The stars seem to shine so much brighter,
When a flower has sprouted from a seed.
Seeds of hope, seeds of resistance,
Are planted in our beings,
Even as we grow as children.

And then one day,
We speak our minds.
And then one day,
We're at the point of no returning.
And then one day,
We move our time,
Rather than being moved by,
The rule of conformity.
We step out of line,
And the lines are drawn differently.
And the shapes are drawn differently.
And the world turns differently.
And life flows differently.

When a flower, has sprouted from a seed.
When a flower, has sprouted from a seed.

(Album, Paint the Cornfields Purple)

Song for the White Rose

(2003-020)

Monday,
Twenty-second day of February,
Munich 1943.

The three of you arrested,
Tried in a show trial,
Then given the guillotine.

You called yourselves the White Rose,
And you dared to stand up against,
The darkest night in history.

Knowing there are times when,
One cannot be silent.
Knowing there are times when,
One cannot be silent.

You painted slogans on the walls of buildings.
Hung banners in the streets and,
Dropped leaflets on the stairway.

Calling upon the people,
To rise up and resist,
The Third Reich with nonviolence.
Knowing it was quite possible,
You would be quickly silenced.

Sophie Scholl you were a young woman,
Only twenty-one years old.
You helped make the leaflets.
You helped distribute them.

They said you went to your death,
With calmness and serenity.
They said you went to your death,
With calmness and with courage.

'Cause if we cannot speak out,
Against genocidal oppression,
What is life's meaning.

You called yourselves the White Rose,
And you dared to stand up against,
The darkest tide in history.

Knowing there are times when,
One cannot be silent.
Knowing there are times when,
We cannot be silent.

Tell me who found the true peace,
You, in that moment, on the guillotine,
Or the millions who did nothing.

Tell me who found the true peace,
You, in that moment, on the guillotine,
Or the millions who did nothing.

(Album, Paint the Cornfields Purple).

Terra Nova

(2003-021)

Terra Nova, Terra Nova,
I dream, Terra Nova.

Terra Nova, Terra Nova,
I dream, Terra Nova.

And behold I saw,
A new Heaven and a new Earth.
We'd been through the struggle.
We'd been through the pangs of birth.

Terra Nova, Terra Nova,
I dream, Terra Nova.

And behold I saw,
A new day dawning everywhere.
We'd been through the fire.
We'd cleared the smoke and breathed free air.

Terra Nova, Terra Nova,
I dream, Terra Nova.

Terra Nova, Terra Nova,
I dream, Terra Nova.
Terra Nova, Terra Nova.

(Album, Paint the Cornfields Purple)

Cherry Tree

(2003-022)

Cherry tree on Cherry Street,
Growing old with me.
Cherry tree on Cherry Street,
Growing old with me.

I remember childhood scenes.
They have given strength to me.
Through the struggles through the streams,
Of fantasy and history.

We ate our cherries one by one,
On our summer holiday.
We drank our fruit juice in the sun,
And found we still had time to play.

Cherry tree on Cherry Street,
Growing old with me.
Cherry tree on Cherry Street,
Growing old with me.

Remember when this tree was young.
Remember when the world was new.
The well from which idealism sprung,
Our passions and the bobbing moon.

Springtime turned to summer's eve.
Summer turned to autumn wind.
The rain fell with the red-orange leaves,
But we were happy to the brim.

Cherry tree on Cherry Street,
Growing old with me.
Cherry tree on Cherry Street,
Growing old with me.

Time takes its toll upon our souls,
But still we know,
The cherry juice glass,
Is not half empty, but half full.

We gather 'round in Cherry Town,
Old mystics at our fairy mound.
The years have weathered us all 'round,
But still there is a whisper,
From the cherry roots deep down.

Time ages us from scene to scene,
But our souls are still as brilliant,
As they have ever been.
Time takes our hand. Time takes our feet.

But still we dream,
One day we will climb that cherry tree.

Cherry tree on Cherry Street,
Growing old with me.
Cherry tree on Cherry Street,
Growing old with me.
Growing old with me.

(Album, Paint the Cornfields Purple)

Riding Hood Rumble

(2003-023)

Little Red Riding Hood,
Came riding with a pistol.
Little Red Riding Hood,
Came riding with a pistol.
Riding on a Harley,
Ready for a rumble.
Little Red Riding Hood,
Came riding with a pistol.

She learned her lesson long ago.
You can't trust a wolf in grandma's clothes.
She came back and shot the wolf,
And made herself a nice wolf fur coat.

Her politics were redder than red.
Kill capitalism is what she said.
Take the system, tear it down.
Drive the bosses right out of town.

Little Red Riding Hood,
Came riding with a pistol.
Little Red Riding Hood,
Came riding with a pistol.
Riding on a Harley,
Ready for a rumble.
Little Red Riding Hood,
Came riding with a pistol.

She came too late to save Snow White,
After she took that apple bight.
The prince came riding on his way,
And Snow got married the very next day.

But Hansel and Gretel freed themselves,
And it wasn't even a witch who held,
The two of them in a candy prison.
No, it was the inquisition.

Little Red Riding Hood,
Came riding with a pistol.
Little Red Riding Hood,
Came riding with a pistol.
Riding on a Harley,
Ready for a rumble.
Little Red Riding Hood,
Came riding with a pistol.

She broke into the jabbering bean,
And she laid waste the whole damn scene.
She helped the people free themselves,

Whooped the inquisition and abolished Hell.

She said I learned my lesson long ago.
You can't trust a wolf in grandma's clothes.
Now all the wolves they stand in awe,
As she rides with a pistol in her bra.

Little Red Riding Hood,
Came riding with a pistol.
Little Red Riding Hood,
Came riding with a pistol.
Riding on a Harley,
Ready for a rumble.
Little Red Riding Hood,
Came riding with a pistol.
Little Red Riding Hood,
Came riding with a pistol.

Little Red Riding Hood,
Fully grown,
Became an underground left-wing,
Guerilla woman.

Little Red Riding Hood,
Fully grown,
Became an underground left-wing,
Guerilla woman.

Little Red Riding Hood,
Fully grown,
Became an underground left-wing,
Guerilla woman.

Riding with a pistol,
Ready for a rumble,
Riding with a pistol,
Ready for a rumble.

Little Red Riding Hood,
Came riding with a pistol.

(Album, Paint the Cornfields Purple)

Toward That Light

(2003-024)

You tried to strike Brian Wilson down,
And injured him for life.
But Brian kept on fighting,
And walking toward that light.

You tried kicking William Thomas around,
And his First Amendment rights.
But the Peace Park vigil keeps on going,
And walking toward that light.

As we keep walking toward that light.

You struck down Karen Silkwood,
And took away her life.
But the word remains and the spirit remains,
As we keep walking toward that light.

You struck down Stephen Biko,
And thought you'd won the fight.
But the word remains and the spirit remains,
As we keep walking toward that light.

As we keep walking toward that light.

You struck down Sandy Sheuer,
In the springtime of her life.
But the word remains and the spirit remains,
As we keep walking toward that light.

You struck down Carlo Giuliani,
And blamed him for the strife.
But the word remains and the spirit remains,
As we keep walking toward that light.

As we keep walking toward that light.

You struck down Jeanie Donovan,
As she worked for what is right.
But the word remains and the spirit remains,
As we keep walking toward that light.

You struck down Rachel Corrie,
As she fought the peaceful fight.
But the word remains and the spirit remains,
As we keep walking toward that light.

As we keep walking toward that light.

And a million more have fought and died,
For every one I've named.

But one day a circle of love and peace,
Will replace your power game.

Yes a million more have fought and died,
For every one I've named.
But we are growing stronger,
And we will not be tamed.

As we keep walking toward that light.
As we keep walking toward that light.

And a million more will raise their voice,
And join the battle-cry battle-cry.
And ten million more will join them.
The resistance will not die.

Yes a million more will raise their voice,
And join the battle-cry.
And ten million more will join them.
The resistance will not die.

As we keep walking toward that light.
As we keep walking toward that light.
As we keep walking toward that light.

(Album, Paint the Cornfields Purple)

Call God Mother

(2003-025)

We're gonna work for a world,
Where people love one another.
We're gonna work for peace,
And we're gonna call God Mother.
We're gonna call God Mother.
We're gonna call God Mother.

We're gonna work for a world,
Where people love one another.
We're gonna work for peace,
And we're gonna call God Mother.
We're gonna call God Mother.
We're gonna call God Mother.

She made the universe,
Made the stars to shine in the heavens.
She made the moon and Earth,
And gave us her love forever.
Gave us her love forever.
Gave us her love forever.

She made the universe,
Made the stars to shine in the heavens.
She made the moon and Earth,
And gave us her love forever.
Gave us her love forever.
And gave us her love forever.

We're gonna work for a world,
Where people love one another.
We're gonna work for peace,
And we're gonna call God Mother.
We're gonna call God Mother.
We're gonna call God Mother.

She is the mother of all.
We are her cosmic children.
All those who hear her call,
Choose to become peace pilgrims.
Choose to become peace pilgrims.
Choose to become peace pilgrims.

She is the mother of all.
We are her cosmic children.
All those who hear her call,
Choose to become peace pilgrims.
Choose to become peace pilgrims.
Choose to become peace pilgrims.

We're gonna work for a world,

Where people love one another.
We're gonna work for peace,
And we're gonna call God Mother.
We're gonna call God Mother.
We're gonna call God Mother.

We're gonna work for a world,
Where people love one another.
We're gonna work for peace,
And we're gonna call God Mother.
We're gonna call God Mother.
We're gonna call God Mother.
We're gonna call God Mother.

We're gonna call God Mother.
We're gonna call God Mother.
We're gonna call God Mother.
Call God Mother.

(Album, Paint the Cornfields Purple)

O Mustard Seed

(2003-026)

O the mustard seed, grows into a tree.
The mustard seed, grows into a tree.
And the movement builds til we all are free.
And the mustard seed, grows into a tree.

And the dissidents walk, in a field of corn.
And the dissidents walk, in a field of corn.
Picking corn and eating it on a bright new morn.
And the dissidents walk, in a field of corn.

And the mustard seed, grows into a tree.
And the mustard seed, grows into a tree.
And the movement builds til we all are free.
And the mustard seed, grows into a tree.

Paint the cornfields purple, wherever you may be.
Paint the cornfields purple, wherever you may be.
The messianic time is alive in you and me.
Paint the cornfields purple, wherever you may be.

And the mustard seed, grows into a tree.
And the mustard seed, grows into a tree.
And the movement builds til we all are free.
And the mustard seed, grows into a tree.

Paint the cornfields purple.
Paint the cornfields purple.
Take a walk in the cornfield.
Paint the cornfields purple.

Another world is possible.
Another world is possible.
Take a walk in the cornfield.
Paint the cornfields purple.

And the mustard seed, grows into a tree.
And the mustard seed, grows into a tree.
And the movement builds til we all are free.
And the mustard seed, grows into a tree.

And the mustard seed, grows into a tree.
And the mustard seed, grows into a tree.
And the movement builds til we all are free.
And the mustard seed, grows into a tree.

The mustard seed, grows into a tree.
And the mustard seed, grows into a tree.
Paint the cornfields purple, wherever you may be.
And the mustard seed, grows into a tree.

O mustard seed, o mustard seed,
May you grow into a tree.
May you grow into a tree.
O mustard seed, o mustard seed,
May you grow into a tree.
May you grow into a tree.

The mustard seed, grows into a tree.
And the mustard seed, grows into a tree.
And the movement builds til we all are free.
And the mustard seed, grows into a tree.
And the mustard seed, grows into a tree.
And the mustard seed, grows into a tree.

(Album, Paint the Cornfields Purple)

Crash Through the Wall

(2003-027)

Crash through the wall. Crash through the wall.
Rise from the floor. Look down on it all.
Fly through the air, and crash through the wall.

Crash through the wall. Crash through the wall.
Crash through the wall. Crash through the wall.

When you reach the other side of the wall,
You will see what's there.
You'll realize that sometimes,
The world will only change,
When humans fly through air.

Crash through the wall. Crash through the wall.
Crash through the wall. Crash through the wall.

And the hole that you left in the wall,
Will be a beacon to all those who come.
And the hole that you left in the wall,
Will be a beacon to all those who come.

When Big Brother is no longer watching you,
When the telescreen turns on,
And you have a freedom that you never knew,
You might realize the only,
Big Brother that has ever been,
Is the self-annihilator,
Buried deep within.

Crash through the wall. Crash through the wall.
Crash through the wall. Crash through the wall.
Rise from the floor. Look down on it all.
Fly through the air, and crash through the wall.

Crash through the wall. Crash through the wall.
Crash through the wall. Crash through the wall.
Crash through the wall.
Through the wall, through the wall, through the wall.

(Album, Dream Spring Convergence)

All You Anarchistes

(2003-028)

Come all you anarchists,
And anti-capitalistes,
We're making a revolution all over this town.
You ecosocialistes,
And direct actionistes,
Military capitalism has gotta come down down down.

We don't say some day; we say now.
We don't say somewhere; we say here.
We are the people rising to take power,
All around this planetary sphere.

Come all you Chomskyistes,
And Granscian Marxistes,
The revolution is rolling down the road.
You left biocentristes,
And radical pacifistes,
There's no more time for turning 'round. Let's go go go.

We don't say some day; we say now.
We don't say somewhere; we say here.
We are the people rising to take power,
All around this planetary sphere,
Without fear.

Come all you feministes,
And deep ecologistes,
We are gonna stand on solid ground.
You anti-militaristes,
And anti-imperialistes,
We're gonna take this world and turn it,
'round 'round 'round.

We don't say some day; we say now.
We don't say somewhere; we say here.
We are the people rising to take power,
All around this planetary sphere,
Without fear, making it clear.

Come all you anarchists,
And anti-capitalistes,
We're making a revolution all over this town.
You ecosocialistes,
And direct actionistes,
Military capitalism has gotta come down down down.
Military capitalism has gotta come down down down.
Military capitalism has gotta come down down down.

(Album, Dream Spring Convergence)

Green Wood

(2003-029)

When Tolstoy was seven years old,
His older brother told him,
He had written the secret,
That would bring happiness to all,
On a green stick and buried it,
In the forest on the Tolstoy estate.

And Tolstoy spent his whole life,
Searching for the secret,
Of universal happiness,
For humankind,
Seldom finding happiness for himself.
Seldom finding happiness for himself.

And before Tolstoy died,
He requested to be buried,
Near the place where his brother,
Had buried the green wood,
All those many years before.

As if only when laid,
To rest in the earth,
Could he come close to the truth.
Could he come close to the truth.

O child of God,
You were created to create,
The true, the beautiful and the good.
O child of God,
You were created to create,
The true, the beautiful and the good.

And it seems we must spend our whole lifetime,
Trying to find that long buried green wood.
It seems we must spend our whole lifetime,
Trying to find that long buried green wood.

And before Tolstoy died,
He requested to be buried,
Near the place where his brother,
Had buried the green wood,
All those many years ago.

As if only when laid,
To rest in the earth,
Could he come close to the truth.
Could he come close to the truth.

O child of God,
You were created to create,

The true, the beautiful and the good.
O child of God,
You were created to create,
The true, the beautiful and the good.

And it seems we must spend our whole lifetime,
Trying to find that long buried green wood.
It seems we must spend our whole lifetime,
Trying to find that long buried green wood.
Trying to find that long buried green wood.

Trying to find that long buried green wood.

(Album, Dream Spring Convergence)

Let Us Begin

(2003-030)

If you've come to help me,
You are wasting my time,
Wasting my time, wasting my time.
But if you've come,
'Cause your liberation's bound up in mine,
Let us begin. Let us begin.
Your liberation is bound up in mine.
Let us begin. Let us begin today.

Brian Wilson was a Vietnam,
Vet who had learned,
The truth about his country,
How it burns burns burns.

In 1987,
He knelt on a railway,
To stop a train that was carrying,
Arms to the Contras.

The train struck him and dragged him,
And threw him off the track.
He lost both of his legs,
And had a fractured skull.

But when the surgery was over,
And he came to again,
He said, I'm gonna be,
Right back out there protesting.
I'm gonna be right back out there,
Just as soon as I can.

If you've come to help me,
You are wasting my time,
Wasting my time, wasting my time.
But if you've come,
'Cause your liberation's bound up in mine,
Let us begin. Let us begin.
Your liberation is bound up in mine.
Let us begin. Let us begin today.

A grade twelve student,
Named Courtney Butler,
At a high school in New Mexico,
2003.

Read her poem entitled,
"Revolution X",
Over the school's,
Closed circuit TV.

Saying no to Bush,
And the Pentagon,
And calling for a nonviolent,
Revolution.

The teacher who allowed,
The poem to be read,
Was given administrative leave,
And the writers' club,
Was banned from the school,
Because of the poem's,
Anti-war and anti-establishment view.

I would have thought the system,
Would know by now,
You can't keep a good,
Idea down.

The fight for peace and justice,
Is still on the prowl,
And like many before her,
Courtney Butler,
Has joined in the howl.

If you've come to help me,
You are wasting my time,
Wasting my time, wasting my time.
But if you've come,
'Cause your liberation's bound up in mine,
Let us begin. Let us begin.
Your liberation is bound up in mine.
Let us begin. Let us begin today.

Whether we fight with words,
That turn the mind,
Or whether we put our bodies,
On the line,

We are fighting the fight,
In a million ways,
Challenging the system with the dream,
Of a just and peaceful day.

In a direct action,
In a poem in a song,
The revolution,
Is carrying on.
The revolution is alive,
And wild, and strong.

If you've come to help me,
You are wasting my time,

Wasting my time, wasting my time.
But if you've come,
'Cause your liberation's bound up in mine,
Let us begin. Let us begin.
Your liberation is bound up in mine.
Let us begin. Let us begin today.

Your liberation is bound up in mine.
Let us begin. Let us begin.
Your liberation is bound up in mine.
Let us begin. Let us begin today.
Let us begin today.

(Albums, Dream Spring Convergence, and, Peace and Justice Everywhere)

If I Was an Iraqi

(2003-031)

If I was an Iraqi,
And I knew the pain and suffering,
The West had brought about,
Among my people,
I would not be welcoming,
The American military, with open arms.

If I was an Iraqi,
And I had watched my new-born infant die,
Because there was no medicine, thanks to sanctions,
I would not view, the American invasion,
As liberation.

If I was an Iraqi,
And I'd had a brother or a sister,
Among the seventy-five thousand,
Iraqi citizens, killed in Gulf War One,
I would be an Iraqi nationalist,
When I saw the falling bombs,
Or heard the distant roar of guns.

If I was an Iraqi,
I would pick up a gun,
And fight the Americans,
For the honour of my country,
By whatever means necessary.

If I was an Iraqi,
I would be proud to say,
That I was not a coward.
I would die defending Baghdad,
Rather than take the Yankee candy,
Or Valentine's Day flowers.

As it is, I'm a Canadian,
Born to First World privilege,
So I lay down in the street,
In solidarity,
With all the thousands who have died,
Every time Uncle Sam went off to war.

And I speak nonviolently,
And dream of a world at peace,
And think of all the chances we have missed,
And hope that we might have one more.

So I say to the Iraqi people,
Pick up your guns.
Defend your country's honour.
Give the Americans what they've had coming,

For a very long time.

I say to the Iraqi people,
Pick up your guns.
Defend your country's honour.
Give the Americans what they've had coming,
For a very long time.

Because if I were one of you,
That's what I would do.
I'd fight the invaders,
Til every gun barrel ran dry.
Til every gun barrel ran dry.

If I was an Iraqi.

(Album, Dream Spring Convergence)

Rat's World

(2003-032)

Once there was a rat,
Not too skinny and not too fat,
Who crawled into a rat hole in the wall,
Where he died.
But before the rat died,
He managed to write a letter to his friends,
Who were still on the outside.

He said, life is hard,
Being a rat in a maze,
So won't you send some flowers,
To my long-lost love.
She was a carpet sweeper,
In the next living room cupboard.
She was a carpet sweeper,
In the next living room cupboard.

And the rat made a speech on behalf of,
All the rodents of the world,
Saying no more mazes please,
And no more boiling water.
Listen human beings,
This is our manifesto.
We no longer wish to be,
Your experimental, cannon fodder.
No more mazes,
No more pots of boiling water.

Rodent power is on the rise.
Rodent power is on the rise.
If I were you I wouldn't close your eyes.
Rodent power is on the rise.

It's a rat's world. It's a rat's world.
It's a rat's world. It's a rat's world.

Once there was a rat,
Not too skinny and not too fat,
Who crawled into a rat hole in the wall,
Where he died.
But before the rat died,
He managed to write a letter to his friends,
Who were still on the outside.

He said, life is hard,
Being a rat in a maze,
So won't you send some flowers,
To my long-lost love.
She was a carpet sweeper,
In the next living room cupboard.

She was a carpet sweeper,
In the next living room cupboard.

And the rat made a speech on behalf of,
The rodents of the world,
Saying no more mazes please,
No more pots of boiling water.
Listen human beings,
This is our manifesto.
We no longer wish to be,
Your experimental, cannon fodder.
No more mazes,
No more pots of boiling water.

Rodent power is on the rise.
Rodent power is on the rise.
If I were you I wouldn't close your eyes.
Rodent power is on the rise.

It's a rat's world. It's a rat's world.
It's a rat's world. It's a rat's world.
It's a rat's world. It's a rat's world.
It's a rat's world.

(Album, Dream Spring Convergence)

Starlight

(2003-033)

We are starlight.
We were born before this world became.
And we shine down,
On to the earth,
As the story in our souls is played.

We are starlight,
And we walk on starlight Planet Earth.
Every stone, every river,
Is made of stars.

Every stone is your teacher.
Every drop of sea,
Every grain of sand is your brother.
Every star and every tree,
Is your sister.

And all the universe,
Is our lover.
And we are made of stars,
As is every blade of grass,
Every grasshopper, every centipede.

We are starlight.
We were born a billion years or more,
Before the earth became.
And we will shine,
Til the universe,
Gradually fades, away.

We are starlight.
We were born a billion years or more,
Before the earth became.
And we will shine,
Til the universe,
Gradually fades, away.

(Album, Dream Spring Convergence)

Ideas

(2003-034)

Prison bars cannot contain ideas.
Prison bars cannot contain ideas.
You might think you've locked them all away,
But they'll be back marching the very next day.
Prison bars cannot contain ideas.

Corporate history books cannot stop the people,
From remembering.
Corporate history books cannot stop the people,
From remembering.
The schools might feed our children lies,
But a good idea never dies.
Corporate history books cannot stop the people,
From remembering.

Your hundred channel universe can never force us,
To throw our minds away.
Your hundred channel universe can never force us,
To throw our minds away.
We'll say no to your stupidity,
Turn you off and turn on to reality.
Your hundred channel universe can never force us,
To throw our minds away.

Our minds will keep rolling,
As the good ideas keep flowing.
In the vision of a better world,
Like a gentle lamplight glowing.
And one day we will turn around,
And we will surely see,
The good ideas of a thousand years,
Have become reality.
The good ideas of a thousand years,
Have become reality.

Prison bars cannot contain ideas.
Prison bars cannot contain ideas.
You might think you've locked them all away,
But they'll be back marching the very next day.
Prison bars cannot contain ideas.
Prison bars cannot contain ideas.
Prison bars cannot contain ideas.
Ideas, ideas.

(Album, Dream Spring Convergence)

Wolfsmoke

(2003-035)

A man who says,
He was born on the land,
Who says he simply wants to,
Live in this land.
A man who says he,
Has the right to live anywhere,
In the northern part,
Of the Western Hemisphere,
Who says his great grandmother,
And great grandfather,
From fifty generations ago,
Were living here long before,
Columbus ever took a piss,
On this side of the globe.

But Immigration Canada,
Has a mind of its own.
They don't wanna hear the words,
Of Charlie Wolfsmoke.
And they know that if there were,
Too many Charlie Wolfsmokes around,
Talkin' about rights that existed,
Before the current map was handed down,
People might start thinking.
People might start wondering.
People might start asking,
What is this place called Canada anyway.
People might start questioning,
What on Earth is this thing called the USA.

Superimposed ideas,
On an original continent,
Some might say,
And before too long,
Canada and the USA,
Might fade away.
And we'd have a gentle patchwork,
Of bioregions,
Liberated peoples,
And eco-nations.
And they'd be living peacefully.

They wouldn't need no Pentagon.
And they wouldn't need no Homeland Security.
And they would neither want nor need,
The FBI, or the CSIS or the RCMP.
And needless to say,
They would neither want nor need,
The CIA, the NSA or the NSC.

'Cause they'd be living freely and equitably,
In a kind of self-governing gentle anarchy.
And they wouldn't be tryin' to steel,
The rest of the world's resources,
The way we currently do.
And they wouldn't be gettin',
The rest of the world angry at them.
And they wouldn't have no,
Corporate power, Twin Towers to lose.
'Cause they'd be living peacefully.
They'd be living peacefully.

So they deported Charlie Wolfsmoke,
Down across the line,
Claiming he is a white man,
Born in Tennessee.
They told him his name was Roger Adams,
And that he belonged in the USA.
The lengths to which they won't go,
To defend the false constructions,
Of the European colonial state.

Yeah they deported Charlie Wolfsmoke,
Down across the line,
But he says he'll be back one day,
And so do I.

Sometimes it takes a Charlie Wolfsmoke,
With his courage and conviction,
To remind us all of what is real,
And what is paper world machine,
Historic fiction.
To remind us all of what is real,
And what is paper world machine,
Historic fiction.

(Album, Dream Spring Convergence)

Tranquility Bay

(2003-036)

Sea of Tranquility,
I heard your name long ago,
When I was but a boy.
Envisioning star,
In a dark Lunar sky,
Over eerie Lunar white sand,
And the two suit-clad astronauts,
Walking out on to the surface,
On that day.

And the Eagle is landing at Tranquility Bay,
While all the world watches on.
And I dream of the day we reach out into space,
'Bove the curves of this planet so small,
In a spirit of love and peace,
And justice for all.
And justice for all.

And the plaque they left on the moon,
Said we came, in peace,
July 1969,
And so let us dream,
Tranquility Bay.

And a tribal wise man,
Points to the moon and says,
"Is it true your people have been there?
What kind of canoe did you use?"
And the anthropologist smiles,
And thinks, How could I ever explain.

But an aboriginal prophecy,
From another indigenous line,
Says the day that the eagle flies high in the night,
And touches the moon,
Things will begin to heal.

And the eagle is landing at Tranquility Bay,
While all the world watches on.
And I dream of the day we reach out into space,
'Bove the curves of this planet so small,
In a spirit of love and peace,
And justice for all.
And justice for all.

And the plaque they left on the moon,
Says we came, in peace,
July 1969,
And so let us dream,
Tranquility Bay.

And as the decades rolled on,
After Apollo,
How many people would say,
"They can put a man on the moon,
But they can't....",
You fill in the blank.

There were too many blanks to fill,
Too many mouths to feed,
Too many wars,
To remember or name.
But I remember that Earthrise,
The earth floating freely in space,
And I say, one day,
Peace and justice and wholeness,
Will be the way,
Will be the way.

And the Eagle is landing at Tranquility Bay,
While all the world watches on.
And I dream of the day we reach out into space,
'Bove the curves of this planet so small.
In a spirit of love and peace,
And justice for all.
And justice for all.

And the plaque they left on the moon,
Says we came, in peace,
July 1969,
And so let us dream,
Tranquility Bay,
Tranquility Bay,
Tranquility Bay.

(Album, Dream Spring Convergence)

What Do We Want

(2003-037)

What do we want, a, revolution.
When do we want it. We want it now.
We say no to, capitalism.
Capitalism's, gotta come down.
What do we want, a, revolution.
When do we want it. We want it now.
We say no to, capitalism.
Capitalism's, gotta come down.

One, two, three, four,
We don't want your classist war.
Five, six, seven, eight,
Only the people can emancipate.
One, two, three, four,
We don't want your classist war.
Five, six, seven, eight,
Only the people can emancipate.
Only the people can emancipate.
Only the people can emancipate.

What do we want, a, revolution.
When do we want it. We want it now.
We say no to, capitalism.
Capitalism's, gotta come down.
What do we want, a, revolution.
When do we want it. We want it now.
We say no to, capitalism.
Capitalism's, gotta come down.

One, two, three, four,
We don't want your classist war.
Five, six, seven, eight,
Only the people can emancipate.
One, two, three, four,
We don't want your classist war.
Five, six, seven, eight,
Only the people can emancipate.
Only the people can emancipate.
Only the people can emancipate.

What do we want, a, revolution.
When do we want it. We want it now.
We say no to, capitalism.
Capitalism's, gotta come down.
What do we want, a, revolution.
When do we want it. We want it now.
We say no to, capitalism.
Capitalism's, gotta come down.

What do we want, a, revolution.

When do we want it. We want it now.
We say no to, capitalism.
Capitalism's, gotta come down.
What do we want, a, revolution.
When do we want it. We want it now.
We say no to, capitalism.
Capitalism's, gotta come down.
We say no to, capitalism.
Capitalism's, gotta come down.
Capitalism's, gotta come down.
Capitalism's, gotta come down.
Gotta come down,
Gotta come down down down down down.

(Album, Dream Spring Convergence)

If I Was Gadhafi

(2003-038)

If I was Gadhafi,
I'd be building a bomb.
I would be acquiring,
Weapons of mass di-struc-tion.

I would be building,
Chemical weapons.
I would be building,
Biological weapons.

But if I could I'd get my hands,
On a nuclear device,
So I could press the button.
I'd look over at Iraq,
And I would realize,
The Yanks are comin'.
If I was Gadhafi.

If I was the government of Iran,
I'd be building a bomb.
I would be acquiring,
Weapons of mass dis-truc-tion.

I'd be getting,
Chemical weapons,
And biological weapons,
From wherever I could get them.

And if I could, I'd get my hands,
On a nuclear device,
So I could press the button.
I'd look over at Iraq,
And I would realize,
The Yanks are comin'.
If I was the government of Iran.

And if I was North Korea,
I would do what they have done.
I'd announce to the entire world,
That I have an atomic bomb.

And if I was Syria or Sudan,
I would do the same.
Likewise Venezuela, or Cuba,
Or anywhere else you can name.

The USA wants to conquer,
The entire world,
And see their star-spangled banner,
'Round the planet unfurl.

Better get a weapon of mass destruction,
Just as soon as you can.
Better get a weapon of mass destruction,
To ward off Uncle Sam.

Better get a weapon of mass destruction,
If you wanna have a voice.
Better get a weapon of mass destruction.
Pretty soon there'll be no choice.

Better get a weapon of mass destruction.
Better get a weapon of mass destruction.

Maybe Canada,
Should have one too,
If we don't want the Whitehouse,
To tell us what to do.

Better get a weapon of mass destruction.
Better get a weapon of mass destruction.
Better get a weapon.
Better get a weapon.
Better get a weapon of mass destruction.
It better be the biggest one.
Better get a weapon of mass destruction.
Better get a weapon.
Better get a weapon.
Better be a big one.
Better get a weapon.
Better get a weapon of mass destruction.
Better get a weapon.

(Album, Dream Spring Convergence)

The Cave

(2003-039)

Sometimes I feel,
Like a dweller in a cave,
Bound by a chain,
To the stone of the cave's rear wall.

Here I am,
With all my fellow dwellers in the cave,
Condemned to watch the shadows rise and fall.

Then one of us breaks free,
Runs out into the sunlight,
Sees the grass and sky and trees,
And comes to know the beauty of it all.

When he returns,
We call him a liar,
When he tells us what he's seen,
And we say, for you,
The executioner's ball.

'Cause we don't wanna know,
About the wider world,
About the bright and beautiful world,
Outside our cave.

So we're executing you,
As an example to,
All those dreamers and heretics,
Who misbehave.

And so we killed the one,
Who dared to see the sun,
And tell us there could be another way.

So we condemn ourselves,
To another hundred years,
Of watching shadows,
On the rear wall of our cave.

Maybe one day there'll be someone else,
Who dares to break their chain,
But for now we are the prisoners,
Of our fear, of our guilt,
And of our pain.

We don't see the sky and trees,
But on the other hand,
We don't feel the pounding of the rain.
We remain. We remain,
In the comfort of our cave.

Long live the comfort of our cave.

(Album, Dream Spring Convergence)

Snotty Snotty Nose

(2003-040)

I. F. Stone, had a snotty snotty nose.
A snotty snotty nose had Stone.
I. F. Stone, had a snotty snotty nose.
A snotty snotty nose had I. F. Stone.

I walk the road, in my muddy muddy shoes.
In muddy muddy shoes I walk the road.
I walk the road, in my muddy muddy shoes.
In muddy muddy shoes I walk the road.

I. F. Stone, had a snotty snotty nose.
A snotty snotty nose had Stone.
I. F. Stone, had a snotty snotty nose.
A snotty snotty nose had I. F. Stone.

I walk the road, in my muddy muddy shoes.
In muddy muddy shoes I walk the road.
I walk the road, in my muddy muddy shoes.
In muddy muddy shoes I walk the road.

I. F. Stone was just a liberal.
Just a liberal was Stone.
He had no time for the Marxist radicals.
He said they had a snotty snotty nose.

I. F. Stone was just a liberal.
Just a liberal was Stone.
He had no time for the Marxist radicals.
He said they had a snotty snotty nose.

He had no time for the singer Phil Ochs,
When he sang, "Love Me I'm a Liberal".
He said, I've seen snot-nosed Marxist Leninists,
Come and go.
But it was Stone who had the snotty snotty nose.

I. F. Stone, had a snotty snotty nose.
A snotty snotty nose had Stone.
I. F. Stone, had a snotty snotty nose.
A snotty snotty nose had I. F. Stone.

I. F. Stone, had a snotty snotty nose.
A snotty snotty nose had Stone.
I. F. Stone had a snotty snotty nose.
A snotty snotty nose had I. F. Stone.

He said, I've seen snot-nose Marxist Leninists,
Come and go.
But it was Stone who had the snotty snotty nose.
It was Stone who had the snotty snotty nose.

(Album, Dream Spring Convergence)

Property

(2003-041)

Aint no dogs allowed on this property.
Aint no dogs allowed on this property.
Aint no dogs allowed on this property.
Aint no dogs allowed here at all.

Aint no dogs allowed on this property.
Aint no dogs allowed on this property.
Aint no dogs allowed on this property.
Aint no dogs allowed here at all.
Aint no dogs allowed here at all.

Aint no drunks allowed on this property.
Aint no drunks allowed on this property.
Aint no drunks allowed on this property.
Aint no drunks allowed here at all.

Aint no drunks allowed on this property.
Aint no drunks allowed on this property.
Aint no drunks allowed on this property.
Aint no drunks allowed here at all.
Aint no drunks allowed here at all.

Aint no placards allowed on this property.
Aint no placards allowed on this property.
Aint no placards allowed on this property.
Aint no placards allowed here at all.

Aint no placards allowed on this property.
Aint no placards allowed on this property.
Aint no placards allowed on this property.
Aint no placards allowed here at all.
Aint no placards allowed here at all.

But what if a piece of your property,
Decides to become a dog.
What if one of your beautiful trees,
Turns into a dog,
Turns into a dog,
And starts barking around.

And what if a piece of your property,
Decides to become a drunk.
What if one of your bold young sons,
Takes up drinking and carousing,
As a way of life,
And comes staggering home.

And what if a piece of your property,
Decides to carry a placard.
What if one of your dear young daughters,

Comes home one day and says,
She's an anarchist,
And she's going to protest.

What of your property then.
What of your property then.
What of your property then.
What of your property then.

Aint no truth allowed on this property.
Aint no truth allowed on this property.
Aint no truth allowed on this property.
Aint no truth allowed here at all.

Aint no truth allowed on this property.
Aint no truth allowed on this property.
Aint no truth allowed on this property.
Aint no truth allowed here at all.
Aint no truth allowed here at all.

Pilate posed the question, "What is truth".
Proudhon posed the question "What is property".
Property is theft, was Proudhon's answer.
And truth is that which comes,
Like a thief in the night,
To take back what has been stolen.

Property is theft was Proudhon's answer.
And truth is that which comes,
Like a thief in the night,
To take back what has been stolen.
To take back what has been stolen.

Property, property,
Speaking truth to property.

(Album, Dream Spring Convergence)

Jack London Met the Wolf

(2003-042)

Jack London met the wolf.
Jack London met the wolf.
He saw the people might end up being ruled,
By an iron heel.
Jack London met the wolf.

William Morris rode a train.
William Morris rode a train.
He drew his patterns, and had a vision,
Of a green summer plane.
William Morris rode a train.

Jack London met the wolf.
Jack London met the wolf.
He saw the people might end up being ruled,
By an iron heel.
Jack London met the wolf.

Gerard Winstanley had a dream.
Gerard Winstanley had a dream.
May all things be shared in common,
With love and freedom everywhere.
Gerard Winstanley had a dream.

Jack London met the wolf.
Jack London met the wolf.
A dog might go wild,
And the people they might organize.
Jack London met the wolf.

E. F. Schumacher wrote it down.
E. F. Schumacher wrote it down.
After a lifetime of searching,
He shared the sacred seeds he'd found.
E. F. Schumacher wrote it down.

Jack London met the wolf.
Jack London met the wolf.
A man might build a fire,
And the people they might change the world.
Jack London met the wolf.

Abby Hoffman dared to be a clown.
Abby Hoffman dared to be a clown.
He said, if you're having a demonstration,
I'll bring the ice-cream.
Abby Hoffman dared to be a clown.

Jack London met the wolf.
Jack London met the wolf.

A dog might go wild,
And the people they might organize.
Jack London met the wolf.

And now a million more are marching on.
Now a million more are marching on.
With us and the cat and the chocolate chip cookies,
We will bring that iron heel a-crashing down.
For now a million more are marching on.

Jack London met the wolf.
Jack London met the wolf.
And the wolf said, Don't be afraid of me,
'Cause I'm a socialist too.
Jack London met the wolf.
Jack London met the wolf.
Jack London met the wolf.
Jack London met the wolf.

(Album, Dream Spring Convergence)

Song for Rachel Corrie (2003-043)

In a city called Rafa,
In a place called Gaza,
It's a land where Israeli soldiers,
Sometimes open fire,
On Palestinian children,
As if it were a game.

And the Palestinian people,
Struggle to survive,
Struggle for the right,
To simply live a life.
And the Caterpillar bulldozers come,
And demolish their homes.
And the Palestinian people cry,
When they hear CNN,
Say they're the ones to blame.

Rachel Corrie was a young woman,
From Olympia Washington,
Only twenty-three years old,
She went to stand,
With the Palestinians.
Rachel Corrie went to stand,
With the ones who have nothing.
Rachel Corrie went to stand,
Believing we can all do something.

Sunday March 16th,
2003,
Rachel and her friends,
Saw a bulldozer coming.

It was coming to destroy,
A Palestinian home.
As the bulldozer came,
Rachel knelt in the road.

And the bulldozer came,
And the bulldozer came.
She was in clear view of the driver,
But he kept coming all the same.

The bulldozer formed a pile of earth,
As it came on its way.
Rachel climbed to the top,
And looked the driver in the face.
It was clear that he had seen her all the while.
As she tried to stop oppression,
With a peaceful smile.

But the bulldozer came.
She ran down the pile panicking.
But the bulldozer came and came and came.
Her friends were all screaming,
But the man seemed not to care.
As he knocked her down and ran over her,
With the bulldozer blade.
Then the bulldozer paused and reversed,
And ran over her again.

Her friends they were still screaming.
They dug her out and called an ambulance.
She was pronounced dead upon arrival.
She was pronounced dead upon arrival.

She died standing,
With the ones who have nothing.
She died believing,
We can all do something.
She died standing,
With the ones who have nothing.
She died believing,
We can all do something.

Rachel Corrie, your name will be remembered.
Rachel Corrie, your name will be remembered.
Rachel Corrie, your name will be remembered.

(Album, Dream Spring Convergence)

May You Never Be Tamed (2003-044)

May you never be tamed.
May you always be wild.
May no blade clip your wings,
As you soar through the sky.
May the freedom bells ring,
As you fly so high.
May you never be tamed.
May you always be wild.

May the spirit that led you,
To live and to dream,
Be the spirit that guides you,
On the celestial stream.
May the love that you gave,
To the people you knew,
Be the love you know now,
That your Earth time is through.

May you never be tamed.
May you always be wild.
May no blade clip your wings,
As you soar through the sky.
May the freedom bells ring,
As you fly so high.
May you never be tamed.
May you always be wild.

There are many who come.
There are many who go.
Who give their love to our time,
And add their voice to the flow.
Many more will come walking,
On the trails you have blazed.
May your love help carry them,
Til Transformation Day.

May you never be tamed.
May you always be wild.
May no blade clip your wings,
As you soar through the sky.
May the freedom bells ring,
As you fly so high.
May you never be tamed.
May you always be wild.
May you never be tamed.
May you always be wild.
May you always be wild.
May you always be wild.

(Album, Dream Spring Convergence)

Uncle Joe

(2003-045)

Where did you go,
Uncle Joe, Uncle Joe.
He took off in his long-johns,
A long time ago.
He took off in his long-johns,
A long time ago.

They held him in the place they call,
The nut house for awhile,
But he ran away one day,
With a prairie moon-sized smile.

Where did you go,
Uncle Joe, Uncle Joe.
He took off in his long-johns,
A long time ago.
He took off in his long-johns,
A long time ago.

He tells many a wonderful story,
About the women he has known.
Like that women's swimmin' team,
He had the pleasure of being their coach.

Where did you go,
Uncle Joe, Uncle Joe.
He took off in his long-johns,
A long time ago.
He took off in his long-johns,
A long time ago.

All around the prairie,
He goes bouncing around.
The Mounties they all know him,
From town to prairie town.

Where did you go,
Uncle Joe, Uncle Joe.
He took off in his long-johns,
A long time ago.
He took off in his long-johns,
A long time ago.
Long time ago, Uncle Joe.

They've seen him as far south,
As good old New Orleans,
Tryin' to ride the Mississippi,
To the roaring southern sea.

Where did you go,

Uncle Joe, Uncle Joe.
He took off in his long-johns,
A long time ago.
He took off in his long-johns,
A long time ago.
Long time ago, Uncle Joe.

Some say he's a vagabond.
Some say he's a saint.
But he'll make everything bright and new again,
With a little mental paint.

Now where did you go,
Uncle Joe, Uncle Joe.
He took off in his long-johns,
A long time ago.
He took off in his long-johns,
A long time ago.
Long time ago.

Tonight it might be a forest,
Tomorrow a prison cell.
He says don't worry about my wandering.
I just wanna be an individu-well.

Where did you go,
Uncle Joe, Uncle Joe.
He took off in his long-johns,
A long time ago.
He took off in his long-johns,
A long time ago.

Where did you go,
Uncle Joe, Uncle Joe.
He took off in his long-johns,
A long time ago.
He took off in his long-johns,
A long time ago.
Long time ago, long time ago,
Uncle Joe, Uncle Joe,
Where did you go.
Long time ago.

(Album, Dream Spring Convergence)

In the End

(2003-046)

In the end I'll become,
A wandering pilgrim,
Like Tolstoy in the end.
In the end I'll become,
A wandering pilgrim,
Like Tolstoy in the end.
Maybe I'll wander,
Through the streets of the city,
Or maybe through countryside.
In the end I'll become,
A wandering pilgrim,
Like Tolstoy in the end.

Tolstoy laid,
His head down and died,
At a Russian railway station.
Tolstoy laid,
His head down and died,
At a Russian railway station.
Autumn 1910,
Brought an old November wind.
Tolstoy laid,
His head down and died,
At a Russian railway station.

In the end I'll become,
A wandering pilgrim,
Like Tolstoy in the end.
In the end I'll become,
A wandering pilgrim,
Like Tolstoy in the end.
Maybe I'll wander,
Through the streets of the city,
Or maybe through countryside.
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Tolstoy laid,
His head down and died,
At a Russian railway station.
Autumn 1910,
Brought an old November wind.
Tolstoy laid,
His head down and died,
At a Russian railway station.

In the end I'll become,
A wandering pilgrim,
Like Tolstoy in the end.
In the end I'll become,
A wandering pilgrim,
Like Tolstoy in the end.
With no more money,
And no more fear,
Let me walk. Let me walk, in the wind.
With no more money,
And no more fear,
Let me walk. Let me walk, in the wind.
Let me walk. Let me walk, in the wind.
In the wind, in the wind.

(Album, Dream Spring Convergence)

One With the Spirit

(2003-047)

Maybe when I die,
My spirit will become,
One with the spirit of the universe.
You'll see me in the rain,
And in the stars that shine,
And hear me in the pulsing of the tune of Earth.

My soul will dwell in forests,
And in the rushing streams,
Cascading over mountains, over ocean rain.
Singing in the moon,
And shining in the sun,
And gusting in the wind upon the open plane.

Maybe when I die,
My spirit will become,
One with the spirit of the universe,
One with the spirit of the universe,
Of the universe.

Shine on, in the stars and in the dawn.
Shine on, in the moon and in the sun.
Shine on, as the galaxies go 'round.
Shine on, as the mystery's unwound.
Shine on. Shine on. Shine on.

Maybe when I die,
My spirit will become,
One with the spirit of the universe,
One with the spirit of the universe,
Of the universe,
Of the universe.

(Album, Dream Spring Convergence)

Restless Winds Acid Rain

(2003-048)

Restless winds, acid rain,
Restless winds, acid rain.
Restless winds, acid rain,
Restless winds, acid rain.

There is lightening, in the storm.
In our hearts, we are warm.
There's a golden, dawn somewhere.
There is someone, to say they care.

Restless winds, acid rain,
Restless winds, acid rain.
Restless winds, acid rain,
Restless winds, acid rain.

We are here, in this lightening world.
All around, dreams unfurl.
Mirror sky, earth-shone moon,
And all the universe, plays her tune.

Restless winds, acid rain,
Restless winds, acid rain.
Restless winds, acid rain,
Restless winds, acid rain.

Acid rain, acid rain, acid rain.

(Album, City of Gold)

They Will Beat Their Swords into Ploughshares

(2003-049)

Ninth of September,
Year of 1980,
At the time I was only,
Twelve years old.
I knew nothing about this,
Though I was starting to learn of my time-space,
Dreaming of warm sun activism,
In a world gone cold.

General Electric plant,
King of Prussia Pennsylvania,
Philip and Daniel Berrigan,
And six of their friends,
Made their appearance,
So unexpectedly,
Declaring that the business of nuclear armaments,
Must come to an end.

They will beat their swords into ploughshares.
They will beat their swords into ploughshares.
Bring their lofty ideals,
Into the here and now sphere.
And they will cast their spears into pruning hooks.
They will cast their spears into pruning hooks.

They entered the missile factory,
And hammered on two missile nosecones,
Pored blood on documents,
And offered prayers for peace.
The eight of them were arrested,
And tried the following winter,
On charges of criminal mischief,
Conspiracy and burglary.

Meanwhile in November,
Reagan had come to power,
Spouting a jingoist rhetoric,
And all the world seemed to be growing dark.
But hundreds of thousands,
Would march for peace across Europe,
Til in June of 82 half a million,
Marched for peace in Central Park.

They will beat their swords into ploughshares.
They will beat their swords into ploughshares.
Bring their lofty ideals,
Into the here and now sphere.
And they will cast their spears into pruning hooks.
They will cast their spears into pruning hooks.

And some seventy actions followed,
In the following twenty-two years,
As the movement for direct action,
Spread its wings.
Saying no to nuclear weapons,
And the webs of militarism,
That we might live in peace with all people,
And all living things.

From a shipyard in Connecticut,
To Sidney Harbour Australia,
The voice of nonviolence,
Dared to sing.
Vandenberg Air Force Base California,
To Aldermaston in England,
The people of the planet just keep on,
Resisting.

They will beat their swords into ploughshares.
They will beat their swords into ploughshares.
Bring their lofty ideals,
Into the here and now sphere.
And they will cast their spears into pruning hooks.
They will cast their spears into pruning hooks.

There will be a peaceful Tuesday.
There will be a gentle Monday.
When you set a wheel in motion, it will roll.
There will be a peaceful Tuesday.
There will be a gentle Monday.
When you set a wheel in motion, it will roll.
It will roll. It will roll. It will roll.

(Album, City of Gold)

Song for the Blac Bloc

(2003-050)

So you wonder why we always dress in black,
Why we cover up our faces with our masks,
Why we smash those windows,
Set those garbage cans on fire.
Well someone's gotta say no to the empire.

We wear our black for anarchy, it is said.
And we sometimes stitch in flags of black and red.
From Bakunin to Al Berkman,
To the battlegrounds of Spain,
We stand with those who fought the power game.

You don't like it when we take a Star Buck's down,
With all those corporate media cameras peering 'round.
You say we make the movement look bad,
And drive good folks away,
But the movement I see is growing every day.

You tell us we look scary and deranged,
That we should patiently and calmly work for change.
Well we've been waiting for those changes,
For over thirty years,
While the world proliferates with profiteers.

And you wonder who it is we really are,
Beneath our balaclavas and our garb.
We are activists like you are,
Who believe in love and peace.
We plant gardens and do work in our communities.

Then you blame us for the tear gas and the clubs.
You say the cops would be kind,
If we only gave them love.
But the police state existed,
Long before we came,
And if you're effective, they'll club you anyway.

O you're doing mighty fine, so you suppose,
With your charitable tax-numbered,
State-funded NGO's.
But revolutions are not made,
By those who beg and kneel,
For morsels from the blood-stained fists of steal.

O we'd love to carry peace signs everywhere,
To fly balloons and walk with faces bared,
But until we see the day,
When capitalism is no more,
We shall fight in no war but the class war.

You can have your peaceful marches without end.
Bring your children, your grandmother and a friend.
Just give us all the space and time,
To smash what must be smashed,
And watch our phoenix rise from the corporate ash.

There are a million ways to make change in this world.
Let the rainbow of diversity unfurl.
And if you believe in social change,
Then start to walk your talk.
Til the revolution, we're the Blac Bloc.

(Album, City of Gold)

False False Lie

(2003-051)

The capitalist system,
Is a false false lie,
Plunderer and destroyer of us all.
Murdering the millions,
Throughout our time,
But one day we are gonna make it fall.

With only the sword,
And the dollar on their side,
They think that they can keep on plundering on.
But we have a dream.
We will make it fly.
Bring the world to an anarchosocialist dawn.

The capitalist system,
Is a false false lie,
Plunderer and destroyer of us all.
Murdering the millions,
Throughout our time,
But one day we are gonna make it fall.

We are the people.
We can stand as one,
And show each other that we can be strong.
There'll be nothing to say,
When the day is done.
The capitalist system will be gone.

The capitalist system,
Is a false false lie,
Plunderer and destroyer of us all.
Murdering the millions,
Throughout our time,
But one day we are gonna make it fall.

With only the sword,
And the dollar on their side,
They think that they can keep on plundering on.
But we have a dream.
We will make it fly.
Bring the world to an anarchosocialist dawn.

The capitalist system,
Is a false false lie,
Plunderer and destroyer of us all.
Murdering the millions,
Throughout our time,
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We can stand as one,
And show each other that we can be strong.
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When the day is done.
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We are the people.
We can stand as one,
And show each other that we can be strong.
There'll be nothing to say,
When the day is done.
The capitalist system will be gone.

The capitalist system,
Is a false false lie,
Plunderer and destroyer of us all.
Murdering the millions,
Throughout our time,
But one day we are gonna make it fall.
One day we are gonna make it fall.
The capitalist system will be gone.
One day we are gonna make it fall.
The capitalist system will be gone.
One day we are gonna make it fall.

(Album, City of Gold)

A Butterfly Dreamed

(2003-052)

A butterfly dreamed,
It was an oak tree.
And the oak tree dreamed,
It was a song.
And the song dreamed,
It was a sunset.
And the sunset dreamed,
It was the breaking dawn.

And the breaking dawn,
Gave birth to a forest.
And the forest gave birth,
To a rushing stream.
And the rushing stream gave birth,
To a school of fishes.
And the school of fishes,
Gave birth to a dream.

And the dream drew a picture,
Of an owl.
And the owl drew a picture,
Of the sky.
And the sky drew a picture,
Of the full moon.
And the full moon said,
Why don't you fly this high.

There are feathers. There are shadows.
There are tree rings.
There is love to make,
The times go 'round.
There is life. There is energy.
There is beginning.
As the acorns come to rest,
On being's ground.
As the acorns come to rest,
On being's ground.

A sparrow dreamed,
It was a mountain.
And the mountain dreamed,
It was a star.
And the star dreamed,
It was a pebble.
And the pebble smiled and said,
So this is where we are.

And the universe dreamed,
For an eon.
And a hundred trillion stars,

Came out to shine.
And the stars said,
We need not fear the autumn.
For we will meet again,
On the other side of time.

And time remembered,
A snowstorm.
And the snowstorm remembered,
Falling rain.
And the falling rain remembered,
A flower.
And the flower said, all the cosmos
Is one great brain.

And the galaxies,
They are like neurons.
And memory,
Is in the space between.
And the quasars draw the pictures,
Of tomorrow.
And the nebulae remember,
You and me.
And the nebulae remember,
You and me.

A butterfly dreamed,
It was an oak tree.
And the oak tree dreamed,
It was a song.
And the song dreamed,
It was a sunset.
And the sunset dreamed,
It was the breaking dawn.
And the sunset dreamed,
It was the breaking dawn.

(Album, City of Gold)

Dandelion People

(2003-053)

We are a dandelion people.
We are a dandelion people.
We are a dandelion people.
We are a dandelion people.

We grow in liberty like dandelions.
We grow in liberty like dandelions.
We grow in liberty like dandelions.
We grow in liberty like dandelions.

We are a dandelion people.
We are a dandelion people.
We are a dandelion people.
We are a dandelion people.

We sink our roots in love and peace and freedom.
We sink our roots in love and peace and freedom.
We sink our roots in love and peace and freedom.
We sink our roots in love and peace and freedom.

We are a dandelion people.
We are a dandelion people.
We are a dandelion people.
We are a dandelion people.

Our joy is reflected in the starlight.
Our joy is reflected in the starlight.
Our joy is reflected in the starlight.
Our joy is reflected in the starlight.

We are a dandelion people.
We are a dandelion people.
We are a dandelion people.
We are a dandelion people.

No pesticide will ever stop us sprouting.
No pesticide will ever stop us sprouting.
No pesticide will ever stop us sprouting.
No pesticide will ever stop us sprouting.

We are a dandelion people.
We are a dandelion people.
We are a dandelion people.
We are a dandelion people.

No corporation will ever stop us dancing.
No corporation will ever stop us dancing.
No corporation will ever stop us dancing.
No corporation will ever stop us dancing.

We are a dandelion people.
We are a dandelion people.
We are a dandelion people.
We are a dandelion people.

No Pentagon will ever stop us dreaming.
No Pentagon will ever stop us dreaming.
No Pentagon will ever stop us dreaming.
No Pentagon will ever stop us dreaming.

We are a dandelion people.
We are a dandelion people.
We are a dandelion people.
We are a dandelion people.

We are wild. We are free. We are rebels.
We are wild. We are free. We are rebels.
We are wild. We are free. We are rebels.
We are wild. We are free. We are rebels.

We are a dandelion people.
We are a dandelion people.
We are a dandelion people.
We are a dandelion people.

We dream a picture of a just and peaceful world.
We dream a picture of a just and peaceful world.
We dream a picture of a just and peaceful world.
We dream a picture of a just and peaceful world.

We are a dandelion people.
We are a dandelion people.
We are a dandelion people.
We are a dandelion people.

Brothers and sisters carry on.
Brothers and sisters carry on.
Carry on, carry on.
Brothers and sisters carry on.

Brothers and sisters carry on.
Brothers and sisters carry on.
Carry on, carry on.
Brothers and sisters carry on.

We are a dandelion people.
We are a dandelion people.
We are a dandelion people.
We are a dandelion people.

We are a dandelion people.
We are a dandelion people.

We are a dandelion people.
We are a dandelion people.

We are a dandelion people.
We are a dandelion people.
We are a dandelion people.
We are a dandelion people.

We are a dandelion people.

(Album, City of Gold)

Lightening Shines the Brain

(2003-054)

Wonderful people sang a song,
At a wheel in an empty sky.
Helios the sun god sang along,
As the wheel went rollin' by.

There was a tiger in the hills,
Who bared his teeth and claws.
And all the people stood silhouette,
As every heart took pause.

Lightening shines the brain.
Lightening shines the brain.
In the soul of a hurricane.
Lightening shines the brain.

I drive into an unknown town,
Lost in space and time.
The gentle roar of an eighties band,
Ringing in my mind.

A thousand people greet me then,
Begging me to stay.
I tell them I will dwell with them,
And shake the night away.

Lightening shines the brain.
Lightening shines the brain.
In the soul of a hurricane.
Lightening shines the brain.
Lightening shines the brain.
Lightening shines the brain.

Was it Dionysus who,
Taught the world to dance,
To pound the drum and play the flute,
And get us in a trance.

The people are still staggering,
Bound to break their chains.
Dancing up a thunder storm,
Til the break of day.

Lightening shines the brain.
Lightening shines the brain.
In the soul of a hurricane.
Lightening shines the brain.
Lightening shines the brain.
Lightening shines the brain.
Lightening shines the brain.
Lightening shines the brain.

(Album, Apples for Capricorn)

Little Ideas

(2003-055)

Lenin had a big idea,
We can overthrow the Czar,
And bring about socialism,
Molded by a bright red star.
And Stalin had a big idea,
The revolution it would fly,
But he ended up with a Gulag,
And how many more million died.

It seems to me we've had enough big ideas.
We've had enough despair.
Maybe it's time for little ideas,
Little ideas everywhere.
Little ideas everywhere.
Little ideas everywhere.

The nuclear industry had a big idea,
Nuclear power for everyone,
But there's a place they call Chernobyl,
Where the fire rages on.
And the biotech industry has a big idea,
A future in an altered gene.
They say it's for the good of humanity,
Or is it for the good of the corporate machine.

It seems to me we've had enough big ideas.
We've had enough despair.
Maybe it's time for little ideas,
Little ideas everywhere.
Little ideas everywhere.
Little ideas everywhere.

And Ben-Gurion had a big idea,
That he called the Israeli state.
A land for a people without a land,
He thought it spelled emancipate.
But ask the people of Palestine,
On the other end of the gun,
About the big Zionist idea.
What has Ben-Gurion done.

It seems to me we've had enough big ideas.
We've had enough despair.
Maybe it's time for little ideas,
Little ideas everywhere.
Little ideas everywhere.
Little ideas everywhere.
Let's all have little ideas,
Building windmills, planting seeds.

Let's all have little ideas.
No more big ideas please.
Let's all have little ideas.
Let us grow community.
Let's all have little ideas,
And maybe we'll be free.
And maybe we'll be free.
And maybe we'll be free.

Let's all have a potluck,
In unified diversity.
You can bring a cucumber salad.
I'll bring a block of cheese.
Social change is like a potluck.
It comes together piece by piece.
You never quite know what you're gonna have,
But there'll be enough to eat.
There'll be enough to eat.
There'll be enough to eat.

Let's all have little ideas.
Let us grow community.
Let's all have little ideas,
And maybe we'll be free.
Let's all have little ideas,
Come together piece by piece.
Let's all have little ideas,
And maybe we'll be free.
And maybe we'll be free.
And maybe we'll be free.

Let's all have little ideas.
Let's all have little ideas.
Let's all have little ideas.
Let's all have little ideas.
Let's all have little ideas.
Let's all have little ideas.
Little ideas, little ideas.
Let's all have little ideas.

(Album, Apples for Capricorn)

I am Your Liberator

(2003-056)

I am the Lord your God my people.
I am your lover and maker.
I brought you up out of the land of Egypt.
I am your liberator.
I am your liberator.

Everyone has the right to live in peace and,
Justice and liberation,
That they may grow to be a tall tree and,
Worship and love their maker.
Worship and love their maker.

I am the Lord your God o people.
I am your lover and maker.
I brought you up out of the land of Egypt.
I am your liberator.
I am your liberator.

Everyone has the right to live in peace and,
Justice and liberation,
That they may grow to be a tall tree and,
Worship and love their maker.
Worship and love their maker.

When I help bring about your peace and freedom,
I am also liberated.
And when I teach you to pray to me,
I am also in contemplation.
Also in contemplation.

When I help bring about your peace and freedom,
I am also liberated.
And when I teach you to pray to me,
I am also in contemplation.
I am also in contemplation.

I am the Lord your God o people.
I am your lover and maker.
I brought you up out of the land of Egypt.
I am your liberator.
I am your liberator.
Worship and love your maker.
I am your liberator.
I am also in contemplation.
Justice and liberation.
I am your lover and maker.
I am your lover and maker.
I am your liberator.
I am your liberator.
I am your liberator.

(Album, Apples for Capricorn)

I Was Born in a Box

(2003-057)

I was born in a box.
I was raised in a box.
Told to live in a box,
Told to play in a box.

I was taught in a box,
By a teacher in a box.
Made to sit in a box,
And watch pictures in a box.

And I learned in a box,
How to think in a box,
Sleep and wake in a box,
And eat and drink in a box.

And I grew in a box,
To be a man in a box.
Went to work in a box,
Where I sit and stand in a box.

I met a woman in a box,
And we dated in a box.
We made love in a box.
We procreated in a box.

We raised our children in a box,
Taught them to think in a box,
Taught them to dream in a box,
And swim or sink in a box.

And I'll grow old in a box,
And I'll die in a box.
And I'll be buried in a box,
And made to lie in a box.

So put my shirts in a box,
And put my socks in a box,
And put my pants in a box,
And my pet rocks in a box.

I was born in a box.
I was raised in a box.
Told to live in a box,
Told to play in a box.

Tell every boy in a box,
And every girl in a box,
They can say goodbye to the box.
There's a bigger world than the box.

Tell every boy in a box,
And every girl in a box,
They can say goodbye to the box.
There's a bigger world than the box.

If they don't wanna live in a box,
If they don't wanna die in a box,
They can make a hole in the box,
And step outside of the box.

Yeah if you don't wanna live in a box,
If you don't wanna die in a box,
You can make a hole in the box,
And step outside of the box.

Tell every boy in a box,
And every girl in a box,
They can say goodbye to the box.
There's a bigger world than the box.

If you don't wanna live in a box,
If you don't wanna die in a box,
You can make a hole in the box,
And step outside of the box.

Make a hole in the box.
Step outside of the box.
Make a hole in the box.
Step outside of the box.
Step outside of the box.
Step outside of the box.
Step outside of the box.

(Album, Apples for Capricorn)

West Coast

(2003-058)

O we headed on out, to the west coast,
Back in the summer of 82.
And I remember sitting, on my uncle's backyard deck,
Talkin' about the world,
And not always seeing, his point of view.

We got in the car, at about eight in the morning,
My aunt and my uncle, myself and my mother.
And we drove and drove, and we listened to Billy Joel,
And we listened to Cat Stevens.
And I remember, "Morning Has Broken",
"Moon Shadow" and "Peace Train".

We got into Creston,
At about 10:30 in the evening.
My great aunt and my great uncle,
Were waiting there to greet us.
My great uncle was a union man,
And he believed in unions,
But my uncle was an army captain,
He had his own opinions.
He didn't like the unions.
He thought they were all Commies.
He formed his perspective,
Some thirty years before,
On the battlefields of Korea.

And we headed on out, to the west coast,
Back in the summer of 82.
And I remember sitting, on my uncle's backyard deck,
Talkin' about the world,
And not always seeing, his point of view.

Then my aunt and my mother and I,
Headed out to Vancouver Island,
To the city of Victoria,
To visit my aunt and my cousin.
And I remember we spent one evening,
With a family of old friends,
And it was there that I heard the words,
"Small is Beautiful" for the first time.
The glow of that evening,
Still stays with me in my mind.

Then we took the big bird home,
With all the world for building,
Autumn 1982,
And all of life for dreaming.
I was fourteen years old,
Starting to form my own perspective,

With all of life for dreaming.

When we headed on out, to the west coast,
Back in the summer of 82.
And I remember sitting, on my uncle's backyard deck,
Talkin' about the world,
And not always seeing, his point of view.

I was fourteen years old,
And starting to form my own perspective,
And the peace train was sounding.
I was fourteen years old,
And starting to form my own perspective,
And the peace train was sounding.
And we headed on out, to the west coast,
Back in the summer of 82.
And the peace train was sounding.

(Album, Apples for Capricorn)

Off of my Rocker

(2003-059)

They wanna knock me off of my rocker.
They wanna knock me off of my rocker.
They wanna knock me off of my rocker.
They wanna knock me.

They wanna tell the world that I'm crazy.
They wanna tell the world that I'm crazy.
They wanna tell the world that I'm crazy.
They wanna tell the world.

They wanna throw me out of the gallery.
They wanna throw me out of the gallery.
They wanna throw me out of the gallery.
They wanna throw me.

They don't like my pretty pictures.
They don't like my pretty pictures.
They don't like my pretty pictures.
They don't like my.

But I'm smarter than all those monsters.
I'm smarter than all those monsters.
I'm smarter than all those monsters.
I'm smarter.

They wanna knock me off of my rocker.
They wanna knock me off of my rocker.
They wanna knock me off of my rocker.
They wanna knock me.

But I'm gonna keep on rockin'.
I'm gonna keep on rockin'.
I'm gonna keep on rockin'.
I'm gonna keep on.

They'll never put me in no nuthouse.
They'll never put me in no nuthouse.
They'll never put me in no nuthouse.
They'll never put me.

They never really could catch me.
They never really could catch me.
They never really could catch me.
They never really could.

And they're never never never gonna get me.
They're never never never gonna get me.
They're never never never gonna get me.
They're never.

They wanna knock me off of my rocker.
They wanna knock me off of my rocker.
They wanna knock me off of my rocker.
They wanna knock me.

But I'm gonna keep on rockin'.
I'm gonna keep on rockin'.
I'm gonna keep on rockin'.
I'm gonna keep on.

I'm gonna keep on rockin'.
I'm gonna keep on rockin'.
I'm gonna keep on rockin'.
I'm gonna keep on.
I'm gonna keep on.
I'm gonna keep on.

(Album, Apples for Capricorn)

It's easier for a camel,
To pass through the eye of a needle,
Than for a rich man to enter the new world.
It's easier for a camel,
To pass through the eye of a needle,
Than for a rich man to enter the new world.
The new society,
The reign of peace and justice,
Shall come to dwell among us.
Let its truth unfurl.
It's easier for a camel,
To pass through the eye of a needle,
Than for a rich man to enter the new world.

Away with all your Rotary Clubs,
Your petroleum clubs,
And your chambers of commerce.
May they all come crashing down.
Away with your national corporation coalitions,
And all the power nodes of capitalism.
May they all come crashing down.
When the people of the world,
Join hands and rise,
And build a working people's commune,
Out of this company town.

It's easier for a camel,
To pass through the eye of a needle,
Than for a rich man to enter the new world.
It's easier for a camel,
To pass through the eye of a needle,
Than for a rich man to enter the new world.
The new society,
The reign of peace and justice,
Shall come to dwell among us.
Let its truth unfurl.
It's easier for a camel,
To pass through the eye of a needle,
Than for a rich man to enter the new world.

Jesus was not talkin' about,
Some kind of far off hereafter.
He was talkin' about the kingdom of justice,
Here on Earth.
Yeah Jesus was not talkin' about,
Some kind of a pie in the sky when you die heaven.
He was talkin' about the kingdom of justice,
Here on Earth.
And he would build that kingdom with equity,
And universal human dignity,

With love and life and beauty,
Joy and mirth.

It's easier for a camel,
To pass through the eye of a needle,
Than for a rich man to enter the new world.
It's easier for a camel,
To pass through the eye of a needle,
Than for a rich man to enter the new world.
The new society,
The reign of peace and justice,
Shall come to dwell among us.
Let its truth unfurl.
It's easier for a camel,
To pass through the eye of a needle,
Than for a rich man to enter the new world.

So if you are a businessman,
Better learn to be a worker.
Let go of your wealth and share your skills,
With all the other members,
Of the radical cooperative.
Yeah if you are a businessman,
Better learn to be a worker,
Let go of your wealth and share your skills,
With all the other members,
Of the radical cooperative.
I have set before you life and death,
Choose life that you and all the future generations,
Of all life forms on this planet, may live.

It's easier for a camel,
To pass through the eye of a needle,
Than for a rich man to enter the new world.
It's easier for a camel,
To pass through the eye of a needle,
Than for a rich man to enter the new world.
The new society,
The reign of peace and justice,
Shall come to dwell among us.
Let its truth unfurl.
It's easier for a camel,
To pass through the eye of a needle,
Than for a rich man to enter the new world.
Than for a rich man to enter the new world.
Than for a rich man to enter the new world.

(Album, Apples for Capricorn)

Up in the Sky

(2003-061)

Up in the sky, o, up in the sky.
I'm gonna fly way up in the sky.
Up in the sky, o, up in the sky,
I'm gonna fly way up in the sky.

I am a spirit flying so high,
Over the land and over the tide.
Over the mountains, to the sunrise,
I am a spirit flying so high.

Up in the sky, o, up in the sky.
I'm gonna fly way up in the sky.
Up in the sky, o, up in the sky.
I'm gonna fly way up in the sky.

I'm the philosopher asking why.
I am the mystic seeing the light.
I am the eagle high in its flight.
I'm the philosopher asking why.

Up in the sky, o, up in the sky.
I'm gonna fly way up in the sky.
Up in the sky, o, up in the sky.
I'm gonna fly way up in the sky.

I am the dancer high in the night.
I am the dreamer high as a kite.
I'll spread my wings and never say die.
I am the dancer high in the night.

Up in the sky, o, up in the sky.
I'm gonna fly way up in the sky.
Up in the sky, o, up in the sky.
I'm gonna fly way up in the sky.

There is a spirit giving us life.
There is a listener guiding our flight.
There is a dancing high in the sky.
There is a spirit giving us life.

Up in the sky, o, up in the sky.
I'm gonna fly way up in the sky.
Up in the sky, o, up in the sky.
I'm gonna fly way up in the sky.

Up in the sky, o, up in the sky.
I'm gonna fly way up in the sky.
Up in the sky, o, up in the sky.
I'm gonna fly way up in the sky.

Up in the sky, o, up in the sky.
I'm gonna fly way up in the sky.
Up in the sky, o, up in the sky.
I'm gonna fly way up in the sky.

I'm gonna fly way up in the sky.
I'm gonna fly way up in the sky.
Up in the sky, o, up in the sky.
I'm gonna fly way up in the sky.
I'm gonna fly way up in the sky.
I'm gonna fly way up in the sky.

(Apples for Capricorn)

Crazy Hermit

(2003-062)

They say I'm a hermit.
I'm a crazy hermit.
I spent too long with my head under a stone,
Talking, talking, to myself.
Talking, talking, to myself.

They say I'm a hermit.
I'm a crazy hermit.
I spent too long with my head under a stone,
Talking, talking, to myself.
Talking, talking, to myself.

Wondering if I could go back,
To the day when I used to be,
A left wing radical poet,
When I used to flash like lightening.
Wondering if I could go back,
To the day when I used to be,
A left wing radical poet,
When I used to flash like lightening.

They say I'm a hermit.
I'm a crazy hermit.
I spent too long with my head under a stone,
Talking, talking, to myself.
Talking, talking, to myself.

Wondering if I could go back,
To the day when I used to be,
A left wing radical poet,
When I used to flash like lightening.
Wondering if I could go back,
To the day when I used to be,
A left wing radical poet,
When I used to flash like lightening.

Now I'm a hermit.
I'm a crazy hermit.
And most of the time, I am silent.
Most of the time, I am silent.
And there aint no lightening any more.
And there aint no thunder any more.
Only the silent shadows on my door.
Only the silent shadows on my door.

They say I'm a hermit.
I'm a crazy hermit.
They say I'm a hermit.
I'm a crazy hermit.
Crazy hermit.

(Album, Apples for Capricorn)

The Party is Still Going On

(2003-063)

I went out of the room,
When the beer was flowin' 'round,
Beer in great beer mugs,
And laughter up and down.
I came back twenty years later,
Thought how the time had gone.
And there were the same people there,
The same voices raised in song.

And the party was still goin' on.
The party was still goin' on.
Still tryin' to break through to the dawn.
The party was still goin' on.
Still goin' on, still goin' on.

The ones who'd been adults,
Some twenty years before,
Were now a little bit older and maybe,
A little more quiet in their roar.
And the ones who had been children,
Dancing 'round our feet,
Were now the young adults,
Poring out the mead.

And the party was still goin' on.
Yeah the party was still goin' on.
Still tryin' to break through to the dawn.
The party was still goin' on.
Still goin' on, still goin' on.

So I joined in the party,
And partied right along.
I picked up my beer mug,
Joined in the laughter and the song.
Yeah I joined in the party,
And partied right along.
I said, come on come on come on come on,
Let's party 'til the dawn.

'Cause the party is still goin' on.
Yeah I said the party was still goin' on.
Come on come on come on,
Let's party, party right along.
The party is still goin' on.
And you try to tell me twenty years come on.
There aint no party that can last that long.
The party was still goin' on.
I say come on come on come on,
Let's break on through to the dawn.
The party is still goin' on.

Let's have a party.
The party is still goin' on.
Let's have a party.
Yeah the party is still goin' on.

I said come on come on come on,
Let's party right along.
The party is still goin' on.
Let's have a party.
The party is still goin' on.
Who said life is not one big party, I say.
Party now 'cause all too soon, it will be gone.
The party is still goin' on.
The party is still goin' on.

(Album, Apples for Capricorn)

Mobius Rhyme

(2003-064)

Look into a flower,
And you'll see a storm cloud.
Look into a storm cloud,
And you'll see a flower.

Look into a raindrop,
And behold a galactic cluster.
Look into a galactic cluster,
And behold a raindrop.

Dance on Lake Superior,
And you'll dance on Saturn.
Dance on Saturn,
And you're back on Lake Superior.

Listen to a robin,
And you'll hear tyrannosaurus.
Hear tyrannosaurus,
And you're listening to a robin.

Every moment in the cosmos,
Has the entire cosmos,
In its mind.
Every point in existence,
Is reflected and refracted,
Through space-time.
Every hour, every micron,
Is a microcosm,
Of the mobius rhyme.

Taste a snowflake,
And you're tasting Arcturus.
Taste Arcturus,
And you're tasting a snowflake.

Breathe the vernal woodland,
And you'll breathe the realm of Pisces.
Breathe the realm of Pisces,
And you're breathing vernal woodland.

Step into the river,
And you're there at the dawning.
Be there at the dawning,
And you'll step into the river.

Touch the beginning,
And you'll touch the cosmic ending.
Touch the cosmic ending,
And you're back to the beginning.

Every moment in the cosmos,
Has the entire cosmos,
In its mind.
Every point in existence,
Is reflected and refracted,
Through space-time.
Every hour, every micron,
Is a microcosm,
Of the mobius rhyme.
Every hour, every micron,
Is a microcosm,
Of the mobius rhyme.
Mobius rhyme.
Mobius rhyme.

(Album, Apples for Capricorn)

Snowflake Curtain

(2003-065)

I feel I'm walking through a, snowflake curtain.
I feel I'm walking on a, snowflake carpet.
The moon is shining through a, snowflake curtain.
The winter clouds are like a, snowflake ceiling.

And I would hold you mid the, snowflake curtain.
And I would kiss you 'neath the, snowflake curtain.
And I would roll with you on the, snowflake carpet.
And I will love you 'til the, snowflake morning.
And I will love you 'til the, snowflake morning.

I feel I'm walking through a, snowflake curtain.
I feel I'm walking on a, snowflake carpet.
The moon is shining through a, snowflake curtain.
The winter clouds are like a, snowflake ceiling.

And I would hold you mid the, snowflake curtain.
And I would kiss you 'neath the, snowflake curtain.
And I would roll with you on the, snowflake carpet.
And I will love you 'til the, snowflake morning.
And I will love you 'til the, snowflake morning.

I feel I'm walking through a, snowflake curtain.
The moon is shining through a, snowflake curtain.
I will love you 'til the, snowflake morning.
I feel I'm walking through a, snowflake curtain.
I feel I'm walking through a, snowflake curtain.

(Album, Apples for Capricorn)

Part of the Circle

(2003-066)

We are part of the circle.
We are part of the circle.
Great and small, short and tall,
We are all, part of the all.
We are part of the circle.
We are part of the circle.

The sun comes up, over the dreaming town.
The rain clouds form, and the rain comes down.
The gift of time, the gift of hands,
The gift of new life, to the land.

We are part of the circle.
We are part of the circle.
Great and small, short and tall,
We are all, part of the all.
We are part of the circle.
We are part of the circle.

The moon will wax, and the moon will wane.
We see her streaming light, and we cry her name.
I walk with you. You walk with me.
We feel the love, in the wind in the trees.

We are part of the circle.
We are part of the circle.
Great and small, short and tall,
We are all, part of the all.
We are part of the circle.
We are part of the circle.

So let the wind blow proud and free.
And let the times wash to the sea.
The music of our souls plays on.
We are one soul. We are one song.

We are part of the circle.
We are part of the circle.
Great and small, short and tall,
We are all, part of the all.
We are part of the circle.
We are part of the circle.
We are part of the circle.
We are part of the circle.
The circle, the circle, the circle.

(Album, Apples for Capricorn)

I don't want your monkey

(2003-067)

I don't want your monkey in the park.
I don't want your monkey in the park.
We'll chase him until the sky turns dark.
I don't want your monkey in the park.

I don't want your monkey in this town.
I don't want your monkey in this town.
We've had enough monkeying around.
I don't want your monkey in this town.

I don't want your monkey in my yard.
I don't want your monkey in my yard.
We'll chase him by the light of moon and stars.
I don't want your monkey in my yard.

I don't want your monkey in my house.
I don't want your monkey in my house.
That flunky can't even catch a mouse.
I don't want your monkey in my house.

I don't want your monkey in my bed.
I don't want your monkey in my bed.
Eating nuts with fur so furry red.
I don't want your monkey in my bed.

We'll be burying your monkey in the hills.
We'll be burying your monkey in the hills.
It's your monkey flunky's fault that he got killed.
We'll be burying your monkey in the hills.

I don't want your monkey in the park.
I don't want your monkey in the park.
We'll chase him until the sky turns dark.
I don't want your monkey in the park.
I don't want your monkey in the park.
I don't want your monkey in the park.
I don't want your monkey in the park.
I don't want your monkey in the park.

(Album, Apples for Capricorn)

Anarchy

(2003-068)

If you make peaceful revolution impossible,
You make violent revolution inevitable.
If you make peaceful revolution impossible,
You make violent revolution inevitable.

If gradual change is an impossibility,
Then the smashing of windows is the way it's gonna be.
If gradual change is an impossibility,
Then the smashing of windows is the way it's gonna be.
You will accuse the people of inciting anarchy,
But who are the ones with the power to set things free.

A N A R C H Y,
Shout it to the depths of the echoing sky.
A N A R C H Y,
Anarchy means, capitalism's gonna die.
Capitalism's gonna die.

If you make peaceful revolution impossible,
You make violent revolution inevitable.
If you make peaceful revolution impossible,
You make violent revolution inevitable.

Spoken by none other than JFK,
The searing words have not gone away.
It's over forty years since the words were spoken,
We've seen many a movement co-opted or broken.
Now we know that the Peace Core and VISTA per say,
Were simply adjuncts of operation USA.
The peaceful revolution was too nice to be real.
Now it's time for the players to take the field.
It's time for the marching band to yield.
Time for the players to take the field.

A N A R C H Y,
Shout it to the depths of the echoing sky.
A N A R C H Y,
Anarchy means, capitalism's gonna die.
Capitalism's gonna die.

If you make peaceful revolution impossible,
You make violent revolution inevitable.
If you make peaceful revolution impossible,
You make violent revolution inevitable.

A N A R C H Y,
Shout it to the depths of the echoing sky.
A N A R C H Y,
Anarchy means, capitalism's gonna die.
Capitalism's gonna die.

If you make peaceful revolution impossible,
You make violent revolution inevitable.
If you make peaceful revolution impossible,
You make violent revolution inevitable.

Peaceful revolution impossible,
Violent revolution inevitable.
Peaceful revolution impossible,
Violent revolution inevitable.
Inevitable, inevitable.

(Album, Apples for Capricorn)

Bitterly

(2003-069)

So shall I go out and weep bitterly.
So shall I go out and weep bitterly.
So shall I go out and weep bitterly.
So shall I go out and weep bitterly.

Before the cock crows twice,
You will deny me three times.
Before the cock crows twice,
You will deny me three times.
Before the cock crows twice,
You will deny me three times.
Before the cock crows twice,
You will deny me three times.

So shall I go out and weep bitterly.
So shall I go out and weep bitterly.
So shall I go out and weep bitterly.
So shall I go out and weep bitterly.

What means could there be of atoning.
What means could there be of atoning.
What means could there be of atoning.
What means could there be of atoning.

So shall I go out and weep bitterly.
So shall I go out and weep bitterly.
So shall I go out and weep bitterly.
So shall I go out and weep bitterly.

I tell you once again I do not know the man.
I tell you once again I do not know the man.
I tell you once again I do not know the man.
I tell you once again I do not know the man.

And then the cock crowed for a second time.
And then the cock crowed for a second time.
And then the cock crowed for a second time.
And then the cock crowed for a second time.

So shall I go out and weep bitterly.
So shall I go out and weep bitterly.
So shall I go out and weep bitterly.
So shall I go out and weep bitterly.
So shall I go out and weep bitterly.
So shall I go out and weep bitterly.
So shall I go out and weep bitterly.

(Album, Apples for Capricorn)

Must be More to Life

(2003-070)

We build ourselves,
Our half a million dollar homes,
In the suburbs of cities like Kalona.
And we move into them,
Believing we'll be safe from the world,
And reality will leave us alone there.

But the wind blows hard,
And the weather is hot and dry.
And the fire rages down,
And a million trees are burned to the ground.
And dozen upon dozen,
Of half a million dollar homes,
Are burned away in a single night.
And we say, there must be more to life,
Than half a million dollar homes.
There must be more to life,
Than half a million dollar homes.
There must be more to life.

We build up our oil corporations.
We burn our fossil fuels.
We make money from global warming,
Believing that the nightmare won't come true.

But the wind blows hard,
And the weather is hot and dry.
And the fire rages down,
And a million trees are burned to the ground.
And dozen upon dozen,
Of half a million dollar homes,
Are burned away in a single night.
And we say, there must be more to life,
Than half a million dollar homes.
There must be more to life,
Than burning fossil fuels.
There must be more to life.

And the earth, she is angry.
And the earth, she cries.
Live simply, that others may simply live.
Live simply, that others may simply live.
Or the earth will come with a vengeance.
Or the earth will come with a vengeance.

And the earth, she is angry.
And the earth, she cries,
Live simply, that others may simply live.
Live simply, that others may simply live.
Or the earth will come with a vengeance.
Or the earth will come with a vengeance.

And the earth, she will say,
I've given you, all I have to give.

I am the earth.
I can, no longer, forgive.

There must be more to life,
Than half a million dollar homes.
There must be more to life,
Than endless economic growth.
There must be more to life.

O the earth, she is angry,
And she comes for revenge.
A house is burned away,
But in the driveway,
There's a sign that says,
"Welcome friends.", "Welcome friends.",
"Welcome friends.".

There must be more to life,
Than half a million dollar homes.
There must be more to life,
Than burning fossil fuels.
There must be more to life,
Than that which can be burned,
Away in a single night.
There must be more to life,
Than that which can be burned,
Away in a single night.

Live simply, that others may simply live.
Live simply, that others may simply live.
Live simply, that others may simply live.
There must be more to life.
There must be more to life.
There must be more to life,
Than that which can be burned,
Away in a single night.

There must be more to life.
There must be more to life.
There must be more to life.

(Album, Apples for Capricorn)

Dig That Salt Mine

(2003-071)

We're gonna dig that salt mine,
Every day of our lives.
We're gonna dig that salt mine,
Til the day that we die.
We know the salt is down there.
We can see it in our minds.
We're gonna dig that salt mine,
Every day of our lives.

We may not see the salt mine in our lifetime,
But our children or our grandchildren will.
And when they have that salt mine, they will remember,
The ones who dug the first shovel of soil.

We're gonna dig that salt mine,
Every day of our lives.
We're gonna dig that salt mine,
Til the day that we die.
We know the salt is down there.
We can see it in our minds.
We're gonna dig that salt mine,
Every day of our lives.

So we march for peace, send emails and write letters,
Saying choose love and life that the future it may live.
And sometimes positive change seems o so slow,
But we're gonna work for peace,
With all we have to give.

We're gonna dig that salt mine,
Every day of our lives.
We're gonna dig that salt mine,
Til the day that we die.
We know the salt is down there.
We can see it in our minds.
We're gonna dig that salt mine,
Every day of our lives.

We're gonna dig that salt mine,
Every day of our lives.
We're gonna dig that salt mine,
Til the day that we die.
We know the salt is down there.
We can see it in our minds.
We're gonna dig that salt mine,
Every day of our lives.
We're gonna dig that salt mine,
Every day of our lives.

Every day of our lives.
Digging the old salt mine.
Every day of our lives,
Seeing it in our minds.
Every day of our lives,

Digging the old salt mine.
Every day of our lives,
Seeing it in our minds,
Digging the old salt mine,
Digging the old salt mine,
Digging the old salt mine.
Digging the old salt, digging the old salt,
Digging the old salt mine.
Digging the old salt mine,
Digging the old salt mine.
Digging the old salt, digging the old salt,
Digging the old salt mine.
Digging the old salt mine.

(Album, Apples for Capricorn)

Talk for Awhile

(2003-072)

Why do you babble about Zeus,
When the night is dark.
Why do you fear the sun,
And say the sun rules the earth.
We have the power of a hundred thousand,
If our hearts are pure.
Let us sit in a circle, dug in the earth,
And talk for awhile.
Let us sit in a circle, dug in the earth,
And talk for awhile.

Why do you scratch the earth,
With the claws of a dinosaur.
Bigfoot would have fallen,
Before Tyrannosaurus Rex's roar.
If we are holy and free,
We need fear no coiled snake.
Let us sit in a circle, dug in the earth,
And talk for awhile.
Let us sit in a circle, dug in the earth,
And talk for awhile.

The hammer of concrete,
Will try to smash your mind.
Gagging goose will always try,
To have the final word.
But in the end, Spaceship Earth,
Will shine bright white and blue.
Let us sit in a circle, dug in the earth,
And talk for awhile.
Let us sit in a circle, dug in the earth,
And talk for awhile.

I met some of the cool people,
With a long grass reed.
They were beating on drums and singing the songs,
That Goethe dreamed.
They said we are all sailors, on our sailboats,
On a lake without shores.
Let us sit in a circle, dug in the earth,
And talk for awhile.
Let us sit in a circle, dug in the earth,
And talk for awhile.

We have the power of a hundred thousand,
If our hearts are pure.
We have the power of a hundred thousand,
If our hearts are pure.
Love is the life blood freedom,
We give back to the earth.
We have the power of a hundred thousand,
If our hearts are pure.
Blessed are the pure at heart.
They will see the light in everyone.

Blessed are the pure at heart.
They will see the light in everyone.
We are the children of dancing Earth,
Of the wind and the rain and the sun.
Blessed are the pure at heart.
They will see the light in everyone.

We have the power of a hundred thousand,
If our hearts are pure.
We have the power of a hundred thousand,
If our hearts are pure.
Love is the life blood freedom,
We give back to the earth.
We have the power of a hundred thousand,
If our hearts are pure.
We have the power of a hundred thousand,
If our hearts are pure.
We have the power of a hundred thousand,
If our hearts are pure.
If our hearts are pure.
If our hearts are pure.
If our hearts are pure.

(Album, Comfort Zones)

Drops in the Bucket

(2003-073)

There were five at the demonstration,
'Cause only five people came.
And we felt very small in the shadow,
Of the capitalist power game.

We were only a drop in the bucket,
A drop in the bucket I know.
But with drop after drop in the bucket,
One day the bucket will overflow,
And justice will roll, and justice will roll.

There were fifty at the demonstration,
'Cause fifty people came.
We felt somewhat small in the shadow,
Of the capitalist power game.

We were only a drop in the bucket,
A drop in the bucket I know.
But with drop after drop in the bucket,
One day the bucket will overflow,
And justice will roll, and justice will roll.

There were five hundred at the demonstration,
'Cause five hundred people came.
We were starting to feel somewhat powerful,
Against the capitalist power game.

We were five hundred drops in the bucket,
Five hundred drops in the bucket I know.
But with drop after drop in the bucket,
One day that bucket will overflow,
And justice will roll, and justice will roll.

There were five thousand at the demonstration,
'Cause five thousand people came.
We were starting to feel we could overthrow,
The capitalist power game.

We were five thousand drops in the bucket,
Five thousand drops in the bucket I know.
And with drop after drop in the bucket,
One day that bucket will overflow,
And justice will roll, and justice will roll.

There were fifty thousand at the demonstration,
'Cause fifty thousand people came.
We shut down a corporate state meeting,
The WTO was it's name.

We were fifty thousand drops in the bucket,
Fifty thousand drops in the bucket we know.
And with drop after drop in the bucket,
We know the bucket will overflow,
And justice will roll, and justice will roll.

There were five hundred thousand at the demonstration,
'Cause five hundred thousand came.
We were marching for peace through London,
Peace not bombs was our refrain.

We were five hundred thousand drops in the bucket,
Five hundred thousand drops in the bucket we know.
But with drop after drop in the bucket,
We are sure that bucket will overflow,
And justice will roll, and justice will roll.

There were five million at the demonstration,
Stretching from shore to shore.
And with us around the planet,
There were five hundred million more.

We were five million drops in the bucket,
Five million drops in the bucket we know.
Now the bucket is overflowing,
And justice is starting to roll.
Let it roll. Let it roll. Let it roll.

There were five million at the demonstration,
And we were the ocean's roar.
With us around the planet,
There were five hundred million more.

Five hundred million drops in the bucket,
Another five billion to go.
And the bucket is overflowing,
And justice is starting to roll.
Let it roll. Let it roll. Let it roll.
Let it roll. Let it roll. Let it roll.
Let it roll. Let it roll. Let it roll.
Let it roll. Let it roll. Let it roll.

Let it roll. Let it roll.

(Album, Comfort Zones)

Song for Chung Hay Li

(2003-074)

Tenth of September, 2003,
City of Cancun, land of Mexico.
As thousand demonstrated, fighting to be free,
Saying no to the power, of the WTO.

A Korean farmer, name Chung Hay Li,
Former president of the Korean Farmers' Association,
Climbs to the top of, a police barricade,
And speaks his truth, with an act of self-annihilation.

With a Swiss army knife, he stabs himself twice,
Puncturing his lungs, puncturing his heart.
In the name of the millions of people who have died,
As capitalism tore their world apart.

Chung Hay Li, speaks for all of us.
Chung Hay Li, stood for all of us.
Chung Hay Li, is everyone of us.
When the heart of oppression,
Attacks the heart of the dream,
You've got to stab the heart of darkness,
From the heart of the scream.
You've got to stab the heart of darkness,
From the heart of the scream.

Someone observing screams, "Medico Medico!"
But the journalists surround him,
As he lays dying on the ground.
An ambulance takes him to a hospital,
But he dies among the people,
Who are marching all around.

The shock ripples through everyone.
The rage and the sorrow, the solidarity and pain.
For we are real people living and dying 'round the world.
We are not tokens on someone's ledger,
Or pawns in someone's cynical game.

Chung Hay Li, speaks for all of us.
Chung Hay Li, stood for all of us.
Chung Hay Li, is everyone of us.
When the heart of oppression,
Attacks the heart of the dream,
You've got to stab the heart of darkness,
From the heart of the scream.
You've got to stab the heart of darkness,
From the heart of the scream.

Eleventh of September, 2003,
We stand commemorating the sacrifice,
Of the people of Chili, thirty years before.
When a military coup took thirty thousand lives.

But we and the struggle live on, live on,

In the beating of our hearts,
And the pounding of our brains.
And the flower of justice shall bloom, shall bloom,
And Chung Hay Li, shall not have died in vane.

Chung Hay Li, speaks for all of us.
Chung Hay Li, stood for all of us.
Chung Hay Li, is everyone of us.
When the heart of oppression,
Attacks the heart of the dream,
You've got to stab the heart of darkness,
From the heart of the scream.
You've got to stab the heart of darkness,
From the heart of the scream.
You've got to stab the heart of darkness,
From the heart of the scream.
The heart of the scream.

Vive Companero Li.
Vive Companero Li.

(Album, Comfort Zones)

Come from Within

(2003-075)

I'd like to go back to the Galilean shore,
And start a gentle revolution that comes from within.
To feel the Spirit moving people one by one,
And feel the turning of the gentle wheel begin.

Some throw stones and some chant mantras,
But all I can say is,
Socialism has to come from within.
Some throw stones and some chant mantras,
But all I can say is,
Socialism has to come from within.

I'd like to go back and dream a dream,
Feel the seed sprouting while the farmer sleeps.
The young have visions and the old dream dreams,
And this old world will be renewed like spring.

Some throw stones and some chant mantras,
But all I can say is,
Socialism has to come from within.
Some throw stones and some chant mantras,
But all I can say is,
Socialism has to come from within.
Come from within, come from within, come from within.

It wasn't the man they called Meshiah,
So much as the meshiah energy in everyone.
And Thomas had to doubt,
And there had to be someone,
To bring us all back down to Earth and say,
How are you gonna get,
The ordinary tasks of living done.

Some throw stones and some chant mantras,
But all I can say is,
Socialism has to come from within.
Some throw stones and some chant mantras,
But all I can say is,
Socialism has to come from within.
Socialism has to come from within.

I'd like to go back to the Galilean shore,
And start a gentle revolution that comes from within.
And feel the Spirit moving people one by one,
And feel the turning of the gentle wheel begin.
And feel the turning of the gentle wheel begin.

Come from within, come from within.
Wheel begin, wheel begin.
Come from within, come from within, come from within.

(Album, Comfort Zones)

What Are We Doing Here

(2003-076)

What are we doing here.
Do we know our names at all.
What are we doing here.
Do we know our names at all.

Do we breathe our whispers,
At the windows of our minds.
Only the fog breath of our souls,
Can take us back through time.

What are we doing here.
You can leave the porch light on.
What are we doing here.
You can leave the porch light on.

When we return from our travels,
On our seas of tranquility,
We will surely find our way,
Through the doorways of reality.

What are we doing here,
When the stars are shining bright.
What are we doing here,
When the stars are shining bright.

Kiss good night to the fairy princess.
We have many rows to hoe.
Must come down and tend our gardens.
Even Voltaire has said so.
Even the windmill man has said so.

What are we doing here.
Do we know our names at all.

(Album, Comfort Zones)

Godmother

(2003-077)

She was my godmother,
Who stood for me at baptism,
When they didn't know if I would live or not.
And when I was six or seven,
I used to call her my fairy godmother.
She got quite a laugh out of that.

She lived in a small town,
Not so far out in the country,
And from time to time she'd come into town,
And stay for a few days.
She was my godmother,
And it was part of her purpose,
To help in my instruction,
In the Catholic faith.

Her words were kind and joyful,
Filled with love and encouragement,
Not the words of fear or hierarchy.
And I thought nothing of it,
That she was an adult but she was still single.
That sort of thing didn't matter much to me.
That sort of thing didn't matter much to me.

And sometimes my Mom would tease her,
About moving into the city.
She might find a man. One can never say.
And she would laugh good-naturedly,
While her and her sister looked after their father,
Til the day he died and was buried in his grave.

And sometimes her and a woman friend,
Would come to town and stay the afternoon,
And they'd have supper with us,
And be on their way.
And we thought nothing of it.
She was an old friend of the family.
We all enjoyed each other's company I'd say.
We all enjoyed each other's company I'd say.

Then one night, her and her woman friend,
Were in a terrible traffic accident.
Her friend and her friend's son were killed,
And she was left to tell the tale.
She went into the kind of morning,
You would feel for the loss of a partner,
And it had the effect of outing her,
In small town Saskatchewan,
Over twenty years ago I'd say.

But the people of that small town,
Did not give her the kind of empathy,
They would normally have given,
To someone who had lost a spouse.

Instead they took to gossiping,
And letting their fears run rampant,
And I learned at a young age,
What fear and hatred are all about.
What fear and hatred are all about.

For the love between her and her friend,
And the pleasure that they may have had,
Was something that that small town could not face.
It was easier to gossip,
And cluck their rural Saskatchewan tongues,
And when they saw her coming, to turn away.

And it kind of made me wonder,
Why do we as human beings,
Why do we respond in such a way.
Respond with fear and ignorance,
To someone else's differences.
Surely there must be a better way.
Surely there must be a better way.

She was my godmother,
Who stood for me at baptism.
Now it's my turn to stand,
And bear witness to what I know is right.
Everyone of us is equal,
And all love's free expressions,
Must be honoured as equally dignified,
Before the light.

Everyone of us is equal,
And all love's free expressions,
Must be honoured as equally dignified,
Before the light.
Honoured as equally dignified,
Before the light.

(Album, Comfort Zones)

Uncle Sam has an Army

(2003-078)

Uncle Sam has an army,
Over there, over there.
Uncle Sam has an army,
Over there, over there.
They'll be shootin' off their cannons,
In the morning desert air,
In Uncle Sam's army over there.

If you're a young American,
White and middle class,
You can go to university.
The army you can pass.
You'll be living off the spoils of war,
In your corporate layer,
Thanks to Uncle Sam's army over there.

