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I Heard Bob Dylan's Like A Rolling Stone In The Car With My Father While Going To The Laundromat When I Was Seventeen And Knew What I Wanted To Spend My Life Doing: Coming Up With Great Song Ideas!!!

I Can't Sing Or Play An Instrument So I Would Post Videos Of My Song Ideas On YouTube With The Words On The Screen And Invite Musicians From All Over The World To Turn My Words Into Songs.

I Ended Up Making Over 120 Songs And Writing Enough Lyrics To Have A Song Or Poem Every Day For A Year. I've Broken All My Stuff Down Into 31 Albums With 12 Songs Each. 10 Albums Have Music And Vocals Already And 21 Do Not.

Now The Plan Is To Take Over A Physical Location And Use My Words As Drawing Power To Lure Some Musicians Who Want To Make Some Music. We Make Music Live And Include An Online Audience In Some Type Of Live Stream And People Who Contribute To The Song We Are Making Are Entitled To Get A Percentage Of The Song Based On What They Have Contributed.

In Essence, I Have 365 Lottery Tickets And We Want To Have A Place Where People Can Come And Scratch Those Tickets Where We Can Sell Them Stuff And Create Enough Of Revenue Stream To Make A Living Whether Or Not We Become World Famous Or Not! A Coffee House/Bar Called Songwriters Close To A Bus Station Or Public Transportation Is All It Would Take To Start! I Am Open To Creating All New Music With The Words To The 120 Songs That Were Already Made But The Songs Do Serve As A Good Representation Of What I/We Hope To Replicate And Possibly Surpass From This Point Forward.

Additionally, I Want To Have An Interactive Audience Online Who Can Also Participate (Live) With A Moderator Who Can Also Join In As We Come Up With New, Original Music And Song Ideas On The Spot

My Goal: I Don't Need Or Necessarily Want To Be Famous. But If It Happens, It Happens. What I Want Is Healthcare, Some Up Front Money To Start As A Show Of Good Faith/Seriousness, A Not Too Crazy Weekly Salary And Decent Cut Of Whatever Revenue Is Generated From This Venture Through A Variety Of Streams.

Not Long After YouTube First Began I Became A Partner And Accumulated Over 10,000 Subscribers Before I Ended Up Deleting My Channels And Taking A Break From Making Music. Over Ten Years, Actually.

Well, I Got The Music Bug Again And Its Time To Break Out My Big Old Book Of Poems And Song Lyrics. The Closest I've Come To Sharing My Writings And Music To A Live Audience Is Reading A Poem About Drinking At An Alcoholics Anonymous Meeting About Twenty-Five Years ago And Having My Friend Bryan Sing One Of Our Songs Live To A Rocking Crowd At A Bar In China. Haha.

So, With All That Said I Now Say This:

I Need A Place To Begin...

I Need Some Believers...

And I Need To Pee...

SET LIST ONE (1)

PUZZLE PIECES

The newspapers
have all gone
Been blown away
in the wind

The magazines have
all been bought up
Turned to ads
for corporate spin

As the radio
repeats itself
So much so that you
stopped listening

And TV...
well not much
has changed...
It's still the same
as it's always been

We both look
at each other
As loneliness
starts creeping in

Once upon a time
we like brothers
Now we feel lucky
just to be friends

All the signs
during these times
Have been put up
to lead us astray

So that our views
become skewed
So that we see
the world
in a different way

For our bonds
are becoming broken
With every smile
that our face keeps hid

Every hello that
remains unspoken
This world becomes
a tougher place in which to live

Because everything
that for ourselves we take
Becomes something that
someone else can't give

So we better think twice
about the choices we make
Before it's too late
to change this state
we're living in

That's why I'm
moving and shaking
Been busy trying
to stir things up a bit

Rearranging this
big jigsaw puzzle
So that
all the pieces fit

EXIT THE SANDMAN
So the midnight oil
Seems to be burning again
The sandman's at your door
But he can't come in

With so much trying your mind
Tonight he's not your friend
Since there's so much
You're still trying to find
Before your time
comes to an end

You used to dream about today
But that was back then...
Back when...
You smiled as a child...
Before you got sucked in

Back when...
You always shared and never cared...
About the color of somebody's skin

Back when...
You didn't try to solve all your problems
With the bottom of a bottle
Drowning up your sorrows in a pool of sin

Back when...
You still had time to let the road unwind
But now your patience is wearing thin