But if you are a Mexican,
A Latino or a black,
They'll be glad to make a body bag,
To ship your body back.
They'll put you on the frontline,
When the fighting starts to flair,
In Uncle Sam's army over there.

Uncle Sam has an army,
Over there, over there.
Uncle Sam has an army,
Over there, over there.
They'll be shootin' off their cannons,
In the morning desert air,
In Uncle Sam's army over there.

They've declared a war on terrorism,
All around the globe,
While bringing corporate terror,
To the shanty towns at home.
All the world is a shanty town,
Filled with toxic air,
Thanks to Uncle Sam's army over there.

They'll be fighting in an endless war,
Against the enemy,
When the enemy is anyone,
Who dares to disagree,
Who dares to go a marching,
For a future that is fair,
Saying no to our armies over there.

Uncle Sam has an army,
Over there, over there.
A corporate imperialist,
Army over there.
They'll be shootin' off their cannons,
In the morning desert air,

In Uncle Sam's army over there.
With a little racial profile,
And a journalistic coup,
They'll be arresting Muslim men,
To put the fear in you,
That the terrorists are organizing,
Here and everywhere,
And we need our armies over there.

Down in the shadows,
Of the mighty Toronto Tower,
They thought they found a sleeper cell.
They thought they'd shut it down.
They arrested twenty-one but then,
The evidence wasn't there.
Still they say we need our armies over there.

Uncle Sam has an army,
Over there, over there.
A corporate imperialist,
Army over there.
And Johnny Canuck,
Is being told to do his share,
In Uncle Sam's army over there.

But ten million people said,
No to Bush's war,
And if Bush keeps warring,
There will be ten million more,
Working for a world of peace,
With wealth enough to share,
Saying no to our armies over there.

They claim that there are sleeper cells,
Here and everywhere.
They're sharpening their box cutters,
Taking to the air.
But the only people sleeping,
Are the ones who sit and stare
And love the taste of blood and murder over there.

Uncle Sam has an army,
Over there, over there.
Uncle Sam has an army,
Over there, over there.
But it's time to build a future,
That is peaceful, just and fair,
And say no to our armies over there.

I know about Pearl Harbor.
FDR knew in advance.
He said, we'll let the Japanese bomb the place,
And we can start the dance.
We'll have the great Pacific War,
On land and sea and air,
So we can build our empire over there.

The CIA knew al-Qaida,
Would hijack a couple planes,
And fly them into the Twin Towers.
They knew they had it made.
They said, now we'll be able to justify,
Invasions everywhere,
'Cause we are here and the oil is over there.

Uncle Sam has an army,
Over there, over there.
A petroleum-guzzling,
Army over there.
It's time to build a future,
That is peaceful, just and fair,
And say no to our armies over there.

The folks at Lockheed Martin,
GE and Raytheon,
They popped a thousand corks the day,
The World Trade Center was bombed.
They said, we'll be making lots of money now.
Line up and buy your share.
We'll supply those armies over there.

For the companies whose job it is,
To manufacture arms,
There can be nothing better,
Than a boogie man at large.
M16's or F16's,
You need not despair.
Just don't find Bin Laden over there.

Uncle Sam has an army,
Over there, over there.
A corporate imperialist,
Army over there.
It's time to build a future,
That is peaceful, just and fair,
And say no to our armies over there.

Uncle Sam has an army,
Over there, over there.
A petroleum guzzling,
Army over there.
It's time to build a future,
That is peaceful, just and fair,
And say no to our armies over there.

It's time to build a future,
That is peaceful, just and fair,
And say no to our armies over there.
Say no to militarism everywhere.
No more imperialism anywhere.
Say no to militarism everywhere.
Say no to our armies over there.

(Album, Comfort Zones)

Comfort Zone

(2003-079)

There you are pissing in my peaceful pond.
There you are polluting my plush green lawn.
There you are infringing on my comfort zone.
You better pay attention to what you've been shown.
You better pay attention to what you've been shown.

'Cause all the little fishes in my peaceful pond,
Gonna tell you to make yourself scarce by God.
And every single molecule in my comfort zone,
Gonna tell you to take off and go home.
Gonna tell you to take off and go home.

Comfort zone, comfort zone, comfort zone.

There you are pissing in my peaceful pond.
There you are polluting my plush green lawn.
There you are infringing on my comfort zone.
You better pay attention to what you've been shown.
You better pay attention to what you've been shown.

'Cause all the little fishes in my peaceful pond,
Gonna tell you to make yourself scarce by God.
And every single molecule in my comfort zone,
Gonna tell you to take off and go home.
Gonna tell you to take off and go home.

Gotta let me have my comfort zone.
Gotta let me have my comfort zone.
Gotta let me have my comfort zone.

Comfort zone, comfort zone, comfort zone.

There you are pissing in my peaceful pond.
There you are polluting my plush green lawn.
There you are infringing on my comfort zone.
You better pay attention to what you've been shown.
You better pay attention to what you've been shown.

'Cause all the little fishes in my peaceful pond,
Gonna tell you to make yourself scarce by God.
And every single molecule in my comfort zone,
Gonna tell you to take off and go home.
Gonna tell you to take off and go home.

Gotta let me have my comfort zone.
Gotta let me have my comfort zone.
Gotta let me have my comfort zone.

Comfort zone, comfort zone, comfort zone.
Comfort zone, comfort zone, comfort zone.
Comfort zone, comfort zone, comfort zone.
Comfort zone, comfort zone, comfort zone.

(Album, Comfort Zones)

Long spoons, long spoons,
The difference between Hell and Heaven,
Is what you do with the long spoons.

Long spoons, long spoons,
The difference between Hell and Heaven,
Is what you do with the long spoons.

A man had a dream,
In which he visited Hell,
And Hell was a room filled with banquet tables.
And the tables were set out,
For a banquet feast,
And there was a friendly roaring fire in the hearth,
And large steaming pots
Of vegetarian stew.

But the people 'round the table,
Were sad and glum,
For they had to eat the food with spoons,
That were three or four or five metres long.
They did not know what to do,
With the long spoons.
They could not use the long spoons,
To feed themselves,
So they were sad and glum,
And this was Hell.

Then the man journeyed on,
And came to Heaven,
And Heaven was a room,
Again filled with banquet tables.
Again the tables were set out,
For a banquet feast.
There was a friendly roaring fire,
Once again, in the hearth.
And again there were the large steaming pots,
Of vegetarian stew,
And again the great long spoons.

But the people at this banquet,
Were smiling and happy,
'Cause they found what to do with the long spoons.
They simply used the long spoons,
To feed each other,
And they called each other,
Sister and brother.
They were smiling and happy,
'Cause there was food in every mouth,
And every belly.
For they knew what to do with the long spoons.
They knew what to do with the long spoons.

Long spoons, long spoons,

The difference between Hell and Heaven,
Is what you do with the long spoons.

Long spoons, long spoons,
The difference between Hell and Heaven,
Is what you do with the long spoons.

Hell is individual isolated loneliness.
Heaven is deep love community.
Hell is the mind trap of capitalism.
Heaven is a true socialist society.

Long spoons, long spoons,
The difference between Hell and Heaven,
Is what you do with the long spoons.

Long spoons, long spoons,
The difference between Hell and Heaven,
Is what you do with the long spoons.
What you do with the long spoons.
What you do with the long spoons.

(Album, Comfort Zones)

Toward the Sun

(2003-081)

Toward the sun, toward the sun,
Toward the sun, toward the sun.

The geranium blooms, and its leaves they turn,
Toward the sun, toward the sun.
And through the winter, our hearts yearn,
Toward the sun, toward the sun.

The night is dark, but still we know,
Toward the sun, toward the sun.
The earth will turn towards morning's glow,
Toward the sun, toward the sun.
Toward the sun, toward the sun.

At Winter Solstice we affirm,
Toward the sun, toward the sun.
The warmth of springtime will return,
Toward the sun, toward the sun.

The solar cells, they turn their minds,
Toward the sun, toward the sun.
And the dream of centuries may be realized,
Toward the sun, toward the sun.

So let us dance and joyfully sing,
Toward the sun, toward the sun.
And let the bells of peace and justice ring,
Toward the sun, toward the sun.
Toward the sun, toward the sun.

The geranium blooms, and its leaves they turn,
Toward the sun, toward the sun.
And through the winter, our hearts yearn,
Toward the sun, toward the sun.
Toward the sun, toward the sun.
Toward the sun, toward the sun.
Toward the sun.

(Album, Comfort Zones)

Solar Powered Cross

(2003-082)

Crosses painted on cathedral walls,
Crosses of stone, crosses of fire, criss-cross us all.
Crosses of the mind, crosses of the heart,
Crosses bringing us together, crosses pulling us apart.

But down at St. Michael's here's what they know.
Small place of worship on the prairie snow.
Summer or winter, sun, wind, rain or frost,
They light up the night with a solar powered cross.
They light up the night with a solar powered cross.
Solar powered cross.

Maybe it's their way of saying Jesus died,
So Planet Earth don't have to commit suicide.
For all the wars fought for the possession of fossil fuels,
While global warming plunges billions into famine,
Around this blue green jewel.

Down at St. Michael's here's what they know.
You can bake the bread of life in a solar stove.
Summer or winter, sun, wind, rain or frost,
They light up the night with a solar powered cross.
They light up the night with a solar powered cross.
Solar powered cross.

I am the solar way, the solar truth and the solar life.
On a beam of solar energy, you need never die.
You will know the photovoltaic truth,
And it will make you free.
Get ready for a solar powered,
Illuminated, Nicene creed.

Down at St. Michael's here's what they know.
Small place of worship on the prairie snow.
Summer or winter, sun, wind, rain or frost,
They light up the night with a solar powered cross.
They light up the night with a solar powered cross.
Solar powered cross,
Solar powered cross,
Solar powered cross.

The cross was built by a Quaker named Ken,
As a gift of light to the highway men.
Let's celebrate our small victories.
Lift up your eyes and rise above the trees.

Down at St. Michael's here's what they know.
You can bake the bread of life in a solar stove.
Summer or winter, sun, wind, rain or frost,
They light up the night with a solar powered cross.
They light up the night with a solar powered cross.
Solar powered cross,
Solar powered cross,
Solar powered cross.

Gonna be a solar, resurrection.
Gonna be a solar, resurrection.
Gonna be a solar, resurrection.
Some day, hay.
Gonna be a solar, resurrection.
Gonna be a solar, resurrection.
Gonna be a solar, resurrection,
Some day, hay.

Solar powered cross,
Solar powered cross.

Gonna be a solar, resurrection.
Gonna be a solar, resurrection.

Solar powered cross,
Solar powered cross,
Solar powered cross.

(Album, Comfort Zones)

Norman Morison

(2003-083)

Second of November, 1965,
A married man of thirty-one,
Reads an article in I. F. Stone about,
Village children being napalmed.

He sets himself on fire, on the front lawn,
Of the building, called the Pentagon,
And dies, not wanting,
To be complicit in the murder.

And a generation, lives on and says,
He could have lived, and grown old with the rest.
Surely, he could have done something more,
With all the years of life he had remaining.
But who are we, and who are they, to say,
Everyone has their reasons.

Norman Morison is gone.
He left behind a wife and children.
Norman Morison is gone.
He left behind a troubled nation.
Norman Morison is gone.
Norman Morison.

Second of November, 1965,
A date on a calendar,
One among ten thousand others.
But thirty years later,
Norman was remembered by the ones,
Who swore they would keep marching.

He made his sacrifice, for all to see.
Perhaps he was the first man,
To die for all humanity.
He bore his witness, against the war machine,
And a hundred million lived on,
To build the dream.

Norman Morison is gone.
He left behind a wife and children.
Norman Morison is gone.
He left behind a troubled nation.
Norman Morison is gone.
Norman Morison.

And all the millions live on,
Working to build the dream,
Of a just and peaceful dawn,
By just and peaceful means.
All the millions live on,
Working to build the dream,
Knowing sometimes we must be shown,
What we do not wish to see.

Norman Morison.
Norman Morison.
Norman Morison.

(Album, Comfort Zones)

This is the Small Town

(2003-084)

This is the small town, from which I came.
This is the small town, from which I came.
I know all the neighbours, have died or moved away.
But this is the small town, from which I came.

A street called Preston,
In the middle of Saskatoon,
We would play beneath the deep blue sky,
Through the afternoon.
And as the night came down,
We would dance beneath the rising moon.
A street called Preston,
In the middle of Saskatoon.

This is the small town, from which I came.
This is the small town, from which I came.
I know all the neighbours, have died or moved away.
But this is the small town, from which I came.

We were the children in the,
Chocolate cake houses along the avenue.
We would eat our Popsicles,
Feel the rain and touch the morning dew.
All our world was full of sunlight,
Love and freedom, gold and blue.
We were the children in the,
Chocolate cake houses along the avenue.

This is the small town, from which I came.
This is the small town, from which I came.
I know all the neighbours, have died or moved away.
But this is the small town, from which I came.

Sometimes I go wandering,
Back to that place,
That cherry bowl freedom,
That sacred living space.
It lives in me, and it lives in you.
It cannot be erased.
Sometimes I go wandering,
Back to that place.

This is the small town, from which I came.
This is the small town, from which I came.
I know all the neighbours, have died or moved away.
But this is the small town, from which I came.
This is the small town, from which I came.
This is the small town.
This is the small town.
This is the small town.

(Album, Comfort Zones)

Hay Jim Pankiw

(2003-085)

With a mind from Alabama,
And a shotgun on your knee,
You call yourself Jim Pankiw,
With a V for victory.
You'd like to be the mayor,
And set Caucasian people free.
Give Saskatoon a healthy taste,
Of fascist tyranny.

Hay Jim Pankiw,
You talk equality,
But the Montgomery Alabama,
Of the north is what I see.
Hay Jim Pankiw,
We don't want your tyranny.
Til everyone has justice,
You shall have no peace.
Til everyone has justice,
You shall have no peace.

You would deny abortion rights,
To women down the line,
And disability rights,
Will have to wait for another time.
But you say all folks are equal.
It's self-evidently true.
I guess you must mean nice, white,
Fascist folks like you.

Hay Jim Pankiw,
You talk equality,
But the Birmingham Alabama,
Of the north is what I see.
Hay Jim Pankiw,
We don't want your tyranny.
Til everyone has justice,
You shall have no peace.
Til everyone has justice,
You shall have no peace.

Calling people racist,
When they stand up for their rights.
Saying, away with race-based privilege,
Accept of course for whites.
Sending out your leaflets,
About stopping Indian crime,
When police crime and corporate crime,
Are the real crimes of our time.

Hay Jim Pankiw,
You talk equality,
But the Montgomery Alabama,
Of the north is what I see.
Hay Jim Pankiw,

We don't want your tyranny.
Til everyone has justice,
You shall have no peace.
Til everyone has justice,
You shall have no peace.

I want a land where everyone,
Can live in peace and freedom.
The bodies we found frozen,
Were those of human beings.
How dare you say that aboriginal,
Rights have gone too far.
A fucking fascist racist,
Son of a bitch is what you are.

Hay Jim Pankiw,
You talk equality,
But the Birmingham Alabama,
Of the north is what I see.
Hay Jim Pankiw,
We don't want your tyranny.
Til everyone has justice,
You shall have no peace.
Til everyone has justice,
No justice means no peace.

Here's my advice to you, Jim Pankiw,
Time for movin' on.
Pack your bags, hop a train,
And leave this town alone.
We have no time for those whose minds,
Are of the KKK.
Go live with all your fascist friends,
Down in the USA.

Hay Jim Pankiw,
You talk equality,
But the Montgomery Alabama,
Of the north is what I see.
Hay Jim Pankiw,
We don't want your tyranny.
Til everyone has justice,
You shall have no peace.
Til everyone has justice,
You shall have no peace.

No thank you Pankiw,
We don't want your tyranny.
Til everyone has justice,
No justice means no peace.

No justice, no peace,
No racist police.
Social justice everywhere,
No white supremacist mayor.
No justice, no peace,

No racist police.
Social justice everywhere,
No white supremacist mayor.
No thank you Pankiw.

(Album, Comfort Zones)

Brooms Across the Sky

(2003-086)

I came into the city,
A million years ago.
I picked up a harp and played for the angels,
Beneath the neon glow.
The Rembrandt angel faces smiled,
Saying, won't you play one more,
Before the trumpet sounds and the captain calls,
To take us off to war.

And there were brooms across the sky.
And there were mushrooms on my mind.
There were brooms across the sky.
There were mushrooms on my mind.

The dungeons and the torture chambers,
Were hid beneath the land,
Too many to be counted,
Or hold in your right hand.
The bodies of the victims,
Their faces to the sky,
Were all that greeted the morning,
Amid the silly passers by.

And there were brooms across the sky.
And there were mushrooms on my mind.
There were brooms across the sky.
There were mushrooms on my mind.

The angels turned to dreamers,
Saying let us fly away.
Our brooms will be our banners,
As we proclaim the witches' way.
The city it will fall before,
A thunderous applause,
That would shake the very rafters,
Of the banquet halls of Oz.

And there were brooms across the sky.
There were mushrooms on my mind.
There were brooms across the sky.
There were mushrooms on my mind.

After a million years had come,
And gone, I took my harp.
Wandered out into the desert,
Filled with shooting stars.
Here I dwell, a desert hermit,
Reflecting down through time,
On the truths and lies that I have witnessed,
With my golden ears and eyes.

There were brooms across the sky.
There were mushrooms on my mind.
There were brooms across the sky.

There were mushrooms on my mind.
On my mind, on my mind.

(Album, Comfort Zones)

John Train

(2003-087)

John Train, John Train,
Where would you roll today.
John Train, John Train,
Where would you roll today.
The railway tracks are in your brain.
So would you roll away.
John Train, John Train,
Where would you roll today.

Getting into street fights,
In the canyons of New York,
On the sacred soil where Woody Guthrie roamed,
Thirty-five years before.
Crashing a garbage can through the front window,
Of a restaurant store,
As if to say, don't call me,
By the name by which I was known before.

John Train, John Train,
Where would you roll today.
John Train, John Train,
Where would you roll today.
The railway tracks are in your brain,
So would you roll away.
John Train, John Train,
Where would you roll today.

Born on Summer Solstice,
1975,
The Green Man turning giant,
Saying I refuse to die.
What is the fool that you've been making,
Of yourself all over town.
Is this all that was left of you,
When the trusted troubadour tumbled down.

John Train, John Train,
Where would you roll today.
John Train, John Train,
Where would you roll today.
You're Thomas Pane. You're Jessie James.
You're Captain USA.
John Train, John Train,
Where would you roll today.

Joe Hill, Jim Dean and Lenny Bruce,
Had rattled 'round your brain.
With JFK and Jesus Christ and,
William Butler Yates.
But this was all that was left of you,
When the concert it was done,
Til another writer called your name,
And said, everyone run run.

John Train, John Train,
Where would you roll today.
John Train, John Train,
Where would you roll today.
The railway tracks are in your brain,
So would you roll away.
John Train, John Train,
Where would you roll today.

This is not a song about Phillip David Ochs.
It's a song for you and me.
John Train is the shadow,
We do not wish to be.
Settle down and raise a family,
And survive the hurricane.
Saying save me from the madness,
Who calls himself John Train.

John Train, John Train,
Where would you roll today.
John Train, John Train,
Where would you roll today.
You're Thomas Pane. You're Jessie James.
You're Captain USA.
But the man they called Westmoreland,
Kind of took that all away.
John Train, John Train,
Where would you roll today.
John Train, John Train,
Where would you roll today.
Where would you roll today.

(Album, Comfort Zones)

And It Turns

(2003-088)

All the universe is a turning wheel.
And it turns, and it turns.
And in an instant, we are real.
And it turns, and it turns.

Brings us the light of a billion suns.
And it turns, and it turns.
Tells us the cosmos has begun.
And it turns, and it turns.

Turning in earth, turning in water,
Turning in fire, turning in air.
And it turns, and it turns.
And the centre of the world is everywhere.
Turning in earth, turning in water,
Turning in fire, turning in air.
And it turns, and it turns.
And the centre of the world is everywhere.

Fox in the meadow, turns his ear.
And it turns, and it turns.
We hear an asteroid, coming near.
And it turns, and it turns.

The badger on the roadside, sniffs the air.
And it turns, and it turns.
Whisper of a comet, when and where.
And it turns, and it turns.

Turning in earth, turning in water,
Turning in fire, turning in air.
And it turns, and it turns.
And the centre of the world is everywhere.
Turning in earth, turning in water,
Turning in fire, turning in air.
And it turns, and it turns.
And the center of the world is everywhere.
Centre of the world is everywhere.

Midnight wind you sweep away.
And it turns, and it turns.
You free our minds to greet the day.
And it turns, and it turns.

Heat and starlight, skin and reads.
And it turns, and it turns.
Dare to plant the hopeful seeds.
And it turns, and it turns.

Turning in earth, turning in water,
Turning in fire, turning in air.
And it turns, and it turns.
And the centre of the world is everywhere.
Turning in earth, turning in water,

Turning in fire, turning in air.
And it turns, and it turns.
And the center of the world is everywhere.
And the center of the world is everywhere.
Everywhere, everywhere.
And it turns, and it turns, and it turns.

(Album, Comfort Zones)

Love and the Certainty

(2003-089)

Something from my childhood,
Came into my mind,
Flashed upon the ceiling of my brain.
It told me there was something,
That I had left behind.
Would I ever turn and take it back again.
Would I ever turn and take it back again.

There was love and the certainty of being,
As we played, as we played.
There was love and the beauty of our feelings,
With no need to be afraid.
With no need to be afraid.

Now the walls and the wars,
Of twenty-five years,
Have tossed me and turned me down through time.
With scars upon my heart and mind,
And soul I fear,
Telling me that living is a crime.
Telling me that living is a crime.

But there was love and the certainty of being,
As we played, as we played.
There was love and the beauty of our feelings,
With no need to be afraid.
With no need to be afraid.

Now I sit here in the stillness,
And I listen to the night.
I tell myself that peace will greet the dawn.
A peace from deep within us,
That dances in the light,
And gives us all the strength to carry on.
And gives us all the strength to carry on.

Let there be love and the certainty of being,
Through the day, through the day.
Let there be love and the beauty of our feelings.
May it never go away.
May it never go away.

Love and the certainty of being,
Through the day, through the day.
Love and the beauty of our feelings.
May it never go away.
May it never go away.

(Album, Comfort Zones)

The Light

(2003-090)

I believe in the light,
The light that was before all.
The light that was before time,
The light who illumines all,
Who come into the world.
Who come into the world.

And I believe in the love,
The love in whom all things are.
The love that shines from above,
Like a bright shining star.
It shines all over the world.
It shines all over the world.

And I believe in the peace,
The peace that lives in our hearts.
The peace that would set us free,
And carry us on to the stars.
May it envelop the world.
May it envelop the world.

I believe in the light,
The light that was before all.
The light that was before time,
The light who illumines all,
Who come into the world,
Who come into the world.

May it shine all over the world.
May it shine all over the world.
May it envelop the world.
May it envelop the world.
May it shine all over the world.
May it shine all over the world.
May it envelop the world.
May it envelop the world.

I believe in the light.
I believe in the love.
I believe in the peace.
I believe in the light.

(Album, Comfort Zones)

To Walk in Non-violence

(2003-091)

In the year of 1939,
As storm clouds grew over Europe,
A small band of Quakers, made their way,
Guided by the love of God,
Guided by the Spirit.

They had a meeting, with Adolph Hitler,
At a time when six thousand Jews,
Were imprisoned in Germany's jails.
I don't know how, but they convinced him,
To free the six thousand,
And give the six thousand safe passage to the USA.

Now some might say, what is six thousand,
Compared to the six million who would die.
Still the heart of a dictator, was moved for a moment,
And still they saved six thousand lives.

And the spirit of love and life and hope,
Calls us to walk in non-violence.
We may be many, or we may be few,
But the spirit of truth will not be silenced.
The spirit of truth will not be silenced.

Sunday November 13th, 1960,
In the feeling that a new day could be born,
Though crosses burned through Mississippi,
And the nation knelt at the altar of the god of war.

A thousand Quakers, came together,
In the city of Washington D.C.
And they formed a human chain, around the Pentagon,
To commemorate three hundred years,
Of the Quaker peace testimony.

Still the missiles stand, and the bombers roar,
And many are the millions who have died.
Still a thousand Quakers, stood their ground,
Surrounding the Pentagon,
With the power of human beings, for the first time.

And the spirit of love and life and hope,
Calls us to walk in non-violence.
We may be many, or we may be few,
But the spirit of truth will not be silenced.
The spirit of truth will not be silenced.

Early 1980's, Camp Yellow Thunder,
In the Black Hills of South Dakota,
In the land of Crazy Horse, Sitting Bull and Black Elk,
The Quakers join with the Lakota.

Saying no to uranium, and colonialism,
May the waters of the Black Hills run free and pure.

You won't solve your problems, with FBI SWAT teams,
But only by listening to the gentle voices,
Of Mother Earth.

1995, South Pacific,
A band of activists travels out to sea.
As the French test their weapons, on Mururoa,
And the Quakers join in saying,
Isn't it time we work for peace.

And the spirit of love and life and hope,
Calls us to walk in non-violence.
We may be many, or we may be few,
But the spirit of truth will not be silenced.
No the spirit of truth will not be silenced.

April 2001, Quebec City,
As thousands protest against the FTAA,
And the corporate state,
Some fifty Quakers, and Quaker-friendly people,
Sit in a circle and have meeting for worship,
At the wall of corporate shame.

January 18th, 2003,
Back in Washington, witnessing for peace,
Quakers get arrested, with gentle anarchists and pagans,
Knowing this is the reason we were meant to be.

And the spirit of love and life and hope,
Calls us to walk in non-violence.
We may be many, or we may be few,
But the spirit of truth will not be silenced.
No the spirit of truth will not be silenced.

We may be many, or we may be few,
But the spirit of truth will not be silenced.
Calls us to walk in non-violence.
No the spirit of truth will not be silenced.
Calls us to walk in non-violence.
Calls us to walk in non-violence.

(Album, Comfort Zones)

North America Tumble

(2003-092)

When North America comes tumbling down,
When North America comes tumbling down.

Five hundred years ago,
We came to this shore,
With Bibles and beads,
Whiskey and war.
We drowned the people and the land,
In the blood of genocide,
Then told them they could be saved,
By the blood of the crucified.

Some of them were broken,
While others dared to rise.
Sitting Bull and Crazy Horse,
Looked us in the eye.
We superimposed our nation,
Upon the land,
Then smothered ourselves in the velvet,
Of our own iron hand.

When North America comes tumbling down,
When North America comes tumbling down.
The oppressed people of the earth,
Shall rise and take the crown.
When North America comes tumbling down.

We grabbed ten million Africans,
And made them our slaves,
Then wondered why they weren't grateful,
When we taught them how to pray.
When Martin and Malcolm said,
It's time to make a change,
Religion for revolution,
Was something we could not face.

Now the centuries have come,
And the centuries have gone.
The oppressor's face has changed,
But it's still the same song.
The system turns its wheels,
And appears to be strong,
But one day, the system's gonna crumble,
Gonna be gone gone gone.

When North America comes tumbling down.
When North America comes tumbling down.
Like a tree that falls in the forest,
We will not make a sound.
When North America comes tumbling down.
Tumbling down, tumbling down.

Gonna be the, North America tumble.
Gonna see the, North America crumble.

Gonna do the, North America rumble.
Gonna be the, North America tumble.
Tumble, tumble.

What will we be,
When all is said and done.
We'll be Turtle Island,
Dancing in the sun.
Children of the woman,
Who fell from the sky,
Living on Turtle Island,
As the times go by.

Where will you be,
When the tables turn.
Will you be tryin' to stop the earthquake,
Never having learned.
Or will you embrace,
The new kind of song.
Mother Earth's idea, of gentle,
Or not so gentle, revolution.

When North America comes tumbling down.
When North America comes tumbling down.
Mother Earth's idea,
Of revolution now.
When North America comes tumbling down.
When North America come tumbling down.
When North America comes tumbling down.
The oppressed people of the earth,
Will rise and take the crown.
When North America comes tumbling down.
Tumbling down, tumbling down, tumbling down.

Gonna be the, North America tumble.
Gonna see the, North America crumble.
Gonna do the, North America rumble.
Gonna be the, North America tumble.
Tumble, tumble.

When North America comes tumbling down.
When North America comes tumbling down.
When North America comes tumbling down.
When North America comes tumbling down.
Tumbling down, tumbling down.
When North America, comes tumbling down.
Tumbling down.

(Album, Dewdrop Inn)

I Go Flying Free

(2003-093)

I go flying free. I go flying free.
We are spirits. We are people. We are melodies.
I go flying free. I go flying free.
We are spirits. We are people. We are melodies.
We are free.

Everyone of us,
Has come into this world,
Weaver Spirit dreamed us.
We are here upon this Earth.
We have bodies. We have feelings,
From our heads down to our toes,
That we might dance together on this Earth,
Living lives of love and hope.
Dance together on this Earth,
Living lives of love and hope.

I go flying free. I go flying free.
We are spirits. We are beings. We are melodies.
I go flying free. I go flying free.
We are lovers. We are dreamers. We are melodies.
We are free.

Some of us will come together,
Find the one we love.
We will journey through this life,
Giving them love as they give love to us.
Some of us will find ourselves,
Lonely and alone.
Some of us will put down roots,
And build ourselves an earth-borne home.
Some of us will put down roots,
And build ourselves an earth-borne home.

I go flying free. I go flying free.
We are human. We are being. We are melody.
I go flying free. I go flying free.
We are human. We are being. We are melody.
We are free.

Love comes in many forms,
And leads us in many ways.
It was love that made us strong and whole,
When we look back upon the days.
Like a gentle burning candle,
Like a roaring fire bright,
Love is the melody,
That brings us through the storm-tossed night.
Love is the melody,
That brings us through the storm-tossed night.

I go flying free. I go flying free.
We are spirits. We are people. We are melodies.
I go flying free. I go flying free.

We are lovers. We are dreamers. We are melodies.
We are free.

So fly, o so high.
Fly, o so free.
Fly, o so high.
Let joy be the songbird,
That lives in you and me.

Fly, o so high.
Fly, o so free.
Fly, o so high.
Let joy be the songbird,
That lives in you and me.
Let joy be the songbird,
That lives in you and me.

Fly, o so free.
Fly, o so free.
Fly, o so free.

(Album, Dewdrop Inn)

In my Religion There is No Hell

(2003-094)

In my religion there is no Hell,
No bottomless boiling pot to be afraid of.
In my religion there is no Hell,
Everyone will grow toward the one who made us.
Everyone will grow toward the one who made us.

There is a part of each of us,
That is a part of God,
That God could not destroy, even if he wanted to.
And God calls out to that,
Part of himself in everyone,
That we may grow toward divinity in love and truth.

In my religion there is no Hell,
No bottomless boiling pot to be afraid of.
In my religion there is no Hell.
Everyone will grow toward the one who made us.
Everyone will grow toward the one who made us.

So dance upon the earth,
And greet all those you meet,
And answer that of God that dwells in everyone.
And when we are all united,
In the spirit dance so free,
We will know the meaning of liberation.

In my religion there is no Hell,
No bottomless boiling pot to be afraid of.
In my religion there is no Hell.
Everyone will grow toward the one who made us.
Everyone will grow toward the one who made us.

So grow, let your spirit soar.
Grow, toward that sunlit shore.
Grow, let your spirit soar.
Grow, toward that sunlit shore.

Everyone will grow toward the one who made us.
Everyone will grow toward the one who made us.
Everyone will grow toward the one who made us.
The one who made us.
The one who made us.
The one who made us.

(Album, Dewdrop Inn)

To Live in Dignity

(2003-095)

If sixty-one bankers had gone missing,
Over fifteen or twenty years,
It would have been the number one story,
Of our generation.
We would have been asked to shed,
Ten billion tears.

The Prime Minister,
And the Governor General and the like,
Would have declared it the ultimate crime.
They might have even declared,
A state of emergency,
Like nothing ever seen in our time.

If sixty-one right wing journalists had gone missing,
Over ten or twenty years or so,
It would have made the front page headlines,
After only one or two,
Let alone after twenty or thirty,
Or forty or more.

And the same can be said,
If it had been lawyers,
Or business executives,
Or middle management types.
It would have prompted police searches,
With justifications that draw no lines.

But when it was sixty-one sex workers,
From East Vancouver,
It took a hell of a long time,
To make the news.
Though everyone of them,
Was someone's sister, someone's daughter,
Their disappearance, someone's pain,
Someone's sorrow, someone's truth.

Perhaps the editors,
Thought there wasn't any money to be made.
It wasn't sensational enough,
Til they could talk about DNA at a pig farm,
And give us numbers like,
Ten women, fifteen women,
Twenty-two women and such.

So this is a song for all,
The dead and missing ones,
And for all the lives that should have been.
Victims of a sick and twisted patriarchy,
That finds it so convenient,
Not to hear their screams.

This is a song for all,
The dead and missing ones,

Across this true north strong and free.
Where so many choose to define freedom,
As the freedom of screwed-up men,
To rape and murder,
To fulfill their fantasies.

So let's have the courage to remember them,
In this land that we call free.
Let's have the courage to define freedom,
As freedom from oppression,
And the freedom of all to live in dignity.
Let's have the courage to define freedom,
As freedom from oppression,
And the freedom of all to live in dignity.
Let's have the courage to live in dignity.
Let's have the courage to live in dignity.
To live in dignity.

(Album, Dewdrop Inn).

Fascist Machine

(2003-096)

I hear that there's a fascist machine,
Destroying everybody who wants to be free.
I've gotta find out who the machine must be.
Who is the fascist machine.
Who is the fascist machine.

Are you the fascist machine.
I'm not the fascist machine.
It's someone else. It's not me.
Who is the fascist machine.
Who is the fascist machine.

I hear the machine has an iron hand,
Destroying the people, destroying the land,
Sweeping them up into the company.
Who is the fascist machine.
Who is the fascist machine.

Are you the fascist machine.
I'm not the fascist machine.
It's someone else. It's not me.
Who is the fascist machine.
Who is the fascist machine.

It walks with a club and a corporate routine,
Smashing the dreams of every human being.
It's gotta be destroyed.
It can't be redeemed.
But who is the fascist machine.
Who is the fascist machine.

Are you the fascist machine.
I'm not the fascist machine.
It's someone else.
It's not me.
Who is the fascist machine.
Who is the fascist machine.

Are we the fascist machine.
We're not the fascist machine.
Surely it could not be,
That the machine is everybody.
Who is the fascist machine.
Who is the fascist machine.

Surely it could not be,
That the machine is everybody.
Who is the fascist machine.
Who is the fascist machine.
Who is the fascist machine.
Fascist machine, fascist machine.

(Album, Dewdrop Inn)

Do You Think

(2003-097)

Do you think the poor,
Were easier to love,
Back when Jesus walked the earth.
Do you think the poor,
Were easier to love,
Back when Jesus walked the earth.
Did they not have problems,
Like alcohol and drugs,
Family violence, suicide and poor self-worth.
Do you think the poor,
Were easier to love,
Back when Jesus walked the earth.

Do you think that peace,
Was easier to live,
When Albert Ginger Goodwin,
Resisted the draft in World War One.
Do you think that peace,
Was easier to live,
When Albert Ginger Goodwin,
Resisted the draft in World War One.
On a morning in July,
1918,
He was shot and killed,
By the Mounties hired gun.
Do you think that peace,
Was easier to live,
When Albert Ginger Goodwin,
Resisted the draft in World War One.

Do you think that freedom of speech,
Came more easily,
When the Wobblies used to get arrested,
For speaking two sentences in the street.
Do you think that freedom of speech,
Came more easily,
When the Wobblies used to get arrested,
For speaking two sentences in the street.
But a thousand kept on talking,
And a million joined them,
With their voices and their feet.
Do you think that freedom of speech,
Came more easily,
When the Wobblies used to get arrested,
For speaking two sentences in the street.

Do you think a world,
Based on universal love,
Has ever been easy,
To move beyond a dream.
Do you think a world,
Based on universal love,
Has ever been easy,
To move beyond a dream.

Change has never come easy,
But still we keep swimming,
Though many times it seems,
We swim upstream.
Do you think a world,
Based on universal love,
Has ever been easy,
To move beyond a dream.

So let us build that world,
We envision in our dreams,
And one day it will be realized.
So let us build that world,
We envision in our dreams,
And one day it will be realized.
The power is in our hands,
In our hearts, in our lungs,
And in our eyes.
So let us build that world,
We envision in our dreams,
And one day it will be realized.
One day it will be realized.

(Album, Dewdrop Inn)

Rompers

(2003-098)

I took the box from the shelf in your cupboard.
I opened it and found a smiling ghost.
And the ghost smiled and said, what are you doing here.
Do you have a letter you would post.

We are strangers in Romper Room, my friend.
We are children in this waggy world without end.
Let us take the years off by the ocean,
And be rompers in Romper Room again.
And be rompers in Romper Room again.

Maybe you should say no more about the stairway.
Maybe you should take the letterbox downtown.
Maybe you should take your ticket to the library.
Let the wind in the tunnel take you down.

We are strangers in Romper Room, my friend.
We are children in this waggy world without end.
Let us take the years off by the ocean,
And be rompers in Romper Room again.
And be rompers in Romper Room again.
Let us take the years off by the ocean,
And be rompers in Romper Room again.
And be rompers in Romper Room again.
Rompers in Romper Room again.

(Album, Dewdrop Inn)

No More Czars

(2003-099)

So you overthrow the czar,
And you move into Red Square.
But you can't think of anything better,
Than to become a czar yourself.
No you can't think of anything better,
Than to become a czar yourself.

And so you slay the dragon,
And go to sleep in the dragon's lair.
But in the morning you awaken,
And you've become a dragon,
Yes you've become a dragon,
With your own dragonish stealth.

Will the day ever come when we slay the dragon,
And dragons are no more.
But only people,
Only people with good hearts.

Will the day ever come when the dictators,
Are totally overthrown.
And there are no more policemen, no more armies,
No more corporations, no more czars.
No more policemen, no more armies,
No more corporations, no more czars.
No more czars, no more czars.

So you overthrow the czar,
And you move into Red Square.
But you can't think of anything better,
Than to become a czar yourself.
No you can't think of anything better,
Than to become a czar yourself.

And so you slay the dragon,
And go to sleep in the dragon's lair.
And in the morning you awaken,
And you've become a dragon,
Yes you've become a dragon,
With your own dragonish stealth.

Gonna have to do something different one of these times.
Gonna have to do something different one of these times.
Surely we have the power in our minds.
Gonna have to do something different one of these times.

No more czars, no more czars,
No more policemen, no more armies,
No more corporations, no more czars.

Gonna have to do something different one of these times.
Gonna have to do something different one of these times.
Surely we have the power in our minds.
Gonna have to do something different one of these times.

No more czars, no more czars, no more czars.

(Album, Dewdrop Inn)

New soil on the bottom,
And a blue harmonica.
New soil on the bottom,
And a blue harmonica.
Somewhere in this two,
Hundred billion star galaxy,
There is the material,
To make the best rye whiskey.

New stars in the heavens,
And a blue harmonica.
New stars in the heavens,
And a blue harmonica.
Somewhere in this two,
Hundred billion star galaxy,
There is the spirit, dreamer dove,
That will make us free.

New soil on the bottom,
And a blue harmonica.
New soil on the bottom,
And a blue harmonica.
Somewhere in this two,
Hundred billion star galaxy,
There is the material,
To make the best rye whiskey.
Rye whiskey, rye whiskey, rye whiskey.

(Album, Dewdrop Inn)

Santa in my Furnace

(2003-101)

It was after midnight on Christmas Eve,
I heard a crash and a terrible scream.
I went downstairs to see what it was,
And lo and behold, there was Santa Claus.
He'd landed head down inside my furnace.

He'd come down the chimney and took a wrong turn,
Landed in the furnace and kinda got burned.
His feet were waving way up in the air.
I didn't see the reindeer anywhere.
He was lying head down inside my furnace.

I've got Santa, head first inside my furnace.
He burned his long white beard and his bright red suit.
I've got Santa, head first inside my furnace,
And I don't think I can pull him out by his boots.
No I don't think I can pull him out by his boots.

Well I said, Hi Santa, how do you do.
He said, They don't make houses like they used to.
I should have known better this might be my fate,
But I really thought there'd be a fireplace.
Now here I am head down inside your furnace.

I said, I don't use the chimney any more anyhow.
I've got an energy efficient furnace now.
But the chimney still stands from years ago,
And in winter-time it's covered up with snow.
Who would have thought you'd end up inside a furnace.

I've got Santa, head first inside my furnace.
He singed his long white beard and his bright red suit.
I've got Santa, head first inside my furnace,
And I don't think I can pull him out by his boots.
No I don't think I can pull him out by his boots.

Then there came a knocking on the window pane.
It was Dasher and Dancer and an elf named Dwaine.
They said, What's taking the old man so long.
I said, It looks like something has gone kinda wrong.
He's lying arse over head inside my furnace.

Well the elf came in and surveyed everything.
He said, I think we're gonna need a rope or a string.
I got a rope. We tied it 'round the old man,
And the reindeer pulled with all the strength they had.
And we pulled old Santa out of the furnace.

He dusted off his suit though it looked a bit smeared,
And cut out the burned up parts of his beard.
They wished me merry Christmas and they took off,
And as a gift they left me a bottle of scotch,
For the night I helped pull Santa out of the furnace.

I had Santa, head first inside my furnace.
He burned his long white beard and his bright red suit.
I had Santa, head first inside my furnace,
And if you don't believe me, I kept one of his boots.
Yeah if you don't believe me, I kept one of his boots.
And I drank that bottle of scotch he gave me too.

I had Santa, head first inside my furnace.
I had Santa, head first inside my furnace.
Inside my furnace.
Ho ho ho ho ho ho ho ho ho ho ho ho ho ho ho.

(Album, Dewdrop Inn)

Through the Dark

(2003-102)

There I was a child,
In the winter of 75-76.
My eight-year-old mind,
Focused on two tiny rockets,
As they made their way, through the dark.
From blue planet Earth, to red planet Mars.
They named them after the Vikings,
Viking One, and Viking Two.
And my outer space mind,
Followed them through the sweet darkness,
From beneath our blanket of blue.

And there you were,
In the winter of 75-76.
Staying with your sister, and her son,
In their Rockaway home.
As December turned into January,
Into February, into March.
Wondering if you,
Phillip David Ochs,
Would ever mount the stage and sing again.
Til Friday the ninth of April,
You brought your life to an end.

And there I was a child,
In the winter of 75-76.
I knew nothing, of what was, going on.
And on the twenty-fourth of February,
They found the body, of Anna Mae,
In an early spring thaw,
That I must have felt as well,
Several hundred miles to the north.
And on February sixth,
They had arrested, Leonard Peltier,
Near the town of Hinton Alberta,
Not so far,
From the pathways where I sometimes roamed.
My eight-year-old mind,
Interested in earthquakes,
Volcanoes, Dinosaurs, outer space,
And the unknown.

And there I was a child,
In the winter of 75-76.
My eight-year-old mind,
Focused on two tiny rockets,
As they made their way, through the dark.
And all these many years later,
I would meet the explorers,
Of another time,
Explorers of another worldview,
Of another mind.
And they would remember that time,
As a time of darkness and despair.

But they made their way through the dark.
And we make our way through the dark.
And today we are here, we are here.
And we still sing, those old Phil Ochs songs,
And we hope that we have learned.
We say no more extraditions,
Of political activists,
From Canada to the U.S.

And we make our way through the dark.
And we make our way through the dark.
And we hope that we have learned.
And we make our way through the dark.
And we make our way through the dark.
And we make our way through the dark.
And we make our way through the dark.
Through the dark, through the dark.
And we make our way through the dark.

(Album, Dewdrop Inn)

Why Do We Kill

(2003-103)

Many are those,
Who've raised their voice for peace,
And declared that the world,
Could dream another dream.
But many are those,
Who've fallen on the ground,
When the bullets of empire,
Struck them down.

Why do we kill, why do we kill,
Why do we kill the ones who come in peace.
Why do we kill, why do we kill,
Why do we kill the ones who come in peace.

Sometimes a lone gunman,
And a right to bear arms,
Sometimes a conspiracy hatched,
At the Virginia farm.
Sometimes a police action,
They say went awry,
But it was death and murder,
In the policeman's eyes.

Why do we kill, why do we kill,
Why do we kill the ones who come in peace.
Why do we kill, why do we kill,
Why do we kill the ones who come in peace.

A hotel balcony,
Memphis 1968,
A spring day two years later,
At a campus called Kent State.
A hospital chapel
In San Salvador,
A New York December evening,
Before the Dakota door.

Why do we kill, why do we kill,
Why do we kill the ones who come in peace.
Why do we kill, why do we kill,
Why do we kill the ones who come in peace.

Is peace then,
Such a threatening thing,
We must silence any voices,
Who dare to sing.
But when we beat our swords,
To plowshares one day,
We will remember those,
Who showed us all the way.

Two thousand years ago,
They nailed a man to a tree,
And his followers despaired,

As the night came down.
But the tomb was empty Sunday morning,
As if to proclaim,
That military empire,
Will not be victorious,
This time 'round.
Military empire,
Will not be victorious,
This time 'round.

Why do we kill, why do we kill,
Why do we kill the ones who come in peace.
Why do we kill, why do we kill,
Why do we kill the ones who come in peace.

Why do we kill, why do we kill,
Why do we kill the ones who come in peace.
Why do we kill, why do we kill,
Why do we kill the ones who come in peace.

Come in peace, everyone.
Come in peace, everyone.
Come in peace, everyone.
Come in peace. Come in peace.

(Album, Dewdrop Inn)

Sweet Energy

(2003-104)

Jesus Christ was an Indian,
Who taught the people how to live,
The sacred peace of the sacred pipe.
He said he who has two buffalo,
Must share with the man or woman who has none.

And we are all sweet energy,
Dancing in the Northern Lights.

Jesus Christ was a black man,
Who once marched with Martin Luther King,
Who felt the truth-speaking of Malcolm,
And wrote the hip-hop rap,
That made the inner city sing.

And we are all sweet energy,
Dancing in the Northern Lights.

Jesus Christ was a woman,
Who felt the pain and bore the weight,
Of half the world,
Who gave birth to the children,
And bled the menstrual blood,
And called upon Great Mother, Demeter,
To be with us all.

And we are all sweet energy,
Dancing in the Northern Lights.

Jesus Christ is that old man,
Who has laboured eighty years,
And walked a million pathways, across the earth.
Now he sits back reflecting,
On the choices he has made at every turn.

And he knows that before too long,
He will be, sweet energy,
Dancing in the Northern Lights.
And he knows that before too long,
He will be, sweet energy,
Dancing in the Northern Lights.
Dancing in the Northern Lights.

(Album, Dewdrop Inn)

Dewdrop Inn

(2003-105)

Do drop in some time, at the Dewdrop Inn.
Do drop in some time, at the Dewdrop Inn.

Do drop in. Do drop in.
Do drop in at the Dewdrop Inn.
Do drop in. Do drop in.
Do drop in at the Dewdrop Inn.
Do drop in some time, at the Dewdrop Inn.

There's a Celtic band performing in the bar room.
You can buy a pint of Guinness any time.
Any time of night or day, you can find us.
We'll chase your blues away with a rhyme.

Do drop in some time, at the Dewdrop Inn.
Do drop in some time, at the Dewdrop Inn.

Do drop in. Do drop in.
Do drop in at the Dewdrop Inn.
Do drop in. Do drop in.
Do drop in at the Dewdrop Inn.
Do drop in some time, at the Dewdrop Inn.

The laughter will ring out across the tables,
Though exactly what the joke is, no one knows.
And if you feel too proud for the Dewdrop,
You can take your pride and shove it up your nose.

Do drop in some time, at the Dewdrop Inn.
Do drop in some time, at the Dewdrop Inn.

Do drop in. Do drop in.
Do drop in at the Dewdrop Inn.
Do drop in. Do drop in.
Do drop in at the Dewdrop Inn.
Do drop in some time, at the Dewdrop Inn.
Do drop in some time, at the Dewdrop Inn.

Do drop in. Do drop in.
Do drop in at the Dewdrop Inn.
Do drop in. Do drop in.
Do drop in at the Dewdrop Inn.

Do drop in. Do drop in.
Do drop in at the Dewdrop Inn.
Do drop in. Do drop in.
Do drop in at the Dewdrop Inn.

Do drop in some time, at the Dewdrop Inn.
Do drop in some time, at the Dewdrop Inn.

(Album, Dewdrop Inn)

Last Dance with Autumn

(2003-106)

This is my last dance with autumn,
Until the spring turns golden moon.
This is my last dance with autumn,
Until the spring turns golden moon.
Thirty-one days in December,
Let us groove. Let us be, to that tune.
Thirty-one days in December,
Let us groove. Let us be, to that tune.

This is my last dance with autumn.
She was quite a woman all in all.
This is my last dance with autumn.
She was quite a woman all in all.
Now I lay down my soul to breathe,
As we journey 'round this shimmering ball.
Now I lay down my soul to breathe,
As we journey 'round this shimmering ball.

This is my last dance with autumn,
Til spring awakens everyone.
This is my last dance with autumn,
Til spring awakens everyone.
Take down those calendars.
Take those clocks down.
We will tell the hours by the sun.
Take down those calendars.
Take those clocks down.
We will tell the hours by the sun.

This is my last dance with autumn.
This is my last dance with autumn.
This is my last dance with autumn.

(Album, Dewdrop Inn)

Yellowcake Rap

(2003-107)

Early one morning,
In the month of July,
The year of our lord,
1985,
Auckland Harbour watches,
As a ship explodes,
And the government of France,
Says, Hold your nose,
Boys.

The Rainbow Warrior's down,
And one man dies.
All over the world,
We hear the stifled sighs.
Two French secret service agents,
Get sent to jail,
But the government of France,
Gets its holy grail,
Boys.

Meanwhile over in the South,
Pacific Sea,
Where the mushroom cloud,
Spreads its haunting debris,
Where first the Americans,
And now the French,
Turn the place into,
An atomic bomb shell trench.

We stand on the islands,
Of the hot white snows,
And remark how the arrowroot,
No longer grows,
But only jellyfish babies,
Mutated trees,
And thyroid abnormalities.

We told Mitterrand it was yellowcake,
We're bringing in from North Saskatchewan.
We told Mitterrand it was yellowcake,
We're bringing in from North Saskatchewan.
We told Mitterrand it was yellowcake,
We're bringing in from North Saskatchewan.

From the reign of Blakeney,
Through the reign of Devine,
The trucks rumble down,
From the Cluff Lake mine,
Leaving those radon,
Daughters behind,
And the northland,
Gets it in the gut one more time,
Boys.

You calculate profits,
As you colonize,
So quick to point out moles,
In the people's eyes.
Over your fifth martini,
You can afford to laugh,
With a tailings pond,
Your only epitaph,
Boys.

But have you heard the eerie silence,
Of the blue-gray dunes,
That stand stark by the light,
Of that northern moon.
Have you heard the eagles,
Or the elders cry,
Or the voices from beyond,
That just ask why.

Why must you puncture the land,
With your mineshaft nails,
And condemn our children,
To your slums and your jails.
Once we were a people,
Free and strong.
Once upon a time,
We sung a healing song.

We told Mitterrand it was yellowcake,
We're bringing in from North Saskatchewan.
We told Mitterrand it was yellowcake,
We're bringing in from North Saskatchewan.
We told Jacques Chirac it was yellowcake,
We're bringing in from North Saskatchewan.
We told Mitterrand it was yellowcake,
We're bringing in from North Saskatchewan.

Now the day's gonna come,
When the mines shut down,
And you close up shop,
Down in Saskatoon town.
And the last load of yellowcake,
Rumbles south.
maybe then you'll find some time,
To express your doubts,
Boys.

But like when the Americans,
Left Vietnam,
Like when an indigenous people,
Get flooded out by a dam,
What kind of reparation,
Can ever be won,
Once the bloody omnicide,
Has begun, has begun, has begun,
Boys.

Now for those of you,
Who chose to close your eyes,
And believed all the nuclear,
Nice white lies,
Went to church every Sunday,
Prayed for world peace,
While uranium helped,
Your stocks and bonds increase.

I can only say this,
You have one chance to repent.
Raise your voice up now,
Before the mines are spent.
Come block the road with us.
You'll be saved.
You won't even have to eat,
Your own yellowcake.

We told Mitterrand it was yellowcake,
We're bringing in from North Saskatchewan.
We told Jacques Chirac it was yellowcake,
We're bringing in from North Saskatchewan.
We warned Tommy Douglas it was yellowcake,
We're bringing in from North Saskatchewan.
We told Mr. Blakeney it was yellowcake,
We're bringing in from North Saskatchewan.
We told Grant Devine it was yellowcake,
We're bringing in from North Saskatchewan.
We told Roy Romanow it was yellowcake,
We're bringing in from North Saskatchewan.
We told Lorne Calvert it was yellowcake,
We're bringing in from North Saskatchewan.
And Brad Wall knows that it's yellowcake,
We're bringing in from North Saskatchewan.

How would you like a slice of that yellowcake,
You're bringing in from North Saskatchewan.
I'd like to blow out the candles on that yellowcake,
You're bringing in from North Saskatchewan.
You're really doing a cakewalk,
With that yellowcake,
You're bringing in from North Saskatchewan.
If I'd have known you were coming,
I'd have baked a yellowcake,
We're bringing in from North Saskatchewan.
You'd like to have your cake and eat it,
But it's yellowcake,
You're bringing in from North Saskatchewan.

Yellowcake, yellowcake,
We're bringing in from North Saskatchewan.
Yellowcake, yellowcake,
You're bringing in from North Saskatchewan.
Yellowcake, yellowcake,
We're bringing in from North Saskatchewan.

Yellowcake, yellowcake,
We're bringing in from North Saskatchewan.

(Album, Lanterns and Ledges)

Part Two

Nobody Owns the Music

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Now I know why,
Keats and Shelly and Byron died,
Before Wordsworth, Coleridge and Blake,
Found the time to slip away.
The second generation,
Has to fall to the gong,
While the first is still waiting,
Waiting for the dawn.

Are you waiting for God,
Or are you waiting for Godot.
Waiting for satori,
To flash across your sky.
Are you waiting for God,
Or are you waiting for Godot,
Waiting for the koan,
That will truly blow your mind.

John Keats took sick,
And went to Italy.
Shelly rode the waves with his sailboat,
And died just short of thirty.
Byron went off to Greece and fought,
That the people might be free.
While Wordsworth took a pension,
And Coleridge lived in an opium dream.
As for Blake he was surrounded by the young,
Who loved the songs of innocence he had sung.

Are you waiting for God,
Or are you waiting for Godot,
Waiting for satori,
To flash across your sky.
Are you waiting for God,
Or are you waiting for Godot.
Waiting for the koan,
That will truly blow your mind.

We are songs of innocence.
We are songs of experience.
We sing about Mariners.
We sing about resistance.
There might not be satori.
There might not be a break of day.
But we will be the tsunami,
That washes everything away.
We will be the tsunami,
That washes everything away.

Are you waiting for God,
Or are you waiting for Godot.
Waiting for satori,
To flash across your sky.
Are you waiting for God,

Or are you waiting for Godot.
Waiting for the koan,
That will truly blow your mind.

Now I know why,
Keats and Shelly and Byron died,
Before Wordsworth, Coleridge and Blake,
Found the time to slip away.
The second generation,
Has to fall to the gong,
While the first is still waiting,
Waiting for the dawn.
While the first is still waiting,
Waiting for the dawn.
Waiting for the dawn.
Waiting for the dawn.
Waiting for the dawn.

(Album, Dewdrop Inn)

God is a Well

(2004-002)

If God is a well in everyone,
Waiting to be dowsed.
If God is a well in everyone,
We are the dousers.

If God is a well in everyone,
Waiting to be dug.
If God is a well in everyone,
We are the diggers.

If God is a well in everyone,
Waiting to be drunk.
If God is a well in everyone,
We are the glass of water.

We are, the woman at the well.
We are, the water turned to wine.
We are the child,
With a couple fish, and a couple loaves.
We are the dove, descending from the sky.
We are the child,
With a couple fish, and a couple loaves.
We are the dove, descending from the sky.

If God is a well in everyone,
Waiting to be dowsed.
If God is a well in everyone,
We are the dousers.

If God is a well in everyone,
Waiting to be dug.
If God is a well in everyone,
We are the diggers.

If God is a well in everyone,
Waiting to be drunk.
If God is a well in everyone,
We are the glass of water.

We are, the woman at the well.
We are, the water turned to wine.
We are the child,
With a couple fish, and a couple loaves.
We are the dove, descending from the sky.
We are the child,
With a couple fish, and a couple loaves.
We are the dove, descending from the sky.

If God is a well in everyone,
If God is a well in everyone,
If God is a well in everyone,
Let the water flow.
Let the water flow.
Let the water flow.

(Album, Dewdrop Inn)

Jesus Christ Landed on the Moon

(2004-003)

Jesus Christ Landed on the Moon,
A hundred million years before you.
Jesus Christ landed on the moon,
A hundred million years before you.
He said, all the cosmos is my body,
Every atom, every molecule.
Jesus Christ landed on the moon,
A hundred million years before you.

Blessed are those who freeze their asses off,
Tryna bring peace to the galaxy.
Blessed are those who freeze their asses off,
Tryna bring peace to the galaxy.
Keep your finger pointed, to the North Star,
Keep walking, keep walking, til your free.
Blessed are those who freeze their asses off,
Tryna bring peace to the galaxy.

Jesus Christ landed on the moon,
A hundred million years ago.
Jesus Christ landed on the moon,
A hundred million years ago.
And all the dinosaurs, looked up and smiled,
And said, I guess we've got a few more,
Million years to go.
When Jesus Christ landed on the moon,
A hundred million years ago.

Blessed is the star cluster, who wants peace and justice,
To prevail throughout outer space.
To prevail throughout outer space.
And Nicolas of Cusa smiled,
Contemplating his own cosmic godly face.
Blessed is the star cluster, who wants peace and justice,
To prevail throughout outer space.

Jesus Christ landed on the moon,
Twenty thousand years ago.
Jesus Christ landed on the moon,
Twenty thousand years ago.
And the cave dwellers looked up and said,
Let's have a Winter Solstice party,
In the winter snow.
When Jesus Christ landed on the moon,
Twenty thousand years ago.

Rudolf Steiner said, Christian Rosenkreutz,
Sent the Buddha off to Mars.
Rudolf Steiner said, Christian Rosenkreutz,
Sent the Buddha off to Mars.
But did he tell the western world,
We live like dinosaurs and czars.
Rudolf Steiner said, Christian Rosenkreutz,
Sent the Buddha off to Mars.

Long live Corpus Christi,
Long live Corpus Christi everywhere.
Long live Corpus Christi,
Long live Corpus Christi everywhere.
Can you feel the shining Christosphere,
In the earth, in the water, in the fire and in the air.
Long live Corpus Christi,
Long live Corpus Christi everywhere.

Jesus Christ landed on the moon,
For all time and forever, for all eternity.
Jesus Christ landed on the moon,
For all time and forever, for all eternity.
Dancing through the universe,
Tell the universe the truth that will make it free.
Jesus Christ landed on the moon,
For all time and forever, for all eternity.
For all eternity.

(Album, Dewdrop Inn)

Baboo Baboo

(2004-004)

Everyone's just taking time,
Chilling out along the line.
Baboo Baboo.
No one really knows their name,
Let alone their claim to fame.
Baboo Baboo.

It's been many years done gone,
Since we've seen glimpses of the dawn.
Baboo Baboo Baboo.
But at the end of Joyce's "Finnegan's Wake",
There's a hint of a pale gray break of day.
Baboo Baboo Baboo.

Yeah everyone's just takin' time,
Chilling out along the line.
Baboo Baboo Baboo.
No one really knows their name,
Let alone their claim to fame.
Baboo Baboo Baboo.

It's been many years done gone,
Since we've seen glimpses of the dawn.
Baboo Baboo Baboo.
But at the end of Joyce's "Finnegan's Wake",
There's a hint of a pale gray break of day.
Baboo Baboo Baboo.

So you think this is just a crazy song,
But it's the craziness that's made me strong.
Baboo Baboo Baboo.
Yeah you think this is just a crazy song,
But it's the craziness that's made me strong.
Baboo Baboo Baboo.
Baboo Baboo Baboo.
Baboo Baboo.
Baboo Baboo.
Baboo Baboo Baboo.

(Album, Dewdrop Inn)

Calgary Thumpin'

(2004-005)

Dark skies over Calgary,
The sun has long since gone.
Dark skies over Calgary,
The sun has long since gone.
But the fire is alive in you and me.
Sweet fire rages on.

We got all of Calgary thumpin'.
We got all of Calgary thumpin' tonight.
We got all of Calgary thumpin'.
We got all of Calgary thumpin' tonight.
And the blood and the love are pumpin'.
Gonna keep it pumpin' til we feel all right.

Sittin' on an oil boom.
Everything's goin' boom boom boom around you.
Sittin' on an oil boom.
Everything's goin' boom boom boom around you.
But the people are alive, and their hearts they cry,
We're gonna make it all come true.

We got all of Calgary thumpin'.
We got all of Calgary thumpin' tonight.
We got all of Calgary thumpin'.
We got all of Calgary thumpin' tonight.
And the blood and the love are pumpin'.
We're gonna pumpumpumpumpump pumpumpump, Pump it full of dynamite.
Yeah we're gonna pumpumpumpump pumpum pump it Full of dynamite.

In the middle of the prairie,
With the mountains not so far away.
In the middle of the prairie,
With the mountains not so far away.
We're gonna climb those mountains with our minds.
We're gonna let those mountains take our minds away.

Yeah we got all of Calgary thumpin'.
We got all of Calgary thumpin' tonight.
We got all of Calgary thumpin'.
We got all of Calgary thumpin' tonight.
And the blood and the love are pumpin'.
Yeah we're gonna pumpumpumpump pumpumpumpump, pump pump it
Til it's broad day light.
Yeah we're gonna pumpumpumpump pumpump pump it Til we feel all right.

Yeah, we're gonna pump it!
Til we feel all right!
Everybody feel all right?
Yeah? Everybody feel all right? All right!

There's a girl in pink pajamas,
Lives in Edmonton.
Yeah there's a girl in pink pajamas,
Lives in Edmonton.

She said she might take her pink pajamas off,
Make me welcome when I come.

Yeah, I'm gonna turn north from Calgary,
Go up to Edmonton.
Yeah I'm gonna turn north from Calgary,
Go up to Edmonton.
To see that girl in the pink pajamas.
I don't need any more motivation.

Yeah, we got all of Calgary thumpin'.
We got all of Calgary thumpin' tonight.
We got all of Calgary thumpin'.
We got all of Calgary thumpin' tonight.
And the blood and the love are pumpin'.
We're gonna pumpumpumpump pumpumpump pump it Til we feel all right.
We're gonna pumpumpumpump, pumpumpumpump, Pumpumpumpump it
Til it's broad day light.
Gonna pumpumpumpump pumpumpump it
Full of dynamite.
Til we feel all right.
Til it's broad day light.

We got all of Calgary thumpin'.
We got all of Calgary thumpin' tonight.
We got all of Calgary thumpin' tonight.
Thumpin' tonight, thumpin' tonight.

We got all of Calgary thumpin' tonight.
We got all of Calgary thumpin' tonight.

(Album, Dewdrop Inn)

Galaxy That I Call Home

(2004-006)

Gotta go back to the galaxy
That I call home.
Gotta go back to the galaxy
That I call home.

It seems like I've been traveling
In unknown solar systems,
Looking at the stars
I've never seen before.
Maybe I am somewhere
On the far side of a quasar.
I couldn't really tell you
Where I'm headed for.

Gotta go back to the galaxy
That I call home.
Gotta go back to the galaxy
That I call home.
Where is home?

Gotta go back to the galaxy
That I call home.
Where is home? Where is home?
Where is home? Where is home?

Strange-looking melt down stars,
Neutron stars and pulsars,
Crowd around my vision
On every side.
Is this what they call the universe?
Is this what they call the cosmos?
But there isn't anything here
I could call holy time.

Gotta go back to the galaxy
That I call home.
Gotta go back to the galaxy
That I call home.
Where is home?

Gotta go back to the galaxy
That I call home.
Where is home? Where is home?
Where is home? Where is home?

Jabbering monkey-like creatures
Say they wanna kill me.
Jabbering monkey-like creatures
Say they wanna kill me.
This is getting too real for me.
Must have been a movie.
Jabbering monkey-like creatures,
Must have been a movie.
Say they wanna kill me.

Must have been a movie.
Say they wanna kill me.
Must have been a movie.

Gotta go back to the galaxy
That I call home.
Gotta go back to the galaxy
That I call home.
Where is home? Where is home?
Where is home? Where is home?

Gotta go back to the galaxy
That I call home.
That I call home.
That I call home.
I call home.

(Album, Dewdrop Inn)

Bought or Sold

(2004-007)

There are people who are paid to keep people apart,
People who are paid to divide.
'Cause those who can be divided can be conquered,
In body, in heart and mind.

There are people who are paid to smear the truth,
People who are paid to spread lies,
To make the council of the wise appear foolish,
And the council of the foolish appear wise.

But when the money is all gone,
Who will write the last words of the song.
O when the money is all gone,
The final words will belong,
To the ones who never had been,
Bought or sold.
The ones who never had been,
Bought or sold.

There are those who are paid to manufacture,
The arms to be placed in butcher's hands.
There are those who are paid to do the training,
Of the murderers of this and every land.
There are those who are paid to buy the silence,
Of the ones who could change things if they tried.
There are those who are paid to liquidate,
The ones who money could not buy.

But when the money is all gone,
Who will write the last words of the song.
When the money is all gone,
The final words will belong,
To the ones who never have been,
Bought or sold.
The ones who never have been,
Bought or sold.

The ones who never took the blood-stained money,
That promised them good fortune in men's eyes,
Some of whom paid the price of expulsion,
Some of whom paid with their own lives.

The ones who walked away from the death machine,
And knew there had to be alternatives,
Heard the voice of innocence inside them,
Calling them, heart and soul, to live.
And when the money is all gone,
They will write the last words in the song.
For when the money is all gone,
The final words will belong,
To the ones who never had been,
Bought or sold.
The ones who never had been,
Bought or sold.

The ones who never had been,
Bought or sold.
Bought or sold.
Bought or sold.
Bought or sold.

(Album, Snowball's Chance in Space)

Thirty Seconds of Video Tape

(2004-008)

Thirty seconds of video tape,
The audio revealing who we really are.
Thirty seconds of video tape,
Reveals the toxic racism of the OPP,
On the day before,
The day before they killed Dudley George.

Thirty seconds of video tape,
The audio revealing who we really are.
Thirty seconds of video tape,
Reveals the toxic racism of the OPP,
On the day before,
The day before they killed Dudley George,
The day before they killed Dudley George.

And some people wonder, how could it be,
That officers of the OPP,
After all these years,
Continue to use, such racist words and terms,
Referring to the Ojibwa people,
When they were simply trying to show respect for,
Their ancestors.
The answer is simple, it seems to me.
Officers of the OPP,
And all other police forces,
Continue to be,
Drawn from the ranks of,
A racist society.

The answer is simple, it seems to me.
Officers of the OPP,
And all other police forces,
Continue to be,
Drawn from the ranks of,
A racist society.

Thirty seconds of video tape,
The audio revealing who we really are.
Thirty seconds of video tape,
Reveals the toxic racism of the OPP,
On the day before,
The day before they killed Dudley George,
The day before they killed Dudley George.
The day before they killed Dudley George.
Thirty seconds of video tape.

(Album, Snowball's Chance in Space)

Nobody Owns the Music

(2004-009)

Nobody owns the music;
The music it just flows.
Nobody owns the spirit;
The spirit it just rolls.
Nobody owns the rivers,
The mountains or the snows.
Nobody owns the music,
And nobody owns our souls.

Nobody owns the music.
It belongs to you and I.
It blows across our mindscapes,
Like wind across the sky.
The spirits carved and shaped it,
Like all things low and high.
Nobody owns the music,
And the music never dies.

Nobody owns the music.
It belongs to everyone.
It began upon the morning,
When the universe was begun.
It dances in every shining star,
By the hundred trillion.
And the final notes will sound,
When the universe is done.

The music was before us.
It will be here when we're gone.
And we are but the windmills,
That pass the music on.
Turning soul to energy,
And passion for the dawn,
And sending it out like ripples,
On an endless cosmic pond.

Nobody owns the music;
The music it just flows.
Nobody owns the spirit;
The spirit it just rolls.
Nobody owns the rivers,
The mountains or the snows.
Nobody owns the music,
And nobody owns our souls.
Nobody owns the music,
And nobody owns our souls.
And nobody owns our souls.

(Album, Snowball's Chance in Space)

St. George's Hill

(2004-010)

Three hundred and fifty years later,
At the place called St. George's Hill,
The land has been privatized,
By those with dollars in their eyes.
Free spirits are not free to go.

But the ghost of Gerard Winstanley,
And the ghost of Thomas Star,
Come haunting St. George's Hill, to say,
It is time. It is time. It is time,
To overthrow every corporate czar.

And the wind blows sad over St. George's Hill,
As it remembers the times long ago.
But one day this hill and all of the earth,
Will be free, will be free,
As sure as the forests do grow.

And the ghost of Gerard Winstanley,
And the ghost of Thomas Star,
Come haunting St. George's Hill, to say,
It is time. It is time. It is time.
Revolution, would not be going too far.
St. George's Hill,
St. George's Hill,
St. George's Hill.

May all your dragons be slain.
May the spirit of equity,
Return, one day,
To St. George's Hill,
St. George's Hill,
St. George's Hill.

(Album, Snowball's Chance in Space)

Mirror Mirror

(2004-011)

Mirror mirror, on the wall,
Who's the biggest rogue state of all.
Mirror Mirror, on the wall,
Who's the biggest rogue state of all.

Is it Cuba. Is it Iran.
Is it Saudi Arabia. Is it Sudan.
Is it Brazil, or Venezuela.
Or is it the para-state they call al-Qaida.

O no, what does the mirror say.
The mirror says, It's got to be the USA.

Mirror mirror, on the wall,
Who's the biggest rogue state of all.
Mirror mirror, on the wall,
Who's the biggest rogue state of all.

Is it North Korea, with their plutonium.
Is it Pakistan, where the Taliban came from.
Is it Libya, with Gadhafi making speeches.
Is it Congo or Rwanda, with blood on all their beaches.
O no, what does the mirror say.
The mirror says, it's got to be the USA.

Mirror mirror, on the wall,
Who's the biggest rogue state of all.
Mirror Mirror, on the wall,
Who's the biggest rogue state of all.

Who has the biggest missiles.
Who has the biggest guns.
The biggest history of launching,
Invasions.

Who pollutes. Who makes more noise.
Who shoots. Who destroys.

O no, what does the mirror say.
The mirror says, it's got to be the USA.

Mirror mirror, on the wall,
Who's the biggest rogue state of all.
Mirror mirror, on the wall,
Who's the biggest rogue state of all.
So take a good look, in that mirror.
You'll see your end, is coming nearer.
You have survived, all kinds of weather,
But no empire, can last forever.

O no, what does the mirror say.
The end is coming, for empire USA.

Mirror mirror, on the wall,

Who's the biggest rogue state of all.
Mirror mirror, on the wall,
Who's the biggest rogue state of all.

Who pollutes. Who makes more noise.
Who shoots. Who destroys.

O no, what does the mirror say,
The mirror says, it's got to be the USA.

Mirror mirror, on the wall,
Who's the biggest rogue state of all.
Mirror mirror, on the wall,
Who's the biggest rogue state of all.

Mirror mirror, on the wall,
Who's the biggest rogue state of all.
Mirror mirror, on the wall,
Who's the biggest rogue state of all.
Who's the biggest rogue state of all.
Who's the biggest rogue state of all.
Who's the biggest rogue state of all.

(Album, Snowball's Chance in Space)

Capricorn Evening

(2004-012)

Let the songs grow wild, inside your mind,
As the earth, sea and sky are wild.
Wild with the love of space and time,
Wild with the love of a child.
Wild with a love that yearns for peace,
Wild with the love of freedom.
Wild with the love of a peace-loving child,
Born on Capricorn evening.

And the Winter Solstice music plays,
And the moon and the stars are singing,
Singing with the joy of earth and sky,
And of what this night is bringing.
And the songs grow wild, and the spirits dance,
And all the world is dreaming.
Dreaming of the day when justice and peace,
Will embrace on Capricorn evening.

Let the songs grow wild, inside your mind,
As the earth, sea and sky are wild.
Wild with the love of space and time,
Wild with the love of a child.
The child of peace, o winter child,
You're the song in our hearts that is beating.
Beating with the love of the Peace Maker,
Born on Capricorn evening.

The child of peace, o winter child,
You're the song in our hearts that is beating.
Beating with the love of the Peace Maker,
Born on Capricorn evening.
Beating with the love of the Peace Maker,
Born on Capricorn evening.
Born on Capricorn evening.

(Album, Snowball's Chance in Space)

Alpha Centauri

(2004-013)

What would we find, if we finally made it,
To Alpha Centauri.

What would we find, if we finally made it,
To Alpha Centauri.
Alpha Centauri.

What would we find, if we finally made it,
To Alpha Centauri.
What would we find, if we finally made it,
To Alpha Centauri.
Alpha Centauri, Alpha Centauri,
Alpha Centauri, Alpha Centauri,
Alpha Centauri.

What kind of planets, what kind of sand,
What kind of moons, what kind of asteroid band.
What kind of comets, what kind of meteors,
Make their way across the Alpha Centauri shore.
Make their way across the Alpha Centauri shore.

What kind of planets, what kind of sand,
What kind of moons, what kind of asteroid band.
What kind of comets, what kind of meteors,
Make their way across the Alpha Centauri shore.
Make their way across the Alpha Centauri shore.

Is there anybody living there.
Is there anybody breathing there.
Is there anybody thinking there.
Is there anybody dreaming there.
Is there anybody thinking,
I wonder if there's anyone next door.
Is there anybody thinking,
I wonder if there's anyone next door.

Is there anybody living there.
Is there anybody breathing there.
Is there anybody thinking there.
Is there anybody dreaming there.
Is there anybody thinking,
I wonder if there's anyone next door.
Is there anybody thinking,
I wonder if there's anyone next door.
Is there anybody thinking,
On the Alpha Centauri shore.
Is there anybody thinking,
On the Alpha Centauri shore.
What would we find, if we finally made it,
To Alpha Centauri.
What would we find, if we finally made it,
To Alpha Centauri.
Alpha Centauri, Alpha Centauri.
Alpha Centauri, Alpha Centauri,

Alpha Centauri.
Alpha Centauri, Alpha Centauri,
Alpha Centauri.
Alpha Centauri.
Alpha Centauri.

Alpha Centauri, Alpha Centauri,
Alpha Centauri.

What would we find, if we finally made it,
To Alpha Centauri.

(Album, Snowball's Chance in Space)

Dog Train

(2004-014)

From our outpost, high in the mountains,
Which might be the Appellations,
Or which might be the Himalayas of Nepal,
We watch the trains go by, every night.
Some are ghost trains. Some are real.
But we let them all go by.

One night, we saw a train, we'd never seen before.
It wasn't a ghost train. It was real.
It was real, and as cold and hard as steal.
And we saw that this train,
Was filled completely with dogs.
And as the train came near,
They howled at the sky, where there was no moon.
Yes, this was a dog train.

Dog train, dog train, dog train.

Yes, this was a train filled with dogs.
One dog had his paws on the throttle.
There were dogs serving dinner in the diner,
And there were dogs eating dinner.
There were dogs sleeping on the sleeper cars,
And there were dogs acting as porters.

And we saw that these weren't really very happy dogs.
They were all black, or dressed in black,
With their mouths cast down in sadness.
And we realized with a start,
Why it was that they were sad.
They were all going to Dog Town.

Dog Town, a resting place for dogs,
Something between a canine Limbo and a canine Hell,
Where they would be destined,
To stoke the fires of Dog Town,
And serve the Great Big Dog, for all eternity.

Dog train, dog train, dog train.

These were bad dogs, we realized.
We recognized, one was a Pit Bull,
Who had attacked his owner's grandmother.
Another was a Labrador,
Who had attacked and killed a three year old child.
On some of the other dogs,
We saw human blood around their mouths.
Goodness knows what they had done.
These were bad dogs, and they were going,
Where bad dogs go when they die.

So we let that train go by.
And as it went by, they howled again.
And they sang a mournful haunting song,

From another life.
And the song sounded something like this.

Won't you let me go back to the asteroid,
misty asteroid,
Where I was before I was born.
Won't you let me go back to the asteroid,
Misty asteroid,
Where I was before I was born.

Dog train, dog train, dog train.

And we are still here, in our outpost,
High in the mountains,
Which might be the Appellations,
Or which might be the Himalayas of Nepal.
And we still watch the trains go by, every night.
Some are ghost trains. Some are real.
And we let them all go by.
Dog train, dog train.

(Album, Snowball's Chance in Space)

There's a Lot of Love

(2004-015)

There's a lot of love, in a mustard seed,
Once it is planted in the ground.
Enough to grow, into a mighty tree,
Enough to turn the world around.

And there's a lot of truth, in an ear of corn,
Picked and eaten on the Sabbath day.
To quench the hunger, and sound the justice horn.
Property rights could not stand in the way.

And there's a lot of peace, in a solar cell,
And in a windmill turning 'round.
No need for giant hydro dams, or oil wells.
No need for flooded land, or bloody battle grounds.

And there's a lot of love, and a lot of joy,
In the many visions people have proclaimed.
So hold those visions, til that holy day,
When we break all imperial chains.

We are the children, of the brightest star.
We are the trees that have been planted by the riverside.
A love for the people, and a love for the earth,
Beats in our hearts.
The dream of sacred justice shines in our eyes.

For there's a lot of love, in among the stars,
And there is love in every grain of sand.
There's a lot of love, throughout the universe,
And there is love in the sacred touch of hands.
There is love in the sacred touch of hands.
Love in the sacred touch of hands.

(Album, Snowball's Chance in Space)

Abdul

(2004-016)

Born the younger son,
Of an al-Qaida man,
His father wanted their whole family,
To be warriors for Islam.
He met the man bin Laden,
On the far off Afghan sand.
Did he wonder, is this really the kind of life,
I want for my lifetime plan.
For my lifetime plan.

He grew a little older,
And saw through his family ties,
The spark of the rebel,
Shining in his eyes.
A rebel among outlaws,
But still a father's son,
Perhaps he saw what hate could do,
On the day called nine one one.
On the day called nine one one.

Abdul Abdul,
Where are you, where are you, going to.

Western intelligence forces,
Arrested him one day.
He agreed to tell all that he knew,
To the CIA.
He showed them where the safe houses were,
And the secret smuggling lines.
They said, we'll make you a double agent,
And send you back to your people as a spy.
Back to your people as a spy.

They took him to the prison site,
At Guantonamo,
To spy on the other prisoners,
And find out what they might know.
He had to share the same conditions,
Sleep on concrete under blinding light.
After a month of this he felt,
Like committing suicide.
Like committing suicide.

Abdul, Abdul,
Where are you, where are you, going to.

Caught between al-Qaida,
And the CIA,
This clash of barbarisms,
He finally made his play.
He told his grandmother,
I wanna come back,
To Canada.
I wanna live a normal life.

I am tired of the warfare game,
The deception and the lies.
The deception and the lies.

Now his family would disown him,
For having gone to the CIA.
Al-Qaida would kill him for having sold,
His soul to the Satan USA.
The CIA has no more use for him.
He gave them all he had to give.
My prayer for him is that he may,
Be able to live as he wants to live.
To live as he wants to live.

Abdul, Abdul,
Where are you, where are you, going to.
Going to, going to.

(Album, Snowball's Chance in Space)

Following a Comet

(2004-017)

I am following a comet, blue comet,
Down toward the sun.
I am following a comet, blue comet,
Down toward the sun.
Soon to be transfigured,
In the hearts of everyone.
Everyone.

They call it a dirty snowball,
With a snowball's chance in space.
They call it a dirty snowball,
With a snowball's chance in space.
But as it turns to light,
We look upon Brahma's face.
Brahma's face.

We truly are the stuff of stars,
Of comet tails and time.
We truly are the stuff of stars,
Of comet tails and time.
Intertwined with love and soul,
And the freedom of our minds.
Of our minds.
Brahma's face.

I am following a comet, blue comet,
Down toward the sun.
I am following a comet, blue comet,
Down toward the sun.
Soon to be transfigured,
In the hearts of everyone.
Everyone.
Everyone.
Everyone.

(Album, Snowball's Chance in Space)

Balder

(2004-018)

I come to you in peasant's clothes.
I ask you will you touch me with the sun.
You are the sun goddess, shining all around.
I am Balder. I am Balder.
You turn me on at summer solstice.
I am Balder.

I come to you in peasant's clothes.
I ask you will you touch me with the sun.
You are the sun goddess, shining all around.
I am Balder. I am Balder.
You turn me on at summer solstice.
I am Balder.

I come to you in peasant's clothes.
I ask you will you touch me with the sun.
You are the sun goddess, shining all around.
I am Balder. I am Balder.
You turn me on at summer solstice.
I am Balder.

We are companions of light.
We will bring the world,
Through the cold dark winter.
We are companions of light.
We will bring the world,
Through the cold dark winter.
We are companions of light.
We will bring the world,
Through the cold dark winter.
Through the cold dark winter.
Through the cold dark winter.
Through the cold dark winter.

(Album, Snowball's Chance in Space)

Aint No Truth in These Heartbeats

(2004-019)

I went down,
To the city in the town,
Under the shadow of the tower.
They showed us a time reel,
Made it seem so real.
They told us we could get power.

But their aint no truth in these heartbeats.
There aint no justice in these minds.
There aint no freedom to be had here,
As we are running out of time.
As we are running out of time.

I flew back,
With my mind in a rap,
Telling people I really do not know now.
Can I keep partying,
While they keep marketing,
And if I don't then where else do I go now.

'Cause there aint no truth in these heartbeats.
There aint no justice in these minds.
There aint no freedom to be had here,
As we keep running out of time.
As we keep running out of time.

O there aint no truth in these heartbeats.
There aint no justice in these minds.
There aint no freedom to be had here,
As we keep running out of time.
As we keep running out of time.

Aint no truth in these heartbeats.
Aint no truth in these heartbeats.
Aint no truth in these heartbeats.
Aint no truth in these heartbeats.

(Album, Snowball's Chance in Space)

This is a song, for all the people,
Who love the earth.
A song for all who dare to be resisters.
This is a song, for all the people,
Who thirst for justice.
This is a song for all my brothers and sisters.
This is a song for all my brothers and sisters.

This is a song, for all the people,
Who love the earth.
A song for all who dare to be resisters.
This is a song, for all the people,
Who thirst for justice.
This is a song for all my brothers and sisters.
This is a song for all my brothers and sisters.

Let us have love, to keep us going.
Let us keep the spirit of love a-flowing.
Let us have strength, to keep on fighting.
As we catch a glimpse of the new day we are igniting.
As we catch a glimpse of the new day we are igniting.

Let us have love, to keep us going.
As we keep the spirit of love a-flowing.
Let us have strength, to keep on fighting.
As we catch a glimpse of the new day we are igniting.
As we catch a glimpse of the new day we are igniting.
We are igniting. We are igniting.
As we catch a glimpse of the new day we are igniting.

This is a song, for all the people,
Who love the earth.
A song for all who dare to be resisters.
This is a song, for all the people,
Who thirst for justice.
This is a song for all my brothers and sisters.
This is a song for all my brothers and sisters.
This is a song for all my brothers and sisters.
This is a song for all my brothers and sisters.

For all who love the earth.
For all who love the earth.
For all who love the earth.

(Album, Snowball's Chance in Space)

Song for John and Arlo

(2004-021)

Who killed Annie Mae?
Who killed Annie Mae?
The answer to the question,
Might never be known.
'Cause it might reveal too much about,
The FBI's assassination plots.
Who killed Annie Mae?

Some people smile and say,
They know who murdered Annie Mae.
Try to frame a friend or two of hers,
Thinking the movement has no memory.
But we remember the framing of Leonard Peltier.
We remember all the times they threw,
AIM activists in jail.
We remember how they fired,
Five hundred thousand rounds,
Of live ammunition,
At the village they call Wounded Knee,
In the spring of 1973.
And we know a frame job, when we see it.

Who killed Annie Mae,
Is not the only question here today.
Who caused the other sixty-three,
Unsolved Pine Ridge homicides.
Might it have anything to do with Cointelpro.
Might it have anything to do with the FBI.
Who killed Annie Mae.

And to you who spread rumour,
And innuendo, I say,
You cannot honour the memory,
Of Annie Mae,
While slamming the movement,
For which she lived and died.
The people you accuse were friends of hers,
With whom she shared her activist life.
And the spirits look on,
From between earth and sky.
And the spirits weep, and cry.
When they see a good man,
Like John Graham being framed,
They know it's one more deadly move,
In the FBI's power game.
And they know that one day,
The truth will be outed.
Who killed Annie Mae,
Is not the only question here today.
But why do you wanna put,
Two innocent men away.
Would the truth reveal too much about,
The FBI's colonization plot.
But one day imperialism will fall.

And there will be freedom and justice for all.

Justice and freedom,
For Arlo Looking Cloud.
Justice and freedom,
For John Graham.
Justice and freedom,
For Arlo Looking Cloud.
Justice and freedom,
For John Graham.

Who killed Annie Mae?
Will you allow me this to say.
It was the same bloody hands,
That rule this blue white ball,
The same bloody hands,
That would like to kill us all.
The same iron heel,
And the same iron fist,
The same death machine,
That we all resist.
Now the wind blows sad over Pine Ridge,
And the wind whispers freedom.

Justice and freedom,
For Arlo Looking Cloud.
Justice and freedom,
For John Graham.
Justice and freedom,
For Arlo Looking Cloud.
Justice and freedom,
For John Graham.
Justice and freedom,
Justice and freedom.

(Album, Snowball's Chance in Space)

I Dream of the Earth

(2004-022)

I dream of the earth.
I dream of the earth.
Picture the earth as it could be.
Picture the earth as it would be.
I dream, I dream of the earth.

Dream of children laughing.
Dream of moonlight dancing.
Dream of people living lives of peace.
Dream of raindrops falling.
Dream of sparrows calling.
Wind chimes chiming on a gentle breeze.

I dream of the earth.
I dream of the earth.
Picture the earth as it could be.
Picture the earth as it would be.
I dream, I dream of the earth.

Dream of earth heart beating,
In the earth song sleeping,
Sleeping in the earth deep down beneath our feet.
Dream of rainbows forming,
With the sky no longer storming,
People running out into the rain-cleansed street.

I dream of the earth.
I dream of the earth.
Picture the earth as it could be.
Picture the earth as it would be.
I dream, I dream of the earth.
I dream, I dream of the earth.

Gentle geosphere, gentle biosphere,
Sweet sophiasphere, gentle philosophere.
Gentle geosphere, gentle biosphere,
Sweet sophiasphere, gentle philosophere.
Philo sphere, sphere of love,
Philo sphere, sphere of love.

I dream of the earth.
I dream of the earth.
Picture the earth as it could be.
Picture the earth as it would be.
I dream, I dream of the earth.
I dream, I dream of the earth.
Dream of the earth.
Dream of the earth.
Dream of the earth.

(Album, Snowball's Chance in Space)

I Blew Up the Coffeehouse

(2004-023)

I blew up the coffeehouse.
I blew up the coffeehouse.
I blew up the coffeehouse.
I blew up the coffeehouse.

When you're up you're up
And when you're down you're down.
How do you like living
In this company town.
When you're in you're in
And when you're out you're out.
When you're out you wanna scream
Revolution now.

I blew up the coffeehouse.
I blew up the coffeehouse.
I blew up the coffeehouse.
I blew up the coffeehouse.

Chubby Checkers says
He wants more airplay.
You've gotta play Chubby
Is all he has to say.
He wants to be in the Rock 'n' roll
Hall of Fame.
He doesn't know why they threw him
Out of the game.

But I blew up the coffeehouse.
I blew up the coffeehouse.
I blew up the coffeehouse.
I blew up the coffeehouse.

I guess I know
Why I've been banned,
From every radio station
In the land.
But when I'm back in the race
With a smile on my face,
I'll wonder what was I thinking
The other day.

When I blew up the coffeehouse.
I blew up the coffeehouse.
When I blew up the coffeehouse,
I blew up the coffeehouse.

No more poetry readings.
No more Bohemian scheming.
No more artificial screaming.
No more milk and sugar and creaming.

I blew up the coffeehouse.
I blew up the coffeehouse.

I blew up the coffeehouse.
I blew up the coffeehouse.

Pain and suffering
And having no home.
They are real. They weren't made
For your pretty poem.
Singing songs
And writing poetry,
Will never set
The people free.

So I blew up the coffeehouse.
I blew up the coffeehouse.
I blew up the coffeehouse.
I blew up the coffeehouse.

No more poetry readings.
No more Bohemian scheming.
No more artificial screaming.
No more milk and sugar and creaming.

I blew up the coffeehouse.
I blew up the coffeehouse.
I blew up the coffeehouse.
I blew up the coffeehouse.

When you're up you're up
And when you're down you're down.
How do you like living
In this company town.
When you're in you're in
And when you're out you're out.
When you're out you wanna scream
Revolution now.
When you're out you wanna scream
Revolution now.

So I blew up the coffeehouse.
I blew up the coffeehouse.
I blew up the coffeehouse.
I blew up the coffeehouse.
I blew up the coffeehouse.
I blew up the coffeehouse.
I blew up the coffeehouse.
I blew up the coffeehouse.

I blew up the coffeehouse.

(Album, Snowball's Chance in Space)

Sedna

(2004-024)

Sedna, what are you doing out there.
Sedna, what are you doing out there.
Bright red rock,
Further out than we have ever been,
All these centuries you've been there,
Never being seen.
Sedna, what are you doing out there.

Sedna, What are you thinking about.
Sedna, what are you thinking about.
Taking ten thousand years,
To orbit around,
A sun so far away,
It can barely be found.
Sedna, what are you thinking about.

Sedna, I will land on you one day.
Sedna, I will land on you one day.
In my dreams my spirit will,
Take wings and take flight,
And fly to your rocky plane,
In the deep cosmic night.
Sedna, I will land on you one day.

Sedna, when the stars are shining 'round.
Sedna, when the stars are shining 'round.
I will dance on your surface,
Of rock and frozen time,
And wonder at the silence,
So gentle and sublime.
Sedna, when the stars are shining 'round.

Sedna, May your traveling go well.
Sedna, may your traveling go well.
First planet in our solar system,
Ever to be,
Named for an Inuit,
Woman spirit dream.
Sedna, may your traveling go well.
Sedna, may your traveling go well.
May your traveling go well.

(Album, Snowball's Chance in Space)

Trooper

(2004-025)

I heard a story on the radio,
Of a band comin' to town,
From the mists of long ago.
A band whose music rocked my youth,
Twenty-five years later,
Still pounding out their truth.
A band whose lyrics take me back,
To when I really knew,
Where everything was at.
When the world was filled with love and hope,
And the sound of tomorrow was wonderful.
The sound of tomorrow was so wonderful.

So we'll climb into our bright white sports cars,
And we'll raise a little hell tonight.
On the Santa Marias of our minds,
We are here for a very long time.
We'll climb into our bright white sports cars,
And we'll raise a little hell tonight.
On the Santa Marias of our minds,
We are here for a very very very long time.

Thirty years touring across the nation,
Playing every bar in the confederation,
Singin' 'bout the towns and the women they met,
The people and the places they could not forget.
I would spread my wings and fly away,
Into the morning of that other day,
And dream that the world,
Can be made whole again,
And we can start all over,
With the lives we have to spend.
We can start all over,
With the lives we have to spend.

So we'll climb into our bright white sports cars,
And we'll raise a little hell tonight.
On the Santa Marias of our minds,
We are here for a very long time.
We'll climb into our bright white sports cars,
And we'll raise a little hell tonight.
On the Santa Marias of our minds,
We are here for a very very very long time.

So keep on rolling Trooper.
We are with you near and far,
As we grow slowly older,
By the light of the shiny North Star.
Music love and passion,
And the hope that beats within,
Will carry us on to sunrise,
On the wings of the northern wind.
Carry us on to sunrise,
On the wings of the northern wind.

And we'll climb into our bright white sports cars,
And we'll raise a little hell tonight,
On the Santa Marias of our minds,
We are here for a very long time.
We'll climb into our bright white sports cars,
And we'll raise a little hell tonight,
On the Santa Marias of our minds,
We are here for a very very very long time.

We'll climb into our bright white sports cars,
And we'll raise a little hell tonight,
On the Santa Marias of our minds,
We are here for a very long time.
We'll climb into our bright white sports cars,
And we'll raise a little hell tonight,
On the Santa Marias of our minds,
We are here for a very very very long time.
We are here for a very very very long time.
We are here for a very very very long time.

I heard a story on the radio,
Of a band comin' to town,
From the mists of long ago.

(Album, Snowball's Chance in Space)

We Say Sedna

(2004-026)

I say planet. You say planetoid.
We say Sedna. We say Sedna.
I say meteor. You say meteoroid.
We say Sedna. We say Sedna.

I say astro. You say asteroid.
We say Sedna. We say Sedna.
I say human. You say humanoid.
We say Sedna. We say Sedna.

I say Andy. You say android.
We say Sedna. We say Sedna.
I say polar. You say Polaroid.
We say Sedna. We say Sedna.

I say sphere. You say spheroid.
We say Sedna. We say Sedna.
I say para. You say paranoid.
We say Sedna. We say Sedna.

I say sick mind. You say sick mind Freud.
We say Sedna. We say Sedna.
I say pinko. You say Pink Floyd.
We say Sedna. We say Sedna.

I say planet. You say planetoid.
We say Sedna. We say Sedna.
We say Sedna. We say Sedna.
We say Sedna.
I say planet. I say planet.

(Album, Snowball's Chance in Space)

Washington

(2004-027)

A Palestinian child,
Killed by a gun,
In the hands of an Israeli soldier,
'Neath the West Bank sun.
An Iraqi child,
Dead of starvation,
But the sanctions said we're working,
For your liberation.
The children were buried,
And their families cried,
But everyone knew,
Who made them die.
People sitting in buildings,
In a city far away,
A city named for a general,
Known by the name, of Washington.

These were two among,
How many million more,
Killed by the armies,
In Washington's war.
The people who dared,
To speak truth to power,
The millions who stood,
And refused to cower,
Til the tanks rolled down,
And the iron hand,
Said, we must restore,
Stability to this land.
But written in blood,
By their grave-sides,
It says, we are the people,
Who didn't buy the lies, of Washington.

Chai Guevara, Sandino,
Allende, Romero,
Sitting Bull, Crazy Horse,
Rachel and Carlo.
They all dared to dream,
Of a freer tomorrow,
And they didn't buy the lies of Washington.

Allison Krause,
Norman Morison,
Malcolm X, Fred Hampton,
Jean Donovan.
They all had a dream,
That justice could be won,
And they didn't buy the lies of Washington.
They didn't buy the lies, of Washington.

An American-backed,
Coup des Ta in Haiti,
Takes away the man,

Named Aristide.
An FBI shoot-out,
On the Pine Ridge land,
Protects the uranium,
For Uncle Sam.
Washington smiles,
With money in its hand,
And the World Bank builds,
Another mega-dam.
And the mothers of a billion,
Children cry,
My sons and my daughters,
Never buy the lies of Washington.

Chai Guevara, Sandino,
Allende, Romero,
Sitting Bull, Crazy Horse,
Rachel and Carlo.
They all dared to dream,
Of a freer tomorrow,
And they didn't buy the lies of Washington.

Allison Krause,
Norman Morrison,
Tina Trudell,
Joe Kilsright Stuntz.
They all had a dream,
That justice could be won,
And they didn't buy the lies of Washington.
They didn't buy the lies of Washington.

Seventy thousand,
In el Salvador,
Three hundred thousand,
In East Timor.
Two hundred thousand,
In Guatemala and,
Two to three million,
In Vietnam.
A million in North,
Korea where,
They ran out of targets,
For their war in the air.
And how many more people,
In how many more lands,
Could stake their claim,
To the blood on the hands of Washington.

Chai Guevara, Sandino,
Allende, Romero,
Sitting Bull, Crazy Horse,
Rachel and Carlo.
They all dared to dream,
Of a freer tomorrow,
And they didn't buy the lies of Washington.

Allison Krause,
Norman Morrison,
Malcolm X, Fred Hampton,
Jean Donovan.
They all had a dream,
That justice could be won,
And they didn't buy the lies of Washington.
No they didn't buy the lies of Washington.

But capitalism,
Will tumble down.
Imperialism,
Will tumble down.
Freedom will flower,
In the company town,
And we will see the fall of Washington.

The Roman Empire,
It came down.
The Byzantine Empire's,
Nowhere to be found.
The British Empire,
Where are they now.
So too with the rule of Washington.

And the victory will go,
To everyone,
Who didn't buy the lies of Washington.
All the good people,
Under the sun,
Who didn't buy the lies of Washington.

The wonderful people,
Who share our time,
From Santiago,
To Palestine,
The mothers of a billion,
Children who cried,
My sons and my daughters,
Never buy the lies of Washington.

Chai Guevara, Sandino,
Allende, Romero,
Sitting Bull, Crazy Horse,
Rachel and Carlo.
Their spirits will dance,
In a new tomorrow,
And we will see the fall of Washington.

Allison Krause,
Norman Morrison,
Tina Trudell,
Joe Kills Right Stumpz.
The world they worked for,
Shall be won,
The end of the rule of Washington.

The end of the rule of Washington.
The end of the rule of Washington.

My brothers and sisters,
I say to you,
Never buy the lies of Washington.
Carry on and see,
The struggle through,
To the end of the rule of Washington.
The end of the rule of Washington.

We'll see the fall of Washington.
The end of the rule of Washington.
We'll see the fall of Washington.
The end of the rule of Washington.
The end of the rule of Washington.
The end of the rule of Washington.

(Albums, Snowball's Chance in Space, and, Ode to Resistance)

Cotton Candy Fire

(2004-028)

Blue and white icing,
All over my arms.
Blue and white ice-cream,
All over my head and face.
I am an angel,
Floating flying toward you,
Over, cotton candy fire.

Blue and white icing,
All over my arms.
Blue and white ice-cream,
All over my head and face.
I am an angel,
Floating flying toward you,
Over, cotton candy fire.
Cotton candy fire.

And all the world feels like,
Cotton candy fire.
And my legs are beams of light,
In cotton candy fire.
And my ears are rings of gold,
In cotton candy fire.
And my soul is the slice of,
A watermelon, on a summer's day,
Cotton candy fire.
Cotton candy fire.
Cotton candy fire.
Cotton candy fire.

(Album, Snowball's Chance in Space)

The Presence of Justice

(2004-029)

Peace is not, the absence of war,
But the presence of justice.
Peace is not, the absence of war,
But the presence of justice.

Peace is food in the belly,
And freedom in the heart,
And the feeling that the danger of being,
Shot by occupying forces,
Has gone away this time, once and for all.
Has gone away this time, once and for all.

Peace is not, the absence of war,
But the presence of justice.
Peace is not, the absence of war,
But the presence of justice.

Peace does not walk,
With a gun in its hand.
Peace does not drive,
Three quarters of a million people from their land.
Peace does not build,
Racist apartheid walls.
It doesn't tear out olive trees,
Or treat an entire people,
Like it would like to drive them, into the sea.
Like it would like to drive them, into the sea.

Peace is not, the absence of war,
But the presence of justice.
Peace is not, the absence of war,
But the presence of justice.

So I'll light a candle,
For all the ones who are gone,
And I'll say a prayer,
For the millions still to come.
And I'll hope that we, may live to see,
The day when we'll behold,
The presence of justice.

For peace is not, the absence of war,
But the presence of justice.
Peace is not, the absence of war,
But the presence of justice.

(Album, Snowball's Chance in Space)

If You Can't Stand the Heat

(2004-030)

If you can't stand the heat,
Get out of the kitchen.
If you can't stand the heat,
Get out of the kitchen.
I don't wanna hear,
Your reactionary fascist bitchin'.
If you can't stand the heat,
Get out of the kitchen.

We're gonna hold,
Your feet to the fire.
We're gonna hold,
Your feet to the fire.
Make you accountable,
For the crimes of your empire.
We're gonna hold,
Your feet to the fire.

If you can't stand the heat,
Get out of the kitchen.
If you can't stand the heat,
Get out of the kitchen.
I don't wanna hear,
Your reactionary fascist bitchin'.
If you can't stand the heat,
Get out of the kitchen.

We are the flame.
We are gonna get hotter.
We are the flame.
We are gonna get hotter.
You can't put us out,
With a bottle of holy water.
We are the flame.
We are gonna get hotter.

If you can't stand the heat,
Get out of the kitchen.
If you can't stand the heat,
Get out of the kitchen.
I don't wanna hear,
Your reactionary fascist bitchin'.
If you can't stand the heat,
Get out of the kitchen.

Truth is a sword.
It will pierce your power.
Truth is a sword.
It will pierce your power.
Don't blame me,
If you begin to cower.
Truth is a sword.
It will pierce your power.

If you can't stand the heat,
Get out of the kitchen.
If you can't stand the heat,
Get out of the kitchen.
I don't wanna hear,
Your reactionary fascist bitchin'.
If you can't stand the heat,
Get out of the kitchen.

Some go mystical,
And some go cocoo.
Some go mystical,
And some go cocoo.
Some take an enema,
And they go poopoo.
Some go mystical,
And some go cocoo.
Cocoo, cocoo.

If you can't stand the heat,
Get out of the kitchen.
If you can't stand the heat,
Get out of the kitchen.
I don't wanna hear,
Your reactionary fascist bitchin'.
If you can't stand the heat,
Get out of the kitchen.

If you can't stand the heat,
Get out of the kitchen.
If you can't stand the heat,
Get out of the kitchen.
If you can't stand the heat,
Get out of the kitchen.
Get out of the kitchen.
Get out of the kitchen.
Get out of the kitchen.

(Album, Snowball's Chance in Space)

New Golden Rule

(2004-031)

Have you heard about the new golden rule,
He who has the gold makes the rules.
Do on to others, before they do it to you.
Have you heard about the new golden rule.

Have you heard about the new golden mean,
Serve the mushy middle in the big machine.
There is no more left or right,
Only what makes you bleed.
Have you heard about the new golden mean.

Have you heard about the new golden rule,
He who has the gold makes the rules.
Do on to others, before they do it to you.
Have you heard about the new golden rule.

Have you heard about the new golden star.
We give it to the kids, for not being who they are.
Make every child an egotist,
His own little careerist czar.
Have you heard about the new golden star.

Have you heard about the new golden rule,
He who has the gold makes the rules.
Do on to others, or they're gonna do it to you.
Have you heard about the new golden rule.

Now they're calling water, blue gold,
Saying he who has the water will control.
Control us body, heart and mind and soul.
They're calling water, blue gold.

Have you heard about the new golden rule,
He who has the gold makes the rules.
Do on to others, before they do it to you.
Have you heard about the new golden rule.
Have you heard about the new golden rule.
New golden rule, new golden rule, new golden rule.

(Album, Wolf's Eye)

Left Wing Falls Off the Airplane

(2004-032)

You're the pilot of the airplane,
And you're flying into the night.
Then the left wing falls off the airplane,
Says you're going too far to the right.

You're the pilot of the airplane,
And you're flying into the night.
Then the left wing falls off the airplane,
Says you're going too far to the right.

But you know you are okay,
Just doing what you're trained to do.
Loving all the corporations,
How could anyone be angry at you.

You're the pilot of the airplane,
And you're flying into the night.
Then the left wing falls off the airplane,
Says you're going too far to the right.
The left wing falls off the airplane,
Says you're going too far to the right.

You might have to make a crash landing,
If that left wing doesn't return.
So fasten your seatbelts everyone.
Get ready for a downward spiral burn.

You're the pilot of the airplane,
And you're flying into the night.
Then the left wing falls off the airplane,
Says you're going too far to the right.
The left wing falls off the airplane,
Says you're going too far to the right.

O no, where is the runway.
Snow is coming down and there is fog.
Can't seem to find the runway lights.
All around there is nothing but bog bog bog.

You're the pilot of the airplane,
And you're flying into the night.
Then the left wing falls off the airplane,
Says you're going too far to the right.
The left wing falls off the airplane,
Says you're going too far to the right.
The left wing falls off the airplane,
Says you're going too far to the right.
You're going too far, too far to the right.

The left wing falls off the airplane.
The left wing falls off the airplane.
The left wing falls off the airplane.
The left wing falls off the airplane.

(Album, Wolf's Eye)

Which Side Green

(2004-033)

Jim Harris says he'll lead us,
And be our armoured knight.
He says that you can be a green,
And be neither left nor right.

Which side are you on.
Which side are you on.
Which side are you on, now.
Which side are you on.

He says we must look forward.
Capitalism can be greened.
We can plant community gardens,
With a corporate machine.

Which side are you on.
Which side are you on.
Which side are you on, now.
Which side are you on.

We are fiscally conservative,
And socially progressive,
But nowhere do we say,
Capitalism is oppressive.

Which side are you on.
Which side are you on.
Which side are you on now.
Which side are you on.

Don't worry about NAFTA.
Don't tax the corporations.
The dollar sign will see us through,
To the big green transformation.

Which side are you on.
Which side are you on.
Which side are you on now.
Which side are you on.

They say a green economy,
Will be community-based,
But issues of class power,
They do not wish to face.

Which side are you on.
Which side are you on.
Which side are you on now.
Which side are you on.

Amory Lovins and Paul Hawken,
Say capitalism is the way ahead,
But it's the capitalist system,
That's buttering their bread.

Which side are you on.
Which side are you on.
Which side are you on now.
Which side are you on.

They say we can build those windmills,
And solar panels too.
Be nice to the corporations,
And they'll do it all for you.

Which side are you on.
Which side are you on.
Which side are you on now.
Which side are you on.

So come all you good people,
And call a spade a spade.
The Green Party of Canada,
is a corporate charade.

Which side are you on.
Which side are you on.
Which side are you on now.
Which side are you on.

Now who will stand out from the crowd,
And pee on their parade.
The Green party of Canada,
Is a corporate charade.

Which side are you on.
Which side are you on.
Which side are you on now.
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, Wolf's Eye)

There's a War On

(2004-034)

Like it or not, there's a war on.
Call it what you want, there's a war on.
You can fight the power system, or be a moron.
Like it or not, there's a war on.

It's a war against the future.
It's a war against the past.
It's a war designed and carried out,
By the capitalist ruling class.
It's a war against the people.
It's a war against the earth.
It's a war whose perpetrators,
See concentrated wealth,
As the measure of all worth.

It's a war against humanity,
That smiles and talks of peace,
When a hundred thousand seekers,
Pack their bags and take the journey to the East.
But the corporate machine,
Will never give you what you need.
Its purpose is to serve its own self-interest,
Imperialism, militarism and greed.

Like it or not, there's a war on.
Call it what you want, there's a war on.
You can fight the capitalist system, or be a moron.
Like it or not, there's a war on.

It's a war against tomorrow.
It's a war against today.
It's a war designed to marginalize,
Thoughts that there could be any other way.
It's a war against diversity,
That would make us all the same,
That would fit us all into our slots,
And tell us that the rebel is the one to blame.

But the war will not be over,
Til we see through all the lies,
Overturn the war machine,
And tear off every mask,
Every costume and disguise.
And a true peace will shine,
Like dewdrops in the sun,
And on that day we will know,
That a true peace with justice,
Has finally begun.

Like it or not, there's a war on.
Give it your best shot, there's a war on.
You can fight the capitalist system, or be a moron.
But like it or not, there's a war on.

The political realm,
Encircles our lives,
Like a coiled serpent,
With acquisitive eyes.
You can struggle with the serpent,
And fight it with your truth,
Or you can pretend that it's not there,
And it will smother you.

So like it or not, there's a war on.
You can give it your best shot, but there's a war on.
You can fight the capitalist system, or be a moron.
Like it or not, there's a war on.

Like it or not, there's a war on.
You can call it what you want, but there's a war on.
You can fight the power system, or be a moron.
Like it or not, there's a war on.
Like it or not, there's a war on.
Like it or not, there's a war on.
There's a war on.
There's a war on.

(Album, Wolf's Eye)

Song for Northrop Frye

(2004-035)

They had a picture of him,
On the library wall.
Northrop Frye,
Canada's gift to the world.
Northrop Frye,
the twentieth century's gift to,
Literary criticism.

They had a picture of him,
On the library wall.
Northrop Frye,
Sitting in his chair,
Floating in the air.
And then you looked again,
And there was no chair,
Only Northrop smiling,
Floating there.

And sometimes he'd come in,
To the library,
And he'd be trying to figure out,
The new cataloguing system.
And you'd look up at the wall,
And there was Northrop.
And you'd look back down at the room,
And there was Northrop.

There was Northrop,
In a kind of fearless symmetry.
There was Northrop,
In a kind of great code of irony.
There was Northrop,
In a kind of critical anatomy.
There was Northrop.

And after Northrop died,
We thought about that picture.
And we said now he's floating on,
Into a sunrise, of eternity.

Northrop Frye,
The imagination's gift,
To humanity.
Northrop Frye,
Spy glass on the nature,
Of divinity.

Northrop Frye,
What only Blake and Coleridge,
May have dared to see.
Northrop Frye,
Setting all our hearts and,
Imaginations free.

Northrop Frye,
Poet of the mind,
Who didn't have to write his words,
With poetry.
Northrop Frye,
Northrop Frye.

(Album, Wolf's Eye)

Never Mow the Lawn When It's Raining

(2004-036)

Never mow the lawn when it's raining.
Never mow the lawn when it's raining.
Never mow the lawn when it's raining.
Never mow the lawn when it's raining.

Never take a bath in a lightening pool.
Never take a bath in a lightening pool.
Never take a bath in a lightening pool.
Never take a bath in a lightening pool.

Never go electric with a short in your wire.
Never go electric with a short in your wire.
Never go electric with a short in your wire.
Never go electric with a short in your wire.

'Cause you will go ballistic,
With a bazooka in your mind.
You will go ballistic,
With a bazooka in your mind.
You will go ballistic,
With a bazooka in your mind.
You will go ballistic,
With a bazooka in your mind.

Never mow the lawn when it's raining.
Never mow the lawn when it's raining.
Never mow the lawn when it's raining.
Never mow the lawn when it's raining.

The ghosts and the thunder gonna mow you down.
The ghosts and the thunder gonna mow you down.
The ghosts and the thunder gonna mow you down.
The ghosts and the thunder gonna mow you down.

The time in the time clock has gone away.
The time in the time clock has gone away.
The time in the time clock has gone away.
The time in the time clock has gone away.

What clockwork universe do you wish to play.
What clockwork universe do you wish to play.
What clockwork universe do you wish to play.
What clockwork universe do you wish to play.

Never mow the lawn when it's raining.
Never mow the lawn when it's raining.
Never mow the lawn when it's raining.
Never mow the lawn when it's raining.

Never mow the lawn when it's raining.
Never mow the lawn when it's raining.
Never mow the lawn when it's raining.
Never mow the lawn when it's raining.
Never mow the lawn when it's raining.

Never mow the lawn when it's raining.

(Album, Wolf's Eye)

DMZ

(2004-037)

DMZ,
DMZ,
Some of us are injured.
Some of us are dead.
We are all the walking ghostmen,
Of the DMZ.

I saw trenches,
Dug across suburban driveways,
And I heard the words,
If you wanna get rid of the tanks,
You've gotta get rid of the cars.
I saw blood upon,
The plush suburban lawns,
And I said your houses,
And your three-car garages,
Are the spoils of war.

DMZ,
DMZ,
Some of us go crawling home,
And wonder at the words the captain said.
He said we are all children,
Yearning for a DMZ.

DMZ,
DMZ,
We saw the horseman riding.
In his arms he carried his own head.
Who will clear the wounded,
From the DMZ.

You bought a new car yesterday,
And put it in the drive.
And it made me wonder,
Is this what we're dying for.
For power saver cords,
And energy efficient lightbulbs,
You have no time.
From here on in,
Every war is Exxon's war.

DMZ,
DMZ,
Some of us are injured.
Some of us are dead.
We are all the walking ghostmen,
Of the DMZ.

DMZ,
DMZ,
Who will count the missing.
Who will face the dead.
There can never really be a DMZ.

There can never really be a DMZ.
DMZ.

(Album, Wolf's Eye)

Wolf's Eye

(2004-038)

The ax is laid,
To the trunk of the tree.
The lightening is flashing,
Across the sky.
The fire is dancing,
On the foam of the sea.
And the night is crackling,
With the Tellurian rebel's cry.

Wolf's eye opening,
What do you see.
Wolf's eye sparkling,
Like the light of the moon shimmering on the sea.
Wolf's eye, Wolf's eye.

Suddenly the night,
Is torn apart,
With an explosion of guns,
And an unearthly scream.
And the flame of freedom,
That shines in every heart,
Leaps across the distance,
Like something from a dream.

Wolf's eye opening,
What do you see.
Wolf's eye sparkling,
Like the light of the moon shimmering on the sea.
Wolf's eye, Wolf's eye.

A thousand revelations,
Rock the air.
A million awakenings,
Around this globe.
There is laughter in the hearts,
Of people everywhere.
Establishments crumble,
As the freedom dance unfolds.

Wolf's eye opening,
What do you see.
Wolf's eye sparkling,
Like the light of the moon,
Shimmer image on the sea.
Wolf's eye, Wolf's eye.

Six billion take their freedom,
And dance among the trees.
Reweaving and reshaping,
With the power of their minds.
With freedom comes,
The long and gentle responsibilities.
But that does not dampen the knowledge,
That we are humankind.

Wolf's eye opening,
What do you see.
Wolf's eye sparkling,
Like the light of the moon shimmering on the sea.
Wolf's eye, Wolf's eye.
Wolf's eye, Wolf's eye.
Wolf's eye, Wolf's eye.
Wolf's eye.

(Album, Wolf's Eye)

Be the Change

(2004-039)

Be the change you wish to see in the world.
Be the change you wish to see in the world.
Freeing yourself is freeing the world.
Be the change you wish to see in the world.

Be the love you wish could grow through the world.
Be the love you wish could grow through the world.
And love will be the song,
That will flow through the world.
Be the love you wish could grow through the world.

Be the light you wish could shine in the world.
Be the light you wish could shine in the world.
Light will fill every heart and mind in the world.
Be the light you wish could shine in the world.

Be the change you wish to see in the world.
Be the change you wish to see in the world.
Freeing yourself is freeing the world.
Be the change you wish to see in the world.

You are the dance that dances in the world.
You are the dance that dances in the world.
We all take our share of chances in the world.
You are the dance that dances in the world.

You are the song that sings through the world.
You are the song that sings through the world.
The melody of hope that rings through the world.
You are the song that sings through the world.

Be the change you wish to see in the world.
Be the change you wish to see in the world.
Freeing yourself is freeing the world.
Be the change you wish to see in the world.
Be the change you wish to see in the world.
Be the change you wish to see in the world.

Be the change, in the world.
Be the change, in the world.
Be the change, in the world.
Be the change, in the world.

Be the change you wish to see in the world.
Be the change you wish to see in the world.
Freeing yourself is freeing the world.
Be the change you wish to see in the world.
Be the change you wish to see in the world.
Be the change you wish to see in the world.

(Album, Wolf's Eye)

Washed Away by the Sea

(2004-040)

Every rising star, shall one day fall,
Every galaxy cease to be.
Our sandcastle empires, will one day be,
Washed away by the sea.

Life is no more, than a sand castle,
Tossed by the winds and the waves.
Each grain of sand is a universe,
Til time sweeps it away.

So sing to the love, in the universe.
We are but children at play.
We sing our songs, and feel our joy,
Til time sweeps us away.

What will there be, on this sandy shore,
When a hundred years have gone.
Only the love that was here before,
A love that has surely grown.
A love that has surely grown.

Every rising star, shall one day fall,
Every galaxy cease to be.
Our sandcastle empires, will one day be,
Washed away by the sea.
Washed away by the sea.
Washed away by the sea.

(Album, Wolf's Eye)

The Cyclist

(2004-041)

I am, I am, the cyclist.
You see me on the roadways and the streets.
I try to travel where I wish to travel.
And rarely do the motorists,
Show any respect for me.
Rarely do the motorists,
Show any respect for me.

One day I decided,
I'd been sideswiped once too often.
I decided it was time to start,
My fight to be free.
I took an old screwdriver,
I had sharpened,
And I began my war,
Against the automobile.
I began my war,
Against the automobile.

I punctured seventeen hundred,
And twenty-eight tires,
On five hundred and forty-eight,
Motor vehicles.
I caused four hundred thousand dollars,
Worth of damage.
For the right to have some peace on the road.
For the right to have some peace on the road.

I punctured seventeen hundred,
And twenty-eight tires,
On five hundred and forty-eight,
Motor vehicles.
I caused four hundred thousand dollars,
Worth of damage.
For the right to have some peace on the road.
For the right to have some peace on the road.

And one day the cars will be gone,
And the cyclists and pedestrians will have won.
One day the cars will be gone,
And the cyclists and pedestrians will march on.
March on, march on.

The judge said what you've done is extraordinary.
And I have to tell the judge, I agree.
I am the extraordinary cyclist.
The judge sentenced me to prison,
But somehow I feel free.
The judge sentenced me to prison,
But somehow I feel free.

I punctured seventeen hundred,
And twenty-eight tires,
On five hundred and forty-eight,

Motor vehicles.
I caused four hundred thousand dollars,
Worth of damage.
For the right to have some peace on the road.
For the right to have some peace on the road.

I punctured seventeen hundred,
And twenty-eight tires,
On five hundred and forty-eight,
Motor vehicles.
I caused four hundred thousand dollars,
Worth of damage,
For the right to have some peace on the road.
For the right to have some peace on the road.

And one day the cars will be gone,
And the cyclists and pedestrians will have won.
One day the cars will be gone,
And the cyclists and pedestrians will march on.
March on, march on.

I am, I am, the cyclist.
You better get out of my way.
You better get out of my way.
You better get out of my way.

(Album, Wolf's Eye)

Moon Shining Through Rain

(2004-042)

Moon shining through rain,
Midnight rainbow.
Full moon speaking poetry,
On the midnight wind.

You saw what you thought was,
A pure white windbow.
Then you took a photograph,
And the photograph revealed,
Blue and orange and gold,
Purple red and green.
Could all these colours come from,
Grandmother dreamer moon.

Moon shining through rain,
Midnight rainbow.
Full moon speaking poetry,
On the midnight wind.

It is said there are no legends,
About moonbows,
'Cause they are so rare.
No one ever thought to,
Write the stories.
No one ever thought to,
Spin the yarn.
But the rain is falling gently,
And the yarn is turning,
Round and round.

Moon shining through rain,
Midnight rainbow.
Full moon speaking poetry,
On the midnight wind.

The sky is the cathedral.
The lighted clouds are the altar.
Moonlight dancing,
Amid the raindrops,
Is the sacrament.
The midnight Christos,
Blessing all of us.

Moon shining through rain,
Midnight rainbow.
Full moon speaking poetry,
On the midnight wind.

Moon shining through rain,
Midnight rainbow.
Full moon speaking poetry,
On the midnight wind.

(Album, Wolf's Eye)

Enough Good People

(2004-043)

Evil will win in the world,
If enough good people do nothing.
Evil will win in the world,
If enough good people do nothing.

If enough good people say, I'm okay.,
And they go gingerly on their way,
Pretending that the iron hand is bluffing,
Pretending that the iron fist is bluffing.

Evil will win in the world,
If enough good people do nothing.
Evil will win in the world,
If enough good people do nothing.

If enough good people say, I'm okay.,
And they go gingerly on their way,
Pretending that the iron hand is bluffing,
Pretending that the iron fist is bluffing.

O but what could there be,
If enough good people said no.
No to the iron masters,
No to corporate control.

O but what could there be,
If enough good people said no.
No to the iron masters,
No to corporate control.

If enough good people said yes to life,
And built the world anew,
I can't guarantee utopia,
But I'd guarantee that there would be,
A much better world, for me and you.

If enough good people said yes to life,
And built the world anew,
I can't guarantee utopia,
But I'd guarantee that there would be,
A much better world, for me and you.

A better day will dawn,
When enough good people do something.
A better day will dawn,
When enough good people do something.

May enough good people, come to life.
may enough good people, organize.
May enough good people, see the light.
May enough good people, join the fight.

May enough good people, come to life.
May enough good people, organize.

may enough good people, see the light.
may enough good people, join the fight.

Enough good people, o, o.
Enough good people, o, o.
Enough good people, o, o.
Enough good people, o, o.

(Album, Wolf's Eye)

The Word Remains

(2004-044)

March 24th 1980,
A single gunshot sounds,
Through the open door,
Of a San Salvador hospital chapel.

The San Salvador spring was warm,
As a single gunshot rang,
And a man fell,
With a single bullet in his heart.

As he fell dead upon the floor,
Behind the altar,
Did I hear the weeping,
Of fifty thousand more,
Who would fall,
Before the war was done.

As the rich declared war upon the poor,
Who they claimed to love,
With rape and murder and torture,
That went on, and on, and on.

Perhaps the story of a man,
Is all that remains with us now.
Still the word remains.
Perhaps the courage of bearing witness,
Is all that remains with us now.
Still the word remains.
Still the word remains.

And the Pentagon smiled,
And the State Department grinned,
And the US Congress gave money for arms,
For the death squad regime.
And the privileged and the powerful,
They laughed when they heard,
That the man of truth was gone.

But for the thousands,
Who were struggling for their rights,
In the cities, and the countryside,
They wept and they mourned,
Til their inner voice told them,
It was time, to carry on.

Perhaps the story of a man,
Is all that remains with us now.
Still the word remains.
Perhaps a call to resistance,
Is all that remains with us now.
Still the word remains.
Still the word remains.

Oscar Romero,

had three years to learn the truth,
And speak the truth aloud.
That the society that he had been,
A part of all these years,
Was a society built on exploitation,
And injustice,
That there is pain and suffering,
Beneath the surfaces, and the smiles.

But when you speak a truth,
That the rich do not want heard,
There may very well be,
A bullet set aside for you.
But that does not change the nature,
of what is true.

Perhaps the power of a story,
is all that remains with us now.
Still the word remains.
Perhaps a love for humanity,
Is all that remains with us now.
Still the word remains.
Still the word remains.

Some will see a silencing,
In the firing of a gun.
Some will fear that the powers,
Of darkness and despair have won.
But Romero knew the power of the spirit,
That is greater than all the pentagons.
All the armies, all the companies,
All the intelligence agencies,
The machete and the guns.

When he said, "I beg you.
I beseech you. I order you.
In the name of God, stop the repression!".
And the power of the spirit will be there,
When the last right wing death squad,
Has surrendered.

Perhaps the power of the spirit,
Is all that remains with us now.
Still the word remains.
Perhaps the courage of bearing witness,
Is all that remains with us now.
Still the word remains.
Still the word remains.

Perhaps the courage of bearing witness,
Is all that remains with us now.
Still the word remains.
Still the word remains.

(Album, Wolf's Eye)

Someone Imagined

(2004-045)

Someone imagined,
And someone dreamed.
Someone took spade in hand,
And dug a garden by the stream.
Someone planted, and watered,
And believed in the seeds.
Someone imagined,
And someone dreamed.

And then one day the vegetables,
Grew on the vine.
Tomatoes and cucumbers,
Warm in the sunshine.
The gardeners they picked them,
And ate them o so fine.
And they remembered the vision,
They had had in their minds.

Someone imagined,
And someone dreamed.
Someone took spade in hand,
And dug a garden by the stream.
Someone planted, and watered,
And believed in the seeds.
Someone imagined,
And someone dreamed.

Someone dreamed a world where we,
Can all live in peace.
Someone dreamed the right to vote,
The right to think, the right to speak.
Some dreams have come to pass,
And some have yet to be.
But it all began somewhere,
On an imagination stream.

Someone imagined,
And someone dreamed.
Someone took spade in hand,
And dug a garden by the stream.
Someone planted, and watered,
And believed in the seeds.
Someone imagined,
And someone dreamed.
Someone imagined,
And someone dreamed.

(Album, Wolf's Eye)

Dionysus

(2004-046)

I am Dionysus.
I am Dionysus.
Dance into Chaos. Dance into freedom.
Dance into ecstasy. Dance into receiving.

I am Dionysus.
I am Dionysus.
Dance into beyondness. Dance into forsaking.
Dance into the oneness. Dance into awaking.

I am Dionysus.
I am Dionysus.
Dance into chaos. Dance into freedom.
Dance into ecstasy. Dance into receiving.

I am Dionysus.
I am Dionysus.
Dance into beyondness. Dance into forsaking.
Dance into the oneness. Dance into awaking.

I am Dionysus.
I am Dionysus.
I am Dionysus.
I am Dionysus.

"I am Dionysus, god of wine, god of revelry,
God of joyful free chaos.
I am the god with whom the women dance,
All night long,
Into a state of dramatic, orgasmic, ecstasy.
Running away from their communities,
And their responsibilities,
Every one of them, every one of them,
Making love to me, in a single night.
I am Dionysus."

I am Dionysus.
I am Dionysus.
I am Dionysus.
I am Dionysus.
Dionysus, Dionysus.

(Album, Wolf's Eye)

Blink of the Cosmic Eye

(2004-047)

O the crabs by the shore,
They get on with their lives,
Pretending that we are not there.
And the stars in the sky,
They shine just as bright,
Pretending that we are not there.

And why should they care,
We are here in our space,
Although we like to think,
We're the lords of this place.
We are only a blink of the cosmic eye.
We are only a blink of the cosmic eye.

And the mountains they rise,
To the clouds of the sky,
Pretending that we are not there.
And the oceans roll on,
Through the dark of the night,
Pretending that we are not there.

And why should they care,
We are here in our space,
Although we like to think,
We're the lords of this place.
We are only a blink of the cosmic eye.
We are only a blink of the cosmic eye.

And the universe turns,
And the biosphere churns.
Everything is a great gentle treasure.
But the cosmos was not,
Made simply for us.
It became for its own gentle pleasure.
And time is a goddess,
And a virile green man,
And together they dance with each other.
And the joy that they share,
In each shimmering strand,
Is the joy of the fantastic lover.

And why should they care,
We are here in our space,
Although we like to think,
We're the lords of this place.
We are only a blink of the cosmic eye.
We are only a blink of the cosmic eye.

And the crabs by the shore,
They get on with their lives,
Pretending that we are not there.
And the stars in the sky,
They shine just as bright,
Pretending that we are not there.

Pretending that we are not there.

(Album, Wolf's Eye)

Choosin' Choosin'

(2004-048)

A lot of people are choosin' choosin'.
A lot of people are goin' down.
Cop cars are cruisin' cruisin'.
A lot of melodies goin' 'round.
A lot of melodies goin' 'round.

Big factories oozin' oozin'.
Blue skies are turnin' brown.
Mother Earth is bruising bruising'.
All the earth is sacred ground.
All the earth is sacred ground.

Empires are losin' losin'.
We'll turn them upside-down.
Did you hear us musin' musin'.
Did we really make a sound.
Did we really make a sound.

In the end you've got to choose.
Sometimes you've gotta refuse.
In the end you've got to choose.
Douse the flame or light the fuse.
Douse the flame or light the fuse.

A lot of people are choosin' choosin'.
A lot of people are goin' down.
Cop cars are cruisin' cruisin'.
A lot of melodies goin' 'round.
A lot of melodies goin' 'round.

Big factories oozin' oozin'.
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In the end you've got to choose.
Sometimes you've gotta refuse.
In the end you've got to choose.
Douse the flame or light the fuse.
Douse the flame or light the fuse.

A lot of people are choosin' choosin'.
A lot of people are goin' down.
A lot of people are choosin' choosin'.
A lot of people are goin' down.

A lot of people are choosin' choosin'.

A lot of people are goin' down.
A lot of people are choosin' choosin'.
A lot of people are goin' down.

A lot of people are choosin' choosin'.
A lot of people are goin' down.
A lot of people are choosin' choosin'.
A lot of people are goin' down.

A lot of people are goin' down.
A lot of people are goin' down.
A lot of people are choosin' choosin'.

(Album, Wolf's Eye)

A Million Years Ago

(2004-049)

A million years ago,
We were under, half a mile of ice,
Where we now stand.
There were no human beings,
Here in this ancient northern land.
Only water, small plants,
Rock and ice and sand.

A million years ago,
The human beings that there were,
Were living in the warmer climes,
Of Africa,
Running across savanna lands,
Enjoying early human mind,
consciousness, paradise.
At one with the earth,
Learning year by year,
Their energy at one with all time.

A million years ago,
The sun still shone.
The moon still waxed and waned.
Mars was still red,
And Venus still shone,
Beautiful, in her cloak of white.
And the earth had a mind of her own,
A spirit dove-like soul.
There was calm in the cosmic night,
The oceans and the stars,
And the comet tails streaming, just as bright.
A million years ago.

Would the earth have dreamed,
That a species would emerge,
From Homo habilis,
And Australopithecus,
That would dominate the earth like this.
Building pyramids and airplanes,
Robot probes to Mars and beyond,
In just a million years.

And what would the earth have thought,
If she had known,
A million years ago.
What would the earth have thought,
If she had known,
A million years ago.

A million years ago,
We were under, half a mile of ice,
Where we now stand.
A million years ago.
A million years ago.
A million years ago.

(Album, Wolf's Eye)

The Roman Empire Fell

(2004-050)

The Roman Empire fell.
The Roman Empire fell.
No more the gladiators,
Or the bread and circus makers.
The Roman Empire fell.

The Roman Empire fell.
What a crash it made when it went down.
No more the slaves a cryin',
Or the believers fed to the lions.
The Roman Empire fell.

The Roman Empire fell.
Its decline could not be turned around.
No more the marching legions,
Or the offerings to Caesar.
The Roman Empire fell.

The Roman Empire fell.
The ghost of Spartacus gave a yell.
Now the martyrs are remembered,
With a love and peace so tender.
The Roman Empire fell.
The Roman Empire fell.
The Roman Empire fell.
The Roman Empire fell.

The Roman Empire fell.
The Roman Empire fell.
The Roman Empire fell.
The Roman Empire fell.

(Album, Wolf's Eye)

Creator Spirit God

(2004-051)

Creator Spirit God, you are here. You are here.
Creator Spirit God, you are here.
Creator Spirit God, you are here. You are here.
Creator Spirit God, you are here.

Mother Father God, you are free. You are free.
Mother Father God, you are free.
Mother Father God, you are free. You are free.
Mother Father God, you are free.

Weaver of our souls, you are free. You are free.
Weaver of our souls, you are free.
Weaver of our souls, you are free. You are free.
Weaver of our souls, you are free.

Creator Spirit God, you are here. You are here.
Creator Spirit God, you are here.
Creator Spirit God, you are here. You are here.
Creator Spirit God, you are here.

You dance in galaxies. You are free. You are free.
You dance in galaxies. You are free.
You dance in galaxies. You are free. You are free.
You dance in galaxies. You are free.

You change in space and time.
You are free. You are free.
You change in space and time. You are free.
You change in space and time.
You are free. You are free.
You change in space and time. You are free.

Creator Spirit God, you are here. You are here.
Creator Spirit God, you are here.
Creator Spirit God, you are here. You are here.
Creator Spirit God, you are here.

Lover of the all, you are free. You are free.
Lover of the all, you are free.
Lover of the all, you are free. You are free.
Lover of the all, you are free.

We grow that you may grow.
You are free. You are free.
We grow that you may grow. You are free.
We grow that you may grow.
You are free. You are free.
We grow that you may grow. You are free.

Creator Spirit God, you are here. You are here.
Creator Spirit God, you are here.
Creator Spirit God, you are here. You are here.
Creator Spirit God, you are here.

Creator Spirit God, you are here. You are here.
Creator Spirit God, you are here.
Creator Spirit God, you are here.
Creator Spirit God, you are here.

(Album, Wolf's Eye)

What Was the Bann that I Ran from, Dan

(2004-052)

What was the bann that I ran from, Dan.
What was the bann that I ran from, Dan.

Where do you run, when the witches burn.
Where do you run, when the witches burn.
When the ones called undesirable,
Are rounded up and interned.
Where do you run, when the witches burn.

What was the bann that I ran from, Dan.
What was the bann that I ran from, Dan.

Where do you go, when the rain comes down.
Where do you go, when the rain comes down.
Noah and his god,
Were psychopathic patriarchs.
Spread it all over town.
Where do you go, when the rain comes down.

What was the bann that I ran from, Dan.
What was the bann that I ran from, Dan.

J. Edgar Hoover's returned with a fascist smile.
J. Edgar Hoover's returned with a fascist smile.
Come to pick off the rebels,
Living on fourteenth mile.
J. Edgar Hoover's returned with a fascist smile.

What was the bann that I ran from, Dan.
What was the bann that I ran from, Dan.

The coliseum crowd would cheer the Patriot Act.
The coliseum crowd would cheer the Patriot Act.
Just tell the American people,
That America's under attack.
The coliseum crowd would cheer the Patriot Act.

What was the bann that I ran from, Dan.
What was the bann that I ran from, Dan.

Fascism likes to play its power tricks.
Fascism likes to play its power tricks.
So Huey Newton is dead,
While Daniel Ellsberg lives.
Fascism likes to play its power tricks.

What was the bann that I ran from, Dan.
What was the bann that I ran from, Dan.

I will hear the lions roaring one fine day.
I will hear the lions roaring one fine day.
But Daniel will be strong,
And teach us how to pray.
I will hear the lions roaring one fine day.

What was the bann that I ran from, Dan.
What was the bann that I ran from, Dan.

What was the bann that I ran from, Dan.
What was the bann that I ran from, Dan.
What was the bann that I ran from, Dan.
What was the bann that I ran from, Dan.
What was the bann that I ran from, Dan.

(Album, Tomato Club)

I Know You'll Come Skating on Ice

(2004-053)

I know you'll come skating on ice,
Wearing a pair of skates,
That you bought at the plaza.
And I know you will take my hand in yours,
And make me a path to the moon,
While the moon is rising.

And then we will all eat ice-cream,
At the ice-cream parlour.
But the poster of Che Guevara,
Eating ice-cream,
Was burned in the Spartacus Books fire.

But I know you'll come skating on ice,
Wearing a pair of skates,
That you bought at the plaza.
And I know you'll take my hand in yours,
And make me a path to the moon,
While the moon is rising.

Then we will all eat ice-cream,
At the ice-cream parlor.
But the poster of Che Guevara,
Eating ice-cream,
Was burned in the Spartacus Books fire.

And sometimes it is hard to go on.
Especially when I awake,
From the dream, and remember,
That you were abducted and murdered,
Twenty years ago, by the junta.

And sometimes it is hard to go on.
Especially when I awake,
From the dream, and remember,
That you were abducted and murdered,
Twenty years ago, by the junta.

But I know you'll come skating on ice,
Wearing a pair of skates,
That you bought at the plaza,
That you bought at the plaza.

(Album, Tomato Club)

Deep in the Woods There Runs a Stream

(2004-054)

Deep in the woods there runs a stream.
Deep in the woods there runs a stream.
The sun shines down and the flowers dream.
Deep in the woods there runs a stream.

Deep in my heart a river flows.
Deep in my heart a river flows.
Meandering to where no one knows.
Deep in my heart a river flows.

Deep in the woods their runs a stream.
Deep in the woods there runs a stream.
The children play as time careens.
Deep in the woods there runs a stream.

Deep in my heart a forest grows.
Deep in my heart a forest grows.
Green red and golden, so it blows.
Deep in my heart a forest grows.

Deep in the woods there runs a stream.
Deep in the woods there runs a stream.
Catch the sunlight beam by beam.
Deep in the woods there runs a stream.

Deep in my heart the winter snows.
Deep in my heart the winter snows.
What awaits us tomorrow, only springtime knows.
Deep in my heart the winter snows.

Deep in the woods there runs a stream.
Deep in the woods their runs a stream.
The sun shines down and the flowers dream.
Deep in the woods there runs a stream.

Deep in the woods there runs a stream.
Deep in the woods there runs a stream.
Deep in the woods there runs a stream.
Deep in the woods there runs a stream.
Deep in the woods there runs a stream.

(Album, Tomato Club)

Let There Be Pleasure

(2004-055)

When I was a young boy,
Thirteen years old,
I put my hand upon my penis,
Til it grew big and bold.
I gave myself sensations,
Until I came.
I felt joy and pleasure,
With the masturbation game.

But that's a sin, said the church.
Don't do it, that's a sin, said the church.
Oy yoy yoy, said the church.
You've been a bad boy, said the church.
That's a sin, said the church.
That's a sin. That's a sin.

Then I grew a little older,
And a little less shy.
I went out with a young woman,
And we kissed a couple times.
We took off all our clothing,
And made love to each other.
We felt joy and pleasure.
We were universal lovers.

But that's a sin, said the church.
Don't do it, that's a sin, said the church.
Oy yoy yoy, said the church.
You've been a bad boy, said the church.
That's a sin, said the church.
That's a sin. That's a sin.

Then I looked around the world,
And I saw napalm coming down,
And people being tortured,
By the rulers of the town,
Who were armed by America,
Trained by the CIA.
Can anyone count how many million,
We have blown away.

But that aint no sin, said the church.
We can do it, it aint no sin, said the church.
We're the USA, said the church.
It is God's way, said the church.
It aint no sin, said the church.
It aint no sin. It aint no sin.

And the right wing preachers,
Like to tell you you are lost,
While they rap a US flag around,
The Jesus on the cross.
Guatemala to the West Bank,
The Christian might makes right,

Has justified genocide,
'Cause God is on our side.

And it aint no sin, says the church.
We can do it, it aint no sin, says the church.
We're the USA, says the church.
It is God's way, says the church.
It aint no sin, says the church.
It aint no sin. It aint no sin.

So a tablespoon of semen, is a sin.
And a pleased moist vagina, is a sin.
And a smiling naked woman, is a sin.
Two people pleasuring each other, is a sin.

But a hundred thousand tonnes,
Of uranium tailings, that's okay.
And the power to destroy ourselves,
Fifty times over, that's okay.

And the hundreds of millions,
Who could die from global warming,
That's okay.
And crushing the people,
With rape and murder and torture,
That's okay.
So they say.

'Cause God is working for the USA,
And the right wing Christian soldiers march away.
But surely there must be a better way.
And surely we will see a better day.
When we say no to war,
No to torture, no to rape,
And we put gentle joy,
And pleasure in its place.
When we say no to war,
No to torture, no to rape,
And we put gentle joy,
And pleasure in its place.

Let there be pleasure.
Let there be pleasure.
Let there be pleasure.

Some say the universe began,
When God gave the command,
Let there be light.
But I say, the gentle cosmos whispered,
Let there be pleasure.
Let there be pleasure.
Let there be pleasure.

(Album, Tomato Club)

Misfit in Brave New World

(2004-056)

I am Bernard Marx,
And I am a misfit in a brave new world.
I am Bernard Marx,
And I am a misfit in a brave new world.

Something went wrong with my bottle,
A long long time ago.
So now while the others are happy,
In their sterilized group activities,
I just wanna be alone.

Something went wrong with my bottle,
A long long time ago.
So now while the others are happy,
In their sterilized group activities,
I just wanna be alone.

I am Bernard Marx,
And I am a misfit in a brave new world.
I am Bernard Marx,
And I am a misfit in a brave new world.

But the world needs its misfits,
To see the world through misfit's eyes,
And say, maybe there is another way.
You know.

The world needs its misfits,
To see the world through misfit's eyes,
And say, maybe there's another way.
You know.

When you see the world through misfit's eyes,
The stars aren't just stars any more.
The moon isn't just the moon any more.
The forest isn't just the forest any more.
The boat on the lakeshore,
Isn't just the boat on the lakeshore any more.
Everywhere is home.

I am Bernard Marx,
And I am a misfit in a brave new world.
I am Bernard Marx,
And I am a misfit in a brave new world.

(Album, Tomato Club)

You Can't Wash the Blood

(2004-057)

You can't wash the blood from off your hands.
You can't wash the blood from off your hands.
The blood of those you murdered,
All across the land.
You can't wash the blood from off your hands.

You can't wash the murder from your soul.
You can't wash the murder from your soul.
Deep inside your heart,
There is a dark and filthy hole.
You can't wash the murder from your soul.

All your lies won't wash the truth out of your mind.
All your lies won't wash the truth out of your mind.
The truth will come and haunt you,
In the middle of the night.
All your lies won't wash the truth out of your mind.

History will judge you for what you've done.
History will judge you for what you've done.
What will you have to say,
Before the anger of the rising sun.
History will judge you for what you've done.

You can't wash the blood from off your hands.
You can't wash the blood from off your hands.
You can't wash the blood from off your hands.

(Album, Tomato Club)

Puppets

(2004-058)

You are the great puppet master.
You like to pull your puppet strings.
You like to make those puppets dance,
And you like to hear those puppets sing.
You like to hear those puppets sing.

They sing the tunes that you want them to.
They smile your smile and repeat your lies.
But what will you do, o puppet master,
The day that your puppets come alive.
The day that your puppets come alive.

When the puppets break their strings,
And feel their power,
And sing your songs in wicked parody.
And mock you and shock you to the audience,
Proclaiming aloud that they are free.
Proclaiming aloud that they are free.

Yes what will you do, o puppet master,
When your manipulation can no longer be denied.
When the darkness of your puppetry is exposed,
And the puppets forever are alive.
The puppets forever are alive.
And the puppets forever are alive.

We are alive. We are alive.
No more to be puppets, we are alive.
We are alive. We are alive.
No more to be puppets, we are alive.

We are alive. We are alive.
No more to be puppets, we are alive.
We are alive. We are alive.
No more to be puppets, we are alive.

We are alive. We are alive.
No more to be puppets, we are alive.
We are alive. We are alive.
No more to be puppets, we are alive.

We are alive. We are alive.
No more to be puppets, we are alive.
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No more to be puppets, we are alive.

We are alive. We are alive.
No more to be puppets, we are alive.
No more to be puppets, we are alive.
No more to be puppets, we are alive.
No more to be puppets, we are alive.

(Album, Tomato Club)

Pain in the Ass

(2004-059)

My mother one day,
When I was quite bad,
Spanked me with a wooden spoon,
With all she had.
The wooden spoon broke,
So it came to pass.
I said Mom that old spoon's,
Just a pain in the ass.

Pain in the ass, pain in the ass,
When I grow up, I'll be a pain in the ass.
Pain in the ass, pain in the ass,
She said you already are, a pain in the ass.

When I was twelve,
I took a calcula-tor,
And crushed it in the hinge,
Of the school library door.
The calculator broke,
And I got the strap,
And the principle said,
You're a pain in the ass.

Pain in the ass, pain in the ass,
When I grow up, I'll be a pain in the ass.
Shaking the world from the roots of the grass,
I wanna be, a pain in the ass.

When I was twenty-one,
I sat down one day,
And blockaded a uranium,
Company gate.
We sat there all day,
As pedestrians passed.
I'll bet some people thought,
We were a pain in the ass.

Pain in the ass, pain in the ass,
I wanna be, a pain in the ass.
Hated by emperors, and all their top brass,
I wanna be, a pain in the ass.

When I reached my thirties,
I ran several times,
As a Green party candidate,
Speaking my mind.
At all candidates' forums,
I had quite a blast.
I was a buzz on the brain,
And a pain in the ass.

Pain in the ass, pain in the ass,
When I grow up, I'll be a pain in the ass.
Shaking the world, from the roots of the grass.

I wanna be, a pain in the ass.

Pain in the ass, pain in the ass,
Sometimes ya gotta be, a pain in the ass.
Pain in the ass, pain in the ass,
Sometimes ya gotta be, a pain in the ass.

Now I travel on,
With friends of all kinds.
Sometimes life drives me,
Right out of my mind.
Sometimes I tell myself,
This too will pass,
When sometimes life seems,
Like a pain in the ass.

Pain in the ass, pain in the ass,
Sometimes life seems like a pain in the ass.
Sometimes I tell myself, this too will pass,
When sometimes life seems like a pain in the ass.

Pain in the ass, pain in the ass,
When I grow up, I'll be a pain in the ass.
Hated by emperors, and all their top brass,
I wanna be, a pain in the ass.

Pain in the ass, pain in the ass,
Sometimes ya gotta be, a pain in the ass.
Don't let anyone ever tell you,
You're too middle class.
Anyone can be, a pain in the ass.

Pain in the ass, pain in the ass,
Sometimes ya gotta be, a pain in the ass.
Don't let anyone ever tell you,
You're too middle class.
Anyone can be, a pain in the ass.

Pain in the ass, pain in the ass,
Sometimes ya gotta be, a pain in the ass.
Pain in the ass, pain in the ass,
Sometimes ya gotta be, a pain in the ass.
Sometimes ya gotta be, a pain in the ass.
Sometimes ya gotta be, a pain in the ass.
Sometimes ya gotta be, a pain in the ass.

(Album, Tomato Club)

Am I too wild. Am I too wild.
Am I too wild. Am I too wild.

You don't want me to,
Upset your applecart.
You don't want me to,
Interfere with your plans.
You don't wanna hear me saying,
I'd be happy with a, silver metal,
When gold is the only thing you wish to have.
Am I too wild.

You don't want me to,
Say we ought to be outsiders who speak the truth.
You don't want me to,
Take us all back to the margins once again.
You don't wanna hear me saying,
Those who walk the path are poor.
And being poor and marginalized,
Is the only way we'll bring about change in the end.
Am I too wild.

You don't want me to,
Upset your applecart.
You don't want me to,
Interfere with your plans.
You don't wanna hear me saying,
I'd be happy with a silver metal,
When gold is the only thing you wish to have.
Am I too wild.

You don't want me to,
Say we ought to be outsiders who speak the truth.
You don't want me to,
Bring us all back to the margins once again.
You don't wanna hear me saying,
Those who walk the path are poor.
That being poor and marginalized,
Is the only way we'll bring about change in the end.
Am I too wild.

Am I too wild. Am I too wild.
Am I too wild. Am I too wild.

(Album, Tomato Club)

Pockets of Resistance

(2004-061)

A president or a general,
A fuhrer or a Reichsleiter,
Comes to power and says,
This is the way things are.
Follow me. Do as I say.
Or I will make you disappear.

So the millions follow silently,
Never stepping out of line,
Living their lives, firmly held,
Between the fingers of the iron hand.

But in the cloak of deadly silence,
There are pockets of resistance.
In the cloak of deadly silence,
There are pockets of resistance.

Across the land, all appears silent.
Not a single political thought appears to stir.
But in the living rooms of people's homes,
They gather and they whisper,
And they speak about their love for the earth.

And the bravest of them organize,
Risking arrest, torture or murder,
For what they believe.
That the land and the people,
And the gentle earth,
Must once again be free.

For in the cloak of deadly silence,
There are pockets of resistance.
In the cloak of deadly silence,
There are pockets of resistance.
Pockets of resistance,
Pockets of resistance.
In the cloak of deadly silence,
There are pockets of resistance.

The light is on, inside our house,
For all who may wander here.
The light is on, inside our house,
For all who may join with us.
The light is on, inside our house,
For all who may wander here.
The light is on, inside our house,
For all who may join with us.

For in the cloak of deadly silence,
There are pockets of resistance.
In the cloak of deadly silence,
There are pockets of resistance.
Pockets of resistance,
Pockets of resistance.

In the cloak of deadly silence,
There are pockets of resistance.
Pockets of resistance,
Pockets of resistance,
Pockets of resistance,
Pockets of resistance.

(Album, Tomato Club)

Watch the Video

(2004-062)

O they say we've been reading,
Too much Chomsky,
And taking ourselves too seriously.
Thinking about things that we shouldn't be,
But it really doesn't seem that way to me.

We've been reading too much Michael Parenti,
Too much Antonio Gramsci,
Too much Marx and too much Rosa Luxemburg,
Too much Kropotkin, too much Bakunin,
Don't you see.

They say we shouldn't think about how,
Consent is manufactured,
Or how to build a counter-hegemony.
We should just live our lives and enjoy ourselves,
And pretend that we have democracy.

They say Chomsky should have stuck to linguistics,
And Gramsci should have worshipped el Duce.
And Kropotkin should have stayed,
A Russian prince,
And we'd all be much more happy, don't you see.
We'd all be much more happy, don't you see.

Watch the video. Watch the video.
Watch the video.
Watch the mindless garbage on the screen.
Don't think about where we are,
Or where we've been.

Watch the video. Watch the video.
Watch the mindless pablum on the screen.
Don't think about who we are,
Or who we've been.

Watch the video. Watch the video.
Enjoy the show.
Watch the video. Watch the video.
Enjoy the show.
Watch the video. Watch the video.
Watch the video.

(Album, Tomato Club)

Grasshopper

(2004-063)

Grasshopper, grasshopper,
Grasshoppers hop along.
Grasshopper, grasshopper,
Grasshoppers hop along.

I am a, grasshopper.
The love of freedom is my song.
Grasshopper, grasshopper,
Grasshoppers hop along.

Dance on the gentle green earth.
Enjoy the summertime sun.
Dance on the gentle green earth.
Enjoy the summertime sun.

We are the spirit of the grasshoppers,
The spirit of life, love and fun.
Dance on the gentle green earth.
Enjoy the summertime sun.

Grasshopper, grasshopper,
Grasshoppers hop along.
Grasshopper, grasshopper,
Grasshoppers hop along.

I am a, grasshopper.
The love of freedom is my song.
Grasshopper, grasshopper,
Grasshoppers hop along.

Dance on the gentle green earth.
Enjoy the summertime sun.
Dance on the gentle green earth.
Enjoy the summertime sun.

We are the spirit of the grasshoppers,
The spirit of life, love and fun.
Dance on the gentle green earth.
Enjoy the summertime sun.

Grasshopper, grasshopper,
Grasshoppers hop along.
Grasshopper, grasshopper,
Grasshoppers hop along.

I am a, grasshopper.
The love of freedom is my song.
Grasshopper, grasshopper,
Grasshoppers hop along.

Grasshopper, grasshopper,
Grasshoppers hop along.
Grasshopper, grasshopper,
Grasshoppers hop along.

Grasshoppers hop along.
Grasshoppers hop along.
Grasshoppers hop along.

(Album, Tomato Club)

When I Went Up to Play

(2004-064)

I went up to play in your tree house,
One afternoon when you weren't there.
Then you came back to your tree house.
Your smile and your nakedness,
Sent me flying through the air.

I was too young to know,
Why the moon was glowing red.
Must have been a flying saucer,
Or something, hit me in the head.
When I went up to play.
When I went up to play.
When I went up to play.

Who was that woman dressed in purple.
Or was she really naked painted blue.
Was she a figment of my mind's eye,
Or was that woman really you.

I was too young to understand the feeling,
That I had for you.
But there we were together drinking tea,
On a summer afternoon.
When I went up to play.
When I went up to play.
When I went up to play.

We built an altar to Aphrodite in your tree house.
I said woman you can shake my tree all day.
I laid down beside you in your temple,
And we dreamed the afternoon away.

In the arms of the spiral we lingered,
As the stars danced free.
In the arms of the spiral we were dreamers,
You and me.
When I went up to play.
When I went up to play.
When I went up to play.
When I went up to play.

When I went up to play.

(Album, Tomato Club)

One Will Be Taken

(2004-065)

There will be two sisters,
Weaving at one loom.
One will remain. One will be taken.
There will be two brothers,
Staying in one room.
One will remain. One will be taken.

One will remain,
And serve the system,
Believing everything is all right.
One will be taken,
And join the honoured movement,
Taken by a thief in the night.

One will remain. One will be taken.
One will remain. One will be taken.

There will be two sisters,
Weaving at one loom.
One will remain. One will be taken.
There will be two brothers,
Staying in one room.
One will remain. One will be taken.

You can remain,
And serve the system,
As it grinds, grinds, grinds.
Or you can let yourself be taken,
On the wings of the messenger,
Of peace and life.

One will remain. One will be taken.
One will remain. One will be taken.

There were two Dutch families,
Who sat next to each other,
In the same church,
In the same pew,
Hearing the same sermons,
And the same Gospel readings,
Every week for twenty years.

Then the NAZIS came,
And occupied Holland,
One family felt moved,
To give shelter to Jews.
But the other family,
Wouldn't hear a thing about it.
As if they'd never heard,
Treat others as you'd have them treat you.

One will remain. One will be taken.
One will remain. One will be taken.

One will remain. One will be taken.
One will remain. One will be taken.

One will be taken.
One will be taken.
One will be taken.

(Album, Tomato Club)

Uncle Sam's My Name

(2004-066)

Allow me to introduce myself.
I'm a man of wealth and taste.
I've been around these long long years,
Laid many a nation to waste.
I was the spirit of George Washington,
When he fought his war for independence.
Then went on to build his own little empire,
On the blood of the Indians.

Pleased to meet you.
Uncle Sam's my name.
Murder and imperialism,
Are the nature of my game.

I built my empire far and wide,
From sea to shining sea.
I showed everyone what power means,
From Managua to Wounded Knee.
Though McKinley fell to an anarchist gun,
In the year 1901,
Theodore Roosevelt took the reigns,
And so I carried on.

Pleased to meet you.
Uncle Sam's my name.
Murder and imperialism,
Are the nature of my game.

Now Woodrow Wilson went to war,
In 1917.
And John Dewey and the liberal establishment built,
His war propaganda machine.
In 41 I was back again,
Fighting Germany and Japan.
There's only room in this world for one true fuehrer,
And it better be Uncle Sam.

Pleased to meet you.
Uncle Sam's my name.
Murder and imperialism,
Are the nature of my game.

In the year of 1942,
I built the Pentagon,
So me and my companies could rule the world,
And own the dusk and dawn.
From Korea down to Vietnam,
Palestine to Salvadore,
I filled the world with counter-insurgency,
With genocide and war.

Pleased to meet you.
Uncle Sam's my name.
Murder and imperialism,

Are the nature of my game.

From Crazy Horse to Ho Chi Min,
Many have tried to stand in my way.
But one by one I brought them down,
And blew them all away.
Now I stand, two hundred years gone by,
The world at my command.
With guns and oil and the dollar, I,
Have conquered every land.

Pleased to meet you.
Uncle Sam's my name.
Murder and imperialism,
Are the nature of my game.

Please to meet you.
Uncle Sam's my name.
Murder and imperialism,
Are the nature of my game.
Murder and imperialism,
Are the nature of my game.
Murder and imperialism,
Are the nature of my game.

(Album, Tomato Club)

New Paradigms

(2004-067)

New paradigms are falling from the sky.
There's one for everyone,
To take home and bake in a pie.
New paradigms for you and me,
To make us high.
New paradigms are falling from the sky.

A new paradigm in physics.
A new paradigm in biology.
A new paradigm in business.
A new paradigm in psychology.

A new paradigm in religion,
Politics and philosophy.
A new paradigm in architecture,
And even anthropology.

But don't impose your paradigm on me.
Says the paradigm maker,
Paradigms must always be free.

New paradigms are falling from the sky.
There's one for everyone,
To take home and bake in a pie.
A new paradigm for you and me,
To make us high.
New paradigms are falling from the sky.

There's a paradigm to make you think,
That black is white.
A paradigm to make a blind man,
Think he's seen the light.
And one to make a deaf man think,
He's heard the truth, I suppose,
While we're shipping coal to Newcastle,
And selling ice to the Eskimos.

But when all was said and done,
The common man said,
"You talk about the need for a new paradigm,
But I really think you're gonna need,
More than twenty cents.
I really think you're gonna need,
More than twenty cents."

New paradigms are falling from the sky.
New paradigms are falling from the sky.

(Album, Tomato Club)

You're Asking Me

(2004-068)

You're asking me to join,
The murderers of Allende.
You're asking me to join,
The killers of Ken Sara Wiwa.

You're asking me to shake hands,
With hands that are dripping with blood.
The blood of Romero.
The blood of Gerardi.

The blood of another three hundred thousand,
You have killed,
Like the priests that you nailed to crosses,
In Guatemala.

You're asking me to dine at your table,
In your Machiavellian palaces.
You're asking me to smile,
Like every one of you smiles.
You're asking me to smile and pretend,
Everything's all right.
You're asking me to smile and pretend,
Everything's all right.

You're asking me to join,
The murderers of Allende.
You're asking me to join,
The killers of Ken Sara Wiwa.

You're asking me to shake hands,
With hands that are dripping with blood.
The blood of Romero.
The blood of Gerardi.

The blood of another three hundred thousand,
You have killed,
Like the priests that you nailed to crosses,
In Guatemala.

You're asking me to dine at your table,
In your Machiavellian palaces.
You're asking me to smile,
Like every one of you smiles.
You're asking me to smile and pretend,
Everything's all right.
You're asking me to smile and pretend,
Everything's all right.

That capitalism is wonderful,
That class power isn't real,
And a little murder once in awhile,
Is just part of the deal,
That everything is going all right,
And everyone is free,

Everyone is free.

You're asking me to believe.
That capitalism is wonderful,
Class power isn't real.
A little genocide once in awhile,
Is just part of the deal.
That everything is going all right,
And everyone is free,
Everyone is free.
Everyone is free.

No is the only answer I can give you.
No is the only answer I can give you.
No is the only answer I can give you.
No is the only answer I can give you.
No is the only answer I can give you.
No is the only answer I can give you.
I can give you.
I can give you.

(Album, Tomato Club)

Lazy Old Tomcat

(2004-069)

I'd like to be, a lazy old tomcat,
Who has nothing more in life to do,
Than lie in the sun,
And purr himself to sleep.
'Cause if I was, a lazy old tomcat,
I wouldn't have to think about,
The state of the world,
Or whether the world can keep.

I'd like to be, an energetic squirrel,
With nothing else to do all day,
Than gather nuts,
From April to September.
'Cause if I was, an energetic squirrel,
I would scamper about, and have no time,
To dream or to remember.

I'd like to be, a fish swimming in the ocean,
Laying or fertilizing eggs,
The final end of my simple being.
'Cause if I was, a fish swimming in the ocean,
I wouldn't have to wonder,
What is the purpose, what is the meaning.

I think I'll be, a lazy old tomcat,
And lie in the sun,
And purr myself to sleep.
Cause of all the creatures mentioned above,
The lazy old tomcat,
Is probably the most like me.
The lazy old tomcat,
Is probably the most like me.

(Album, Tomato Club)

Jupiter Rocks

(2004-070)

Jupiter rocks. Saturn rolls.
We are ready to go.
Venus rises. Uranus falls.
We are one with the all.
We are one with the all.

Go to Ceres for breakfast, and Juno for lunch.
We'll eat at the Cosmic Crunch.
Hold Europa in your hand.
Make love on Callisto's sand.
Make love on Callisto's sand.

We are cosmic wanderers,
Wandering through this solar town.
We are cosmic wanderers.
Gonna rock til the cosmic night comes down.
Gonna rock til the cosmic night comes down.

Jupiter rocks. Saturn rolls.
We are ready to go.
Venus rises. Uranus falls.
We are one with the all.
We are one with the all.

Go to Ceres for breakfast, and Juno for lunch.
We'll eat at the Cosmic Crunch.
Hold Europa in your hand.
Make love on Callisto's sand.
Make love on Callisto's sand.

We are cosmic wanderers,
Wandering through this solar town.
We are cosmic wanderers.
We're gonna rock til the cosmic night comes down.
Rock til the cosmic night comes down.
Rock til the cosmic night comes down.

We are cosmic wanderers,
Wandering through this solar town.
We are cosmic wanderers.
We're gonna rock til the cosmic night comes down.
Rock til the cosmic night comes down.
Rock til the cosmic night comes down.
Night comes down. Night comes down.

(Album, Tomato Club)

Loki

(2004-071)

Loki was a trickster,
Who played tricks among the gods,
But he did it with a smile.
So they all went along,
With his harmless pranks for awhile, for awhile.

Now the people of the northland,
Loved the sun god Balder.
He brought them warmth and sunlight,
Til the weather grew colder.

And everyone in the kingdom,
Had sworn a mighty oath,
That they would not bring Balder harm.
Except for the moss,
That grew on the willow,
Outside the palace door,
Outside the palace door.

So Loki took the moss,
And fashioned it into an arrow.
He gave it to the blind one,
To shoot at the sun god Balder.

And the blind one shot the arrow,
And killed the sun god Balder.
But everyone knew that Loki was the one,
Who had his hand on the blind one's shoulder.

They said, we really,
Have to do something about Loki.
This time he's gone too far.
This time he's gone too far.

And so I will become Loki,
And you will place me in the northern sky.
And so I will become Loki,
And you will place me in the northern sky.

I used to be a trickster,
That everyone laughed with.
Now I am an evil one,
So I am defined.

And so I will become Loki,
And you will place me in the northern sky.
And so I will become Loki,
And you will place me in the northern sky.
You will place me in the northern sky.

You will tell me I've gone too far this time,
When you place me in the northern sky.
You will laugh when you hear me cry,
And you'll rejoice on the day I die.

You will tell me I've gone too far this time,
When you place me in the northern sky.
You will laugh when you hear me cry,
And you'll rejoice on the day I die.

And so I will become Loki,
And you will place me in the northern sky.

I used to be a trickster,
That everyone laughed with.
Now I am an evil one,
So I am defined.

And so I will become Loki,
And you will place me in the northern sky.

You will tell me I've gone too far this time,
When you place me in the northern sky.
You will laugh when you hear me cry,
And you'll rejoice on the day I die.

You will tell me I've gone too far this time,
When you place me in the northern sky.
You will laugh when you hear me cry,
And you'll rejoice on the day I die.
You will laugh when you hear me cry,
And you'll rejoice on the day I die.
You'll rejoice on the day I die.
You'll rejoice on the day I die.

On the day I die,
On the day I die,
On the day I die,
On the day I die.

(Album, Big Blue Hurricane)

Melanie

(2004-072)

I wrote a thousand songs,
In the caverns of my mind,
And gave them all to Melanie.
I drew a thousand pictures,
painted on our time,
And gave them all to Melanie.

And when I took her in my arms,
I told her I was so surprised,
To meet her, in the dream.
When I took her in my arms,
I told her I was awfully glad,
To be here. So was she.
Melanie.

Now I find myself,
Getting on a train.
My mind is filled with Melanie.
Remembering a forest,
As it began to rain.
We kept each other warm, Melanie.

And when I took her in my arms,
I told her I was so surprised,
To meet her, in the dream.
When I took her in my arms,
I told her I was awfully glad,
To be here. So was she.
Melanie.

This is the kind of world,
That we must wander through.
But we can do it, me and you, Melanie.
And so let us be lovers,
On the early morning dew.
We will see it through, Melanie.

And when I took her in my arms,
It felt as if,
We had been lovers, all our lives.
When I took her in my arms,
I said, O may this moment,
Last forever. O that it might.
Melanie.

When I took her in my arms,
It felt as if,
We had been lovers, all our lives.
When I took her in my arms,
I said, O may this moment,
Last forever. O that it might.
Melanie.
Melanie.
Melanie.

(Album, Ginger Abby)

There Was a Little Bird

(2004-073)

There was a little bird,
Who flew west in the spring,
Carrying a message,
In the veins of her wings.
She flew between the mountains,
To the shore of the sea,
Carrying a message,
For you and for me.

There was a little bird,
Who flew west in the spring,
Carrying a message,
In the veins of her wings.
She flew between the mountains,
To the shore of the sea,
Carrying a message,
For you and for me.

Spread your wings and fly.
Don't be afraid to be free.
Don't be afraid to touch the sky.
Spread your wings and fly.
Don't be afraid to be free.
Don't be afraid to touch the sky.
Don't be afraid to be free.
Don't be afraid to touch the sky.

There was a little bird,
Who flew west in the spring,
Carrying a message,
In the veins of her wings.
She flew between the mountains,
To the shore of the sea,
Carrying a message,
For you and for me.

Spread your wings and fly.
Don't be afraid to be free.
Don't be afraid to touch the sky.
Spread your wings and fly.
Don't be afraid to be free.
Don't be afraid to touch the sky.

Spread your wings and fly.
Don't be afraid to be free.
Don't be afraid to touch the sky.
Spread your wings and fly.
Don't be afraid to be free.
Don't be afraid to touch the sky.
Don't be afraid to be free.
Don't be afraid to touch the sky.

And if someone asks you,
Why you are flying so free,

You can tell them,
A little bird told me.

If someone asks you,
Why you're flying so free,
You can tell them,
A little bird told me.

There was a little bird,
Who flew west in the spring.
There was a little bird,
Who flew west in the spring.
There was a little bird,
Who flew west in the spring.
There was a little bird,
Who flew west in the spring.

(Album, Ginger Abby)

Madman from the Sea

(2004-074)

When I grow up, I'm gonna be,
A madman from the sea.
I'll wear sea weed all over me,
A madman from the sea.
A madman from the sea.

The bears and birds will bow to me,
A madman from the sea.
While the monkeys rock their moon-shook trees,
A madman from the sea.
A madman from the sea.

I wonder what they'll say to me,
A madman from the sea.
They might shoot first and let questions be,
A madman from the sea.
A madman from the sea.

They say, go fight the tyranny,
You madman from the sea.
But all I want is poetry,
A madman from the sea.
A madman from the sea.

Some people say that I'm crazy,
A madman from the sea.
But I'll drink the sea til I am free,
A madman from the sea.
A madman from the sea.

The fish and sea weed call to me,
A madman from the sea.
But I walk the land so free so free,
A madman from the sea.
A madman from the sea.
A madman from the sea.
A madman from the sea.

From the sea, from the sea.
Madman from the sea.
From the sea, from the sea,
Madman from the sea.
From the sea, from the sea,
Madman from the sea.
From the sea, from the sea,
Madman from the sea.
Madman from the sea.
Madman from the sea.
Madman from the sea.

(Album, Ginger Abby)

Chariots of Phearon

(2004-075)

There are houses floating through the sky.
There are fish swimming in the air,
Peacefully passing by.
There are sand dune mountains,
Flying high, flying free,
While the sun is peaking out,
From under the rocks,
On the floor of the sea.

And the stars are shining,
From beneath the sand.
And the moon is rising,
Under the ocean strand.

And there are the chariots of Phearon.
And there are the chariots of Phearon.

The snow is rising from the ground,
Making snow banks in the air.
And the rain is rising,
Forming raindrop rivers,
That flow along up there.
And the wind blows from all directions.
The wind is everywhere.
And I am a spacesuit man,
Powered by a rocket mind,
That is neither here nor there.

Goddess crystal universe,
What more can I say.
Moon-shot alpha mega-there,
Blows us all away.

And there are the chariots of Phearon.
And there are the chariots of Phearon.

And there are the chariots of Phearon.
There are the chariots of Phearon.

I heard the spirit of,
Gerard Winstanley say,
The reign of truth is the world turned upside-down.
I heard the spirit of,
Gerard Winstanley say,
The reign of truth is the world turned upside-down.
The reign of truth is the world turned upside-down.

Let the alchemy carry you along.
Let the alchemy carry you along.
The reign of truth is the world turned upside-down.
Let the alchemy carry you along.
The reign of truth is the world turned upside-down.
Let the alchemy carry you along.

There are the chariots of Phearon.
There are the chariots of Phearon.
And there are the chariots of Phearon.
And there are the chariots of Phearon.

(Album, Ginger Abby)

Heaven Down to Earth

(2004-076)

Gonna bring Heaven down to Earth.
Gonna build the earthly dwelling place,
Of peace and freedom.
Gonna bring Heaven down to Earth.
Earth and sky, mirrored bright.
Earth and sky, mirrored bright.

And justice will roll, and love will flow.
And peace will flower, and joy will grow.
And justice will roll, and love will flow.
And peace will flower, and joy will grow.

Gonna bring Heaven down to Earth.
Gonna build the earthly dwelling place,
Of peace and freedom.
Gonna bring Heaven down to Earth.
Earth and sky, mirrored bright.
Earth and sky, mirrored bright.

The earth reflected in the sky,
Sky reflected in the ocean,
Ocean turning into cloud,
Cloud raining on the land.
The earth reflected in the sky,
Sky reflected in the ocean,
The ocean turning into cloud,
Cloud raining on the land.

Gonna bring Heaven down to Earth.
Gonna build the earthly dwelling place,
Of peace and freedom.
Gonna bring heaven down to Earth.
Earth and sky, mirrored bright.
Earth and sky, mirrored bright.

And justice will roll, and love will flow.
And peace will flower, and joy will grow.
And justice will roll, and love will flow.
And peace will flower, and joy will grow.

Gonna bring Heaven down to Earth.
Gonna build the earthly dwelling place,
Of peace and freedom.
Gonna bring heaven down to Earth.
Earth and sky, mirrored bright.
Earth and sky, mirrored bright.

The earth reflected in the sky,
Sky reflected in the ocean.
Ocean turning into cloud,
Cloud raining on the land.
The earth reflected in the sky,
Sky reflected in the ocean.
Ocean turning into cloud,

Cloud raining on the land.

Gonna bring Heaven down to Earth.
Gonna bring Heaven down to Earth.
Gonna bring Heaven down to Earth.
Gonna bring Heaven down to Earth.

(Album, Ginger Abby)

Alpha Farm

(2004-077)

Where did all the flowers go,
Vanished on the morning breeze.
Children playing to and froe,
Comes a whisper in the trees.

Head on out to Alpha Farm.
Head on out to Alpha Farm.

The Quakers who founded Alpha,
Knew they were doing something.
Named it after a mailbox,
Postal Station Alpha,
Begin at the beginning.

Head on out to Alpha Farm.
Head on out to Alpha Farm.

Urban grayscale sure looks dead,
Deader than it's ever been.
No point searching down the street,
For vanishing glimpses of a dream.

Head on out to Alpha Farm.
Head on out to Alpha Farm.
Way on out in Oregon.
Head on out to Alpha Farm.
Head on out to Alpha Farm.

The sixties have come and gone.
Now it's 1971.
The seventies are upon us now,
"Small Is Beautiful" still to come.

Head on out to Alpha Farm.
Head on out to Alpha Farm.
See the breaking of the dawn.
Head on out to Alpha Farm.

Alpha Farm will save your soul.
Let us go back to the land.
Alpha Farm will make you whole.
Hold the earth in your hand.
Hold the earth in your hand.
Hold the earth in your hand.

Head on out to Alpha Farm.
Head on out to Alpha Farm.
Hear the forest whisper,
This is where you belong,
My daughter and my son.
Head on out to Alpha Farm.
Head on out to Alpha Farm.

And it would all come together,

At a meeting in Vancouver,
In 1976, called Habitat.

Head on out to Alpha Farm.
Head on out to Alpha Farm.
Way on out in Oregon.
Head on out to Alpha Farm.

Some said they were looking for,
A Coney Island of the mind.
Maybe we are searching for,
An Alpha Farm deep inside.
Alpha Farm deep inside.
Alpha Farm deep inside.

Head on out to Alpha Farm.
Head on out to Alpha Farm.
Alpha Farm is in your soul.
We are the Alpha, don't you know.
Head on out to Alpha Farm.
Head on out to Alpha Farm.

Head on out to Alpha,
Grow a little alfalfa.
Head on out to Alpha.
Grow a little aleph.

Head on out to Alpha Farm.
Head on out to Alpha Farm.
Head on out to Alpha Farm.
Head on out to Alpha Farm.
Head on out to Alpha Farm.
Alpha Farm, Alpha Farm, Alpha Farm.
Head on out to Alpha Farm.

(Album, Ginger Abby)

Great Big Meow

(2004-078)

O a kitty cat went walkin',
Down Kitty Cat Road,
He said, Hay all you kitty cats,
Are you ready to go.
We want the feline,
Revolution now.
We're gonna face the future,
With a great big meow.

Well all the little kitty cats,
On Kitty Cat Road,
They followed that kitty cat,
Wherever he did go.
They marched down the street,
To the center of town.
Said we wanna face the future,
With a great big meow.

Meow meow meow meow meow.

They meowed at the parliament,
And stuck out their tongues.
They said we are the followers,
Of Meow See tongue.
If you don't listen,
We will bring you down.
We're gonna face the future,
With a great big meow.

Great big meow, great big meow,
Great, big, meow.

Well the dogs in the parliament,
They heard the meow.
They said we better confront them,
With a big bow wow.
So the dogs went out,
Into the streets of the town.
And so began the crushing,
Of the great big meow.

The dogs fought with teeth,
And they fought with claws,
Attacking all the kitty cats,
Without any pause.
Though the kitty cats fought back,
When the sun went down,
The dogs had crushed,
The great big meow.

Great big meow, great big meow,
Great, big, meow.

We wanted the feline revolution now,

But the canine fascists put us down.
We wanted the feline revolution now,
But the canine fascists put us down.

The great, big, meow,
Will come again somehow.
The great, big, meow,
Will come again somehow.

Great big meow, great big meow,
Great, big, meow.
Great big meow, great big meow,
Great, big, meow, meow, meow.

Meow, meow, meow.

(Album, Ginger Abby)

Pizza, Sex and Beer

(2004-079)

I wrote a hundred songs,
And I wrote a hundred more.
I sang them all to audiences,
From shore to distant shore.
I brought the house down with a rendition,
Of "Barrett's Privateers".
But all I really wanted,
Was pizza, sex and beer.

I went to university,
And studied everything which,
I could find from Anthropology,
To philosophy and English.
I memorized soliloquies,
From hamlet and King Lear.
But all I really wanted,
Was pizza, sex and beer.

Pizza, sex and beer,
Pizza, sex and beer.
All I really wanted,
Was pizza, sex and beer.
Pizza, sex and beer,
Pizza, sex and beer.
All I really wanted,
Was pizza, sex and beer.

I marched for peace and disarmament,
In 1983.
I marched to support the Mohawk,
In 1990.
I joined a thousand eco-groups,
To save the biosphere.
But all I really wanted,
Was pizza, sex and beer.

I joined the Liberal Party,
And got drunk in the Chretien youth suite.
I sang an old Phil Ochs song,
In a voice that came complete.
And I told all the Liberal girls,
The reason I am here,
has less to do with politics,
Than pizza, sex and beer.

Pizza, sex and beer,
Pizza, sex and beer.
All I really wanted,
Was pizza, sex and beer.
Pizza, sex and beer,
Pizza, sex and beer.
All I really wanted,
Was pizza, sex and beer.

I joined the anti-capitalists,
In 2002.
If you wanna overthrow capitalism,
That's what I want too.
I said I'd face the tear gas,
The bullets and the fear.
But all I really wanted,
Was pizza, sex and beer.

Now a pizza can be ordered,
And paid for at the door.
And beer it can be purchased,
At your local liquor store.
But for truly good warm cuddly sex,
You sometimes wait for years.
So send me up a pizza,
And another keg of beer.

Pizza, sex and beer,
Pizza, sex and beer.
All I really wanted,
Was pizza, sex and beer.
Pizza, sex and beer,
Pizza, sex and beer.
All I really wanted,
Was pizza, sex and beer.

Pizza, sex and beer,
Pizza, sex and beer.
All I really want in life,
Is pizza, sex and beer.
Pizza, sex and beer,
Pizza, sex and beer.
All I really want in life,
Is pizza, sex and beer.

Pizza, sex and beer,
Pizza, sex and beer.
All I've ever wanted,
is pizza, sex and beer.
Pizza, sex and beer,
Pizza, sex and beer.
All I really wanted,
is pizza, sex and beer.
All I really wanted,
is pizza, sex and beer.
All I really wanted,
is pizza, sex, and beer.

(Album, Ginger Abby)

Solar Power

(2004-080)

Solar power, solar power.
Love shine will flower, solar power.

Bursting with energy,
Enough to set the cosmos free,
All over the galaxy,
The light and love that let's us be.

Solar power, solar power.
Love shine will flower, solar power.

Two hundred billion strong,
Hydrogen fusion carries on.
By the light of those two hundred billion suns,
We journey til our work is done.

Solar power, solar power.
Love shine will flower, solar power.

The heartbeat of the universe,
The light that was before all were.
The light and love from which we come,
That gently guides us through the storm.

Solar power, solar power,
Love shine will flower, solar power.

Bursting with energy,
Enough to set the cosmos free,
All over the galaxy,
The light and love that lets us be.

Solar power, solar power.
Love shine will flower, solar power.
Solar power, solar power.

(Album, Ginger Abby)

Dressed in Orange

(2004-081)

My pants are orange,
And my shirt is orange.
My socks and shoes are orange,
And my bandanna is orange.
I am dressed in orange.

I'm walking down the road,
And the rain is coming down.
And the rain is orange.
I quote Coleridge to the street lights,
As I walk along,
And the street lights are orange.

And the moon comes out,
From behind a cloud.
And the moon is orange.
And the lightening flashes,
In a thunder storm.
And the clouds are orange.

My pants are orange,
And my shirt is orange.
My socks and shoes are orange,
And my bandanna is orange.
I am dressed in orange.

Some people laughing,
Pass me by,
And their laughter is orange.
Some smoke rings rise,
Into the sky,
And the sky is orange.

I drink a cool,
Sweet liquid down,
And the liquid is orange.
Everything I see,
Seems ready to transform,
And the transformation is orange.

My pants are orange,
And my shirt is orange.
My socks and shoes are orange,
And my bandanna is orange.
I am dressed in orange.

I am dressed in orange.
And the road is orange.
And the sky is orange.
And my heart is orange.
And the universe is orange.
I am dressed in orange.
I am dressed in orange.
I am dressed in orange.

(Album, Ginger Abby)

Unseen Warriors

(2004-082)

What ya gonna do about Louis Riel, he's gone.
He's a long time gone.
What ya gonna do about Louis Riel he's gone.
He's a long time gone.
But we still sing his song.

What ya gonna do about Milton Acorn now.
He took his final bow.
What ya gonna do about Milton Acorn now.
He took his final bow.
But we will keep his memory alive somehow.

What ya gonna do about Che Guevara wow.
You thought you'd shot him down.
What ya gonna do about Che Guevara wow.
You thought you'd shot him down.
But he's still somewhere in the crowd.

What ya gonna do about Philip Berrigan.
You thought that Phil was dead.
What ya gonna do about Philip Berrigan.
You thought that Phil was dead.
But he lives on in the words he said.

What ya gonna do about David Dellinger.
And the way we were.
What ya gonna do about David Dellinger.
And the way we were.
His name still brings a stir.

What ya gonna do about Huey P. Newton hay.
Thought you killed him with cocaine.
What ya gonna do about Huey P. Newton hay.
Thought you killed him with cocaine.
But he was a fighter all the same.

What ya gonna do about,
The man named Standing Deer.
You made him disappear.
What ya gonna do about,
The man named Standing Deer.
You made him disappear.
But we will not fall to your fear.
We will not fall to your fear.

Where they are now, you can no longer get them.
Where they are now, you can no longer get them.
Their spirits come to guide us in the battle.
They are the unseen warriors among us.

Where they are now, you can no longer get them.
Where they are now, you can no longer get them.
Their spirits come to guide us in the battle.
They are the unseen warriors among us.

They are the unseen warriors among us.
They are the unseen warriors among us.
They are the unseen warriors among us.

(Album, Ginger Abby)

There's the Door

(2004-083)

I told you once, there's the door.
I won't play your games no more.
I told you once, there's the door.
I won't play your games no more, no more.

I told you once, there's the door.
I won't play your games no more.
I told you once, there's the door.
I won't play your games no more, no more.

But in 1987, you let the Devil in the door.
In 1987, you let the Devil in the door.
He made himself at home,
And freedom was no more.
He made himself at home,
And freedom was no more.

I told you once, there's the door.
I won't play your games no more.
I told you once, there's the door.
I won't play your games no more, no more.

I told you once, there's the door.
I won't play your games no more.
I told you once, there's the door.
I won't play your games no more, no more.

But in 1987, you let the Devil in the door.
In 1987, you let the Devil in the door.
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I told you once, there's the door.
I won't play your games no more, no more.

I told you once, there's the door.
I won't play your games no more.
I told you once, there's the door.
I won't play your games no more, no more.

I won't play your games no more.
I won't play your games no more.
There's the door. There's the door.
There's, the, door. There's, the, door.

(Album, Ginger Abby)

I Just Wanna See Changes

(2004-084)

You say I should never open my mouth,
Open my mouth, open my mouth.
You say I should never open my mouth,
Except to kiss your anis.

You say I should never open my mouth,
Open my mouth, open my mouth.
You say I should never open my mouth,
Except to kiss your anus.

You say I should never raise my voice,
Raise my voice, raise my voice.
You say I should never raise my voice,
Except to sing your praises.

You say I should never raise my voice,
Raise my voice, raise my voice.
You say I should never raise my voice,
Except to sing your praises.

But I am gonna speak my mind,
Speak my mind, speak my mind.
I am gonna speak my mind,
Though it might make me infamous,
Rather than famous.

I am gonna speak my mind,
Speak my mind, speak my mind.
I am gonna speak my mind,
Though it might make me infamous,
Rather than famous.

Everybody has to speak their mind,
Speak their mind, speak their mind.
Everybody has to speak their mind,
If we're gonna see changes.

Everybody has to speak their mind,
Speak their mind, speak their mind.
Everybody has to speak their mind,
If we're gonna see changes.

I don't wanna kiss your anus.
I don't wanna sing your praises.
I don't mind not being famous.
I just wanna see changes.
I just wanna see changes.
I just wanna see changes.

(Album, Ginger Abby)

Hope in a Dark Time

(2004-085)

It was a dark time, in Indian Country.
It was a dark time, in South Dakota.

When Wilson's Goons, armed by the FBI,
Came to put the people down.
So Uncle Sam could take the uranium,
That was under the ground.

And the Goon squad fired,
And the Goon squad murdered,
Over sixty unsolved homicides,
From 1973,
Through to the end of 1975,
On the Pine Ridge land.
Anna Mae was not the only one.
Only one of many more dozens who went down.

Now we find ourselves thirty years later,
Hearing the same tale.
'Cause we do not wanna see,
Another innocent man thrown in jail.

Justice and freedom,
For Arlo Looking Cloud.
Justice and freedom,
For John Graham.
Justice and freedom,
For Arlo Looking Cloud.
Justice and freedom,
For John Graham.

Now it's a dark time, all over the planet.
It's a dark time, in North America.

In the name of fighting terror,
Millions have had their rights, trampled upon.
And it is no coincidence my friend,
That Arlo and John,
Have joined the ranks of those,
That the oligarchy wishes, to destroy.
But we will stand in solidarity.
We will raise our voice.

Justice and freedom,
For Arlo Looking Cloud.
Justice and freedom,
For John Graham.
Justice and freedom,
For Arlo Looking Cloud.
Justice and freedom,
For John Graham.

It's a dark time,
But there's a light on the horizon.

It's a dark time,
But there's a light of hope a-risin'.
It's a dark time,
But there's a light on the horizon.
It's a dark time,
But there's a light of hope a-risin'.

Let there be hope in a dark time.
Let there be hope in a dark time.
Let there be hope in a dark time.
Let there be hope in a dark time.
Hope in a dark time.
Hope in a dark time.
Hope in a dark time.

(Album, Ginger Abby)

Good Friends of Time

(2004-086)

What would Socrates,
Have to say about himself,
If he could say anything,
Or if he had written it down.
All we know is what Plato,
And Xenophon had to say.
Plato put him on a pedestal and said,
Why did they have to take him away.
Take him away.

What was Spartacus,
Really fighting for.
Was he a revolutionary,
Or just a disgruntled gladiator.
The story of his rising,
Comes to us down through time.
And we all say Spartacus,
Must have been a friend of mine.
A friend of mine.

What did John Ball,
And Wat Tyler really want.
Were they the Fourteenth Century,
People's Liberation Front.
We sing songs about them,
And read what others said.
And we say they were right on.
They knew the colour is red.
The colour is red.

So people act,
Upon history.
Others write it down,
And leave it for us to read.
And it gives life and strength to us,
As we see it in ourselves.
No more are these dusty history books,
On dusty library shelves.
Dusty library shelves.

March on, march on, good friends of time.
March on, march on, good friends of time.
And we will march again,
One more point upon the line.
March on, march on, good friends of time.

March on, march on, good friends of time.
March on, march on, good friends of time.
And we will march again,
One more point upon the line.
March on, march on, good friends of time.
Good friends of time,
Good friends of time,
Good friends of time.

(Album, Ginger Abby)

Ginger Abby

(2004-087)

Ginger Abby, o Ginger Abby,
Place that I once knew.
Place that I once wrote,
Sweet Vedic poetry, about in the blue.

Ginger Abby, o Ginger Abby,
Place that I once knew,
Place that I once wrote,
Sweet Vedic poetry, about in the blue.

Centuries old monastery,
That now lies in ruin,
But in my mind, I can journey back in time.
To when the walls were strong,
And the monks spent their day,
In Gregorian song.

Ginger Abby, o Ginger Abby,
Place that I once knew,
Place that I once wrote,
Sweet Vedic poetry, about in the blue.

And in my mind, I can journey back further,
To three thousand years ago.
When the daughters of the earth,
Danced upon your ground,
Back before the vale,
Back before the patriarchs.
When the dance of the earth,
And the song of the mother,
Filled our hearts.

Ginger Abby, o Ginger Abby,
Place that I once knew,
Place that I once wrote,
Sweet Vedic poetry, about in the blue.

Ginger Abby, o Ginger Abby,
A place so long abandoned,
But still the moon shines full.
A place so long abandoned,
But still the windy weeds grow.

Ginger Abby, o Ginger Abby,
A place so long abandoned,
But still the moon shines full.
A place so long abandoned,
But still the windy weeds grow.

Ginger Abby, o Ginger Abby,
Ginger Abby, o Ginger Abby.
O Ginger Abby.
O Ginger Abby.

(Album, Ginger Abby)

Bridge Over Your River

(2004-088)

Is there a bridge, over your river.
Is there a bridge, over your river.
A bridge to peace, and to forgiveness.
Is there a bridge, over your river.

May there be moonlight, on the Avril River.
May there be moonlight, on the Avril River
Bullet wounds and morphine, still haunt the living.
May there be moonlight, on the Avril River.

Peace is the walkway. Time is the river.
Peace is the walkway. Time is the river.
Battles, drums and moonlight,
The unremembered giver.
Peace is the walkway. Time is the river.

Is there a bridge, over your river.
Is there a bridge, over your river.
A bridge to peace, and to forgiveness.
Is there a bridge, over your river.
Is there a bridge, over your river.

(Album, Ginger Abby)

God Said to Joshua

(2004-089)

God said to Joshua,
Not long after Moses died,.
He said, Come here Joshua,
Let me show you a better way,
To commit genocide.

He said, Joshua go out,
And kill the Canaanites.
And you won't have to worry about,
No High Commission on Human Rights.

No World Court, no Criminal Court,
This isn't the year 2000 AD.
It's 1200 or 1300,
Or 1400 BCE.

And the law of the desert says,
You can kill anyone who disagrees.
So Joshua I give you my mandate.
You can kill who ever you please.

Oo Joshua, oo Joshua.

So Joshua went out,
And he slaughtered them all,
Saying maybe I'll be a hero,
Two thousand or three thousand years from now.

So forget the songs you've heard,
About Jericho's walls.
Joshua was a genocidal,
War criminal.

He killed men and women and children,
In town after town.
The real question is when are the walls,
Of genocide gonna come down.

The real question is, when are the walls
of biblical supremacism, patriarchy,
Militarism and imperialism,
Gonna come down.

Oo Joshua, oo Joshua.

Now Joshua there really is nothing,
We can say to you.
You might have been a war criminal,
But every U.S. president since 1940,
has been a war criminal too.

Like you, they did,
What they thought they had to do.
Like you, they did,

What they thought God was telling them to.

The only thing we can say,
Is everyone must be given,
The chance to improve.
Every human being, every religion,
Every civilization,
Must be given the chance,
To begin anew.

Oo Joshua, oo Joshua.
Oo Joshua, oo Joshua.

(Album, Ginger Abby)

The Sons of Legends

(2004-090)

This is a song,
For the sons of legends,
For the sons whose fathers,
Wrote their names on the dawn.

This is a song,
For the sons of legends,
For the sons whose fathers,
Went out to sea one day,
And never came home.

Arlo Guthrie might have been the first one,
When he debuted at the Newport,
Folk Music Festival.
In July of 67,
With a song called Alice's Restaurant.

And I heard Jacob Dylan play.
It was the early 1990's.
And I wondered why he called his band,
The Wall Flowers.
I said Jacob,
Why don't you come on off the wall.

Then one night I heard,
Nathan Rogers play at the Basement.
There were people in the crowd,
Who'd seen his father play,
Twenty-five years before.

He brought a chuckle from the crowd,
When he did a stand-up routine,
That ended with him saying,
"My father wrote "Barrett's Privateers"."

There was talking among the crowd,
When he played his own songs,
Though I can't imagine why,
'Cause he was pretty good.

But you could have heard a pin drop,
In that crowd,
When Nathan with his guitar,
And his friend on the violin,
Played North West Passage.

O you could have heard a pin drop,
In that crowd,
When Nathan with his guitar,
And his friend on the violin,
Played North West Passage.

This is a song,
For the sons of legends,

For the sons whose fathers,
Wrote their names on the dawn.
For the sons whose fathers,
Wrote their names on the dawn.

(Album, Ginger Abby)

There Was a Crooked Man

(2004-091)

There was a crooked man,
Who won a crooked vote,
Who liked to hear children read stories,
With titles like "My Pet Goat".

There was a crooked man,
Who won a crooked vote,
Who liked to hear children read stories,
With titles like "My Pet Goat".

You tell me not to be so extreme.
A voting machine is just a voting machine.
The corporate engine isn't that mean.
We can put our faith in the touch vote screen.

Then tell me why do the exit polls,
Read the way they read.
The exit polls reveal,
That Ohio and Florida,
Voted for John Kerry.

There was a crooked man,
Who won a crooked vote,
Who liked to hear children read stories,
With titles like "My Pet Goat".
There was a crooked man,
Who won a crooked vote,
Who liked to hear children read stories,
With titles like "My Pet Goat".

And you tell me it cannot happen here,
The biggest voting fraud, in the history of the world.
And you tell me we have nothing to fear.
There was no voting fraud,
But one day there might not be a world.

And if you can't take it from me,
Then take it from Eisenhower.
He knew what he was talking about,
When he spoke of corporate and military power.

He said the military industrial complex,
Is a threat to democracy.
And if George Bush re-elected himself,
With a voting fraud conspiracy,
You better take notice my friend,
'Cause there isn't gonna be another chance.
The corporations and the generals,
And the fascists,
They know how to dance their grand old dance,
While they fill the air with another,
Megaton of greenhouse gas.

There was a crooked man,
Who won a crooked vote,

Who liked to hear children read stories,
With titles like "My Pet Goat".
There was a crooked man,
Who won a crooked vote,
Who liked to hear children read stories,
With titles like "My Pet Goat".

Better buy yourself a goat and a piece of land.
Go away somewhere where you can stay alive.
Better buy yourself a goat and a piece of land,
And hope that everything's gonna be all right.

'Cause there is a crooked man,
And there is a corporate system,
And a civilization facing collapse,
That will do anything,
To keep itself in existence.

There was a crooked man,
Who won a crooked vote,
Who liked to hear children read stories,
With titles like "My Pet Goat".
There was a crooked man,
Who won a crooked vote,
Who liked to hear children read stories,
With titles like "My Pet Goat".

There was a crooked man.
There was a crooked man.
There was a crooked man.
There was a crooked man.
There was a crooked man.
There was a crooked man.
There was a crooked man.
There was a crooked man.
There was a crooked man.

(Album, Ginger Abby)

Song for Yasser Arafat

(2004-092)

Mandela lived,
To see the end of apartheid.
Fidel Castro lived,
And reigned these many years.
Che Guevara had it all,
And gave it up to die in the jungle.
Salvador Allende died,
In a hurricane of bullets tanks and tears.

But Yasser Arafat,
They called you father of the nation,
Of the Palestinian people,
A nation not yet born.
You would die in Paris,
Thousands of miles away from,
The land that you had struggled for.
But your grave is now in Ramallah,
At the heart of the merciless,
Zionist occupation and imperialist war.

And when the missiles fly around us,
You will hear them.
When the guns fire in the nighttime,
You will hear them.
May your spirit be with us now,
And guide us all til we see the day of freedom,
That you never lived to see.
May the spirits of ten thousand more,
Be with us til we see the day of freedom,
They never lived to see.

Being a revolutionary,
In the late twentieth century,
It always was a thankless task.
One day you dine with statesmen,
And are cheered by the crowd.
The next day you're a prisoner,
Imprisoned in a jailhouse dark and vast.

And some will call you terrorist,
And plot your assassination,
While they plan their acts of genocide.
Some will call you hero,
And put you on a pedestal.
Still others will dance with joy,
When they hear you've died.

But when the missiles fly around us,
You will hear them.
When the shells explode at daybreak,
You will hear them.
May your spirit be with us now,
And guide us all til we see the day of freedom,
That you never lived to see.

May the spirits of unnumbered dead,
Be with us til we see the day of freedom,
So many never lived to see.

The dream of freedom will not be denied.
The dream of freedom will not be denied.
Though there might be apartheid walls,
Israeli tanks and guns on every side.
The dream of freedom will not be denied.

The dream of freedom will not be denied.
The dream of freedom will not be denied.
The Palestinian people,
Will refuse and refuse and refuse again to die.
And the dream of freedom will not be denied.

The dream of freedom will not be denied.
For the Palestinian people will refuse to die.
Though there might be apartheid walls,
Israeli tanks and guns on every side.
The dream of freedom will not be denied.
The dream of freedom will not be denied.
The dream of freedom will not be denied.
Will not be denied.

(Album, Ginger Abby)

Radical Spirit

(2004-093)

Radical Spirit, you live in me.
Radical spirit, you live in me.
You tell the people of the earth,
All things have a right to be.
Radical spirit, you live in me.

Radical spirit, you teach our hearts to love.
Radical spirit, you teach our hearts to love.
With a clenched fist,
Or the wings of a gentle dove.
Radical spirit, you teach our hearts to love.

Radical spirit, you live in me.
Radical spirit, you live in me.
You tell the people of the earth,
All things have a right to be.
Radical spirit, you live in me.

Radical spirit, you carry us on.
Radical spirit, you carry us on.
You lift us up on your wings,
When the road it is so long.
Radical spirit, you carry us on.

Radical spirit, you live in me.
Radical spirit, you live in me.
You tell the people of the earth,
All things have a right to be.
Radical spirit, you live in me.

Radical spirit, please help me to know.
Radical spirit, please help me to know.
What it is that I must do,
That the heart in us all may grow.
Radical spirit, please help me to know.

Radical spirit, you live in me.
Radical spirit, you live in me.
You tell the people of the earth,
All things have a right to be.
Radical spirit, you live in me.
Radical spirit, you live in me.
Radical spirit, you live in me.