Exit the sandman
Why not see it from the other side? Other side...
Doin' the best I can, man
And that ain't no lie... that ain't no lie

DAYLIGHT AGAIN
Daylight again... Comes now and again
My only friend... That's left in the end

The shadows hide as the clouds creep by
I take stake in my mistakes in
The life I know the one I can't shake
Grabs me by the collar and won't let me go
There's only one way to live there's only one way I know

I've been taken... I've been shaken
 And sent out on my way
 I have tumbled... I have stumbled
 Just going from day to day

The only sunrise ahead
 Is the one I see when I go to bed
 I wake up in the dark circled by sharks
 So I cover my head until there's daylight again

I'm trapped in a tunnel while sucked down the funnel
 The light is dim in either direction
 When you're only trying to escape and be safe
 There's no time for perfection

From day to day to year to year
 Somehow, some way I'll get outta here

Where I stand my feet are stuck in the mud
 There's no chance I can rise above
 With bars on the doors I can't climb out
 My guide left me when the candle blew out

I came to my sense
 and that was when
 I knew I'd be down here
 until there's daylight again
 Daylight again
 Daylight again
 Daylight again

PEN AND PAPER

Well I'm...
 Struggling against the tide
 Pen and paper by my side
 Feeling great, oh wait, I lied
 There's not much I trust
 And that sucks, but why cry?

Seems that something's
 Gonna have to be sacrificed
 To keep on playing this game
 To keep on living this life

Release me
 From the worldwide
 weight of humanity
 Too much for this
 writer to decipher

The many causes of insanity
 He pauses...then continues
 As he counts his losses...
 His inner voice asks him,
 "Is it in you?"

To be the leader
 when it is so easy to follow
 Never need to be the owner
 When everything
 can be borrowed

Though you'll never find
Yourself being a loner
You just might be hollow

And it's such a waste of time...
Following the blind
Open up your eyes
Haven't you realized?

'Tis better to lead them...
And still be breathing
Than it is to follow
And be the one
left bleeding

Never wading in the
springs of freedom....
And not understanding
These things I speak of

Contemplating something
Hollow and misleading
And it brings many things...
Such as a false disguise
by a gypsy king
In his lies we
discover many truths...
Through his eyes
we uncover his abuse
And his song of sorrow
so many sing

Well I've got those
Same old blues again
It seems that life is game
You can never win

Cannot change your past
You can't change
where you've been
It seems you were
having a blast
But now you don't like
The position you're in

Once they stuck you
in your caste
You ended up taking
it on the chin

Now labeled a has-been
You got no friends
Just want it to end
Let your soul be recast
Let us try it again

HAVE NOT
You only live once...
Well at least
you've got your name

You tried to give once...
 Got burnt and you
 were never the same

Stay away from this one...
 You who went from healing
 to being one of the lame

Thy will be done...
 The only thing you've learned
 is how to point the blame

And now your motivation
 for waking is slowly stripping
 You can sense the tubes
 of morphine still dripping

Becoming lost at such a cost
 That you wonder just
 Why you should go on
 Why try to live the dream?
 When your imagination is gone?

For once you lose
 your inhibitions
 The hands around you
 mold you into what they want

Shaping and persuading you
 Into giving what you haven't got

Leveling society
 By changing you from
 a have into a have not

You only live once...
 Well at least
 you've got your name

You tried to give once...
 Got burnt and you
 were never the same

Stay away from this one...
 You who went from healing
 to being one of the lame

Thy will be done...
 The only thing you've learned
 is how to point the blame

CLIMBING THE LADDER
 You'd be wise to take my advice
 Before you fall in love
 With a fool's paradise
 You had better think twice

I don't have any vices
 And that's priceless
 Considering where I've come from

Everything I once believed in
Was so misleading
I'm lucky I'm still breathing
Considering all the things I've done

I scaled the drug ladder
Straight to the top
Got up so high
I almost couldn't get of

I could not control
The cravings inside my brain
That boy's on the ladder
And he's climbing up again

From cigarettes...
To booze...
To weed...
To speed...
To acid ...
To mushrooms...
To E...
To crack-cocaine

You'd be wise to take my advice
Before you fall in love
With a fool's paradise
You had better think twice

A lot of my old friends
Now sleep in the gutter
Toss an eight ball on the table
And watch them try to kill each other

My d-d-dad's a p-p-pothead
Who s-s-speaks with a s-s-stutter
Just another nicotine fiend
That describes my mother
A raging alcoholic
Yeah, that's my brother
And my sister...well guys
I suggest you use a rubber
There, now I think
I've got everybody covered