(Album, Ginger Abby)

That's How the World Changes

(2004-094)

A thousand butterflies flapping their wings,
That's how the world changes.
A billion people doing their thing,
That's how the world changes.
That's how the world changes.

Everyone has a piece of the puzzle.
That's how the world changes.
Let's get it all together and begin to rumble.
That's how the world changes.
That's how the world changes.

Someone lights a candle.
Someone writes a letter.
That's how the world changes.
Someone spends time,
With a troubled young offender.
That's how the world changes.
That's how the world changes.

Someone helps a junky,
To change his ways.
That's how the world changes.
Someone starts a company,
To get power from solar rays.
That's how the world changes.
That's how the world changes.

Someone tells a city council,
To ban pesticides.
That's how the world changes.
Someone spreads the word,
And stops a genocide.
That's how the world changes.
That's how the world changes.

Someone blocks a road and says,
Hell no, we won't go.
That's how the world changes.
Someone gives up their car,
And starts riding a bicycle.
That's how the world changes.
That's how the world changes.

Someone decides,
To build a straw bale home.
That's how the world changes.
Someone declares a village,
A GMO free zone.
That's how the world changes.
That's how the world changes.

Someone writes a freedom song,
And sings it aloud.

That's how the world changes.
Someone holds their head high,
To make up for all the times they bowed.
That's how the world changes.
That's how the world changes.

That's how the world, changes.
That's how the world, changes.

Will we have enough people,
To turn things around,
Before it all comes down.
I hope so.

There is a light in everyone,
That can turn things around,
That can get things off the ground.
I hope so.
I hope so.

A thousand butterflies flapping their wings,
That's how the world changes.
A billion people doing their thing,
That's how the world changes.
That's how the world changes.

Everyone has a piece of the puzzle.
That's how the world changes.
Let's get it all together and begin to rumble,
Rumble, rumble.
Let's get it all together and begin to rumble.
That's how the world changes.
That's how the world changes.
That's how the world changes.
That's how the world changes.

That's how the world, changes.
That's how the world, changes.
That's how the world changes.

(Album, Ginger Abby)

Western Wind

(2004-095)

Western wind when wilt thou blow.
The small rain down can rain.
Christ if my love were in my arms,
And I in my bed again.

Who was the one, who wrote these words,
Those seven hundred years ago.
Who wrote them down, never knowing they'd,
Be read by first year English students,
In 1985 or so.

Western wind when wilt thou blow.
The small rain down can rain.
Christ if my love were in my arms,
And I in my bed again.

Now most of us, so typical,
When we wrote down our essays,
Couldn't take the bed as literal.
Instead we said he must be saying,
That he desires to be in his grave.

Western wind when wilt thou blow.
The small rain down can rain.
Christ if my love were in my arms,
And I in my bed again.

So people write their feelings down,
Whether known or unknown.
Seven hundred years later,
Some first year yahoos,
Read and spin what they want,
Into their poem.

Western wind when wilt thou blow.
The small rain down can rain.
Christ if my love were in my arms,
And I in my bed again.

Western wind when wilt thou blow.
The small rain down can rain.
Christ if my love were in my arms,
And I in my bed again.
And I in my bed again.
And I in my bed again.

(Album, Ginger Abby)

Brian Wilson is Sleeping

(2004-096)

They used to say,
Brian Wilson,
Why are you always o so blue.
Why are you diving in your,
Deep sea depression.
Why can't you go surfing,
Like you used to do.

You wrote all those songs about,
Sunlight and beaches.
You used to make us all feel so warm.
When you came out with "Smile",
It was your answer to "Rubber Soul",
For those to whom it mattered.
Then you went missing in the storm.

Uncle Paul came by,
Early in 67,
And showed you what his fourfold band had done.
He played you some samples of their,
Not yet released, "Sergeant Pepper",
And for you it was like,
Your world came crashing down.

Something inside you broke, and you said,
How can I ever top this.
How can I ever carry on.
You started another album,
You called, "Heroes and villains",
But somehow you just could not find your song.
Somehow you just could not find your song.

Now it's thirty-seven years,
Of drowning in chemicals,
That I don't have to tell you were no good for you.
It's thirty-seven years,
Of everybody wondering,
Wondering what on Earth had become of you.

After thirty-seven years,
You finally released your album,
With a sound-alike band, doing all the tracks,
But knowing you're still there somewhere,
In the background, haunting them.

After thirty-seven years,
History's moved forward.
The surfer girls you sang about,
Are now turning sixty.
Who would wanna hear your music now.
Time is a hero,
But time is a villain.
So who would wanna hear your music now.

But the sound-alike bands,
Are drawing crowds everywhere.
The people wanna go back to,
That world of sun and sea and sand.
Back before the surf board,
Rammed into a motorboat,
That turned into a gunboat,
That took the boyfriends off to Vietnam.

Back before Kent,
Back before Mi Lai,
Back before three presidents,
Fell from the sky.
Back before everything went crazy.
Back before everything went crazy.

And the sound-alike band, keeps playing.
And the sound-alike band, keeps playing.
And Brian Wilson, is sleeping.
And Brian Wilson, is sleeping.

(Album, Salt for the Road)

Salt for the Road

(2004-097)

We are fellow journeyers,
Who journey on this plain.
We journey through the thunder,
And we journey through the rain.
We share each other's stories,
Each other's joy and pain.
We are traveling companions,
And life is our refrain.
Life is our refrain.

We are light for the darkness.
We are spirit for the load.
We are music for the silence.
We are salt for the road.
Salt for the road,
Salt for the road.

We are men and women,
Sometimes lovers, sometimes friends.
But we all share the warmth,
When the day comes to its end.
Joining hands around a fire,
Just around another bend,
We fill the night with guitar song,
And do you remember whens.
Do you remember whens.

We are light for the darkness.
We are spirit for the load.
We are music for the silence.
We are salt for the road.
Salt for the road,
Salt for the road.

There's a love that beats,
In each and every heart.
There's a tie that binds,
That will not let us fall apart.
It is there in the morning,
When another day's journey starts.
It is there in the evening,
As the gentle sky grows dark.
As the gentle sky grows dark.

We are light for the darkness.
We are spirit for the load.
We are music for the silence.
We are salt for the road.
Salt for the road,
Salt for the road.

Everyone is like a snowflake,
Unique unto themselves.
Yet we are one great blizzard,

One whirling winter well.
We all have places we have been,
And mysteries to tell.
But if you ask where we would rather be,
There is no somewhere else.
There is no somewhere else.

We are light for the darkness.
We are spirit for the load.
We are music for the silence.
We are salt for the road.
Salt for the road,
Salt for the road.

We were born in the forest,
Many thousand years ago.
And with the stars above our heads,
We grew up along the road.
There is nothing we would take from you,
Nothing we would own.
Just let us have the roads,
And the meadows for our home.
The meadows for our home.

We are light for the darkness.
We are spirit for the load.
We are music for the silence.
We are salt for the road.
Salt for the road,
Salt for the road.

We are light for the darkness.
We are spirit for the load.
We are music for the silence.
We are salt for the road.
Salt for the road,
Salt for the road.
Salt for the road,
Salt for the road,
Salt for the road.

(Album, Salt for the Road)

Gonna Be a Good Boy Now

(2004-098)

Gonna be a good boy now.
Gonna be a good boy now.
Gonna be a good boy now.
Gonna be a good boy now.

Gonna be a good boy now,
No more carrying placards.
No more organizing,
Peasant farmers and workers.
Gonna be a good boy now,
No more strikes, no more protests.
No more speaking his mind,
Or handing out leaflets.

Gonna be a good boy now.
Gonna be a good boy now.
Gonna be a good boy now.
Gonna be a good boy now.

Couple months ago,
The police swooped down.
Took him away,
And beat him up down town.
They said, if you wanna see your wife,
And your kids alive again,
You better be a good boy now.
Do you understand.

Gonna be a good boy now.
Gonna be a good boy now.
Gonna be a good boy now.
Gonna be a good boy now.

But how can you,
Cooperate,
With the murderers of good people,
And have nothing to say.
Surely silence is the greatest,
Crime of all,
But ya better be a good boy now,
Or you'll be the next one to fall.

Gonna be a good boy now.
Gonna be a good boy now.
Gonna be a good boy now.
Gonna be a good boy now.

And the politicians,
In their suits and ties,
Say I used to be one of those,
But now I've grown wise.
I decided there were ladders,
That I wanted to climb.
I don't think about oppression now.

I don't have the time.

Gonna be a good boy now.
Gonna be a good boy now.
Gonna be a good boy now.
Gonna be a good boy now.

Gonna be a good boy now,
No more carrying placards.
No more organizing,
Peasant farmers and workers.
Gonna be a good boy now,
No more strikes, no more protests.
No more speaking his mind,
Or handing out leaflets.

Gonna be a good boy now.
Gonna be a good boy now.
Gonna be a good boy now.
Gonna be a good boy now.

Good boy now, good boy now, good boy now.
Gonna be a good boy now.
Gonna be a good boy now.

(Album, Salt for the Road)

A Real Norseman Doesn't Eat Fish

(2004-099)

A thousand years ago,
The Norsemen sailed to Greenland.
Amid the ice, they found some sheltered space.
They built themselves some villages,
To the west side and the east side.
They farmed the fragile soil and cleared the trees.

They had no desire,
To learn from the people there,
Just how it was they could best live on the land.
They raised cattle and built churches,
Had weddings and baptisms,
And as far as they were concerned,
Life was grand.

There were millions of fish in the river,
That they could have eaten.
But they didn't eat fish,
'Cause a real Norseman doesn't eat fish.
'Cause a real Norseman doesn't eat fish.

The generations passed,
And the villages they prospered,
Despite the short time 'tween the spring and fall.
They lived on the shallow soil,
As if they were living in Europe,
Not knowing the fragility of it all.

They traded what they produced,
For sacramental wine,
Candles, bells and vestments for their churches.
And never did they whisper,
One day all this will die.
Life was good, and the villagers they flourished.

There were millions of fish in the river,
But they did not touch them.
'Cause they didn't eat fish,
'Cause a real Norseman doesn't eat fish.
A real Norseman doesn't eat fish.

And so it was they dwelt,
For four hundred and fifty years,
Til they used up all the soil and all the trees.
It was a long cold last winter,
As in a year or two they starved to death.
Now all that remains are the artifacts,
And the roar of the sea.

They ate their youngest calves.
They ate their dogs and cats.
We found their chewed up bones amid the ruin.
They vanished in the blink of an eye,
Leaving crosses and windows behind,

Leaving us to tell the story of their doom.

There were millions of fish in the river,
That could have kept them going.
But they didn't eat fish,
'Cause a real Norseman doesn't eat fish.
A real Norseman doesn't eat fish.

Now here we are on Planet Earth,
Using up our borrowed time,
Going to war for fossil fuels,
Draining every aquifer dry.
We keep our old behaviour,
Refusing to let go.
Maybe one day they'll find our artifacts,
Beneath the ice and snow.

They'll say a real American doesn't make peace.
They'll say a real American doesn't plant trees.
They'll say a real Texan,
Doesn't switch to renewable energy.
A real Texan, goes in shooting,
And doesn't ask any questions.

Like a real Norseman doesn't eat fish.
A real Norseman doesn't eat fish.
A real Norseman doesn't eat fish.

(Album, Salt for the Road)

O the government of Israel,
Doesn't want you to know,
What the world already knows.
That this nation founded on the cry,
Never again,
Shall there be a megacide,
Has enough nuclear weapons,
To murder tens of millions,
To murder tens of millions.

In 1986,
Mordechai Vanunu told the world,
What the world already knew,
That there were hundreds of nuclear weapons,
In the Israeli arsenal.

They abducted him and tried him,
In a military court.
They sentenced him to eighteen years in jail.
He served the first eleven years,
In solitary,
And another seven years,
Still in the military jail.

Til finally in 2004,
He was released,
But not allowed to travel anywhere.
Mordechai Vanunu.

And the government of Israel,
Doesn't want you to care,
That there are people of conscience,
Like Mordechai Vanunu, here and there.
But we thank the Creator,
That there are people,
Like Mordechai Vanunu,
In our world.

May there be people of conscience everywhere,
Who have the courage to stand up,
And dare to care,
Like Mordechai Vanunu.

May there be millions of people everywhere,
Who have the courage to stand up,
And dare to care,
Like Mordechai Vanunu.

Long live Mordechai Vanunu.
Long live Mordechai Vanunu.

(Album, Salt for the Road)

If You Would Only Make It

(2004-101)

It was out in the desert,
Where the wind it blows,
Jesus came to find himself,
Many years ago.

And the tempter said to Jesus,
If you are the Son of God,
Command this stone,
To turn into bread.

But Jesus said humanity,
Does not live by bread alone,
But by every word that flows,
From the mouth of God.
I cannot change the world,
Simply by giving people bread.

And then the tempter took him,
To a high place on a mountain,
And showed him all the kingdoms,
And the armies of the world.

But Jesus knew the price,
Of using worldly power,
Was the price of bowing down,
And worshipping the tempter.
I cannot bring about my kingdom,
With the power of a sword.

And then the tempter took him,
To the temple in Jerusalem,
And said throw yourself down,
From the high point of the temple.
Surely God will save you,
Should you dash your foot against a stone.

But Jesus said,
Scripture also says,
You shall not put the Lord,
Your God to the test.
I will not be a stunt man,
Or a bouncing floating yogi.

And then the tempter left him,
And the angels came and brought him,
Back into his mind.

But having rejected both the ways,
Of the yogi and the commissar,
The question still remained,
How does one change the world.

Come in from the desert,
And walk among humanity,

And proclaim.
The kingdom of God,
Is within you, and among you,
If you would only make it.

Don't look for it,
In a flash of lightening.
Don't look for it,
In a clap of thunder.

The kingdom of God,
Is within you, and among you,
If you would only make it.
If you would only make it.
If you would only make it.

(Album, Salt for the Road)

Melanie Road

(2004-102)

Thought I saw a signpost,
That told me where to go.
Must have been down down along Melanie Road.
Down down along Melanie Road.

Thought I saw a storm cloud,
And the moon was shining full.
Must have been down down along Melanie Road.
Must have been down down along Melanie Road.

Thought I chased a caribou,
Or perhaps a buffalo.
Must have been down down along Melanie Road.
Must have been down down along Melanie Road.

We drove into a rainbow,
Of purple green and gold.
Must have been down down along Melanie Road.
Must have been down down along Melanie Road.

And we drove right through that signpost,
And we made the night sky glow.
Must have been down down along Melanie Road.
Down down along Melanie Road.
Down down along Melanie Road.
Down down along, Melanie Road.

Down down along Melanie Road.

(Album, Salt for the Road)

Winter Solstice Prayer

(2004-103)

Deep is the snow.
Gentle is the night.
Holy is the darkness.
Holy is the light.

Deep is the peace.
Joyful is the love.
Holy winter solstice,
The time we're speaking of.

Winter solstice, winter solstice.

Dark turning into light,
As the year is turning turning.
Dark turning into light,
As the earth is dreaming dreaming.

Close is the air.
Wild is the wind.
Holy is the season.
Let another year begin.

Deep is the seed.
Cold is the ground.
Holy winter solstice,
And so we go around.

Winter solstice, winter solstice.

Dark turning into light,
As the year is turning turning.
Dark turning into light,
As the earth is dreaming dreaming.

Winter solstice, winter solstice.
Winter solstice, winter solstice.

(Album, Salt for the Road)

Small Blue Planet (2004 lyrics)

(2004-104)

Small blue planet,
Shining like a pearl.
Small blue planet,
Place we call the world.

You came into being,
Four billion years ago.
Life appeared upon you,
As your earthly winds did blow.

Now we behold your biosphere,
Enveloping us all.
Teaching us your wisdom,
In all things great and small.

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.

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.

Each one of us an earth child,
A flower of the field,
Growing in our place and time,
Our point upon the wheel.

You have been here for eons,
Since long before we came.
As each of us departs from you,
May we leave you whole and sane.

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.

(Album, Salt for the Road)

Part Three

I Resist Therefore I Am

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2006-078 Birds

Get out of the way.
The tsunami is coming.
Deep beneath the ocean,
A roar and a shaking down.

Run for your lives.
The tsunami is coming.
Once it is gone,
Twenty thousand, fifty thousand,
One hundred thousand,
Will be crushed and drowned.

Get out of the way.
The tsunami is coming.
Ten metres high,
Here comes the wave.

Run for your lives.
The tsunami is coming.
No time to look for loved ones.
You'll be swept away.

Mother Earth shakes,
From time to time.
To tell us who we really are.
We are but children,
Of this turning sphere.

Mother Earth quakes,
And millions cry.
Remembering who we really are.
We are but tiny people,
Just scratching out a living here.

Get out of the way.
The tsunami is coming.
For many it would be too late.
It would go so fast.

Run for your lives.
The tsunami is coming.
Who will there be,
To piece everything together,
Once the wave has passed.

Mother Earth shakes,
From time to time,
To tell us who we really are.
We are but children,
Of this turning sphere.

Mother Earth quakes,
And millions cry,
Remembering who we really are.

We are but tiny people,
Scratching out a living here.

Get out of the way.
The tsunami is coming.
Get out of the way.
The tsunami is coming.

(Album, Salt for the Road)

Free Thinkers

(2005-002)

Come all you free thinkers.
Come and tell me where you stand.
Come all you free thinkers.
Come and tell me where you stand.
Don't you think it's time,
We took the future in our hands.

Come all you True Levelers.
Let us level with our time.
Come all you True Levelers.
Let us level with our time.
Compared to being a corporate puppet,
Stompin' on a corporate puppet aint no crime.

Come all you beautiful heretics.
Let us dance until we're free.
Come all you beautiful heretics.
Let us dance until we're free.
Keep the music flowing.
Touch the sweet divinity.

Come all you earth born lovers,
Gentle changers of our time.
Come all you earth born lovers,
Gentle changers of our time.
Let us work some magic,
For the liberation of the human mind.

All the earth is sacred,
From the edge of the atmosphere,
Down to the core.
All the earth is sacred,
From the edge of the atmosphere,
Down to the core.
The heart of Gaia beats as one,
Like it never has before.

(Album, Salt for the Road)

Long Time in the Grave

(2005-003)

(Intro)

(Hay, we're ready. We're rollin'. We're hot.
We're groovin' with the speed, of what we got.
Talkin' about a plenary discussion,
Where one little...)

So I walked on to the bus, today,
And a voice said, "Hi,
I haven't seen you in a long time."
And I said, "Hi."

He said, "You haven't got your guide dog any more.
What happened to your guide dog?"

And I said, "O, I never had a guide dog.
You must be thinkin' of someone else."

And he said, "O, well,
I wonder who that might be,
Who used to have a guide dog."

And I said, "maybe it's Calvin.
Maybe you're thinkin' of Calvin.
Calvin passed away."

O Calvin, passed away,
Along about 1997 or 98.
And he's a long time in the grave.
Yeah Calvin's a long time in the grave.

And I said, "You know Calvin,
He used to have a dog.
His dog died,
And he had his dog cremated,
And he had this can of ashes.
And he kept on sayin',
We gotta do somethin' with those ashes.
We gotta bury those ashes,
Or sprinkle those ashes somewhere.

But then Calvin died,
So they put that can of ashes from his dog,
In the grave with him."

O Calvin, passed away,
Along about 1997 or 98.
He's a long time in the grave.
Yeah Calvin's a long time in the grave.

And I said, "But I didn't know Calvin very well.
I just knew he had a dog.
Some people used to think he was me,
Or they thought I was him.
We both walked around,

Even though he had a dog,
And I use a cane.
But that was Calvin.
But you might be thinkin' of someone else too."

And he said, "O yeah,
Well this guy used to go to university,
And he had a dog."

And I said, "O well,
Maybe you're thinkin' about Bob.
Bob used to have a dog.
But ya know then Bob got married,
And his wife was allergic to the dog.
So he decided,
Well, I've gotta get rid of one of them.
He decided it would be,
A little more socially acceptable,
To get rid of the dog,
Instead of getting rid of the wife.
So he got rid of his dog,
And kept the wife."

That's Bob, yeah Bob,
He got rid of his dog.
But Calvin's a long time in the grave.

"O yeah Bob,
Got rid of his dog,
Some time back around 1995.
Now he has his wife,
Instead of a dog.

But that's Bob.
I wasn't talkin' about Bob.
I started out talkin' about Calvin.
Actually, I started out talkin' about,
This person I met on the bus.
I don't even know what his name was.
But he remembered someone,
Who had a dog,
Back in the 1990's,
Or even before.
But anyway, we'll do one more refrain,
For Calvin."

Well Calvin, passed away,
Along about 1997 or 98.
He's a long time in the grave.
Yeah Calvin's a long time in the grave.
Calvin's a long time in the grave.

(Album, Salt for the Road)

Vigil in Lafayette Park

(2005-004)

On a day in June, 1981,
A young man sat down on a sidewalk,
On a road outside of the Whitehouse.

He carried a sign that read,
"I've traveled all over the world.
I've been to many a land,
And nowhere could I find,
Peace or honesty in government."

His protest of one, it grew,
Into a protest of a few,
And the few turned into the many,
Before too long.

And the cause of peace and disarmament,
Was joined to the song.
And people came from all over,
To help the cause along.
And the vigil in Lafayette Park, was begun,
That summer of 1981.

Now the vigil in Lafayette Park,
Is nearing twenty-four years,
The longest ongoing peace vigil,
In the Western Hemisphere.
The police have harassed and arrested them,
Year after year after year.
But still the vigil continues,
In peace, gentle and clear.
Gentle and clear.

When Reagan said, Bombing will commence,
In five minutes,
They remained.
When the tanks rolled in,
To Tiananmen Square,
They remained.

When the First Gulf War was declared,
They remained.
When Pennsylvania Avenue,
Was barred to cars,
After the Oklahoma City bombing,
They remained,
In the sun and the rain.

And the vigil in Lafayette Park,
Has been cited,
In high school history textbooks,
As an example,
Of American citizens',
Exercising the First Amendment.
It's a better example, I'd say,

Than the right of the KKK,
To be offensive.

But when the children,
On their school tours come,
The teachers sometimes tell the children,
Not to look at the signs.
But the children of America are curious.
They look at the vigilers,
And the vigilers smile.

And they say we are holding this vigil,
For a just and peaceful world,
And the children learn something,
That wasn't quite in their,
School curriculum.

Now the vigil in Lafayette Park,
Is nearing twenty-four years,
The longest ongoing peace vigil,
In the Western Hemisphere.
The police have harassed and arrested them,
Year after year after year,
But still the vigil continues,
In peace, gentle and clear.
Gentle and clear.

When people filled the streets of Seattle,
They remained.
When 9-11 occurred,
They remained.
When the Patriot Act was declared,
They remained.

When George W. Bush,
Launched his final solution,
Invasion of Iraq,
They remained,
In the sun and the rain.

One day, there will be,
No more Pentagon.
One day, there'll be no more,
Nuclear button.
One day, there'll be no more,
Centres of imperialism.

But the people in Lafayette Park,
Will remain,
In the sun and the rain.
For the people in Lafayette Park,
And people wherever they are,
Will be the government.

Government by the people,
One by one by one.

Where two or three have gathered,
A just and peaceful world,
Will have begun.

Government by the people,
One by one by one.
Where two or three have gathered,
A just and peaceful world,
Will have begun,
Will have begun.

And the vigil in Lafayette Park,
Goes on, goes on, goes on.

(Album, Salt for the Road)

Light of the World

(2004-005)

Let us be the light of the world.
Don't let us hide under a bushel.
Let us be the salt of the earth.
Let us spread our flavour everywhere.

Blessed are the poor in spirit.
Their's is the kingdom of God.
Blessed are the gentle.
They shall have the earth for their heritage.

Let us be the light of the world.
Don't let us hide under a bushel.
Let us be the salt of the earth.
Let us spread our flavour everywhere.

Blessed are the peace makers.
They shall be called children of God.
Blessed are the merciful.
Mercy shall be shown on to them.

Let us be the light of the world.
Don't let us hide under a bushel.
Let us be the salt of the earth.
Let us spread our flavour everywhere.

Blessed are those who mourn.
They shall be comforted.
Blessed are those who hunger,
And thirst for justice.
They shall be filled.

Let us be the light of the world.
Don't let us hide under a bushel.
Let us be the salt of the earth.
Let us spread our flavour everywhere.

Blessed are the pure at heart.
They shall see God.
Blessed are those who are persecuted,
In the cause of righteousness.
Their's is the kingdom of Heaven.

Let us be the light of the world.
Don't let us hide under a bushel.
Let us be the salt of the earth.
Let us spread our flavour everywhere.

Let us be the light of the world.
Don't let us hide under a bushel.
Let us be the salt of the earth.
Let us spread our flavour everywhere.
Let us spread our flavour everywhere.
Let us spread our flavour everywhere.
Let us spread our flavour everywhere.

(Album, Salt for the Road)

Plain of Jaos

(2005-006)

O the wind blows across the Plain of Jaos.
The ghosts they gather, around the craters,
Where each village was.

And there is not one single sign,
Of a human body, or a house.
Everything vanished in an instant,
From the Plain of Jaos.

And the ghosts they weep, as they remember,
The beautiful joyful world, the way it was.
Gentle villages, that lived in peace with each other,
And had no desire for anything else.

And then one day the bombing came,
And everyone and everything,
Was obliterated, on the Plain of Jaos.

In 1969,
America landed on the moon.
They said that they had taken,
That one small step for man.

Meanwhile they were perfecting the means,
Of making moonscapes,
Out of other people's lands.
They made a moonscape, of the Plain of Jaos.

And the wind blows across the Plain of Jaos.
And sometimes you can hear the names,
Of the ones who are gone.

Whispered by the wind,
In the hour before dawn,
From the world that disappeared,
From the Plain of Jaos.

And the wind blows across the Plain of Jaos.
There is nothing you can say,
Thirty years gone by.

Craters where the villages stood,
Beneath a sad and gaping sky.
You can only cry, for the Plain of Jaos.
You can only cry, for the Plain of Jaos.

(Album, Salt for the Road)

Change Your Mind

(2005-007)

We are the ones,
Who tried to change the world.
We said our piece, and then we died.

Sad news stories,
Coming over the wire,
Telling of our suicides.

We spent too long in the east,
Where the wide-eyed eagle flies.

Gotta spend more time in the west,
Where introspective bear looks inside.
Where introspective bear looks inside.

I dreamed that Abby Hoffman was alive,
And living in Ottawa,
Where he held court for any radicals,
Who wanted to see him.

Then I dreamed that I was there,
On that Halifax bridge,
With Tooker Gomborg,
Just before he jumped.
And I said, Tooker,
You don't have to do it.

We are the ones,
Who tried to change the world.
We said our piece, and then we died.

Sad news stories,
Coming over the wire,
Telling of our suicides.

We spent too long in the east,
Where the wide-eyed eagle flies.

Gotta spend more time in the west,
Where introspective bear looks inside.
Where introspective bear looks inside.
Where introspective bear looks inside.

Looks inside, looks inside,
Looks inside and what does he find.
Looks inside, looks inside,
Looks inside and what does he find.

Looks inside, looks inside,
Looks inside and what does he find.
There's still time. There's still time.
There's still time to change your mind.

Looks inside, looks inside,

Looks inside and what does he find.
Looks inside, looks inside,
Looks inside and what does he find.

There's still time. There's still time.
There's still time to change your mind.
There's still time. There's still time.
There's still time to change your mind.
Change, your, mind. Change, your, mind.

Looks inside, looks inside,
Looks inside and what does he find.
Looks inside, looks inside,
Looks inside and what does he find.

There's still time. There's still time.
There's still time to change your mind.
There's still time. There's still time.
There's still time to change your mind.

Looks inside, looks inside,
Looks inside and what does he find.
There's still time. There's still time.
There's still time to change your mind.

Looks inside, looks inside,
Looks inside and what does he find.
There's still time. There's still time.
There's still time to change your mind.

There's still time to change your mind.
There's still time to change your mind.
There's, still, time, to, change, your, mind.
There's, still, time, to, change, your, mind.
Change, your, mind.
Change, your, mind.
Change, your, mind.

Looks inside, looks inside,
Looks inside and what does he find.
There's still time. There's still time.
There's still time to change your mind.
Change, your, mind.

We are the ones,
Who tried to change the world.
We said our piece, and then we died.

(Album, Salt for the Road)

Freedom Wheel

(2005-008)

Freedom wheel, freedom wheel.

The wheel of life is turning.
Cosmic fires are burning.
Cosmic oceans are churning.
Maybe somewhere, we are learning.

Freedom wheel, freedom wheel.

The sun is a wheel,
Going 'round, going 'round.
The Solar System is a wheel,
Going 'round, going 'round.
The galaxy is a wheel,
Going 'round, going 'round.
Touch the spiral inside the wheel.
Touch the sound. Touch the sound.

Freedom wheel, freedom wheel.

Take a look at a single snowflake,
Through a microscope.
Let the snowflake carry you inside.
See an entire universe in that snowflake,
Electrons orbiting nuclei.
Atoms dancing in molecules,
Love holding everything together.

Freedom wheel, freedom wheel.

You are there,
At the heart of a snowflake.
You are there,
At the heart of the cosmos.
You are there,
At the heart of forever.
You are there,
With love holding everything together.

Freedom wheel, freedom wheel.

Freedom wheel, freedom wheel.

(Album, Salt for the Road)

Huey P. Newton

(2005-009)

You stood up tall, in an Oakland Street,
And proclaimed the revolution that had to be.
You would liberate all of black America,
And lock arms with all people around the world,
Who wanted revolutionary freedom just as bad.

Huey P. Newton, Huey P. Newton,
Nothing was gonna stop you.
Huey P. Newton.

Your Black Panther Party
Came out of the shadows,
And challenged every bloody institution.
Challenging the pigs,
And the racists and the liberals,
Every layer of this bitter not so sweet illusion.

Huey P. Newton, Huey P. Newton,
Nothing was gonna stop you.
Huey P. Newton, Huey P. Newton,
You would have your revolution.
Huey P. Newton.

Gun fights erupted in the Oakland streets.
Little Bobby Hutton was killed,
One night in April 1968.
J. Edgar Hoover,
And his Cointelpro hired guns,
Vowed they would smash you.
They would bring you down,
Every last one of you,
Every last one.

Huey P. Newton, Huey P. Newton,
Nothing was gonna stop you.
Huey P. Newton.

The years went by,
In your troubled nation.
You tried to find some balance,
In moderation.
Some went into exile.
Some lay dead in their graves.
Still you tried to make it,
In the USA.

Huey P. Newton, Huey P. Newton,
Nothing was gonna stop you.
Huey P. Newton, Huey P. Newton,
You would have your revolution.
Huey P. Newton.

August 22nd, 1989,
You fell dead upon an Oakland street.

Not so very far away from where,
You once commanded your revolutionary beat.

Some said you were a desperate,
Middle-aged man,
Addicted to crack cocaine,
A gift from Uncle Sam.
The CIA's gift,
To the poor people of America,
Designed to bring millions,
Of your brothers and sisters down.

Huey P. Newton, Huey P. Newton,
Nothing was gonna stop you.
Huey P. Newton.

Some said they shot you,
When you didn't have the money,
To pay for the crack cocaine you wanted.
Some said it might have been something,
Much more sinister,
And the one who pulled the trigger,
Might have been an agent provocateur.

Huey P. Newton, Huey P. Newton,
Nothing was gonna stop you.
Huey P. Newton, Huey P. Newton,
You would have your revolution.
Huey P. Newton.

Too many revolutions have died too young.
Too many revolutionists are dead and gone.
Too many good ideas never saw the sun.
Still we carry on. Still we carry on.

Huey P. Newton.

Too many dreamers,
Are sleeping on heating grates.
Too many sleepers,
Think that everything's okay.
Too many of your people,
Are still in chains.
Too many people everywhere,
Are in too much pain.

Huey P. Newton,
Nothing was gonna stop you.
Huey P. Newton,
Nothing was gonna stop you.
Huey P. Newton, Huey P. Newton.
Huey P. Newton.

(Album, Salt for the Road)

Once When I Was Floating

(2005-010)

Once when I was floating,
Out in the universe, far away,
When my spirit was watching on,
Through long ribbon time.
Over ten or twenty million years,
I saw two galaxies collide.

And as they came together,
I thought they would explode.
I thought there would be pain,
On either side.
But there was so much space,
Between the stars,
They passed through each other,
So gently they did glide.

They passed through each other,
Like a dance of two angels,
Like galactic ballerinas.
They passed through each other,
As a couple million years,
Drifted by.

And the stars blessed each other,
And shared one soul song,
As they passed.
While I floated there,
Watching, watching, in a trance.

I thought if only,
All of life could be like that.
We could give each other space.
We'd live at peace with each other,
And face all that we have to face.

They passed through each other,
Like a dance of two angels,
Like galactic ballerinas.
They passed through each other,
As a couple million years,
Drifted by.

They passed through each other,
Like a dance of two angels,
Like galactic ballerinas.
They passed through each other,
As a couple million years,
Drifted by.

Once when I was floating,
Out in the universe, far away.

(Album, Salt for the Road)

Earth-child

(2005-011)

I am the earth-child.
I am the earth-child.

Earth-child dances on the earth.
Earth-child raises his voice.
Earth-child speaks as the rains come down.
Earth-child knows we still have time,
To make a choice.

I am the earth-child.
I am the earth-child.

Earth-child lives in all of us.
Earth-child calls us to the here and now.
Earth-child dreams of how things could be.
Earth-child wants to know the what,
And where and how.

I am the earth child.
I am the earth child.

Earth-child dreamed in the womb,
A vision light reflected from the moon.
Earth-child reaches the world.
Earth-child wants a just world,
To unfurl.

I am the earth-child.
I am the earth-child.

Earth-child is a voyager.
Earth-child journeys through the cosmic night.
Earth-child knows all of the universe.
A hundred trillion brilliant,
Icicles of light.

I am the earth-child.
I am the earth-child.

Earth-child, earth-child, earth-child.
Earth-child, earth-child, earth-child.

I am the earth-child.
I am the earth-child.

Earth-child, earth-child, earth-child.
Earth-child, earth-child, earth-child.

I am the earth-child.
I am the earth-child.

Earth-child, earth-child, earth-child, earth-child.

(Album, Salt for the Road)

Some of the Kindest People

(2005-012)

We walked back from the rally,
Of people of all ages.
Singing songs and chanting,
Beneath a bright blue sky.

And I said,
Some of the kindest people,
Who have ever lived,
Were here.

And we came home from the workshop,
Where we struggled with our fears and pain.
And got to know each other,
Better than we ever thought we would.

And I said,
Some of the kindest people,
Who have ever lived,
Were here.

And I move on with the movement,
And shuffle down the avenue,
Gentle in my journey,
Alone yet not alone.

And I say,
Some of the kindest people,
Who have ever lived,
Are here.

Some of the kindest people,
Who have ever lived,
Are here.
Are here.

(Album, Salt for the Road)

White Dove Dreaming

(2005-013)

I walked outside, into the daylight.
The temperature was at the zero mark.
There was snow on the ground.
Everything felt like,
A million cones of ice-cream,
All around.

And the birds were singing in the air,
And the stars were streaming everywhere.
And I was there.

I went down to the grocery store,
And I asked if they had pairs.
I said I was tired of apples and oranges.
I said I wanted three or four pairs.

The man there said, I think we do,
And I bought some,
Along with the bread and the meat,
And the soft drink.

And the birds were singing in the air,
And the stars were streaming everywhere.
And I was there.

And there's a white dove dreaming inside of me.
There's a white dove dreaming inside of you.
If all the white doves spread their wings,
We could fly through the winter blue.

There's a white dove dreaming inside of me.
There's a white dove dreaming inside of you.
And if all the white doves spread their wings,
We could fly through the winter blue.

I went outside, into the daylight.
The temperature was at the zero mark.
There was snow on the ground,
And everything felt like,
A million cones of ice-cream,
All around.

And the birds were singing in the air,
And the stars were streaming everywhere.
And I was there.

White dove dreaming.
White dove dreaming.
White dove dreaming.

(Album, Salt for the Road)

Wonderful People

(2005-014)

I do believe, I share this earth,
With wonderful people.

I do believe, I share this earth,
With wonderful people.

Like flowers in a garden,
Like sunlight on the mountain,
Wonderful people.

Like candles in a snow storm,
Like bird song in the springtime,
Wonderful people.

I do believe, I share this earth,
With wonderful people.

Peace-loving people,
Freedom-building people,
Wonderful people.

Life-affirming people,
Earth-revering people,
Wonderful people.

I do believe, I share this earth,
With wonderful people.

Star-dreaming people,
Universe-weaving people,
Wonderful people.

Seeds that will flower,
Truth that will glisten,
Wonderful people.

I do believe, I share this earth,
With wonderful people.

I do believe, I share this earth,
With wonderful people.

Wonderful people,
Wonderful people,
Wonderful people.

(Album, Salt for the Road)

Order More Wine and Ride

(2005-015)

Standing at a crossroads,
Between the stars and the subway station.
I turned to the people around me and said,
Let us dance emancipation.

Let us order more wine and ride, ride, ride,
Til we don't know who we are any more.
Let us order more wine and ride, ride, ride,
Til we don't know who we are any more.

Life is like a crossroads,
Between expansion and disintegration.
The face turns to the mask on the wall and says,
Take me to my destination.

Let us order more wine and ride, ride, ride,
Til we don't know who we are any more.
Let us order more wine and ride, ride, ride,
Til we don't know who we are any more.

Tunnel will take us home.
The tunnel will take us home.
Tunnel will take us, tunnel will take us,
Tunnel will take us home.
Tunnel will take us, tunnel will take us,
Tunnel will take us home.
Tunnel will take us, tunnel will take us,
Tunnel will take us home.
Tunnel will take us, tunnel will take us,
Tunnel will take us home.

(Album, Salt for the Road)

Gentle Vernal Equinox

(2005-016)

On a gentle vernal equinox,
The people came together,
Singing songs of spring-time love,
Coming from all over.
Gentle vernal equinox,
Gentle vernal equinox,

On a gentle vernal equinox,
The people came together,
Singing songs of spring-time love,
Coming from all over.
Gentle vernal equinox,
Gentle vernal equinox.

On a gentle vernal equinox,
The people they were dancing,
Dreaming dreams of freedom-romps,
When the sky would answer.
Gentle vernal equinox,
Gentle vernal equinox.

On a gentle vernal equinox,
The people they were dancing,
Dreaming dreams of freedom-romps,
When the sky would answer.
Gentle vernal equinox,
Gentle vernal equinox.

Gentle vernal equinox,
Life is in the forest.
Gentle vernal equinox,
Life is in the river.
Gentle vernal equinox,
Life is in the meadow.
Gentle vernal equinox,
Sunlight dries the shadow.

Gentle vernal equinox,
Gentle vernal equinox,
Gentle vernal equinox,
Gentle vernal equinox.

Gentle vernal equinox,
Gentle vernal equinox,
Gentle vernal equinox,
Gentle vernal equinox,
Gentle vernal equinox.

(Album, Big Blue Hurricane)

Song for Leonard Cohen

(2005-017)

A man was walking down the street,
In Montreal.
He was a young troubadour,
Not yet thirty.

Then suddenly,
He saw Leonard Cohen,
Sitting in a park.

He didn't know what to do.
"Should I say hi and thank him for the songs?".

He didn't know what to do,
So he just took it all in,
And traveled on.

A woman who lived in Montreal,
In the 1970's,
Knew another woman who had come,
From the war-torn Middle East.

And one of the things she'd smuggled out,
Was her collection,
Of Leonard Cohen LP's.

'Cause in the middle,
Of all that war and strife,
Leonard's music was one thing,
That had brought her peace.

And now they gather and they say,
Let us nominate Leonard Cohen,
For the Nobel Prize for Literature,
And I say Yes.

Let us nominate Leonard Cohen,
For the Nobel Prize for Literature,
And I say Yes.

May the Dove be with you.
May we all live in peace.
May the Dove be with you.
May we all live in peace.

May the song be with you.
may we all breathe free.
May the song be with you.
May we all breathe free.

(Album, Big Blue Hurricane)

Easter Island Haunts Us

(2005-018)

Lonely island,
In the South Pacific,
South of the Tropic,
Of Capricorn line.
Dutch voyagers arrive,
Easter Sunday, 1722,
And are amazed at what they find.

Dozens of tall stone statues,
Built along the shore,
As if the gods had brought them,
And left them behind.
How could they possibly have been built,
On this island scarce of wood,
By these primitive warring tribes.

Easter Island haunts us.
Forces us to face who we really are.
Easter island haunts us.
Makes us look in the mirror,
And wonder if we've gone too far.
Easter Island haunts us.
Easter island haunts us.
Easter island haunts us.

Captain Cook arrives,
Some fifty years down the road,
Confirms what the other sailors had seen,
Finds the statues of stone.

But in the mean time there have been wars,
Between the tribes and against the statues.
Some statues lie fallen,
And beheaded in the sand.
And there are broken human bones,
Amid the ruins,
Where the majestic statues used to stand.

Easter island haunts us.
Forces us to face who we really are.
Easter island haunts us.
Makes us look in the mirror,
And wonder if we've gone too far.
Easter Island haunts us.
Easter island haunts us.
Easter island haunts us.

Now two centuries have gone by,
Since Cook wrote in his journal.
Now not one single statue remains.
Wars between the warring tribes,
And against the ancestral statues,
Have blown all the statues away.

Now the archaeologists,
Piece together,
What is a sad sad story.
The tale of an island people,
Who overused their resources,
And outlived their final glory.

Easter Island haunts us.
Forces us to face who we really are.
Easter island haunts us.
makes us look in the mirror,
And wonder if we've gone too far.
Easter Island haunts us.
Easter Island haunts us.
Easter island haunts us.

Easter island haunts us.
Easter island haunts us.
Easter island haunts us.
Easter island haunts us.

(Album, Big Blue Hurricane)

The Boat by the Shore

(2005-019)

I'm a cog in a wheel, and a brick in the wall,
But I know I have a mind of my own.
I think of myself as a part of the all,
Making a life on this planet home.

Coming alive in a universe,
Where peace is always behind our eyes,
In a cosmic dawning of golden words,
Like the flooding of a river of life,
Like the flooding of a river of life.

I am the boat by the shore,
And the river keeps flowing.
I am the hand on the oar,
And the river keeps flowing.

I am the boat by the shore,
And the river keeps flowing.
I am the hand on the oar,
And the river keeps flowing.

And I know it will carry me,
Away, away, away, away.
I am the boat by the shore,
And the river keeps flowing.

I am a cog in a wheel, and a brick in the wall,
But I know I have a mind of my own.
I think of myself as a part of the all,
Making a life on this planet home.

And the planet turns around and around,
This blue white sphere of gentle love.
And humanity journeys on and on,
Carried as if on the wings of a dove.
Carried as if on the wings of a dove.

I am the boat by the shore,
And the river keeps flowing.
I am the hand on the oar,
And the river keeps flowing.

I am the boat by the shore,
And the river keeps flowing.
I am the hand on the oar,
And the river keeps flowing.

And I know it will carry me,
Away, away, away, away.
I am the boat by the shore,
And the river keeps flowing.

I am the boat by the shore,
And the river keeps flowing.

I am the boat by the shore,
And the river keeps flowing.

(Album, Big Blue Hurricane)

Once when I was young and strong,
I filled my mind up with a song.
I danced in the falling winter snow,
And met a girl named Hay Lie Low.

Hay Lie Low, Hay Lie Low,
Hay Lie Hay Lie Hay Lie Low.
Hay Lie Low, Hay Lie Low,
Hay Lie Hay Lie Hay Lie Low.

We wandered out into the town.
The snow was falling all around.
I gave to her a big red rose,
Said how would you like to hay lie low.

Hay Lie Low, Hay Lie Low,
Hay Lie Hay Lie Hay Lie Low.
Hay Lie Low, Hay Lie Low,
Hay Lie Hay Lie Hay Lie Low.

So all that day we walked and talked.
May the mountains not be mocked.
We climbed the mountains one by one,
With a lightening bolt to keep us warm.

Hay Lie Low, Hay Lie Low,
Hay Lie Hay Lie Hay Lie Low.
Hay Lie Low, Hay Lie Low,
Hay Lie Hay Lie Hay Lie Low.

And when at night we came to rest,
We rested on the mountain crest.
There was no winter and no snow,
When I made love to Hay Lie Low.

Hay Lie Low, Hay Lie Low,
Hay Lie Hay Lie Hay Lie Low.
Hay Lie Low, Hay Lie Low,
Hay Lie Hay Lie Hay Lie Low.

Beneath the cloud we fell asleep,
And an angel kept us in her keep.
I dreamed a dream so warm and slow,
A dream of me and Hay Lie Low.

Hay Lie Low, Hay Lie Low,
Hay Lie Hay Lie Hay Lie Low.
Hay Lie Low, Hay Lie Low,
Hay Lie Hay Lie Hay Lie Low.

All that night the dreams they came,
And made their way across my brain.
But when I awoke to greet the dawn,
Like a phantom my love was gone.

Hay Lie Low, Hay Lie Low,
Hay Lie Hay Lie Hay Lie Low.
Hay Lie Low, Hay Lie Low,
Hay Lie Hay Lie Hay Lie Low.

Hay Lie Low, where did you go.
Hay Lie Low, where did you go.
Hay Lie, Hay Lie Low.

Now many years have come and gone,
And I've seen many a breaking dawn.
Times have changed and birds have flown,
Still I think of Hay Lie Low.

Hay Lie Low, Hay Lie Low,
Hay Lie Hay Lie Hay Lie Low.
Hay Lie Low, Hay Lie Low,
Hay Lie Hay Lie Hay Lie Low.

Sometimes in winter or in spring,
My mind will take to wandering,
Back to the places that I know,
Lookin' for the girl named Hay Lie Low.

Hay Lie Low, Hay Lie Low,
Hay Lie Hay Lie Hay Lie Low.
Hay Lie Low, Hay Lie Low,
Hay Lie Hay Lie Hay Lie Low.

Hay Lie Low, Hay Lie Low,
Hay Lie Hay Lie Hay Lie Low.
Hay Lie Low, Hay Lie Low,
Hay Lie Hay Lie Hay Lie Low.

Hay Lie Low, where did you go.
Hay Lie Low, where did you go.
Hay Lie, Hay Lie Low.
Hay Lie, Hay Lie, Hay Lie Low.

(Album, Big Blue Hurricane)

Swift Flowing River

(2005-021)

River, o river,
Swift flowing river.
River, o river,
Swift flowing river.

River flows,
Down from the mountains.
Water rising high,
With the glaciers meltin'.

River flows,
Down from the mountains.
Water rising high,
With the glaciers meltin'.

River, o river,
Swift flowing river.
River, o river,
Swift flowing river.

Who are these spirits,
Who dance on the river.
They speak their names to us,
Say may we all be truthful givers.

Who are these spirits,
Who dance on the river.
They speak their names to us,
Say may we all be truthful givers.

River, o river,
Swift flowing river.
River, o river,
Swift flowing river.

And in the morning light,
One drop of water,
Given to the people,
By Heaven's truest daughter.

And in the morning light,
One drop of water,
Given to the people,
By Heaven's truest daughter.

River, o river,
Swift flowing river.
River, o river,
Swift flowing river.

Swift flowing river,
Swift flowing river,
Swift flowing river,
Swift flowing river,

Swift flowing river.

(Album, Big Blue Hurricane)

Run Run Run to Save Your Soul

(2005-022)

When Mephistopheles,
Comes knockin' on your door,
And smiles and tells you,
You can get somewhere,
When Mephistopheles,
Comes knockin' on your door,
And smiles and tells you,
You can make a deal,
You better be prepared to say no.
You better be prepared to scream.

You've got to run run run,
To save your soul.
You've got to run run run,
To save your soul.

When Mephistopheles,
Comes knockin' on your door,
And tells you he's got,
A real deal for you,
When Mephistopheles,
Comes knockin' on your door,
Says he'll bring you success,
And security too,
All the kingdoms and the powers of the world,
Are yours if you bow down and worship me.

You've got to run run run,
To save your soul.
You've got to run run run,
To save your soul.

Better to be a reed, blowing in the wind,
Than to be a prince in a palace.
Better to be a voice in the wilderness,
Than to serve the Prince of Darkness.

Better to be a reed, blowing in the wind,
Than to be a prince in a palace.
Better to be a voice in the wilderness,
Than to serve the Prince of Darkness.

When Mephistopheles,
Comes knockin' on your door,
And smiles and tells you,
You can get somewhere,
When Mephistopheles,
Comes knockin' on your door,
And smiles and tells you,
You can make a deal,
All the kingdoms and the powers of the world,
Are yours if you bow down and worship me.

You've got to run run run,

To save your soul.
You've got to run run run,
To save your soul.

When Mephistopheles comes knockin',
You better say no.
You've got to run run run,
To save your soul.

When Mephistopheles comes knockin',
You better say no.
You've got to run run run,
To save your soul.

Run run run. Run run run.
Run run run. Save your soul.

Run run run. Run run run.
Run run run. Save your soul.

You've got to run run run,
To save your soul.
You've got to run run run,
To save your soul.

When Mephistopheles comes knockin',
You better say no.
You've got to run run run,
To save your soul.

Run run run. Run run run.
Run run run. Save your soul.
Save your soul. Save your soul.

(Album, Big Blue Hurricane)

A Time to Disobey

(2005-023)

There's a time to be silent.
There's a time to shout.
There's a time when a million,
Can turn the world about.
There's a time to question,
The symbols of your day.
There's a time for resistance.
There's a time to disobey.
A time to disobey.

Bertrand Russell knew the horror,
Of the atomic bomb.
That it could mean the death of millions,
He said, this must not go on.
His Committee of One Hundred,
Broke the law to stop the bomb,
And told the world, a time to disobey,
Had truly come.

There's a time to be silent.
There's a time to shout.
There's a time to get together,
And turn the world about.
There's a time to question,
The assumptions of your day.
There's a time for resistance.
There's a time to disobey.
A time to disobey.

In the early 1980's,
In West Germany,
NATO was stationing Pershing missiles,
They said, to keep the peace.
Thousands blockaded and trespassed,
On bases everywhere.
Only the people can bring peace, they said.
The time has come to care.

There's a time to be silent.
There's a time to shout.
There's a time when a million,
Can turn the world about.
There's a time to question,
The symbols of your day.
There's a time for resistance.
There's a time to disobey.
A time to disobey.

On the Canadian west coast,
At a place called Clayoquot Sound,
Where the companies wanted to clear cut,
All the trees for miles around,
The people blocked the road and said,
You can't arrest us all.

With our fury for the sound,
We will stand here like the trees are standing tall.

There's a time to be silent.
There's a time to shout.
There's a time to get together,
And turn the world about.
There's a time to question,
The illusions of your day.
There's a time for resistance.
There's a time to disobey.
A time to disobey.

Disturb the peace,
For the sake of peace.
Break the law,
For a higher law.
Stand against the tide,
With a love for the sea.
Before false authority,
Refuse to stand in awe.
Refuse to stand in awe.

There's a time to be silent.
There's a time to shout.
There's a time when a million,
Can turn the world about.
There's a time to question,
The symbols of your day.
There's a time for resistance.
There's a time to disobey.
A time to disobey.
A time to disobey.
A time to disobey.
A time to disobey.
A time to disobey.

(Album, Big Blue Hurricane)

Solstice Man

(2005-024)

Solstice Man, Solstice Man, Solstice Man.

He wears his suit of black and green,
Flies better than Superman can.
When he takes to flight, up in the sky,
They say, There goes Solstice Man.

Solstice Man, Solstice Man, Solstice Man.

The solar cells on his black and green suit,
They give him energy.
He flies across the cities of the world,
Fighting for peace and equity.

Solstice Man, Solstice Man, Solstice Man.

A solar powered super hero,
Setting the universe right,
Empowering the powerless.
We will have an equitable world tonight.

Solstice Man, Solstice Man, Solstice Man.

Solstice Man, Solstice Man, Solstice Man.

Fighting for peace and justice,
With the power of wind and sun.
Everybody wherever you are,
Solstice man is everyone.

Solstice Man, Solstice man, Solstice Man.

Fighting for peace and justice,
With the power of wind and sun.
We don't need an action figure.
Solstice Man is everyone.

Solstice Man, Solstice Man, Solstice Man.

Solstice Man, Solstice Man, Solstice Man.

Solstice Man, Solstice Man, Solstice Man.
Solstice man, Solstice Man, Solstice Man.
Solstice Man.

(Album, Big Blue Hurricane)

Old Dave Green

(2005-025)

Old Dave Green wouldn't fit in the machine.
Old Dave Green wouldn't fit in the machine.
So we gave him a place for him,
To sing and to dream.
Old Dave Green wouldn't fit in the machine.

Old Bill Brown kept his feet upon the ground.
Old Bill Brown kept his feet upon the ground.
He wouldn't let the system,
Turn his head around.
Old Bill Brown kept his feet upon the ground.

Old Dave Green wouldn't fit in the machine.
Old Dave Green wouldn't fit in the machine.
So we gave him a place for him,
To sing and to dream.
But Old Dave Green wouldn't fit in the machine.

Old Joe Blue said what's the world a comin' to.
Old Joe Blue said what's the world a comin' to.
I looked out my window,
And everything was new.
Old Joe Blue said what's the world a comin' to.

Old Dave Green wouldn't fit in the machine.
Old Dave Green wouldn't fit in the machine.
So we gave him a place for him,
To sing and to dream.
Old Dave Green wouldn't fit in the machine.

Old Sue White thought she'd really seen the light.
Old Sue White thought she'd really seen the light.
They put her in jail when she said,
All working folks unite.
Old Sue White thought she'd really seen the light.

Old Dave Green wouldn't fit in the machine.
Old Dave Green wouldn't fit in the machine.
We gave him a place for him,
To sing and to dream.
Old Dave Green wouldn't fit in the machine.

We all make our choices,
As we live our lives.
We all make our choices,
As we live our lives.
We dream about a better world.
We struggle and we strive.
We all make our choices,
As we live our lives.

Old Dave Green wouldn't fit in the machine.
Old Dave Green wouldn't fit in the machine.
We gave him a place for him,

To think and to dream.
'Cause Old Dave Green,
Wouldn't fit in the machine.

Old Dave Green wouldn't fit in the machine.
Old Dave Green wouldn't fit in the machine.
Old Dave Green wouldn't fit in the machine.

Old Dave Green wouldn't fit in the machine.
Old Dave Green wouldn't fit in the machine.
Old Dave Green wouldn't fit in the machine.
Old Dave Green wouldn't fit in the machine.
Wouldn't fit in the machine.
Wouldn't fit in the machine.
Wouldn't fit in the machine.

(Album, Big Blue Hurricane)

Antaeus

(2005-026)

Antaeus, remember,
Antaeus, remember.
You can only fight,
And be invincible,
When your feet are touching Mother Earth.

Antaeus, Son of Gaia,
Antaeus, Son of Gaia.
Keep your feet firmly on the ground,
And you will slay your enemies,
With all your worth.

Antaeus, remember,
Antaeus, remember.
It is from your mother, Mother Gaia,
That you receive your endurance and your power.

Antaeus, Son of Gaia,
Antaeus, Son of Gaia.
Keep your feet planted on the earth,
And before you, will crumble,
Every tank, every prison wall,
And every iron tower.

Keep your feet planted on the earth,
And before you, will crumble,
Every tank, every prison wall,
And every iron tower.

Antaeus, Antaeus, Antaeus.

(Album, Big Blue Hurricane)

Noisemaker

(2005-027)

There was a man named Frank,
Who liked to be frank,
And he was called Noisemaker.
He'd sit at his keyboard,
And send out an email,
And people called him Noisemaker.

Noisemaker, Noisemaker,
Nobody likes a noisemaker.
Noisemaker, Noisemaker,
Nobody likes a noisemaker.

Some called him a crank.
Some said that he drank,
Too deep of the well called Noisemaker.
Some said he complained,
'Cause of a thing in his brain,
That caused him to be a noisemaker.

Noisemaker, Noisemaker,
Nobody likes a noisemaker.
Noisemaker, Noisemaker,
Nobody likes a noisemaker.

I say people like Frank,
Really ought to be thanked,
'Cause the world could use,
A few more noisemakers.
The world's a better place,
When we face what must be faced.
Let us all strive to be a noisemaker.

Noisemaker, Noisemaker,
Let us all strive to be a noisemaker.
Noisemaker, Noisemaker,
Let's drink one big toast to Noisemaker.

Noisemaker, Noisemaker,
The world could use a lot more noisemakers.
Noisemaker, Noisemaker,
Let's have a round of applause for Noisemaker.
Let's have a round of applause for Noisemaker.
Let's all try to be a noisemaker.
Let's all try to be a noisemaker.

(Album, Big Blue Hurricane)

Prairie Crooner

(2005-028)

Come on out of this crazy world.
Don't let the whirlwind drag you down.
Come on out of this crazy world.
Don't let the whirlwind drag you down.

Be like the panther. Be like the cougar.
Be like the dreamer, prairie crooner.
Be like the panther. Be like the cougar.
Be like the dreamer, prairie crooner.

We cast our shadows, upon the moon rock.
Sharp dark shadows, on Lunar mountains.
And we will ride our Lunar rovers,
Across the landscape, over and over.

Follow the inner light. Nurture the inner seed.
Follow the inner light, Nurture the inner seed.
For in your soul, there is a candle,
And in that candle, there is a garden.

Be like the panther. Be like the cougar.
Be like the dreamer, prairie crooner.
Be like the panther. Be like the cougar.
Be like the dreamer, prairie crooner.

Follow the inner light. Nurture the inner seed.
Follow the inner light. Nurture the inner seed.
For in your soul, there is a candle,
And in that candle, there is a garden.

The candle flame, it does surround us.
And we are here, within the garden.
The candle flame, it does surround us,
And we are here, within the garden.

(Album, Big Blue Hurricane)

Becky

(2005-029)

I stepped out of the margins,
Where I had been hiding.
I was a naked man.

I fell in love with Becky and said,
Becky you are beautiful.
Let's go swimming in a river of time.

And Becky took her clothes off by the shore,
And we stepped into the river.
We went swimming in the river.

Awe, Becky, Becky o Becky.
Becky o, Becky o.

We touched each other under water.
We made love beneath the water.
We touched each other under water.
We made love beneath the water.

I fell in love with Becky and said,
Becky you are beautiful.
Let's go swimming in a river of time.

I'll be yours, and you can be mine.
We will hold each other,
In our hearts and in our minds.

We're at one with the body of the earth,
And the water of the river.
We're at one with the body of the earth,
And the water of the river.

Awe Becky, Becky o Becky.
Becky o, Becky o.
Becky o, Becky o.

We touched each other under water.
We made love beneath the water.
We touched each other under water.
We made love beneath the water.

Awe Becky, Becky o Becky.
Becky o, Becky o.
Becky o, Becky o.
Becky o, Becky o.
Becky o, Becky o.

I fell in love with Becky and said,
Becky you are beautiful.

Becky o, Becky o.
Becky o, Becky o.

(Album, Big Blue Hurricane)

One Earth, One Sky

(2005-030)

One earth, one sky,
One humanity to realize.
One dream, one cry,
Justice will come,
As sure as the sun will rise.

One day, one night,
One soul dancing in the light.
One space, one time,
One brave chance to set things right.

One earth, one sky,
One human mind to wonder why.
One dream, one cry,
One song to make a mountain fly.

One day, one night,
One call to all brothers and sisters to unite.
One space, one time,
One peaceful warrior,
Never giving up the fight.

One day, one night,
One call to all brothers and sisters to unite.
One space, one time,
One peaceful warrior,
Never giving up the fight.
Never giving up the fight.

One earth, one sky,
One humanity to realize.
One dream, one cry,
Justice will come,
As sure as the sun will rise.
As sure as the sun will rise.

One earth, one sky,
One dream, one cry.

(Album, Big Blue Hurricane)

A Little Red Paint

(2005-031)

A little red paint,
On the minister's hands,
In honour of those who've been murdered,
In the Haitian land.

If you are offended,
By a little red paint,
Well what do you have to say,
About murder and rape.

What do you have to say,
About right wing death squads.
What do you have to say,
About Canadian complicity,
In the restoration of tyranny.

A little red paint,
On Pierre Pettigrew,
Reminding us it's not what you say,
It's what you do.

If you are offended,
By the voice in the crowd,
Who charges the stage,
And speaks the truth aloud,

Well what do you have to say,
About blood on the streets.
What do you have to say,
About Canadian-trained police,

Firing on peaceful,
Protesters,
So ruling class privilege,
Can be preserved.

A little red paint,
On the minister's hands,
While the Mounties wrestled,
And the cameras panned.

If you didn't like it,
If you thought it was rude,
Well where was your voice,
Against the Tontons Macoute
And what do you have to say,
About them being reborn.
What do you have to say,
About this brand new death squad democracy,
Complements of the True North Strong and Free.

Up here in our home,
And not so native land,
We like to blame everything,

On Uncle Sam.

But our government in Ottawa,
Is just as bad,
Restoring the Haitian,
Ruling class command.

And the hideous dream,
Goes on and on.
Will the people of Haiti,
Ever see the dawn.

A little red paint,
Can be washed away,
But the government of Canada,
Will never wash away the stain.

So look beyond the paint,
On the minister's hands,
Remember those who are being murdered,
In the Haitian land.
Remember those who are being murdered,
In the Haitian land.

And heed the cries of those,
Calling you to take a stand.
Heed the cries of those,
Calling you to take a stand.
Calling you to take a stand.

(Album, Big Blue Hurricane)

The Songbird

(2005-032)

Once there was a songbird,
Who sang for the patrons,
Who never offended,
Or challenged or dreamed.
And the patrons they smiled,
And applauded the songbird,
Sweet little songbird,
Who thought he was free.

Then one day the songbird,
Heard about warfare,
Injustice, oppression,
And blood in the spring.
And the songbird was restless,
Disturbed and perplexed and,
The songbird decided,
That he had to sing.

So the songbird appeared,
Before all of the patrons,
And sang of oppression,
Of war and of peace.
But the patrons grew angry,
And snarled, "You're a songbird.
Don't tell me what I should be,
Thinking, o please."

But the songbird said,
"Now I am free.
You can do whatever,
You want with me.
I've ruffled your feathers.
It's plain to see.
But you can't take away,
My right to be,
What I have to be.
A songbird who's true to his soul,
Whose soul is free."

The songbird said,
"Now I am free.
You can do whatever,
You want with me.
I'm not afraid,
For now I am free.
You can't take away,
My right to be,
What I have to be,
A songbird who's true to his soul,
Whose soul is free.
A songbird who's true to his soul,
Whose soul is free."

Now I am free.

Now I am free.

(Album, Big Blue Hurricane)

Drunkard's Walk

(2005-033)

So I walked upon the Drunkard's Walk,
And I held no sword in my hand.
So I walked upon the Drunkard's Walk,
And I held no sword in my hand.
So I walked upon the Drunkard's Walk,
And I held no sword in my hand.

So I dreamed upon the midnight sky,
And I held the stars in my hand.
So I dreamed upon the midnight sky,
And I held the stars in my hand.
So I dreamed upon the midnight sky,
And I held the stars in my hand.

So I burned a candle through the night,
And I held the darkness in my hand.
So I burned a candle through the night,
And I held the darkness in my hand.
So I walked upon the Drunkard's Walk,
And I held no sword in my hand.

So I dreamed upon the midnight sky,
And I held the stars in my hand.
So I burned a candle through the night,
And I held the darkness in my hand.

So it was I was a morning drunkard,
And I held the world in my hands.
So it was I was a morning drunkard,
And I held the world in my hands.
So it was I was a morning drunkard,
And I held the world in my hands.

So it was I slept in naked doorways,
And I held the rain in my hands.
So it was I slept in naked doorways,
And I held the rain in my hands.
So I walked upon the Drunkard's Walk,
And I held no sword in my hand.

So it was I was a morning drunkard,
And I held the world in my hands.
So it was I slept in naked doorways,
And I held the rain in my hands.
So I walked upon the Drunkard's Walk,
And I held no sword in my hand.

I held no sword in my hand.
I held the rain in my hands.
I held the world in my hands.
I held the darkness in my hand.
I held the stars in my hand.
I held no sword in my hand.

(Album, Big Blue Hurricane)

Light of Love

(2005-034)

The emperors build their empires,
And march across the land,
And strike down everyone in their way,
Who dares to take a stand.
But in the quiet of our hearts and souls,
And the quiet of our houses,
We dream ourselves a different dream,
From what the empire espouses.

The makers of the empire,
They want us to believe,
That bigger guns and bigger bombs,
Will somehow make us free.
That more consumption of everything,
Will somehow bring us joy,
And if you feel an emptiness,
Then fill it with a brand new toy.

But we know what freedom is.
We feel it in the gentleness.
In the quiet of the inner space,
Where the light of love, shines in every place.

We build some walls to keep people out,
Other walls to keep them in.
And around the walls we build guard towers,
With guards so gaunt and grim.
And if you cross the invisible line,
Without authorization,
The guards they might decide it's time,
For you to meet obliteration.

We don't like to talk about it,
But that's what our world's made of.
So we cover it with kisses,
And a kind of corporate logo love.
But we who dream a different dream,
Try to keep the candles burning,
And hope that one day we will find,
That all this time, we have been learning.

For we know what freedom is.
We feel it in the gentleness.
In the quiet of the inner space,
Where the light of love, shines in every place.
Light of love, light of love,
Light of love, shines in every place.

If the Divine Domain were in the sky,
The birds they would precede you.
If the Divine Domain were in the sea,
The fishes they would lead you.
But the Divine Domain is with us here,
Among you and within you.

In the song of Baker Woman God,
Pray let the world continue.

For we know what freedom is.
We feel it in the gentleness.
In the quiet of the inner space,
Where the light of love, shines in every place.
In the quiet of the inner space,
Where the light of love, shines in every place.
Light of love, light of love,
Light of love, shines in every place.
Shines in every place.

(Album, Big Blue Hurricane)

I Am the Joker

(2005-035)

I am the Joker. I am the Joker.

You built yourself a house of cards,
With kings and queens and tens as guards.
The sixes, sevens, eights and nines,
Are telling you everything is fine.

But I am the Joker. I am the Joker.

You never know when I will appear,
So your whole card game lives in fear.
Til in diamonds, harts or clubs or spades,
I appear for one more escapade.

I am the Joker. I am the Joker.

You get your ones and twos and threes,
To form death squads to put an end to me,
But just when you think that I am gone,
I re-appear and the fight goes on.

'Cause I am the Joker. I am the Joker.
I am, I am, I am the Joker.

There's one more card you have to play.
There's one more word you have to say.
You hear my name and you turn around,
And your house of cards comes tumbling down.

'Cause I am the Joker. I am the Joker.
I am, I am, I am the Joker.

I am the Joker. I am the Joker.
I am the Joker. I am the Joker.

(Album, Big Blue Hurricane)

One Eye Open

(2005-036)

One eye open,
One eye open,
When you sleep my friend,
Keep one eye open.
One eye open,
One eye open,
When you sleep my friend,
Keep one eye open.

One ear listening,
One ear listening,
When you dream my friend,
Keep one ear listening.
One ear listening,
One ear listening,
When you dream my friend,
Keep one ear listening.

One eye open,
One eye open,
When you sleep my friend,
Keep one eye open.
One eye open,
One eye open,
When you sleep my friend,
Keep one eye open.

One hand reaching,
One hand reaching,
When you rest my friend,
Keep one hand reaching.
One hand reaching,
One hand reaching,
When you rest my friend,
Keep one hand reaching.

One eye open,
One eye open,
When you sleep my friend,
Keep one eye open.
One eye open,
One eye open,
When you sleep my friend,
Keep one eye open.

One heart beating,
One heart beating,
Through your life my friend,
Keep one heart beating.
One heart beating,
One heart beating,
Through your life my friend,
Keep one heart beating.

One eye open,
One eye open,
When you sleep my friend,
Keep one eye open.
One eye open,
One eye open,
When you sleep my friend,
Keep one eye open.

One eye open,
One eye open,
When you sleep my friend,
Keep one eye open.
When you sleep my friend,
Keep one eye open.
When you sleep my friend,
Keep one eye open.
When you sleep my friend,
Keep one eye open.

(Album, Big Blue Hurricane)

Morning Train

(2005-037)

I feel like leaving,
Leavin' on the morning train.
I feel like leaving,
Leavin' on the morning train.
But somehow for some reason,
Somethin' calls me back again.

I feel like turning,
And waving goodbye once and for all.
I feel like turning,
And waving goodbye once and for all.
But deep inside there's a burning,
That keeps me here and grounded by your call.

I feel like moving,
And starting something new this time.
I feel like moving,
And starting something new this time.
But in my head there's a booming,
That tells me leaving is a crime.
That tells me leaving is a crime.
That tells me leaving is a crime.

I feel like leaving,
Leavin' on the morning train.
I feel like leaving,
Leavin' on the morning train.
But somehow for some reason,
Somethin' calls me back again.
Somethin' calls me back again.
Somethin' calls me back again.

I feel like leaving,
Leavin' on the morning train.
Leavin' on the morning train.
Leavin' on the morning train.

Leavin' on the morning train,
Leavin' on the morning train,
Leavin' on the morning train.

Leavin' on the morning train,
Leavin' on the morning train,
Leavin' on the morning train.

Leavin' on the morning train,
Leavin' on the morning train,
Leavin' on the morning train.

Leavin' on the morning train,
Leavin' on the morning train,
Leavin' on the morning train.

I feel like leaving,

Leavin' on the morning train.
Leavin' on the morning train,
Leavin' on the morning train,
Leavin' on the morning train.

Leavin' on the morning train,
Leavin' on the morning train,
I'm leavin on the morning train.

Leavin' on the morning train,
Leavin' on the morning train,
leavin' on the morning train.

*(Album, Big Blue Hurricane)

Those Who Walk

(2005-038)

Those who walk in the middle of the road,
Those who walk in the middle of the road,
Those who walk in the middle of the road,
Get hit by the cars of capitalism,
Get hit by the cars of capitalism.

Those who walk in the middle of the road,
Those who walk in the middle of the road,
Those who walk in the middle of the road,
Get hit by the cars of capitalism,
Get hit by the cars of capitalism.

Don't go walking in the middle of the road.
Don't go walking in the middle of the road.
Don't go walking in the middle of the road.
We've gotta keep the revolution alive.
Keep the revolution alive.

So gather together on the left shoulder,
Til we're strong enough to take over the road.
We'll block the road and we'll stop the cars,
Til capitalism shall be no more,
Til capitalism shall be no more.

Don't go walking in the middle of the road.
Don't go walking in the middle of the road.
Don't go walking in the middle of the road.
Let's keep the revolution alive.
We'll keep the revolution alive.

We'll gather together on the left shoulder,
Til we're strong enough to take over the road.
We'll block the road and we'll stop the cars,
Til capitalism shall be no more,
Til capitalism shall be no more.

We'll gather together on the left shoulder,
Til we're strong enough to take over the road.
We'll block the road and we'll stop the cars,
Til capitalism shall be no more,
Til capitalism shall be no more.

No more no more no more no more.
no more no more no more no more.
No more no more no more no more.
No more, no more, no more.

(Album, Amphibious landing)

Warp Factor Nine

(2005-039)

He was born in the year 1920,
In the city of Vancouver,
But he grew up,
Along lake Huron's shore.

And the 6th of June 1944,
Found him going ashore,
On the beaches of Normandy,
One among the thousands,
Fired upon by the cannons and guns,
Who lived to tell of it all.

But after the war he returned,
And went to acting school where he learned,
To be an actor,
And acted in many a scene.

But for most of us,
He will forever be remembered,
As the Scotsman,
Who was the chief engineer,
On the Starship Enterprise.
When space was the final frontier,
And the stars were bright in our eyes.

Captain she's doing warp factor nine.
Don't ask me how she's holding together.
The engine is out of control.
The engine is gonna blow,
At warp factor nine.
Warp factor nine.
Warp factor nine.

Oddly enough,
He'll be remembered the most,
Not for something he said,
But for what was said to him,
From the surface of many a world.
Scotty, Beam me up.
Scotty, Beam me up now.

In the year 2005,
On a muggy day in July,
My radio tells me,
That James Doohan has died,
At the age of eighty-five.

Now he's flying again through the universe,
Like a shooting star in the sky.
He's flying again through the universe,
Traveling warp factor nine.

He's flying again through the universe,
Alive again in our minds.

With anti-matter and time,
Traveling warp factor nine,
Warp factor nine,
Warp factor nine.

Alive again in our minds,
Like anti-matter and time,
At warp factor nine,
Warp factor nine,
Warp factor nine.

(Album, Amphibious Landing)

Raindrops and butterflies,
Rainbows and fig trees.
Raindrops and butterflies,
Rainbows and fig trees.

Children play around a pond,
Old ones sitting nearby.
Someone is planting a garden,
Seed by seed.
Putting hope in the ground, one more time.
Someone is having a dream.
Then they awaken,
And it all comes true.
Then they awaken,
And it all comes true.

Raindrops and butterflies,
Rainbows and fig trees.
Raindrops and butterflies,
Rainbows and fig trees.

There is a sailboat,
Out on the lake.
People call to the sailors, from the shore.
There is a rain cloud,
Not so far away.
But the rain is sweet and gentle,
And there is no thunder roar.
Everyone is happy, upon this day.
Everyone is happy, upon this day.

Raindrops and butterflies,
Rainbows and fig trees.
Raindrops and butterflies,
Rainbows and fig trees.

The river runs down,
To the sandy shore.
Where are the places,
Where we tossed pebbles in the pond.
Once we were children.
Now we are children no more.
Where are the ripples, that we spawned.
Where are the dreams,
That once stirred our minds.
But still there is silence,
Gentle stillness, peace and love.
Still there is silence,
Gentle stillness, peace and love.

Raindrops and butterflies,
Rainbows and fig trees.
Raindrops and butterflies,
Rainbows and fig trees.

Rainbows and fig trees,
Rainbows and fig trees.

(Album, Amphibious Landing)

Up My Nose

(2005-041)

Twenty years went up my nose,
Way up my nose.
Twenty years went up my nose,
Way up my nose.

Where did all my money go,
Way up my nose.
Where did all the dream time go,
Way up my nose.

Twenty years went up my nose,
Way up my nose.
Twenty years went up my nose,
Way up my nose.

O she was a lady.
She kept me company.
I bought everything,
My dealer he could free.

O she was a lady.
She kept me company.
I bought everything,
My dealer he could free.

Twenty years went up my nose,
Way up my nose.
Twenty years went up my nose,
Way up my nose.

Where did all the good times go,
Way up my nose.
Friends and lovers, I suppose,
Way up my nose.

Twenty years went up my nose,
Way up my nose.
Twenty years went up my nose,
Way up my nose.

O she was a lady.
She kept me company.
I bought everything,
My dealer he could free.

O she was a lady.
She kept me company.
I bought everything,
My dealer he could free.

Twenty years went up my nose,
Way up my nose.
Twenty years went up my nose,
Way up my nose.

Where did all my money go,
Way up my nose.
Where did all the dream time go,
Way up my nose.

Twenty years went up my nose,
Way up my nose.
Twenty years went up my nose,
Way up my nose.

And when I came back down again,
I was no more than the shadow of a pen.
When I came back down again,
I was no more than the shadow of a pen.

The shadow of a pen in the rain,
With only a taillight left of my brain.
The shadow of a pen in the rain,
With only a taillight left of my brain.

Twenty years went up my nose,
Way up my nose.
Twenty years went up my nose,
Way up my nose.

Twenty years went up my nose,
Way up my nose.
Twenty years went up my nose,
Way up my nose.

Twenty years went up my nose,
Way up my nose.
Twenty years went up my nose,
Way up my nose.

Twenty years went up my nose,
Way up my nose.
Twenty years went up my nose,
Way up my nose.

(Album, Amphibious Landing)

Song for David Dellinger

(2005-042)

There you were,
David Dellinger,
At the age of eighty-five,
Climbing into a van,
With people a quarter your age,
Going out to one last protest,
One more chance to say who you were,
Traveling up to Quebec City,
April 2001,
There to face the tear gas,
With everyone.

And what did the FBI have to say.
Did they say,
There goes old Dave Dellinger once again.
We better put another entry,
In our file on him,
Entry twenty-three thousand and ten.

But what were you thinking,
As you marched along.
What were you thinking,
As you marched along.

You began so long ago,
In a very different time,
Working step by step,
To try to get the world to change its mind.
Saying peace, when others said war,
Calling for justice,
When others were happy with oppression.

From Spain in 1938,
To the America of the McCarthy state,
From marching against the Vietnam War,
To tryna stop the death squads in El Salvador,
Saying no to Nixon, no to Reagan,
No to George Bush one and two,
Til the century had seen enough of you.

Now what were you thinking,
As you marched along.
What were you thinking,
As you marched along.

You remember 1968,
City of Chicago.
You were one of the Chicago Eight.
They put you on trial.
And in February 1970,
Your daughters were there in the courtroom,
When the cops came to drag you away.
And your daughters stood up in the courtroom,
And said, leave our dad alone.

And the cops lunged at your daughters,
And you broke free and said,
Leave my daughters alone.
And the story was told,
Of how the snarling reactionary oligarchy,
Had bared its teeth and dropped all civility,
Til everyone knew,
What many in America already knew,
That it was the blood of oppressed people,
That put the red in the red white and blue.

Now what were you thinking,
As you marched along.
What were you thinking,
As you marched along.

Now we lay you down to rest,
In 2004.
Once more the tanks of the Pentagon,
have rumbled off to war.
David Dellinger,
We lay you down to rest.
But we remember,
And we who fight,
For a just and peaceful world,
We do not surrender.

And what are we thinking,
As we march along.
What are we thinking,
As we march along.

David Dellinger,
We say so long.
It's people like you,
People like you who make us strong.
David Dellinger,
We say so long.
It's people like you,
People like you who make us strong.
It's people like you,
People like you who make us strong.

(Albums, Amphibious Landing, and, Ode to Resistance)

Midnight Wind

(2005-043)

A hippie found religion, and was told,
He wouldn't have to cut his beard.
A hippie found religion, and was told,
He wouldn't have to cut his beard.
Just live in communes, and resist the draft,
Like the early Christians did,
And maybe a new world will come to pass.
Maybe it will my friend.

Midnight wind, keep a rolling,
Darkness on the land.
Midnight wind, keep a rolling,
Rolling down, over the sand.

An organic farmer planted seeds,
And prayed that the rain would fall.
An organic farmer planted seeds,
And prayed that the rain would fall.
His daughter put her thumb in the air,
And caught herself a ride to town.
I danced with the daughter.
She took me to her room and told me,
She was all right now.

Midnight wind, keep a rolling,
Darkness on the land.
Midnight wind, keep a rolling,
Rolling down, over the sand.
Over the sand, over the sand.
Midnight wind.

Three Maoists found religion, and were told,
They wouldn't have to cut their beards.
Three Maoists found religion, and were told,
They wouldn't have to cut their beards.
They just set themselves up,
As fundamentalist Islamic Mullahs,
And continued their rant against the USA.
The religions and the isms change,
But extremists are all the same.

Midnight wind, keep a rolling,
Darkness on the land.
Midnight wind, keep a rolling,
Rolling down, over the sand.

Midnight wind, keep a rolling,
Darkness on the land.
Midnight wind, keep a rolling,
Rolling down, over the sand.
Over the sand, over the sand.
Midnight wind.
Midnight wind.
Midnight wind.

(Album, Amphibious landing)

Pick'em Up Knock'em All Down

(2005-044)

There are ghosts on my radar screen.
There are demons in the night.
There are beasts that growl at me,
And gremlins in my sight.

Gotta pick'em up knock'em all down down down.
Pick'em up knock'em all down.
Pick'em up knock'em all down down down.
Pick'em up knock'em all down.
Pick'em up knock'em all down down down.
Pick'em up knock'em all down.
Pick'em up knock'em all down down down.
Pick'em up knock'em all down.

And sometimes there are shadows,
Shadows of my fear.
And sometimes there are false lights,
Shining through the atmosphere.

Gotta pick'em up knock'em all down down down.
Pick'em up knock'em all down.
Pick'em up knock'em all down down down.
Pick'em up knock'em all down.
Pick'em up knock'em all down down down.
Pick'em up knock'em all down.
Pick'em up knock'em all down down down.
Pick'em up knock'em all down.

There's a smell of death inside my soul.
There's a smell of death in me.
It's a rotting corpse of everything,
That I thought I could be.

Gotta pick'em up knock'em all down down down.
Pick'em up knock'em all down.
Pick'em up knock'em all down down down.
Pick'em up knock'em all down.
Pick'em up knock'em all down down down.
Pick'em up knock'em all down.
Pick'em up knock'em all down down down.
Pick'em up knock'em all down.

There are ghosts on my radar screen.
There are demons in the night.
There are beasts that growl at me,
And gremlins in my sight.

Gotta pick'em up knock'em all down down down.
Pick'em up knock'em all down.
Pick'em up knock'em all down down down.
Pick'em up knock'em all down.
Pick'em up knock'em all down down down.
Pick'em up knock'em all down.
Pick'em up knock'em all down down down.

Pick'em up knock'em all down.

Gotta pick'em up knock'em all down down down.

Pick'em up knock'em all down.

Gotta pick'em up knock'em all down down down.

Pick'em up knock'em all down.

Gotta pick'em up knock'em all down down down.

Pick'em up knock'em all down.

Gotta pick'em up knock'em all down down down.

Pick'em up knock'em all down.

Knock'em all down.

Knock'em all down.

knock'em all down.

Gotta pick'em up knock'em all down.

(Album, Amphibious Landing)

Shake It to the Left

(2005-045)

Shake it to the left.
Shake it to the left.
Shake it to the left. Shake it.
Shake it to the left.
Take it easy but take it.
Shake it to the left. Yeah shake it.
Shake it to the left.
Shake it to the left.
Shake it to the left.

You try to tell me everything is fine,
But where I come from, we are losin' our minds.
Step by step, we are losing control,
To the power of the multinationals.

Shake it to the left.
Shake it to the left.
Shake it to the left. Shake it.
Shake it to the left.
Take it easy but take it.
Shake it to the left. Yeah shake it.
Shake it to the left.
Shake it to the left.
Shake it to the left.

You tell me everything's gonna be okay.
An economic miracle is not far away.
We've heard it before, and too many times.
I really think it's time that we draw the line.

And shake it to the left.
Shake it to the left.
Shake it to the left. Shake it.
Shake it to the left.
Take it easy but take it.
Shake it to the left. Yeah shake it.
Shake it to the left.
Shake it to the left.
Shake it to the left.

Now capitalism with a great big smile,
Will tell you that they're gonna go the extra mile.
But when you turn around,
And you see what they do,
You realize they don't give a damn about you.

So shake it to the left.
Shake it to the left.
Shake it to the left. Shake it.
Shake it to the left.
Take it easy but take it.
Shake it to the left. Yeah shake it.
Shake it to the left.
Shake it to the left.

Shake it to the left.
Shake it to the left.
Take it easy but take it.
Shake it to the left. Yeah shake it.
Shake it to the left.
Shake it to the left.
Shake it to the left.
Shake it to the left.

Shake it to the left.
Shake it to the left.
Shake it to the left.
Shake it to the left.
Shake it to the left.
Shake it to the left.

(Album, Amphibious Landing)

Corporations

(2005-046)

The weapons corporations make the weapons.
The forestry corporations cut the trees.
The biotech corporations do the patenting,
That engineers the planet of our genes.

The media corporations run the media,
That tells us what to think and what to dream.
The chemical corporations make the chemicals,
That fill the food we eat and air we breathe.

The agro corporations buy the farmland,
As one by one the family farms go down.
The oil corporations pump the oil,
That brings us climate chaos, flood and drought.

The fast food corporations sell us illness.
The health food corporations sell us health.
And Google Corporation gives us info,
That lets us google,
How the world's headed straight to Hell.
Lets us google,
How the world's headed straight to Hell.

But there aint no corporation,
Can make the wind blow,
And there aint no corporation,
Can stop the rain.
And there aint no corporation,
Can make the sun rise,
And there aint no corporation,
That can make us sane.
There aint no corporation,
That can make us sane.
There aint no corporation,
That can make us sane.
There aint no corporation,
That can make us sane.

(Album, Amphibious landing)

You Crazy Rebel

(2005-047)

When the going gets tough, the weird turn pro.
All I can say is, you should know.
When the going gets tough, the weird turn pro.
All I can say is, you should know.

Come on, you crazy rebel.
Come on, you crazy rebel.

Like you could tell humanity,
What it ought to know,
By diving without a parachute, on the edge,
Letting the big wind blow.

Like you could tell humanity,
What it ought to know,
By diving without a parachute, on the edge,
Letting the big wind blow.

You said, when I die, don't cry.
Have a big party,
And shoot my ashes out of a cannon.

You said, when I die, don't cry.
Have a big party,
And shoot my ashes out of a cannon.

You lived your life like a cannonball,
Roaring out across the dusty plain.
Til in 2005, you shot yourself,
Worn down by aches and pains.

When the going gets tough, the weird turn pro.
All I can say is, you should know.
When the going gets tough, the weird turn pro.
All I can say is, you should know.

Come on, you crazy rebel.
Come on, you crazy rebel.
Come on, you crazy rebel.
Come on, you crazy rebel.

(Album, Amphibious Landing)

Bird with Broken Wings (2005-048)

Like a bird, with broken wings,
Like a heart, with broken dreams,
Like an instrument, with broken strings,
All I can do, is to believe.

I'd like to fly, above the trees,
Over the valley, on the breeze.
I'd like to fly, and touch the moon,
And bring some moon song, back to you.

But like a bird, with broken wings,
I may never, fly again.
Like an instrument, with broken strings,
To try to play, may bring me pain.

And so I wander, in the rain,
Through the downtown, urban gray.
So I walk, the streets 'til dawn,
And hear the whisper, move on, move on.

But like a bird, with broken wings,
Like a heart, with broken dreams,
Like an instrument, with broken strings,
I only am, what I perceive.

Like a bird, with broken wings,
The dream of flying, may once more be.
And I may spread, my wings again,
And I may sing to you, from my tall tree.
I will spread, my wings again,
And I will sing to you, from my tall tree.

Like a bird, with mended wings,
I will take to flight, and soar so free.
Like a bird, with mended wings,
I will take to flight, and soar so free.
I will take to flight, and soar so free.
I will take to flight, and soar so free.

(Album, Amphibious Landing)

Anna Lee

(2005-049)

Anna Lee, Anna Lee,
You left without a trace one day,
In 1993.
I never met you, but one day I learned,
Just what kind of person you must be.
Anna Lee.

Some five years after,
We went through the boxes,
That you left behind.
And it occurred to me,
That you could have been,
A friend of mine.

It looked like you had lived through,
The same time as I.
There were, disco albums,
From the late 1970's.
There were, rock albums,
From the early 1980's.

There were textbooks on linguistics,
And psychology.
Books on how to teach,
Speech-impaired children how to speak.

There was, Paul Horn,
And there was, Nancy White.
It seemed like you had taken,
The same journey as I.

Anna Lee, Anna Lee,
You left without a trace one day,
In 1993.
I never met you, but one day I learned,
Just what kind of person you must be,
Anna Lee.
I never met you, but one day I learned,
Just what kind of person you must be,
Anna Lee.

I would have loved to have met you,
Anna Lee.
I would have loved to have known you,
Anna Lee.
I would have loved to have met you,
Anna Lee.
I would have loved to have known you,
Anna Lee.
Anna Lee.

(Album, Amphibious Landing)

This Time I Come as a Tiger

(2005-050)

Last time I came as a mountain,
And filled the world with rushing streams.
Next time I come as a dragonfly,
To teach you the meaning of your dreams.
Last time I came as a meteorite,
Flashed across the evening sky.
Next time I come as prince of the fishes,
Asking everyone to wonder why.

This time I come as a tiger.
This time I come as a tiger.
This time I come, as a tiger's eye.

Last time I came as a fisherman,
And played the old man by the sea.
Next time I come as a cello,
And you will place me in between your knees.
Last time I came as a robin song,
Mingled in the early morning air.
Next time I come as a Douglas-fir,
Quietly enduring, standing there.

This time I come as a tiger.
This time I come as a tiger.
This time I come, as a tiger's eye.

Last time I came as a mountain,
Covered with a covering of snow.
Next time I come as a dragonfly,
And you will call me beautiful.
And you will call me beautiful.
And you will call me beautiful.
And you will call me beautiful.

(Album, Amphibious Landing)

City of a Thousand Songs

(2005-051)

City of a thousand songs,
Is under water tonight.
City of a thousand songs,
Is under water tonight.

The rain was coming down,
And two levies were breached.
Now the power is out,
And there are bodies in the streets,
Armed gangs of thugs,
Attacking stores and hospitals,
Reminding us of the worst of what we are.

City of a thousand songs,
is under water tonight.
City of a thousand songs,
Is under water tonight.

The people don't wanna hear us,
When we say this is a taste of what's to come.
Call it climate chaos,
Global warming, what you will.
We're living in a whole new age.
Hurricanes, tornados, floods,
Extreme weather events,
Will be the norm,
But we still have time to change.

City of a thousand songs,
Is under water tonight.
City of a thousand songs,
is under water tonight.

And the president got his daddy,
To lead up a fund-raising effort,
Oblivious to the fact,
That it's his own damn policies,
That are bringing us,
Greater climate chaos every day.
Every day a little closer to the brink.

City of a thousand songs,
Is under water tonight.
City of a thousand songs,
is under water tonight.

When emergency becomes the norm,
When a sunny day is the exception to the storm,
Where will humanity go.
Where will they run.
Where will they hide,
In Gaia's blinding light.

City of a thousand songs,

is under water tonight.
City of a thousand songs,
is under water tonight.

When emergency becomes the norm,
When a sunny day is the exception to the storm,
Where will humanity go.
Where will they run.
Where will they hide,
In Gaia's blinding light.

City of a thousand songs,
Is under water tonight.
City of a thousand songs,
is under water tonight.
City of a thousand songs,
is under water tonight.
Under water tonight.
Under water tonight.
Under water tonight.

(Album, Amphibious landing)

Carry On My Friend Carry On

(2005-052)

Carry on my friend, carry on.
Carry on my friend, carry on.

The battle may be hard my friend.
The road it may be long.
Carry on my friend, carry on.

Alone we are weak my friend.
Together we are strong.
Carry on my friend, carry on.

The light of hope will shine my friend,
In the hearts of everyone.
Carry on my friend, carry on.

Justice will rise my friend,
With the rising of the sun.
Carry on my friend, carry on.

Chains of oppression will break my friend,
With the breaking of the dawn.
Carry on my friend, carry on.

So ring the freedom bells my friend,
And sing the freedom song.
Carry on my friend, carry on.

Love will conquer all my friend,
As night goes down to dawn.
Carry on my friend, carry on.

One day we'll look around my friend.
The shadows will be gone.
Carry on my friend, carry on.

It's then our hearts will rest my friend.
The battle will be won.
Carry on my friend, carry on.

Carry on my friend, carry on.
Carry on my friend, carry on.

Carry on, carry on.

(Amphibious landing)

The Rich Will Always have Lifeboats

(2005-053)

April 1912,
The Titanic it goes down.
Several hundred rich folk,
make their way to the lifeboats, and survive.
But for the passengers from steerage,
They're not so fortunate.
Most of them go down,
And are lost forever, 'neath the brine.

The rich will always have lifeboats.
They'll always have a way to get away.
The rich will always have lifeboats,
And somewhere else to go on a rainy day.
And somewhere else to go on a rainy day.

September 2005,
City of New Orleans,
Hurricane Katrina,
Covers everything with water.
The rich lock up their stores,
And make their way out of the city,
And leave the poor and blacks,
Fending for themselves.
And the rescue busses never seem to come.
And the food and water never seem to come.

The rich will always have lifeboats.
They'll always have a way to get away.
The rich will always have lifeboats,
And somewhere else to go on a rainy day.
And somewhere else to go on a rainy day.

But as climate destabilization,
Finally takes its toll,
And life on Planet Earth,
Becomes unlivable,
Will the rich live on in luxury,
In underground cities.
Will they build themselves the steel caves,
Of Isaac Asimov.
Will they board a great big lifeboat,
And slyly head for Mars.
Or will they have to face thermogeddon,
With everyone else.
Will they have to face thermogeddon,
With everyone else.

The rich will always have lifeboats.
They'll always have a way to get away.
The rich will always have lifeboats,
And somewhere else to go on a rainy day.
And somewhere else to go on a rainy day.

But one day there might not be a get away.

One day even the rich might have to stay.
One day there might not be a get away.
One day even the rich might have to pay.
One day there might not be a get away.
One day there might not be a get away.
No get away.
No get away.

(Album, Amphibious Landing)

New Jerusalem

(2005-054)

The New Jerusalem,
Is comin' down from the sky.
The New Jerusalem,
Is comin' down from the sky.

It's a sky without stars or moon or sun,
Where a new universal mind has begun.
That which was old is now made new,
Hope in the hearts of me and you.

The New Jerusalem,
Is comin' down from the sky.
The New Jerusalem,
Is comin' down from the sky.

There's a New Heaven and a New Earth.
A new reality is coming to birth.
The New Heaven is within me and you.
The New Earth is in everything we do.

The New Jerusalem,
Is comin' down from the sky.
The New Jerusalem,
Is comin' down from the sky.

The Roman Empires are bound to fall,
And give way to a mustard seed so small.
The mustard tree is where we make our home,
Far away from the shadows of a crumbling Rome.

The New Jerusalem,
Is comin' down from the sky.
The New Jerusalem,
Is comin' down from the sky.

It is the peace within you.
It is the love among you.
It is the peace within you.
It is the love among you.

Life, community, freedom, soul.
From east to west, the lightening makes us whole.
Life, community, freedom, soul.
From east to west, the lightening makes us whole.

The New Jerusalem,
Is comin' down from the sky.
The New Jerusalem,
Is comin' down from the sky.

We would build Jerusalem.
We would build Jerusalem.
We would build Jerusalem.

We are the dancers,
Amid the Sophia.
Under the moonlit sky,
At the heart of Gaia.
We are the dancers,
Amid the Sophia,
Under the moonlit sky,
At the heart of Gaia.

We are the dancers,
Amid the Sophia,
Under the moonlit sky,
At the heart of Gaia.
We are the dancers,
Amid the Sophia,
Under the moonlit sky,
At the heart of Gaia.

You are the New Jerusalem.
You are the New Jerusalem.
You are the New Jerusalem.

(Album, Amphibious Landing)

Amphibious Landing

(2005-055)

We are frogs around a pond.
There is sunlight all around.
We would spend an afternoon,
Swimming on the watered ground.
We would spend the morning time,
Dancing on the gentle land,
Hold the cosmos in our hands,
Climb the mountains made of sand.

Coming in for an amphibious landing.
Coming in for an amphibious landing.
Not quite here and not quite there,
Really not quite anywhere,
Coming in for an amphibious landing.

One foot in the parliament,
And one foot in the movement,
And one foot in the meditation chamber.
One mouth speaking mantras,
And one mouth speaking slogans,
And one great eardrum warning us of danger.

Coming in for an amphibious landing,
Coming in for an amphibious landing.
Not quite you and not quite me,
Not quite have and not quite be,
Coming in for an amphibious landing.

One head in the present,
And one head in the past and,
One head in an undetermined future.
One bright star is rising,
And another star is falling,
And another star says, I will be your teacher.

Coming in for an amphibious landing,
Coming in for an amphibious landing.
Not quite up and not quite down,
Not quite lost and not quite found,
Coming in for an amphibious landing.

We are frogs around a pond.
There is sunlight all around.
We would spend an afternoon,
Swimming on the watered ground.
We would spend the morning time,
Dancing on the gentle land,
Hold the cosmos in our hands,
Climb the mountains made of sand.

Coming in for an amphibious landing,
Coming in for an amphibious landing.
Coming in for an amphibious landing,
Coming in for an amphibious landing.

Coming in for an amphibious landing.

(Album, Amphibious Landing)

Stronger Than an Old Growth Tree

(2005-056)

Higher than a cloudless night,
Deeper than a waveless sea.
Further than an eagle's flight,
Stronger than an old growth tree.

You are the spirit that dwells,
Deep in the heart of all beings.
The voice in the wind now that calls,
And the candle flame of our dreaming.

Higher than a cloudless night,
Deeper than a waveless sea.
Further than an eagle's flight,
Stronger than an old growth tree.

You were there in the beginning.
You are here among us now.
You'll be with us until the ending.
You are the soil. You are the plough.

Higher than a cloudless night,
Deeper than a waveless sea.
Further than an eagle's flight,
Stronger than an old growth tree.

Higher than a cloudless night,
Deeper than a waveless sea.
Further than an eagle's flight,
Stronger than an old growth tree.
Stronger than an old growth tree.
Stronger than an old growth tree.
Stronger than an old growth tree.
Stronger than an old growth tree.

(Album, Amphibious Landing)

Either We Stand Together

(2005-057)

First they came for the Communists,
But I was not a Communist,
So I did nothing.

Then they came for the Socialists,
But I was not a Socialist,
So I did nothing.

Then they came for the trade unionists,
But I was not a trade unionist,
So I did nothing.

Then they came for the Jews,
But I was not a Jew,
So I did nothing,
And neither did you.

Then they came for me,
And should I have cried or laughed,
When there was no one anywhere,
To speak on my behalf.

Either we stand together,
Or we fall alone.
Either we stand together,
Or we fall alone.
Get your minds together.
Let us find our way home.
Either we stand together,
Or we fall alone.

First they came for the Muslims,
And held them without trial.
O well, I'm not a Muslim.
We said it with a smile.

First they came for the Muslims,
And held them without trial.
O well, I'm not a Muslim.
We said it with a smile.

Either we stand together,
Or we fall alone.
Either we stand together,
Or we fall alone.
Get your minds together.
Let us find our way home.
Either we stand together,
Or we fall alone.

Either we stand together,
Or we fall alone.
Either we stand together,
Or we fall alone.

Get your minds together.
Let us find our way home.
Either we stand together,
Or we fall alone.

Either we stand together,
Or we fall alone.
Either we stand together,
Or we fall alone.
Either we stand together,
Or we fall alone.

(Album, Amphibious Landing)

Red Leaves of Autumn

(2005-058)

Red leaves of autumn,
Red leaves of autumn,
Life is a circle.
In every ending there's beginning.
Red leaves of autumn,
Red leaves of autumn,
You think the game is over,
When it's the start of the first inning.

Today is September.
Tomorrow will be April.
Another day, another cosmos,
Time will be faithful.
Today is red Tuesday,
But get yourselves together.
Saturn comes on Saturday.
The peace will last forever.

Red leaves of autumn,
Red leaves of autumn,
Life is a circle.
In every ending there's beginning.
Red leaves of autumn,
Red leaves of autumn,
You think the game is over,
When it's the start of the first inning.

Dreams of the ancients,
They saw dancing serpents.
The serpent shed its skin and said,
Renewal shall be certain.
Dreams of the heretics,
The radicals and seers,
Keep these treasures in your heart,
Til the times have grown freer.

Red leaves of autumn,
Red leaves of autumn,
Life is a circle,
In every ending there's beginning.
Red leaves of autumn,
Red leaves of autumn,
You think the game is over,
When it's the start of the first inning.

Red leaves of autumn,
Red leaves of autumn,
Life is a circle,
In every ending there's beginning.
Red leaves of autumn,
Red leaves of autumn,
You think the game is over,
When it's the start of the first inning.

Red leaves of autumn,
Red leaves of autumn,
Red leaves of autumn,
Red leaves of autumn.

(Album, Amphibious landing)

Song of the Dragonfly

(2005-059)

Mystical blue,
Comes the form of a dragonfly.
Touch the side of the wind,
Come the wings of a dragonfly.

The summer is warm,
Says the voice of the dragonfly.
The summer is freedom,
Says the song of the dragonfly.

naked woman dancing,
To the drums of a dragonfly.
I heard the Goddess whisper,
The names of the dragonfly.

Red flame fire rising,
In the heart of the dragonfly.
Cool summer rain falling,
In the tears of the dragonfly.

I have seen the sun rise,
In the eyes of a dragonfly.
I have felt the moon fall,
In the belly of a dragonfly.

I have sailed the ocean,
With the courage of a dragonfly.
I've rested on the sandy shore,
In the sleep of a dragonfly.

I've seen a snowflake glisten,
On the tongue of a dragonfly.
I've felt a raindrop sparkle,
On the whisker of a dragonfly.

I've seen the whole holy cosmos,
With the mind of a dragonfly.
And settled back to Spaceship Earth,
In the waking of a dragonfly.

Mystical blue,
Comes the form of a dragonfly.
Touch the side of the wind,
Come the wings of a dragonfly.

The summer is warm,
Says the voice of the dragonfly.
The summer is freedom,
Says the song of the dragonfly.
Song of the dragonfly.
Song of the dragonfly.
Song of the dragonfly.

(Album, Dragonfly Sutra)

One, two, three, four.

You can't be neutral on a moving train.
You can't be neutral on a moving train.
You can't claim it's a sunny day,
When you're standing in the rain.
You can't be neutral on a moving train.
You can't be neutral on a moving train.
You can't be neutral on a moving train.

This train is headed down the track.
This train is headed down the track.
Places we have been,
Are never coming back.
This train is headed down the track.

You can't be neutral on a moving train.
You can't be neutral on a moving train.
You can't claim it's a sunny day,
When you're standing in the rain.
You can't be neutral on a moving train.
You can't be neutral on a moving train.
You can't be neutral on a moving train.

This train is headed for a precipice.
This train is headed for a precipice.
If we go over the edge,
There'll be nothing left of us.
This train is headed for a precipice.

You can't be neutral on a moving train.
You can't be neutral on a moving train.
You can't claim it's a sunny day,
When you're standing in the rain.
You can't be neutral on a moving train.
You can't be neutral on a moving train.
You can't be neutral on a moving train.
You can't be neutral on a moving train.

I saw a movie about Howard Zinn.
I saw a movie about Howard Zinn.
Rollin' over Buffalo Common,
And down toward Smokestone Inn.
I saw a movie about Howard Zinn.

he said,
You can't be neutral on a moving train.
You can't be neutral on a moving train.
You can't claim it's a sunny day,
When you're standing in the rain.
You can't be neutral on a moving train.
You can't be neutral on a moving train.
You can't be neutral on a moving train.
You can't be neutral on a moving train.

On a moving train,
On a moving train,
On a moving train.

You can't be neutral on a moving train.
You can't be neutral on a moving train.
You can't be neutral on a moving train.
You can't be neutral on a moving train.
You can't be neutral on a moving train.
You can't be neutral on a moving train.

(Album, Amphibious Landing)

Foggy Times

(2005-061)

Don't leave me, standing in the rain.
Don't leave me, standing in the rain.

Foggy people in a foggy time.
Foggy city with a foggy mind.
Foggy villagers in a foggy town.
Foggy utopias comin' down comin' down.

Don't leave me, standing in the rain.
Don't leave me, standing in the rain.

Foggy lightening, where did you go.
Foggy snowman from the foggy snow.
Foggy morning on foggy ice.
Foggy ideas, you better look twice.

Don't leave me, standing in the rain.
Don't leave me, standing in the rain.

Foggy rebellion from foggy days past.
Foggy memories give us all a blast.
Foggy travelers with foggy souls.
Foggy pathways finding our way home.

Don't leave me, standing in the rain.
Don't leave me, standing in the rain.

Foggy parking lot at a foggy inn.
Foggy vehicles say, is this where we begin.
Foggy ladies serving foggy wine.
Foggy taste and touch, suits me just fine.

Don't leave me, standing in the rain.
Don't leave me, standing in the rain.

Foggy avenue with foggy scenes.
Foggy dreamers dreaming foggy dreams.
Now the fog has lifted.
The bus has come and gone.
But everybody's saying,
Won't you play us one more song.

Don't leave me, standing in the rain.
Don't leave me, standing in the rain.

Foggy people in a foggy time.
Foggy city with a foggy mind.
Foggy villagers in a foggy town.
Foggy utopias comin' down comin' down.

Foggy people in a foggy time.
Foggy people in a foggy time.
Foggy people in a foggy time.
Foggy time.

Foggy time, foggy time, foggy time.
Foggy time, foggy time.

(Album, Dragonfly Sutra)

Always on Fire

(2005-062)

Our visions are always on fire.
Our visions are always on fire.

From the Makhnovist revolt,
On the Steppes of the Ukraine,
To the anarchosyndicalists,
Of revolutionary Spain,
The people stand up,
Ten thousand strong,
And herald the coming,
Of a brighter dawn.
And the tanks roll down,
And the flame-throwers throw their flames,
Saying there can be no escape,
From this world of power games.

Our visions are always on fire.
Our visions are always on fire.

From the Paris Commune,
Of 1871,
To Caracas Venezuela,
2005,
The people dare to dream,
An alternative has begun,
And the oppressor tries to shoot down,
Anything that dares to fly.

Our visions are always on fire.
Our visions are always on fire.

Will there ever be a day,
When the cross fires are silent.
Will there ever be a day,
When the revolution,
is allowed to live in peace.

Will there ever be a day,
When the cross fires are silent.
Will there ever be a day,
When the revolution,
Is allowed to live in peace.

Our visions are always on fire.
Our visions are always on fire.

Our visions are always on fire.
Our visions are always on fire.

And the liberals join the fascists,
In their choir.
Our visions are always on fire.

And the social democrats,

Join the capitalists,
In their one desire.
Our visions are always on fire.

Our visions are always on fire.
Our visions are always on fire.

(Album, Dragonfly Sutra)

Here Comes Saturn

(2005-063)

Here comes Saturn.
Saturn's returning.
And all the people,
Of the earth are yearning.

Here comes Saturn.
Saturn's returning.
And all the people,
Of the earth are yearning.

Let there be justice.
Let there be freedom.
Let there be love and peace,
In the depths of our being.

Let there be justice.
Let there be freedom.
Let there be love and peace,
In the depths of our being.

Here comes Saturn.
Saturn's returning.
And all the people,
Of the earth are yearning.

Here comes Saturn.
Saturn's returning.
And all the people,
Of the earth are yearning.

Let there be equity,
All around the planet.
As the love of Saturnus,
Has gently commanded.

Let there be equity,
All around the planet.
As the love of Saturnus,
Has gently commanded.

Here comes Saturn.
Saturn's returning.
And all the people,
Of the earth are yearning.

Here comes Saturn.
Saturn's returning.
And all the people,
Of the earth are yearning.

Here comes Saturn.
Saturn's returning.
And all the people,
Of the earth are yearning.

And all the people,
Of the earth are yearning.
And all the people,
Of the earth are yearning.

(Album, Dragonfly Sutra)

You've Gotta Take a Stand

(2005-064)

They're sitting on their fences,
In all of their backyards.
I wonder what they're waiting for.
They're waiting for the stars.
They're waiting for a sign,
To call them from on high,
But one day it will be too late,
And then they'll wonder why.

You've gotta take a stand.
You've gotta take a stand.
Everybody everywhere,
All across the land.
You've gotta take a stand.
You've gotta take a stand.
Raise your voice while you can speak,
And stand up while you can.

The hurricanes of climate change,
Confront us shore to shore.
Meanwhile the multinationals,
Oppress the people more.
The genetic engineers,
They are knocking at the door.
While the arms manufacturers,
They lead us off to war.
And the nuclear industry,
is bolder than before.
They wanna power the tar sands,
With uranium ore.

You've gotta take a stand.
you've gotta take a stand.
Everybody everywhere,
All across the land.
You've gotta take a stand.
You've gotta take a stand.
Raise your voice while you can speak,
And stand up while you can.

The clear-cutters cut the trees.
The trees are going down.
While Certified Organic's,
Being trampled on the ground.
The homeless fill the shelters.
The rich folk run the town.
And prisons are an industry,
To keep things turning 'round.
And the war on terrorism,
With rhetoric so profound,
Is a war on human freedoms.
One by one they're going down.

You've gotta take a stand.

You've gotta take a stand.
Everybody everywhere,
All across the land.
You've gotta take a stand.
You've gotta take a stand.
Raise your voice while you can speak,
And stand up while you can.

Once there was a dream,
Of a world that had to be.
All things were shared in common.
All human souls were free.
With all the world united,
In a spirit unity,
Yet every bioregion,
Had its own diversity.
That world that we were working for,
It seems so far away.
But if we put our hearts together,
We will see that day.

You've gotta take a stand.
You've gotta take a stand.
Everybody everywhere,
All across the land.
You've gotta take a stand.
You've gotta take a stand.
Raise your voice while you can speak,
And stand up while you can.

You've gotta take a stand.
You've gotta take a stand.
Everybody everywhere,
Walking hand in hand.
You've gotta take a stand.
You've gotta take a stand.
Raise your voice while you can speak,
And stand up while you can.

You've gotta take a stand.
You've gotta take a stand.
Everybody everywhere,
All across the land.
You've gotta take a stand.
You've gotta take a stand.
Raise your voice while you can speak,
And stand up while you can.
Raise your voice while you can speak,
And stand up while you can.
Raise your voice while you can speak,
And stand up while you can.

You've gotta take a stand.
You've gotta take a stand.
You've gotta take a stand.

(Album, Dragonfly Sutra)

One Note at a Time

(2005-065)

Piano in the moonlight,
Ghost of the minstrel plays,
One note at a time.
Piano in the moonlight,
Ghost of the minstrel plays,
One note at a time.

Goethe called him up to say,
Let's go for a holiday.
But a book of Goethe's words were found,
Beside her where she lay.

Piano in the moonlight,
Ghost of the minstrel plays,
One note at a time.
Piano in the moonlight,
Ghost of the minstrel plays,
One note at a time.

Goethe called him up to say,
Let's go for a holiday.
But a book of Goethe's words were found,
Beside her where she lay.

I've no reason to believe,
That this was, anything other than a,
Dual assassination.
I've no reason to believe,
That this was, anything other than a,
Dual assassination.

If you wanna know who it might have been,
Ask the Central Intelligence Agency.
If you wanna know who it might have been,
Ask the Central Intelligence Agency.

Piano in the moonlight,
Ghost of the minstrel plays,
One note at a time.

Long ago we swore,
We would change things,
One note at a time.
And here's to all the assassinated ones,
Who tried to change things,
One note at a time.

Here's to all the assassinated ones,
Who tried to change things,
One note at a time.
One note at a time.

(Album, Dragonfly Sutra)

Gaia is Angry

(2005-066)

Hurricanes of angry Gaia,
Comin' down from the sky.
Flooding us out, blowing us away,
Humanity this is your judgment day.
Gaia is angry.
Gaia is angry.

Earthquakes of angry Gaia,
Shaking us up from below.
One by one the buildings fall.
Humanity this is your judgment call.
Gaia is angry.
Gaia is angry.

People run from angry Gaia,
Not knowing where to go.
In wind and rain and earthquake zones,
Where is shelter. Where is home.
Gaia is angry.
Gaia is angry.

People run from angry Gaia.
There can be no getaway.
Thailand to Yucatan,
New Orleans to Pakistan.
Gaia is angry.
Gaia is angry.

Pray for mercy from angry Gaia.
She is coming for us all.
No more shelter, no more home,
Only wind and weathered bones.
Gaia is angry.
Gaia is angry.
Gaia is angry.
Gaia is angry.

Gaia is coming for you.
Gaia is angry.
And there is nothing you can do.
Gaia is angry.
Gaia is coming for you.
Gaia is angry.
And there is nothing you can do.
Gaia is angry.
Gaia is angry.
Gaia is angry.
Gaia is angry.

Gaia is angry.
Gaia is angry.
Gaia is angry.

(Album, Dragonfly Sutra)

Darkness at Noon

(2005-067)

This is darkness. This is darkness.
This is darkness at noon.
This is darkness. This is darkness.
This is darkness at noon.

The one who called himself,
A revolutionist,
Is now the face of the reaction.
The one who called us all,
To try to change the world,
Is now the prophet of inaction.

The contradictions fly.
They're all around you now.
But only you can make the choices.
Will the structures be freer or,
Will they just use you,
If you give them your true voices.

This is darkness. This is darkness.
This is darkness at noon.
This is darkness. This is darkness.
This is darkness at noon.

There is nowhere to go,
No place on Earth to hide,
From this bombastic contradiction.
Where lies are told as truth,
And truth dismissed as lies,
Where fiction is fact and fact is fiction.

And so we struggle on,
Through battles lost and won.
Some grow tired and some surrender.
Some people walk away,
And say I did my best,
Maybe my name will be remembered.

This is darkness. This is darkness.
This is darkness at noon.
This is darkness. This is darkness.
This is darkness at noon.

This is darkness at noon.
This is darkness at noon.
This is darkness at noon.

(Album, Dragonfly Sutra)

The Master's Tools

(2005-068)

The master's tools,
Will never dismantle,
The master's house.
The dinosaur,
Will never surrender,
To the mouse.
Capitalism,
Will never voluntarily,
Shut itself down.
The master's tools,
Will never dismantle,
The master's house.

Radical water,
Can never be drawn from,
Conservative wells.
Missiles and tanks,
Have no motivation,
For disarming themselves.
Children of Heaven,
Will never be spawned by,
The creatures of Hell.
Radical water,
Will never be drawn from,
Conservative wells.

If you wanna change the world,
You're gonna have to make,
A road map of your own.
If you wanna change the world,
You're gonna have to go,
Where no one else has gone.

The master's tools won't do it.
The master's tools won't do it.
The master's tools won't do it.

The master's tools,
Will never dismantle,
The master's house.
The dinosaur,
Will never surrender,
To the mouse.
Capitalism,
Will never voluntarily,
Shut itself down.
The master's tools,
Will never dismantle,
The master's house.

The master's tools won't do it.
The master's tools won't do it.
The master's tools won't do it.

(Albums, Dragonfly Sutra, and, Ode to Resistance)

The Castle

(2005-069)

I awoke,
And it was freezing cold,
In the castle.

Should I turn over,
And go back to sleep,
In the castle.

Today's the day,
I'll be going away,
And leaving my imaginary,
Friends to play,
In the castle.
In the castle.

I went to sleep,
And I dreamed of snow,
In the castle.

It was summer time,
But there were three feet of snow,
In the castle.

The snow was falling,
In every room,
Leaving no space,
For the flowers to bloom,
In the castle.
In the castle.

Then I awoke,
And morning had come,
To the castle.

And I arose,
To the smell of coffee,
In the castle.

Some minstrels played me,
Some rock 'n' roll,
And some poet dreamers came,
To feed my soul,
In the castle.
In the castle.

Sometimes I feel,
Like the selfish giant,
In Oscar's tale,
Who lived alone,
In his castle.

But if I had the power,
I would open the door,
To Kafka's friend,

And I would let him in,
To the castle.
To the castle.
To the castle.

(Album, Dragonfly Sutra)

Train to Utopia

(2005-070)

There aint no train to Utopia.
There aint no train to Utopia.
There aint no train to Utopia.
Utopia is nowhere.
Utopia is nowhere.

Utopia is not an island.
Utopia is a river.
Utopia is not an island.
Utopia is a river.

It's a swift flowing river,
Rolling on, rolling on.
Into the ocean of our dreams.
Into the gentle light of eternity.

Utopia is nowhere.
Utopia is nowhere.

Utopia, if you try to build it,
Is a glass house,
And there will always be those,
Wanting to throw the first stone.

Utopia, if you try to build it,
Is a castle of sand,
And the sand will tumble down,
To the winds and waves of time.

Utopia is nowhere.
Utopia is nowhere.

There aint no train to Utopia.
There aint no train to Utopia.
There aint no train to Utopia.
Utopia is nowhere.
Utopia is nowhere.

Gotta take a sailboat.
Gotta take a spaceship.
Gotta take an airplane.
Fly into a thunder storm.
Utopia will keep you warm.
Fly into a thunder storm.
Utopia will keep you warm.

Light of a thousand nowheres.
Song of a thousand somewheres.
Dance of a thousand winters.
Dream of a thousand summers.

Utopia is nowhere.
Utopia is nowhere.

There aint no train to Utopia.
There aint no train to Utopia.
There aint no train to Utopia.
There aint no train to Utopia.

(Album, Dragonfly Sutra)

An Angel Came for Breakfast

(2005-071)

An angel came for breakfast.
She was dressed in white.
She didn't have a halo.
She said she lost her halo,
Somewhere in the night.

An angel came for breakfast.
She was dressed in green.
She said she'd like to dance with me,
And join me in my fight,
For freedom from the machine.
And join me in my fight,
For freedom from the machine.

An angel came for breakfast.
She was dressed in blue.
She said she'd like to join with me,
And together we could make,
This old world new.

So we danced and we danced,
And made love among the stars.
We held hands as we traveled,
Among the galaxies.

We danced and we danced,
And made love among the stars.
We held hands as we traveled,
Among the galaxies.

An angel came for breakfast.
She had nothing on at all.
She said her love would redeem me,
And catch my spirit when I fall.
She said her love would redeem me,
And catch my spirit when I fall.

An angel came for breakfast.
An angel came for breakfast.
An angel came for breakfast.

(Album, Dragonfly Sutra)

Walk Gently on the Earth

(2005-072)

Walk gently on the earth.
Walk gently on the earth.
Walk gently on the earth.
Walk gently on the earth.

Dream of a just and peaceful world.
Dream of a just and peaceful world.
Dream of a just and peaceful world.
Dream of a just and peaceful world.

Walk gently on the earth.
Walk gently on the earth.
Walk gently on the earth.
Walk gently on the earth.

Be the change you wish to bring into being.
Be the change you wish to bring into being.
Be the change you wish to bring into being.
Be the change you wish to bring into being.

Walk gently on the earth.
Walk gently on the earth.
Walk gently on the earth.
Walk gently on the earth.

The candle is lit in the hearts of everyone.
The candle is lit in the hearts of everyone.
The candle is lit in the hearts of everyone.
The candle is lit in the hearts of everyone.

Walk gently on the earth.
Walk gently on the earth.
Walk gently on the earth.
Walk gently on the earth.

Everybody has a little piece of the all.
Everybody has a little piece of the all.
Everybody has a little piece of the all.
Everybody has a little piece of the all.

Walk gently on the earth.
Walk gently on the earth.
Walk gently on the earth.
Walk gently on the earth.

Peaceful spirit gonna set us free.
Peaceful spirit gonna set us free.
Peaceful spirit gonna set us free.
Peaceful spirit gonna set us free.

Walk gently on the earth.
Walk gently on the earth.
Walk gently on the earth.
Walk gently on the earth.

Let us be children of the light within.
Let us be children of the light within.
Let us be children of the light within.
Let us be children of the light within.

Walk gently on the earth.
Walk gently on the earth.
Walk gently on the earth.
Walk gently on the earth.

Walk gently on the earth.
Walk gently on the earth.
Walk gently on the earth.
Walk gently on the earth.

Walk gently on the earth.
Walk gently on the earth.
Walk gently on the earth.
Walk gently on the earth.

Walk gently on the earth.
Walk gently on the earth.
Walk gently on the earth.

(Album, Dragonfly Sutra)

Of Human Souls

(2005-073)

William Morris was a dreamer,
Who knew the daughter of Karl Marx.
William Morris was a dreamer,
Who knew the daughter of Karl Marx.
When he dreamed he turned the world into,
One big peaceful park.

Jack London was an adventurer,
Who liked to write about the wild.
Jack London was an adventurer,
Who liked to write about the wild.
When he wasn't going wild in the Yukon,
He was a socialist child.

John Reed went to Moscow.
He thought the Bolsheviks were where it's at.
John Reed went to Moscow.
He thought the Bolsheviks were where it's at.
But he died in a delirium,
And he kept repeating he was caught in a trap.

George Orwell was a wanderer,
Who once marched with Andres Nin,
George Orwell was a wanderer,
Who once marched with Andres Nin,
But before he died he became Big Brother,
And he turned a hundred suspected,
Communist sympathizers in.

George Woodcock was a pacifist anarchist,
Who said the centre cannot hold.
George Woodcock was a pacifist anarchist,
Who said the centre could not hold.
You can burn down society,
But someone's gonna have to start building,
From that burned out hole.
Someone's gonna have to start building,
From that burned out hole.
'Cause the centre cannot hold.
The centre cannot hold.
The centre cannot hold.

(Album, Dragonfly Sutra)

Winter Moon (2005-074)

Winter moon, winter moon,
You are rising in the night.
Winter moon, winter moon,
You flood the snow-capped,
Countryside with light.

Winter moon, winter moon,
You fill the atmosphere,
And our hearts with song.
Winter moon, winter moon,
You give us all the strength,
To carry on.

Winter moon, winter moon,
Ten thousand wolves,
Raise their heads and call.
Winter moon, winter moon,
You send an ambiance of love,
Across the all.

Winter moon, winter moon,
We adore you, winter moon.
Winter moon, winter moon,
We embrace you, winter moon.

Winter moon, winter moon, winter moon.

(Album, Dragonfly Sutra)

The Candle

(2005-075)

Once there was a mean old,
Feudal landowner,
Who worked his peasants as hard,
As anyone could.
And the landowner sent his spy,
To see the peasants,
To see if they complained,
As he knew they would.

And the landowner's spy,
Found many a peasant complaining,
Unhappy and dissatisfied with their lot.
But one peasant whose lot,
Was truly hardest,
Was found working joyfully,
With a candle on his plough,
And praising God.

And the landowner said,
That peasant he has done me in,
For his lot is truly hard,
But he's working joyfully,
During Holy Week,
Without a bitter or angry word for me.

And in the landowner's heart,
Something crumbled inside,
And the landowner,
He took sick and died.

And the candle burns,
Amid hardship and repression.
And the candle burns,
And outlives the oppressor.
And the candle burns.
And the candle burns.
And the candle burns.

And the candle burns,
Gentle light of expression.
And the candle burns,
And outlives the oppressor.
And the candle burns.
And the candle burns.
And the candle burns.

Now you might say,
That this is just a story,
Constructed in Leo Tolstoy's mind.
But all around the world,
We are working peacefully,
To build a brighter day for humankind.

And the candle,

Outlives every tyrant,
In their time.

And the candle burns,
Amid hardship and repression.
And the candle burns,
And outlives the oppressor.
And the candle burns.
And the candle burns.
And the candle burns.

And the candle burns,
Gentle light of expression.
And the candle burns,
And outlives the oppressor.
And the candle burns.
And the candle burns.
And the candle burns.

And the candle burns.
And the candle burns.
And the candle burns.
And the candle burns.
And the candle burns.
And the candle burns.
And the candle burns.
And the candle burns.

(Album, Dragonfly Sutra)

Meister Eckhart's Daughter

(2005-076)

A woman came to the monastery door.
They asked her who she was, and she said,
I am she who the universe, will adore.

She said the moon is my mother.
The sky is my lover.
The forest is my father.
The rivers are my brothers.

She was, Meister Eckhart's daughter.
She was, Meister Eckhart's daughter.
When she danced, she flowed,
As sweetly as the water.
She was, Meister Eckhart's daughter.

She said between the forest and the sky,
I will dance til the morning time is nigh.
Between the forest and the sky,
I will dance til the morning time is nigh.

The dawn is my sister.
The sunset is my brother.
The lakes are my lovers.
The earth is my mother.

She was, Meister Eckhart's daughter.
She was, Meister Eckhart's daughter.
When she danced, she flowed,
As sweetly as the water.
She was, Meister Eckhart's daughter.

She said, I am freedom.
She said, I am love.
She said, I am dreaming.
She said, I am the eye of the dove.

She was, Meister Eckhart's daughter.
She was, Meister Eckhart's daughter.
When she danced, she flowed,
As sweetly as the water.
She was, Meister Eckhart's daughter.
Meister Eckhart's daughter.
Meister Eckhart's daughter.
She was, Meister Eckhart's daughter.
Meister Eckhart's daughter.

(Album, Dragonfly Sutra)

December Morning

(2005-077)

Save it for a new December.
Save it for a new December.
December morning.

When I was a child,
December was Christmas,
Santa Claws and candy canes,
And joyful presents.
Everything was exciting.

Then I grew older,
And I realized,
There's more to this world,
Than meets the eye.
A lot of things happened in December.
A lot of things happened in December.
December morning.

First of December, 1955,
Rosa Parks refused,
To give up her seat.

Second of December, 1980,
Four American church women,
Were murdered in el Salvador.

Fourth of December, 1969,
Fred Hampton went to sleep,
Never more to see the light of day.

Sixth of December, 1989,
Fourteen female students were gunned down,
By a misogynist in Montreal.

Sixth of December, 2002,
Phillip Berrigan dies peacefully,
After having lived his life for peace.

Eighth of December, 1980,
John Lennon was shot to death,
In front of the Dakota.

Tenth of December, 1948,
The U.N. General Assembly,
Adopts the Universal,
Declaration of Human Rights,
As if to say, maybe there's still hope,
That we can see a brighter day.
Maybe there's still hope that we,
Can see a brighter day.

A lot of things happened in December.
A lot of things happened in December.
December morning.

The Decemberists rose, in 1825,
They were brutally crushed,
But they were remembered,
Down through the generations.

Pushkin and Tolstoy, and how many more,
Wrote about the Decemberists.
But I think the world's still waiting,
For that day of liberation.
I think the world's still waiting,
For that time of emancipation,
The Decemberists were fighting for,
All those years ago.

Save it for a new December.
Save it for a new December.
December morning.

Save it for a new December.
Save it for a new December.
December morning.
December morning.
December morning.

(Album, Dragonfly Sutra)

Dark Wind

(2005-078)

I heard my name called,
On a dark wind.
I fly to the sun,
On a pair of red wings.
My mind dreams a dream,
In deep crimson.
May the wind break us free,
From the prison.

High high above,
The stars are waiting.
Waiting for our minds,
Contemplating.
We will build a rocket ship,
Of being.
And orbit all around the stars,
In freedom.

I heard my name called,
On a dark wind.
I fly to the sun,
On a pair of red wings.
My mind dreams a dream,
In deep crimson.
May the wind break us free,
From the prison.

High high above,
The stars are waiting.
Waiting for our minds,
Contemplating.
We will build a rocket ship,
Of being.
And orbit all around the stars,
In freedom.

I heard my name called,
On a dark wind.
I heard my name called,
On a dark wind.
On a dark wind.
on a dark wind.

(Album, Dragonfly Sutra)

We Are Sojourners

(2005-079)

We are sojourners, on a restless wind.
We are riders, through a dreaming land.
We are children, of the morning star.
We are pilgrims, to the golden flower.

We are journeyers, on a beam of light.
We are imaginers, on a windy night.
We are gardeners, of a fertile soil.
We are nurturers, of a seed so royal.

We are sojourners, in this galaxy.
We are here to learn, better ways to be.
We are envisioners, 'tween the work and toil.
It is to the earth, that we shall be loyal.
It is to the earth, that we shall be loyal.

We are sojourners, on a restless wind.
We are riders, through this dreaming land.
We are children, of the morning star.
We are pilgrims, to the golden flower.

We are journeyers, on a beam of light.
We are imaginers, on a windy night.
We are gardeners, of a fertile soil.
We are nurturers, of a seed so royal.

We are sojourners, in this galaxy.
We are here to learn, better ways to be.
We are envisioners, 'tween the work and toil.
It is to the earth, that we shall be loyal.
it is to the earth, that we shall be loyal.

We are sojourners, on a restless wind.
We are sojourners, on a restless wind.
We are sojourners.

(Album, Sojourners)

Wherever people, live in peace,
I am there.
Wherever people, work for justice,
I am there.
Wherever people, love the earth,
I am there.

Let the light at the heart of the universe,
Be the light that shines in your soul.
Let the light at the heart of the universe,
Be the light that shines in your soul.

When the world is waiting, for the dawn to come,
I am there.
When the dawn has broken, and the night is gone,
I am there.
When the hearts of the people, beat as one,
I am there.

Let the light at the heart of the universe,
Be the light that shines in your soul.
Let the light at the heart of the universe,
Be the light that shines in your soul.

Wherever people, live in peace,
I am there.
Wherever people, work for justice,
I am there.
Wherever people, love the earth,
I am there.

Let the light at the heart of the universe,
Be the light that shines in your soul.
Let the light at the heart of the universe,
Be the light that shines in your soul.

Where two or three, gather in my name,
I am there.
I give to you, a new command,
I am there.
Love one another, as I have loved you.
I am there.

Let the light at the heart of the universe,
Be the light that shines in your soul.
Let the light at the heart of the universe,
Be the light that shines in your soul.
Be the light that shines in your soul.
Be the light that shines in your soul.
Be the light that shines in your soul.

(Albums, Sojourners, and, Ode to Resistance)

I Will Raise an Army

(2005-081)

I will raise, I will raise an army,
Of non, of non-violent warriors.
We will fight, we will fight for a just world,
With the sun, with the sun on our shoulders.

There's no joy, there's no joy in surrender.
There's no peace, there's no peace in inaction.
Let us stand, let us stand strong together,
For the world, for the world we imagine.

Let truth, let truth be our sabre.
Let purity, of heart be our shield.
Let agape, be our bow and our arrow.
Let there be a million, women and men in the field.

For the battle, is in the world within you.
And the battle, is in the world all around.
For the fight, remain peaceful and centred.
Keep your feet, planted on solid ground.

I will raise, I will raise an army.
We'll be warriors, for justice and peace.
We'll be a legion, of Satyagrahi,
With our ensign, Peace by Peaceful Means.

I will raise, I will raise an army,
All around, all around the world.
We'll be millions, of Satyagrahi,
Letting our love, and our soul force unfurl.
Letting our love, and our soul force unfurl.

I will raise, I will raise an army.
I will raise an army.
I will raise an army.

(Album, Sojourners)

The Activists Came Flying In

(2005-082)

The activists came flying in,
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day.
The activists came flying in,
On Christmas Day in the morning.

Flying in to Bethlehem,
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day.
Flying in to Bethlehem,
On Christmas Day in the morning.

There to celebrate hope and peace,
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day.
There to celebrate hope and peace,
For a new and brighter morning.

At a conference on nonviolence,
'Tween Christmas Day and New Year's Day.
At a conference on nonviolence,
For a new and brighter morning.

But at Ben Gurion Airport they,
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day.
At Ben Gurion Airport they,
Were detained without a warning.

The government of Israel,
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day.
The government of Israel,
Detained them in the morning.

They thought they were a threat so they,
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day.
They thought they were a threat so they,
Detained them without warning.

But why is peace so threatening,
On Christmas Day, or any day.
Why is peace so threatening,
That they detained them in the morning.

A little peace might set us free,
On Christmas Day, or any day.
A little peace might set us free,
To build a peaceful morning.

But peace will never be detained,
On Christmas Day, or any day.
Peace will never be detained.
We'll build that peaceful morning.

And the Palestinian people will see,
On Christmas Day, and every day.
The Palestinian people will see,
A new and brighter morning.

And all the people on Earth will see,
On Christmas Day, and every day.
All the people on Earth will see,
A new and brighter morning.

And peace and freedom will reign supreme,
On Christmas Day, and every day.
Peace and freedom will reign supreme.
We'll build that peaceful morning.

Peace and freedom will reign supreme,
On Christmas Day, and every day.
Peace and freedom will reign supreme.
We'll build that peaceful morning.

(Album, Sojourners)

Which World Are You On (2005 lyrics)

(2005-083)

You say uranium mining
Is the best thing there can be.
It will give everyone of us jobs
And bring prosperity.

Which world are you on.
Which world are you on.
Which world are you on, now.
Which world are you on.

You tell me nuclear energy
Is safe and cheep and clean.
It will make the trees grow taller
And the grass get much more green.

Which world are you on.
Which world are you on.
Which world are you on, now.
Which world are you on.

You tell me nuclear power plants
Have nothin' to do with bombs,
But bombs are good for us anyway,
When you weigh the pros and cons.

Which world are you on.
Which world are you on.
Which world are you on, now.
Which world are you on.

You say we've nothin' to fear
From a nuclear waste dump.
It's scientific progress
And its time to make the jump.

Which world are you on.
Which world are you on.
Which world are you on, now.
Which world are you on.

You say the nuclear industry
Is really a friend of ours,
That you're a nuclear physicist
And you believe in flowers! Flowers!

Which world are you on.
Which world are you on.
Which world are you on, now.
Which world are you on.

You say nuclear will save us
From a global climate hell.
Have you never heard of windmills
Or photo-voltaic cells?

Which world are you on.
Which world are you on.
Which world are you on, now.
Which world are you on.

I used to be pro-nuclear,
But that was years ago.
Now I'm older and I'm marching
Giving you the final blow.

Which world are you on.
Which world are you on.
Which world are you on, now.
Which world are you on.

I used to be pro-nuclear,
But that was years ago.
Now I'm older and I'm marching
Giving you the final blow.

Which world are you on.
Which world are you on.
Which world are you on, now.
Which world are you on.

Which world are you on.
Which world are you on.
Which world are you on.
Which world are you on.
Which world are you on.
Which world are you on.
Which world are you on.
Which world are you on.
Which world are you on, now.
Which world are you on.

(Album, Nukestopper)

Blowin' Down That Yellowcake Road (2005 Lyrics)

(2005-084)

I'm blowin' down that yellowcake road.
I'm blowin' down that yellowcake road.
I'm blowin' down that yellowcake road, lord, lord,
And I aint gonna be treated this way.

We don't want uranium mines.
No we don't want uranium mines.
We don't want uranium mines, lord, lord,
And we aint gonna be treated this way.

We don't want the Candu 3.
No we don't want the Candu 3.
We said, no Candu 3 for you or me, lord, lord,
And we aint gonna be treated this way.

We don't want the Slow Poke comin' here.
No we don't want the Slow Poke comin' here.
We said no to the Slow Poke anywhere, lord, lord,
And we aint gonna be treated this way.

We don't want your transuranic waste.
No we don't want your transuranic waste.
We don't like the transuranic taste, lord, lord,
And we aint gonna be treated this way.

We said no and we'll say no again.
We said no and we'll say no again.
We said no and we'll say no again, lord, lord.
And we aint gonna be treated this way.

There must be better ways of making water boil.
There must be better ways of making water boil.
There must be better ways of making water boil, lord, lord.
And we aint gonna be treated this way.

I'm blowin' down that yellowcake road.
I'm blowin' down that yellowcake road.
I'm blowin' down that yellowcake road, lord, lord,
And I aint gonna be treated this way.

We want windmills turning in the wind.
We want windmills turning in the wind.
We want windmills turning in the wind, lord, lord.
And we aint gonna be treated this way.

We want solar collectors everywhere.
We want solar collectors everywhere.
We want solar collectors everywhere, lord, lord,
And we aint gonna be treated this way.

We want geo-thermal heat pumps in the ground.
We want geo-thermal heat pumps in the ground.
Spread the subterranean heat around, lord, lord,
And we aint gonna be treated this way.

We want a future that will be sustainable.
We want a future that will be sustainable.
We want a future that will be sustainable, lord, lord.
And we aint gonna be treated this way.

We're blowin' down that yellowcake road.
We're blowin' down that yellowcake road.
We're blowin' down that yellowcake road, lord, lord,
And we aint gonna be treated this way.
No we aint gonna be treated this way.
No we aint gonna be treated this way.

(Album, Nukestopper)

What Shall We Do with the Nuclear Waste (2005 Lyrics)

(2005-085)

Well, what shall we do with the nuclear waste?
Now, what shall we do with the nuclear waste?
Now, what shall we do with the nuclear waste,
For a hundred thousand years.

Hay hay, gonna be cracklin',
Hay hay, radioactive,
Hay hay, gonna be hot,
For a hundred thousand years.

Bury it down in the depths of the ocean.
Bury it down in the depths of the ocean.
Bring it back up when we have the notion,
In a hundred thousand years.

Hay hay, gonna be cracklin',
Hay hay, radioactive,
Hay hay, gonna be hot,
For a hundred thousand years.

Keep it in a great big swimming pool.
I said, keep it in a great big swimming pool.
And hope the blue light's gonna keep it cool,
For a hundred thousand years.

Hay hay, gonna be cracklin',
Hay hay, radioactive,
Hay hay, gonna be hot,
For a hundred thousand years.

Bury it in the Precambrian Shield.
Bury it in the Precambrian Shield.
Don't ask anybody how they feel,
For a hundred thousand years.

Hay hay, gonna be cracklin',
Hay hay, radioactive,
Hay hay, gonna be hot,
For a hundred thousand years.

Send it into space on a big space shuttle.
Send it into space on a big space shuttle.
Hope we don't have another Challenger kafuffle,
For a hundred thousand years.

Hay hay, gonna be cracklin',
Hay hay, radioactive,
Hay hay, gonna be hot,
For a hundred thousand years.

Lower it down into Yucca Mountain.
Lower it down into Yucca Mountain.
Hope the geiger don't start a countin',
For a hundred thousand years.

Hay hay, gonna be cracklin',
Hay hay, radioactive,
Hay hay, gonna be hot,
For a hundred thousand years.

What shall we do with the nuclear waste?
Now what shall we do with the nuclear waste?
Now what shall we do with the nuclear waste,
For a hundred thousand years.

Hay hay, gonna be cracklin',
Hay hay, radioactive,
Hay hay, gonna be hot,
For a hundred thousand years.

Serve it up to Paul Martin for dinner.
Yeah serve it up to Paul Martin for dinner.
He'll glow in the dark with a Liberal glimmer,
For a hundred thousand years.

(Alternate lyrics)
Serve it to Stephen Harper for dinner.
Serve it to Stephen Harper for dinner.
He'll glow in the dark with a fascist glimmer,
For a hundred thousand years.

Hay hay, gonna be cracklin',
Hay hay, radioactive,
Hay hay, gonna be hot,
For a hundred thousand years.

Dump it out in George W.'s office.
Dump it out in George W.'s office.
He won't be back to speak to Congress,
For a hundred thousand years.

Hay hay, gonna be cracklin',
Hay hay, radioactive,
Hay hay, gonna be hot,
For a hundred thousand years.

Hay hay, gonna be cracklin',
Hay hay, radioactive,
Hay hay, gonna be hot,
For a hundred thousand years.

Hay hay, gonna be cracklin',
Hay hay, radioactive,
Hay hay, gonna be hot,
For a hundred thousand years,
For a hundred thousand years.

(Album, Nukestopper)

Someone Else's Hands (2005 lyrics)

(2005-086)

I dig the ore
In the uranium mine.
I don't question where it goes;
I don't reason why.
The company has assured me
That everything's okay.
I do what I am trained to do;
At week's end I get paid.
And when I've been here long enough,
I'll have a holiday.

And the world's in someone else's hands.
The world's in someone else's hands.
I'm just a single grain of sand.
Who am I to take a stand?
The world's in someone else's hands.

I drive the truck
Down the yellowcake road.
I drive down south and turn back northward
For another load.
I never stop to wonder
Where my cargo might be bound,
Though I've seen some people angry
While passing through their town.
But it's not my fault if we all get covered
In a radio-active cloud.

'Cause the world's in someone else's hands.
The world's in someone else's hands.
I'm just a single grain of sand.
Who am I to take a stand?
The world's in someone else's hands.

Now I am a student
At a school in Saskatoon.
The uranium industry
Visited us this afternoon.
They told us that the antinukes
Are so emotional,
That nuclear energy any day
Is much safer than coal.
My parents said, don't question them.
You're only twelve years old.

And the world's in someone else's hands.
The world's in someone else's hands.
You're just a single grain of sand.
Who are you to take a stand?
The world's in someone else's hands.

Now I'm a Saskatchewan
Party MLA.
Why should I be concerned

About the mine at Cigar Lake.
I'm thankful that uranium's not
In my constituency,
But please don't try to talk to me
About morality.
After all the moral issues
Didn't even stop the NDP.

And the world's in someone else's hands.
The world's in someone else's hands.
I'm just an elected grain of sand.
Who am I to take a stand?
The world's in someone else's hands.

Now I'm a uranium
Company executive.
It's really not my business
Who's to die or who's to live.
Philosophy and ethics
Are no concerns of mine.
Uranium makes money
And money's the bottom line.
So I give to the church collection plate
And that suits me just fine.

And the world's in someone else's hands.
The world's in someone else's hands.
I'm just a corporate grain of sand.
Who am I to take a stand.
The world's in someone else's hands.

Now I am a member
Of the Nuclear Safety Commission Board,
A job that's more illuminating
Than any job I'd had before.
It didn't take too long before I knew
What our purpose it must be.
We are here to smile and be a rubber stamp
For the nuclear industry,
And all the world smiles with us
In perpetuity.

And the world's in someone else's hands.
The world's in someone else's hands.
I'm just an appointed grain of sand.
Who am I to take a stand?
The world's in someone else's hands.
The world's in someone else's hands.
We have no love for sea or land.
So who are we to take a stand?
When the world's in someone else's hands.
The world's in someone else's hands.
The world's in someone else's hands.

(Album, Nukestopper)

No Pasaran Saskatchewan (2005 Lyrics)

(2005-087)

Come you bold men of Saskatchewan.
Come you bold women.
There's a plutonium fire burning,
But there's a fire burning in our hearts and limbs.
We know the nuclear industry.
We know its tricks and we know its lies.
After many long years of fighting,
We're not gonna close our eyes.

No Pasaran, northern Ontario,
No Pasaran, Manitoba,
No Pasaran, Saskatchewan,
No Pasaran, Saskatchewan.

We know the name plutonium.
We know the number ninety-four.
Child of the lust for power,
Father of the thirst for war.
And we know the dangers of its
Radioactivity.
From one province to another,
We stand in solidarity.

No Pasaran, northern Ontario,
No Pasaran, Manitoba,
No Pasaran, Saguenay First Nation,
No Pasaran, Saskatchewan,
No Pasaran, Saskatchewan.

We know Ontario Hydro.
We know AECL.
We know the deception they will practice,
When they're out to do a sell.
And we know government process,
But we will speak through any channel.
Even though in our hearts we know
The only good panel is a solar panel.
The only good panel is a solar panel.

No Pasaran, Massie Ontario,
No Pasaran, Adacoken,
No Pasaran, Pelican Narrows,
No Pasaran, Waterhen First Nation,
No Pasaran, Saskatchewan,
No Pasaran, Saskatchewan.

Strong with our roots deep down in the ground,
Strong with our pulse on what is going 'round,
We'll stand like we've stood up many times before,
Til we see the day
When the nuclear industry shall be no more,
When the nuclear industry shall be no more,
When the nuclear industry shall be no more.

No Pasaran, northern Ontario,
No Pasaran, Manitoba,
No Pasaran, Canoe Narrows,
No Pasaran, English River,
No Pasaran, Saskatchewan,
No Pasaran, Saskatchewan.

So come you bold ones of Saskatchewan.
Come you bold men and women.
There's a plutonium fire burning,
But there's a fire burning in our hearts and limbs.
We know the nuclear industry.
We know its tricks and we know its lies,
But we stand with our hearts as one,
With a love for the earth and a love for life,
With a love for the earth and a love for life.

No Pasaran, northern Ontario,
No Pasaran, Manitoba,
No Pasaran, Saguenay First Nation,
No Pasaran, Pelican Narrows,
No Pasaran, Canoe Narrows,
No Pasaran, Waterhen First Nation,
No Pasaran, highways of Gorleben,
No Pasaran, snowy woods of New England,
No Pasaran, salt mines of Kansas,
No Pasaran, Prairie Island,
No Pasaran, Mescalero,
No Pasaran, Martial Islands,
No Pasaran, Yucca Mountain,
No Pasaran, Saskatchewan,
No Pasaran, Saskatchewan.

No Pasaran, highways of Gorleben,
No Pasaran, snowy woods of New England,
No Pasaran, salt mines of Kansas,
No Pasaran, Prairie Island,
No Pasaran, Mescalero,
No Pasaran, Martial Islands,
No Pasaran, Yucca Mountain,
No Pasaran, northern Ontario,
No Pasaran, Manitoba,
No Pasaran, Saskatchewan,
No Pasaran, Saskatchewan,
No Pasaran, Saskatchewan,
No Pasaran.

(Album, Nukestopper)

Party of the Earth

(2006-001)

We are the party of the earth.
We're gonna party til the night is done.
We are the party of the earth.
We're gonna party til the day has come.

You can have your elections,
But we refuse to run.
All we wanna do is party,
Partying is a lot more fun.

You can have your electoral politics,
But we won't skip a heartbeat.
We would rather have a party,
Than to be a party.

We are the party of the earth.
We're gonna party til the night is done.
We are the party of the earth.
We're gonna party til the day has come.

Til the night is done,
Til the day has come.
Til we see the rising of the sun.

We love the earth. We love the rivers.
We are the receivers. We are the givers.
We love the trees. We love the waters.
We are Mother Gaia's sons and daughters.

We love the earth. We love the rivers.
We are the receivers. We are the givers.
We love the trees. We love the waters.
We are Mother Gaia's sons and daughters.

We are the party of the earth.
We're gonna party til the night is done.
We are the party of the earth.
We're gonna party til the day has come.

Til the night is done,
Til the day has come.
Til we see the rising of the sun.

You can have your castles in the clouds.
You can have your dreams of power.
But we're gonna bring things down to Earth.
We're gonna party with the people,
And the flowers.

We are the party of the earth.
We're gonna party til the night is done.
We are the party of the earth.
We're gonna party til the day has come.

Til the night is done,
Til the day has come.
Til we see the rising of the sun.

We are the party of the earth.
We are the party of the earth.
We are the party of the earth.

(Album, Ice on Mercury, Fire on Europa)

Satya Graha Farm (2006-002)

What are the trees we're growing on,
Satya Graha Farm.
What are the seeds we've planted on,
Satya Graha Farm.
What are the songs we've written on,
Satya Graha Farm.
What are the dreams we're having on,
Satya Graha Farm.

Will peace sprout from fertile soil.
Satya Graha Farm.
Peace and justice are the product of toil.
Satya Graha Farm.
The wind will give you energy.
Satya Graha Farm.
In struggle or tranquility.
Satya Graha Farm.
Satya Graha Farm.
Satya Graha Farm.

What are the trees we're growing on,
Satya Graha Farm.
What are the seeds we've planted on,
Satya Graha Farm.
What are the songs we've written on,
Satya Graha Farm.
What are the dreams we're having on,
Satya Graha Farm.

Can peace sprout from fertile soil.
Satya Graha Farm.
Peace and justice are the product of toil.
Satya Graha Farm.
Let the wind lift you up with its energy.
Satya Graha Farm.
In you is the power to set you free.
Satya Graha Farm.
Satya Graha Farm.
Satya Graha Farm.

Peaceful energy.
Satya Graha Farm.
Gentle anarchy.
Satya Graha Farm.
Peaceful energy.
Satya Graha Farm.
Gentle anarchy.
Satya Graha Farm.
Satya Graha Farm.
Satya Graha Farm.
Satya Graha Farm.
Satya Graha Farm.
Satya Graha Farm.

(Album, Sojourners)

There is a Seed

(2006-003)

There is a seed,
Planted in the ground,
And o the seed is growing,
While we are sleeping sound.
There is a seed,
Planted in the ground.

There is a dream,
Shining in our minds.
The dream it beats in every heart,
Throughout all humankind.
There is a dream,
Shining in our minds.

There is a poem,
Written on our souls.
The poem comes to keep us warm,
Amid the winter cold.
There is a poem,
Written on our souls.

There is a star,
Shining in the sky.
The star it is the farthest star,
And yet it is nearby.
There is a star,
Shining in the sky.

There is a home,
Somewhere in the land,
A place that we can call our own,
Amid the shifting sand.
There is a home,
Somewhere in the land.

There is a world,
That will be one day,
A world where shoots of green will grow,
From the asphalt gray.
There is a world,
That will be one day.

There is a light,
Shining everywhere,
Shining from deep inside you,
Shimmering in the air.
There is a light,
Shining everywhere.

There is a seed,
Planted in the ground,
And o the seed is growing,
While we are sleeping sound.
There is a seed,

Planted in the ground.
Planted in the ground.
Planted in the ground.
Planted in the ground.

(Album, Sojourners)

New Born Dawn

(2006-004)

I heard a song in a dream you know,
Deep in my soul.
A song I'd heard a long time ago,
A long time ago.
The song it spoke about love and peace,
A message from beyond.
How love in our hearts can set us free,
To hale a new born dawn.
To hale a new born dawn.

The song had a vision it shared with me,
Deep in my soul.
A vision of how we were meant to be,
A long time ago.
A vision of earth community,
A message from beyond.
Living in gentle simplicity,
To hale a new born dawn.
To hale a new born dawn.

And in the vision in my dream,
Deep in my soul.
I saw the world as it had been,
A long time ago.
I saw shapes moving changing free,
A message from beyond.
And I saw a new world come to be,
To hale a new born dawn.
To hale a new born dawn.

Then I awoke to a gentle tone,
Deep in my soul.
And then I knew what I should have known,
A long time ago.
Then I awoke to a gentle tone,
A message from beyond.
And then I knew what I should have known,
To hale a new born dawn.
To hale a new born dawn.
To hale a new born dawn.
To hale a new born dawn.

(Album, Sojourners).

Unsustainable

(2006-005)

Capitalism is unsustainable.
Capitalism is unsustainable.
You can't have capitalism,
Without unending growth.
Capitalism is unsustainable.

Imperialism has really got to go.
Imperialism has really got to go.

Empire or survival,
That is our choice you know.
Imperialism has really got to go.

How are we gonna live on a finite Earth.
How are we gonna live on a finite Earth.
Deep cooperativism,
Has gotta be more than just a word.
How are we gonna live on a finite Earth.

Gonna be a new world or no world I'm afraid.
Gonna be a new world or no world I'm afraid.
There is no middle ground.
There is no easy way.
Gonna be a new world or no world I'm afraid.

Capitalism is unsustainable.
Capitalism is unsustainable.
You can't have capitalism,
Without unending growth.
Capitalism is unsustainable.
Capitalism is unsustainable.

Unsustainable, unsustainable,
Unsustainable, unsustainable.
Unsustainable, unsustainable,
Unsustainable, unsustainable,

Capitalism is unsustainable.
Capitalism is unsustainable.

(Album, Sojourners)

Christ is a Flower

(2006-006)

Christ is a flower,
Growing higher than the mountains.
Christ is a flower,
Growing higher than the mountains.

Christ is the moonlight,
That is dancing on the ocean.
Christ is the moonlight,
That is dancing on the ocean.

So take a piece of moonlight,
And touch that growing flower.
So take a piece of moonlight,
And touch that growing flower.

We are the children,
Of the flowers of Earth and Heaven.
We are the children,
Of the flowers of Earth and Heaven.

Christ is a flower,
Growing higher than the mountains.
Christ is a flower,
Growing higher than the mountains.

We are the climbers.
Will we ever climb those mountains.
We are the climbers.
Will we ever climb those mountains.

We are children of the ocean.
We are children of the mountains.
We are children of the ocean.
We are children of the mountains.

So dance with the moonlight.
Be at one with the flowers.
Dance with the moonlight.
Be at one with the flowers.

Christ is a flower,
Growing higher than the mountains.
Christ is a flower,
Growing higher than the mountains.

Consider all the flowers,
All the flowers of the field.
Consider all the flowers,
All the flowers of the field.

Consider all the flowers,
All the flowers of the field.
Consider all the flowers,
All the flowers of the field.

Christ is a flower,
Growing higher than the mountains.
Christ is a flower,
Growing higher than the mountains.
Growing higher than the mountains.
Growing higher than the mountains.

(Album, Sojourners)

Lao-tse

(2006-007)

Lao-tse philosopher,
Spoke of that which cannot be seen,
And that which cannot be named,
Except in dreams.

He spoke of gentleness,
Like a single flower in a garden,
On a windy day.

He prophesied the downfall,
Of the kingdom where he lived,
And some people said Lao-tse,
You better flee.

But a soldier at the border,
Said, You've been such a wise master,
Won't you write down for us,
What you've been trying to say,
Before you leave.

So Lao-tse wrote down, the Tao Te Ching,
And twenty-five hundred years later,
We're still reading it and wondering,
About the power of the way.

Then Lao-tse rode away,
Some say on an elephant,
And he was never seen again.

Lao-tse rode away,
Some say on an elephant,
And he was never seen again.

Lao-tse philosopher,
Spoke of that which cannot be seen,
And that which cannot be named,
Except in dreams.

(Album, Sojourners)

Seeds of Our Own Termination

(2006-008)

What if every seed,
That we put into the ground,
Had no offspring, for next year's generation.
And if you wanted a new seed,
To plant next year,
You had to buy it from the corporation.

Now the corporations smile,
All around the world,
As they implement this deadly transformation.
We are planting the seeds,
Of corporate greed.
They're the seeds of our own termination.
They're the seeds of our own termination.

What if every seed,
That you put into the ground,
Had no offspring, for next year's generation.
And if you wanted a new seed,
To plant next year,
You had to buy it from the corporation.

Now the corporations smile,
All around the world,
As they implement this deadly transformation.
We are planting the seeds,
Of corporate greed.
They're the seeds of our own termination.
They're the seeds of our own termination.

No crop, no food, no population.
No resistance, no self-determination.
Nothing grows, outside the corporation.
With the seeds of our own termination.

No crop, no food, no population.
No resistance, no self-determination.
Nothing grows, outside the corporation.
With the seeds of our own termination.

Tyranny, enslavement, annihilation,
There'll be no escaping from the corporation.
No future, no dreams of liberation.
With the seeds of our own termination.
With the seeds of our own termination.

Terminate the terminator.
Terminate the terminator.
Only Earth can be our maker.
Terminate the terminator.

Terminate the terminator.
Terminate the terminator.
Only Earth can be our maker.

Terminate the terminator.

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Terminate the terminator.
Terminate the terminator.
Only Earth can be our maker.
Terminate the terminator.

Terminate the terminator.
Terminate the terminator.

(Album, Sojourners)

Archangel Michael

(2006-009)

Archangel Michael,
Spread your wings across the sky.
Archangel Michael,
Dragons will surely die.

Archangel Michael,
Harold of the dawn,
Thousands go into battle.
Their swords and shields are drawn.

Army of the spirit,
Those who simply wish to be,
Won't you set the angel,
Set the angel in us free.

Archangel Michael,
Spread your sword across all time.
The day of peace and justice,
It shall be yours and mine.
The day of peace and justice,
It shall be yours and mine.

Archangel Michael,
Spread your wings across the sky.
Archangel Michael,
Dragons will surely die.

Archangel Michael,
Harold of the dawn,
Thousands go into battle.
Their swords and shields are drawn.

Army of the spirit,
Those who simply wish to be,
Won't you set the angel,
Set the angel in us free.

Archangel Michael,
Spread your sword across all time.
The day of peace and justice,
It shall be yours and mine.
The day of peace and justice,
It shall be yours and mine.

Archangel Michael,
Archangel Michael,
Archangel Michael.

(Album, Sojourners)

The Journey

(2006-010)

We are people of the earth and the sun.
We are makers of gentle rebellion.
If you ask us in whose name we have come,
This is what we will tell you.

We have come in the spirit of the ones,
The ones who have gone before us,
To give strength to all those yet to come,
That they may find their way out of the forest.

In the spirit of Gerard Winstanley,
In the spirit of John Woolman,
In the spirit of Leo Tolstoy,
In the spirit of Lloyd Garrison.

In the spirit of Mohandas Gandhi,
In the spirit of Peter Kropotkin,
In the spirit of Ammon Hennacy,
In the spirit of Philip Berrigan.

In the spirit of Petra Kelly,
In the spirit of Rudolph Bahro,
In the spirit of A. J. Muste,
In the spirit of Rachel Corrie.

On the road that we walk along,
With the reign of truth deep within us,
We are strengthened by those who are gone,
For their spirits are surely with us.

Watching over us here one and all,
With visions and dreams in the making,
Standing with us as we are standing tall,
For the dream of a new world awaking.

In the spirit of Gerard Winstanley,
In the spirit of John Woolman,
In the spirit of Leo Tolstoy,
In the spirit of Lloyd Garrison.

In the spirit of Mohandas Gandhi,
In the spirit of Peter Kropotkin,
In the spirit of Ammon Hennacy,
In the spirit of Philip Berrigan.

In the spirit of Petra Kelly,
In the spirit of Rudolph Bahro,
In the spirit of A. J. Muste,
In the spirit of Rachel Corrie.

Brothers and sisters on the journey,
People of the earth and the sun,
Brothers and sisters on the journey,
May you never walk alone.

Brothers and sisters on the journey,
People of the earth and the sun,
Brothers and sisters on the journey,
May you never walk alone.

Brothers and sisters on the journey,
Let us love til the day our work is done.
Brothers and sisters on the journey,
May you never walk alone.

Brothers and sisters on the journey,
Let us love til the day our work is done.
Brothers and sisters on the journey,
may you never walk alone.

may you never walk alone.
May you never walk alone.
may you never walk alone.
may you never walk alone.
may you never walk alone.

(Album, Sojourners)

Toast of All England

(2006-011)

Once you were,
The toast of all England.
You wrote children's stories.
You wrote gentle eros.

Then they found out,
What you really were.
They sent you to prison,
For being what they didn't understand.

And now you wander,
The cities of Europe.
Mercifully death will take you,
Before too long.

And maybe fifty years will pass.
Maybe seventy years will pass.
And you will be remembered,
As a great tall figure of the dawn.

And maybe somewhere,
Amid the Stonewall riot,
Someone will shout your name.
And maybe they will bless the day you came.
And maybe they will bless the day you came.

Once you were,
The toast of all England.

(Album, Sojourners)

Southern Cross Bending

(2006-012)

When the mariner,
On the midnight watch,
Sailing the southern sea,
Lifts up his eyes,
To the Southern Cross,
Where the stars shine above the breeze.

When he sees the Southern Cross bending,
He knows that midnight is past,
And the dawn will come at last.
When he sees the Southern Cross bending,
He knows that midnight is past,
And the dawn will come at last.

Eugene Debs,
Spoke in a courtroom,
In the city of Cleveland,
September 1918.
He was tried and convicted,
For a vision,
And saying no to the war machine.

"I am ready to receive,
Whatever sentence,
The court might have in store,
For daring to raise my voice,
Against this war."

"I am ready to receive,
Whatever sentence,
The court might have in store,
For daring to raise my voice,
Against this war."

Eugene Debs would spend,
Five years in prison,
For talking about socialism,
In the midst of the First World War.
And he would run for president,
From his jail cell,
In 1920,
And receive a million votes or more.

And when we see the Southern Cross bending,
We know that midnight is past,
And the dawn will come at last.
Surely tyranny must be ending.
Surely midnight is past,
And the dawn will come at last.

For we are the mariner,
On the midnight watch,
Sailing the southern sea.
And while there is a soul in prison,

We are not free.
While there is a soul in prison,
We are not free.

(Album, Sojourners)

Song for Christopher Hill

(2006-013)

I dreamed I saw Chris Hill last night,
Alive as you and me.
Says I to Chris, You're three years dead.
I never died, says he.
I never died, says he.

You died at a ripe old ninety-one,
In 2003,
After having made your mark,
On English history.
On English history.

You wrote about the Puritans,
The Levelers and more,
The Diggers and all who were part,
Of the English Civil War.
Of the English Civil War.

You showed us all a vision,
Of the world turned upside-down,
And then dear Chris, you breathed your last,
And were lowered into the ground.
And were lowered into the ground.

Says Chris, but I am still alive,
In every heart and mind,
When people dig through history,
And find what they will find.
And find what they will find.

It's true I was a communist,
And held a Marxist view.
I lived the history I wrote.
It's all that one can do.
It's all that one can do.

When hearts and minds will analyze,
And question all at will,
And reconstruct the centuries,
It's there you'll find Chris Hill.
There you'll find Christopher Hill.

(Album, Sojourners)

North Star

(2006-014)

North Star,
You are shining.
North Star,
Shine down on everyone.

North Star,
You shine of freedom.
North Star,
You are the dream where I come from.

And the earth turns,
And the sky turns around you.
A thousand mariners,
Bless the day that they found you.

And the earth turns,
And the sky turns around you.
A thousand mariners,
Bless the day that they found you.

And the stars cry,
Cry for peace and forgiveness.
And the dark night sky,
Is our only deliverance.

And the stars cry,
Cry for peace and forgiveness.
And the dark night sky,
Is our only deliverance.

North Star,
You are shining.
North Star,
Shine down on everyone.

North Star,
You shine of freedom.
North Star,
You are the dream where I come from.

North Star,
North Star,
North Star.

(Album, Sojourners)

Odysseus

(2006-015)

I have walked the shores,
Of Turtle Island.
I have planted trees,
Beneath a thousand skies.
I have climbed the ladder,
Into the rising moon.
And I have come back down,
Holding the Sea of Tranquility in my mind.

I am Odysseus.
I am the traveler so free.
I am Odysseus.
You can never put a finite pond,
Around me.

I've been up north,
To touch the Arctic.
I've been out east,
To watch the eagles spread their wings.
I've been out west,
To bid farewell to my companions.
And I've been down south,
To watch the desert sand burst into flames.

I am Odysseus.
I am the traveler so free.
I am Odysseus.
You can never put a finite pond,
Around me.

In the morning,
I awaken in the forest.
In the afternoon,
I walk along the shifting sand.
In the evening,
I take my rest beside the ocean.
At midnight,
I hold the earth and sky between my hands.

I am Odysseus.
I am the traveler so free.
I am Odysseus.
You can never put a finite pond,
Around me.
You can never put a finite pond,
Around me.

I am Odysseus.
I am Odysseus.
I am Odysseus.

(Album, Sojourners)

Masada

(2006-016)

73, AD,
Fortress called Masada,
On a cliff-encompassed plateau,
In the desert.

Nine-hundred-and-sixty,
Judean nationalists,
Commit mass suicide,
Rather than surrender.

And they tell me that Masada,
is something that we should remember.
And today's Jewish settlers,
On the Palestinian land,
Think of themselves as latter-day,
Masada defenders.
Saying we refuse to move.
We will not surrender.

They think of themselves as occupied,
When really they're the occupiers.
They think of themselves as victims,
When really they're the victimizers.
Have we learned anything,
In two thousand years.
Masada's still a battle cry,
Ringing in our ears.

It's fight to the death,
For ethnicity, for religion,
For nation, for chosen people.
Believing you can draw,
Black and white lines.
We are the good guys;
They are evil.

But if Masada teaches us anything,
It is that death,
Is that pathway's only ending.
Now when is someone gonna ask,
Are the Masadas, really worth defending.

We think of ourselves as occupied,
When really we're the occupiers.
We think of ourselves as victims,
When really we're the victimizers.
Have we learned anything,
In two thousand years.
Masada's still a battle cry,
Ringing in our ears.

73, AD,
Fortress called Masada,
On a cliff-encompassed plateau,

In the desert.

(Album, Sojourners)

Young Yeshua

(2006-017)

Young Yeshua gonna, take on the empire.
Young Yeshua gonna, take on the empire.

Dream of peace, shining in his big brown eyes.
Dream of peace, shining in his big brown eyes.

Universal shalom,
Universal shalom.
Let us find our way home.
Universal shalom.

Is this not the carpenter's son,
Who is he,
To tell us all that he has come,
To bring about the year of the Jubilee.

Is this not the carpenter's son,
Who is he,
To tell us all that he has come,
To bring about the year of the Jubilee.

Young Yeshua gonna, take on the empire.
Young Yeshua gonna, take on the empire.

Dream of peace, shining in his big brown eyes.
Dream of peace, shining in his big brown eyes.

Universal shalom,
Universal shalom,
Let us find our way home.
Universal shalom.

Is this not the carpenter's son,
Who is he,
To tell us all the time has come,
For us to love our enemies.

Is this not the carpenter's son,
Who is he,
To tell us all the time has come,
That we should love our enemies.

Young Yeshua gonna, take on the empire.
Young Yeshua gonna, take on the empire.
Young Yeshua gonna, take on the empire.
Young Yeshua gonna, take on the empire.

(Album, Sojourners)

Noisy Summer

(2006-018)

We don't want a silent spring.
We have felt those fears before.
We are at one with everything,
As all the cosmos gives a roar.

We're gonna have a noisy summer.
Gonna have a noisy summer.
So says the earth who is our mother.
She says we're gonna have a noisy summer.

In the spaceships of our minds,
In the caverns of our hearts.
In the visions of our time,
'Tween the snowflakes and the stars.

We're gonna have a noisy summer.
Gonna have a noisy summer.
So says the earth who is our mother.
She says we're gonna have a noisy summer.

With the windmills turning 'round,
And the banners waving high.
With our feet upon the ground,
Branches reaching to the sky.

We're gonna have a noisy summer.
Gonna have a noisy summer.
So says the earth who is our mother.
She says we're gonna have a noisy summer.

Off your butts, on to your feet,
Out of your houses, into the street.
Off your butts, on to your feet,
Out of your houses, into the street.

Off your butts, on to your feet,
Out of your houses, into the street.
Off your butts, on to your feet,
Out of your houses, into the street.

Off your butts, on to your feet,
Out of your houses, into the street.
Off your butts, on to your feet,
Out of your houses, into the street.
Off your butts, on to your feet,
Out of your houses, into the street.

We're gonna have a noisy summer.
Gonna have a noisy summer.
So says the earth who is our mother.
She says we're gonna have a noisy summer.

Who are my sisters and my brothers.
They say we're gonna have a noisy summer.

So says the earth who is our mother.
She says we're gonna have a noisy summer.

Who are my sisters and my brothers.
They say we're gonna have a noisy summer.
So says the earth who is our mother.
She says we're gonna have a noisy summer.
Gonna have a noisy summer.
Gonna have a noisy summer.

We're gonna have a noisy summer.

(Album, Sojourners)

Walking to Emmaus

(2006-019)

It was early in the evening.
Must have been a Sunday.
On a day in the springtime,
In about the year thirty.

We were walking to Emmaus,
Walking to Emmaus.

Tryin' to figure out why it was,
That the man, that we had grown to love,
And come to believe in,
Had been nailed to a tree and,
Executed.
Now what was to become of our movement.
Where were we to go from here.

We were walking to Emmaus.
Walking to Emmaus.

Then a man came up and spoke to us,
About all we had experienced,
How all the prophecies had been fulfilled.
And when we got to Emmaus,
He broke bread with us,
And suddenly we knew him.
Suddenly we knew who he was.
And then he disappeared,
Vanished in thin air.
But we knew that all was not lost,

At that moment in Emmaus.
That moment in Emmaus.

It was early in the evening.
Must have been a Sunday.
On a day in the springtime,
In about the year thirty.

We were walking to Emmaus.
Walking to Emmaus.
Walking to Emmaus.
Walking to Emmaus.

(Album, Sojourners)

Teargas isn't good enough for you.
You wanna make us all fall down.
Pepper spray isn't good enough for you.
You wanna make us all fall down.

You'll spray the ground with water,
And a very special powder,
That'll make the ground slipperier than ice.
And we'll be marching along and we'll,
Fall down and break our arms and legs,
And then you'll smile.

You'll smile and say,
Ha ha, we've found another way,
To show you who is boss.
This is what we'll do to you,
Demonstrators,
If you don't bugger off.

Rubber bullets weren't good enough for you.
You wanna make us all fall down.
Electric cattle prods,
Weren't good enough for you.
You wanna make us all fall down.

But we might just sit on the ground,
And we might just refuse to go away.
I know you'd like us all to vanish,
But we just might decide to stay.

And then you'll have to carry us away,
One by one by one.
Maybe we will turn your slipperiness against you,
Before the day is done.

Teargas isn't good enough for you.
You wanna make us all fall down.
Pepper spray isn't good enough for you.
You wanna make us all fall down.

Maybe you'll be the ones to fall,
With your slipperiness uber all.
maybe you'll be the ones to fall,
With your slipperiness uber all.
Slipperiness uber all.
Slipperiness uber all.

(Album, Sojourners)

Supernova Park

(2006-021)

And we all brought our sparklers to the park.
We lit them and we threw them in the air.
We pretended they were, supernovas,
And we caught them,
As they came down everywhere.
Then we threw them up again,
As the evening sky grew dark.

In Supernova Park.
In Supernova Park.

We were, growing children.
We were, supernovae.
We were making ourselves known,
In a universe of stars.

Supernova Park.
In Supernova Park.

May the joy and the fun we knew,
Be with us through our lives.
may the joy and the fun we knew,
Be with us throughout time.

May the joy and the fun we knew,
Bring us through the night.
may the joy and the fun we knew,
Guide us to the light.

Supernova Park.
Supernova Park.
Supernova Park.

(Album, Sojourners)

Possible

(2006-022)

Another world is possible.
A just world is possible.
A socialist world is possible.
We can do it. it is possible.

Capitalism doesn't have to be,
The only vision we're allowed to see.
Capitalism doesn't have to be,
The limit of our reality.

They tell you you are free.
They are good at creating illusion.
They tell you you are free.
They are good at creating confusion.

Another world is possible.
A just world is possible.
A socialist world is possible.
We can do it. it is possible.

Capitalism doesn't have to be,
The only vision we're allowed to see.
Capitalism doesn't have to be,
The limit of our reality.

They tell you you are free,
But they crush you with their institutions.
They tell you you are free.
I think it's time we talk about revolution.
I think it's time we talk about revolution.

Another world is possible.
A just world is possible.
A socialist world is possible.
We can do it. It is possible.

Another world is possible.
A just world is possible.
A socialist world is possible.
We can do it. it is possible.
it is possible.
It is possible.

(Album, Sojourners)

Wild Fire

(2006-023)

We are, wild fire.
We are, out of control.
We are, fire in the world.
We are, fire in the soul.
We are, wild fire.
We are, out of control.
We are, fire in the world.
We are, fire in the soul.

And we will burn burn burn,
Til we burn the engine down.
We will burn burn burn,
Til we turn this world around.
We will burn burn burn,
Til we burn the engine down.
We will burn burn burn,
Til we turn this world around.

We are, wild fire.
We are, making everything change.
We are, fire in the heart.
We are, fire in the brain.
We are, wild fire.
We are, making everything change.
We are, fire in the heart.
We are, fire in the brain.

And we will burn burn burn,
Til we burn down to the truth.
We will burn burn burn,
Til we make this world anew.
We will burn burn burn,
Til we burn down to the truth.
We will burn burn burn,
Til we make this world anew.

We are, wild fire.
We are, melting everything down.
We are, fire in the root.
We are, fire in the crown.
We are, wild fire.
We are, melting everything down.
We are, fire in the root.
We are, fire in the crown.

And we will burn burn burn,
Til we can't burn any more.
We will burn burn burn,
Til we reach that furthest shore.
We will burn burn burn,
Til we can't burn any more.
We will burn burn burn,
Til we reach that furthest shore.

We are wild fire.
We are the movement.
We are wild fire.
We are the yearning.
We are wild fire.
We are the power.
We are wild fire.
We are the burning.

We are wild fire.
We are the movement.
We are wild fire.
We are the learning.
We are wild fire.
We are the power.
We are wild fire.
We are the turning.

We are the yearning. We are the burning.
We are the learning. We are the turning.
We are the yearning. We are the burning.
We are the learning. We are the turning.
Wild fire.

(Album, Shining Planet)

Bleecker Street

(2006-024)

And all the world went out to Bleecker Street.
We held a wine glass to the rain.
We'd been through so much,
That we asked ourselves,
Could we ever love again.

We'd been through romps and revolutions,
Through broken promises and lies.
Back to the places where it all began,
Where we first opened sea bird's eyes.

And all the world went out to Bleecker Street.
The sun was rising in the sky.
We wanted to love the entire world,
We wanted to look it in the eye.

There was the wine glass where we left it.
Is it half dirty or half full.
The streets were empty, no one else around.
I took that wine glass for my soul.

And all the world went out to Bleecker Street.
We held a wine glass to the rain.
We'd been through so much,
That we asked ourselves,
Could we ever love again.

We'd been through so much,
That we asked ourselves,
Could we ever love again.

(Album, Shining Planet)

The Way the Cookie Crumbles

(2006-025)

This is the way the cookie crumbles.
This is the way the universe tumbles.
This is the way the thunder rumbles.
This is the way the football fumbles.

This is the way the philosopher ponders.
This is the way the capitalist squanders.
This is the way the wanderer wanders.
Wandering down the highway down yonder.

This is the way we found a solution.
Sitting in quiet contemplation.
We are spirits in an evolution.
Deep within you is a revolution.
Deep within you is a revolution.
Deep within you is a revolution.

This is the way the cookie crumbles.
This is the way the universe tumbles.
This is the way the thunder rumbles.
This is the way the football fumbles.

This is the way the philosopher ponders.
This is the way the capitalist squanders.
This is the way the wanderer wanders.
Wandering down the highway down yonder.

This is the way we found a solution.
Sitting in quiet contemplation.
We are spirits in an evolution.
Deep within you is a revolution.
Deep within you is a revolution.
Deep within you is a revolution.

This is the way the cookie crumbles.
This is the way the cookie crumbles.
This is the way the cookie crumbles.

(Album, Shining Planet)

Drunken Druid

(2006-026)

Well what shall we do with a drunken Druid.
What shall we do with a drunken Druid.
What shall we do with a drunken Druid,
On a Solstice morning.

Hay hay the sun is rising.
hay hay the sun is rising.
hay hay the sun is rising,
On a Solstice morning.

Put him on a train that's bound for Stonehenge.
Put him on a train that's bound for Stonehenge.
Put him on a train that's bound for Stonehenge,
On a Solstice morning.

Hay hay the sun is rising.
Hay hay the sun is rising.
hay hay the sun is rising,
On a Solstice morning.

Paint his tongue and his arsehole blue yeah.
paint his tongue and his arsehole blue yeah.
paint his tongue and his arsehole blue,
On a Solstice morning.

hay hay the sun is rising.
Hay hay the sun is rising.
hay hay the sun is rising,
On a Solstice morning.

Make him walk to the Greenham Peace Park.
make him walk to the Greenham Peace Park.
Make him walk to the Greenham Peace Park,
On a Solstice morning.

Hay hay the sun is rising.
Hay hay the sun is rising.
Hay hay the sun is rising,
On a Solstice morning.

Tell'im the witches were here before him.
Tell'im the witches were here before him.
Tell'im the witches were here before him,
On a Solstice morning.

Hay hay the sun is rising.
Hay hay the sun is rising.
Hay hay the sun is rising,
On a Solstice morning.

Send'im to Drunken Druids Anonymous.
Send'im to Drunken Druids Anonymous.
Send'im to Drunken Druids Anonymous,
On a Solstice morning.

Hay hay the sun is rising.
Hay hay the sun is rising.
hay hay the sun is rising,
On a Solstice morning.

Put'im in a cave with a Beltane priestess.
Put'im in a cave with a Beltane priestess.
Put'im in a cave with a Beltane priestess,
On a Solstice morning.

Hay hay the sun is rising.
Hay hay the sun is rising.
hay hay the sun is rising,
On a Solstice morning.

Everybody have a happy Solstice.
Everybody have a happy Solstice.
Everybody have a happy Solstice.
happy Solstice morning.

Hay hay the sun is rising.
hay hay the sun is rising.
hay hay the sun is rising,
On a Solstice morning.

Everybody have a happy Solstice.
Everybody have a happy Solstice.
Everybody have a happy Solstice.
happy Solstice morning.

Hay hay the sun is rising.
hay hay the sun is rising.
hay hay the sun is rising,
On a Solstice morning.

What shall we do with a drunken Druid.
What shall we do with a drunken Druid.
What shall we do with a drunken Druid,
On a Solstice morning.

hay hay the sun is rising.
hay hay the sun is rising.
hay hay the sun is rising,
On a Solstice morning.
On a Solstice morning.
On a Solstice morning.

(Album, Shining Planet)

So Long Captain Kirk

(2006-027)

So long Captain Kirk,
I'm going where you can never go.
I'm tired of being a puppet.
I'm tired of wearing a mask you know.
I'm tired of trying to be a bridge,
And being walked upon.
So long Captain Kirk.
I'm gonna be gone gone gone.
So long Captain Kirk.
I'm gonna be gone gone gone.

So long Captain Kirk.
I'm tired of your Starship Enterprise.
Capitalism will never change,
And you will never realize.
I mean no harm to you my friend,
Or any of your crew,
But the time has come to say so long.
I've got better things to do.
The time has come to say so long.
I've got better things to do.

So long Captain Kirk.
Old Scotty will kindly beam me down.
I won't ask to be beamed up again.
I'm staying on the ground.
On the ground of Planet Earth,
Where I was born and raised.
So long Captain Kirk.
I do not want your phaser rays.
So long Captain Kirk.
I do not want your phaser rays.

Spock would call it illogical.
Bones would call it a disease.
But what I feel within me now,
Is neither one of these.
A desire to be in balance,
And be rooted in the earth,
Instead of flying the universe,
With the mad man Captain Kirk.
Instead of flying the universe,
With the mad man Captain Kirk.

I've had enough of traveling,
Across your galaxy,
Believing and imagining,
What you wanted us to see.
My home planet is calling now.
Will you kindly let me be.
So long Captain Kirk.
I wanna be free free free.
So long Captain Kirk.
I wanna be free free free.

So long Captain Kirk.
I'm going where you can never go.
I'm tired of being a puppet.
I'm tired of wearing a mask you know.
I'm tired of trying to be a bridge,
And being walked upon.
So long Captain Kirk.
I'm gonna be gone gone gone.
So long Captain Kirk.
I'm gonna be gone gone gone.
So long Captain Kirk.
I'm gonna be gone gone gone.

(Album, Shining Planet)

Back to Source Q

(2006-028)

Here we are traveling,
Back to Source Q.
Here we are traveling,
Back through the passages,
To Source Q.

Back to a man,
Who knew no church bells.
Back to a man,
Who knew no stained glass windows.
Back to a man,
Who knew no cannon law.

Back to a man,
Who knew only a gentle shepherd.
Back to a man,
Who knew only a gentle father.
Back to a man,
Who stood and prayed before the Maker.

Here we are traveling,
Back to Source Q.
Here we are traveling,
Back through the passages,
To Source Q.

Was there something beating,
At the heart of earth and sky,
That also beat in his own heart.
Was there something at the heart of creation,
That made him say,
Treat others as you would have them treat you.
Do not judge, and you will not be judged.
Do not condemn, and you will not be condemned.

Was there something at the heart of creation,
That made him say,
The merchants will be too busy,
With worldly affairs,
To receive the invitation,
To attend the banquet.
So the one who throws the banquet,
Will send his servants,
Out into the street,
To bring the beggars and the lepers,
To the table.

Here we are traveling,
Back to Source Q.
Here we are traveling,
Back through the passages,
To Source Q.
Back to Source Q.
Back to Source Q.

Here we are traveling,
Back to Source Q.
Here we are traveling,
Back to Source Q.
Back to Source Q.

(Album, Shining Planet)

Gentle Peaceful Anarchy

(2006-029)

Gentle peaceful anarchy,
Gentle anarchy.
Lives in the hearts of all who breathe,
Hearts of all who breathe.

Every flower, every tree,
Every flower and tree.
Sunlight dancing on the sea,
Dancing on the sea.

Lives where the caterpillars dream,
Caterpillars dream.
Dream of wings upon the breeze,
Wings upon the breeze.

Spirit of hope and love and peace,
Hope and love and peace.
Blows in the winds forever free,
Wind forever free.

Spirit of hope and love and peace,
Hope and love and peace.
Blows in the wind forever free,
Wind forever free.

Gentle peaceful anarchy,
May you always be.
Gentle peaceful anarchy,
May you always be.
May you always be.

(Album, Shining Planet)

Get Out of Afghanistan

(2006-030)

O you tell me,
We are fighting for peace.
We're there to build a better,
Afghanistan.
And you tell me,
The Afghan people,
Want us to be there.
They will shake our hand.

And you tell me,
We're making life better,
For the women of that land.
And you tell me,
We really ought to be there,
'Cause of the evil Taliban.

But the war to liberate,
The women of Islam,
Is an old old story.
It goes back,
As far as the crusades,
And it really has no glory.

There has never been a war,
That I'm aware of,
That's been fought for the right reasons.
We have fought for the expansion of empire,
Serving each emperor,
In his season.

I say No.
Bring the boys and girls home.
There is no victory to be had,
Only more bodies, blood and bones.
And I say No.
We're just fueling an imperialist hell.
Before we judge a so-called enemy,
Take a good look at ourselves.
Before we judge a so-called enemy,
Take a good look at ourselves.

The Canadian people,
Have been taught to believe,
That we're a peace-loving little good guy.
We would never do anything wrong.
We just smile and work for peace,
Beneath the stars of the northern sky.

But the reality is,
We're a first world imperialist power.
We will crush other people's dreams.
Being not quite as bad as the USA,
Isn't good enough for me.

And I say No.
Bring the boys and girls home.
There is no victory to be had,
Only more bodies, blood and bones.
And I say No.
We're just fueling an imperialist hell.
Before we judge a so-called enemy,
Take a good look at ourselves.
Before we judge a so-called enemy,
Take a good look at ourselves.

And now you ask me,
Why are we there.
Why are we in Afghanistan.
We are there defending a western,
Corporate empire built on sand.

We are there to secure an oil pipeline,
From the countries to the north.
Blood for empire, blood for oil,
I've heard that song before.

And I say No.
Get out of Afghanistan.
We are there defending an empire,
An empire built on sand.
Freedom cannot be given,
By a western imperialist scheme.
Freedom will only come,
When the people dare to live their dreams.

And I say No.
Bring the boys and girls home.
There is no victory to be had,
Only more bodies, blood and bones.
And I say no.
We're just fueling an imperialist hell.
Before we judge a so-called enemy,
Take a good look at ourselves.

And I say No.
Get out of Afghanistan.
We are there defending an empire,
An empire built on sand.
Freedom cannot be given,
By a western imperialist scheme.
Freedom will only come,
When the people dare to live their dreams.

And I say No.
Bring the boys and girls home.
I say No.
Get out of Afghanistan.
I say No.
Bring the boys and girls home.
I say No.

Get out of Afghanistan.
I say No.
Get out of Afghanistan.

(Album, Shining Planet)

Ballad of the Spiritwood Man Hunt

(2006-031)

It was on a Friday evening,
In the town of Spiritwood.
It was on a public street,
Where an argument ensued.
The Mounties came to try,
To make some sense of things.
You took off in your truck,
As they gave chase.
It is alleged you opened fire,
And your shots did ring,
And two officers were injured,
As you let your bullets fly.
You didn't think you could out run'em,
With the power of your truck.
That's when you knew. That's when you knew,
You had to hide.

One man against the law, you must hide.
Saying they would never take you alive.
Hide for as long as you can.
Will we ever see you again.
One man against the law, you must hide.
With all the power of the Mounties,
On their side. You must hide.

Well the Mounties brought their choppers,
And their roadblocks and their dogs,
And they launched the biggest man hunt,
The town had ever known.
You were somewhere in the backwoods.
You were hiding all alone.
And it was told how you knew this land,
Like the back of your own hand.
And your uncle said you hated all the world,
As day-by-day the man hunt unfurled.
And some of the local people you had known,
Said you were a time bomb waiting to explode.

One man against the law, you must hide.
One swimmer against a rising tide.
Wondering how its gonna end,
You know the Mounties,
They will always get their man.
One man against the law, you must hide.
With all the power of the Mounties,
On their side. You must hide.

Six days had passed and you had not been found,
With the Mounties going over trodden ground.
And the media reported,
There was nothing new to say,
About the whereabouts,
Of Curtis Dagenais.
Dead or alive, you were somewhere in the woods,

Among the rocks and trees and streams.

With eight days gone by,
The officers die.
Mark and Robin are remembered,
And their families cry.
But you're still on the loose somewhere,
Beneath the prairie sky.
And the man hunt continues,
As the days go by.

One man against the law, you must hide.
Saying they would never take you alive.
You know the Mounties,
They will always get their man.
But this is not a wild west show my friend.
One man against the law, you must hide.
With all the pain and the anger,
You were holding deep inside.
You must hide. You must hide.
You must hide.

Some said longer prison terms,
Would have kept you behind bars.
Some said better intervention would have meant,
Things wouldn't have gone this far.
It's an all-round tragedy on every side.
Now just how much longer are you gonna hide.
And your mother makes a statement,
Asking you to turn yourself in.
Your mother wants to see you again.

One man against the law, you must hide.
One swimmer against a rising tide.
Wondering how it's gonna end.
Will we ever see you again, again.

It was on a Tuesday morning,
With eleven days gone by.
Two local people see you in a field.
They take you in and talk with you,
And tell you, you should surrender peacefully.
And after several hours you agree.
They drive you to the station,
Where you turn yourself in.
And everyone breathes a sigh of relief,
That the man hunt has ended peacefully.
That reason has prevailed in the end.
'Cause this is not a wild west show my friend.
Reason has prevailed in the end,
In the end.

(Album, Shining Planet)

Peace is the Way

(2006-032)

There is no way to peace; peace is the way.
There is no way to peace; peace is the way.
You can't say we'll make peace tomorrow,
While firing guns today.
There is no way to peace; peace is the way.
Peace is the way.

Once there was a war to end all wars,
Believing peace could come by bloody swords.
But since then they've been warring,
Like they never had before.
So much for the war to end all wars,
To end all wars.

There is no way to peace; peace is the way.
There is no way to peace; peace is the way.
You can't say we'll make peace tomorrow,
While dropping bombs today.
There is no way to peace; peace is the way.
Peace is the way.

And bombing has been called humanitarian aid.
Orwell's Ministry of Truth should celebrate.
It's good for business, good for the media,
Good for freer trade.
Yes bombing has been called humanitarian aid.
What a charade.

There is no way to peace; peace is the way.
There is no way to peace; peace is the way.
You can't dream of peace tomorrow,
While building bombs today.
There is no way to peace; peace is the way.
Peace is the way.

A. J. Muste was a thinker of his day.
A. J. Muste was a thinker of his day.
He was an activist for peace,
With much to do and say.
Let's hear it for the man they called A. J.
'Cause one of the things that he had to say, was,

There is no way to peace; peace is the way.
There is no way to peace; peace is the way.
You can't say we'll make peace tomorrow,
While firing guns today.
There is no way to peace; peace is the way.
Peace is the way.

There is no way to peace; peace is the way.
There is no way to peace; peace is the way.
And A. J. Muste lives,
Wherever people remember this.
There is no way to peace; peace is the way.

A. J. Muste lives,
Wherever people remember this.
There is no way to peace; peace is the way.
Peace is the way.

Peace is the way.
Peace is the way.
Peace is the way.

(Album, Shining Planet)

In Three Billion Years

(2006-033)

Three billion years from now,
Our galaxy,
Will come together,
With Andromeda.

Our stars will intermingle,
Rarely colliding.
The two spiral galaxies,
Will dance as one.

Our sun will still be shining.
The earth will still be turning.
I wonder where humanity will be.

Maybe we'll be spirits.
Maybe we'll be starships.
Maybe we'll be angels,
Watching over other planets,
Somewhere far away.

In three billion years.
In three billion years.

I know our souls,
Will be at peace.
I know our hearts,
Will span infinity.

And maybe, in some way,
You and I will still be here.

In three billion years.
In three billion years.

I know love will still be here.
I know truth will still be here.
I know joy will still be here.
I know God will still be here.

We will fly the Cosmo sphere.
Love will shine, forever near.

In three billion years.
In three billion years.
In three billion years.
In three billion years.

(Album, Shining Planet)

You Can't Always Nuke Where You Want To

(2006-034)

O they wanted to build,
A uranium refinery,
On some farmland,
Not far from Warman town.
The local people said,
Over our dead bodies,
Til the company,
Eldorado, they backed down.

Then they wanted to build,
A Slow Poke reactor,
On the U of S campus,
In the year of 89,
But the nuclear industry,
Started running,
When the neighbourhood,
Stood up and drew the line.

They said,
You can't always nuke where you want to.
No you can't always nuke where you want to.
No you can't always nuke where you want to.
And sometimes you can't nuke anywhere at all.
Sometimes you can't nuke anywhere at all.

O they set up
A SaskEnergy review panel,
To give the rubber stamp,
To a couple Candu 3's.
But everywhere the panel went,
They were haunted,
By the specter of,
Renewable energy.

Then the Meadow Lake,
Tribal Council,
Said they'd be willing,
To bury nuclear waste.
But their own people,
Stood up and raised their voices,
Saying we say no,
And we won't go away.

They said,
You can't always nuke where you want to.
No you can't always nuke where you want to.
No you can't always nuke where you want to.
Sometimes you can't nuke anywhere at all.
Sometimes you can't nuke anywhere at all.

Now we find ourselves,
In the new millennium,
Over thirty years,
Of battle now gone by.

Once more there's talk,
Of refineries and reactors.
Looks like we're gonna have to tell them,
One more time.

We'll say,
You can't always nuke where you want to.
No you can't always nuke where you want to.
No you can't always nuke where you want to.
And one day you won't nuke anywhere at all.

No you can't always nuke where you want to.
No you can't always nuke where you want to.
No you can't always nuke where you want to.
And one day you won't nuke anywhere at all.

You can try real hard,
But one day you won't nuke anywhere at all.
One day you won't nuke anywhere at all.
One day you won't nuke anywhere at all.

(Album, Shining Planet)

Like a Flower

(2006-035)

One day in the spring,
Of 1946,
The children of Hiroshima,
Found the flowers blooming.

They knew that if the flowers,
Had the courage to bloom again,
It would mean that there was hope,
Despite all that had been.
Despite all that had been.

Paper cranes and paper lanterns,
Shadows on the ground.
memories of people taken,
By the mushroom cloud.

Still there is hope.
Still there is hope.
Deep in our hearts,
Is a peaceful power.
Surely peace will come,
Like a flower.
Deep in our hearts,
Is a peaceful power.
Surely peace will come,
Like a flower.

In a church in a town,
In southern Germany,
There is a candle burning,
While the people pray for peace.

The people have kept their vigil,
Every night and every day,
Since 1945,
To gently guide our way.
To gently guide our way.

They saw the stark reality,
Of Holocaust and war,
And something in their hearts cried out,
Let it be no more.

And still there is hope.
Still there is hope.
Deep in our hearts,
Is a peaceful power.
Surely peace will come,
Like a flower.
Deep in our hearts,
Is a peaceful power.
Surely peace will come,
Like a flower.

And here we are,
Over sixty years gone by.
Still the flower blossoms.
Keep it growing to the sky.

And here we are,
Over sixty years gone by.
Still the flower blossoms.
Keep it growing to the sky.

For still there is hope.
Still there is hope.
Deep in our hearts,
Is a peaceful power.
Surely peace will come,
Like a flower.
Deep in our hearts,
Is a peaceful power.
Surely peace will come,
Like a flower.
Surely peace will come,
Like a flower.
Surely peace will come,
Like a flower.

(Album, Shining Planet)

What Do You Say

(2006-036)

What do you say,
To the people of Lebanon.
The mothers, and the fathers,
And the children,
Who watch your bombs come down.

Who see their way of life destroyed,
There goes another building.
There goes another bridge.
There goes another family.
Killed, by the government of Israel.
The government of Israel.

What do you say,
To the people of Lebanon.
A people who endured,
A generation's worth,
Of civil war and violence.
After a decade of them,
Trying to rebuild their lives.

And then you come along,
With your tanks, your airplanes and your bombs.
And you have the nerve to say,
That everyone in southern Lebanon,
Is a terrorist anyway.
As if people don't have the right,
To defend themselves,
If they live on your borders,
The borders of Israel.
The borders of Israel.

Who are you,
To call Hezbollah terrorists,
When you reign down terror from the skies.
Who are you to speak of,
A need for security,
When you smash every fragment,
Of security,
That could possibly crystallize,
For the neighbours of Israel,
The neighbours of Israel.

What do you say,
To the people of Lebanon,
O government of Israel.
O government of Israel,
With the backing of Washington,
And uranium from Saskatchewan,
All the way to Lebanon.
The stuff of bunker buster bombs.

What do you say,
To the people of Lebanon.

What do you say,
To the people of Lebanon.

(Album, Shining Planet)

Born Again Anarchist

(2006-037)

I'm a born again anarchist,
And life never felt so sweet.
I'm a born again anarchist,
And the world never seemed so free.

There are trees sprouting through the asphalt,
Breaking up the sidewalks and the street.
There's a song of freedom on the morning.
Freedom ringing on the breeze.

I'm a born again anarchist,
And life never felt so sweet.
I'm a born again anarchist,
And the world never seemed so free.

O the seeds of the revolution,
They are planted in you and in me.
And a seed will grow into a seedling,
And a seedling will grow into a tree.

I'm a born again anarchist,
And life never felt so sweet.
I'm a born again anarchist,
And the world never seemed so free.

So let us be reborn,
And live in anarchy.
Let us build the world that we dream of,
A world of love and peace.

I'm a born again anarchist,
And life never felt so sweet.
I'm a born again anarchist,
And the world never seemed so free.
The world never seemed so free.

I'm a born again anarchist,
And I've never felt so alive.
I'm a born again anarchist.
All of life has got me high.
All of life has got me high.

Vive anarchismo. Vive anarchismo.
Vive anti-capitalismo. Vive anarchismo.
Vive anarchismo. Vive anarchismo.
Vive anti-capitalismo. Vive anarchismo.

I'm a born again anarchist.

(Album, Shining Planet)

Universal Loving Spirit

(2006-038)

Universal,
Loving spirit.
You watch over us all,
Like a dove watches over her nest.

Universal,
Loving spirit,
You watch over us all,
Like a dove watches over her nest.

You are the rising sun.
You are the rising moon.
You're the robins at dawn,
And the lone whippoorwill in the west.

Universal,
Loving spirit,
You watch over us all,
Like a dove watches over her nest.

We are your children,
Brothers and sisters,
From our moment of birth,
Til the day we are laid down to rest.

Universal,
Loving spirit,
You watch over us all,
Like a dove watches over her nest.
Like a dove watches over her nest.
Like a dove watches over her nest.

(Album, Shining Planet)

New England Inn

(2006-039)

I met them on the internet.
I heard my voice among them.
They were green Quaker anarchists,
And they were from New England.

Some of them were pagans.
Some were mystical atheists.
But they all reminded me,
Of Stopping by Woods,
On a Snowy Eve.
'Cause they all seemed to know,
The woods are lovely dark and deep.

And they took me in,
To the New England Inn.
Where we dreamed our gentle dreams,
In the New England wind.
And they took me in,
To the New England Inn.
The New England Inn.

I could feel the snow a falling,
From two thousand miles away.
And breathe the sweet crisp air,
Of the woods of the New England states.

We talked of God and spirit,
And of what we really felt.
We spoke of sweet Panentheia,
And the love at the heart,
Of every cell.

And they took me in,
To the New England Inn.
Where we dreamed our gentle dreams,
In the New England wind.
And they took me in,
To the New England Inn.
The New England Inn.

And they all seemed to know,
The woods are lovely dark and deep.
So let us dwell awhile,
Amid the falling snow and trees.

There'll be time enough to say,
We've miles to go before we sleep.
There'll be time enough to keep,
The promises that we must keep.

And they all seemed to know,
The woods are lovely dark and deep.
So let us dwell awhile,
Amid the falling snow and trees.

There'll be time enough to say,
We've miles to go before we sleep.
There'll be time enough to keep,
The promises that we must keep.