If you want to know about somebody
Investigate their friends and family
Even still I'm not quite sure
How I let it happen to me
But I've escaped the demons
And now I'm free

You'd be wise to take my advice
Before you fall in love
With a fool's paradise
You had better think twice

Well if you're hooked
And you're looking to beat it
Listen closely and I'll tell you a secret

If you've climbed the ladder so high
 That you duck when planes fly
 You can't just jump off or else you'll die
 It's too hard to cold turkey
 What was years in the making
 Pressure like that
 Is like an oven baking

You managed to climb up
 So you've got to climb back down
 One step at a time
 Until your feet hit the ground

EX-POEM

When someone says your name I duck
 Because now I'm careful of whom I trust
 Sometimes in love you really get fu\$%ed
 Sometimes a smiling face
 Turns into disgust

Second chances...you got them
 But for a second time you hit rock bottom
 Third chances... you want them
 Still trying to sell me some fruit
 That you know is rotten

Calling on the phone
 And knocking on the door
 So scared to be alone
 When you finally realize

That you can't have
 What you once had any more
 But you brought it on yourself
 So why are you so surprised?

Love is dead
 It has been beheaded
 Get it through your head
 We'll never be wedded

My phone rings
 But I don't pick it up
 I give easy hints
 But you won't pick them up

Often there's no voice
 On the other end of the receiver
 It is true I once worshipped you
 But now I'm no longer a believer

When someone says your name I duck
 Because now I'm careful of whom I trust
 Sometimes in love you really get fu\$%ed
 Sometimes a smiling face
 Turns into disgust

RAIN

Rain...it makes the flowers grow
 Rain...doesn't hide what it doesn't know
 Rain...leads to floods look out below
 Rain...don't say I didn't tell ya so

Pain...it doesn't always show
Pain...fills up what's empty and hollow
Pain...remembers names from long ago
Pain...better when it's dull and shallow

TWISTING THE KNIFE

When you wanna lash out
And leave long lasting scars
You search deep within yourself
And remember who you are

For with your sharp tongue
You know which words will hurt the most
As your vision becomes an apparition
After you've disappeared like a ghost

Sometimes it's not whatcha say
But whatcha don't
When you know whatcha wanna do
And yet you won't

Sometimes walking away
Without a single word said
Just might say the most
And be best cure for your head

Severing the ties
Without twisting the knife
Might be the hardest thing
You've ever done in your life

MY PRECIOUS

Two mourning doves rest upon a limb
Begin the day with a praising hymn
To the gods of grass and rain and wind
For it's what they know
what they're surrounded in
Contrast that to me who prays for fame
Golden statues and plaques
bearing my name
Sure it might seem to some a little vain
But it's what I know what I'm surrounded in

Every sight I am seeing
Every thought I am thinking
Every sentence I am speaking
Everything I've been believing

The roots are imperial
Facts often mytherial
Logic hypocritical
True intentions deceiving

With all of our wealth
we haven't had much success
Still got people sleepin'
On mattresses made of pavement
Their pillows are our steps

Why is gold so precious?
What makes silver so fine?

Who first chose to call this wealth?
Back in history and time

I wish that I could have told them
Being rich was all for show
Then I would have shown them
There was a better way to go

We could have changed
Our chain-of-being
Into something non - material

Then we could live our lives
For something meaningful
We could've reach new highs
I'm talking spiritual

MONETIZATION

This time I'm feeling like the criminal
But all communication is subliminal
Sure my treatment might be deferential
'Cause now others notice my potential

They got silver tongues
And their eyes? They're green
They're the best paid talkers
That you've ever seen

You know those who smile at themselves?
Well....now they were smiling at me
They said you could make money for us
If you can trick the rest into thinking
you got something
In which they can still believe

After some pondering
I started responding
And I kindly replied:
Yeah...part of me has died

And I'd like to find that something
I can finally stake my faith and creed in...