And they took me in,
To the New England Inn.
Where we dreamed our gentle dreams,
In the New England wind.
And they took me in,
To the New England Inn.
The New England Inn.

They took me in,
To the New England Inn.
The New England Inn.
The New England Inn.
The New England Inn.
The New England Inn.
The New England Inn.

(Album, Shining Planet)

The stars are in the heavens.
The fish are in their pools.
I'm gonna go a dancin' with
The coolest of the cool.
Don't take me for a prophet.
Don't take me for a fool.
I'm just a dancer dancing with,
The coolest of the cool.
Just a dancer dancing with,
The coolest of the cool.

Lao-tse, he was cool.
Gautama Buddha, he was cool.
Pythagoras was cool.
Xenophanes was cool, real cool.

Democritus was cool, real cool.
Zeno the Stoic, he was cool.
Jesus of Nazareth was cool.
St. Benedict was cool.
St. Francis, he was cool, real cool.
St. Claire, she was cool, real cool.
Hildegard of Bingen, she was cool, real cool.

John Ball, he was cool, real cool.
Wat Tyler, he was cool, real cool.
Jack Straw, he was cool.
Joan of Ark, she was cool,
Til they burned her at the stake,
Then she was hot, real hot.

Meister Eckhart, he was cool.
Johannes Tauler, he was cool, real cool.
John Hus, he was cool.
Peter Chelcicky, he was cool, real cool.
Thomas Munzer, he was cool, real cool.
Thomas Moore, he was cool,
Til they stopped him with a chop,
Chop, chop, chop.

George Fox, he was cool.
Margaret Fell, she was cool, real cool.
James Mailer, he was cool.
Gerard Winstanley, he was cool, real cool.

The stars are in the heavens.
The fish are in their pools.
I'm gonna go a dancin' with
The coolest of the cool.
Don't take me for a prophet.
Don't take me for a fool.
I'm just a dancer dancing with,
The coolest of the cool.
Just a dancer dancing with,

The coolest of the cool, real cool.

Jean-Jacque Rousseau, he was cool.
John Woolman, he was cool.
William Blake, he was cool, real cool.
William Wordsworth, he was cool.
William Godwin, he was cool.
Mary Wollstonecraft was cool, real cool.
Mary Shelly, she was cool.
Even when she wrote, Frankenstein,
She was cool, real cool.

Pierre-Joseph Proudhon, he was cool.
Karl Marx, he was cool, real cool.
Mikhail Bakunin, he was cool, real cool.
Peter Kropotkin, he was cool, real cool.

Lucretia Mott, she was cool, real cool.
William Morris, he was cool.
John Ruskin, he was cool,
Except for the night,
When he pounced on his cat,
And killed his cat,
'Cause he thought it was the Devil,
That wasn't very cool.
But otherwise he was cool, real cool.

The stars are in the heavens.
The fish are in their pools.
I'm gonna go a dancin' with
The coolest of the cool.
Don't take me for a prophet.
Don't take me for a fool.
I'm just a dancer dancing with,
The coolest of the cool.
I'm just a dancer dancing with,
The coolest of the cool, real cool.

Leo Tolstoy, he was cool.
M. K. Gandhi, he was cool.
Vinoba Bhave, he was cool.
Dorothy Day, she was cool, real cool.
Peter Maurin, he was cool, real cool.
Ammon Hennacy was cool, real cool.

Phil Berrigan was cool.
And Daniel Berrigan is cool, real cool.
And Daniel Ellsberg is cool, real cool.
A. J. Muste, he was cool, real cool.
And Rufus Jones, he was cool, real cool.

Woody Guthrie, he was cool.
Pete Seeger, he is cool, real cool.
Everybody's cool, real cool.
The Raging Grannies, they are cool, real cool.
The Radical Cheerleaders,

They are cool, real cool.

And the thirty thousand women,
Who surrounded Greenham Common,
Saying no to the missiles,
They were cool, real cool.
Real real cool.

And the half a million women,
Who filled the streets of Santiago,
Saying no to Pinochet,
In 1985,
And Pinochet couldn't stop'em.
They were cool, real cool,
Real real cool.
Everybody's cool.

Well the stars are in the heavens.
The fish are in their pools.
I'm gonna go a dancin' with,
The coolest of the cool.
Don't take me for a prophet.
Don't take me for a fool.
I'm just a dancer dancing with,
The coolest of the cool.
Just a dancer dancing with,
The coolest of the cool.

The stars are in the heavens.
The fish are in their pools.
I'm gonna go a dancin' with,
The coolest of the cool.
Don't take me for a prophet.
Don't take me for a fool.
I'm just a dancer dancing with,
The coolest of the cool.
Just a dancer dancing with,
The coolest of the cool.
Just a dancer dancing with,
The coolest of the cool.
Real cool, cool real cool.
Everybody's cool.
Everybody's cool, real cool.

Everybody's cool, real cool.

(Album, Shining Planet)

In the Ray Gun Age

(2006-041)

Are you born again.
Have you heard the truth.
Are you a paid up member,
Of the Bushite Youth.
Then you're okay.

Do you shoot down missiles,
In your wildest dreams,
As you fiddle around,
With your laser beam.
Then you're okay.

You're okay. You can survive.
You're okay, 'cause you're alive,
In the ray gun age.
You're okay. You can survive.
It's a good thing, that you're alive,
In the ray gun age.

Do you love the man,
In the Whitehouse flat,
With the laser beam,
And the cowboy hat.
Then you're okay. (2006-041)

Do you love the way,
That the cyclotron,
Takes away from the poor,
And gives to the Pentagon.
Then you're okay.

You're okay. You can survive.
You're okay, 'cause you're alive,
In the ray gun age.
You're okay. You can survive.
It's a good thing, that you're alive,
In the ray gun age.

Are you ready to do,
What you're ordered to,
To kill and die,
Wherever they send you.
Then you're okay.

So rap yourself,
In red white and blue.
The dark side of the force,
Might have a job for you.
And you're okay.

You're okay. You can survive.
You're okay, 'cause you're alive,
In the ray gun age.
You're okay. You can survive.

It's a good thing, that you're alive,
In the ray gun age.
In the ray gun age.

Get ready to aim your laser ray.
Get ready to blow the world away.
Get ready to aim your laser ray.
Get ready to blow the world away.

But did you ever think,
There might be another way.
Did you ever think,
There might be more to say.
In the ray gun age.
In the ray gun age.

(Album, Shining Planet)

My Kingdom Is Not of This World

(2006-042)

My kingdom is not of this world.
My kingdom is not of this world.
My kingdom is not of this world.
My kingdom is not of this world.

Jesus sat before Pilate.
He saw through Pilate to the empire.
All those sad Romans,
And their cynical manipulators.
The tentacles of conquest stretching,
From India to Africa to England.

My kingdom is not of this world.
My kingdom is not of this world.
My kingdom is not of this world.
My kingdom is not of this world.

Jesus sat before Pilate.
He knew Pilate would condemn him.
He'd made his choice long ago,
In the desert, when he was tempted.
Rejecting all the kingdoms,
And the powers of the world,
Refusing to worship any idol.

My kingdom is not of this world.
My kingdom is not of this world.
My kingdom is not of this world.
My kingdom is not of this world.

My kingdom lives,
In the heartbeat of the cosmos,
In the lives of the shepherds,
And the sprouting of the grain.

My kingdom lives,
In the roar of the ocean,
In the howling of the wind,
And the falling of the rain.

My kingdom is not of this world.
My kingdom is not of this world.
My kingdom is not of this world.
My kingdom is not of this world.

My kingdom is not of this world.
My kingdom is not of this world.
My kingdom is not of this world.

(Album, Shining Planet)

I Am the Spider

(2006-043)

I am the spider,
At the heart of the galaxy.
I am the dreamer,
At the core of all memory.

I am the spider,
At the heart of the galaxy.
I am the dreamer,
At the core of all memory.

I spin the webs,
That keep the stars a turning.
I weave the dreams,
That keep the stars a burning.

I spin the webs,
That keep the stars a turning.
I weave the dreams,
That keep the stars a burning.

I am the spider,
At the heart of the galaxy.
I am the dreamer,
At the core of all memory.

I am the spider,
At the heart of the galaxy.
I am the dreamer,
At the core of all memory.

One million lanterns,
Keep the light a shining.
Guiding the people,
Along the pathways winding.

One million lanterns,
Keep the light a shining.
Guiding the people,
Along the pathways winding.

I am the spider,
At the heart of the galaxy.
I am the dreamer,
At the core of all memory.

I am the spider,
At the heart of the galaxy.
I am the dreamer,
At the core of all memory.

I am the spider.
I am the spider.
I am the spider.

(Album, Shining Planet)

Shadow of Bakunin

(2006-044)

You haunted the halls,
Of the universities,
Of Western Europe,
With a club in your hand,
Pretending to be,
An ancient caveman.

You haunted the halls,
And the moonlit streets of,
Western Europe,
Saying my name is Bakunin.
One day, I will die,
On the barricades.

You spent your whole life,
Waiting for the great revolution,
That never came,
Though a telegram came from Paris,
Early one morning,
To say, Arise Bakunin,
It's spring. It's 1871.

Now you are buried,
Amid the mountains of Switzerland.
The winds have blown over you,
For over a hundred years.
I wonder if anything's changed,
In all that time.

Maybe you still haunt the hallways,
And the roadways,
The shadow of Bakunin,
The shadow of Bakunin.

Maybe you still haunt the hallways,
And the roadways,
The shadow of Bakunin,
The shadow of Bakunin.

Shadow of Bakunin.

(Album, Shining Planet)

The Trucks Will Be Traveling

(2006-045)

Deep beneath the ground,
That's where the ore they call uranium,
Can be found.

They dig their uranium mines.
They say it's all for peaceful uses,
For the good of humankind.

But once it's headed down the road,
Who can control where it goes.
You cannot put a flag pole,
On an atom.

And the trucks will be traveling,
Again today.
I wonder where they're gonna go.
They'll be loading up the uranium,
And taking it away,
Down Yellowcake Road.
Down Yellowcake Road.

And I've heard tell,
There's a little bit of Saskatchewan,
In every American,
Nuclear weapon.

And there's a little bit of Saskatchewan,
In the depleted uranium,
They dropped from Kosovo,
To Iraq, to Afghanistan.

And there's a little bit of Saskatchewan,
All around the planet in,
Radioactive fallout,
That fell from atmospheric,
Nuclear weapons testing.

Our Saskatchewan atoms,
They really travel.

And the trucks will be traveling,
Again today.
I wonder where they're gonna go.
They'll be loading up the uranium,
And taking it away,
Down Yellowcake Road.
Down Yellowcake Road.

And the trucks will be traveling,
Again today.
I wonder where they're gonna go.
They'll be loading up the uranium,
And taking it away,
Down Yellowcake Road.

Down Yellowcake Road.
Down Yellowcake Road.
Down Yellowcake Road.

(Album, Shining Planet)

Love and Do As Ye Will

(2006-046)

Love and do as ye will.
Love and do as ye will.
Life is here. Take your fill.
Love and do as ye will.

Join the dance of creation.
The birds are singing and the stars are shining.
Dance the dance of liberation,
And all the sweet truths we're divining.

Love and do as ye will.
Love and do as ye will.
Life is here. Take your fill.
Love and do as ye will.
Love and do as ye will.

There is joy in all our hearts and,
There is joy in everything.
Behold our souls are flying free.
Let us dance, for it is spring.

Love and do as ye will.
Love and do as ye will.
Life is here. Take your fill.
Love and do as ye will.
Love and do as ye will.

The grass is singing to us.
The trees are singing to us.
The rivers are singing to us.
The rocks are singing to us.
The wind is singing to us.
The falling rain is singing to us.
The earth and sky are singing to us.

Love and do as ye will.
Love and do as ye will.
Life is here. Take your fill.
Love and do as ye will.
Love and do as ye will.
Love and do as ye will.
Love and do as ye will.
Love and do as ye will.
Love and do as ye will.

(Album, Shining Planet)

Elysium

(2006-047)

Sweet Elysium,
Sweet Elysium.

We lie down in green pastures.
We feel the wind on our faces.
The only shepherd is the quiet.
That flows without fear, without judgment.

Sweet Elysium,
Sweet Elysium.

Elysium is here in this world,
If we would open our hearts to it.
It is the love that flows among us,
If we would only perceive it.

Sweet Elysium,
Sweet Elysium.

There is only love and forgiveness,
Beating in the heart of the cosmos.
There is only peace and compassion,
When we love with the love of Elysium.

Sweet Elysium,
Sweet Elysium.

Let our hearts let go and feel the freedom.
Let us love with the love of Elysium.
Let our hearts let go and feel the freedom.
Let us love with the love of Elysium.

Sweet Elysium,
Sweet Elysium.

Love with the love of Elysium.
Sweet Elysium,
Sweet Elysium.
Sweet Elysium.

(Album, Glimpses of Arcadia)

Sir Albert Dreamed

(2006-048)

Sir Albert dreamed,
A universe,
Of stars, and humble clay.
Where the soil,
Is like a forest,
Where every being dances,
In the interplay.

Sir Albert dreamed,
A world of small-scale farmers,
Who farm with the knowledge,
That everything is interconnected.
Sir Albert dreamed,
A world of village markets,
Where the peace and well-being of all things,
Might be protected.

Sir Albert dreamed.

Sir Albert dreamed,
The more complex the soil,
The more nutritious,
And healthier the food.
Sir Albert dreamed,
That rich organic soil,
Might make the people freer too.

Sir Albert dreamed,
Dreamed in thunder,
Dreamed in gently falling rain.
Keep the soil,
Rich in organic matter,
And the soil need not be swept away.
The soil need not be swept away.

Sir Albert dreamed.

Sir Albert dreamed,
A universe,
Of stars, and humble clay.
Where the soil,
Is like a forest,
Where every being dances,
In the interplay.

Sir Albert dreamed.
Sir Albert dreamed.
Sir Albert dreamed.

(Album, Glimpses of Arcadia)

A Long Time Ago in Saskatchewan

(2006-049)

A long time ago in Saskatchewan.

A long time ago in Saskatchewan.

There was a Doctor Hoffer,
And a Doctor Osmond.
They were doing experiments with LSD.
Back around the year 1953.
They didn't mean no harm.
They just wanted to help somebody.

A long time ago in Saskatchewan.

A long time ago in Saskatchewan.

And Dr. Hoffer, and Dr. Osmond,
Took some LSD to identify,
With the schizophrenics,
They were trying to cure.
And taking that LSD,
Opened up a whole new world for them.
They saw things they'd never seen before.

A long time ago in Saskatchewan.

A long time ago in Saskatchewan.

And Dr. Osmond, was corresponding,
With Aldus Huxley.
And they were writing, rhyming couplets,
To each other.
They were tryna come up with a name,
For this new line of substance.

And in 1956,
Dr. Osmond wrote to Huxley.
He said,
"To fathom Hell or soar angelic,
Take a pinch of psychedelic."
And the word psychedelic,
Was invented then and there,
There in the town of Weyburn Saskatchewan.
A sleepy little town,
Where you wouldn't think,
Anything very exciting would happen.

But it was a long time ago in Saskatchewan.

A long time ago in Saskatchewan.

There's one thing that I'm sure.
I'm sure that Saskatchewan 1950's LSD,
Was better than the stuff served up,
South of the border,
By the Central Intelligence Agency.

A long time ago in Saskatchewan.

A long time ago in Saskatchewan.

A long time ago in Saskatchewan.
A long time ago in Saskatchewan.
A long time ago in Saskatchewan.
A long time ago in Saskatchewan.
A long time ago in Saskatchewan.

(Album, Glimpses of Arcadia)

Buffalo Wings

(2006-050)

Behold I am, a buffalo.
Here I come, and here I go.
Buffalo wings, will get me high.
Buffalo wings, will let me fly.

And I will fly, on buffalo wings,
Over the fields, and everything.
I am a buffalo. I will fly,
Across the sea, across the sky.

We're not afraid. We're not alone.
Buffalo wings, will take us home.
We're not afraid. We're not alone.
Buffalo wings, will take us home.

Behold I am, a buffalo.
Here I come, and there I go.
Buffalo wings, will get me high.
Buffalo wings, will let me fly.

And I will fly, on buffalo wings,
Over the fields, and everything.
I am a buffalo. I will fly,
Across the sea, across the sky.

We're not afraid. We're not alone.
Buffalo wings, will take us home.
We're not afraid. We're not alone.
Buffalo wings, will take us home.

Buffalo wings, buffalo wings, buffalo wings.

Behold I am, a buffalo.
Here I come, and there I go.
Buffalo wings, will get me high.
Buffalo wings, will let me fly.

And I will fly, on buffalo wings,
Over the fields, and everything.
I am a buffalo. I will fly,
Across the sea, across the sky.

We're not afraid. We're not alone.
Buffalo wings, will take us home.
We're not afraid. We're not alone.
Buffalo wings, will take us home.
Buffalo wings, will take us home.
Buffalo wings, will take us home.

Buffalo wings, buffalo wings, buffalo wings.
Buffalo wings, buffalo wings, buffalo wings.
Buffalo wings, buffalo wings.

(Album, Glimpses of Arcadia)

Wizard from Beyond the Blue Mountains

(2006-051)

I'm a wizard from beyond the blue mountains.
I live on a quaint little island.
With my shaggy shaggy beard,
I've come to woo you young maiden.
I've come to woo you young maiden,
When the moon is rising.

I'm a wizard from beyond the blue mountains.
I live on a quaint little island.
With my shaggy shaggy beard,
I've come to woo you young maiden,
I've come to woo you young maiden,
When the moon is rising.

We'll go out and we'll dance in the cornfield.
We'll lie down in the cornfield together.
And your parents will sing of the day,
You were taken away,
By the wild wizard.

We'll go out and we'll dance in the cornfield.
We'll lie down in the cornfield together.
And your parents will sing of the day,
You were taken away,
By the wild wizard.

I am the wild wizard.
I've come to woo you young maiden.
I am the wild wizard.
I've come to woo you young maiden.
And take you away to my island,
Where you'll live as my lover forever.

I am the wild wizard.
I've come to woo you young maiden.
I am the wild wizard.
I've come to woo you young maiden.
And take you away to my island,
Where you'll live as my lover forever.
You'll live as my lover forever.
You'll live as my lover forever.

I'm a wizard from beyond the blue mountains.
I'm a wizard from beyond the blue mountains.
I'm a wizard from beyond the blue mountains.

(Album, Glimpses of Arcadia)

Committee of Foxes

(2006-052)

We are the committee of foxes,
And we have gathered here,
To design a defense strategy,
For the chickens.

And the chickens they will love us,
'Cause the foxes are the friends of the chickens.
The chickens they will love us,
'Cause the foxes are the friends of the chickens.

We are the committee of foxes,
And we have gathered here,
To design a defense strategy,
For the chickens.

And the chickens they will love us,
'Cause the foxes are the friends of the chickens.
The chickens they will love us,
'Cause the foxes are the friends of the chickens.
The foxes are the friends of the chickens.

Leave the chicken coop door open,
And leave the lights on,
'Cause the foxes don't wanna stumble.
Leave the chicken coop door open,
And leave the lights on,
'Cause the foxes don't wanna stumble.

We are the friends of the chickens,
And we will keep the chickens safe from harm,
If the chickens adopt our defense strategy,
And remain unarmed.

We are the friends of the chickens,
And we will keep the chickens safe from harm.
If the chickens adopt our defense strategy,
And remain unarmed.

The chickens they will love us,
'Cause the foxes are the friends of the chickens.
The chickens they will love us,
'Cause the foxes are the friends of the chickens.
The foxes are the friends of the chickens.

What's that you say,
You chickens want to be free range.
Well the foxes will support,
The chickens' demand, to be free range,
As long as the foxes can be free range too.

And the chickens they will love us,
'Cause the foxes are the friends of the chickens.
The chickens they will love us,
'Cause the foxes are the friends of the chickens.

We are the committee of foxes.
We are the committee of foxes.
We are the committee of foxes.

(Album, Watch the North Wind rise)

Rudolph Rocker

(2006-053)

Rudolph Rocker was a rocker,
From a way way way way back.
Rudolph Rocker was a rocker,
From a way way way way back.

Rocker had a dream,
Called anarcho-syndicalism.
He didn't believe our dreams,
Should be confined to the capitalist system.
Rocker had a dream,
Called popular revolution,
Where the people dream together,
In a just and equitable evolution.

Rudolph Rocker was a rocker,
From a way way way way back.
Rudolph Rocker was a rocker,
From a way way way way back.

He knew that those who have a dream,
Have a responsibility,
To do what they can to turn that dream,
Into reality.
Put it into words and put it into action.
Give it all that you can.
And one day the free society,
Will come to be across the land.

Rudolph Rocker was a rocker,
From a way way way way back.
Rudolph Rocker was a rocker,
From a way way way way back.

Anarchism is the rock.
Revolution is the roll.
Put it together and maybe we,
Can rock 'n' roll.
Anarchism is the rock.
Revolution is the roll.
Put it together and maybe we,
Can rock 'n' roll.

Rudolph Rocker was a rocker,
From a way way way way back.
Rudolph Rocker was a rocker,
From a way way way way back.

They called him Rockin' Rudy,
And Rockin' Rudy liked to rock 'n' roll.
He said vive anarchismo,
'Cause he had anarchism in his soul.
They called him Rockin' Rudy,
And Rockin' Rudy liked to rock 'n' roll.
He said vive anarchismo,

'Cause he had anarchism in his soul.

Rudolph Rocker was a rocker,
From a way way way way back.
Rudolph Rocker was a rocker,
From a way way way way back.

Anarchism is the rock.
Revolution is the roll.
Put it together and maybe we,
Can rock 'n' roll.
Anarchism is the rock.
Revolution is the roll.
Put it together and maybe we,
Can rock 'n' roll.

Rudolph Rocker was a rocker,
From a way way way way back.
Rudolph Rocker was a rocker,
From a way way way way back.
Rudolph Rocker was a rocker,
From a way way way way back.
Rudolph Rocker was a rocker,
From a way way way way way way way way way,
Way back.

Way way way way back.

Keep on rocking.

(Album, Glimpses of Arcadia)

Evening in October

(2006-054)

I was born on an evening in October,
In the year of 1967.
It was cold in the streets of Manitoba.
Still I knew that we could get together.
I knew that we could get together.

I was born on an evening in October,
In the year of 1967.
It was cold in the streets of Manitoba.
Still I knew that we could get together.
I knew that we could get together.

Born to be a radical,
To question what was known.
Born to be a prodigal,
To wander from my home.
O, o, o.

As a child I grew like a blazing flower,
On the green of the 1970's.
Stirred the wind that sang about our power.
In my heart and my mind, I was free.
In my heart and my mind, I was free.

Born to be a heretic,
To raise the morning skies.
Born to be a lunatic,
To watch old Luna rise.
li, ii, ii.

I left home on an evening in the springtime,
In the year of 1989.
From childhood walking west along the dreamline,
Looking for truth among the great white pines.
Looking for truth among the great white pines.

Born to be a radical,
To question what was known.
Born to be a prodigal,
To wander from my home.
O, o, o. O, o, o. O, o, o.

Keep the music playing and keep dancing,
Beneath the stars upon the grains of sand.
The waves of love and life,
They will wash over you,
Til you hold infinity in your hand.
Til you hold infinity in your hand.

Born to be a heretic,
To raise the morning skies.
Born to be a lunatic,
To watch old Luna rise.
li, ii, ii. li, ii, ii, ii, ii.

I was born on an evening in October.
I was born on an evening in October.
I was born on an evening in October.
Evening in October,
Evening in October.

(Album, Glimpses of Arcadia)

Temperature Inversion

(2006-055)

Temperature inversion,
Temperature inversion,
Temperature inversion,
Temperature inversion.

Temperature inversion,
Societal conversion,
Dramatic introversion,
Temperature inversion.

Above us all, the sky it is blue.
The Starship Arcadia is due, is due.
Above us all, the sky is blue.
The Starship Arcadia is due, is due.

Temperature inversion,
Temperature inversion,
Temperature inversion,
Temperature inversion.

Temperature inversion,
Mystical excursion,
Radical subversion,
Temperature inversion.

From east to west, the lightening will flash,
But who would walk that terrible path.
From east to west, the lightening will flash,
But who would walk that terrible path.

Temperature inversion,
Temperature inversion,
Temperature inversion,
Temperature inversion.

Temperature inversion,
Mutual dispersion,
Communal ambiversion,
Temperature inversion.

The Arctic Sea,
Will turn to lemonade.
The moon will be ice-cream,
Served by a mystic maid.
The Arctic Sea,
Will turn to lemonade.
The moon will be ice-cream,
Served by a mystic maid.

Temperature inversion,
Temperature inversion,
Temperature inversion,
Temperature inversion.

Temperature inversion,
Temperature inversion,
Temperature inversion,
Temperature inversion.

Temperature inversion,
Temperature inversion.

(Album, Glimpses of Arcadia)

In the Last Days of Weimar

(2006-056)

In the last days of Weimar,
In the last days of Weimar.

In the last days of Weimar,
The left was certain,
That victory was not far away.
In the last days of Weimar,
The far left and the center left,
Were refusing to cooperate.

In the last days of Weimar,
The left debated doctrine,
While the right held torch light parades.
In the last days of Weimar,
No one saw what was coming.
No one dreamed that their freedom,
Could so easily be swept away.

In the last days of Weimar,
In the last days of Weimar.

In the last days of Weimar,
No one dreamed a Reichstag fire,
Would burn down,
Their paper-thin democracy.
In the last days of Weimar,
No one knew what would happen,
When the people abandoned freedom,
For security.

In the last days of Weimar,
So many did nothing,
While a powerful few,
Set their traps and schemes.
Now the last days of Weimar,
Are forever remembered,
As a time before the deluge,
And before the screams.

In the last days of Weimar,
In the last days of Weimar.

Now Bush is in the Whitehouse.
Harper's in 24 Sussex Drive.
And militarism rules,
From Candahar to Israel.
And everyone I know,
is learning how to sleepwalk,
Letting the political anesthetic,
Take control of their souls.

And the million channel universe,
Of the media corporations,
Is channeling stupidity,

And insanity.
The only way to prevent history,
From happening again,
Is to point to history and say,
Could it be, could it be,
That we are living in the last days of Weimar.
Are we living in the last days of Weimar.

And the millions who did nothing,
And the millions who were murdered,
Remember the last days of Weimar.
For the millions who were murdered,
And the millions who survived it,
Remember the last days of Weimar.
Remember the last days of Weimar.
Remember the last days of Weimar.

Not with a swastika,
But with a cross and a bible,
The right is holding altar calls,
And evangelical revivals,
While the left is debating doctrine,
Speaking to their comfortable circles,
And I wonder, and I wonder,
Are we living in the last days of Weimar.
Are we living in the last days of Weimar.

And the millions who did nothing,
And the millions who were murdered,
Remember the last days of Weimar.
For the millions who were murdered,
And the millions who survived it,
Remember the last days of Weimar.
Remember the last days of Weimar.
Remember the last days of Weimar.

In the last days of Weimar.
In the last days of Weimar.
In the last days of Weimar.

(Album, Glimpses of Arcadia)

Love Peace and Freedom

(2006-057)

Love peace and freedom,
Love peace and freedom.
Love peace and freedom,
Love peace and freedom.

With the love of peace,
And the peace of love.
With the freedom of love,
And the love of freedom.

With the peace of freedom,
And the freedom of peace,
Piecing it together,
We will all be free.

Love peace and freedom,
Love peace and freedom.
Love peace and freedom,
Love peace and freedom.

We are love beings.
may we live in peace.
May we dwell in freedom.
May we all be free.

Let there be love.
Let there be peace.
Let there be freedom.
Let us all be free.

Love peace and freedom,
Love peace and freedom.
Love peace and freedom,
Love peace and freedom.

Let there be love.
Let there be peace.
Let there be freedom.
Let us all be free.

Let there be love.
Let there be peace.
Piecing it together,
We will all be free.

Love peace and freedom,
Love peace and freedom.
Love peace and freedom,
Love peace and freedom.

Love peace and freedom,
Love peace and freedom.
Love peace and freedom,
Love peace and freedom.

Love peace and freedom.

(Album, Glimpses of Arcadia)

We Are the Loners

(2006-058)

We are the loners.
They are the owners.
We know who they are,
And they know us by name.

We sleep by ourselves,
In one room basement suites,
And we dream of the day,
When capitalism,
Will be swept away.

We write our poetry,
Our songs and our prose,
And they watch us,
And measure the price of our souls.

But the power of poetry alone,
Will not bring about that day.
There is sorrow in sleeping alone,
As we dream of that day far away.

Maybe the revolution,
Is our lover,
And she comes in the night,
To make love,
To our hearts and our minds.

Maybe the revolution,
Is our lover,
And she comes in the night,
To make love,
To our hearts and our minds.

We are the loners.
They are the owners.
We know who they are,
And they know us by name.

We sleep by ourselves,
In one room basement suites,
And we dream of the day,
When capitalism,
Will be swept away.

We dream of the day,
When capitalism,
Will be swept away.

(Album, Glimpses of Arcadia)

Gonna Watch Star Trek

(2006-059)

We're just gonna watch Star Trek,
All day long.
Gonna explore new planets,
With the Federation.
We're gonna boldly go,
Where no one has gone.
We're just gonna watch Star Trek,
All day long.

You can beam us down.
We are ready to go.
To an Earth-like planet,
Looking for a home.
There will be beautiful women there,
Who'll make us welcome we know.
You can beam us down.
We are ready to go.

We're just gonna watch Star Trek,
All day long.
Gonna explore new planets,
With the Federation.
We're gonna boldly go,
Where no one has gone.
We're just gonna watch Star Trek,
All day long.

We're gonna keep dancing,
With the women we found,
On the Earth-like planet,
When you beamed us down.
We don't wanna come back,
From this brave new ground.
We're gonna keep dancing,
With the women we found.

We're gonna watch Star Trek,
All day long.
Gonna explore new planets,
With the Federation.
We're gonna boldly go,
Where no one has gone.
We're gonna watch Star Trek,
All day long.

All day all day all day long,
Gonna watch Star Trek all day long.
All day all day all day long,
Gonna watch Star Trek all day long.

We're gonna keep dancing,
In the cosmic dance.
Dancing through the nebulae,
In a cosmic trance.

A hundred million systems,
And a billion suns,
The song of the universe,
It has begun.

We're gonna watch Star Trek,
All day long.
Gonna explore new planets,
With the Federation.
We're gonna boldly go,
Where no one has gone.
We're just gonna watch Star Trek,
All day long.

Gonna boldly boldly boldly go,
Go to a new galactic shore.
Gonna boldly boldly boldly go,
Go where no one has gone before.

Gonna boldly boldly boldly go,
Go to a new galactic shore.
Gonna boldly boldly boldly go,
Go where no one has gone before.
Go where no one has gone before,
Go where no one has gone before.

We're just gonna watch Star Trek,
All day long.
We're gonna watch Star Trek,
All day long.
Gonna watch Star Trek,
All day long.

(Album, Glimpses of Arcadia)

Dare to form communes.
Dare to form communes.
Dare to live a different tune.
Dare to form communes.

Dare to be a visionary people,
Rising from each neighbourhood,
Dancing in the street.
Dare to associate.
Dare to emancipate.
Dare to live communalism's dream.

Dare to form communes.
Dare to form communes.
Dare to live a different tune.
Dare to form communes.

Be a revolutionary people.
Take back the fields and factories.
Build a people's liberty.
Dare to collectivize.
Dare to communalize.
Dare to realize liberation's dream.

Dare to form communes.
Dare to form communes.
From Berlin, to Dublin, to Saskatoon.
Dare to form communes.

Rudolph Bahro was a dreamer.
He brought his dream from the rubble,
Of the east into the west.
He said, human beings are not ants.
Let's give ourselves another chance.
Let's liberate the gifts of the people,
And give the earth a rest.

Dare to form communes.
Dare to form communes.
From Berlin, to Dublin, to Saskatoon.
Dare to form communes.

Dare to associate.
Dare to emancipate.
Dare to form communes.
Dare to collectivize.
Dare to communalize.
Dare to form communes.

Dare to cooperate.
Dare to co-liberate.
Dare to form communes.
Dare to revolutionize,
Anarcho-communize.

Dare to form communes.

Dare to form communes.

Dare to form communes.

Dare to live a different tune.

Dare to form communes.

From Berlin, to Dublin, to Saskatoon.

Dare to form communes.

Dare to live a different tune.

Dare to form communes.

Dream of blue sky afternoons.

Dare to form communes.

The scene is clearly coming soon.

Dare to form communes.

The earth will rise,

Above the surface of the moon.

Dare to form communes.

Dare to form communes.

Dare to form communes.

Dare to form communes.

(Album, Glimpses of Arcadia)

The Storm

(2006-061)

Nuclear winter is mighty cold.
Global warming is mighty warm.
Somewhere between the cold and hot,
We're trying to survive the storm.

Nuclear winter is mighty cold.
Global warming is mighty warm.
Somewhere between the cold and hot,
We're trying to survive the storm.

I wonder where we're gonna be,
When a hundred years have done gone by.
Will we still find humanity,
Or will we all have gone bye bye.
Will we all have gone bye bye.
Will we all have gone bye bye.

With all the numbers on our days,
It seems to me that there must be,
There must be over fifty ways,
Fifty ways to sink humanity.

There's nuclear weapons we all know,
And weapons biological.
There's droughts and famines, fowl or fair,
And rising oceans everywhere.

Collapse of the ecology,
And flu pandemics east and west.
Diseases spread deliberately.
Choose the way you think is best.
Choose the way you think is best.
Choose the way you think is best.

There's one more way I have not told.
It's something we cannot avoid.
There's one more way that we might go,
Collision with an asteroid.

With all these possibilities,
With all these ways that we might end,
I must confess I do believe,
We'll still be around for some time yet.
Still be around for some time yet.
Still be around for some time yet.

So keep your chin up everyone,
And put away your cosmic fears.
One day we'll fry inside the sun.
That'll be in about ten billion years.
Be in about ten billion years.
Be in about ten billion years.

Nuclear winter is mighty cold.

Global warming is mighty warm.
Somewhere between the cold and hot,
We're trying to survive the storm.
Trying to survive the storm.
Trying to survive the storm.

(Album, Glimpses of Arcadia)

Part of Me Died

(2006-062)

Part of me died, with Abbie Hoffman,
In the spring of 1989.
The class clown of radical politics,
We like to think a star will always shine.
Part of me died, with Abbie Hoffman,
In the spring of 1989.

Part of me died, with Petra Kelly,
In the fall of 1992.
A voice who led the protest marches,
And showed us we could make this world anew.
Part of me died, with Petra Kelly,
In the fall of 1992.

Part of me died, with Matthew Hardy,
In the spring of 1993.
A young man with real ideas,
But too much pain to let his heart be free.
Part of me died, with Matthew Hardy,
In the spring of 1993.

Part of me died, with Travis Douglas,
In the fall of 1996.
A good man who was not afraid,
To speak his mind, or do his share,
Or take the risks.
Part of me died, with Travis Douglas,
In the fall of 1996.

And sometimes as I carry on the struggle,
I feel their spirits with me in the fight.
Carry on, they say. Keep up the battle.
And we'll bring the world closer to the light.

Part of me died, but a lot of me still lives.
Part of me died, but a lot of me goes on.
And my heart and my spirit, still have more to give,
As the world continues and the fight goes on.
As the world continues and the fight goes on.
As the world continues and the fight goes on.

(Album, Watch the North Wind rise)

Socialismo Libertario

(2006-063)

Socialismo libertario,
Socialismo libertario.
Socialismo libertario,
Socialismo libertario.

Tell capitalism where to go.
Tell capitalism where to go.
Tell capitalism where to go.
Socialismo libertario.

Socialismo libertario,
Socialismo libertario.
Socialismo libertario,
Socialismo libertario.

Sometimes the time has come to overthrow.
Sometimes the time has come to overthrow.
Sometimes the time has come to overthrow.
And make socialismo libertario.

Socialismo libertario,
Socialismo libertario.
Socialismo libertario,
Socialismo libertario.

Hell no hell no we won't go.
hell no hell no we won't go.
hell no hell no we won't go.
We want socialismo libertario.

Socialismo libertario,
Socialismo libertario.
Socialismo libertario,
Socialismo libertario.

Vive los revolucionarios.
Vive los revolucionarios.
Vive los revolucionarios.
Socialismo libertario.

Socialismo libertario,
Socialismo libertario.
Socialismo libertario,
Socialismo libertario.

Vive los revolucionarios.
Vive los revolucionarios.
Vive los revolucionarios.
Socialismo libertario.

Socialismo libertario,
Socialismo libertario.
Socialismo libertario,
Socialismo libertario.

Socialismo libertario.

Socialismo libertario,
Socialismo libertario.
Socialismo libertario,
Socialismo libertario.

(Album, Glimpses of Arcadia)

I Resist Therefore I Am

(2006-064)

I resist therefore I am.
I resist therefore I am.
The resistance goes on,
Across the land.
I resist therefore I am.

We resist therefore we are.
We resist therefore we are.
The song of peace and justice,
Is singing in our hearts.
We resist therefore we are.

There are those who will try to crush us.
There are those who'd like to make us disappear.
But every time, they silence us,
We'll come back to say,
We've conquered all our fear.

I resist therefore I am.
I resist therefore I am.
The resistance goes on,
Across the land.
I resist therefore I am.

We resist therefore we are.
We resist therefore we are.
The bells of peace and justice,
Are ringing in our hearts.
We resist therefore we are.

There are those who only want silence.
There are those who do not wish,
To hear our voice.
But nonviolence speaks,
In the dark of night,
To tell us all,
That we still have a choice.

I resist therefore I am.
I resist therefore I am.
The resistance goes on,
Across the land.
I resist therefore I am.

We resist therefore we are.
We resist therefore we are.
The drums of peace and justice,
Are pounding in our hearts.
We resist therefore we are.

We resist therefore we shall be.
One day our people shall all be free.
We will see beyond all atrocity.
We shall be what we dare to believe.

I resist therefore I am.
I resist therefore I am.
The resistance goes on,
Across the land.
I resist therefore I am.

We resist therefore we are.
We resist therefore we are.
The dream of peace and justice,
Is beating in our hearts.
We resist therefore we are.

Keep on resisting.
Keep on insisting.
Keep on persisting.
Keep on existing.

Keep on resisting.
Keep on insisting.
Keep on persisting.
Keep on existing.
Keep on resisting.

I resist therefore I am.
I resist therefore I am.
I resist therefore I am.
I resist therefore I am.

(Album, Glimpses of Arcadia)

Snow White Dove

(2006-065)

Snow white dove,
Snow white dove.
Gentle one,
Snow white dove.

Song of love,
Song of love.
Peaceful one,
Song of love.

Snow white dove,
Snow white dove.
Gentle one,
Snow white dove.

Peace rolls on.
Peace rolls on.
Morning comes.
Peace rolls on.

Snow white dove,
Snow white dove.
Gentle one,
Snow white dove.
Snow white dove,
Snow white dove.

(Album, Glimpses of Arcadia)

Man of Peace

(2006-066)

Some say we need Superman now.
Some say we need Robin Hood.
How 'bout the one within us all,
Who would change the world if we could.
Change the world if we could.
Change the world if we could.

Spider Man knows how to spin webs.
Bat Man he just wants to do good.
Wonder Woman can knock'em down.
Change the world if she could.
Change the world if she could.
Change the world if she could.

Everyone is a Luke Skywalker.
Everyone is Obi Won.
Everyone is a Buck Rogers.
Still the world is rolling on.
Still the world is rolling on.
Still the world is rolling on.

Some say we need Superman now.
Some say we need Robin Hood.
How 'bout the one within us all,
Who would change the world if we could.
Change the world if we could.
Change the world if we could.

Change the world if we could.
Change the world if we could.
Change the world if we could.

There's a man of peace,
There's a woman of peace,
Within you.

There's a woman of peace,
There's a man of peace,
Within you.

There's a man of peace,
There's a woman of peace,
Within you.

There's a woman of peace,
There's a man of peace,
Within you.

(Album, Glimpses of Arcadia)

Ghost Plane

(2006-067)

Ghost plane,
No one knows your name.
Spreading your wings,
Across the far terrain.

Ghost plane,
Where you ride in luxury,
On your way to the torture cell,
With no idea where you might be.
Ghost plane.

In Canada we got to hear,
The tragic story of Maher Arar.
But there are thousands more,
Who've disappeared.
And no one knows where they are.

Thousands of Afghans,
And Muslim men from everywhere,
Abducted by the CIA,
And given a ride in the air.

To the torture chambers,
Hidden from our sight,
We only hear the sound,
Of the ghost planes in the night.
Ghost plane.

When you ride the ghost plane,
You don't know where you're gonna go.
You only know you will be tortured,
With methods unspeakable.

At some point they might kill you,
Or they might let you stay alive.
Anything is possible,
When the CIA takes you for a ride.
Ghost plane.

You might be in Egypt.
You might be in Syria.
You might be sane, or the torture,
May have made you delirious.

And confessions, extracted under torture,
may be used by the CIA,
To justify invasions,
Or to take someone else away.
Ghost plane.

Ghost plane,
No one knows your name.
Spreading your wings,
Across unseen terrain.

Ghost plane,
Where you ride in luxury,
On your way to the torture cell,
With no idea where you might be.
Ghost plane,
Ghost plane,
Ghost plane.

(Album, Glimpses of Arcadia)

I Am the Road

(2006-068)

Once I rode with Robin Hood.
Once I rode with Ganges Con.
Once I rode with Kerouac
And the road kept rolling on and on.

Once I rode with Jose Marti.
Once I rode with Napoleon.
Once I rode with old Lao-Tse,
And the road kept rolling on and on and on.

Once I rode with Hiawatha.
Once I rode with Mao Tse-tung.
Once I rode with gentle Krishna,
And the road kept rolling on and on.

Once I rode with Cicero.
Once I rode with Akhenaten.
Once I rode with Santiago,
And the road kept rolling on and on and on.

I am the road. I am the road.
I am the road beneath your shoes.
I am the road. I am the road.
I am the road that I must choose.
That I must choose.

Once I rode with Seamus Ruah.
Once I rode with Galahad.
Once I rode with Benedict,
And the road gave everything it had.

Once I rode with gentle Thomas.
Once I rode with Marquis de Sade
Once I rode with St. Durruti,
And the road gave every, everything it had.

I am the road. I am the road.
I am the road beneath your shoes.
I am the road. I am the road.
I am the road that I must choose.
That I must choose.

Now here it is, I stand with all,
These centuries of riding on.
All these names and all these times,
And the road keeps rolling on and on.

Snow is falling on the meadow.
Winter night is coming on.
I must sleep until the spring,
And the road keeps rolling on and on and on.

I am the road. I am the road.
I am the road beneath your shoes.

I am the road. I am the road.
I am the road that I must choose.
That I must choose.

And the road keeps rolling on and on and on.
And the road keeps rolling on and on and on.
And the road keeps rolling on and on and on.
The road keeps rolling on and on and on.
And on and on and on.
And on and on and on.

(Album, Glimpses of Arcadia)

Will They Treat Me Like a Blind man

(2006-069)

Will they treat me like a blind man,
When I get to Heaven.
Will they shower me with pity.
Will they make assumptions,
About what I can and cannot do.
Will they punish me for striving,
For success and independence.
Or will there be social equity,
In that promised land beyond the blue.
In that promised land beyond the blue.

Will there be braille markings,
On the Pearly Gates,
Saying, turn this handle and come on through.
Will there be braille menus,
At the St. Claire's Restaurant.
Will I be allowed to keep my own long spoon.

Will they give me a cane,
So I can make my way,
Along the corridors that lead on high.
Will there be audio instructions,
In the voices of the angels,
So I can get around those mansions in the sky.
So I can get around those mansions in the sky.

Will they treat me like a blind man,
When I get to Heaven.
Will they shower me with pity.
Will they make assumptions,
About what I can and cannot do.
Will they punish me for striving,
For success and independence.
Or will there be social equity,
In that promised land beyond the blue.
In that promised land beyond the blue.

Will I be left alone,
To listen to the radio,
The way it was back here on Earth.
Or will I be fully welcomed,
In the circles of the people.
Will they realize my equal worth.

Will I make it with the saints,
And the artists and the poets.
Will I enjoy eternal life in the full.
Will it really matter,
What I was back here on Earth,
When we see with the eyes of the soul.
When we see with the eyes of the soul.

Will they treat me like a blind man,
When I get to Heaven.

Will they shower me with pity.
Will they make assumptions,
About what I can and cannot do.
Will they punish me for striving,
For success and independence.
Or will there be social equity,
In that promised land beyond the blue.
In that promised land beyond the blue.

Will they punish me for striving,
For success and independence.
Or will there be social equity,
In that promised land beyond the blue.
In that promised land beyond the blue.

(Album, Watch the North Wind Rise)

Revolutionary Underwear

(2006-070)

Went to the demonstration.
We were the people from everywhere.
I wore my liberation marching shoes,
And my revolutionary underwear.
Revolutionary underwear.

I met a girl who was an anarchist.
I said, what are you wearing under there.
She said, if you're nice to me I'll show you.
I'm wearing my revolutionary underwear.
Revolutionary underwear.

There were a million people in the street,
Marching for a world that must be fair.
We took off our shoes and shirts and jeans,
And wore our revolutionary underwear.
Revolutionary underwear.

They arrested us when we were fully clothed.
There was no way they could prepare.
They strip-searched us and we knocked'em dead,
With our revolutionary underwear.
Revolutionary underwear.
Revolutionary underwear.

Knock knock knock, now who is there.
A companera in her underwear.
Knock knock knock, now who is there.
An anarchiste in her underwear.
She's come to tell me she really cares,
With red and black stars on her underwear.
Her revolutionary underwear.
Her revolutionary underwear.
Underwear, underwear.
Her revolutionary underwear.
Revolutionary underwear.

(Album, Glimpses of Arcadia)

Plant a Million Seeds

(2006-071)

Plant a million seeds in the forest.
Plant a million seeds in the mind.
Dream a million dreams in eternity.
Dream a million dreams in space time.

Step into a flowing river.
Step into the raging sea.
Listen to a roaring waterfall.
Listen to the wind in the trees.

Plant a million seeds in the forest.
Plant a million seeds in the mind.
Dream a million dreams in eternity.
Dream a million dreams in space time.

Imagine a great cosmic castle.
Imagine a great cosmic dome.
Envision the galaxies dancing.
Envision and make yourself at home.

Plant a million seeds in the forest.
Plant a million seeds in the mind.
Dream a million dreams in eternity.
Dream a million dreams in space time.

Come say a prayer for the people.
Come say a prayer for the land.
Come write a song to forever.
Come write a song to the sky in your hand.

Plant a million seeds in the forest.
Plant a million seeds in the mind.
Dream a million dreams in eternity.
Dream a million dreams in space time.
Dream a million dreams in eternity.
Dream a million dreams in space time.

(Album, Watch the North Wind Rise)

Watch the North Wind rise

(2006-072)

Open your hearts, open your eyes.
Stretch out your arms, and realize.
Dance on the earth. Look to the skies,
And watch, watch the north wind rise.
And watch, watch the north wind rise.

Spiritus Terra, Corpus Terra.
Caritas Terra, Logos Terra.

Spirit of the earth, body of the earth.
Love of the earth, word of the earth.

Open your hearts. Open your eyes.
Stretch out your arms, and realize.
Dance on the earth. Look to the skies,
And watch, watch the north wind rise.
And watch, watch the north wind rise.

Watch the north wind rise.
Watch the north wind rise.
Watch the north wind rise.

(Album, Watch the North Wind Rise)

I'm Alive

(2006-073)

I'm alive.
The spirit's alive inside me.
I'm alive.
The spirit's alive inside me.
I'm alive.

I'm alive.
The spirit's alive inside me.
I'm alive.
The spirit's alive inside me.
I'm alive.

I am alive.
The earth is alive.
The people are alive.
The spirit is alive.

We are alive,
In body, heart and mind.
We are alive,
As we dance in space and time.

I'm alive.
The spirit's alive inside me.
I'm alive.
The spirit's alive inside me.
I'm alive.

I'm alive.
The spirit's alive inside me.
I'm alive.
The spirit's alive inside me.
I'm alive.

I am alive.
The earth is alive.
The people are alive.
The spirit is alive.

We are alive,
In body, heart and mind.
We are alive,
As we dance in space and time.

I'm alive.
The spirit's alive inside me.
I'm alive.
The spirit's alive inside me.
I'm alive.

I'm alive.
the spirit's alive inside me.
I'm alive.
The spirit's alive inside me.

I'm alive.

I'm alive.

The spirit's alive inside me.

I'm alive.

The spirit's alive inside me.

I'm alive.

I am alive. I am alive.

I'm alive. I'm alive.

I'm alive. I'm alive.

I am alive.

(Album, Watch the North Wind Rise)

Buddha Walking Backward

(2006-074)

Behold the Buddha's walking backward.
Behold the Buddha's walking backward.
In his mind, the universal password.
Behold the Buddha's walking backward.

Behold Demeter she is dancing.
Behold Demeter she is dancing.
Mother of us all,
She is enchanting.
Behold Demeter she is dancing.

Behold the universe is singing.
Behold the universe is singing.
All the songs of love and peace she's bringing.
Behold the universe is singing.

Behold the very stones are shouting.
Behold the very stones are shouting.
The snowflakes and the stars,
They are not doubting.
Behold the very stones are shouting.

Athena is lost in meditation.
Athena is lost in meditation.
All the universe is filled,
With contemplation.
Athena is lost in meditation.

Behold the Buddha's walking backward.
Behold the Buddha's walking backward.
In his mind, the universal password.
Behold the Buddha's walking backward.
Behold the Buddha's walking backward.
Behold the Buddha's walking backward.
Walking backward, walking backward.

(Album, Crashlanders)

Song for Reuben Ship

(2006-075)

Reuben was the child,
Of a troubled time,
Born in the year 1915.
Raised among the working class,
In east end Montreal,
He saw the wheels of the corporate machine.

He began to write about,
The things that he had seen,
And to believe that the artist,
Has a social responsibility.

He traveled to New York,
To make his way in the world,
In a world where the sun was still shining.
He made his way to Hollywood,
And became a script writer,
With the comedy series,
"The Life of Riley".

Reuben Ship,
Captain of his ship,
Turner of the ocean,
Fighter for freedom.
Reuben Ship,
Captain of his ship,
Turner of the ocean,
Worker for the people,
Worker for the people.

He was never afraid to get involved,
In the fight for what is right.
He was active in the Radio Writers' Guild,
Beneath a troubled sky.

And in 1947,
When Hollywood received its first visit,
From the House Un-American,
Activities Committee,
He spoke to a rally,
Saying no to the sensors,
Saying no to the witch hunts,
Saying freedom must be defended.

Reuben Ship,
Captain of his ship,
Turner of the ocean,
Fighter for freedom.
Reuben Ship,
Captain of his ship,
Turner of the ocean,
Worker for the people,
Worker for the people.

And then in 1951,
He was dragged before the committee,
Where he refused to name names.
Although many were naming him,
And calling him a Commie,
He stood his ground,
And refused to play the game.

He was ordered deported,
Deported back to Canada,
And driven in handcuffs across the country.
He spent a night in a Detroit,
Prison hospital,
With the insane and the drunkards.

Then he was brought across the border,
And finally released,
And then he said that finally,
He felt that he was free.

But Reuben wasn't finished.
He would have his sweet revenge.
The millions would join in laughter,
For the power of his pen.

Reuben Ship,
Captain of his ship,
Turner of the ocean,
Fighter for freedom.
Reuben Ship,
Captain of his ship,
Turner of the ocean,
Worker for the People,
Worker for the people.

He wrote a radio play,
Called "The Investigator",
Perhaps the ultimate satire,
On McCarthy.
And in the spring of 1954,
It aired on CBC,
While McCarthy,
Took on the army.

A caricature of McCarthy dies,
And finds himself,
In a place called Up Here,
Where he becomes chair,
Of an investigation committee.
Reviewing all the good souls,
Who'd been admitted through the years,
To determine whether,
They should have been admitted.

From Socrates to Shelly,
From Jefferson to Milton,

The committee reviews them all,
With cynical care.
The committee finds them wanting,
And one by one they expel them,
From Up Here,
And send them all Down There.

Til Down There is full of radicals,
Calling for the rights of condemned souls,
And the ruler of Down There comes to complain.
Then the chair goes too far,
And challenges the Chief of Up Here.
So he's sent back to Earth,
And things return to normal again.

Reuben Ship,
Captain of his ship,
Turner of the ocean,
Fighter for freedom.
Reuben Ship,
Captain of his ship,
Turner of the ocean,
Worker for the people,
Worker for the people.

The play was an underground hit,
Heard and loved by millions.
Even Eisenhower heard it,
And had to laugh.
Democracy was alive and well,
Despite the fear and the witch hunts.
McCarthy would fade away,
But the spirit of resistance,
It would last.

And Reuben would move to England,
Where he kept on writing comedy,
Remembered for his greatest play,
Until the day he died.
For the power of the human mind,
And the power of the pen,
They will outlive all oppression,
And turn the tide.

Reuben Ship,
Captain of his ship,
Turner of the ocean,
Fighter for freedom.
Reuben ship,
Captain of his ship,
Turner of the ocean,
Worker for the people,
Worker for the people.

Reuben Ship,
Captain of his ship,

Turner of the ocean,
Fighter for freedom.
Reuben Ship,
Captain of his ship,
Turner of the ocean,
Worker for the people,
Worker for the people.

(Album, Watch the North Wind Rise)

Ode to the Revolution

(2006-076)

Somewhere in a darkened street,
A people voted with their feet.
The air was thick with radical solutions.
Some time in some century,
The human heart prepared to beat.
The people they were shouting revolution.
Revolution.

Young men taking to the hills,
Not afraid to die or kill,
Or dream a new world out of the confusion.
Companeros joining hands,
The brightest from across the land,
Who vowed they'd live to see the revolution.
Revolution.

Calling workers to unite,
For socialism in a single night,
Or a hundred years of social evolution.
Build the movement step by step,
And street by street, we'll see it yet.
We'll see the dawning of the revolution.
Revolution.
We'll see the dawning of the revolution.
Revolution.

What some have only talked about,
A million souls could work it out,
A power and a wealth redistribution.
Though rulers rise and rulers fall,
Surely we have heard the call.
Our hearts and minds are pounding revolution.
Revolution.

Though juntas with their tanks and guns,
Will try to crush what we've begun,
And acqizitivists will tease us with illusion.
We will stand forever strong,
United by a struggle song.
By whatever means, we'll make the revolution.
Revolution.
By whatever means, we'll make the revolution.
Revolution.

Calling people to unite,
For socialism in a single night,
Or a thousand years of social evolution.
We'll build the movement step by step,
And street by street, we'll see it yet.
We'll see the dawning of the revolution.
Revolution.
We'll see the dawning of the revolution.
Revolution.
By whatever means, we'll make the revolution.

Revolution.

It's not too late to make the revolution.

Revolution.

We'll see the dawning of the revolution.

Revolution.

We'll see the dawning of the revolution.

We'll see the dawning of the revolution.

(Album, Watch the North Wind Rise)

The Presence of Justice (2006 lyrics)

(2006-077)

Peace is not the absence of war,
But the presence of justice.
Peace is not the absence of war,
But the presence of justice.
Peace is not the absence of war,
But the presence of justice.
Peace is not the absence of war,
But the presence of justice.

Peace is food on the table,
And freedom in the heart,
And the certainty of knowing,
That one day you'll awaken,
And the occupying forces,
Will be gone away this time,
Once and for all.
Will be gone away this time,
Once and for all.

Peace is not the absence of war,
But the presence of justice.
Peace is not the absence of war,
But the presence of justice.
Peace is not the absence of war,
but the presence of justice.
Peace is not the absence of war,
But the presence of justice.

Peace does not walk,
With a gun in its hand.
And it doesn't drive,
Three quarters of a million,
People from their land.
Peace does not build,
Racist apartheid walls.
It doesn't bulldoze houses,
Or tear out olive trees.
And it doesn't treat,
An entire people like,
It would like to drive them,
Into the sea.
Like it would like to drive them,
Into the sea.

Peace is not the absence of war,
But the presence of justice.
Peace is not the absence of war,
But the presence of justice.
Peace is not the absence of war,
But the presence of justice.
Peace is not the absence of war,
But the presence of justice.

So I'll light a candle,

For the ones who are gone.
And I'll say a prayer,
for the millions yet to come.
And I'll hope that we,
may live to see,
The day when we'll behold,
The presence of justice.

'Cause peace is not the absence of war,
But the presence of justice.
Peace is not the absence of war,
But the presence of justice.
Peace is not the absence of war,
But the presence of justice.
Peace is not the absence of war,
but the presence of justice.
Peace is not the absence of war,
But the presence of justice.
Peace is not the absence of war,
But the presence of justice.
Peace is not the absence of war,
But the presence of justice.

Peace is not the absence of war, no,
Peace is not the absence of war.
Peace is not the absence of war.
Peace is not the absence of war.
Peace is not the absence of war,
But the presence of justice.

The presence of justice.
Let there be the presence of justice.
The presence of justice.
peace is the presence of justice.

(Album, Glimpses of Arcadia)

Birds

(2006-078)

The birds are glad. They need not wonder why.
They know their purpose, every day and hour.
To raise their voice, sweet melodies to shower,
Among the trees, beneath the dawn-lit sky.
Their small wings touch the wind that ripples nigh.
Their songbird eyes behold each leaf and flower.
And all existence pulsing with the power,
Of life and soul, and gentle earth-felt sigh.

The birds are happy, in their song-like dream.
But humankind, we struggle through our tears,
To make some sense of fire, smoke and steam,
Of chaos, corporate logos, and careers.
To weave a poem from a broken seam,
And hear the tones only Pythagoras hears.
To weave a poem from a broken seam,
And hear the tones only Pythagoras hears.

(Album, Ice on Mercury, Fire on Europa)

Part Four

City of Snowflakes

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Billy Boy Went Ridin'

(2007-001)

Billy Boy went ridin',
On a UFO,
Ridin' with a star map in his hand.
Billy Boy went ridin',
'Bove the rain and snow,
Cuttin' out across the land.

On a night,
In the 1970's,
His world will never be the same.
Flyin' in that saucer,
Up above the trees,
Asking what is your planet's name.
What is your planet's name.

They rode higher and higher,
In the sky so blue,
Out into the dark of space.
They took him to their base,
On the far side of the moon,
Where on the surface there is no trace.
There is no trace.

Billy Boy went ridin',
On a UFO,
Ridin' with a star map in his hand.
Billy Boy went ridin',
'Bove the rain and snow,
Cuttin' out across the land.

UFO, UFO,
Billy Boy went ridin' on a UFO.
UFO, UFO,
Billy Boy went ridin' on a UFO.

When they returned,
And they hit the ground,
He knew his life would be changed.
The animals came scampering,
From all around,
For this stranger in a strange land not so strange.
Stranger in a strange land not so strange.

Now it's over thirty years,
Since the day he rode,
Out into the cosmic night.
His mission from the inter-stellar,
Space patrol,
Do what you can to set the world right.
Do what you can to set the world right.

His mission from the inter-stellar,
Space patrol,
Do what you can to set the world right.

Do what you can to set the world right.

Billy Boy went ridin',
On a UFO,
Ridin' with a star map in his hand.
Billy Boy went ridin',
'Bove the rain and snow,
Cuttin' out across the land.
Across the land.

UFO, UFO,
Billy Boy went ridin' on a UFO.
UFO, UFO,
Billy Boy went ridin' on a UFO.

UFO, UFO,
Billy Boy went ridin' on a UFO.
UFO, UFO,
Billy Boy went ridin' on a UFO.

(Album, Watch the North Wind Rise)

Owned by Google

(2007-002)

What happens when everything,
Is owned by Google.
Will there still be freedom.
Will there still be freedom.
What happens when everything,
Is owned by Google.
Will there still be freedom.
Will there still be freedom.

Now Google is owned,
By the shareholders,
And they are the servants,
Of capitalism.
There better still be websites,
On socialism.
There better still be websites,
On anarchism, anarchism.

What happens when everything,
Is owned by Google.
Will there still be freedom.
Will there still be freedom.
What happens when everything,
Is owned by Google.
Will there still be freedom.
Will there still be freedom.

Ten billion websites,
Twenty billion websites,
There better be something on.
There better be something on.
There better be space for,
Freedom and justice.
There better be space for,
The critic of the dawn.
Critic of the dawn.

What happens when everything,
Is owned by Google.
Will there still be freedom.
Will there still be freedom.
What happens when everything,
Is owned by Google.
Will there still be freedom.
Will there still be freedom.

There better be space to shout,
Liberation.
There better be space to criticize,
The corporations.
There better be space to dream,
Utopian evolution.
There better be space to organize,
A revolution, revolution.

Equality of access,
Freedom of expression.
Let there be no restriction.
Let there be no deception.
May profit never be the measure,
of your interaction.
Let the leftists live and free us,
From oppression, from oppression.

What happens when everything,
Is owned by Google.
Will there still be freedom.
Will there still be freedom.
What happens when everything,
Is owned by Google.
Will there still be freedom.
Will there still be freedom.

What happens when everything,
Is owned by Google.
What happens when everything,
Is owned by Google.
What happens when everything,
Is owned by Google.
Owned by Google,
Owned by Google,
Owned by Google.

(Album, Watch the North Wind Rise)

We Will Not Be Tamed

(2007-003)

The system has a way of taming you,
But we refuse to be tamed.
The system has a way of blaming you,
But we refuse to be blamed.
The system has a way of framing you,
But we refuse to be framed.
The system has a way of shaming you,
But we refuse to be shamed.

We refuse to wear your ball and chain.
We will not let you wash our brain.
We know our cause is not in vane.
We will not will not be tamed.
We will not will not be tamed.
We will not will not be tamed.

The system has a way of buying you.
We won't be bought by anyone.
The system has a way of lying to you.
We'll send the liar on the run.
The system has a way of wooing you,
But the wooing we will shun.
The system has a way of doing you.
We won't let ourselves be done.

We refuse to wear your ball and chain.
We will not let you wash our brain.
We know our cause is not in vane.
We will not will not be tamed.
We will not will not be tamed.
We will not will not be tamed.

The system has a way of using you.
We won't let ourselves be used.
The system has a way of bruising you.
We won't let ourselves be bruised.
The system has a way of accusing you.
We won't let ourselves be accused.
The system has a way of abusing you.
We won't let ourselves be abused.

We refuse to wear your ball and chain.
We will not let you wash our brain.
We know our cause is not in vane.
We will not will not be tamed.
We will not will not be tamed.
We will not will not be tamed.

We will not will not be tamed.
We will not will not be tamed.
We will not will not be tamed.
We will not will not be tamed.

We will not be tamed.

We will not be tamed.
We will not be tamed.
We will not be tamed.

(Album, Watch the North Wind Rise)

Children of the Spiral

(2007-004)

We are children of the spiral,
And the spiral circles 'round.
And the stars in the galaxy dance,
And shimmer without a sound.

We are children of the spiral,
And the spiral circles 'round.
And the stars in the galaxy dance,
And shimmer without a sound.

We are children of the spiral,
And the spiral circles 'round.
And the stars in the galaxy dance,
And shimmer without a sound.
And shimmer without a sound.
And shimmer without a sound.

(Album, Watch the North Wind Rise)

The Call of Gaia

(2007-005)

This is the call. This is the call.
This is the call of Gaia.
This is the call. this is the call.
This is the call of Gaia.
We won't follow any self-styled,
Prophet or messiah.
This is the call. This is the call.
This is the call of Gaia.
This is the call. This is the call.
This is the call of Gaia.

We are children of the cosmos.
We belong to earth and sky.
Let us be caretakers of the earth,
Until the day we die.

This is the call. This is the call.
This is the call of Gaia.
This is the call. This is the call.
This is the call of Gaia.
Don't be afraid,
To be called a pariah.
This is the call. This is the call.
This is the call of Gaia.
This is the call. This is the call.
This is the call of Gaia.

We are cells in Gaia's body.
We are nerve cells linking all around.
The earth is a living being.
Let us stand with our feet on the ground.

This is the call. This is the call.
This is the call of Gaia.
This is the call. This is the call.
This is the call of Gaia.
We won't follow any self-styled,
Prophet or messiah.
This is the call. This is the call.
This is the call of Gaia.
This is the call. This is the call.
This is the call of Gaia.

This is the call. This is the call.
This is the call of Gaia.
This is the call. This is the call.
This is the call of Gaia.
Don't be afraid,
To be called a pariah.
This is the call. This is the call.
This is the call of Gaia.
This is the call. This is the call.
This is the call of Gaia.

This is the call. This is the call.
This is the call of Gaia.
This is the call. This is the call.
This is the call of Gaia.
This is the call. This is the call.
This is the call of Gaia.
This is the call. This is the call.
This is the call of Gaia.
This is the call. This is the call.
This is the call of Gaia.
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This is the call. This is the call.
This is the call of Gaia.
This is the call. This is the call.
This is the call of Gaia.

(Album, Watch the North Wind Rise)

Non-Commercial

(2007-006)

The spirit is universal.
The spirit is controversial.
Its actions and its words glow,
Though the spirit is non-commercial.
The spirit is non-commercial.

It calls for introspection.
It calls for insurrection.
It points in a new direction,
And cheers on the radical section.
Cheers on the radical section.

The Spirit is universal.
The Spirit is controversial.
Its actions and its words glow,
Though the Spirit is non-commercial.
The Spirit is non-commercial.

Through the world in its rotation,
It calls for emancipation,
And a deep cooperation,
A new point of embarkation.
A new point of embarkation.

The Spirit is universal.
The Spirit is controversial.
Its actions and its words glow,
Though the Spirit is non-commercial.
The Spirit is non-commercial.

The Spirit is universal.
The Spirit is controversial.
Its actions and its words glow,
Though the Spirit is non-commercial.
The Spirit is non-commercial.
The Spirit is non-commercial.
The Spirit is non-commercial.
Non-commercial.
Non-commercial.

(Album, Watch the North Wind Rise)

Lenore

(2007-007)

The blizzard was blowing,
Like never before.
And all through the house,
You could hear its great roar.
Then at one in the morning,
Came a knock at the door.
I opened the door,
And there, was Lenore.

And she said, step out in the night.
Step out in the wintery roar.
She said, step out in the night,
And dance, and dance, and dance, with Lenore.

I wore only my shirt,
And my shoes and my pants,
But I took her hand,
And we started to dance.
While all around us,
The blizzard it tore,
Out in the night,
I danced with Lenore.

And she said, step out in the night.
Step out in the wintery roar.
She said, step out in the night,
And dance, and dance, and dance, with Lenore.

The blizzard grew stronger,
And blew all around.
We could see neither sky,
Nor houses or ground.
The cold winter wind,
Cut me to the core,
But still in the night,
I danced with Lenore.

And she said, step out in the night.
Step out in the wintery roar.
She said, step out in the night,
And dance, and dance, and dance, with Lenore.

But why are we dancing,
I finally said.
If we don't stop soon,
They'll find both of us dead.
Then she laughed with the wickedest,
Laughter of yore.
There's no going back,
When you've dance with Lenore.

And she said, step out in the night.
Step out in the wintery roar.
She said, step out in the night,

And dance, and dance, and dance, with Lenore.

Then I tried to stop dancing,
But could not break free,
As spell-bound she held me,
As she laughed wickedly.
You'll dance and you'll dance,
Til you can dance no more.
There's no going back,
When you've danced with Lenore.

And she said, step out in the night.
Step out in the wintery roar.
She said, step out in the night,
And dance, and dance, and dance, with Lenore.

So still we are dancing,
Somewhere in the night.
And the blizzard keeps blowing,
All darkness and white.
And Lenore keeps repeating,
What she told me before.
There's no going back,
When you've danced with Lenore.

And she said, step out in the night.
Step out in the wintery roar.
She said, step out in the night,
And dance, and dance, and dance, with Lenore.

Dance with Lenore.
Dance with Lenore.

(Album, Crashlanders)

Ode to February 1984

(2007-008)

I wanna go back there,
February 1984.
If I could stay there,
Then I would ask for nothing more.

The month I read "Small Is Beautiful",
And Bradford Smith's book on Meditation.
The month I learned my lesson,
At a weekend in Calgary.
I learned I needed motivation.

I wanna go back there,
February 1984.
If I could stay there,
Then I would ask for nothing more.

A month when everything seemed possible,
When I had all my life ahead.
My universe was opening opening.
I had no reason to be sad.

I wanna go back there,
February 1984.
If I could stay there,
Then I would ask for nothing more.
Then I would ask for nothing more.
Then I would ask for nothing more.

(Album, Watch the North Wind rise)

We're not Gonna Go Away

(2007-009)

Come raise your voice for justice.
Come raise your voice for peace.
It's better to live upon your feet,
Than die upon your knees.

We're not gonna go away.
We're not gonna go away.
We're not gonna go away, no.
We're not gonna go away.

We've heard the tongues of power,
Speak their mighty lies,
Making sure that all dissenting words,
Were thoroughly marginalized.

But we're not gonna go away.
We're not gonna go away.
We're not gonna go away, no.
We're not gonna go away.

They discredit and misrepresent,
Our words from shore to shore,
But we'll still speak the truth,
And speak it louder than before.

We're not gonna go away.
We're not gonna go away.
We're not gonna go away, no.
We're not gonna go away.

They put us up against the wall,
And chase us out the door,
Then turn around and blink their eyes,
And we've come back once more.

We're not gonna go away.
We're not gonna go away.
We're not gonna go away, no.
We're not gonna go away.

We'll turn the swords to ploughshares,
Plant new seeds in the ground,
And build a people's common,
The whole wide world around.

We're not gonna go away.
We're not gonna go away.
We're not gonna go away, no.
We're not gonna go away.

When the tear gas and the pepper spray,
Fall away before the dawn,
We'll be standing with our heads held high,
To shout, No Pasaran!

No Pasaran!

We're not gonna go away.
We're not gonna go away.
We're not gonna go away, no.
We're not gonna go away.

So raise your voice for justice,
And raise your voice for peace.
It's better to live upon your feet,
Than die upon your knees.

We're not gonna go away.
We're not gonna go away.
We're not gonna go away, no.
We're not gonna go away.

We're not gonna go away.
We're not gonna go away.
We're not gonna go away, no.
We're not gonna go away.

We're not gonna go away.
We're not gonna go away.
We're not gonna go away.
We're not gonna go away.

(Album, Watch the North Wind Rise)

Outlive

(2007-010)

We outlived Botha.
We outlived Pinochet.
We outlived Begin.
We outlived D'Aubuisson.

And the spirit of freedom,
Will outlive all oppression.
And the building of the dream will,
Outlive imperialism.

The spirit of freedom,
Will liberate the nations.
And the power of the dream will,
Outlive the occupation.
Outlive the occupation.
Outlive the occupation.

We outlived Botha.
We outlived Pinochet.
We outlived Begin.
We outlived D'Aubuisson.

And the spirit of freedom,
Will outlive all oppression.
And the building of the dream will,
Outlive imperialism.

And the spirit of freedom,
Will liberate the nations.
And the power of the dream will,
Outlive the occupation.
Outlive the occupation.
Outlive the occupation.

The chains will fall away.
The prisons will be no more.
The tanks and guns will disappear.
The empires will crumble.

The chains will fall away.
The prisons will be no more.
The tanks and guns will disappear.
The empires will crumble.

Bury the chains.
Bury the checkpoints.
Bury the apartheid walls.
Bury the chains.
Bury the checkpoints.
Bury the apartheid walls.

We outlived Botha.
We outlived Pinochet.
We outlived Begin.

We outlived D'Aubuisson.

And the spirit of freedom,
Will outlive all oppression.
And the building of the dream will,
Outlive imperialism.

And the spirit of freedom,
Will liberate the nations.
And the power of the dream will,
Outlive the occupation.
Outlive the occupation.
Outlive the occupation.

Liberation, liberation.
Liberation, liberation.

Outlive the occupation.
Shout emancipation.
Liberation, liberation.
Outlive the occupation.
Shout emancipation.
Liberation, liberation.

Liberation, liberation.
Liberation, liberation.
Liberation, liberation, liberation.

(Album, Crashlanders)

City of Snowflakes

(2007-011)

The cars were angry, on the road.
The snow was piled in mountains, to the moon.
The ice and the sky were growling, like tigers.
The butterflies were begging us,
To let them out of their cocoons.

The air was cold and clear,
And the wind was hard.
As I was walking home,
That February night.

The pagans will be dancing,
With the gentle angels.
Our prayers will bring this,
City of snowflakes,
To the light.
The rebels will be dancing,
With the gentle angels.
Our prayers will bring this,
City of snowflakes,
To the light.

Do we know what home is, any more.
Is home a place we built somewhere,
Or is it in the mind.
From the moon, home is a planet,
Some call Terra.
From a bus stop at minus thirty,
Home is a place we're trying to find.

Dog barks and I remember,
Long long centuries.
A thousand years of travelers,
In their Earth-bound flight.

The martyrs will be dancing,
With the gentle angels.
Our prayers will bring this,
City of snowflakes,
To the light.
The mystics will be dancing,
With the gentle angels.
Our prayers will bring this,
City of snowflakes,
To the light.
Our prayers will bring this,
City of snowflakes,
To the light.

(Album, Crashlanders)

Take It to the People

(2007-012)

I had a dream about a world made sane.
Let's take it to the people.
Where games of power were no longer played.
Let's take it to the people.

I had a dream about a world made whole.
Let's take it to the people.
Where everybody had love in their soul.
Let's take it to the people.
Let's take it to the people.
Let's take it to the people.

I had a dream about a solar age.
Let's take it to the people.
Where windmills and solar panels,
Turned the page.
Let's take it to the people.

I had a dream about what could be done.
Let's take it to the people.
In a culture powered by the wind and sun.
Let's take it to the people.
Let's take it to the people.
Let's take it to the people.

There is a star that shines in everyone.
Let's take it to the people.
Together we will send the darkness on the run.
Let's take it to the people.

The light within us will set us free.
Let's take it to the people.
With a vision of peace and community.
Let's take it to the people.
Let's take it to the people.
Let's take it to the people.

It's a solar age,
Powered by the sun.
It's a solar age,
With light and peace for everyone.

It's a solar age,
Powered by the sun.
It's a solar age,
With light and peace for everyone.

It's a solar age.
It's a solar age.
It's a solar age, in our minds.
It's a solar age.
It's a solar age.
It's a solar age, in space time.

In our minds, in space time,
In our minds, in space time.

Let's take it to the people.
Let's take it to the people.
Let's take it to the people.
Let's take it to the people.
Let's take it to the people.
Let's take it to the people.
Let's take it to the people.

(Album, Crashlanders)

Nobody Talks

(2007-013)

Nobody talks about the working class any more.
Those who do get tumbled out the door.
Still we dress them up and send them off to war.
But nobody talks about the working class,
Any more.

Nobody talks about revolution now.
They're tired of playing Che Guevara or Mao.
But they know we've got to change the world, somehow.
But nobody talks about revolution now.

Nobody wants to see capitalism overthrown.
The devil you know is better than the unknown.
But the people outside the glass house,
Still throw stones.
But nobody wants to see capitalism overthrown.

Nobody talks about the working class any more.
Those who do get tumbled out the door.
Still we dress them up and send them off to war.
But nobody talks about the working class,
Any more.

Nobody wants to disagree,
With the prevailing view.
So everybody wears a different shade of blue.
Then they see injustice and wonder,
What can we do.
But nobody wants to disagree,
With the prevailing view.

Everybody lets neo-liberalism rule.
They let themselves be instruments and tools.
They claim that they are smart,
While they act like fools.
And everybody lets neo-liberalism rule.

Nobody talks about the working class any more.
Those who do get tumbled out the door.
Still we dress them up and send them off to war.
But nobody talks about the working class,
Any more.

Nobody talks. Nobody talks at all.
It's like we're all dancers at a crypto-fascist ball.
But we can read the writing on the wall.
Still nobody talks. Nobody talks at all.

Maybe it's time to start talking everywhere.
Break through the distractions and despair.
Create a world where we can take our share.
maybe it's time to start talking everywhere.

Maybe it's time to start talking everywhere.

Break through the distractions and despair.
And create a world where we can take our share.
Maybe it's time to start talking everywhere.

Start talking, everywhere.
Start talking, everywhere.

Nobody talks about the working class any more.
Those who do get tumbled out the door.
Still we dress them up and send them off to war.
But nobody talks about the working class,
Any more.
Nobody talks about the working class any more.

Start talking, everywhere.
Start talking, everywhere.
Start talking, everywhere.
Start talking, everywhere.

(Album, Crashlanders)

Makers of Shalom

(2007-014)

Blessed are the makers of shalom.
Let us live as peaceful dwellers,
On this earth, our island home.
Blessed are the makers of shalom.
Let us share the earth together.
May we never walk alone.
Blessed are the makers of shalom.
Makers of shalom.

Blessed are the makers of shalom.
There are lanterns on the pathway,
To guide us as we go.
Blessed are the makers of shalom.
May the stars shine down upon us,
To help us find our way home.
Blessed are the makers of shalom.
Makers of shalom.

Blessed are the makers of shalom.
Let us live as peaceful dwellers,
On this earth, our island home.
Blessed are the makers of shalom.
Let us share the earth together.
May we never walk alone.
Blessed are the makers of shalom.
Makers of shalom.

Blessed are the makers of shalom.
There are lanterns on the pathway,
To guide us as we go.
Blessed are the makers of shalom.
May the stars shine down upon us,
To help us find our way home.
Blessed are the makers of shalom.
Makers of shalom.
Blessed are the makers of shalom.
Makers of shalom.

May you find that peace,
You've been searching for so long.
Blessed are the makers of shalom.
May we find that peace,
We've been searching for so long.
Blessed are the makers of shalom.
Blessed are the makers of shalom.

Blessed are the makers of shalom.
Makers of shalom.
makers of shalom.
Makers of shalom.

(Album, Crashlanders)

When You Fall

(2007-015)

I won't be there to catch you,
When you fall.
Seems to me you always wanted,
To be the bell of the ball.
You're gonna keep on dancing,
Til last call.
I won't be there to catch you,
When you fall.

You made your bed baby.
You can sleep in it alone.
There'll be no one waiting,
Waiting to walk you home.
Least of all a radical folk singer,
With Kropotkinesque overtones.
You made your bed baby.
You can sleep in it alone.

I won't be there to catch you,
When you fall.
Seems to me you always wanted,
To be the bell of the ball.
You're gonna keep on dancing,
Til last call.
I won't be there to catch you,
When you fall.

I saw through you long ago,
And I turned away.
Knowing others, one by one,
Would do the same.
Still you seem to be enjoying,
The grand old party game.
But I saw through you long ago,
And I turned away.

I won't be there to catch you,
When you fall.
Seems to me you always wanted,
To be the bell of the ball.
You're gonna keep on dancing,
Til last call.
I won't be there to catch you,
When you fall.

One day the party will be over,
And there'll be a reckoning.
In the shadow of a dream,
You'll hear the fat lady sing.
The clock will call your number,
And a bell will ring.
The party will be over,
And there'll be a reckoning.

I won't be there to catch you,
When you fall.
Seems to me you always wanted,
To be the bell of the ball.
You're gonna keep on dancing,
Til last call.
I won't be there to catch you,
When you fall.
I won't be there to catch you,
When you fall.
I won't be there to catch you,
When you fall.

(Album, Crashlanders)

Farewell to the Wagon

(2007-016)

There is a pounding in my head.
I really don't know where I am.
I had several drinks of wine,
And several drinks of beer,
That brought me to the center,
Of this unknown land.

Farewell to the wagon of sobriety.
The stars will spin forever more.
With a drunkard's walk, and a heart so free,
In an altered state of consciousness,
I stumble forth.

A friend he called me on the phone.
He asked if I would like to go,
To a party down the way,
With dancing, girls and beer.
I said I've always liked a party,
So come on let's roll.

Farewell to the wagon of sobriety.
The stars will spin forever more.
With a drunkard's walk, and a heart so free.
In an altered state of consciousness,
I stumble forth.

We arrived at the party at half passed ten.
The music and the drink had begun to flow.
I danced and drank,
And danced and drank again.
I was the life of the party,
Before too long you know.

Farewell to the wagon of sobriety.
The stars will spin forever more.
With a drunkard's walk, and a heart so free,
In an altered state of consciousness,
I stumble forth.

The music played and the people danced.
I drank more wine and then more beer.
The laughter it flowed,
Like a river all around.
I proceeded on the journey then,
Without a fear.

Farewell to the wagon of sobriety.
The stars will spin forever more.
With a drunkard's walk, and a heart so free,
In an altered state of consciousness,
I stumble forth.

I ran into a girl about half passed two.
She wore a lacy skirt and a bikini top.

We tried making love,
In a nearby room,
But I thought I had to vomit,
And we had to stop.

Farewell to the wagon of sobriety.
The stars will spin forever more.
With a drunkard's walk, and a heart so free,
In an altered state of consciousness,
I stumble forth.

Well things get hazy after that.
I don't remember any more.
But my friends all tell me,
I was well behaved.
And anyway I lived,
To write this score.

Farewell to the wagon of sobriety.
The room will spin forever more.
With a drunkard's walk, and a heart so free,
In an altered state of consciousness,
I stumble forth.

So there's a pounding in my head.
And I really don't know where I am.
But what I can remember was wonderful.
There is no doubt in my mind,
I'd do it all again.

Farewell to the wagon of sobriety.
The room will spin forever more.
With a drunkard's walk, and a heart so free,
In an altered state of consciousness,
I stumble forth.

Farewell to the wagon of sobriety.
The stars will spin forever more.
With a drunkard's walk, and a heart so free,
In an altered state of consciousness,
I stumble forth.
In an altered state of consciousness,
I stumble forth.
In an altered state of consciousness,
I stumble forth.

(Album, Crashlanders)

We Are Crashlanders

(2007-017)

Rocking the earth,
Rocking the light of the stars,
Rocking the forest,
Rocking the people wherever they are.

We are crashlanders.
We'll keep rocking. We will carry on.
We are crashlanders.
We will rock all night to the break of dawn.
We are crashlanders, crashlanders.

Rocking the future,
Rocking the ghosts of the past,
Rocking the present,
With a universal love that will last.

We are crashlanders.
We'll keep rocking. We will carry on.
We are crashlanders.
We will rock all night to the break of dawn.
We are crashlanders, crashlanders.

Rocking the planets,
Rocking every star in the galaxy,
Rocking the nebulae,
Rocking hard enough to set the cosmos free.

We are crashlanders.
We'll keep rocking. We will carry on.
We are crashlanders.
We will rock all night to the break of dawn.
We are crashlanders.
We will rock the spirits in everyone.
We are crashlanders.
We will rock as brightly as the sun.
We are crashlanders.
We will crash your parties everywhere.
We are crashlanders.
With water fire earth and air.
We are crashlanders.
We are crashlanders.
We are crashlanders.

(Album, Crashlanders)

Bong Hits for Jesus

(2007-018)

Up in Alaska,
When the Olympic torch came by,
A grade twelve student decided,
It was time to let his own truth fly.

He unfurled a banner,
That a lot of people didn't like.
It said, "Bong Hits for Jesus".
Really caught the cameras in the eye.

Bong hits for Jesus,
Bong hits for Jesus,
Bong hits for Jesus.

And the high school principal,
Said you can't unfurl such a banner here.
Didn't she know that freedom of speech,
Means the right to say,
What folks don't wanna hear.

She suspended the student from the school,
Saying we've got better things to teach.
But when does a school have the right to interfere,
With a students right to freedom of speech.

Bong hits for Jesus,
Bong hits for Jesus,
Bong hits for Jesus.

Well the whole thing went to court,
All the way to the U.S. Court Supreme.
It put money in lawyers' pockets.
It is the stuff of lawyers' dreams.

But the funniest thing of all,
Is there are those on the religious right,
Who supported the student,
Saying the student had the right,
To say just what he liked.

Including bong hits for Jesus,
Bong hits for Jesus,
Bong hits for Jesus.

Bong hits for Jesus,
Bong hits for Jesus,
Bong hits for Jesus.

Have a bong hit for Jesus.
Have a bong hit for freedom of speech.
Have a bong hit for Jesus.

Have a bong hit for Jesus.
Have a bong hit for freedom of speech.

Have a bong hit for Jesus.

Bong hits for Jesus,
Bong hits for Jesus,
Bong hits for Jesus.

(Album, Crashlanders)

Freedom Is the Man

(2007-019)

Freedom is the man,
Who will turn the world upside-down.
Freedom is the man,
Who will turn the world upside-down.
Through the trees in the forest of the universe,
We will walk without a sound.
Freedom is the man,
Who will turn the world upside-down.

Happy are the people,
Who know that Heaven is within.
Happy are the people,
Who know that Heaven is within.
Who hear the spirit calling in the rain,
And whispering in the wind.
Happy are the people,
Who know that Heaven is within.

Joyful is the meadow,
When the sun's gone down in the west.
Joyful is the meadow,
When the sun's gone down in the west.
And the stars come out to shine,
And the birds and the people take their rest.
Joyful is the meadow,
When the sun's gone down in the west.

Blessed is the morning,
When the blue sky brings the hope of a new day.
Blessed is the morning,
When the blue sky brings the hope of a new day.
With all of life before us,
Surely we can find a better way.
Blessed is the morning,
When the blue sky brings the hope of a new day.

Freedom is the man,
Who will turn the world upside-down.
Freedom is the man,
Who will turn the world upside-down.
Through the trees in the forest of the universe,
We will walk without a sound.
Freedom is the man,
Who will turn the world upside-down.
Freedom is the man,
Who will turn the world upside-down.

Upside-down, upside-down, upside-down.

(Album, Crashlanders)

Some call us madmen.
Some call us hopeless dreamers.
Some call us atheists.
Some call us blasphemers.

But we are Ranters.
We're gonna keep on ranting.
We are Ranters.
We're gonna keep on ranting.

We'll gather in the alehouse,
For the alehouse is our temple.
We'll take a slice of beef and say,
This is the body of our Lord.

We'll take a glass of ale,
And throw it in the air,
Saying this is the blood of Christ,
For Christ is everywhere.

And God is in everything,
And in everyone.
So let us come and celebrate,
'Cause the world has just begun.

We are Ranters.
We're gonna keep on ranting.
We are Ranters.
We're gonna keep on ranting.

We are wild men and wild women.
We're gonna make love to everyone.
There is nothing of which we should be ashamed.
Everything is glorious,
In the light of the sun.

We're gonna make love to everyone,
In the light of the sun.
Gonna make love to everyone,
In the light of the sun.

We are Ranters.
We're gonna keep on ranting.
We are Ranters.
We're gonna keep on ranting.

Some call us madmen.
Some call us hopeless dreamers.
Some call us atheists.
Some call us blasphemers.

Some confuse us with the Levellers.
Some confuse us with the Quakers.
But we are neither one of these.

We are wild children of the Maker.
Wild children of the Maker.
We are truly our own makers.

They will throw us in their prisons,
For the crime of blasphemy.
But they don't understand,
That they can't imprison us,
'Cause our hearts are truly free.

We are Ranters.
We're gonna keep on ranting.
We are Ranters.
We're gonna keep on ranting.

We are Ranters.
We're gonna keep on ranting.
We are Ranters.
We're gonna keep on ranting.

We're gonna keep on ranting.
We're gonna keep on ranting.
We're gonna keep on ranting.
We're gonna keep on ranting.

We're gonna keep on ranting.
We're gonna keep on ranting.
We're gonna keep on ranting.
We're gonna keep on ranting.

We are Ranters.
We are Ranters.
We are Ranters.

(Album, Crashlanders)

Annoying Little Eagle

(2007-021)

I don't like the Eagle,
Buzzin' around my street.
No I don't like the Eagle,
Buzzin' around my street.
Why don't you mind your own bloody business.
Why don't you let us live in peace.

Well I don't like the Eagle,
Snoopin' around my home.
No I don't like the Eagle,
Snoopin' around my home.
You've got enough eyes in the city already.
Why don't you leave us all alone.

Now the eagle is a beautiful bird.
Why do you slander it this way.
I said the eagle is a beautiful bird.
Why do you slander it this way.
If the eagles knew,
How you were using their name,
I wonder what they'd have to say.

Yeah we don't like the harassment.
We don't like to hear the roar.
No we don't like the harassment.
We don't like to hear the roar.
Why don't you take that annoying little Eagle,
And come this way no more.
Why don't you take that annoying little eagle,
And come this way no more.

Well it's hard to sleep,
With the sound of the Eagle,
Booming in your mind.
Yeah it's hard to sleep,
With the sound of the eagle,
Booming in your mind.
Why don't you take that annoying little Eagle,
And stick it where the sun don't shine.

Well you say you need the Eagle,
So you can hunt down crime.
Yeah you say you need the Eagle,
So you can hunt down crime.
Don't you know that state and class oppression,
Are the biggest crimes of our time.

In your neighbourhood,
There is no Eagle,
'Cause it's assumed you're all nice and good.
Yeah in your upper class neighbourhood,
There is no Eagle,
'Cause it's assumed you're all nice and good.
Well maybe we should take an airplane,

And go buzzin' around your neighbourhood.
Yeah maybe we should take an airplane,
And go buzzin' around your neighbourhood.

Yeah we don't like the Eagle,
Booming around our door.
Yeah we don't like the Eagle,
Booming around our door.
Why don't you take that annoying little Eagle,
And come this way no more.
Why don't you take that annoying little Eagle,
And come this way no more.
Come this way no more.
Come this way no more.

(Album, Crashlanders)

Fools for Christ's Sake

(2007-022)

We are rebel wanderers,
Wandering down the road.
We are children of the cosmos.
We are weavers of spirit gold.
We are poets. We are dreamers.
We will dream the time away.
But all we really wanted,
Was a love-borne day.

We are dandelion honey.
We are fishes in the lake.
We are mystics of the morning.
We are fools for Christ's sake.
We are fools for Christ's sake.

A universe of starlight,
Is dancing in the night.
With our soul sparks we will join them,
At three times the speed of light.
We have no hands. We have no feet now.
We have no voices and no names.
We are only spirit suchness,
Between the silence and the rain.

We are dandelion honey.
We are fishes in the lake.
We are mystics of the morning.
We are fools for Christ's sake.
We are fools for Christ's sake.

Where does the wind come from.
How high is the sky.
What is the sound of one hand,
That strokes the eagle's eye.
How dark are the darkest moon rocks,
In a crater far away.
Do they emanate a freedom,
That calls us all to play.

We are dandelion honey.
We are fishes in the lake.
We are mystics of the morning.
We are fools for Christ's sake.
We are fools for Christ's sake.

We are dandelion honey.
We are fishes in the lake.
We are mystics of the morning.
We are fools for Christ's sake.
We are fools for Christ's sake.
We are fools for Christ's sake.

(Album, Crashlanders)

Tuulia

(2007-023)

I know a girl in Toronto Town.
I know a girl in Toronto Town.
I know a girl in Toronto Town.
Her name is Tuulia.

Tu tu tu, Tuulia.
Tu tu tu, Tuulia.
Tu tu tu, Tuulia.
Tu tu Tuulia.

Tuulia really turns me on.
Tuulia really turns me on.
Tuulia really turns me on.
Tu tu Tuulia.

Tu tu tu, Tuulia.
Tu tu tu, Tuulia.
Tu tu tu, Tuulia.
Tu tu Tuulia.

I'm gonna dance with Tuulia.
I'm gonna dance with Tuulia.
I'm gonna dance with Tuulia.
Tu tu Tuulia.

Tu tu tu, Tuulia.
Tu tu tu, Tuulia.
Tu tu tu, Tuulia.
Tu tu Tuulia.

I wanna make love to Tuulia.
I wanna make love to Tuulia.
I wanna make love to Tuulia.
Tu tu Tuulia.

Tu tu tu, Tuulia.
Tu tu tu, Tuulia.
Tu tu tu, Tuulia.
Tu tu Tuulia.

Well some say Tuulia's too young.
Some say Tuulia's too young.
It all depends where you're comin' from.
Tu tu Tuulia.

Tu tu tu, Tuulia.
Tu tu tu, Tuulia.
Tu tu tu, tuulia.
Tu tu tuulia.

So I'm goin' back to Toronto Town.
I'm goin' back to Toronto Town.
I'm goin' back to Toronto town,
To look for Tuulia.

Tu tu tu, Tuulia.
Tu tu tu, Tuulia.
Tu tu tu, Tuulia.
Tu tu Tuulia.

Tu tu tu, Tuulia.
Tu tu tu, Tuulia.
Tu tu tu, tuulia.
Tu tu Tuulia.

Tu tu tu, Tuulia.
Tu tu tu, Tuulia.
Tu tu tu, Tuulia.
Tu tu Tuulia.

Tu tu tu, Tuulia.
Tu tu tu, Tuulia.
Tu tu tu, tuulia.
Tu tu Tuulia.

Tu tu Tuulia.
Tu tu Tuulia.
Tu tu.

(Album, Crashlanders)

St. Jean the Playful

(2007-024)

St. Jean the playful,
So the children called her.
Young woman from America,
Who'd come to stand with the victims,
Of a class war unfolding,
In El Salvador.

She came to El Salvador,
Hoping to help somebody.
Before too long she saw,
What was going on.

Government repression,
With whole-hearted U.S. backing.
She befriended beautiful people,
Just to see them, disappeared and murdered.

She stood guard at the coffin,
Of Oscar Romero,
And she was there at the funeral,
When the bombs exploded.

And in November 1980,
She wrote to a friend, saying,
She'd vowed to leave El Salvador many times,
And she almost could,
Except for the children.

The victims of oppression,
Who showed up at the mission,
With scars on their faces,
And their bodies,
The signs of torture.

St. Jean the playful,
So the children called her,
Young woman from America,
Who'd come to stand with the victims,
Of a class war unfolding,
In El Salvador.

And on the second of December,
1980,
Her and her mission partner,
Drove out to the airport,
And picked up two friends,
Coming home from a conference.

And the four were intercepted,
Abducted, raped and murdered,
On that evening.

Murdered by a government death squad,
Who didn't want North Americans,

To see what they were doing,
To the people,
Of El Salvador.

St. Jean the playful,
So the children called her,
Young woman from America,
Who'd come to stand with the victims,
Of a class war unfolding,
In El Salvador.

On the wind blow the memories,
Of the millions who have gone before,
The powerful spirits,
The millions who have died because,
They would not surrender,
To the power structures.

There is a force more powerful,
Than all your death squads.
There is a force more powerful,
Than all your death squads.

St. Jean the playful,
So the children called her,
Young woman from America,
Who'd come to stand with the victims,
Of a class war unfolding,
In El Salvador.

(Album, Crashlanders)

Snowflake

(2007-025)

Who is, the snowflake,
The snowflake that will start the avalanche.
Is it you, is it you,
Or is it someone yet to come.
The snowflake that will start the avalanche.

Each one of us,
Is like a snowflake,
Falling softly,
In a snowstorm.
Precious and unique,
But in the end, our significance fades,
Like snowflakes in a snow drift.

Who is, the snowflake,
The snowflake that will start the avalanche.
Is it you, is it you,
Or is it someone yet to come,
The snowflake that will start the avalanche.

There are a thousand,
Snowy pathways.
And on the road,
There are joyful snowmen.
The sun is hot,
And the snow is tender.
The mountainside is yearning,
For an avalanche.

Who is, the snowflake,
The snowflake that will start the avalanche.
Is it you, is it you,
Or is it someone yet to come,
The snowflake that will start the avalanche.
The snowflake that will start the avalanche.
The snowflake that will start the avalanche.

(Album, Crashlanders)

New Democrats in the Night (2007 lyrics)

(2007-026)

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 McDonough 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 roaring 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 telling us for twenty years,
Street battles are passé,
I'm afraid they had to eat their words,
Til the tear gas went away.

Which way is left. Which way is right.
New Democrats in the night.

While back home in Saskatchewan,
You're not allowed to say.
I've had it with the NDP.
Let's find a better left wing way.
But Lorne Calvert's only comment,
On the FTAA,
Was to simply 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 they're mining out uranium,
Clear-cutting all the trees,
Building hog barns and supporting,
Biotechnology.
From the Waffles down to Nettie Wiebe,
I'll give them credit for tryin',

But if you wanna move an object,
You've got to stand on the outside.

Which way is left. Which way is right.
New Democrats in the night.

They're supporting global warming,
By burning fossil fuels,
Building gambling casinos,
Corporatizing all the schools.
And they passed a resolution to explore,
The whole nuclear fuel cycle,
Like they sent their bureaucrats to Qatar,
To strengthen the WTO.

Which way is left. Which way is right.
New Democrats in the night.
Blue Democrats in the night.

And welfare rates have stayed the same,
Since 1979.
And Saskatchewan has more food banks,
Than when the NDP arrived.
And Lorne Calvert says that every good,
Saskatchewan woman and man,
Should get behind our soldiers,
In the far Afghanistan.

Which way is left. Which way is right.
New Democrats in the night.

Now some thought they'd found a messiah,
In the man they call Jack Layton,
That he was born to be our saviour,
And save us all from Satan.
But if the Devil is a capitalist,
And all the world's his hell,
Jack Layton would be quite content,
To feed us all to the dark satanic mill.

Which way is left. Which way is right.
New Democrats in the night.

So you can join the NSG,
And be warriors in the fight.
A better world is possible,
With a little radical light.
Or you can flounder with the NDP,
Until the day you die,
And roam the plains forever more,
Joining in their mournful cry.

Which way is left. Which way is right.
New Democrats in the night.
Blue Democrats in the night.
New Democrats in the night.

New Demos in the night.
New Demos in the night.
New Democrats in the night.