But hopefully
it'll either be
mental clarity
Oh gee,
maybe sanity...
or perhaps even freedom
Then maybe
there would be
No more forced insanity
that any amount of money
can pay the fee
For forgetting all about humanity
and human dignity
What has happened to some
I hope it doesn't
happen to me

I'm still trying to find a reason to wake up
Maybe it's to give everything a shake up
Some poor pawn's got to lead the charge
Take a musket ball for society at large

Heck, I'd rather be the host
or the maître d'
Than some bourgeoisie
attendee
To a committee brunch
designed to oversee
Who gets to select
who gets the gold trophy
For having the charity
That spends the most on vanity

I guess we just
fundamentally
disagree
For you see
I don't wanna be
a trainee
to be a trustee
Because I don't agree
Subscribe or believe
In such self-serving fantasies

For sometimes money
Is one's own worst enemy
Just search through
the texts of history
From King Midas to Judas
to Bush and Cheney

When money becomes everything
then I don't want any...
Nah...
I don't want any

LET ME IN
Won't you let me in
Into your heart
Into your mind
That would keep me satisfied

To become one
With your subconscious
And with your soul
You know I'd never try to gain control

Over your feelings
Or your actions
I'd just smile wide
With satisfaction

And I'd help you find the truth
Amongst all these distractions
For I believe we both could use
Each other as a book of matches

When the world seems dark
 Or when things look bleak
 When we could use a spark
 To light a flame for each other to see

Won't you let me in
 Into your world
 Into your thoughts
 As for my own - I've shared a lot
 Still I long for yours
 Tell me what do you see
 When you look at the world
 And when you look at me?

Because I want to view life
 Through a second pair of eyes
 For sometimes even I need a guide
 To show me a new and better path

And to know there's
 Someone standing there
 Standing behind me
 When I look back...

For I long to see a light
 When the trail starts winding
 As the day's becoming night
 And the way's not easy finding
 My eyes are tired
 And I'm losing sight

Won't you let me in
 Into your door when I am cold
 Into your arms so I can hold
 Onto someone
 Onto something
 When I'm spinning out of control

When I'm beginning to feel old
 And less reassured than when I was a kid
 When I question everything in my life
 And what I've done with it
 We could share secret thoughts
 That thus far we've kept hid

Won't you let me in...
 Oh, won't you let me in?
 Won't you let me in?

SET LIST TWO (2)

- 1 Rest In Power
- 2 B. F. T.
- 3 Hive Mind
- 4 Unwinnable
- 5 Traffic
- 6 Status Quo Woes
- 7 Rival
- 8 Violence Is Their Solution
- 9 Paradigm
- 10 Entirely
- 11 Timebomb
- 12 Multiverse

REST IN POWER

I love you to learn you
Just to hate you and burn you
You see I got these demons
Who don't deal well with feelings

When betrayed by your senses
You learn to build up defenses
And to hide in dark places
Drawing lines no one traces

Blazing a trail no one follows
A space empty and hollow
Where the dreams of a child
Would guide you through to tomorrow

Yet now the future looks bleak
As you've found what you seek
But it's alien and strange
Since your outlook has changed

You used to want to save the world
Now you just wanna fuck the girls
Letting your id eat you alive
The super ego closes his eyes

They've separated you from your mind
And your heart from your soul
It's time to wrestle back control
Or become someone you don't know...

As you passed a stranger out on the street
Thought to yourself, "He looked a lot like me..."
Well not who I am but who I used to be
Those are two different people entirely

To rest in power not peace
You gotta keep feeding the beast
And once you catch the disease
You no longer wanna break free

That's when you know
Got a tiger by the toe
But stop lying to yourself
You want them to let go

BFT by Tom Jensen
Shameless... blameless...
Now you're fucking famous
You cried for it
Tried for it
One day you're gonna die for it

It's written in the stars
You'll be riding in fancy cars
And visiting bars after hours
Yeah, you're breaking all the laws

Stop, pause for applause
Okay, now we can go on
It's still easy to get lost
Even when you're high on top

Is the point I gotta get across
 God knows this shit show won't stop
 And you don't neither
 'Cause it's good to be a breather
 And playing follow the leader
 Leaves the conquered and their defeaters

Ain't no meeting in the middle
 Only a big bloody puddle
 A bunch of blind men befuddled
 Without acquittal or rebuttal

We're in Big Fucking Trouble
 Making deals with the devil
 Ends up bursting our bubble
 When it wasn't on the level

This city will make you hard
 Without friends in the right places
 We try not to show our scars
 Still we wear it on our faces

HIVE MIND
 Weaponized envy surrounds me
 It's everywhere I can't break free
 Negative energy now grounds me
 As I'm watching the world so jealously

My high anxiety stresses me
 I'm alone because I fear intimacy
 So averse to pain I constantly retreat
 I'm living like a zombie half asleep

Some say this outcome was expected
 Look how everything's grown hectic
 Has anyone been left unaffected
 By the eye in the sky's hive mind collective?