(Album, Crashlanders)

Night Bus to Winnipeg

(2007-027)

One day I'll cross that silver bridge.
One day I'll meet that silver spirit.
One day I'll ride the silver train,
They call the night bus to Winnipeg.
They call the night bus to Winnipeg.

Our thoughts on tablets of pure stone,
In dark night forests you can hear it.
Come join the joyful rushing stream,
They call the night bus to Winnipeg.
They call the night bus to Winnipeg.

There is a river in the stars.
There is a rhythm in the lyrics.
So let us take this gentle waltz,
They call the night bus to Winnipeg.
They call the night bus to Winnipeg.

Does Winnipeg teach me,
Something of my birth.
Does Winnipeg teach me,
Something of my worth.
Kingdom of freedom,
Kingdom of mirth,
Life's spirit station,
All around the earth.

The road is touched by falling rain.
A band is playing. You can hear it.
The lights of towns and cities fade.
We're on the night bus to Winnipeg.
We're on the night bus to Winnipeg.
We're on the night bus to Winnipeg.

(Album, Crashlanders)

Call my Name

(2007-028)

South Dakota, calls my name.
Guatemala, calls my name.
Santiago, calls my name.
Occupied Palestine, calls my name.

Aaaa, call my name. Aaaaa, call my name.

Venezuela, calls my name.
Nicaragua, calls my name.
El Salvador, calls my name.
State of Chiapas, calls my name.

Aaaaa, call my name. Aaaaa, call my name.

All the world, calls my name.
All the people, call my name.
Visions of freedom, call my name.
Visions of justice, call my name.

Aaaaa, call my name. Aaaaa, call my name.

Streets of Seattle, call my name.
Streets of Washington, call my name.
Quebec City, calls my name.
Streets of Ottawa, call my name.

Aaaaa, call my name. Aaaaa, call my name.

Streets of Paris, call my name.
Streets of Belfast, call my name.
Streets of Hebron, call my name.
Streets of Dillon, call my name.

Aaaaa, call my name. Aaaaa, call my name.

All the world, calls my name.
All the people, call my name.
Visions of freedom, call my name.
Visions of justice, call my name.

Aaaaa, call my name. Aaaaa, call my name.

Call my name. Call my name. Call my name.

(Album, Crashlanders)

The Man Who Drilled (2007 lyrics)

(2007-029)

Once there was a man who drilled,
For diamonds in a mountainside.
Although he was better off than some,
He was still not satisfied.

One day he saw the queen and she,
Was the most beautiful woman he had seen.
So he said I wish to be the king,
And be loved by the beautiful queen.

So he became the king and he,
Was loved by the queen day and night,
But the flowers blooming in the garden were,
What really filled her appetite.

So he said I wish to be a flower,
Growing tall and blooming free,
So the queen and her maids,
Will see me every day,
And lavish their affections on me.

So he became a flower,
And the women came to see him every day.
And he grew in the sunlight through the year,
And bloomed the time away.

But the days grew shorter one by one,
And the summer light grew dim.
And he knew that the sun,
With its big bold smile,
Was what was really giving life to him.

So he said I wish to be the sun,
And give light and warmth to everyone,
Help the flowers grow, and the people smile.
So he became the sun.

Every day he rose and shone in the sky,
And smiled on the people everywhere.
And the people, the trees and the flowers grew.
Life went on without a care.

But then the rainy season came,
And replaced the sun in the sky.
The rain clouds they were endless,
And it caused the sun to cry.

I am the sun, but it seems that the rain,
Is much more powerful.
So let me be the rain and I,
Will rain on you one and all.

So he became the clouds of rain,
And the torrents of rain came down.

He covered up the garden, the castle, the people,
And everything for miles around.

But one thing stood to withstand the rain,
That he could not destroy.
The mountain stood so tall and brave,
And once more he became annoyed.

He said I wish to be the mountain,
For it is taller than the rain.
Though the town and the people,
And castle are gone,
The mountain, so stubborn, remains.

So he became the mountain tall,
And stood like the sturdiest stone.
And the man who drilled for diamonds,
Sent shivers through his bones.

So he became the mountain tall,
And stood like the sturdiest stone.
And the man who drilled for diamonds,
Sent shivers through his bones.

Once there was a man who drilled,
For diamonds in a mountainside.

(Album, Crashlanders)

Tangerine Eaters

(2007-030)

Tangerine eaters,
Why do you cry.
It wasn't your donkey who died.
Tangerine eaters,
Why do you cry.
It wasn't your donkey who died.

At the end of his life,
St. Francis asked Brother Donkey,
To forgive him,
For all the abuses,
He had hurled upon him.

At the end of his life,
St. Francis asked Brother Donkey,
To forgive him,
For all the abuses,
He had hurled upon him.

Tangerine eaters,
Why do you cry.
It wasn't your donkey who died.
Tangerine eaters,
Why do you cry.
It wasn't your donkey who died.

Meister Eckhart thought,
All things considered,
The tornado would pass.
So he told his friend,
To get off his ass.

Meister Eckhart thought,
All things considered,
The tornado would pass.
So he told his friend,
To get off his ass.

Tangerine eaters,
Why do you cry.
It wasn't your donkey who died.
Tangerine eaters,
Why do you cry.
It wasn't your donkey who died.

Darwin knew,
He was a funky monkey.
He started a band,
That was kind of punky.
We rocked our way,
To the edge of the crystal,
Where we came face to face,
With a solar powered laser pistol.

Darwin knew,
He was a funky monkey.
He started a band,
That was kind of punky.
We rocked our way,
To the edge of the crystal,
Where we came face to face,
With a solar powered laser pistol.

Tangerine eaters,
Why do you cry.
It wasn't your donkey who died.
Tangerine eaters,
Why do you cry.
It wasn't your donkey who died.

Everyone of us,
is a funky monkey.
We are the adventurous chimpanzee.
We rocked our way,
Through the Tellurian night,
Ever since the day,
We came down from the trees.

Everyone of us,
Is a funky monkey.
We are the adventurous chimpanzee.
We rocked our way,
Through the Tellurian night,
Ever since the day,
We came down from the trees.

Tangerine eaters,
Why do you cry.
It wasn't your donkey who died.
Tangerine eaters,
Why do you cry.
It wasn't your donkey who died.
It wasn't your donkey who died.
It wasn't your donkey who died.

Tangerine eaters,
Why do you cry.
It wasn't your donkey who died.

(Album, Snowflakes on the Green)

Snowflakes on the Green

(2007-031)

There were stars in the sky.
There were candles in the windows.
There were people in the town all around.
There were snowflakes on the green.
There were snowflakes on the green.

There was love in people's hearts.
There was warmth in all the houses.
There was joy on people's faces.
There were snowflakes on the green.
There were snowflakes on the green.

There were dreams in children's minds.
There was music in the air.
There was laughter 'round the tables.
There were snowflakes on the green.
There were snowflakes on the green.

There was food and people gathered.
Something whispered, This is how it should be.
Love and fellowship, all inclusive.
And snowflakes on the green.
And snowflakes on the green.

Let there be love. Let there be laughter.
Let there be food, and music flowing.
Let there be fellowship, all inclusive.
Let there be snowflakes on the green.
Let there be snowflakes on the green.
Let there be snowflakes on the green.

(Album, Snowflakes on the Green)

Endo Cratia

(2007-032)

Endo cratia, endo cratia.
Endo cratia, endo cratia.

No rulers, no masters, no controllers,
Only love, and power from within.
No corporations, no manipulators,
Only egalitarian community,
Where we've never quite been.

Endo cratia, endo cratia,
Endo cratia, endo cratia.

No armies, no policemen, no legislators,
Only agape, in the hearts of everyone.
Only the power, to cause a seed to grow,
And the desire,
To do what we've never quite done.

Endo cratia, endo cratia,
Endo cratia, endo cratia.

No rulers, no masters, no controllers,
Only love, and power from within.
No corporations, no manipulators,
Only the joy, and the power to begin.

Endo cratia, endo cratia,
Endo cratia, endo cratia.

Endo cratia, endo cratia,
Endo cratia, endo cratia.

(Album, Snowflakes on the Green)

Liberty, Agape and Equity

(2007-033)

Liberty, agape and equity,
Cooperation and community.
Liberty, agape and equity,
Cooperation and community.

Liberty is the spiritual,
Freedom to be.
Agape is the universal love,
At the heart of being free.
Equity is justice,
For all who live and breathe.
Cooperation is the bond,
That let's us live in community.

Liberty, agape and equity,
Cooperation and community.
Liberty, agape and equity,
Cooperation and community.

Liberty will sing,
In the hearts of everyone.
Agape will come flowing,
Like the gentle springtime sun.
Equity will dance,
In the sharing of the pie.
Cooperation and community,
Will raise their voices to the sky.

Liberty, agape and equity,
Cooperation and community.
Liberty, agape and equity,
Cooperation and community.

May they be.
may they dance. may they shine.
May they be.
In our hearts and our minds.

May they be.
may they guide us on through time.
May they be.
In reality and rhyme.
may they be.
may they be.

Liberty, agape and equity,
Cooperation and community.
Liberty, agape and equity,
Cooperation and community.
Liberty, agape and equity,
Cooperation and community.

(Album, Snowflakes on the Green).

Let There Be

(2007-034)

Let there be, simplicity.
Let there be peace. Let there be peace.
Let there be, integrity,
In all we do, and all we choose to be.
Let there be, community.
God lives in you. God lives in me.
Let there be, equality.
May we see the day when we shall all be free.
Let there be. Let there be.

John Woolman was a Quaker man,
In the eighteenth century.
He could not live with his conscience,
When he looked at slavery.
For many years he traveled,
Telling Quakers, don't you see.
You can't be a true believer,
Til you set your captives free.

And he traveled to meet the first peoples,
Of the North American continent,
Thinking not so much,
That they would learn from him,
But that he might learn from them.
And before he died he had a vision,
Of the workers in the mines,
Who under the shadow of capitalism,
Would curse the name of Christ.

Let there be, simplicity.
Let there be peace. Let there be peace.
Let there be, integrity,
In all we do, and all we choose to be.
Let there be, community.
God lives in you. God lives in me.
Let there be, equality.
May we see the day when we shall all be free.
Let there be. Let there be.

Lucretia Mott was a Quaker woman,
In the nineteenth century.
She said no to racial oppression.
She said no to slavery.
And she was one of the women present,
In 1848,
At the women's conference at Seneca Falls,
When a new movement it was made.

A movement for women's suffrage,
And gender equality,
A struggle they knew might very well take,
Generations to complete.
And only one of the women present,
Charlotte Woodward, nineteen years old,

Would live to see the day, when she could stand,
And proudly cast her vote.

Let there be, simplicity.
Let there be peace. Let there be peace.
Let there be, integrity,
In all we do, and all we choose to be.
Let there be, community.
God lives in you. God lives in me.
Let there be, equality.
may we see the day when we shall all be free.
Let there be. Let there be.

Rufus Jones was a Quaker mystic,
Who can speak to you and me.
He studied the words of the mystics,
And worked for a world of peace.
A Quakerism of the spirit,
Open to all who truly seek,
Was the faith he built for the twentieth,
And twenty-first centuries.

And in his seventies he traveled,
To NAZI Germany,
To plead for the rights of the Jews before,
The leaders of the NAZI regime.
He saw World War Two and the Holocaust,
And the dawn of the nuclear age,
But he stayed true to his pacifism,
Until his dying day.

Let there be, simplicity.
let there be peace. let there be peace.
Let there be, integrity,
In all we do, and all we choose to be.
Let there be, community.
God lives in you. God lives in me.
Let there be, equality.
May we see the day when we shall all be free.
Let there be. Let there be.

Let there be, simplicity.
Let there be peace. let there be peace.
Let there be, integrity,
In all we do, and all we choose to be.
Let there be, community.
God lives in you. God lives in me.
Let there be, equality.
May we see the day when we shall all be free.
Let there be. Let there be,
Simplicity,
Let there be peace,
Integrity,
Community,
Equality.
Let there be.

Let there be.

(Album, Snowflakes on the Green)

March On, My Friend, March On

(2007-035)

March on, my friend, march on.
March on, my friend, march on.
Stand guard, my friend, til dawn.
March on, my friend, march on.

Once upon a time I was alone,
Wondering if I was the only one,
Who dared to believe, in justice and peace.
Seemed I was the only singer of my song.

But then I met a friend or two,
Who said, we believe the same things that you do.
Then a hundred, then a thousand, came along,
And soon we were no longer just a few.

March on, my friend, march on.
March on, my friend, march on.
Stand guard, my friend, til dawn.
March on, my friend, march on.

I've been to demonstrations,
That were five thousand strong,
Others where there were only five or ten.
I've been to events,
That were standing room only,
And others that really weren't events.

And the movement crests,
And the movement troughs,
But still we keep marching right along.
As one or a few,
We often feel alone,
But in our hundreds and our thousands,
We are strong.

March on, my friend, march on.
March on, my friend, march on.
Stand guard, my friend, til dawn.
March on, my friend, march on.

may you never be alone.
You are not the only one.
There are millions like you everywhere.
One day we'll send the tyrants on the run.

May you never be alone.
You are not the only one.
There are millions like you everywhere.
One day we'll send the tyrants on the run.

March on, my friend, march on.
March on, my friend, march on.
Stand guard, my friend, til dawn.
March on, my friend, march on.

March on, my friend, march on.
march on, my friend, march on.
Stand guard, my friend, til dawn.
March on, my friend, march on.
March on, my friend, march on.
march on, my friend, march on.

(Album, Snowflakes on the Green)

Christopher Rain

(2007-036)

I am the snowflake,
High in the clouds.
I am the raindrop,
Prepared to come down.
I am the west wind,
Come to bear you away.
I am the dreamer,
Christopher Rain.

I am the lightening,
Ready to flash.
I am the phoenix,
Dreamed by the ash.
I am the whippoorwill,
At the end of the day.
I am the poet,
Christopher Rain.

I am the dragon,
Spreading its fire.
I am the airplane.
I am the flier.
I am the sailboat,
Out on the waves.
I am the captain,
Christopher Rain.

I am the spaceship,
Among the stars.
I am the engine's,
Hydrogen spark.
I am the nebulae,
Dreaming this day.
I am the traveler,
Christopher Rain.

Where are you going.
Where have you been.
What are you looking for.
What have you seen.
We are the starlight,
Light-years away.
We are the beating heart,
Christopher Rain.

We are the starlight,
Light-years away.
We are the beating heart,
Christopher Rain.
Christopher Rain.
Christopher Rain.
Christopher Rain.

(Album, Snowflakes on the Green)

O People, Carry On

(2007-037)

When the nights are lonely,
And the fight is long,
And you wonder if you,
Can even carry on,
Carry on. Carry on.

When you've been called every name,
Small minds can conjure,
When you keep marching, still it seems,
The oppressors will conquer,
Carry on. Carry on.
O people, carry on.

There are ten million of us.
There'll be ten million more.
Whether in love or anger,
We're stronger than before.
Carry on. Carry on.

Of our friends and comrades,
Let us take good care.
Let us feel the love that flows,
From people everywhere.
Carry on. Carry on.
O people, carry on.

Of our friends and comrades,
Let us take good care.
Surely there's a love that dwells,
In people everywhere.
Carry on. Carry on.
O people, carry on.

When the nights are lonely,
Carry on.
When the times are bitter,
Carry on.
When it moves too slowly,
Carry on.
May the fight continue,
Carry on.

O people, carry on.
O people, carry on.
O people, carry on.

(Album, Snowflakes on the Green)

Out in the Ocean

(2007-038)

It was out in the ocean,
Out in the ocean deep.
October 1962,
A point in history.
When the shadow of the mushroom cloud,
Was darker than the night,
And people wondered if they'd see,
Another day's sunrise.

Over missiles based in Cuba,
The USSR and USA,
Were rattling swords and threatening,
To blow us all away.
And the people went about their lives,
Doing what they could,
Wondering if their fallout shelters,
Would do them any good.

It was out in the ocean,
Just off the Florida Key.
Four armoured Soviet submarines,
Were floating silently.
Each one of them had a single,
Torpedo with a nuclear tip,
And a free hand to fire it,
At any passing enemy ship.

While the American blockade of ships,
Assembled in a line,
The submarines floated quietly,
'Neath the surface of the brine.
Above the surface, the crisis mounted,
With tension all around,
Til morning came and the Soviets,
Decided to back down.

But for four more days, the submarines,
Beneath the ocean swirl,
Were completely out of contact,
With what was happening in the world,
Completely unaware,
Of the truce that had transpired,
But each with a nuclear-tipped torpedo,
And the freedom to fire.

The firing of any kind,
Of nuclear device,
Whether missile or torpedo,
On land or sea or sky,
Would have led the US to respond in kind,
Without time to think or breathe,
And global nuclear war,
Would have been a certainty.

So thank the sub commanders,
That they chose not to strike,
But kept their peace, beneath the waves,
For four more days and nights.
And thank the fact that cooler heads prevailed,
Both above and below the waves,
For in the end, this is the reason,
That we are here today.

It was out in the ocean,
In the year of 62.
It would be several decades,
Before we really knew,
About the nuclear-tipped torpedoes,
or just how dangerous things had been,
How the fate of the world was in the hands,
Of those four submarines.

It was out in the ocean,
At a point in history,
Where a wrong decision by a sub commander,
Would have ended humanity.
Learning the full truth about,
That not so distant time,
All one can do is sigh and say,
It's good to be alive.
All one can do is sigh and say,
It's good to be alive.

It was out in the ocean,
Out in the ocean deep,
Out in the ocean deep.

(Album, Snowflakes on the Green)

I'm the Sasquatch

(2007-039)

If you see me coming,
You can call my name.
And I will turn and smile at you,
And say, welcome to my game.

I'm the Sasquatch. I'm the Sasquatch.

Some say they don't believe I'm real.
Some say they don't know.
But you will know I'm real,
When I smile and say hello.

I'm the Sasquatch. I'm the Sasquatch.

I'm bound to leave my footprint,
Everywhere I go.
Footprints in the mud,
And footprints in the snow.

I'm the Sasquatch. I'm the Sasquatch.

I've been prowling around,
Since before your time began.
And I'll be here when you are gone,
Prowling out across the land.

I'm the Sasquatch. I'm the Sasquatch.

You'll see me cutting out across the land,
And you will surely swear.
You'll be telling all your friends,
It wasn't a bear.

I'm the Sasquatch. I'm the Sasquatch.

Some men they'd like to bag me,
For a trophy on their wall.
But the women fall in love with me,
'Cause they think that every part of me,
Is big and tall.

I'm the Sasquatch. I'm the Sasquatch.

Some don't know what to say to me.
It seems they're all in awe.
But I'm always glad to say hello,
And gently shake a paw.

I'm the Sasquatch. I'm the Sasquatch.

So if you see me coming,
You can call my name.
And I will turn and smile at you,
And say, welcome to my game.

I'm the Sasquatch. I'm the Sasquatch.
I'm the Sasquatch. I'm the Sasquatch.

(Album, Snowflakes on the Green)

Clocks That Sang Songs

(2007-040)

There were clocks that sang songs.
There were guns that prophesied.
There were bells that told of freedom.
There were trains that ran on time.

There were children playing in the street.
There were ancestral voices, prophesying war.
There were journalists,
Murdered by the death squads,
While the men of the junta, appeared at our door,
To say your children aren't hungry any more.

There were clocks that sang songs.
There were guns that prophesied.
There were bells that told of freedom.
There were trains that ran on time.

There were news anchor people spinning lies.
At the height of oppression, everything's a smile.
While the junta shot dissenters in the night,
Put their bodies in a heap,
And set fire to the pile,
While the priests told us to go the extra mile.

There were clocks that sang songs.
There were guns that prophesied.
There were bells that told of freedom.
There were trains that ran on time.

Sometimes we like to think that it's over,
That Pinochet and Hitler,
And D'Aubuisson are gone.
But then we look around,
And we see it's still happening.
It makes us wonder if we'll ever see the dawn,
Or will the night go on and on and on.

There were clocks that sang songs.
There were guns that prophesied.
There were bells that told of freedom.
There were trains that ran on time.

There were clocks that sang songs.
There were guns that prophesied.
There were bells that told of freedom.
There were trains that ran on time.
There were trains that ran on time.

(Album, Snowflakes on the Green)

Song for the Olive Trees

(2007-041)

For some three thousand years, the olive trees,
Have stood and offered young and old their shade.
As armies marched, and cultures came and stayed,
And spirit weavers wove their dreams of peace.
In Nazareth, the olive trees beneath,
Whose shade some say the young child Jesus played,
And here the olive harvest, time's cascade,
Unbroken through the dream-swept centuries.

Across the fields, among the olive trees,
The bulldozed houses and the checkpoint streets,
A people dare to stand as firm and strong,
As any tree, or ancient heart-felt song.
To hold fast for a taste of freedom-land,
The right to shape tomorrow with one's hands.
To hold fast for a taste of freedom-land,
The right to shape tomorrow with one's hands.

(Album, Snowflakes on the Green)

Pythagoras

(2007-042)

Pythagoras, Pythagoras,
Will you sail across the sea.
Pythagoras, Pythagoras,
The music of the universe,
Will set the universe free.

Pythagoras, Pythagoras,
All the world's a mystery.
Pythagoras, Pythagoras,
All the cosmos,
Is one great harmony.

Will you go where no philosopher has been.
Will you see what no philosopher has seen.
In quiet contemplation,
In your earth community.

Will you build your castles in the sand.
Will you build your cities in the sea.
And bridges in the sky,
Stretching into infinity.

Pythagoras, Pythagoras,
Will you sail across the sea.
Pythagoras, Pythagoras,
The music of the universe,
Will set the universe free.

Pythagoras, Pythagoras,
All the world's a mystery.
Pythagoras, Pythagoras,
All the cosmos,
Is one great harmony.

The trees in the forest sing,
A song of the turning.
The fish in the ocean sing,
A song of the learning.
The stars in the heavens sing,
A song of the burning.
The people of the planet sing,
A song of the yearning.
Children of the cosmos sing,
The song of our returning.
The song of our returning.

Pythagoras, Pythagoras,
Will you sail across the sea.
Pythagoras, Pythagoras,
The music of the universe,
Will set the universe free.

Pythagoras, Pythagoras,
All the world's a mystery.

Pythagoras, Pythagoras,
All the cosmos,
Is one great harmony.
One great harmony.

We are one. We are two. We are three.
We are four. We are five.
We are what we wish to be.
One great harmony.
One great harmony.

Pythagoras, Pythagoras, Pythagoras.
Pythagoras, Pythagoras, Pythagoras.

(Album, Snowflakes on the Green)

Under the Bridge

(2007-043)

We are under the bridge,
At the center of town.
We've seen too much exploitation,
Goin' down, goin' down.
We're here to say and do,
What must be said and done.
We wanna see a just future,
For everyone.
We wanna see a just future,
for everyone.

They tell us that the city,
Is in an economic boom.
Plant your seeds they say,
And watch the money flowers bloom.
So they buy up old buildings,
And throw the people on the street,
And say we can raise our rents now,
To infinity.
We can raise our rents now,
To infinity.

So we're under the bridge,
At the center of town.
We've seen too much exploitation,
Goin' down, goin' down.
We're here to say and do,
What must be said and done.
We wanna see a just future,
For everyone.
We wanna see a just future,
For everyone.

And nobody wonders,
Where do the people go,
When the fat cats move in,
And the cold wind does blow.
There is money to be made,
By the privileged few you see.
So no one stops to speak the word,
Community.
So no one stops to speak the word,
Community.

So we're under the bridge,
At the center of town.
We've seen too much exploitation,
Goin' down, goin' down.
We're here to say and do,
What must be said and done.
We wanna build a just future,
For everyone.
We wanna build a just future,
for everyone.

Everybody has the right,
To shelter, clothing and food.
That person could be me.
That person could be you.
A society is only,
Just and sound and free,
When everyone of its citizens,
Can begin to build their dream.
When everyone of its citizens,
Can begin to build their dream.

So we're under the bridge,
At the center of town.
We've seen too much exploitation,
Goin' down, goin' down.
We're here to say and do,
What must be said and done.
We wanna build a just future,
For everyone.
We wanna build a just future,
for everyone.

We are under the bridge,
At the center of town.
We've seen too much exploitation,
Goin' down, goin' down.
We're here to say and do,
What must be said and done.
We wanna build a just future,
for everyone.
We wanna build a just future,
for everyone.
We wanna build a just future,
For everyone.

We are under the bridge,
At the center of town.

(Album, Lanterns and Ledges)

Water on the Rock

(2007-044)

Water on the rock, flowing over.
Water on the rock, flowing over.
Water on the rock, flowing over.
Water on the rock, flowing over.

When a thousand years have gone by,
The rock is worn away.
But the water will keep flowing,
Forever and a day.

Water on the rock, flowing over.
Water on the rock, flowing over.
Water on the rock, flowing over.
Water on the rock, flowing over.

We are the water,
One drop at a time.
We're gonna keep on flowing,
Flowing on through time.

Water on the rock, flowing over.
Water on the rock, flowing over.
Water on the rock, flowing over.
Water on the rock, flowing over.

The water it is soft,
And some would say the rock will stand.
But the water will still be flowing,
When the rock has turned to sand.

Water on the rock, flowing over.
Water on the rock, flowing over.
Water on the rock, flowing over.
Water on the rock, flowing over.

Keep it flowing, flowing over.
Keep it flowing, flowing over.
Water on the rock.
Water on the rock.
Water on the rock.
Water on the rock.

(Album, Lanterns and Ledges)

Land on Mars

(2007-045)

When I was a child on the prairie,
Who danced between the prairie and the stars,
I knew what I was gonna do one day.
One day I was gonna land on Mars.
I was gonna land on Mars.

I knew I would climb into a rocket,
And fly across the dark of space so far.
We would land on the surface of the red planet.
I knew I was gonna land on Mars.
I was gonna land on Mars.

Then the years went by and I grew older.
Space travel came to seem rather passé.
There was a world down here,
That needed changing.
We had to work for a just and peaceful day.
For a just and peaceful day.

So I became a young man of my time and place,
Dancing with the wheels of history.
I knew my purpose was to change the world.
My purpose was to set the future free.
To set the future free.

For twenty years I marched and I organized.
I wrote songs about the movement that I sang.
But some of the organizations,
Came to seem like no more,
Than an array of power games and power gangs.
Power games and power gangs.

There's a big machine, a beast with many faces,
And you can try to change it if you can.
But when they told me I needed,
My own big machine to change things,
I started to wonder just exactly who I am.
Just exactly who I am.

Now I find myself a turning forty,
Reflecting on the places I have been.
Jungian individuation calls my name,
Calling me to take a look within.
To take a look within.

When I was a child on the prairie,
Who danced between the prairie and the stars,
I knew what I was gonna do one day.
One day I was gonna land on Mars.
I was gonna land on Mars.

I knew what I was gonna do one day.
One day I was gonna land on mars.
I was gonna land on Mars.

I was gonna land on Mars.

(Album, Lanterns and Ledges)

Let Us Live in This Life

(2007-046)

We are part of the earth.
We were born of her flesh,
And to her, we one day, will return.
Let us dance in this space,
Tween the earth and the sky.
Let us grow, every day. let us learn.

Let us live in this life.
Let us all be at one,
With the earth in the heart of our soul.
In the falling of the rain,
In the golden of the sun,
Let us live. Let us dwell, and be whole.

In the bright golden morn,
In the soft setting eve,
In the joy of the afternoon,
We are dancers on the earth,
And dwellers in the land,
With the powers of the sun and the moon.

Let us live in this life.
Let us all be at one,
With the earth in the heart of our soul.
In the falling of the rain,
In the golden of the sun,
Let us live. Let us dwell, and be whole.

Deep in our hearts,
Is the spirit of the all,
And the song of the earth and sky.
Let it echo in our blood,
And our bodies as we run,
Through the ripples of this space and this time.

Let us live in this life.
Let us all be at one,
With the earth in the heart of our soul.
In the falling of the rain,
In the golden of the sun,
Let us live. Let us dwell, and be whole.

The earth is not a gift,
From the past, but a loan,
From those who are still to come.
Let us live, every day,
And remember who we are.
We are children of the earth, wind and sun.

Let us live in this life.
Let us all be at one,
With the earth in the heart of our soul.
In the falling of the rain,
In the golden of the sun,

Let us live. Let us dwell, and be whole.

Love is the song,
That echoes through the all,
And binds everything as one.
With love in our hearts,
Let us dance. Let us dance.
Let us dance, as we dream, and become.

Let us live in this life.
Let us all be at one,
With the earth in the heart of our soul.
In the falling of the rain,
In the golden of the sun,
Let us live. Let us dwell, and be whole.

Let us live in this life.
Let us all be at one,
With the earth in the heart of our soul.
In the falling of the rain,
In the golden of the sun,
Let us live. Let us dwell, and be whole.
In the falling of the rain,
In the golden of the sun,
Let us live. Let us dwell, and be whole.
Let us live. Let us dwell, and be whole.

(Album, Lanterns and Ledges)

The Summer Before the Dark

(2007-047)

It was the summer before the dark.
It was the summer before the dark.
It was the summer before the dark.
It was the summer before the dark.

If someone stepped on a butterfly,
A hundred million years ago,
Everything today would look a bit different.
So the story goes.

Some people step on butterflies.
Some people step on ghosts.
And get dragged into a mystery,
From three hundred years ago.

It was the summer before the dark.
It was the summer before the dark.
It was the summer before the dark.
It was the summer before the dark.

Once a spaceship went to Mars,
When all books on the supernatural,
Had been burned.
We wanted to leave behind,
All superstition,
And believe that we had learned.

But hanging out on Mars,
Were Stoker and Dickens,
Mary Shelly and Edgar Alan Poe.
But when the final books were burned,
They disappeared,
And didn't even leave an afterglow.

It was the summer before the dark.
It was the summer before the dark.
It was the summer before the dark.
It was the summer before the dark.

And still the rain is falling.
You are searching for the sun.
But the rain never stops on some planets.
You have no choice,
But to run and run and run.

You keep looking for the sunny spot,
Where the rain will be no more.
But in the end you will go crazy,
'Cause the rain is all there is,
From shore to rain-swept shore.

It was the summer before the dark.
It was the summer before the dark.
It was the summer before the dark.

It was the summer before the dark.

And somewhere there are dragons,
In the universal mind.
And somewhere there are monsters,
Their eyes shining out through time.

Still we believe in angels,
And the angel in us all,
Will help us rise to the occasion,
And catch us when we fall.

It was the summer before the dark.
It was the summer before the dark.
It was the summer before the dark.
It was the summer before the dark.

Some say the dark is frightening.
Some say the dark will set us free.
But every summer has its shadows,
So let's see what we can be.

It was the summer before the dark.
It was the summer before the dark.
It was the summer before the dark.
It was the summer before the dark.
It was the summer before the dark.

Summer before the dark,
Summer before the dark,
Summer before the dark,
Summer before the dark.

It was the summer before the dark.
It was the summer before the dark.
It was the summer before the dark.

(Album, Lanterns and Ledges)

Blue Horses on the Plain

(2007-048)

There were blue horses on the plain.
There were blue horses on the plain.
We went riding, gently riding in the rain.
There were blue horses on the plain.

Bright purple is the colour of desire.
Bright purple is the colour of desire.
We were one, as the flames were leaping higher.
Bright purple is the colour of desire.

There were blue horses on the plain.
There were blue horses on the plain.
We went riding, gently riding in the rain.
There were blue horses on the plain.

And the rain, on the prairie wind, came down.
And the rain, on the prairie wind, came down.
We were naked. We were dancing, all around.
As the rain, on the prairie wind, came down.

There were blue horses on the plain.
There were blue horses on the plain.
We went riding, gently riding in the rain.
There were blue horses on the plain.

In the windy, summer rain storm, we will dance.
In the windy, summer rain storm, we will dance.
We will love. We will dream this circumstance.
In the windy, summer rainstorm, we will dance.

There were blue horses on the plain.
There were blue horses on the plain.
We went riding, gently riding in the rain.
There were blue horses on the plain.
There were blue horses on the plain.
There were blue horses on the plain.

There were blue horses on the plain.
There were blue horses on the plain.
There were blue horses on the plain.

(Album, Lanterns and Ledges)

Not Sponsored by Cameco

(2007-049)

We are people who dare to be free.
We are free people.

We are not sponsored by Cameco,
Not sponsored by Cameco,
Not sponsored by Cameco.

We are not sponsored by Cameco,
Not sponsored by Cameco,
Not sponsored by Cameco.
We say no.

A lot of people don't even know,
What Cameco is all about.
They're a uranium mining company.
Let's shout it clear and loud.

They mine uranium and leave,
Radioactive tailings,
In northern Saskatchewan.
They send uranium around the world,
To nuclear power plants,
Nuclear waste dumps,
Nuclear weapons,
And depleted uranium bombs.

We say no. We say no.
We say no to Cameco.
We say no. We say no.
We say no to Cameco.

We are people who dare to be free.
We are free people.

We are not sponsored by Cameco,
Not sponsored by Cameco,
Not sponsored by Cameco.

We are not sponsored by Cameco,
Not sponsored by Cameco,
Not sponsored by Cameco.
Cameco.

We say no. We say no.
We say no to Cameco.
We say no. We say no.
We say no to Cameco.

We say no. We say no.
We say no to Cameco.
We say no. We say no.
We say no to Cameco.

We are not sponsored by Cameco,

Not sponsored by Cameco,
Not sponsored by Cameco.

Not sponsored by Cameco,
Not sponsored by Cameco,
Not sponsored by Cameco.

Not sponsored by Cameco,
Not sponsored by Cameco,
Not sponsored by Cameco.

Not sponsored by Cameco,
Not sponsored by Cameco,
Not sponsored by Cameco.
Cameco.
We say no.
We say no.

(Album, Lanterns and Ledges)

Hay People, It's a New Day

(2007-050)

Hay people, it's a new day.
Hay people, it's a new day.
Hay people, it's a new day.
Hay people, it's a new day.
The hour of socialism,
Is clearly on its way.
Hay people, it's a new day.
Hay people, it's a new day.

Hay people, it's a new day.
Hay people, it's a new day.
Hay people, it's a new day.
The hour of socialism,
Is clearly on its way.
Hay people, it's a new day.
Hay people, it's a new day.

Hay people, it's a new day.
Hay people, it's a new day.
Hay people, it's a new day.
Global capitalism,
Will clearly fall away.
Global capitalism,
Will clearly fall away.
Hay people, it's a new day.
Hay people, it's a new day.

You might think we're crazy,
That capitalism is here to stay.
But regardless of what you think of us,
We're gonna sing out anyway.

You might think we're crazy,
That capitalism is here to stay.
But regardless of what you think of us,
We're gonna sing out anyway.
Hay people, it's a new day.
Hay people, it's a new day.

Hay people, it's a new day.
Hay people, it's a new day.
Hay people, it's a new day.
The hour of socialism,
Is clearly on its way.
Global capitalism,
Will clearly fall away.
Hay people, it's a new day.
Hay people, it's a new day.

Hay people, it's a new day.
Hay people, it's a new day.
Hay people, it's a new day.
Hay people, it's a new day.

(Album, Lanterns and Ledges)

Song of the Cynic Philosopher

(2007-051)

I am a Cynic philosopher.
I've stood on many a day, in many a century.
I've stood in ancient city squares,
And spoke of what I do and do not believe.

I don't believe in conquest, or in empire.
I don't believe, in the pyramids of power.
I only wish to live naturally,
Like the trees, the owls and the flowers.

And I do not disbelieve, the morning star.
And I do not disbelieve, the rising sun.
And I do not disbelieve, the gentle rain.
And I do not disbelieve,
The place in our hearts,
Where the dawn comes from.

I am a Cynic philosopher,
With my long hair and my shaggy beard,
My staff, my knapsack and my tattered clothes.
I have spoken to all who chose to hear.

I do not want any patronage.
And I do not mind being called a dog.
I am not a king, nor an aristocrat.
Sometimes society hears my voice,
Through a luminous fog.

And I do not disbelieve,
The warm summer night.
And I do not disbelieve the waxing moon.
And I do not disbelieve,
The sweet spring wind.
And I do not disbelieve,
The morning robins who sing their tunes.

I am a Cynic philosopher.
The ancient cities echo with my name.
The country folks come,
And wonder what I'm living for.
Why it is that I don't want wealth,
Or power or fame.

They do not understand,
When I tell them that my heart is free,
In my threadbare clothing, and my simplicity.
Everything is perfectly all right with me.
In the end, this is how I wish to be.

And I do not disbelieve, the morning star.
And I do not disbelieve, the rising sun.
And I do not disbelieve, the sacred earth.
And I do not disbelieve,
The place in our hearts,

Where peace comes from.
The place in our hearts,
Where peace comes from.
The place in our hearts,
Where peace comes from.

(Album, Lanterns and Ledges)

Love Will

(2007-052)

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.

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 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.
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.

(Album, Kingdoms and Dreamlands)

By the Light of Burning Bridges

(2007-053)

By the light of burning bridges,
By the light of burning bridges,
We shall redefine the edges,
By the light of burning bridges.

Freedom calls us to move onward,
Through the rain and storms to conquer.
We'll climb the far-off mountain ridges,
By the light of burning bridges.

By the light of burning bridges,
By the light of burning bridges,
We shall redefine the edges,
By the light of burning bridges.

We break our ties with broken systems,
With past oppressors and bad decisions.
We'll take the highest heights and ledges,
By the light of burning bridges.

By the light of burning bridges,
By the light of burning bridges,
We shall redefine the edges,
By the light of burning bridges.

There is a time for moving forward,
For jumping ship and swimming shoreward.
We'll fear no trees or rocks or hedges,
By the light of burning bridges.

By the light of burning bridges,
By the light of burning bridges,
We shall redefine the edges,
By the light of burning bridges.

By the light of burning bridges,
By the light of burning bridges,
We shall redefine the edges,
By the light of burning bridges.
By the light of burning bridges,
By the light of burning bridges,
By the light of burning bridges.

(Album, Lanterns and Ledges)

Let Peace and Freedom Reign

(2007-054)

They've got a spanking agency,
They call CBSA.
It seems they'd like to punish us,
For what we choose to say.

Let peace and freedom reign.
Let peace and freedom reign.
Let peace and freedom reign.
Let peace and freedom reign.

I will tell you all the story,
Of Alison Boden.
It seems like it's illegal,
To agitate for peace.

Let peace and freedom reign.
Let peace and freedom reign.
Let peace and freedom reign.
Let peace and freedom reign.

She was born in Colorado,
Many years ago.
She came to live in Canada,
To study and to grow.

Let peace and freedom reign.
Let peace and freedom reign.
Let peace and freedom reign.
Let peace and freedom reign.

She learned about this world of ours,
And its many ways.
And she began to agitate,
For a just and peaceful day.

Let peace and freedom reign.
Let peace and freedom reign.
Let peace and freedom reign.
Let peace and freedom reign.

She'd crossed the border many times,
Without hassle or abuse,
But in September of 07,
She would learn a different truth.

Let peace and freedom reign.
Let peace and freedom reign.
Let peace and freedom reign.
Let peace and freedom reign. (2007-054)

The border guards they stopped her,
And they searched her car.
She was arrested for having leaflets,
Saying no to war.

Let peace and freedom reign.
Let peace and freedom reign.
Let peace and freedom reign.
Let peace and freedom reign.

They held her then released her,
When the people made a noise.
But her charges have not yet been dropped,
So let us raise our voice.

Let peace and freedom reign.
Let peace and freedom reign.
Let peace and freedom reign.
Let peace and freedom reign.

It seems border security knows,
That they don't have a case.
They're tryna find something to pin on her,
Some microscopic trace.

Let peace and freedom reign.
Let peace and freedom reign.
Let peace and freedom reign.
Let peace and freedom reign.

But Alison calls us all to stand up,
For democracy.
No one should be arrested,
For advocating peace.

Let peace and freedom reign.
Let peace and freedom reign.
Let peace and freedom reign.
Let peace and freedom reign.

So tell the Canadian government,
We will not go away.
We'll stand with our friends and comrades,
Whatever they might face.

Let peace and freedom reign.
Let peace and freedom reign.
Let peace and freedom reign.
Let peace and freedom reign.

We must defend the right of everyone,
To agitate for peace.
Today it's Alison Boden.
Tomorrow it could be you or me.

Let peace and freedom reign.
Let peace and freedom reign.
Let peace and freedom reign.
Let peace and freedom reign.

Let peace and freedom reign.
Let peace and freedom reign.
Let peace and freedom reign.
Let peace and freedom reign.

Let freedom reign.
Let freedom reign.
Let freedom reign.

(Album, Lanterns and Ledges)

Buddha O Buddha

(2007-055)

Buddha, O Buddha, do remember me.
Buddha, o Buddha, do remember me.
Buddha, o Buddha, do remember me.
We're just passing through.

I took Gautama as my Buddha.
You take him too.
I took Gautam as my Buddha.
You take him too.
I took Gautam as my Buddha.
You take him too.
We're just passing through.

I've got a Pure Land Buddhist home,
That points to the moon.
I've got a Pure Land Buddhist home,
That points to the moon.
I've got a Pure Land Buddhist home,
That points to the moon.
We're just passing through.

Buddha, o Buddha, do remember me.
Buddha, o Buddha, do remember me.
Buddha, o Buddha, do remember me.
We're just passing through.

Being born it gave me,
A sense of Deja Vu.
Being born it gave me,
A sense of Deja Vu.
Being born it gave me,
A sense of Deja Vu.
We're just passing through.

Gonna live my life so blissfully,
I won't be back no more.
Gonna live my life so blissfully,
I won't be back no more.
Gonna live my life so blissfully,
I won't be back no more.
We're just passing through.

Buddha, o Buddha, do remember me.
Buddha, o Buddha, do remember me.
Buddha, o Buddha, do remember me.
We're just passing through.

I'm gonna make it to Nirvana.
You can make it too.
I'm gonna make it to Nirvana.
You can make it too.
I'm gonna make it to Nirvana.
You can make it too.
We're just passing through.

Gonna sing that good old Buddhist hymn,
Om sweet om.
Gonna sing that good old Buddhist hymn,
Om sweet om.
Gonna sing that good old Buddhist hymn,
Om sweet om.
We're just passing through.

Buddha, o Buddha, do remember me.
Buddha, o Buddha, do remember me.
Buddha, o Buddha, do remember me.
We're just passing through.

I find it hard to lose my ego,
But I'll give it one more try.
I find it hard to lose my ego,
But I'll give it one more try.
I find it hard to lose my ego,
But I'll give it one more try.
While I'm passing through.

No need to kill the Buddha,
If you see him on the road.
No need to kill the Buddha,
If you see him on the road.
No need to kill the Buddha,
If you see him on the road.
He's just passing through.

Buddha, o Buddha, do remember me.
Buddha, o Buddha, do remember me.
Buddha, o Buddha, do remember me.
We're just passing through.

All that pain and all that suffering,
Wasn't really true.
All that pain and all that suffering,
Wasn't really true.
All that pain and all that suffering,
Wasn't really true.
We're just passing through.

But even though we don't exist,
We can like the taste of beer.
Even though we don't exist,
We can like the taste of beer.
Even though we don't exist,
We can like the taste of beer,
While we're passing through.

Buddha, o Buddha, do remember me.
Buddha, o Buddha, do remember me.
Buddha, o Buddha, do remember me.
We're just passing through.
We're just passing through.

We're just passing through.

(Album, Lanterns and Ledges)

Ode to Prairie Monthly Meeting

(2007-056)

Prairie Monthly Meeting,
Lives on the old prai-rie,
And quakes and frolics all year 'round,
In the true north strong and free.
Prairie Monthly Meeting,
Lives on the old prai-rie,
And quakes and frolics all year 'round,
In the true north strong and free.

From Saskatoon to Wynyard,
To the shores of Thunder Bay,
Regina, Whitehorse Winnipeg,
What more can we say.
Two million square kilometers,
Of mostly rock and trees.
So let us sit in silence everywhere,
And raise our voice for peace.

Prairie Monthly Meeting,
Lives on the old prai-rie,
And quakes and frolics all year 'round,
In the true north strong and free.
Prairie Monthly Meeting,
Lives on the old prai-rie,
And quakes and frolics all year 'round,
In the true north strong and free.

Many are the young Friends,
Who love that rascal Prairie.
They know that we're as magical,
As any elf or fairy.
We'll dance beneath the Northern Lights,
Refusing to be tamed,
And all of CYM will shake,
When we roar out our name.

Prairie Monthly Meeting,
Lives on the old prai-rie,
And quakes and frolics all year 'round,
In the true north strong and free.
Prairie Monthly meeting,
Lives on the old prai-rie,
And quakes and frolics all year 'round,
In the true north strong and free.

May Prairie live forever,
With all the beautiful folk,
Who've joined us as the years have turned,
And brought us peace and hope.
With a love for all that lives and grows,
Between the earth and sky,
And the light within to keep us warm,
For truly God is nigh.

Prairie Monthly Meeting,
Lives on the old prai-rie,
And quakes and frolics all year 'round,
In the true north strong and free.
Prairie Monthly Meeting,
Lives on the old prai-rie,
And quakes and frolics all year 'round,
In the true north strong and free.

(Album, Lanterns and Ledges)

Snowy City

(2007-057)

Snowy city, snowy city.
Holy city in our minds.
Holy city out of time.

City of peace, city of love,
City of truth.
City where you treat others,
As you would have them treat you.

Snowy city.

We are snowy mystics,
Dancing in the snow.
Beneath the bright white moon,
As it is rising full.

Snowy city, snowy city.
Holy city in our minds,
Holy city out of time.

City of peace, city of love,
City of truth.
City where you treat others,
As you would have them treat you.

Snowy city.

We are snowy mystics,
Dancing in the snow,
Beneath the bright white moon,
As it is rising full.

Snowy city,
Where the snow is falling free.
Snowy city,
Where else could it be.
Snowy city,
Where the snow is falling free.
Snowy city,
Where else could it be.

Snowy city, snowy city.
Snowy city.

(Album, Lanterns and Ledges)

Brenda Meltdown

(2007-058)

It was the summer of 2006.
It was a bright and sunny day.
Brenda went out to catch the bus,
But the bus didn't come her way.

The busses had all been rerouted,
For the exhibition parade.
So she walked to the welfare office,
And when she got there,
She was told that she was late.

She'd have to make another appointment,
For some other day.
There was nothing she could do.
There was nothing she could say.

She had a, Brenda meltdown.
She had a, Brenda meltdown.
She had a, Brenda meltdown.

Thirty years of hidden anger,
Suddenly came to the fore.
Thirty years of being marginalized,
Suddenly came out in a roar.

She screamed a controlled scream.
She threw pens across the room.
The woman at the desk said,
Don't be so childish.
I didn't do anything to you.

She acted up and melted down for an hour,
On that bright and sunny day.
Til finally they called the cops,
And the cops had to come,
And take her away.

She had a, Brenda meltdown.
She had a, Brenda meltdown.
She had a, Brenda meltdown.

I certainly don't intend to make fun of her.
She was standing on the edge,
As far as she could see.
I certainly don't wanna make light of it all.
One day you know it could be me.

But I wonder how many people melt down,
In this town, when they get pushed around,
And around and around and around.

She hopes it never happens again.
She knows the power of claws,
Won't stand up against,

The power of the nightstick and the pen.

She had a, Brenda meltdown.

She had a, Brenda meltdown.

She had a, Brenda meltdown.

She had a, Brenda meltdown.

She had a, Brenda meltdown.

She had a, Brenda meltdown.

She had a, Brenda meltdown.

She had a, Brenda meltdown.

(Album, Lanterns and Ledges)

If you don't know now

(2007-059)

If you don't know now,
You'll never know.
If you don't go now,
You'll never go.
If you don't sing it now,
It'll never be sung.
If you don't do it now,
It'll never be done.
Never be done, never be done.

We spend all our lives,
Waiting for the day.
That day of greatness,
To come our way.
Sitting in front,
Of an open gate,
Waiting for someone,
To say it's okay.

And then one day,
The gate-keeper comes,
And says, where on earth,
Are you coming from.
This gate was only,
Meant for you.
And now it's closing.
There's nothing you can do.

If you don't know now,
You'll never know.
If you don't go now,
You'll never go.
If you don't sing it now,
It'll never be sung.
If you don't do it now,
It'll never be done.
Never be done, never be done.

So write that song,
And sing it loud.
And raise your voice,
Above the crowd.
Feel that passion.
Live that dream.
Don't be afraid,
To swim up-stream.

Light that fire,
In your soul.
Take that wheel,
And let it roll.
You'll never know,
Until you do,
Just what there is,

Inside of you.

If you don't know now,
You'll never know.
If you don't go now,
You'll never go.
If you don't sing it now,
It'll never be sung.
if you don't do it now,
It'll never be done.
Never be done, never be done.

If you don't know now,
You'll never know.
If you don't go now,
You'll never go.
If you don't sing it now,
It'll never be sung.
If you don't do it now,
It'll never be done.
Never be done, never be done.
Never be done, never be done.

(Album, Lanterns and Ledges)

Open the doors of the prisons.
Let all the souls go free.
Free them all from the prisons.
Let the best in all of us be.

Open the doors of the prisons.
Let all the souls go free.
Free them all from the prisons.
Let the best in all of us be.

What do you learn in a prison.
Only how to be criminal.
You go in as a small time offender.
You come out as a criminal soul.

And what do you take to the community,
From inside that old bastille.
Only how to rob and to murder,
And to make the perfect drug deal.

Open the doors of the prisons.
Let all the souls go free.
Free them all from the prisons.
Let the best in all of us be.

Open the doors of the prisons.
Let all the souls go free.
Free them all from the prisons.
Let the best in all of us be.

Freedom won't come in an instant.
We have to unlearn what we've learned.
But a future time without prisons,
Is a time for which we have yearned.

Let a new humanity blossom.
Let dignity be restored.
Let justice be restorative.
Let reality be transformed.

Open the doors of the prisons.
Let all the souls go free.
Free them all from the prisons.
Let the best in all of us be.

Open the doors of the prisons.
Let all the souls go free.
Free them all from the prisons.
Let the best in all of us be.

Let a new humanity blossom.
Let dignity be restored.
Let justice be restorative.
Let reality be transformed.

Let reality be transformed.
Let reality be transformed.
Let reality be transformed.

Open the prison doors.
Let reality be transformed.
Open the prison doors.
Let dignity be restored.

Open the prison doors.
Let reality be transformed.
Open the prison doors.
Let dignity be restored.

Open the doors. Open the doors.
Open the doors. Open the doors.

(Album, Lanterns and Ledges)

Dirty Rascal

(2007-061)

We learned about class warfare,
At an early age,
In the things that we would say,
As we would play.
We'd say, I'm the king of the castle,
And you're a dirty rascal.
And everybody wanted to be king,
At least for a day.
But someone always had to,
Be the dirty rascal anyway.

Then after awhile we realized,
It was perfectly all right,
To be a dirty rascal.
It was okay.
And if all the dirty rascals,
Could get together,
We could knock the king off his castle,
And take over the bloody place.

We'd have a kingdom of dirty rascals,
And it would be okay.
We'd have a kingdom of dirty rascals,
And the dirty rascal would have his day.

No more king of the castle.
We're all equal.
We're all dirty rascals.
No more king of the castle.
We're all equal.
We're all dirty rascals.

It's fun to be a dirty rascal.
Let's all be dirty rascals.
We're all dirty rascals.
We're all equal.
We're all dirty rascals.
We're all dirty rascals.
We're all dirty rascals.

(Album, Lanterns and Ledges)

One Step at a Time

(2007-062)

One step at a time,
One step at a time.
Many are the mountains,
The mountains we must climb.
One step at a time,
One step at a time.
We're gonna climb those mountains,
One step at a time.

Many are the visions,
That we must define.
Many are the circles,
The crossroads and the lines.
Many are the tyrants,
The empires and the crimes.
But somewhere there's a voice that whispers,
One step at a time.

One step at a time,
One step at a time.
Many are the mountains,
The mountains we must climb.
One step at a time,
One step at a time.
We're gonna climb those mountains,
One step at a time.

The stars are shining brightly,
In the summer sky.
The eagle spreads its mighty wings,
And prepares to fly.
The people are awakening,
Woken by a sign.
But in the sky the words are written,
One step at a time.

One step at a time,
One step at a time.
Many are the mountains,
The mountains we must climb.
One step at a time,
One step at a time.
We're gonna climb those mountains,
One step at a time.

The armies and the movements,
Are scattered on the plain.
The blood upon the battlefield,
Mingles with the rain.
The Goddess weeps for mercy.
You can hear her cry.
It seems like I must walk the road,
One step at a time.

One step at a time,
One step at a time.
Many are the mountains,
The mountains we must climb.
One step at a time,
One step at a time.
We're gonna climb those mountains,
One step at a time.

One step at a time,
One step at a time.
We're gonna climb those mountains,
One step at a time,
One step at a time,
One step at a time.
One step at a time.

(Album, Lanterns and Ledges)

By Just and Peaceful Means

(2007-063)

A just and peaceful world,
By just and peaceful means.
We will not be the servants,
Of the corporate machine.
Let us stand united,
Working for the dream.
A just and peaceful world,
By just and peaceful means.

A just and peaceful world,
By just and peaceful means.
We know we are stronger,
Stronger than we seem.
Our pebbles make their ripples,
Outward on the stream.
A just and peaceful world,
By just and peaceful means.

A just and peaceful world,
By just and peaceful means.
We will paint our visions,
In shades of red and green.
Sometimes we will whisper.
Sometimes we will scream.
A just and peaceful world,
By just and peaceful means.

A just and peaceful world,
By just and peaceful means.
We will not be the servants,
Of the corporate machine.
Let us stand united,
Working for the dream.
A just and peaceful world,
By just and peaceful means.
By just and peaceful means.
By just and peaceful means.
By just and peaceful means.

(Album, Lanterns and Ledges)

Let the Windmills Turn

(2007-064)

Let the windmills turn,
And turn for justice.
Let the small-scale hydro dams,
Cascade for peace.
Let the photovoltaic cells,
Shine for freedom.
Let the geo heat pumps pump,
For equity.

Let there be energy,
In the hearts of everyone,
To build a new day of,
Sustainability.
Let us transform,
This world forever more.
Energy for justice,
Energy for peace.

Let the windmills turn,
And turn for justice.
Let the small-scale hydro dams,
Cascade for peace.
Let the photovoltaic cells,
Shine for freedom.
Let the geo heat pumps pump,
For equity.

Let there be energy,
In the hearts of everyone,
To build a new day of,
Sustainability.
Let us transform,
This world forever more.
Energy for justice,
Energy for peace.
Energy for justice,
Energy for peace.

Let the windmills turn.
Let the windmills turn.
Let the windmills turn.

(Album, As Energy Cascades)

Midnight Mountain

(2007-065)

Gonna ship you out today,
And you don't know where you're goin'.
Gonna ship you out today,
And you don't know where you're goin'.
But you will see tomorrow,
And the sky's already snowin'.

With money in your hand,
And your mind all full of freedom.
With money in your hand,
And your mind all full of freedom.
The glass train will roll,
To a station they call reason.

And when you get to reason,
All the stars will bow before you.
And when you get to reason,
All the stars will bow before you.
There'll be ground wood and chocolate cake,
But the peasants will ignore you.

They won't know who you are,
Or where you've come from or where you're goin'.
They won't know who you are,
Or where you've come from or where you're goin'.
But you will play your drum for them,
And the rivers will keep flowin'.

Midnight Mountain's still a mountain,
With the midnight rain a fallin'.
Midnight Mountain's still a mountain,
With the midnight rain a fallin'.
And the wolves they will surround you,
With their wild wolf howls a callin'.

And the textbooks and the tablets,
And the broken shelves of reason.
And the textbooks and the tablets,
And the broken shelves of reason.
They will point you to a light that's shining,
Somewhere in its season.

And the guardians will greet you,
Saying welcome to this station.
And the guardians will greet you,
Saying welcome to this station.
Three thousand k from nowhere,
At a desert destination.

They will point you to a window,
have you come to walk the roadway.
They will point you to a window,
have you come to walk the roadway.
You will answer them quite frightened,

For the pain will never go away.

Now your train is taking off again.
You can catch it if you hurry.
Yeah your train is taking off again.
You can catch it if you hurry.
But there are people on the platform,
Who'll try to stop you if you scurry.

Midnight Mountain's still a mountain,
With the midnight rain a fallin'.
Midnight Mountain's still a mountain,
With the midnight rain a fallin'.
And the wolves they will surround you,
With their wild wolf howls a callin'.

Midnight Mountain's still a mountain,
With the midnight rain a fallin'.
Midnight Mountain's still a mountain,
With the midnight rain a fallin'.
And the wolves they will surround you,
With their wild wolf howls a callin'.
The wolves they will surround you,
With their wild wolf howls a callin'.

Gonna ship you out today,
And you don't know where you're goin'.

(Album, As Energy Cascades)

Ecosocialist Revolution

(2007-066)

Come gather 'round from everywhere.
Gather 'round from near and far.
Come dance the dance of earth-born change,
Wherever it is you are.
You need no longer fear,
This planet-wide confusion.
We're gonna get together, gonna have,
An ecosocialist revolution.
Ecosocialist revolution.

E is for eco.
S is for socialism.
Our hearts will beat as one,
As we know where we're comin' from.
We'll share the earth in common,
Save it for a future day.
We'll overthrow capitalism.
We are not afraid.
We are not afraid.

So come on, militant comrades.
Come on, brothers and sisters.
We are one people of this planet.
We are one movement of resisters.
Come on, militant comrades.
Come on, brothers and sisters.
We are one people of this planet.
We are one movement of resisters.

The earth she is our mother.
We must live within her bounds.
We are her children. We are standing up,
To defend her sacred ground,
For freedom and well-being,
And a peace that never ends.
The morning sun is rising,
In a dawn bright green and red.
In a dawn bright green and red.

So come on, militant comrades.
Come on, brothers and sisters.
We are one people of this planet.
We are one movement of resisters.
Come on, militant comrades.
Come on, brothers and sisters.
We are one people of this planet.
We are one movement of resisters.

Share the earth,
For the earth is alive.
Share the earth,
For the earth is alive.
We are the revolution,
And none can stop our tide.

Share the earth,
For the earth is alive.

Come gather 'round from everywhere.
Gather 'round from near and far.
Come dance the dance of earth-born change,
Wherever it is you are.
You need no longer fear,
This planet-wide confusion.
We're gonna get together, gonna have,
An ecosocialist revolution.
Ecosocialist revolution.
Ecosocialist revolution.
Ecosocialist revolution.
Ecosocialist revolution.

(Album, As Energy Cascades)

Radical Train

(2007-067)

We're gonna ride, we're gonna ride,
We're gonna ride this radical train.
We're gonna ride, we're gonna ride,
We're gonna ride this radical train.
In the sunlight, in the wind and,
In the snow and in the rain.
We're gonna ride, we're gonna ride,
We're gonna ride this radical train.

Thomas Munzer, and Michael Geistmire,
Got on centuries ago.
Gerard Winstanley, and William Godwin,
Came to join them in their row.
Peter Kropotkin, and Al Berkman,
Came to share their wisdom too.
We don't quite know, where we're going,
But we know we'll make it through.

We're gonna ride, we're gonna ride,
We're gonna ride this radical train.
We're gonna ride, we're gonna ride,
We're gonna ride this radical train.
In the sunlight, in the wind and,
In the snow and in the rain.
We're gonna ride, we're gonna ride,
We're gonna ride this radical train.

We left the station, in a rain storm,
headed down a winding track.
And we partied, with the best of them.
We knew there'd be no turning back.
With the Diggers, and the Levelers,
And a school of Druid bards,
The Decemberists, and the Mutualists,
And the Paris Communards.

We're gonna ride, we're gonna ride,
We're gonna ride this radical train.
We're gonna ride, we're gonna ride,
We're gonna ride this radical train.
In the sunlight, in the wind and,
In the snow and in the rain.
We're gonna ride, we're gonna ride,
We're gonna ride this radical train.

Some say that time, is the conductor,
History, the engineer.
Some say the people, are the engine,
And that we have not to fear.
We are powered, by the hope in,
The hearts of people everywhere.
We'll keep riding. We'll keep riding,
Til we breathe that free dawn air.

We're gonna ride, we're gonna ride,
We're gonna ride this radical train.
We're gonna ride, we're gonna ride,
We're gonna ride this radical train.
In the sunlight, in the wind and,
In the snow and in the rain.
We're gonna ride, we're gonna ride,
We're gonna ride this radical train.

So let the wind blow. Let the rain fall.
Let the sunlight come again.
Through the mountains, 'cross the Prairie,
We will ride til journey's end.
There are flowers, in the meadow.
There is fire in our souls.
As long as people, yearn for freedom,
Then the radical train will roll.

We're gonna ride, we're gonna ride,
We're gonna ride this radical train.
We're gonna ride, we're gonna ride,
We're gonna ride this radical train.
In the sunlight, in the wind and,
In the snow and in the rain.
We're gonna ride, we're gonna ride,
We're gonna ride this radical train.

We're gonna ride, we're gonna ride,
We're gonna ride this radical train.
We're gonna ride, we're gonna ride,
We're gonna ride this radical train.
In the sunlight, in the wind and,
In the snow and in the rain.
We're gonna ride, we're gonna ride,
We're gonna ride this radical train.
We're gonna ride, we're gonna ride,
We're gonna ride this radical train.
We're gonna ride this radical train.
We're gonna ride this radical train.
We're gonna ride this radical train.

(Album, As Energy Cascades)

No to the Tar Sands

(2007-068)

Up in the oilfield,
Of northern Alberta,
They're bringing up the oil,
And draining the tar sands.

They will tell you that it's for,
The good of all humankind.
Some say we've got to have pollution.
Won't you get that through your mind.

And they call devastation,
Sustainability.
They call ecocide and omnicide,
Opportunity.
They say that they are building,
A future for you and me.
But really they're destroying,
The only future I would want to see.

I say no to the tar sands,
No to nuclear power plants.
No to uranium mines and please,
No to uranium refineries.

Yes to eco-community.
Yes to renewable energy.
Yes to ecology with equity.
Yes to a future,
Nuclear-free and carbon-free,
Nuclear-free and carbon-free.
That's what I wanna be.
Nuclear-free and carbon-free.

Up in the uranium field,
Of northern Saskatchewan,
They've mined uranium for fifty years,
To be the fuel for the nuclear gun.

And they wanna keep on mining,
Til the last uranium ore is found.
And they sneer at those who dare to say,
Keep uranium in the ground.

They've got uranium on the brain,
And they're believing their own lies.
Tryna say nuclear will save us,
From a global temperature rise.

So they're mining uranium ore,
And they wanna build nuclear power plants,
Next-door in northern Alberta,
To bring power to the tar sands.
So we'll have nuclear waste and toxic ooze,
Floating around everywhere.

They're giving whole new meaning,
To the phrase, come and get your share.

I say no to the tar sands,
No to nuclear power plants,
No to uranium mines and please,
No to uranium refineries.

Yes to eco-community.
Yes to renewable energy.
Yes to ecology with equity.
Yes to a future,
Nuclear-free and carbon-free.
Nuclear-free and carbon-free.
That's what I wanna be,
Nuclear-free and carbon-free.

Yes to a future,
Nuclear-free and carbon-free.
Nuclear-free and carbon-free.
That's what I wanna be,
Nuclear-free and carbon-free.
Nuclear-free and carbon-free.

(Album, As Energy Cascades)

As Energy Cascades

(2007-069)

As energy cascades,
Down along the waterways,
As energy cascades,
And brings us to a solar age.
As energy cascades,
Lightening flashing in the sky,
As energy cascades,
And the people give it one more try.

As energy cascades,
Feel the wind on the ocean waves.
As energy cascades,
Feel the blizzards and the hail storms rage.
As energy cascades,
Time stops to hear the seagulls cry.
As energy cascades,
A child asks the moonlight why.

As energy cascades,
Hear the trickle of a mountain stream.
As energy cascades,
Hear the dolphins in the ocean dream.
As energy cascades,
Feel the forest with its rocks and trees.
As energy cascades,
Feel the gentle turning of the leaves.

As energy cascades,
As energy cascades.

As energy cascades,
Down along the waterways,
As energy cascades,
And brings us to a solar age.
As energy cascades,
Lightening flashing in the sky,
As energy cascades,
And the people give it one more try.
And the people give it one more try.

As energy cascades,
As energy cascades,
As energy cascades.

(Album, As Energy Cascades)

Maybe I Lived my Life

(2007-070)

Maybe I lived my life,
In too much anger.
Maybe I lived my life,
In too much skepticism.
Maybe I lived my life,
Too Definitively.

Your politics are wrong.
My politics are right.
And there aint no way,
That I could cross your line.
Drawing all my boundaries,
In front and behind.
And putting my heart,
In a protest sign.
Putting my heart,
In a protest sign.

Maybe I lived my life,
In too much dogma.
Maybe I lived my life,
In too much activism.
Maybe I lived my life,
Too politically.

I'm a dreamer of the left.
You're too far to the right.
And I'm gonna keep on fighting,
Until I win the fight.
Setting up my borders,
In the world and in my mind.
And putting my heart,
In a protest sign.
Putting my heart,
In a protest sign.

Or maybe I did the right thing,
After all is said and done.
Maybe we need a few people,
Who care where we are going,
And where we've come from.

Maybe I did the right thing,
After all is said and done.
Maybe we need a few people,
Who care where we are going,
And where we've come from.

Maybe I did the right thing after all.
Maybe I did the right thing after all.
Everyone must answer their own call.
Maybe I did the right thing after all.

(Album, As Energy Cascades)

Keep Saskatchewan Safe and Sound

(2007-071)

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 nothing 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.

We've been mining uranium for so long,
Saying none of it would go into bombs.
But four out of five,
Uranium atoms we mine,
Become depleted uranium.

Now they bomb from Iraq to Kosovo,
With depleted uranium shells,
Our gift to the world,
From Saskatchewan soil,
Death by toxic and radioactive hell.

Keep Saskatchewan safe and sound.
Leave the uranium down in the ground,
For our children, and their children, and their children.

Now their mining the ore at Cigar Lake,
And they've dug the JEB Pit for the waste,
Although ICUC,
Told the AECS,
And Cogema, there are rules you must obey.

But what is safe and what is not what do they 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 til 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 thirty long years have gone by,
Since me and my friends first asked why.
But 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.

(Album, As Energy Cascades)

Walk in Peace and Do What's Right

(2007-072)

My name is Chretien.
I been 'round a long long time.
I wrote a white paper,
Back in the summer of 69.

Me and some Liberal guys,
We had a plan and we tried real hard,
To take away all native land rights,
But the first peoples wouldn't let us get too far.

O but when I look back now,
We told them it could last forever.
As long as grass grows and water flows.
They knew it was now or never.

Some said we were committing genocide.
O yeah,
We thought we were doing what was right.
O yeah.

Well, I remember the constitution.
I remember the Charter of Rights.
I remember the Oka standoff.
Can't remember now, where was I.

They said no to assimilation.
They said we're gonna take our stand.
They said, put an end to colonization.
You are living on stolen land.

O but when I look back now,
We told them it could last forever.
As long as grass grows and water flows.
But they knew it was now or never.

They said we don't want your genocide.
O no.
It is our purpose to survive.
O yeah.
Let's walk in peace and do what's right.
O yeah.
Let's walk in peace and do what's right.

Well my name is still Chretien,
And look at all the time gone by.
My name is fondly remembered,
Between the earth and the northern sky.

Some will tell you we've come a long way,
Though the road has a ways to wind.
They forgave me when I went the wrong way,
In that white paper of 69.

O but when I look back now,

We told them it could last forever.
As long as grass grows and water flows.
But they knew it was now or never.

After all this time they have survived.
O yeah.
It was their purpose to survive.
O yeah.
Let's walk in peace and do what's right.
O yeah.
Let's walk in peace and do what's right.
O yeah.

(Album, Season of Sparrows)

Haiku Medley

(2007-073)

A thousand snowflakes,
Dreamed there was an avalanche.
The mountain stood still.

A blackbird sang songs,
To a vision of the sun.
Still it was midnight.

A river flowed fast,
Over a tall waterfall.
The rocks were empty.

A dreamer dreamed peace,
And wore it on a t-shirt,
Then went home to bed.

A cat asked questions,
Received her saucer of milk,
And then meowed some more.

The trumpet will sound,
From the nowhere place within.
We will all be changed.

Picture of sunset,
Lights shining out from houses.
Inward lamp, shine on.

Take away our fear.
Paint the town a sweet light green.
Wonderful freedom.

If all the bees died,
Humanity would die too,
In about four years.

A hundred raindrops,
Imagine a hurricane,
But the sky is blue.

A butterfly sores.
The April weather changes.
A molten tide turns.

A woman dances,
Naked in sweet afternoon.
Her soul sings rain-song.

(Album, Season of Sparrows)

They say you've gotta climb the ladders,
To the rooftops and the pretty houses.
But I've heard it said the ladders are on fire.
Where are you gonna go, when it all comes down.
Where are you gonna go, when it all comes down.

They told me I should climb the ladders,
And make something of myself upon this planet.
But one day I saw myself,
Somewhere on the ladders,
Having a heart attack, and falling, falling falling.
Falling 'tween the moon and the ocean.
Falling 'tween the moon and the ocean.

They say you gotta climb the ladders,
To the rooftops and the pretty houses.
But I've heard it said the ladders are on fire.
Where are you gonna go, when it all comes down.
Where are you gonna go, when it all comes down.

They told me I should climb the ladders,
Make something of myself upon this planet.
But one day I saw myself,
Somewhere on the ladders,
Having a heart attack, and falling, falling, falling.
Falling 'tween the moon and the ocean.
Falling 'tween the moon and the ocean.

The top they'll see, butterflies only.
The top they'll see, butterflies only.
So I swim between the moon and the ocean.
So I swim between the moon and the ocean.

The top they'll see, butterflies only.
The top they'll see, butterflies only.
So I swim between the moon and the ocean.
I swim between the moon and the ocean.

They say you've gotta climb the ladders.
They say you gotta climb the ladders.

(Album, As Energy Cascades)

Dancing in the Mouth of the Moon

(2008-002)

We are dancing in the mouth of the moon.
We are dancing in the mouth of the moon.
Letting the lyre player play her tune.
We are dancing in the mouth of the moon.

So many things to do,
So little time to do it.
Only one life to choose,
So little time to choose it.
So many things to learn,
So little time to learn it.
Only one chance to turn the tide,
So little time to turn it.

We are dancing in the mouth of the moon.
We are dancing in the mouth of the moon.
Letting the lyre player play her tune.
We are dancing in the mouth of the moon.

Energy and equity,
Dance across the sky.
With all the cosmos listening,
As the planets wonder why.
And all the stars they will sing to us,
And tell us who we are.
As we rush on across the void,
And journey o so far.

We are dancing in the mouth of the moon.
We are dancing in the mouth of the moon.
Letting the lyre player play her tune.
We are dancing in the mouth of the moon.

Energy and equity,
Roll on across the mountains.
Across the fields of a thousand worlds,
That flow like sacred fountains.
The oceans on Europa,
A taste of Titan's snow.
These are the star-borne mysteries,
That no one really knows.

We are dancing in the mouth of the moon.
We are dancing in the mouth of the moon.
Letting the lyre player play her tune.
We are dancing in the mouth of the moon.

We are dancing in the mouth of the moon.
We are dancing in the mouth of the moon.
Letting the lyre player play her tune.
We are dancing in the mouth of the moon.
We are dancing in the mouth of the moon.
We are dancing in the mouth of the moon.

(Album, As Energy Cascades)

Dear Friends and Gentle Hearts

(2008-003)

Dear friends, and gentle hearts.
Everyone of you,
Is a universe of stars.
Each one of you,
Is a crystal spark.
Dear friends, and gentle hearts.

Sweet Satya, o gentle soul.
If we all join together,
We will make the cosmos whole.
Feel it in the turning spheres,
As they roll, as they roll.
Sweet Satya, o gentle soul.

True word, in gentle song.
We turn around and find,
So many things we loved are gone.
But the song of truth,
In our hearts lingers on.
True word, in gentle song.

Dear friends, and gentle hearts.
Everyone of you,
Is a universe of stars.
Each one of you,
Is a crystal spark.
Dear friends, and gentle hearts.
Dear friends, and gentle hearts.
Dear friends, and gentle hearts.

(Album, As Energy Cascades)

Mack Store Canto

(2008-004)

I went down to the Mack Store,
And bought a bottle of Coke.
The water it was rising,
So I had to take a boat.

I had to take a boat,
And try to stay afloat.
Me, and my bottle of Coke.

The streets were turned to rivers.
The parking lot was a bay.
So I bought my Coke, and got in my boat,
And I was on my way.

I sailed away,
Out of the bay.

I went down to the Mack Store,
And bought a chocolate bar.
The woman there said she was lonely.
Could we make love in my car.

I told her I don't have a car.
I only have a boat.
But we could do it in my boat,
If we could stay afloat.

Tryin' to stay afloat,
Doin' it in my boat.
You and me, my chocolate bar,
And my bottle of Coke.

Everything is cranked up,
From guns to wire-rim bras.
I don't know where it's gonna go,
But I know capitalism is the cause.

We're tryin' to stay afloat,
Traveling in our boats,
With our chocolate bars, and our bottle of Coke.

I went down to the Mack Store,
And bought a bottle of Coke.
The water it was rising,
So I had to take a boat.

I had to take a boat,
And try to stay afloat.
Just me, and my bottle of Coke.

And the Jungians say,
When the water is rising,
That is your unconscious mind.
You've gotta listen,

To your unconscious,
And see what you will find.

While you're tryin' to stay afloat,
Traveling in your boat,
Just you, your chocolate bars,
And your bottle of Coke.

And the water is rising.
And the water is rising.
And the water is rising.
And the water is rising.

(Album, As Energy Cascades)

Journey to the Sea

(2008-005)

Everybody takes the journey to the sea.
Everybody takes the journey to the sea.
Everyone is a journeyer,
And we were born to be free.
Everybody takes the journey to the sea.

We are walkin' along the road on a rainy night.
We are walkin' along the road on a rainy night.
We let the rain come down,
As we struggle for the light.
We are walkin' along the road on a rainy night.

The wind is rising, pounding in our brains.
The wind is rising, pounding in our brains.
Dreamers of the world unite,
And forever break your chains.
The wind is rising, pounding in our brains.

Everybody takes the journey to the sea.
Everybody takes the journey to the sea.
Everyone is a journeyer,
And we are born to be free.
Everybody takes the journey to the sea.

Time will sweep you up in a hurricane.
Time will sweep you up in a hurricane.
Thunder in the mountains,
Lightening flashing 'cross the plain.
Time will sweep you up in a hurricane.

And when we reach the sea,
We'll know we're there.
And when we reach the sea,
We'll know we're there.
Sea and shore and sky will say,
We'll take you anywhere.
When we reach the sea, we'll know we're there.

Everybody takes the journey to the sea.
Everybody takes the journey to the sea.
Everyone is a journeyer,
And we are born to be free.
Everybody takes the journey to the sea.
Everybody takes the journey to the sea.
Everybody takes the journey to the sea.
Everybody takes the journey to the sea.

(Album, As Energy Cascades)

Seedlings

(2008-006)

I remember when we were seedlings,
Growing in the garden.
I remember when we were young children,
Of the Mother Earth.

And the sun and moon were smiling down,
And they told us,
We could grow in our place,
In the universe.

Now I've been thinking about,
My fellow seedlings,
The young ones I grew up among.
And I find myself wondering, where they are.
I find myself wondering, where they are.

Where have all my brothers gone.
They serve the big machine.
Where have all my sisters gone.
They serve the big machine.

Sometimes they wonder, where am I,
For I refuse to serve.
I still wanna be, a gentle wanderer,
In the universe.

A child of God, and a child of the earth,
Peacemaker, freedom-dreamer,
That is what I wish to be.
The sweet Basileia is within you.
May the gentle love that shines around you,
Set you free.

I've been thinking about,
My fellow seedlings,
The young ones I grew up among.
And I find myself wondering, where they are.
I find myself wondering, where they are.

Where have all my brothers gone.
They serve the big machine.
Where have all my sisters gone.
They serve the big machine.

Sometimes they wonder, where am I,
For I refuse to serve.
I still wanna be, a gentle wanderer,
In the universe.

Who are my brothers, and my sisters.
Who are my family.
They are all the ones who love the earth,
And take shelter in the shade,
Of the mustard tree.

And take shelter in the shade,
Of the mustard tree.

(Album, As Energy Cascades)

After the Sun's Gone Down

(2008-007)

After the sun's gone down,
In the town,
We can be found,
Shaping our ground.

Dance in the park,
Weaving the dark.
The beating of our hearts,
Reflecting the stars.

After the sun's gone down,
In the town,
We can be found,
Shaping our ground.

Dance in the park,
Weaving the dark,
The beating of our hearts,
Reflecting the stars.

Here we are dark weavers.
Here we are heart beaters.
Here we are dark weavers.
Here we are heart beaters.

Light a candle for peace,
And a justice that frees.
Light a candle for love,
Below as above.

Light a candle for peace,
And a justice that frees.
Light a candle for love,
Below as above.

Surely we are walking,
Toward the kingdom of Agape.
Surely we are walking,
Toward the kingdom of Agape.

With a song and a prayer,
We are everywhere.
One chance to care,
One world to share.

With a song and a prayer,
We are everywhere.
One chance to care,
One world to share.

Surely we are walking,
Toward the kingdom of Agape.
Surely we are walking,
Toward the kingdom of Agape.

After the sun's gone down,
In the town,
We can be found,
Shaping our ground.

After the sun's gone down,
In the town,
We can be found,
Shaping our ground.

After the sun's gone down,
After the sun's gone down,
After the sun's gone down.

(Album, As Energy Cascades)

Outlive the Empire

(2008-008)

Somewhere in the night,
Someone dreams a world of light,
Dreaming on the edge of the empire.
A lightening bolt of love,
A peaceful snow white dove,
Striking from the edge of the empire.
Striking from the edge of the empire.

A gentle ragged band,
In a not yet conquered land,
Who dream that love can conquer the empire.
Voices out of time,
People walking out of line,
Walking from the edge of the empire.
Walking from the edge of the empire.

Somewhere in the dawn,
There's a whisper, carry on.
Carry on with the dismantling of the empire.
The world will turn around,
And what is up now shall be down.
The love in our hearts will outlive the empire.
The love in our hearts will outlive the empire.

Somewhere in the night,
Someone dreams a world made right,
And dreams that truth will conquer the empire.
Give us strength to love,
When push has come to shove.
The love in our hearts will outlive the empire.
The love in our hearts will outlive the empire.

Christ or Kropotkin,
Leo Tolstoy, William Blake,
Their words of truth will outlive the empire.
Phil Berrigan, John Woolman,
Rachel Corrie, Anna Mae,
Their words of truth will outlive the empire.
With all who dare to speak truth to empire.

Somewhere in the night,
Someone dreams a world of light,
Dreaming on the edge of the empire.
A lightening bolt of love,
A peaceful snow white dove,
The love in our hearts will outlive the empire.
With all who dare to speak truth to empire.
The love in our hearts will outlive the empire.
Humanity will outlive the empire.
The gentle soul will outlive the empire.
With all who dare to speak truth to empire.
Community will outlive the empire.
A world of peace will outlive the empire.
The love in our hearts will outlive the empire.

So join your hearts and outlive the empire.
Join your hearts and speak truth to empire.
Join your hearts and outlive the empire.
Join your hearts and outlive the empire.

(Album, As Energy Cascades)

Song for Alvin Constant

(2008-009)

Cold cold November night,
November 2006,
On the streets of Calgary.
An aboriginal artist,
Named Alvin Constant,
Freezes to death,
Leaning up against the wall of a building,
Only two blocks away,
From the Mustard Seed Ministry.
Where they had to turn people away,
'Cause they were overflowing,
On that deadly cold November eve.

You don't have to tell me,
A person shouldn't die that way.
You don't have to tell me,
A person shouldn't die that way.
An artist bearing witness,
In Canada's richest city,
Freezing to death,
As the cold November night, has its way.

Alvin was an artist,
Who painted his visions,
In pictures that he sold.
His family believes,
That there are people all around this planet,
Who have paintings by Alvin in their homes.
He used to stand at the dock,
In Victoria Harbour,
And sell his paintings to the tourists,
As they stepped off the boat.

Some people climb the ladders,
Of government and corporation,
But Alvin chose to walk his own gentle road.
And live a life of simplicity,
Creativity and generosity,
Often helping those who had no home.
Til at the age of sixty,
He found himself homeless,
Freezing to death,
In the Calgary cold.

Well I don't have to tell you,
A person shouldn't die that way.
I don't have to tell you,
A person shouldn't die that way.
An artist bearing witness,
In Canada's richest city,
Freezing to death,
As the cold November night, has its way.

An artist bearing witness,

In Canada's richest city,
Freezing to death,
As the cold November night, has its way.

(Album, As Energy Cascades)

Like Polaris in the Night

(2008-010)

We will rise. We will rise,
Like the sun, in the morning sky.
We will shine. We will shine,
Like Polaris in the night.
We will rise. We will rise,
Like the sun, in the morning sky.
We will shine. We will shine,
Like Polaris in the night.

We were born three million years ago.
We are the song that is the human soul.
With the energy of love, we overflow.
As we gather in our millions, let us roll.

We will rise. We will rise,
Like the sun, in the morning sky.
We will shine. We will shine,
Like Polaris in the night.
We will rise. We will rise,
Like the sun, in the morning sky.
We will shine. We will shine,
Like Polaris in the night.

If love is at the center of all things,
Let it be the light that shines forever more.
Let us love til the world has turned to spring,
And share all things in common on that shore.

We will rise. We will rise,
Like the sun, in the morning sky.
We will shine. We will shine,
Like Polaris in the night.
We will rise. We will rise,
Like the sun, in the morning sky.
We will shine. We will shine,
Like Polaris in the night.

Let us dance in every shade of biosphere,
One people on one planet 'neath one sky.
Let us wake to a future without fear,
For the new world in the making, it is nigh.

We will rise. We will rise,
Like the sun, in the morning sky.
We will shine. We will shine,
Like Polaris in the night.
We will rise. We will rise,
Like the sun, in the morning sky.
We will shine. We will shine,
Like Polaris in the night.

Like Polaris in the night,
Like Polaris in the night,
Like Polaris in the night,

Like Polaris in the night.

(Album, Rebels and Lingerers)

When the Fetus Starts to Dream

(2008-011)

When the fetus starts to dream,
Does he dream of galaxies,
Does she dream of starlight shining,
Over a hundred thousand seas.

When the fetus starts to dream,
Does he dream of eons past,
Does she dream of sparkling cosmos,
A pantheistic love to last.

When the fetus starts to dream,
Is there music in the womb.
Is there poetry in heart-song,
A flower bursting into bloom.

When the fetus starts to dream,
Where the darkness is sublime,
Does the fetus take the universe,
And shape it into rhyme.

Does the fetus dream of springtime,
In a poem without words,
Dream an ocean of pure wave-song,
Where only the wale's call can be heard.

Does the fetus dream of autumn,
Feel the galaxy turn 'round,
Feel each nebula and molecule,
Speak its name without a sound.

Remember people we are silence,
And to the silence we return.
Let us live each precious moment,
That we may laugh and love and learn.

We learned to dance one day in darkness,
In the peace and quiet of the womb,
Dreamed that we were star-borne children,
Who were dancing on the moon.

Through our lives let us remember,
As we toss our pebbles in the stream,
The hope we felt that peaceful moment,
When we began to dream.

When the fetus starts to dream,
Does she dream of galaxies.
Does he dream of starlight shining,
Over a hundred thousand seas.

When the fetus starts to dream,
Does he dream of eons past,
Does she dream of sparkling cosmos,
A pantheistic love to last.

Does she dream of sparkling cosmos,
A pantheistic love to last.

When the fetus starts to dream,
When the fetus starts to dream,
When the fetus starts to dream.

(Album, As Energy Cascades)

Can't Go Back to Egypt

(2008-012)

We can't go back. We can't go back.
No we can't go back to Egypt.
We can't go back. We can't go back.
No we can't go back to Egypt.
We have walked. We have walked.
We have walked away to freedom.
We can't go back. We can't go back.
No we can't go back to Egypt.

No pyramids, no palaces, no fleshpots.
Only sun and wind and manna in the desert.
No pyramids, no palaces, no fleshpots.
Only sun and wind and manna in the desert.

We can't go back. We can't go back.
No we can't go back to Egypt.
We can't go back. We can't go back.
No we can't go back to Egypt.
We have walked. We have walked.
We have walked away to freedom.
We can't go back. We can't go back.
No we can't go back to Egypt.

On the road to freedom you can't fake it.
The promised land will be where you make it.
On the road to freedom you can't fake it.
The promised land will be where you make it.

We can't go back. We can't go back.
No we can't go back to Egypt.
We can't go back. We can't go back.
No we can't go back to Egypt.
We have walked. We have walked.
We have walked away to freedom.
We can't go back. We can't go back.
No we can't go back to Egypt.

We can't go back. We can't go back.
No we can't go back to Egypt.
We can't go back. We can't go back.
No we can't go back to Egypt.
We have walked. We have walked.
We have walked away to freedom.
We can't go back. We can't go back.
No we can't go back to Egypt.

We can't go back. We can't go back.
No we can't go back to Egypt.
We can't go back. We can't go back.
No we can't go back to Egypt.
We have walked. We have walked.
We have walked away to freedom.
We can't go back. We can't go back.
No we can't go back to Egypt.

We can't go back to Egypt.
We can't go back to Egypt.
We can't go back to Egypt.
We can't go back to Egypt.

(Album, As Energy Cascades)

January 4th

(2008-013)

January 4th, 1960.
With a new year and the new decade,
Having only been born.

January 4th, 1960.
With a new year and the new decade,
Having only been born.

Uncle Albert,
On the road to Paris,
Would die in a car crash,
But the world would carry on.

A man who wrote about,
Life's conundrums,
And said that life,
Is a lot like Sisyphus,
Rolling the stone.

A man who wrote about,
Life's conundrums,
And said that life,
Is a lot like Sisyphus,
Rolling the stone.

We have a choice. We can die.
We can drown ourselves in illusion,
Or we can face life,
And go rolling home.
Rolling home, rolling home.

Roll that stone. Roll that stone.
Rolling rolling rolling home.
Roll that stone. Roll that stone.
Rolling rolling rolling home.
Roll that stone. Roll that stone.
Rolling rolling rolling home.
Roll that stone. Roll that stone.
Rolling rolling rolling home.
Rolling rolling rolling home.
Rolling rolling rolling home.

Roll that stone. Roll that stone.
Rolling rolling rolling home.
Roll that stone. Roll that stone.
Rolling rolling rolling home.
Roll that stone. Roll that stone.
Rolling rolling rolling home.
Roll that stone. Roll that stone.
Rolling rolling rolling home.
Rolling rolling rolling home.
Rolling rolling rolling home.
Rolling rolling rolling home.

January 4th, 1960.

With a new year and the new decade,
Having only been born.

January 4th, January 4th, January 4th.

(Album, As Energy Cascades)

Town Without Stop-signs

(2008-014)

I heard of a town,
A town without stop-signs,
A town without stop-lights.
I heard of a town,
A town without stop-signs,
A town without stop-lights.

No yield signs, no pointing hands,
No walk signals, no pointing arrows.
The people had to learn to drive carefully,
And take care of each other,
And create constructive anarchy.

I heard of a town,
A town without stop-signs,
A town without stop-lights.
I heard of a town,
A town without stop-signs,
A town without stop-lights.

Now one may wonder, how can you live,
In a town without traffic signals.
But the rate of traffic accidents went down,
When they took the signs and stop-lights,
Out of the town.
It was not a pipe dream; it was real.
It was not a fantasy,
But what does it reveal.

I heard of a town,
A town without stop-signs,
A town without stop-lights.
I heard of a town,
A town without stop-signs,
A town without stop-lights.

We can live in freedom and be free.
We can live in freedom and be free.
We can live in blessed anarchy,
In a town without stop-signs.

We can live in freedom and be free.
We can live in freedom and be free.
We can live in blessed anarchy,
In a town without stop-signs.

I heard of a town,
A town without stop-signs,
A town without stop-lights.
I heard of a town,
A town without stop-signs,
A town without stop-lights.

Town without stop-signs,

Town without stop-signs,
Town without stop-signs.

(Album, As Energy Cascades)

Kasper's Train

(2008-015)

Those who ride on Kasper's train,
They will thank Kasper. They will praise his name.
But those who did not get the chance to ride,
Will say he was complicit in the genocide.

Those who ride on Kasper's train,
They will thank Kasper. They will praise his name.
But those who did not get the chance to ride,
Will say he was complicit in the genocide.

Cozying up to Eichmann,
To save a few lives,
Is a thankless task.
Cozying up to Eichmann,
To save a few lives,
Is a thankless task.

Eichmann will smile and smile and smile,
But Eichmann always lies.
Eichmann will smile and smile and smile,
But Eichmann always lies.

Those who ride on Kasper's train,
They will thank Kasper. They will praise his name.
But those who did not get the chance to ride,
Will say he was complicit in the genocide.

Those who ride on Kasper's train,
They will thank Kasper. They will praise his name.
But those who did not get the chance to ride,
Will say he was complicit in the genocide.

So Eichmann is a chain smoker,
And you know you've got to,
Sit across from him,
To negotiate.
So you become a chain smoker too,
To match him puff for puff.

Yeah Eichmann is a chain smoker,
And you know you're gonna have to,
Sit across from him,
To negotiate.
So you become a chain smoker too,
To match him puff for puff.

And people passing by,
Who see you sitting there with Eichmann,
Say look, he collaborates!
People passing by,
Who see you sitting there with Eichmann,
Say look, he collaborates!

But you just wanna save a few lives,

And Eichmann always lies.
You just wanna save a few lives,
But Eichmann always lies.
Eichmann always lies.
Eichmann always lies.

Those who ride on Kasper's train,
They will thank Kasper. They will praise his name.
But those who did not get the chance to ride,
Will say he was complicit in the genocide.
They will say he was complicit,
In the genocide.

(Album, Rebels and Lingerers)

Prometheus Part One

(2008-016)

My name is Prometheus.
I live in a cold and darkened world.
I am the lover of humanity,
Who've only begun to emerge,
From Mother Gaia's fold.

And the winters are dark,
And the nights are cold.
Humankind needs love and light,
To fill their souls.
And the winters are dark,
And the nights are cold.
Humankind needs something,
To help them stay whole.

My name is Prometheus,
And I am one of the Titan stock.
If there can be compassion,
In the heart of a titan,
I certainly have compassion,
For the human beings,
With whom I share this earthly rock.

And the winters are dark,
And the nights are cold.
Humankind needs love and light,
To fill their souls.
And the winters are dark,
And the nights are cold.
Humankind needs something,
To help them stay whole.

One night in a cave,
By a riverside,
I had a dream.
I saw myself stealing fire.
I traveled to Mount Olympus,
In this dream of mine,
And I stole the Olympic fire,
From the gods,
And shared it with all of humankind.

And when I awoke,
I knew what I had to do.
I had to share with the many,
The fire that now belonged only,
To the deified few.

I had to steal the Olympic fire,
And share it with all of humankind.
So humanity could have warmth and light,
In the hearth, and in the heart, and in the mind.

For the winters are dark,

And the nights are cold.
Humankind needs love and light,
To fill their souls.
And the winters are dark,
And the nights are cold.
Humankind needs something,
To help them stay whole.
Humankind needs something,
To help them stay whole.

(Album, Rebels and Lingerers)

Prometheus Part Two

(2008-017)

Early in the morning,
I set out for Mount Olympus.
In three swift strides,
I traveled up the mountainside.

The gods were all asleep.
They'd been partying the night before.
I could hear them snore.

The only thing I brought with me,
Was a magic branch of wood,
With which to catch the flame.

Softly I crept,
Toward the room where I knew,
The sacred fire blazed.

I lowered the magic branch of wood,
In through the window,
And I caught the flame.

I caught the flame.
I now had the flame.
Then quietly I slipped away.

For the next seven days,
I traveled up and down the countryside,
And shared the flame with humankind.

Camp by camp,
Village by village,
Town by town,
I traveled up and down.

I lit fires,
At the centers of their circles,
And in their town and village squares.
I lit gentle fires everywhere.

And the people smiled,
For they now had fire to keep them warm,
Through the long nights and the winter storms.

Fire in the heart,
And fire in the soul,
Fire in the night,
To keep them from the cold.

Fire for dreaming,
And for writing poetry,
Fire for cooking,
And for making pottery.

Fire in the heart,

And fire in the soul,
Fire in the night,
To keep them from the cold.

Fire for dreaming,
And for writing poetry,
Fire for cooking,
And for making pottery.

I gave fire to humanity,
While the gods were sleeping.
I gave fire to humanity,
While the gods were sleeping.

(Album, Rebels and Lingerers)

Prometheus Part Three

(2008-018)

I have given, the gift of fire,
To all humanity.
I have given, the gift of fire,
So that all human beings may be free.

Free to be hopeful,
Free to be warm,
Free to love and dream,
In the cold winter storm.

Free to grow,
And free to learn,
Free to be so much more,
As they watch the gentle fires burn.

Fire in the human heart,
And in the human hand,
Fire in the hands of everyone,
All across the land.

And humanity will call me a hero.
They will raise my image high.
They will shout the name Prometheus.
They will praise me to the sky.

Humanity will call me a hero.
They will raise my image high.
They will shout the name Prometheus.
They will praise me to the sky.
They will praise me to the sky.

They'll say Prometheus will live forever.
Prometheus will live forever.
Prometheus will live forever.
Prometheus will never die.

They will join hands and dance together.
They will join hands and dance together.
They will join hands and dance together.
Long live Prometheus, they will cry.

They'll say Prometheus will live forever.
Prometheus will live forever.
Prometheus will live forever.
Prometheus will never die.

They will join hands and dance together.
They will join hands and dance together.
They will join hands and dance together.
Long live Prometheus, they will cry.
Long live Prometheus, they will cry.

And I will dance with them,
In a song of hope and freedom.

And I will dance with them,
In a song of hope and freedom.

(Album, Rebels and Lingerers)

Prometheus Part Four

(2008-019)

O the gods they are not stupid.
They know what it is that I have done.
They know a piece of their fire has been stolen,
And shared with everyone.

And the gods they are wrathful and angry.
They have vowed to seek revenge.
They will hunt down the one named Prometheus.
They will see me to my end.

I must run. I must hide.
I must vanish from their sight.
I must run. I must hide.
At all times of the day and the night.

Though it is an honourable thing,
That I have done,
Shame on the gods,
For forcing me to live on the run.

And humanity will hide me,
If they can.
They thank me for putting fire,
In their hearts and hands.

I will hide in the mountains.
I must run.
I will hide in the forest.
I must run.

I will hide,
At the bottom of the sea.
But the gods they are everywhere,
And they have captured me.
They have captured me.

Now they've brought me to their hall of judgment,
Where the justice of Olympus is given.
No advocate, no defense lawyer,
Only the judgment of Olympian heaven.

They have rendered their verdict, it is guilty.
And they've announced my punishment,
Loud and clear.
I'm to be chained to the rock of a mountain,
And made to suffer,
Forever and a year.

And every day the birds of prey,
Will eat my liver,
And at night my liver will grow back again.
My punishment for sharing fire,
My punishment without an end.

Every day the birds of prey,
Will eat my liver,
And at night my liver will grow back again.
My punishment for sharing fire,
My punishment without an end.
My punishment without an end.

(Album, Rebels and Lingerers)

Who will have the courage to free Prometheus.
Who will have the courage to free the one.
The one who gave fire to humanity,
And taught us warmth and light and love.
And taught us warmth and light and love.

Who will have the courage to free Prometheus.
Prometheus lives in everyone.
Prometheus is the loving fire inside of us,
Shining brighter than the sun.
Shining brighter than the sun.

Is it Chaucer, is it Shakespeare,
Coleridge or Wordsworth, or William Blake.
Is it Shelly, Keats or Byron,
Or is it William Butler Yeats.

Is it Mary Shelly, or Jane Austin,
Or could it be Virginia Wolf.
Margaret Lawrence, or Rachel Carson,
Alice Walker, or Evelyn Underhill.

Who will have the courage to free Prometheus.
Who will have the courage to free the one.
The one who gave fire to humanity,
Who taught us warmth and light and love.
Who taught us warmth and light and love.

Free Prometheus,
Free Prometheus.
Free Prometheus,
Free Prometheus.

Let us free Prometheus.
Let us free Prometheus together.
Prometheus lives in each of us.
Prometheus will live forever.
Prometheus will live forever.

Let us free Prometheus.
Let us free Prometheus together.
Prometheus lives in each of us.
Prometheus will live forever.
Prometheus will live forever.

Let us free Prometheus.
Let us free Prometheus together.
Prometheus lives in each of us.
Prometheus will live forever.
Prometheus will live forever.

Let us free Prometheus.
Let us free Prometheus together.
Prometheus lives in each of us.

Prometheus will live forever.
Prometheus will live forever.
Prometheus will live forever.
Prometheus will live forever.

(Album, Rebels and Lingerers)

Let the Leaves Turn Red in the Fall

(2008-021)

Let the leaves turn red in the fall.
Let the leaves turn red in the fall.

We believe in the green leaves of springtime.
We believe in the golden flowers of summer.
We believe in all the colours of the seasons.

Let the leaves turn red in the fall.
Let the leaves turn red in the fall.
Let the leaves turn red in the fall.