Ostracized and placed outside the wall
 Is where your fellow heroes fall
 With lasting remains inside an unmarked grave
 True to themselves at least one was saved

Unwilling to play a schizophrenic game
 In which fact and fiction are one in the same
 Where truth and lies are often seen on the same side
 As enemies become friends and your rivals allies

You soon realize there's a great divide
 Between not only us and them but both you and I
 Leaves you to scratch your head and wonder why...
 Or maybe be just like them and not even try

And yet that seems like suicide
 As you boldly claim, "Today's not your day to die"
 You then break out with a great big smile
 Yelling "F*%k it all! I'll walk the extra mile!"

Sacrifice for something
 Bigger than myself
 Maybe trade away the day today
 To make tomorrow great for someone else

A flock of sheep can be a dangerous thing
Tended by a shepherd or led by a king?
History has recorded the tales of both
Carrying crosses and swearing oaths

All of that has led us to here
Where honor and faith
I watched disappear
Become replaced
With aggression and fear

It's been happening so long
For years and years
Soon feels natural
So that nobody cares

You see me alone and standing here
Lying to myself hoping nobody hears
They gave up on me so I gave up on my peers
I'm the only one who knows...they're still unaware

I turned around again...and there was no one there

UNWINNABLE

Culture vultures circling the sky
Off our self-doubt is what they thrive
It's either the daily dodge or else face the grind
Something finds you every time you hide

Given time and sobriety
You can reshape your reality
In this kaleidoscope world
You can clearly see
Sometimes you pay a hidden fee
On what ya thought was free

It's not all about material goods
Talking 'bout a man all alone in the woods
When no one is watching what does he do?
Are honor and integrity things that he holds true?

What one does to others
Will someday be done to you
As the company you keep
Will one day keep you

Given time and sobriety
You can reshape your reality
In this kaleidoscope world
You can clearly see
Sometimes you pay a hidden fee
On what ya thought was free

I bathed in dark energies
All the while absorbing light
Living in between two planes of existence
As the day became my morning
And the morning my night
Wrong has always been wrong
But now it was alright

When you become freed from the disease of please
 Is when you begin to build walls that only others can see
 You take all you need and often times more
 An unwinnable game always trying to score
 An unwinnable game always trying to score

TRAFFIC

Traffic...
 Caught in traffic
 Traffic...
 Caught in traffic
 Addict ...
 Caught in traffic
 Addict...
 Caught in traffic

Traffic...
 Is tragic
 False illusion
 They work their magic
 Tragic...
 Believe in magic
 Traffic...
 Is tragic
 One solution...
 End the sadness

Tragic...
 To see such madness
 Burning trees...
 Burning trees...
 Dropping lit matches

Burning trees...
 And fixing black
 holes with patches
 Burning trees...
 Burning trees...
 If you're green
 It's worse than crosses

One hundred degrees
 Two hundred degrees
 Burning trees...
 Still can't breathe
 Can you help me?
 Burning trees
 People got other causes
 And silly me...
 Counting up our losses

Traffic... Caught in traffic

STATUS QUO WOES

Too many buildings, not enough sky
 Can't solve your problems
 Until you stop the lies
 What about the children?
 They're the ones being sacrificed
 Better to leave 'em alone
 in the wilderness
 Than to raise them to be crucified

Got to make it better than this
Do more than just criticize
We're wasting away
A little more everyday
Sometimes the truth
is in the mirror
Gazing back into your eyes
You see the picture
becoming clearer
And you find a great big surprise...

So that's why you got to know
When to go with the flow
Keep the status quo
And then to know when to resist
Know when to raise a fist
When to cease and desist
And how to buy an alibi

Too many people
to keep 'em all in line
Many better men and women
Than me have spent
their lives tryin'
To either relive, rewrite,
Forget or regret history

Yet dying before finally finding
And sighing because no one answers
Keep on opening doors
Without knowing what's behind them

And I don't want
to be another sheep
Being led to the slaughter
For I've learned
through getting burned
That some people's priceless advice
Really is worth less than a quarter

You say you didn't know any better
It used to be the story of my life
Funny now how some things
Are more important
Than you first thought them...
As you can only aspire to fly higher
Once you've hit rock bottom

So that's why you've got to know
When to go with the flow
Keep the status quo

When to hope and pray for it
When to say it
Know when to resist
Know when to raise a fist
And when to cease and desist
When to let it roll
right off of your shoulder
Or else when to get pissed

'Cause you know
 you can't live like this
 Where you get just one shot
 And you missed!