We will dance mid the green leaves of springtime.
Shout and sing mid the golden flowers of summer.
Through the seasons,
We'll keep changing and turning.

Let the leaves turn red in the fall.
Let the leaves turn red in the fall.
Let the leaves turn red in the fall.

We will light the sacred fires of Beltane.
We will sing in the blazing summer solstice.
Feel the gentle spirit wind of Samhaine.

Let the leaves turn red in the fall.
Let the leaves turn red in the fall.
Let the leaves turn red in the fall.

We believe in the green leaves of springtime.
We believe in the golden flowers of summer.
We believe in all the colours of the season.

Let the leaves turn red in the fall.
Let the leaves turn red in the fall.
Let the leaves turn red in the fall.

Let the leaves turn red in the fall.
Let the leaves turn red in the fall.
Let the leaves turn red.
Let the leaves turn red.
Let the leaves turn red in the fall.
Let the leaves turn red.
Let the leaves turn red.
Let the leaves turn red in the fall.
Let the leaves turn red in the fall.
Let the leaves turn red in the fall.
Let the leaves turn red in the fall.
Let the leaves turn red in the fall.

(Album, Rebels and Lingerers)

Song for Ernst Toller

(2008-022)

Ernst Toller,
Was a young man of his time.
He learned about,
The reality of war,
In the trenches,
Of the First World War.

He wanted to go to the front-line,
To fight for his German Fatherland.
But before too long he'd seen,
More than his share.
He had a mental breakdown,
And he was declared,
Unfit for the fight.

But the only fight that he could see,
Worth fighting now,
Was the fight for all humanity.
The fight for all humanity.

He became a socialist pacifist.
He stood with the workers,
In the streets of Munich, 1919.
Til the Social Democrats,
Cut their revolution down.
He was tried, but his life was spared.
He was given five years.

He began to write his heart,
Into plays that graced the German stage.
Plays that spoke of a young man's disillusionment,
With war and nationalism.

He spoke truth to a generation.
So much so,
That he made Joseph Goble's first black list,
In April 1933.
And when the Nazi's,
Started rounding up leftists,
He decided it was time to flee.

He fled to Britain,
Where he published his autobiography,
"I Was a German",
But now I believe,
In universal human dignity.

And the only fight that I can see,
Worth fighting now,
Is the fight for all humanity.
The fight for all humanity.

He wrote of truth and freedom,
In his essays and in his plays.

One day while on tour, in the USA,
He was offered work with MGM.
He tried to work with them.
But corporate America,
Would not give him,
The freedom of his pen.
So he moved on.
And raised money for the refugees,
Of the broken Spanish dawn.

Then in May of 1939,
With fascism just as powerful,
As it had ever been,
And with a million workers and peasants,
Slaughtered on the fields of Spain,
Ernst Toller, committed suicide,
In his New York hotel room.

But the only fight that he could see,
Worth fighting now,
Was the fight for all humanity.
The fight for all humanity.

Ernst Toller,
Was a young man of his time.
He dared to raise his voice,
He dared to fight the fight.
He dared to right those things,
He knew needed to be set right.
Ernst Toller,
Was a young man of his time.

And the only fight that I can see,
Worth fighting now,
Is the fight for all humanity.
The fight for all humanity.

(Album, Rebels and Lingerers)

Only the Earth and the Sky

(2008-023)

From somewhere,
He made his way,
Out of the mists of time,
Into the twentieth century.

And maybe,
His destiny was shaped,
One morning,
When his daughter came home,
From Sunday school,
'Cause they wouldn't let her wear,
Her running shoes.
She said, I'm never,
Going back there again.
I wanna become,
A Quaker instead.

From somewhere,
He made his way,
To Friends World College,
1968.

With a million young rebels,
Dreaming of a new dawn,
And a thousand revolutions,
Going on, going on, going on.

From somewhere,
There came a dream.
He told it to his students,
One soft winter eve.

He said, I wanna,
Get into a canoe,
And canoe across the continent,
With only the earth and the sky,
And the trees and the moon.
Only the earth and the sky,
And the trees and the moon.

From somewhere,
He made his way.
He paddled his canoe,
From somewhere near the Great Lakes,
To the northern-most tip of Alaska,
To meet the Alaskan Eskimos,
Who had become Quakers,
A long long time ago.

And then the time came,
For him to turn around.
And somewhere in western Ontario,
He settled down.

Weaving a dream,
Living in tune,
With only the earth and the sky,
And the trees and the moon.
Only the earth and the sky,
And the trees and the moon.

And we remember,
Those thousand times,
He got on the bus,
In the middle of the night,
To come to Prairie Monthly Meeting,
And Western half Yearly Meeting,
And Canadian Yearly Meeting.

From somewhere,
He made his way,
Out of the mists of time,
Into our sacred space.

From somewhere,
He made his way,
Into our hearts and minds,
Into our gentle holy place.

Weaving a dream,
Living in tune,
With only the earth and the sky,
And the trees and the moon.
Only the earth and the sky,
And the trees and the moon.

(Album, Rebels and Lingerers)

Fire and Stars

(2008-024)

The people dance, with their feet on the ground,
All over the world.
The galaxy's a spiral, turning 'round turning 'round,
The cosmos is one great whirl.

Music of the lyre, and the harp in the night,
Song of the universe.
Stories told, to the rhythms of time,
Raindrops falling like words.

Starlight reflected, in the light of our fires,
Our fires reflected in the stars.
Sunlight reflected, in the rising moon,
The rising moon, reflected in our hearts.

Earth and sky, sun and moon,
Heart and world, fire and stars,
Fire and stars.

The people dance, with their feet on the ground,
All over the world.
The galaxy's a spiral, turning 'round turning 'round.
The cosmos is one great whirl.

Music of the lyre, and the harp in the night,
Song of the universe.
Stories told, to the rhythms of time,
Raindrops falling like words.

Starlight reflected, in the light of our fires,
Our fires reflected in the stars.
Sunlight reflected, in the rising moon,
The rising moon, reflected in our hearts.

Earth and sky, sun and moon,
Heart and world, fire and stars,
Fire and stars.

Earth and sky, sun and moon,
Heart and world, fire and stars,
Fire and stars.
Fire and stars,
Fire and stars.

(Album, Rebels and Lingerers)

Peace to the People on Earth

(2008-025)

Death to the capitalist system,
And peace to the people on Earth.
Death to the capitalist system,
And peace to the people on Earth.
We can build a new social vision,
And bring this old world to rebirth.
Death to the capitalist system,
And peace to the people on Earth.

Death to imperialism.
Let us dream a new morning of love.
Death to imperialism.
Let us dream a new morning of love.
Let Earth and time share their wisdom,
Carried on the wings of a dove.
Death to imperialism.
Let us dream a new morning of love.

Put an end to militarism.
Let peace and justice prevail.
Put an end to militarism.
Let peace and justice prevail.
Break down the walls of the prisons.
Let the dominator's schemes be derailed.
Put an end to militarism.
Let peace and justice prevail.

The tyrants and the generals,
Have walked across the stage,
Bringing blood and death and fear and pain,
Throughout every age.
But now the dawn is breaking.
They will surely flee away.
Get ready for the new world rising,
In the love of the Soul Force Brigade.

That gentle anarchia, that gentle agape,
May it live. may it live.
May we live in peace. May we live in equity.
may we live. May we live.

That gentle anarchia, that gentle agape,
May it live. may it live.
May we live in peace. may we live in equity.
may we live. May we live.

Death to the capitalist system,
And peace to the people on Earth.
Death to the capitalist system,
And peace to the people on Earth.
We can build a new social vision,
And bring this old world to rebirth.
Death to the capitalist system,
And peace to the people on Earth.

Peace to the people on Earth.
Peace to the people on Earth.
Peace to the people on Earth.

(Album, Rebels and Lingerers)

Eagle in a Cage

(2008-026)

Like an eagle, in a cage,
How I want to, turn the page.
Like an eagle, in a cage,
How I want to, make my way.

Like an eagle in a cage,
How I want to turn the page,
And make my way to a brighter better age.
Like an eagle in a cage,
How I want to turn the page,
And make my way to a brighter better age.

Like an eagle, in a cage,
How I want to, spread my wings.
Like an eagle, in a cage,
How I want to fly, over everything.

Like an eagle in a cage,
How I want to spread my wings,
And fly way up high, way up over everything.
Like an eagle in a cage,
How I want to spread my wings,
And fly way up high, way up over everything.

Fly way up high, way up over everything.
Fly way up high, way up over everything.
Fly way up high, way up over everything.
Fly way up high, way up over everything.

Never keep an eagle in a cage.
Let him fly, let him fly, let him fly away.
Never keep an eagle in a cage.
Let her fly, let her fly, let her fly away.

Never keep an eagle in a cage.
Let him fly, let him fly, let him fly away.
Never keep an eagle in a cage.
Let her fly, let her fly, let her fly away.

Let him fly, let him fly, let him fly away.
Let her fly, let her fly, let her fly away.
Let him fly, let him fly, let him fly away.
Let her fly, let her fly, let her fly away.
Fly away, fly away.
Fly away.

(Album, Rebels and Lingerers)

Extra-Parliamentary Opposition

(2008-027)

Extra-parliamentary opposition,
Extra-parliamentary opposition,
We will not be the puppets,
Of electoralism.
We are the extra-parliamentary opposition.

Extra-parliamentary opposition,
Extra-parliamentary opposition,
You cannot buy our souls.
You cannot buy our vision.
We are the extra-parliamentary opposition.

Extra-parliamentary opposition,
Extra-parliamentary opposition,
You talk about vote-getting.
We talk of anarchism.
We are the extra-parliamentary opposition.

Extra-parliamentary opposition,
Extra-parliamentary opposition,
We will not sign our names,
To your respectability coalition.
We are the extra-parliamentary opposition.

Extra-parliamentary opposition,
Extra-parliamentary opposition,
You woo us with sweet words,
Then send the tear gas,
When we don't listen.
We are the extra-parliamentary opposition.

We are the snowy anarchists.
We are the misty schism.
We're the extra-parliamentary opposition,

If you can't stand the heat,
Get out of the revolutionary kitchen.
We're the extra-parliamentary opposition,

As long as you keep screwing us around,
We're gonna keep on bitchin'.
We're the extra-parliamentary opposition.

Abolish the state.
Bring down the capitalist system.
We're the extra-parliamentary opposition.
Opposition, opposition,
Extra-parliamentary opposition.

(Album, Rebels and Lingerers)

Snowy Rebel

(2008-028)

I don't mind being a hippie anarchist.
I don't mind being a snowy rebel.
I don't mind being a beatnik pantheist.
Let the drumming of the Buddhist drums,
Go on forever.

Snowy rebel, I'm a snowy rebel.
Snowy rebel, I'm a snowy rebel.

I walk with the north wind on my mind.
I walk with the dog-star on my sleeve.
The snow is comin' down,
From somewhere out of time.
And the rebels in the snow,
Shout that they are free.

Snowy rebel, I'm a snowy rebel.
Snowy rebel, I'm a snowy rebel.

Every generation, every place and every age,
Brings its own rebels who question what is known.
Then they grow old. Some stay the same,
And some change.
And some go looking for the alchemist's stone.

Snowy rebel, I'm a snowy rebel.
Snowy rebel, I'm a snowy rebel.

Snowy rebel, I'm a snowy rebel.
Snowy rebel, I'm a snowy rebel.
Snowy rebel, I'm a snowy rebel.
Snowy rebel, I'm a snowy rebel.
Snowy rebel, snowy rebel,
Snowy rebel.

(Album, Rebels and Lingerers)

Jesus at the Centre of my Soul

(2008-029)

I've got Jesus at the center of my being.
I've got Jesus at the center of my soul.
I've got Jesus, Lord of all creation,
Truth-speaker, teacher come to make me whole.
Truth-speaker, teacher come to make me whole.

When Woody Guthrie,
Was battling with Huntington's,
As he wasted away in hospital,
He said, Jesus,
He is my physician.
He had Jesus at the center of his soul.

I've got Jesus at the center of my being.
I've got Jesus at the center of my soul.
I've got Jesus, Lord of all creation,
Truth-speaker, teacher come to make me whole.
Truth-speaker, teacher come to make me whole.

As I do battle,
With my monsters and my dragons,
As the adversities of life take their toll,
I know Jesus,
Will join me in my battles.
I've got Jesus at the center of my soul.

I've got Jesus at the center of my being.
I've got Jesus at the center of my soul.
I've got Jesus, Lord of all creation.
Truth-speaker, teacher come to make me whole.
Truth-speaker, teacher come to make me whole.

It was Jesus,
Who placed me on this planet,
And one day Jesus will come to take me home.
'Cross the highways,
And the byways of this lifetime,
I've got Jesus at the center of my soul.

I've got Jesus at the center of my being.
I've got Jesus at the center of my soul.
I've got Jesus, Lord of all creation,
Truth-speaker, teacher come to make me whole,
Truth-speaker, teacher come to make me whole.
I've got Jesus at the center of my soul.
Truth-speaker, teacher come to make me whole.
I've got Jesus at the center of my soul.
I've got Jesus at the center of my soul.

(Album, Rebels and Lingerers)

I Will Dance

(2008-030)

I will dance, with the water.
I will dance, with the earth.
I will dance, with the fire.
I will dance, with the air.

I will dance, to the north.
I will dance, to the east.
I will dance, to the south.
I will dance, to the west.

I will dance. I will dance. I will dance.

I will dance, in the sign of Capricorn.
I will dance, in the sign of Aries.
I will dance, in the sign of Cancer.
I will dance, in the sign of Libra.

I will dance, in the morning.
I will dance, in the afternoon.
I will dance, in the evening.
I will dance, by the nighttime moon.

I will dance. I will dance. I will dance.

I will dance, on Mercury.
I will dance, on Luna.
I will dance, on Ceres.
I will dance, on Juno.

I will dance, on the moons of Jupiter.
I will dance, on the moons of Mars.
I will dance, mid the rings of Saturn.
I will dance, among the stars.

I will dance. I will dance. I will dance.
I will dance. I will dance. I will dance.
I will dance. I will dance. I will dance.
I will dance. I will dance. I will dance.

(Album, Rebels and Lingerers)

One Day the People Will Win

(2008-031)

O the man named Bobby Sands
Was a young man of his day.
A Catholic boy from Belfast,
He boldly made his way.
He learned about his world,
About hatred and oppression.
He was arrested for resisting
The British occupation.

He was kicked around and screwed around
In the occupier's jails,
Til he took his stand in his jail cell.
He dared to lead the way.
In March of 81,
He began a hunger strike,
For the rights of the prisoners
And the people of Ireland.
He took only water
For sixty-five long days,
Til on the 5th of May he left this world,
Having said all that he had to say.

But one day the people
Of Ireland will win.
O one day the people
Of Ireland will win.
And one day the people will win.
One day the people will win.

And Jennifer McCann
Was twenty-one years old,
A daughter of Ireland
With the struggle in her soul.
At the age of twenty-one
She picked up a gun,
And shot at a royal Ouster
Constabulary policeman.

She was tried and convicted
And given twenty years,
But she stood in the courtroom
And faced it without fear.
She said Bobby Sands is my comrade,
And he is on a hunger strike,
Fighting for the freedom
Of the people of Ireland.

And one day the people
Of Ireland will win.
And one day the people
Of Ireland will win.
And one day the people will win.
And one day the people will win.

Now today in Ireland,
They talk of economic miracles.
Some say the Celtic Tiger
Is growling everywhere.
Some turn away from community
And become individuals,
And there's a spirit of capitalist
Optimism in the air.

And I wonder if anyone
Remembers any more,
What so many went to prison for,
What Bobby Sands died for,
For the dream of a sovereign
And socialist Ireland,
For the dream of a future
Free from the iron hand.

But one day the people
All around the world will win.
And one day the people
All around the world will win.
And one day the people will win.
One day the people will win.

And capitalism drowns us
Saying everything's okay,
But some people keep alive the dream
Of a socialist new day.
And capitalism drowns us
Saying everything's okay,
But some people keep alive the dream
Of a socialist new day.

And one day the people
All around the world will win.
And one day the people
All around the world will win.
And one day the people will win.
One day the people will win.

And one day the people
All around the world will win.
And one day the people
All around the world will win.
And one day the people will win.
And one day the people will win.
One day the people will win.
One day the people will win.

(Album, Rebels and Lingerers)

Boom-box has Gone to Texas

(2008-032)

Boom-box has gone to Texas,

To be a Texas traveler.
Boom-box has gone to Texas,
To be a Texas traveler.
Boom-box is gone, gone gone gone.
What are we gonna do about her.

She's stayin' down in Austin,
House-sitting for a friend she knows.
She's stayin' down in Austin,
House-sitting for a friend she knows.
And when the sun is shining,
She'll be tanning from her head to her toes.

Boom-box has gone to Texas,
To be a Texas traveler.
Boom-box has gone to Texas,
To be a Texas traveler.
Boom-box is gone, gone gone gone.
What are we gonna do about her.
What are we gonna do about her.

She still has her laptop,
And free long distance calling everywhere.
She still has her laptop,
And free long distance calling everywhere.
So I still hear from Boom-box,
Callin' from away down there,
Way down there.

Boom-box has gone to Texas,
To be a Texas traveler.
Boom-box has gone to Texas,
To be a Texas traveler.
Boom-box is gone, gone gone gone.
What are we gonna do about her.

Lots of bull-ridin' men in Texas,
Ridin' with a big lasso.
Lots of bull-ridin' men in Texas,
Ridin' with a big lasso.
Everything is big in Texas.
I know what she wants to do.

Well Boom-box has gone to Texas,
To be a Texas traveler.
Boom-box has gone to Texas,
To be a Texas traveler.
Boom-box is gone, gone gone gone.
What are we gonna do about her.

She'll be comin' back on an airplane,
Some time in the early spring.
She'll be comin' back on an airplane,
Some time in the early spring.
What will I say to Boom-box.
I've got another hundred songs to sing.

Boom-box has gone to Texas,
To be a Texas traveler.
Boom-box has gone to Texas,
To be a Texas traveler.
Boom-box is gone, gone gone gone.
What are we gonna do about her.
What are we gonna do about her.
What are we gonna do about her.
What are we gonna do about her.

(Album, As Energy Cascades)

You Can Never Fool the Monster

(2008-033)

You can never fool the monster.
You can never fool the beast.
He will see you with his eyes closed.
He'll hunt you down and talk of peace.

You can never fool the monster.
He is old and wise and proud.
He will tell you that he loves you.
Then he'll beat you to the ground.

You can never fool the monster,
With his smiles and his lies.
The only way to stop the monster,
Is to resist and organize.
To resist and organize.

You can never fool the monster.
He's seen many more like you.
And one by one he has devoured them,
When they believed his falsehoods true.

You can never fool the monster.
Ask the many who have tried.
One by one they were alone and,
The monster took them for a ride.

You can never fool the monster.
He'll just dawn some new disguise.
The only way to stop the monster,
Is to resist and organize.
To resist and organize.

What is the monster I am speaking of.
It is the capitalist power.
It has many masks and tentacles,
Waiting to bludgeon and devour.

You can never fool the monster,
Til you break the monster's rule.
Mobilize in revolution.
Til that time do not be fooled.

You can never fool the monster,
With his smiles and his lies.
The only way to stop the monster,
Is to resist and organize.
To resist and organize.
To resist and organize.

Organize, everyone.
Knock the monster off his throne.
Organize, one and all.
We will see the monster fall.

Organize, everyone.
Knock the monster off his throne.
Organize, one and all.
We will see the monster fall.
We will see the monster fall.
We will see the monster fall.

You can never fool the monster.
You can never fool the monster.

(Album, Rebels and Lingerers)

Mystic's Heart

(2008-034)

I am a rover with a mystic's heart.
I am a rover with a mystic's heart.
Deep in my heart,
I will weave the turning dark.
I am a rover with a mystic's heart.

Love is a dreamer who was born one day.
Love is a dreamer who was born one day.
Came into the world to say,
There is a better way.
Love is a dreamer who was born one day.

Peace is a dancer on a starlit night.
Peace is a dancer on a starlit night.
She dances naked on the sand dunes,
And lets her body take to flight.
Peace is a dancer on a starlit night.

I am a rover with a mystic's heart.
I am a rover with a mystic's heart.
Deep in my heart,
I will weave the turning dark.
I am a rover with a mystic's heart.
I am a rover with a mystic's heart.
I am a rover with a mystic's heart.

We are the peace rovers, under and over.
We are the peace rovers, under and over.
We are the peace rovers, under and over.
We are the peace rovers, under and over.

With a mystic's heart, with a mystic's heart,
Mystic's heart, mystic's heart.

I am a rover with a mystic's heart.
I am a rover with a mystic's heart.
I am a rover with a mystic's heart.

(Album, Rebels and Lingerers)

We Will Nuke You

(2008-035)

Buddy you're a nuke man, bright man,
Glowing in the dark,
Say you're gonna take the lead some day.
You got blood on your face, a nuclear glaze.
Splitting your atoms all over the place.

We will, we will, nuke you.
We will, we will, nuke you.
We will, we will, nuke you.

Buddy you're a nuke man, spook man,
Lying through your teeth,
Gonna blow up the world some day.
You got blood on your face, a nuclear glaze.
Spreading your rays all over the place.

We will, we will, nuke you.
We will, we will, nuke you.
We will, we will, nuke you.

Buddy you're a nuclear waste man,
Living for a long time,
For a hundred thousand years.
You got mud on your face, a nuclear glaze.
Dumping your garbage all over the place.

We will, we will, nuke you.
We will, we will, nuke you.
We will, we will, nuke you.
We will, we will, nuke you.
We will, we will, nuke you.
We will, we will, nuke you.

(Album, As Energy Cascades)

Dancing with the Tao

(2008-036)

Dancing with the Tao, dancing with the Tao,
We are dancing, with the Tao.

Rolling with the road, rolling with the road,
We are rolling, with the road.
Rocking with the roll, rocking with the roll,
We are rocking, with the roll.

Singing with the sun, singing with the sun,
We are singing, with the sun.
Moving with the moon, moving with the moon,
We are moving, with the moon.

Dancing with the Tao, dancing with the Tao,
We are dancing, with the Tao.

Flying with the flow, flying with the flow,
We are flying, with the flow.
Swimming with the stream, swimming with the stream,
We are swimming, with the stream.

Shifting with the shore, shifting with the shore,
We are shifting, with the shore.
Sifting with the sand, sifting with the sand,
We are sifting, with the sand.

Dreaming with the dawn, dreaming with the dawn,
We are dreaming, with the dawn.
Drifting with the dream, drifting with the dream,
We are drifting, with the dream.

Dancing with the Tao, dancing with the Tao,
We are dancing, with the Tao.

Running with the rain, running with the rain,
We are running, with the rain.
Weaving with the wind, weaving with the wind,
We are weaving, with the wind.

Sprouting with the spring, sprouting with the spring,
We are sprouting, with the spring.
Fading with the fall, fading with the fall,
We are fading, with the fall.

Sleeping with the seeds, sleeping with the seeds,
We are sleeping, with the seeds.
Stirring with the stems, stirring with the stems,
We are stirring, with the stems.

Loving with the leaves, loving with the leaves,
We are loving, with the leaves.
Blossoming with the blooms, blossoming with the blooms,
We are blossoming, with the blooms.

Dancing with the Tao, dancing with the Tao,
We are dancing, with the Tao.
Dancing with the Tao, dancing with the Tao,
We are dancing, with the Tao.
Dancing, with the Tao,
Dancing, with the Tao.

(Album, Rebels and Lingerers)

Song of the Golden Lemon, (2008 arrangement)

(2008-037)

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.
A donkey's 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 human beings,
Who till the soil and weave,
Where fifty own the lemon grove,
And no one is a slave.

The men and women are human beings,
Who till the soil and weave,
Where fifty own the lemon grove,
And no one is a slave.
And no one is a slave.

(Album, Rebels and Lingerers)

Elephants Clowns and Merry-Go-Rounds

(2008-038)

I've been lied to,
By too many smiling clowns,
Who smiled and said, Let's have fun.
When really they were there to defend,
Their favorite oppressive institutions.

I've been kicked in the face,
Too many times,
By the ones who society calls,
Dignified.
And they tried to drown me,
Every time I dared to try to,
Turn the tide.

'Cause we live in a world,
Of elephants clowns and merry-go-rounds.
Yeah we live in a world,
Of elephants clowns and merry-go-rounds.
And they all go round and round and round.
They trample on those who would dare to scream.
They trample on those who would dare to dream.
They trample on you and they trample on me.
They take their slaves,
And they claim we're all free.
Til we all go round and round and round again.

There were those who spoke of,
Love and peace and wholeness,
When all they wanted to do,
Was sit on their butts and meditate.
They didn't wanna hear about social change,
Or social injustice,
Or any kind of a word,
Like liberate.

And there were those who spoke of,
Freedom and justice,
And the kingdom and the common good,
And the coming age.
When all they really wanted to do,
Was to do whatever they could,
To ensure that everything stayed the same.

'Cause we live in a world,
Of elephants clowns and merry-go-rounds.
Yeah we live in a world,
Of elephants clowns and merry-go-rounds.
And they all go round and round and round.
They trample on those who would dare to scream.
They trample on those who would dare to dream.
They trample on you and they trample on me.
They take their slaves,
And they claim we're all free.
Til we all go round and round and round again.

Yeah we live in a world,
Of elephants clowns and merry-go-rounds.
Yeah we live in a world,
Of elephants clowns and merry-go-rounds.
Elephants clowns and merry-go-rounds,
Elephants clowns and merry-go-rounds,
Elephants clowns and merry-go-rounds,
And it looks like,
We're all going round again.

(Album, Rebels and Lingerers)

Energy

(2008-039)

Carbon-free and nuclear-free,
That is what we want to be.
No more oil, no more coal,
No more uranium taking its toll.

These are things we do not need.
The earth is filled with energy.
No to war and corporate greed,
Yes to peaceful energy.

The earth is filled with energy,
Flowing in the air and land and sea.
Energy for you and me,
Energy that's safe and free.

The earth is filled with energy,
Flowing in the air and land and sea.
Energy for you and me,
Energy that's safe and free.

Power in the wind for everyone,
Power in the shining of the sun.
Power in the turning of the tide,
Power in the heat from the earth inside.

Power in the wind for everyone,
Power in the shining of the sun.
Power in the turning of the tide,
Power in the heat from the earth inside.

The earth is filled with energy,
Flowing in the air and land and sea.
Energy for you and me,
Energy that's safe and free.

The earth is filled with energy,
Flowing in the air and land and sea.
Energy for you and me,
Energy that's safe and free.

Organize, mobilize.
The time has come to energize.
The water sun and wind will rise.
Future shining in our eyes.

Organize, mobilize.
The time has come to energize.
The water sun and wind will rise.
Future shining in our eyes.

Power in the wind for everyone,
Power in the shining of the sun.
Power in the turning of the tide,
Power in the heat from the earth inside.

Power in the wind for everyone,
Power in the shining of the sun.
Power in the turning of the tide.
Power in the heat from the earth inside.

The earth is filled with energy,
Flowing in the air and land and sea.
Energy for you and me,
Energy that's safe and free.

The earth is filled with energy,
Flowing in the air and land and sea.
Energy for you and me,
Energy that's safe and free.

The cosmos sings in harmony,
Energy, energy.
Through every dancing galaxy,
Energy, energy.

The cosmos sings in harmony,
Energy, energy.
Through every dancing galaxy,
Energy, energy.

Energy, energy,
Energy, energy.
Energy, energy,
Energy, energy.

(Album, Rebels and Lingerers)

Flowers and Bullets

(2008-040)

The last time George Martin,
Spoke to John Lennon,
John Lennon said,
He wanted to redo,
Strawberry Fields.

Now we'll never know,
What he wanted to do,
To Strawberry Fields.

The last time George Martin,
Spoke to John Lennon,
John Lennon said,
He wanted to redo,
Strawberry Fields.

Now we'll never know,
What he wanted to do,
To Strawberry Fields.

And the day before,
She was killed at Kent State,
Allison Crouse,
Said flowers are better than bullets.

And after she and her fellow,
Students were killed,
The people blocked,
The Canada U.S. border in her name,
Saying flowers are better than bullets.

Now we'll never know,
What she would have been,
If she had lived.
She'd have been forty-nine years old,
In the year two thousand.

And John Lennon would have turned sixty-five,
On the 9th of October, 2005.
Would he still have been able,
To imagine.

Flowers are better than bullets.
May flowers prevail over bullets.
Flowers are better than bullets.
May flowers prevail over bullets.

(Album, Rebels and Lingerers)

One Canadian Ghost

(2008-041)

I've come here tonight to tell you,
What all of you should know.
I was murdered in Afghanistan.
I knew I shouldn't go.
And when you tell the story,
Of why I died and how,
Don't say you've never seen a ghost.
You're looking at one now.

I came back to Canada,
To take a look around.
I can see that nothing's altered,
Since the day I hit the ground.
The poor are not defended,
And the young don't get a start.
While the rich get rich in return.
It's enough to break your heart.

I slammed the doors on Sussex Drive,
Enough to raise the dead.
For if I really died in vane,
Then something should be said.
One night I raised the living,
And they told me why I died.
It scared me so, I had to go.
I couldn't sleep that night.

For the things I died defending,
Are the things I value least.
Tell me am I a ghost of war,
Or am I a ghost of peace.
And when you fight for freedom,
Be careful and be sure.
Did I die defending freedom,
Or did I die defending war.

We headed out from Candahar,
On a bright and sunny day.
It all went well along the road.
Things seemed to be okay.
Then a roadside bomb exploded.
The last thing that I knew.
I was killed there in the desert.
They say I died for you.

So you don't believe I am a ghost.
I can read it in your eyes.
Do you think a ghost just screams,
And rattles chains all through the night.
I left the chains that bind us,
In the blowing desert sand.
It was chains that sent me over,
To the far Afghanistan.

They were chains made of money,
The best that you can buy.
They were chains made of newspapers,
Chains made of lies.
They were chains of oil and empire,
And corporate control.
And if they could, I know they would,
Put chains on my soul.

I've come here tonight to show you,
What all of you should see.
I think you should be frightened, yes,
But don't be scared of me.
For the security of Wall Street,
And profits to the sky,
And for the love of oil and empire,
They sent me off to die.

For the security of Wall Street,
And profits to the sky,
And for the love of oil and empire,
They sent me off to die.

(Album, Rebels and Lingerers)

I Lost my Rose-Coloured Glasses

(2008-042)

O we're driving into the sunset,
And the world has lost its glow.
I lost my rose-coloured glasses,
A long long time ago.

Everywhere I look I see power games,
Played by the ones in power.
And the ones not in power learn to play,
That they might join them in their glory hour.

And we're driving into the sunset,
And the world has lost its glow.
I lost my rose-coloured glasses,
A long long time ago.

Everywhere I look I see the empire,
Though I've tried to remain true and free.
But the people don't wanna hear me when I say,
The empire's not all its cracked up to be.

And we're driving into the sunset,
And the world has lost its glow.
I lost my rose-coloured glasses,
A long long time ago.

Everywhere I look I see the empire,
And people who I used to know,
Who now compete for the right to sing and dance,
Before Nebuchadnezzar's thrown.

And we're driving into the sunset,
And the world has lost its glow.
I lost my rose-coloured glasses,
A long long time ago.

So friends, let us come to the window.
Let us be true to that true light.
Though we are here upon a darkling plane,
Where ignorant armies clash by night.

And we're driving into the sunset,
And the world has lost its glow.
I lost my rose-coloured glasses,
A long long time ago.
I lost my rose-coloured glasses,
A long long time ago.
I lost my rose-coloured glasses,
A long long time ago.

(Album, Kingdoms and Dreamlands)

Albert Avenue

(2008-043)

The first time I saw Uncle Albert,
He was sitting in a deckchair in the sun.
He was dreaming about light,
And about sunbeams,
Like the universe had only begun.

The last time I saw Uncle Albert,
He was walking and whistling in the rain.
It seemed like he had something to tell me,
And I knew the chance would never come again.

I will walk in the gateway to the sun.
I will dance in the doorway to the rain.
And the clouds will grow higher and higher,
Til the bowl of the sky calls our names.

Part of us dies with Albert Ginger Goodwin.
Part of us contemplates with Albert Camus.
Part of us dreams with Albert Einstein.
And there's an Albert who lives on in me and you.

maybe we return to the streams of Preston,
Or maybe the snows of Broadway o so true.
Or maybe we return to Duke Street,
Or maybe to Albert Avenue.

I will walk in the gateway to the sun.
I will dance in the doorway to the rain.
And the clouds will grow higher and higher,
Til all the stars in the universe call our names.

I will walk in the gateway to the sun.
I will dance in the doorway to the moon.
And the songs will grow louder and louder,
Til we're dancing on Albert Avenue.
Til we're dancing on Albert Avenue.
Dancing on Albert Avenue.
Dancing on Albert Avenue.

(Album, Kingdoms and Dreamlands)

Silver Spirit

(2008-044)

Silver spirit, silver spirit,
Silver spirit, silver spirit.

In the falling rain,
In the rising sun,
In the gentle moon,
Where the rivers run.
On the mountain snow,
On the ocean waves,
Where the wind does blow,
Blows us all away.

Silver spirit, silver spirit,
Silver spirit, silver spirit.

You are calling us,
In our inner souls,
Call us all to dwell,
In your spirit home.
There's a spirit wind,
Blowing over all,
All around the earth,
'Round this blue white ball.

Silver spirit, silver spirit,
Silver spirit, silver spirit.

In the falling rain,
In the rising sun,
In the gentle moon,
Where the rivers run.
On the mountain snow,
On the ocean waves,
Where the wind does blow,
Blows us all away.

Silver spirit, silver spirit,
Silver spirit, silver spirit.

Silver spirit, silver spirit,
Silver spirit, silver spirit.
Silver spirit, silver spirit.

(Album, Kingdoms and Dreamlands)

Johnny Rumble

(2008-045)

Exactly where he came from,
No one really knows.
He came to town one day,
Like the west wind blows.
He said, my name is Johnny Rumble.
I've come into your town.
I'm a left-wing guerrilla outlaw,
And no one's gonna put me down.

While the workers and the peasants,
They gathered all around.
They were glad to hear the man
Named Johnny Rumble, had come to town.
But the informants of the junta,
And the right-wing death squad men,
Said Johnny Rumble's come to town.
may he never leave this place, alive again.

Johnny Rumble, Johnny Rumble, Johnny Rumble.

Johnny Rumble and some peasant folk
Formed a guerrilla band,
And prepared for revolution
All across the land.
There were shoot-outs and hold-ups,
But the people they just grinned.
They said, the revolution's coming,
And Johnny Rumble is gonna win.

The bandanna that he wore
Was a bright and bloody red.
The dream of revolution
Was the music in his head.
And the people heard the music
In their hearts throughout the towns.
And together they would hide him
When the junta came around.

Johnny Rumble, Johnny Rumble, Johnny Rumble.

Now the liberation army grew
In town and countryside.
There was a price on Johnny's head,
But the people would not be bribed.
The revolutionary moment
Now seemed ever nigh,
And the junta they were frantic,
For Johnny Rumble was still alive.

Then the evening turned to midnight.
It was the appointed time.
The liberation forces rose
In town and countryside.
And all the junta's horses,

And all the junta's men,
They could not put the iron fist
Of power, together again.

Johnny Rumble, Johnny Rumble, Johnny Rumble.

Johnny Rumble and the people,
Led by his guerrilla band,
They had their revolution.
They broke the iron hand.
And the people Johnny Rumble
had trained, they all took care,
To take power and distribute it,
To the people everywhere.

When the rising had succeeded,
Johnny Rumble went away,
Saying there's another revolution
I must help to make.
But remember Johnny Rumble,
In the rising of the sun,
For the fighter Johnny Rumble
Lives on in everyone.

Johnny Rumble, Johnny Rumble, Johnny Rumble.

Remember Johnny Rumble,
In the rising of the sun,
For the fighter Johnny Rumble
Lives on in everyone.

Johnny Rumble, Johnny Rumble, Johnny Rumble.

(Album, Kingdoms and Dreamlands).

Song for Mighty Maisie

(2008-046)

O they tell me, that Maisie come and gone.
O they tell me, mighty Maisie's come and gone.
She left us here, to sing her song.

When you stand up, for what you know is right.
When you stand up, for what you know is right,
Remember Maisie,
And be strengthened in the fight.

When you draw the line, for what you know is true,
When you draw the line, for what you know is true,
Remember Maisie, in all you say and do.

When you raise your voice, and raise it to the sky,
When you raise your voice, and raise it to the sky,
Remember Maisie,
And she will join your battle cry.

O they tell me, that Maisie's come and gone.
O they tell me, mighty Maisie's come and gone.
She left us here, to sing her song.

So raise your voice, for a future everyone.
I said raise your voice, for a future everyone.
And the power of your singing,
Will echo ten times 'round the sun.

There can be no rest, for the nuclear industry now.
There can be no rest, for the nuclear industry now.
'Cause we've got one mighty warrior spirit,
Watching over us all.
Yeah we've got one mighty warrior spirit,
Watching over us all.

O they tell me, that Maisie's come and gone.
O they tell me, mighty Maisie's come and gone.
Her work is in our hands now,
And we know her work goes on.
Her work is in our hands now,
And we know her work goes on.

(Album, Kingdoms and Dreamlands)

Plastic Brain

(2008-047)

They took a picture of my plastic brain,
Plastic brain.
They told me that I had a plastic brain,
Plastic brain.

But deep inside my plastic brain,
Is a love for the universe.
Deep inside my plastic brain,
Is the song of the universe.

They said, how's life going,
With your plastic brain,
Plastic brain.
I keep walkin' to my own drumbeat,
With my plastic brain,
Plastic brain.

And deep inside my plastic brain,
Is the peace of the universe.
Deep inside my plastic brain,
Is the light of the universe.

Plastic brain, plastic brain, plastic brain.

I'm gonna keep on living,
With my plastic brain.
I'm gonna keep on loving,
With my plastic brain.
I'm gonna keep on being,
With my plastic brain.
I'm gonna keep on freeing,
With my plastic brain.

And deep inside my plastic brain,
Is a love for the universe.
Deep inside my plastic brain,
Is the song of the universe.
Deep inside my plastic brain,
Is the peace of the universe.
Deep inside my plastic brain,
Is the light of the universe.

Plastic brain, plastic brain, plastic brain.
Plastic brain, plastic brain, plastic brain.

(Album, Kingdoms and Dreamlands)

Flight has Wings

(2008-048)

We're gonna spread our wings and fly.
We're gonna spread our wings and fly.
We're gonna spread our wings and fly.
Flight has wings. Flight has wings.

We are the butterflies that came from the sun.
We are the butterflies that came from the sun.
We are the butterflies that came from the sun.
Love has wings. Love has wings.

We're gonna spread our wings and fly.
We're gonna spread our wings and fly.
We're gonna spread our wings and fly.
Flight has wings. Flight has wings.

We are the caterpillar dreaming of butterfly.
We are the caterpillar dreaming of butterfly.
We are the caterpillar dreaming of butterfly.
Hope has wings. Hope has wings.

We're gonna spread our wings and fly.
We're gonna spread our wings and fly.
We're gonna spread our wings and fly.
Flight has wings. Flight has wings.

We are the songbirds dreaming on the moon.
We are the songbirds dreaming on the moon.
We are the songbirds dreaming on the moon.
Peace has wings. Peace has wings.

We're gonna spread our wings and fly.
We're gonna spread our wings and fly.
We're gonna spread our wings and fly.
Flight has wings. Flight has wings.

Deep inside we are only light.
Deep inside we are only light.
Deep inside we are only light.
Soul has wings. Soul has wings.

We're gonna spread our wings and fly.
We're gonna spread our wings and fly.
We're gonna spread our wings and fly.
Flight has wings. Flight has wings.

We're gonna spread our wings and fly.
We're gonna spread our wings and fly.
We're gonna spread our wings and fly.
Flight has wings. Flight has wings.
Flight has wings.

(Album, Kingdoms and Dreamlands)

Aint Got Our Surrenderers' Shoes On

(2008-049)

Well CSIS came knockin',
On the Muslims door.
They said, Hay Muslims,
Are you ready to go.
The Muslims said,
You'll have to wait awhile.
We aint got our surrenderers' shoes on.

And CSIS came knockin',
On the lefties' door.
They said, Hay lefty,
Are you ready to go.
The lefties said,
You'll have to wait awhile.
We aint got our surrenderers' shoes on.

And CSIS came knockin',
On the Quaker door.
They said, Hay Quakers,
Are you ready to go.
The Quakers said,
You'll have to wait awhile.
We aint got our surrenderers' shoes on.

And CSIS came knockin',
On the Mennonites' door.
They said, Hay Mennonites,
Are you ready to go.
The Mennonites said,
You'll have to wait awhile.
We aint got our surrenderers' shoes on.

We never will surrender,
Our civil liberties.
We never will surrender.
We want the True North to be free.

Well CSIS came knockin',
On the Anglicans' door.
They said, Hay Anglicans,
Are you ready to go.
The Anglicans said,
You'll have to wait awhile.
We aint got our surrenderers' shoes on.

And CSIS came knockin',
On the United Church door.
They said, United Church,
Are you ready to go.
The United Church said,
You'll have to wait awhile.
We aint got our surrenderers' shoes on.

And CSIS came knockin',

On the anarchists' door.
They said, Hay anarchists,
Are you ready to go.
The anarchists said,
You'll have to wait awhile.
We aint got our surrenderers' shoes on.

And CSIS came knockin',
On the witches' door.
They said, Hay there witches,
Are you ready to go.
The witches said,
You'll have to wait awhile.
We aint got our surrenderers' shoes on.

We never will surrender,
Our civil liberties.
We never will surrender.
We want the True North to be free.

Now CSIS came knockin',
On the environmentalists' door.
They said, environmentalists,
Are you ready to go.
The environmentalists said,
You'll have to wait awhile.
We aint got our surrenderers' shoes on.

And CSIS came knockin',
On the peace activists' door.
They said, Hay peace activists,
Are you ready to go.
The peace activists said,
You'll have to wait awhile.
We aint got our surrenderers' shoes on.

And CSIS came knockin',
On the unionists' door.
They said, Hay trade unionists,
Are you ready to go.
The trade unionists said,
You'll have to wait awhile.
We aint got our surrenderers' shoes on.

And CSIS came knockin',
On the gofers' door.
They said, Hay prairie gofer,
Are you ready to go.
The gofers said,
You'll have to wait awhile.
We aint got our surrenderers' shoes on.

We never will surrender,
Our civil liberties.
We never will surrender.
We want the True North to be free.

No more interrogations.
No more incarcerations.
No more deportations.
We shout liberation, liberation.

No more interrogations.
No more incarcerations.
No more deportations.
We shout liberation, liberation.

We aint got our surrenderers' shoes on.
Aint got our surrenderers' shoes on.
Aint got our surrenderers' shoes on.

(Album, Kingdoms and Dreamlands)

Our Friend CSIS (2008 lyrics)

(2008-050)

What a friend we have in CSIS,
Marching with us every mile.
They come to protests, take our pictures,
And when they do, be sure to smile.

They cheese for the police state,
Thugs and goonies,
The FBI and CIA.
They'll never put us on the loony,
But CSIS is our friend anyway.

Saying no to the Afghanistan war mission,
Helping Palestine move toward a brighter day,
Fighting for prison abolition,
CSIS joins us unafraid.

Envisioning a peaceful anarchism,
Hoping democratic freedoms never fade,
Unmasking the war on terrorism,
CSIS comes with us all the way.

So what a friend we have in CSIS,
Marching with us every mile.
They come to protests, take our pictures,
And when they do, be sure to smile.
And when they do, be sure to smile.

(Album, Kingdoms and Dreamlands)

And the Sea Will Arise

(2008-051)

When I am old,
Having lived out my life,
Having felt the turning,
Of many a tide,
I will walk to the edge,
Of the ocean shore,
And I'll say to the sea,
It is time to give o'er.

And the sea will arise,
And take me away,
With the sun shining down,
On a beautiful day.
I'll be one with the sons,
And the daughters of the sea,
And the sea will arise,
And set me free.

I will take off my shoes.
I will take off my clothes.
And leave them on the shore,
For the winds and the snows.
I'll walk into the sea,
One step at a time,
And slowly surrender,
To the power of the brine.

And the sea will arise,
And take me away,
With the sun shining down,
On a beautiful day.
I'll be one with the sons,
And the daughters of the sea,
And the sea will arise,
And set me free.

I'll walk into the sea,
Til it's over my head,
And the eyes of the world,
Will say I am dead.
But I am still living.
Yes I'm still alive,
With the fishes and the seaweed,
And the pulse of the tide.

And the sea will arise,
And take me away,
With the sun shining down,
On a beautiful day.
I'll be one with the sons,
And the daughters of the sea,
And the sea will arise,
And set me free.

I will spread out my arms,
And my legs 'neath the sea,
And I'll be a fish,
Swimming proud, swimming free.
And there I will dance,
At one with the all,
And I'll answer the whales,
In their infinite call.

And the sea will arise,
And take me away,
With the sun shining down,
On a beautiful day.
I'll be one with the sons,
And the daughters of the sea,
And the sea will arise,
And set me free.

And there I will be,
Peaceful and free,
Under the ocean,
For eternity.
Gracefully swimming,
With each turn of the tide,
At peace with my soul,
My heart and my mind.

And the sea will arise,
And take me away,
With the sun shining down,
On a beautiful day.
I'll be one with the sons,
And the daughters of the sea,
And the sea will arise,
And set me free.

Every creature on Earth,
Came from the sea,
Every bird, every insect,
Every flower, every tree.
And every creature on Earth,
Longs to be free,
And longs to return,
To the depths of the sea.

And the sea will arise,
And take me away,
With the sun shining down,
On a beautiful day.
I'll be one with the sons,
And the daughters of the sea,
And the sea will arise,
And set me free.
And the sea will arise,
And set me free.
And the sea will arise,

And set me free.

(Album, Kingdoms and Dreamlands)

Kingdoms in the Rain

(2008-052)

Kingdoms in the rain,
Sparkling and shimmering.
Dreamlands in my brain,
Searching for a peaceful day.

Kingdoms in the rain,
Rain falling glistening.
Dreamlands in my brain,
Surely we'll divine a way.

Kingdoms in the rain,
Water splashing everywhere.
Dreamlands in my brain,
Tomorrow's child will take you there.

Kingdoms in the rain,
We'll find a way forward now.
Dreamlands in my brain,
Saying we will make it through somehow.

Kingdoms in the rain,
Dreamlands in my brain.

Kingdoms in the rain,
We walked and wove a tapestry.
Dreamlands in my brain,
Dreaming of how things could be.

Kingdoms in the rain,
Each a world of possibility.
Dreamlands in my brain,
Visions of a world made free.

Kingdoms in the rain,
We take the freedom to believe.
Dreamlands in my brain,
Freedom to shape reality.

Kingdoms in the rain,
Each turning galaxy shall weave.
Dreamlands in my brain,
Weave a future whole and free.

Kingdoms in the rain,
Dreamlands in my brain.
Kingdoms in the rain,
Dreamlands in my brain.

(Album, Kingdoms and Dreamlands)

Keep Your Eyes on the Prize (2008 nuclear lyrics)

(2008-053)

We say no to your nuclear plants.
We wanna give the world a chance.

Keep your eyes on the prize, hold on.
Hold on, hold on.
Keep your eyes on the prize, hold on.

Nuclear power has had its day.
The wind and the sun are on their way.

Keep your eyes on the prize, hold on.
Hold on, hold on.
Keep your eyes on the prize, hold on.

We say no to nuclear waste.
We want a free and a peaceful place.

Keep your eyes on the prize, hold on.
Hold on, hold on.
Keep your eyes on the prize, hold on.

No to the nuclear industry,
Yes to renewable energy.

Keep your eyes on the prize, hold on.
Hold on, hold on.
Keep your eyes on the prize, hold on.

We say no to your uranium mines.
You can stick'em where the sun don't shine.

Keep your eyes on the prize, hold on.
Hold on, hold on.
Keep your eyes on the prize, hold on.

We're living in a nuclear company town,
But we know the nukes they will come down.

Keep your eyes on the prize, hold on.
Hold on, hold on.
Keep your eyes on the prize, hold on.

Nukes for peace or nukes for war,
One day the nukes will be no more.

Keep your eyes on the prize, hold on.
Hold on, hold on.
Keep your eyes on the prize, hold on.

Tell the nukes it's time to go.
We say hell no we won't glow.

Keep your eyes on the prize, hold on.
Hold on, hold on.

Keep your eyes on the prize, hold on.

There will be peace for everyone,
With the power of the earth and wind and sun.

Keep your eyes on the prize, hold on.
Hold on, hold on.
Keep your eyes on the prize, hold on.

Windmills turning in the air,
Solar panels everywhere.

Keep your eyes on the prize, hold on.
Hold on, hold on.
Keep your eyes on the prize, hold on.

Geo-thermal in the ground,
And the tide gets pulled as the moon goes 'round.

Keep your eyes on the prize, hold on.
Hold on, hold on.
Keep your eyes on the prize, hold on.

Peace to the people everywhere,
There's only one future we can share.

Keep your eyes on the prize, hold on.
Hold on, hold on.
Keep your eyes on the prize, hold on.

And that one future it shall be,
Renewable and just and free.

Keep your eyes on the prize, hold on.
Hold on, hold on.
Keep your eyes on the prize, hold on.

Keep your eyes on the prize, hold on.
Like the wind we shall rise, hold on.
Like the sun we shall rise, hold on.
Keep your eyes on the prize, hold on.

(Album, Kingdoms and Dreamlands)

Song for Station 20 West (2008-054)

We are a living community,
Bold and strong and proud and free.

Keep your eyes on the prize, hold on.
Hold on, hold on.
Keep your eyes on the prize, hold on.

We refuse to be oppressed.
We're gonna build Station 20 West.

Keep your eyes on the prize, hold on.
Hold on, hold on.
Keep your eyes on the prize, hold on.

The Sask Party bid us all farewell.
We'll have to build this thing ourselves.

Keep your eyes on the prize, hold on.
Hold on, hold on.
Keep your eyes on the prize, hold on.

Brick by brick and board by board,
A bold new vision shall be born.

Keep your eyes on the prize, hold on.
Hold on, hold on.
Keep your eyes on the prize, hold on.

Healthy food for you and me,
With a vision of equity.

Keep your eyes on the prize, hold on.
Hold on, hold on.
Keep your eyes on the prize, hold on.

Brothers and sisters, dare to care.
Build your bridges everywhere.

Keep your eyes on the prize, hold on.
Hold on, hold on.
Keep your eyes on the prize, hold on.

Sweet community shall live,
As we build cooperative.

Keep your eyes on the prize, hold on.
Hold on, hold on.
Keep your eyes on the prize, hold on.

Taking one step at a time,
Station 20 West shall rise.

Keep your eyes on the prize, hold on.
Hold on, hold on.

Keep your eyes on the prize, hold on.

Station 20 West shall rise.
The dream it shall be realized.

Keep your eyes on the prize, hold on.
Hold on, hold on.
Keep your eyes on the prize, hold on.

Hold on, hold on.
Keep your eyes on the prize, hold on.
Keep your eyes on the prize, hold on.
Station 20 West shall rise, hold on.
Keep your eyes on the prize, hold on.
Station 20 West shall rise, hold on.

(Album, Kingdoms and Dreamlands)

Like a Faded Angel (2008-055)

Like a faded angel,
She came into my life.
Like a faded angel,
We shared the gentle night.
Like a faded angel,
I held her o so tight.
Like a faded angel,
She smiled and said she didn't have much time.

Like a faded angel,
She wore a black arm band.
Like a faded angel,
We went walking hand in hand.
Like a faded angel,
Where the ocean meets the sand.
Like a faded angel,
There was nothing more we could have planned.

Like a faded angel,
'Neath the sky of urban gray.
Like a faded angel,
At the closing of the day.
Like a faded angel,
Through the hours we passed away.
Like a faded angel,
She smiled and said her time it was outstayed.

Like a faded angel,
She lay upon the bed.
Like a faded angel,
Her eyes a teary red.
Like a faded angel,
Nothing more she could have said.
Like a faded angel,
She sighed and in a moment she was dead.

Like a faded angel,
On the ceiling of the room.
Like a faded angel,
On an ancient afternoon.
Like a faded angel,
Faded white upon the blue.
Like a faded angel,
There was nothing more for me to do.

Like a faded angel,
Like a faded angel,
Like a faded angel.

(Album, Kingdoms and Dreamlands)

Light a candle (2008-056)

Light a candle for peace,
In the dark of the night.
Light a candle.

Hold a candle to the wind.
It will keep out the storm.
Light a candle.

Hold a candle in your hand,
As the rain comes down.
Light a candle.

See the candle in your mind,
As the wind blows wild.
Light a candle.

Hold a candle in your heart,
As you journey through life.
Light a candle.

may the candle within,
Keep you warm all the days.
Light a candle.

Just as one candle lights another,
And can light thousands of other candles,
So one heart illuminates another heart,
And can illuminate thousand of other hearts.
No army can stop an idea,
Whose time has come.

Light a candle for peace,
In the dark of the night.
Light a candle.

We were born to live in peace.
Let us live. Let us be.
Light a candle.

We were born to live in peace.
Let us live. Let us be.
Light a candle.
Light a candle.

(Album, Kingdoms and Dreamlands)

Big Pizza Parlor in the Sky

(2008-057)

O I know where I'll go,
When I die, when I die.
To the big pizza parlor in the sky.
O I know where I'll go,
When I die, when I die.
To the big pizza parlor in the sky.
Some say you get pie,
In the sky when you die,
But for me it's pizza, rather than pie.
O I know where I'll go,
When I die, when I die.
To the big pizza parlor in the sky.

I'll have vegetarian pizza,
On Sunday and Tuesday.
Ham and pineapple pizza,
On Monday and Thursday.
Bacon and mushroom pizza,
On Wednesday and Friday.
And I'll try something new each Saturday.
At the big pizza parlor in the sky.

O I know where I'll go,
When I die, when I die.
To the big pizza parlor in the sky.
O I know where I'll go,
When I die, when I die.
To the big pizza parlor in the sky.
Some say you get pie,
In the sky when you die,
But for me it's pizza, rather than pie.
O I know where I'll go,
When I die, when I die.
To the big pizza parlor in the sky.

And beside my pizza,
There will always be,
A glass of coke refillable,
For all eternity.
I'll have wonderful conversations,
With friends from days gone by.
Coke and pizza will be Heaven for me.
At the big pizza parlor in the sky.

O I know where I'll go,
When I die, when I die.
To the big pizza parlor in the sky.
O I know where I'll go,
When I die, when I die.
To the big pizza parlor in the sky.
Some say you get pie,
In the sky when you die,
But for me it's pizza, rather than pie.
O I know where I'll go,

When I die, when I die.
To the big pizza parlor in the sky.

O I know where I'll go,
When I die, when I die.
To the big pizza parlor in the sky.
O I know where I'll go,
When I die, when I die.
To the big pizza parlor in the sky.
Some say you get pie,
In the sky when you die,
But for me it's pizza, rather than pie.
O I know where I'll go,
When I die, when I die.
To the big pizza parlor in the sky.
The big pizza parlor in the sky.
The big pizza parlor in the sky.
The big pizza parlor in the sky.

(Album, Kingdoms and Dreamlands)

This Glass of Water

(2008-058)

I said to the Taoist,
Follower of the Tao Te Ching,
Let us share this glass of water,
And we will both hear the songbirds sing.

I said to the herbalist,
Healing on the African plain,
Let us share this cup of wine
And we will both feel the fire of the inward flame.

I said to the Goddess witches
Dancing on the Solstice shore,
Let us share this feast of honeycombes
And you can keep dancing like before.

Jesus came with a feast of loaves and fishes,
To share with all humanity,
Not to condemn and not to conquer,
But to affirm universal human dignity.

Jesus came with a feast of bread and wine,
To share with all humanity,
Not to destroy and not to frighten,
But to affirm the beauty of the world we see.

And the Taoist dreamer
Can keep on dreaming.
And the African herbalist
Can keep on healing.
And the Goddess Witches
Can keep on dancing.
Everyone can be
The way they wish to be.

And all the rivers
Can keep on flowing.
And this glass of water
Will return to the sea.
All the rivers
Can keep on flowing.
And this glass of water
Will return to the sea.

This glass of water,
This glass of water,
This glass of water
Will return to the sea.

(Album, Kingdoms and Dreamlands).

Gonna Roll the No Nukes On (2008-059)

We're gonna roll. We're gonna roll.
We're gonna roll the no nukes on.
We're gonna roll. We're gonna roll.
We're gonna roll the no nukes on.

And if Cameco's in the way,
We're gonna roll right over them.
Roll right over them.
Roll right over them.
If Cameco's in the way,
We're gonna roll right over them.
We're gonna roll the no nukes on.

We're gonna roll. We're gonna roll.
We're gonna roll the no nukes on.
We're gonna roll. We're gonna roll.
We're gonna roll the no nukes on.

If Areva's in the way,
We're gonna roll right over them.
Roll right over them.
Roll right over them.
If Areva's in the way,
We're gonna roll right over them.
We're gonna roll the no nukes on.

We're gonna roll. We're gonna roll.
We're gonna roll the no nukes on.
We're gonna roll. We're gonna roll.
We're gonna roll the no nukes on.

If AECL is in the way,
We're gonna roll right over them.
Roll right over them.
Roll right over them.
If AECL is in the way,
We're gonna roll right over them.
We're gonna roll the no nukes on.

We're gonna roll. We're gonna roll.
We're gonna roll the no nukes on.
We're gonna roll. We're gonna roll.
We're gonna roll the no nukes on.

We're gonna build a future,
That is nuclear-free.
Nuclear-free,
Nuclear-free.
We're gonna build a future,
That is nuclear-free.
We're gonna roll the no nukes on.

We're gonna roll. We're gonna roll.
We're gonna roll the no nukes on.

We're gonna roll. We're gonna roll.
We're gonna roll the no nukes on.

We're gonna roll. We're gonna roll.
We're gonna roll the no nukes on.
We're gonna roll. We're gonna roll.
We're gonna roll the no nukes on.
We're gonna roll the no nukes on.

(Album, Kingdoms and Dreamlands)

Black Tea

(2008-060)

Black tea for the anarchists,
Blackbirds singing in the sky.
All the world is gathering for breakfast,
And we are all so high.

All we ever wanted to eat or drink,
Was black tea.
Dark chocolate, black bean soup,
And black tea.

You can watch the rising moon,
While drinking black tea.
You can watch the waves crashing on the shore,
And spill your black tea.

Black tea brewing up a storm,
Black tea brewing up rebellion.
It might be a tempest in a teacup,
Or it might be black tea.

When you think of black tea,
When you think of anarchy,
You can think of me,
Drinking black tea.

Black tea brewing up a storm,
Black tea brewing up rebellion.
It might be a tempest in a teacup,
Or it might be black tea.

When you think of black tea,
When you think of anarchy,
You can think of me,
Drinking black tea.

The rising moon reflected in black tea.
The rising sun reflected in black tea.
The rising earth reflected in black tea.
The starry sky reflected in black tea.

(Album, Kingdoms and Dreamlands)

Let Love Be the Measure (2008-061)

Some believe in God.
Some dance with the Goddess.
Some sit and contemplate,
A gentle non-ness.

Let love be the measure.
Let love be the measure.

Whether you are Muslim,
Or Jew or Christian,
Buddhist or atheist,
Taoist or Wiccan.

Let love be the measure.
Let love be the measure.

Everyone is free,
To be believers.
To believe or disbelieve,
And be cosmic weavers.

Let love be the measure.
Let love be the measure.

Here on Planet Earth,
Let us be lovers.
Know what this life is worth.
Love one another.

Let love be the measure.
Let love be the measure.
Let love be the measure.
Let love be the measure.

Let us wait for the rising sun.
There's a new day somewhere.
Let us dance 'neath the rising moon.
Awaken from our slumber.

Let love be the measure.
Let love be the measure.
Let love be the measure.
Let love be the measure.

Let us wait for the rising sun.
There's a new day somewhere.
Let us dance 'neath the rising moon.
Awaken from our slumber.

Let love be the measure.
Let love be the measure.
Let love be the measure.
Let love be the measure.

Here on Planet Earth,
Let us be lovers.
Know what this life is worth.
Love one another.

Let love be the measure.
Let love be the measure.
Let love be the measure.
Let love be the measure.

Let love be the measure.
Let love be the measure.
Let love be the measure.
Let love be the measure.

(Album, Kingdoms and Dreamlands)

Cry for Peace (2008-062)

All the spirits in our world,
All the spirits in our world,
All the spirits in our world,
Cry for peace, cry for peace.

All the fishes in the sea,
All the fishes in the sea,
All the fishes in the sea,
Cry for peace, cry for peace.

All the creatures on the land,
All the creatures on the land,
All the creatures on the land,
Cry for peace, cry for peace.

All the mountains, all the hills,
All the mountains, all the hills,
All the mountains, all the hills,
Cry for peace, cry for peace.

All the valleys, all the plains,
All the valleys, all the plains,
All the valleys, all the plains,
Cry for peace, cry for peace.

All the spirits in our world,
All the spirits in our world,
All the spirits in our world,
Cry for peace, cry for peace.

All the forests, all the trees,
All the forests, all the trees,
All the forests, all the trees,
Cry for peace, cry for peace.

All the wind and rain and clouds,
All the wind and rain and clouds,
All the wind and rain and clouds,
Cry for peace, cry for peace.

May the hearts of everyone,
May the hearts of everyone,
May the hearts of everyone,
Cry for peace, cry for peace.

May all people everywhere,
May all people everywhere,
May all people everywhere,
Live in peace, live in peace.

All the spirits in our world,
All the spirits in our world,
All the spirits in our world,
Cry for peace, cry for peace.

Cry for peace, cry for peace.
Cry for peace, cry for peace.

(Album, Kingdoms and Dreamlands)

Aint Gonna Study War No More (2008-063)

I'm gonna lay down my sword and shield,
Down by the riverside,
Down by the riverside,
Down by the riverside.
Gonna lay down my sword and shield,
Down by the riverside.
And I aint gonna study war no more.

I aint gonna study war no more.
I aint gonna study war no more.
Aint gonna study war no more, no more.
I aint gonna study war no more.
I aint gonna study war no more.
Aint gonna study war no more.

I'm gonna lay down those guns and bombs,
Down by the riverside,
Down by the riverside,
Down by the riverside.
Gonna lay down those guns and bombs,
Down by the riverside.
And I aint gonna study war no more.

I aint gonna study war no more.
I aint a gonna study war no more.
Aint gonna study war no more, no more.
I aint gonna study war no more.
I aint gonna study war no more.
Aint gonna study war no more.

I'm gonna beat swords to ploughshares now,
Down by the riverside,
Down by the riverside,
Down by the riverside.
Gonna beat swords to ploughshares now,
Down by the riverside.
And I aint gonna study war no more.

I aint gonna study war no more.
I aint gonna study war no more.
Aint gonna study war no more, no more.
I aint gonna study war no more.
I aint gonna study war no more.
Aint gonna study war no more.

I'm gonna trespass upon the base,
Down by the riverside,
Down by the riverside,
Down by the riverside.
Gonna trespass upon the base,
Down by the riverside.
And I aint gonna study war no more.

I aint gonna study war no more.

I aint gonna study war no more.
Aint gonna study war no more, no more.
I aint gonna study war no more.
I aint gonna study war no more.
Aint gonna study war no more.

Gonna take a sledgehammer to a missile cone,
Down by the riverside,
Down by the riverside,
Down by the riverside.
Take a sledgehammer to a missile cone,
Down by the riverside.
And I aint gonna study war no more.

I aint gonna study war no more.
I aint gonna study war no more.
Aint gonna study war no more, no more.
I aint a gonna study war no more.
I aint a gonna study war no more.
Aint gonna study war no more.

May justice and peace embrace,
Down by the riverside,
Down by the riverside,
Down by the riverside.
may justice and peace embrace,
Down by the riverside.
I aint gonna study war no more.

I aint gonna study war no more.
I aint a gonna study war no more.
Aint gonna study war no more, no more.
I aint a gonna study war no more.
I aint a gonna study war no more.
Aint gonna study war no more.

I aint gonna study war no more.
I aint a gonna study war no more.
Aint gonna study war no more, no more.
I aint a gonna study war no more.
I aint a gonna study war no more.
Aint gonna study war no more.
I aint gonna study war no more.
I aint gonna study war no more.

(Album, Kingdoms and Dreamlands)

Sometimes We Die

(2008-064)

Sometimes we die, in your streets.
Sometimes we die, in your emergency rooms.
Sometimes you talk about us, on your radio.
Sometimes you don't even hear, when we go.

We are the ones, who die too soon.
The ones who fell between the cracks, you say.
We are the ones, who die too soon.
Sometimes there is simply nothing, you can say.
Sometimes there is nothing, you can say.

Sometimes we die, on a night so cold.
Sometimes we die, waiting for assistance,
On our own.
Sometimes we die, 'cause no one hears our cry.
But everyone knows, why it is we die.

We are the ones, who die too soon.
The ones who fell between the cracks, you say.
We are the ones, who die too soon.
Sometimes there is simply nothing, you can say.
Sometimes there is nothing, you can say.

After a quarter century,
Of cutting budgets back.
It's no wonder that we fall,
As you widen all the cracks.
Sometimes people mourn us,
When they hear we are gone.
But the smiles of your monster system,
They just keep smiling on and on.

We are the ones, who die too soon.
The ones who fell between the cracks, you say.
We are the ones, who die too soon.
Sometimes there is simply nothing, you can say.
Sometimes there is nothing, you can say.

Sometimes we die, in your streets.
Sometimes we die, in your emergency rooms.
Sometimes you talk about us, on your radio.
And you spread the vicious lie,
That there's nothing you can do.

We are the ones, who die too soon.
The ones who fell between the cracks, you say.
We are the ones, who die too soon.
Sometimes there is simply nothing, you can say.
Sometimes there is nothing, you can say.

Don't try to tell me,
That no one is to blame.
I know who to blame.
It's you and your capitalist power game.

You and your capitalist power game.

(Album, Ice on Mercury, Fire on Europa)

Gonna Roll a Just World On

(2008-065)

We're gonna roll. We're gonna roll.
We're gonna roll a just world on.
We're gonna roll. We're gonna roll.
We're gonna roll a just world on.

We are the common people.
We are tired of tyranny.
Tired of tyranny,
Tired of tyranny.
We are the common people.
We are tired of tyranny.
We're gonna roll a just world on.

We're gonna roll. We're gonna roll.
We're gonna roll a just world on.
We're gonna roll. We're gonna roll.
We're gonna roll a just world on.

We're gonna build a future,
That is just and fair and free.
Just and fair and free,
Just and fair and free.
We're gonna build a future,
That is just and fair and free.
We're gonna roll a just world on.

We're gonna roll. We're gonna roll.
We're gonna roll a just world on.
We're gonna roll. We're gonna roll.
We're gonna roll a just world on.

We're gonna plant the seedling,
That will grow into a tree.
Grow into a tree,
Grow into a tree.
We're gonna plant the seedling,
That will grow into a tree.
We're gonna roll a just world on.

We're gonna roll. We're gonna roll.
We're gonna roll a just world on.
We're gonna roll. We're gonna roll.
We're gonna roll a just world on.

We raise our voice for justice,
And away with charity.
Away with charity,
Away with charity.
We raise our voice for justice,
And away with charity.
We're gonna roll a just world on.

We're gonna roll. We're gonna roll.
We're gonna roll a just world on.

We're gonna roll. We're gonna roll.
We're gonna roll a just world on.

We're working for a world,
Where we can live in dignity.
Live in dignity,
Live in dignity.
We're working for a world,
Where we can live in dignity.
We're gonna roll a just world on.

We're gonna roll. We're gonna roll.
We're gonna roll a just world on.
We're gonna roll. We're gonna roll.
We're gonna roll a just world on.

A brighter day is dawning,
One of peace and equity.
Peace and equity,
Peace and equity.
A brighter day is dawning,
One of peace and equity.
We're gonna roll a just world on.

We're gonna roll. We're gonna roll.
We're gonna roll a just world on.
We're gonna roll. We're gonna roll.
We're gonna roll a just world on.

So let us stand together here,
In solidarity.
In solidarity,
In solidarity.
Let us stand together here,
In solidarity,
And roll that just world on.

We're gonna roll. We're gonna roll.
We're gonna roll a just world on.
We're gonna roll. We're gonna roll.
We're gonna roll a just world on.

We're gonna roll. We're gonna roll.
We're gonna roll a just world on.
We're gonna roll. We're gonna roll.
We're gonna roll a just world on.
We're gonna roll a just world on.
We're gonna roll a just world on.

(Album, Ice on Mercury, Fire on Europa)

Ballad of GI Joe

(2008-066)

When Johnny was a boy,
So many years ago,
He used to play with a toy soldier,
By the name of GI Joe.
In the stores there were fifty,
Adventures you could buy,
Fifty adventures on which,
To take your toy GI.
And when the adventures they were over,
GI Joe was still alive.
And Johnny knew in his heart,
That GI Joe would never die.
GI Joe would never die.

GI Joe was made of plastic,
Eleven inches high.
It never crossed young Johnny's mind,
But GI Joe was white.
Johnny was too young to wonder,
If his soldier had a soul.
He just went on his adventures,
Wherever he would go.
And Johnny traveled with his hero,
Through land and sea and sky,
And dreamed of being GI Joe,
'Cause GI Joe would never die.
GI Joe would never die.

Then the day came when Johnny gave,
His GI Joe away.
he moved on to other things,
Growing day by day.
But his dream of being a soldier,
It still carried on.
Til at twenty he signed up to serve,
His country right or wrong.
They taught him how to shoot and kill,
And how to take commands,
And how to serve his country,
In many far-off lands.
In many far-off lands.

Then the eleventh of September came,
In 2001.
Johnny was a soldier now,
Turning thirty-one.
He had a wife and two small children,
And called himself a man.
he got the call that they'd be sending him,
To the far Afghanistan.
He was proud to serve his country.
He did not question why.
He knew the dangers and prepared to face,
The desert sand and sky.

The desert sand and sky.

he learned about a different world,
When he reached Afghanistan.
The people and the poverty,
And the angry Taliban.
He told himself that he was there,
To bring peace to everyone,
That sometimes peace could only come,
Through the barrel of a gun.
But he felt some disillusionment,
As the battles carried on.
And men and women and children died,
Before the angry Afghan dawn.
Before the angry Afghan dawn.

Then one day he headed out,
On a convoy along the road.
The desert sun was hot,
And the desert wind did blow.
A roadside bomb exploded,
In the desert sand.
He got shrapnel in the face,
And lost his left foot and left hand.
At the military hospital,
They said he'd be okay,
But as they began to work on him,
He drifted far away.
He drifted far away.

In his sleep he had a dream that came,
From some distant shore.
He was back in his childhood playroom,
All those years before.
He was playing with his GI Joe,
When it began to speak.
he sat back in frightened horror,
And almost gave a shriek.
But GI Joe said, Don't be afraid.
There's something you should know.
There's something I must tell you,
My fellow GI Joe.
My fellow GI Joe.

The toy company that made me,
To grimly stand and fight,
They manufactured me for profit.
They knew not wrong from right.
They made me to sell to you,
And a million other boys,
To rob you of your humanness,
And turn you into toys.
To make you part of the big machine,
To go and fight their wars.
To fight for their corporate empires,
on many far-off shores.

On many far-off shores.

They didn't tell you all that wars are fought,
For profit and for power,
By men and women in business suits,
In their corporate towers.
You are fighting for the oil beneath,
The central Asian sand,
So the western corporate empire,
Can keep the world in its iron hand.
And millions more will die,
Before this war is done,
For access to the world supply,
Of new petroleum.
of new petroleum.

The war toys and the action figures,
Serve their purpose well.
They know the brain of GI Joe,
Will never question or rebel.
Some of you will be injured.
Some of you will be killed.
But the vaults of the corporate masters,
With money shall be filled.
And the weapons corporations,
And the war toy companies,
Will overflow with profits,
From sea to bloody sea.
From sea to bloody sea.

Then Johnny he awakened,
From this terrible dream.
The man in the next bed over,
Thought he heard Johnny scream.
he remembered where he was then,
half a world away,
In a country called Afghanistan,
With his injuries that day.
He thought about the dream,
And the words of GI Joe.
He thought, can I still serve the army,
Knowing now what I now know.
Knowing now what I now know.

They did their best to treat him,
With his injuries.
Before too long, they sent him home,
To his wife and family.
He thought about the dream,
And wrote down what he recalled.
he thought about the billions living,
'Round this blue white ball.
How millions more will die,
Before this war is done.
Surely there must be a better way,
Than the bomber and the gun.

Than the bomber and the gun.

millions more will die,
Before this war is done.
Surely there must be a better way,
Than the bomber and the gun.
Than the bomber and the gun.

When Johnny was a boy,
So many years ago,
He used to play with a toy soldier,
By the name of GI Joe.

(Album, Ice on Mercury, Fire on Europa)

Good Ship Terrianna

(2008-067)

You can get your ticket,
From the ticket people.
The price of a ticket is not too high.
You can hold the ticket,
In the dreamland of your mind.

You can ride, on the good ship Terrianna.
You can ride, on the good ship Terrianna.

The ship is anchored, in the harbour,
The harbour at the center of our hearts.
Everyone is streaming,
Down to the sea shore.
We're all gonna ride her.

We're gonna ride, on the good ship Terrianna.
We're gonna ride, on the good ship Terrianna.

She will take you places,
Where you've never been.
Across the sea,
Across the galaxy.

We're gonna ride, on the good ship Terrianna.
We're gonna ride, on the good ship Terrianna.

She will take you,
To Terrianna Land.
You can join the Galactic,
Resistance Movement.

When you ride, on the good ship Terrianna.
When you ride, on the good ship Terrianna.

All is but a moment.
All is infinity.
We will dance with the dreamy people.
We will dream with the earthy people.

When we ride, on the good ship Terrianna.
When we ride, on the good ship Terrianna.

There are volcanoes everywhere.
There are Elven people everywhere.
There are purple plum trees everywhere.
There are dreamy space-walkers everywhere.

We are riding, on the good ship Terrianna.
We are riding, on the good ship Terrianna.

You can get your ticket,
From the dreamy people.
They will open the door.
They will show you to the pathway.

When you ride, on the good ship Terrianna.
When you ride, on the good ship Terrianna.

You can join the galactic,
Transformation people.
You can speak your name,
To the freedom people.

When you ride, on the good ship Terrianna.
When you ride, on the good ship Terrianna.

Let us go for a space-walk, in the night.
Let us go for a peace-walk, through our lives.
Let us go for a dream-walk, to the light.
Let us ride on a bicycle, without handles.

Let us ride, on the good ship Terrianna.
Let us ride, on the good ship Terrianna.

We are the dreamy people.
We are the Elven people.
We are the freedom people.
We are the spirit people.

We are riding, on the good ship Terrianna.
We are riding, on the good ship Terrianna.

We are the dreamy people.
We are the Elven people.
We are the freedom people.
We are the spirit people.

We are riding, on the good ship Terrianna.
We are riding, on the good ship Terrianna.
We are riding, on the good ship Terrianna.
We are riding, on the good ship Terrianna.
We are riding, on the good ship Terrianna.
We are riding, on the good ship Terrianna.

(Album, Ice on Mercury, Fire on Europa)

Ice on Mercury, Fire on Europa

(2008-068)

Ice on Mercury,
Fire on Europa.
Dream song in Venus's clouds,
Cosmic dancing on Callisto.

We tell everybody,
The dawn is coming.
Across the universe,
The dawn is coming.

I dream of Beltane.
I dream of Samhaine.
I love vernal equinox.
I love Red September.

We tell everybody,
The dawn is coming.
Across the universe,
The dawn is coming.

We tell everybody,
The sun is rising.
Across the universe,
The sun is rising.

We dance in the springtime.
We dream in the autumn.
We build in the summer.
We sleep in the winter.

We tell everybody,
The dawn is coming.
Across the universe,
The dawn is coming.

We tell everybody,
The wind is rising.
Across the universe,
The wind is rising.

We will travel on a cosmic wind,
To the source of our hoping.
Ice on Mercury,
Fire on Europa.
Ice on Mercury,
Fire on Europa.

(Album, Ice on Mercury, Fire on Europa)

The Prophets Have Spoken

(2008-069)

The prophets, have come and gone,
Taking their place, in the turning wheel.
The prophets, have spoken to us all,
Hoping we would hear,
Hoping we would feel.

The prophets, have come and gone,
Taking their place, in our collective mind.
The prophets, have spoken to us all,
Pointing the way to a new day,
They hoped that we would find.

We need to hear your words,
Leo Tolstoy.
We need to hear your words,
William Morris.
We need to hear your words,
Ammon Hennacy.
We need to hear your words,
Dorothy Day.

We need to hear your words,
A. J. Muste.
We need to hear your words,
Bertrand Russell.
We need to hear your words,
Bayard Rustin.
We need to hear your words,
Rufus Jones.

We need to hear your words,
Martin Luther King.
We need to hear your words,
Phillip Berrigan.
We need to hear your words,
Jean Donovan.
We need to hear your words,
Sophie Scholl.

The prophets, have come and gone,
Taking their place, in the turning wheel.
The prophets, have spoken to us all,
Hoping we would hear,
Hoping we would feel.

And they are with us now.
And they are with us now.
And they are with us now.

(Album, Ice on Mercury, Fire on Europa)

December Snow

(2008-070)

December Snow,
December snow.
Snowflakes falling,
'Mid the winter glow.

December snow,
December snow.
Snow dreams dreaming,
While the wind does blow.

December snow,
December snow.
We leave our footprints leading,
Where we do not know.

December snow,
December snow.
We will turn around and find,
Our footprints have vanished long ago.

December snow,
December snow.
Snowflakes falling,
'Mid the winter glow.

December snow,
December snow.
Snow dreams dreaming,
While the wind does blow.

December snow,
December snow.
We leave our footprints leading,
Where we do not know.

December snow,
December snow.
We will turn around and find,
Our footprints have vanished long ago.

December snow,
December snow,
December snow.
December snow.

(Album, Ice on Mercury, Fire on Europa)

Turn the Tide

(2008-071)

Turn the tide. Turn the tide.
Turn the tide. Turn the tide.
Turn the tide. Turn the tide.
Turn the tide. Turn the tide.

Spread your wings. Take to flight.
We have the power to turn the tide.
Loving people, of the world unite.
We have the power to turn the tide.

Turn the tide. Turn the tide.
Turn the tide. Turn the tide.
Turn the tide. Turn the tide.
Turn the tide. Turn the tide.

We are one, in the light.
We have the power to turn the tide.
In peace and love, we fight the fight.
We have the power to turn the tide.

Turn the tide. Turn the tide.
Turn the tide. Turn the tide.
Turn the tide. Turn the tide.
Turn the tide. Turn the tide.

The earth is calm. The moon is bright.
We have the power to turn the tide.
We are here, on this night.
We have the power to turn the tide.

Turn the tide. Turn the tide.
Turn the tide. Turn the tide.
Turn the tide. Turn the tide.
Turn the tide. Turn the tide.

Many have tried. many have died.
But we have the power to turn the tide.
Many have tried. Many have died.
But we have the power to turn the tide.

Turn the tide. Turn the tide.
Turn the tide. Turn the tide.
Turn the tide. Turn the tide.
Turn the tide. Turn the tide.

Turn the tide. Turn the tide.
Turn the tide. Turn the tide.
Turn the tide. Turn the tide.
Turn the tide. Turn the tide.

We have the power to turn the tide.
Turn the tide. Turn the tide.
We have the power to turn the tide.
Turn the tide. Turn the tide.

We have the power to turn the tide.
Turn the tide. Turn the tide.
Turn the tide. Turn the tide.
Turn the tide. Turn the tide.

(Album, Ice on Mercury, Fire on Europa)

Kingdom Song

(2008-072)

I heard the flowers in the garden sigh,
The kingdom of Heaven is within you.
I heard the owls in the forest cry,
The kingdom of Heaven is within you.

Don't build your Heavens above the clouds.
The kingdom of Heaven is within you.
It is the song around which everything turns 'round.
The kingdom of Heaven is within you.

I heard the ocean and the raindrops dance.
The kingdom of Heaven is within you.
I felt the east wind blowing in a trance.
The kingdom of Heaven is within you.

Dwell in that healing place, within yourselves.
The kingdom of Heaven is within you.
Be at peace, in the eternal now.
The kingdom of Heaven is within you.

I heard the stars repeat the words.
The kingdom of Heaven is within you.
The heartbeat of the universe,
The kingdom of Heaven is within you.

Don't build your Heavens above the clouds.
The kingdom of Heaven is within you.
It is the song around which everything turns 'round.
The kingdom of Heaven is within you.

Dwell in that healing place, within yourselves.
The kingdom of Heaven is within you.
Be at peace, in the eternal now.
The kingdom of Heaven is within you.
The kingdom of Heaven is within you.
The kingdom of Heaven is within you.

(Album, Ice on Mercury, Fire on Europa)

This Old Train

(2008-073)

This old train,
Is gonna keep on rolling.
Even though it doesn't know,
Where it is going.
This old train,
Is gonna keep on rolling.

This old river,
Is gonna keep on flowing.
Though it delights,
In simply not knowing.
This old river,
Is gonna keep on flowing.

The wild west wind,
Is gonna keep on blowing.
Whether it be raining,
Sleeting or snowing.
The wild west wind,
Is gonna keep on blowing.

This barley grain,
Is gonna keep on growing.
There's a time for reaping.
There's a time for sewing.
This barley grain,
Is gonna keep on growing.

What kind of future,
Might time be showing.
What kind of row,
Might we be hoeing.
What kind of future,
Might time be showing.

Rivers flowing over mountains,
Trains rolling to the stars.
West winds blowing through the downturns,
Barley grain that grows on Mars.
Barley grain that grows on Mars.

This old train,
Is gonna keep on rolling.
Even though it doesn't know,
Where it is going.
This old train,
Is gonna keep on rolling.
This old train,
Is gonna keep on rolling.
Gonna keep on rolling,
Gonna keep on rolling.

(Album, Ice on Mercury, Fire on Europa)

Don't Blame Me

(2008-074)

I'm drivin' down the road.
I'm talkin' on my cell phone.
I've got a cigarette in one hand,
And a hamburger in the other hand.

I've got a cup of coffee,
Between my knees,
But if there's an accident,
Don't blame me.
It must have been the other guy.

I'm drivin' down the road,
With half a finger free,
But if there's an accident,
Don't blame me.
It must have been the other guy.

The pedestrians don't like me,
But I can't imagine why.
The cyclists don't like me,
But I can't imagine why.

I'm drivin' down the road,
With half a finger free,
But if there's an accident,
Don't blame me.
It must have been the other guy.

Woops, was that a red light,
I just drove through.
Well if I hit you,
That's too bad for you.

My driving skills,
Are perfectly okay.
And I'm talkin' on my cell phone,
As I drive away.

I'm drivin' down the road,
With half a finger free,
But if there's an accident,
Don't blame me.
It must have been the other guy.

The pedestrians all hate me,
But I can't imagine why.
The cyclists are angry,
But I can't imagine why.

I'm drivin' down the road,
With half a finger free,
But if there's an accident,
Don't blame me.
It must have been the other guy.

It must have been the other guy.
It must have been the other guy.
It must have been the other guy.

Now I'm reaching for a map,
So I can tell where I'm goin'.
I'm leaning forward,
Still talkin' on my phone.

(crash noises with drum, then silence)

Looks like I'll see you,
In emergency,
But don't blame me.
Don't blame me.

(Album, Ice on Mercury, Fire on Europa)

Erich Muhsam

(2008-075)

Erich Muhsam was a rebel in school,
In the late nineteenth century,
In the schools of the Kiser's Germany.

He grew up to be a socialist anarchist,
Believing socialist anarchism rocked and rolled.
He spoke his mind and planted seeds,
To watch them grow.

He caught the war fever in 1914.
He cheered for the Kiser's war machine.
But when his fellow anarchists rebuked him,
He changed his mind and said,
All anarchists must work for peace.

Erich Muhsam, Erich Muhsam.

After the war he linked up with,
The Bavarian Left Socialists.
He joined the workers,
And the anarchists in the streets,
As they tried to set the future free.

He was imprisoned for sedition,
And he saw his friend Landauer,
Killed by the Weimar state.
Little did he know,
That before not too many years had passed,
He'd experience even a darker fate.

He had published journals,
With names like Cane.
He had written plays and cabarets.
Now he wrote plays in earnest,
To speak about the realities,
Behind the scenes of his day.

The left was being clobbered,
While the terrorists of the right,
Were getting a tap on the wrist.
But through it all he remained,
A socialist anarchist.

Erich Muhsam, Erich Muhsam.

Then came February 1933.
The Reichstag burned down,
And Hitler used the excuse,
To declare a state of emergency,
And suspend all democracy.

Erich Muhsam was arrested,
The night of the fire,
When first they came for the Communists,

And the anarchists.
For sixteen months he was made to feel,
The raw power,
Of the Nazi iron fist.

For sixteen months,
He was beaten and tortured.
They branded a swastika in his head,
With a branding iron, so it is said.

One time they tried to make him sing,
The Nazi anthem,
But with all the strength of his soul,
He sang the left wing "International".

They couldn't crush his being,
No matter what they tried.
His wife found him in good spirits,
The day before he died.

He was tortured and beaten unconscious,
And injected with a poison,
In 1934,
On the night of the ninth of July.
Then they hung him in a latrine,
To make people think that,
he'd committed suicide.

But everyone knew,
That he'd been killed by the Nazi regime.
And it was they who had hung him,
On the wall of that latrine.

Erich Muhsam, Erich Muhsam.

Erich Muhsam,
You would not play the game.
Erich Muhsam,
You stood your ground and kept fighting,
Through the torture and the pain.

Erich Muhsam,
You would not play the game.
Erich Muhsam,
You stood your ground and kept fighting,
Through the torture and the pain.

Erich Muhsam,
May the world remember your name.
Erich Muhsam,
may the world remember your name.
Erich Muhsam.

(Album, Ice on Mercury, Fire on Europa)

Peace in Our Galaxy

(2008-076)

Let there be peace in our galaxy.
Let the stars shine free.
Let there be peace in our galaxy.
Let the stars shine free.

Let there be peace on Earth.
Let there be peace on Ceres,
Pallas and Juno.
Let there be peace,
On the moons of Jupiter.
Let there be peace,
In the rings of Saturn.

Let there be peace in our galaxy.
Let the stars shine free.
Let there be peace in our galaxy.
Let the stars shine free.

Let there be peace,
Among the clouds of Neptune.
Let there be peace,
On the ice-fields of Pluto.
Let us reach out peacefully,
To Alpha Centauri,
Barnard Star and Tau Ceti.

Let there be peace in our galaxy.
Let the stars shine free.
Let there be peace in our galaxy.
Let the stars shine free.

And all around us,
The music of the cosmos.
And all around us,
The music of the cosmos.
And the song that the cosmos sings,
Is freedom peacefully.
All the stars in the cosmos ring,
With freedom peacefully.

Let there be peace in our galaxy.
Let the stars shine free.
Let there be peace in our galaxy.
Let the stars shine free.

And all around us,
The music of the cosmos.
And all around us,
The music of the cosmos.
And the song that the cosmos sings,
Is freedom peacefully.
All the stars in the cosmos ring,
With freedom peacefully.

Let there be peace in our galaxy.
Let the stars shine free.
Let there be peace in our galaxy.
Let the stars shine free.

Peace in our galaxy,
Peace in our galaxy,
Peace in our galaxy.

Peace in our galaxy,
Peace in our galaxy,
peace in our galaxy.

Let there be peace in our galaxy.

(Album, Ice on Mercury, Fire on Europa)

Sharolon Odyssey

(2008-077)

We flew our spaceship,
To the planet of Sharolon.
We orbited Sharolon.

Sharolon was an Earth-like planet,
With bells on every doorstep,
And bells in every tree.
And bells in every town and village,
And the people of Sharolon,
Rang their bells for peace.

On the planet of Sharolon,
It's Christmas all year 'round.
And the Christ child is born,
Everywhere,
In the hearts of everyone.

And the people of Sharolon,
Ring their bells for peace.
Every morning and every evening,
They ring their bells for peace.

For they have learned that only,
Universal sharing,
Can bring you peace,
And set you free.

And we danced and sang,
With the people of Sharolon.
And they helped us to learn,
How to be peaceful and free.
They helped us to learn,
How to be peaceful and free.

And then we returned,
To our spaceship,
From the surface of Sharolon.
And we knew that we,
Would never be the same.
For all the universe,
Would seem like a gentle misty rain.

For the people of Sharolon,
Had helped us to learn,
How to be peaceful and free.

For they had learned that only,
Universal sharing,
Will bring you peace,
And set you free.

O planet of Sharolon,
May you always be.
Planet of Sharolon,

May you always be.

(Album, Ice on Mercury, Fire on Europa)

Gustav Landauer

(2008-078)

Gustav Landauer,
Thinker, dreamer, anarchist.
You dreamed a mystical unity,
And dared to face the iron fist.

You listened to the mystics.
They told you of the eternal presence,
And the deep underlying unity,
Throughout the world.
You saw the death machine,
Of capitalism,
And the waste of human life in war,
And you said, let another truth unfurl.

Gustav Landauer,
Mystic, weaver, activist,
You painted a vision,
Of a better world,
And dared to build it in the midst.

You listened to the prophets,
Proudhon, Bakunin and Kropotkin.
You worked to build the world,
That they were dreaming of,
A world-wide federation,
Of people's communes.

Gustav Landauer,
Thinker, dreamer, anarchist,
You lived mystical community,
A revolutionary pacifist.

Now you've become a prophet,
And a martyr killed by the military right,
In that fateful year 1919.
Your voice speaks to us through time,
To challenge every empire,
And every snarling death machine.

Gustav Landauer,
Mystic, weaver, activist,
You dared to be a dreamer,
And a doer,
And we remember you, through all of this.
We remember you, through all of this.
Through all that has been, and all that is.
We remember you, through all of this.
Gustav Landauer.

(Album, Ice on Mercury, Fire on Europa)

Martyr's Wall

(2008-079)

So many people,
Have lived their lives.
They came from where they came from,
And asked the right questions in their time.

They said their piece,
And spoke their truth to all.
Then the faceless executioner came,
And put an end to it all.

Now they are united,
On our martyr's wall.
Now they are united,
On our Martyr's wall.
Now they are united,
On our martyr's wall.

Albert Ginger Goodwin,
Gustav Landauer,
Sacco and Vanzetti,
Erich Muhsam.

Buenaventura Durruti,
Sophie Scholl,
Mohandas Gandhi,
Julius and Ethel Rosenberg.

Medgar Evers,
Malcolm X,
Che Guevara,
Martin Luther King.

Little Bobby Hutton,
James Reckner,
Fred Hampton Sr.,
Allison Krause,
Frank Clearwater.

Victor Jara,
Salvador Allende,
Karen Silkwood,
Anna Mae Pictou Aquash,
Stephen Biko.

Oscar Romero,
Jean Donovan,
John Lennon,
Chico Mendes,
Huey P. Newton.

Petra Kelly,
Dudley George,
Ken Saro-Wiwa,
Juan Jose Gerardi.

Carlo Giuliani,
Standing Deer,
Rachel Corrie,
And how many million more.

Now they are united,
On our martyr's wall.
Now they are united,
On our martyr's wall.
Now they are united,
On our martyr's wall.
And we keep walking forward,
Answering their call.

Now they are united,
On our martyr's wall.
Now they are united,
On our martyr's wall.
Now they are united,
On our martyr's wall.
We keep walking forward,
Answering their call.

May they be remembered.
May we answer their call.
May they be remembered.
May we answer their call.

(Album, Ice on Mercury, Fire on Europa)

We awaken, somewhere in the garden.
After the rain's come down.
And we remember, there's a porch-light,
Somewhere beyond the garden.
And we go searching, for that porch-light,
Somewhere along the pathway.

September porch-light,
You call us home.
September porch-light,
You bring us warmth in the autumn.
You bring us through the winter.

September porch-light,
Shining through the snowstorm.
September porch-light,
Shining through the loneliness.
September porch-light,
Reminding us of childhood.
September porch-light,
Telling us of oneliness.

September porch-light,
You call us home.
September porch-light,
You bring us warmth in the autumn.
You bring us through the winter.

We awaken, somewhere in the garden,
After the rain's come down.
And we remember, there's a porch-light,
Somewhere beyond the garden.
And we go searching, for that porch-light,
Somewhere along the pathway.

September porch-light,
September porch-light.

(Album, Ice on Mercury, Fire on Europa)

News from Nowhere Radio

(2008-081)

We're gonna bring the news from nowhere,
On News from Nowhere Radio.
We're gonna bring the news from nowhere,
On News from Nowhere Radio.

William Morris had a vision,
In a story in a dream.
He shared that vision with everyone.
Now it's in the hands of you and me.

We're gonna bring the news from nowhere,
On News from Nowhere Radio.
We're gonna bring the news from nowhere,
On News from Nowhere Radio.

William Morris was a dreamer.
Now the dream is a billion strong.
We're gonna work to build the vision,
In a movement or a song.

We're gonna bring the news from nowhere,
On News from Nowhere Radio.
We're gonna bring the news from Nowhere,
On News from Nowhere Radio.

We're gonna bring the news from Nowhere,
On News from Nowhere Radio.
We're gonna bring the news from nowhere,
On News from Nowhere Radio.
News from Nowhere Radio,
News from Nowhere Radio,
News from Nowhere Radio.

(Album, Ice on Mercury, Fire on Europa)

Into the Night

(2008-082)

Into the night, into the night.

Traveler tells of his tale,
Tale of a mystical isle.
Moonlight sings her song,
Dances on the waves for awhile,
Cries for the loss of a child.

Into the night, into the night.

Voices of a waking dawn,
Dawn of a sweet tomorrow time.
Calling us all to push on,
See the new day in our mind,
New outer boundaries defined.

Into the night, into the night.

Love is the candle flame,
Shining at the heart of our soul.
It is love that gave us our name.
It is love that will make us all whole.
It is love that will lead us all home.

Into the night, into the night.

We are travelers on the road.
It is love at the heart of our soul.

Into the night, into the night.

We are travelers on the road.
It is love that will lead us all home.

Into the night, into the night.

We are travelers on the road.
Everyone is one great soul.

Into the night, into the night.
Into the night, into the night.
Into the night.

(Album, Season of Sparrows)

European Ghosts

(2008-083)

European ghosts,
Rattling our cupboards,
Remembering the memories,
Of the centuries.

Perhaps there are, a million ghosts,
Who lived on the continent of Europe.

It's minus thirty-four outside,
And I feel fine.
Child of the prairie,
Son of a settler people.

European ghosts,
Rattling our cupboards,
Remembering the memories,
Of the centuries.

Perhaps there are, ten million ghosts,
Who lived on the continent of Europe.

We were a hearty peasant people.
We came to work the land,
Bringing crops from seven thousand miles away.
We learned to live with the cold,
And the frost and the snow.
We were a hearty people anyway.

European ghosts,
Rattling our cupboards,
Remembering the memories,
Of the centuries.

Perhaps there are, twenty million ghosts,
Who lived on the continent of Europe.

We hear their voices in the wind,
Cold winter wind.
We hear them sigh in the cold,
Can we begin again.

European ghosts,
Rattling our cupboards,
Remembering the memories,
Of the centuries.

Perhaps there are, a billion ghosts,
Who lived on the continent of Europe.

European ghosts,
European ghosts,
European ghosts.

(Album, Season of Sparrows)

Radicals Get No Sabbaticals

(2008-084)

Radicals get no sabbaticals.
Radicals get no sabbaticals.

Once you've entered the new world,
Where nothing is quite what it seems,
There can be no turning back.
You've got to live the life-long dream.

Radicals get no sabbaticals.
Radicals get no sabbaticals.

Once you've entered the new time,
Where everything has been transformed,
You've got to boldly make your way,
Between the thunder, wind and storm.

Radicals get no sabbaticals.
Radicals get no sabbaticals.

Once you've entered the new space,
Where all the galaxies turn 'round,
You've got to hold on to your soul,
That inner peace or solid ground.

Radicals get no sabbaticals.
Radicals get no sabbaticals.
Radicals get no sabbaticals.
Radicals get no sabbaticals.

Feel the wind. Feel the rain. Hear the thunder.
Feel the wind. Feel the rain. Hear the thunder.
Even the stars, with all their power,
They shall wonder.
Feel the wind. Feel the rain. Hear the thunder.

Radicals get no sabbaticals.
Radicals get no sabbaticals.
Radicals get no sabbaticals.
Radicals get no sabbaticals.

Radicals get no sabbaticals.
Radicals get no sabbaticals.
Radicals get no sabbaticals.
Radicals get no sabbaticals.

(Album, Season of Sparrows)

Song for a Just Peace

(2008-085)

How many deaths on the Palestinian side,
Will it take before we call it genocide.
How many deaths on the Palestinian side,
Will it take before we call it genocide.

How many broken Palestinian dreams,
Will it take before the world,
Has the courage to see.
How many broken Palestinian dreams,
Will it take before the world,
Has the courage to see.

How many Israeli imperialistic wars,
Will it take before the world cries out no more.
How many Israeli imperialistic wars,
Will it take before the world cries out no more.

How many deaths, how many cries,
How many screams,
Will it take before a just peace comes to be.
How many deaths, how many cries,
How many screams,
Will it take before a just peace comes to be.

May a just peace come to be.
may a just peace come to be.

(Album, Season of Sparrows)

THE END