Too many obstacles
 That you get sucked in
 by the tentacles
 Keep on walking in circles
 Keep on praying for miracles
 Believing that you are spiritual
 While searching for an oracle
 Be it mental, physical,
 biblical or historical

Got to fight this feeling
 Can't give in to all
 the lying and stealing
 I've walked the dark path
 Now show me to the light
 Tired of all the low-down
 Dirty double dealing
 Sometimes men and women of virtue

Have got to stand up and fight
 When we know that we're right

Can't simply close your eyes
 Cut your ties and end this plight
 Can't simply send it back
 What has gone off track
 Better fight for more
 Than just your own life
 Because this is like day and night
 Can't flick a switch,
 can't turn off the light

Still have to face it
 in the morning...
 The fire that still keeps on burning
 But at least you're learning....
 Yeah, you're still learning

RIVAL by Tom Jensen
 Once the whole gets halved
 There ain't no going back
 Yeah, it all went to hell real fast
 Republicans and Democrats

As this nation is facing
 The shattered aftermath
 Our fate has been placed
 In the hands of a psychopath

And asking a leader to lead
 When no one agrees
 Leads to blunders it's a wonder
 We're all not deceased

The best way to start a fight
Part the middle between left and right
Just stir the pot to get some action
Then do what you want during the distraction

Yes the method is tried and true
Throughout history it's been used
Safety's in numbers not division
This fractured state will be our prison

So with this knowledge at our disposal
It's time to act local while thinking global
We're all allies in the struggle for survival
You'll die for your brother...
While I'll die for my rival

VIOLENCE IS THEIR SOLUTION

By Tom Jensen

Well it's time for me to swallow
My prescribed medication
While I'm forced to listen to
Their unspeakable dictation

Their twisting tongues
That speak of the wrong information
Well-ordered insanity
Also known as formal education

And while I'm waiting
For the next step in evolution
I say my prayers while
Violence is their solution

I was taught to believe
That the flag was a guide to inspiration
But I never enrolled
In blind patriotic dedication

My stomach would be queasy
When I felt the jittery vibration
Of the weapons on the firing line
As I manned the battle station

They order me to guard the bunker
Which represents the institution
They reload my gun because
Violence is their solution

You lost a lot of leaves
On your family tree for this nation
During the fall they all fell
Along with the laws of segregation

Nowadays times have changed
But there still lies the same temptation
Not every name has been signed
On the emancipation proclamation

Some would cower in a corner
Before demanding a new constitution
But while I give my peaceful demonstration
Violence is their solution

Seems as if everywhere you turn
 Leads you to increased aggravation
 You try so hard to blaze a better path
 But it's branded deviation

They want you to believe
 It's all about the money
 And worry about inflation
 But my friends there are some things
 From which you cannot take a vacation

Once it's piled up past the hills
 You just can't hide all of this pollution
 As I daydream of how not to kill with spilled oil
 Violence is their solution

If you want to rape Mother Nature
 Then watch their demonstration
 You can destroy it all
 For a quick thrilling sensation

Just an inch or two of elevation
 Too late to resort to masturbation
 For Mother Nature wasn't meant for prostitution
 As she screams help...
 Violence is their solution

PARADIGM

There's no such thing
 As wasting time
 When you are trying
 To design the paradigm

Can you be the one
 Who helps mold mankind?
 Behold that role's
 Not so well-defined

Yet it truly
 Doesn't take a mastermind
 To really blow someone else's mind
 Crawling through no man's land
 Holding onto your brother's hand
 Helping him to stay alive
 As you both try to survive
 In between the battle lines

My job is to show you
 All that there is to see
 And to tell you that what is
 Is not how it is supposed to be
 Please believe in me...

I startled a man in the street
 Simply by saying hello
 He said,
 "Hey kid, stop bothering me!"
 Doesn't he know
 I have a college degree?

And that I've been known
To write a little poetry
And create a new history
By unlocking that old mystery
Through my literacy?

"Can't there be someone else
You can follow?"
That's what he said to me
His brown eyes were hollow
Thus I retreated in sorrow

Just another who failed to see
That he just might have been
Bettered by me

Forgetting we're all one
In the global family
We all evolved from
The same family tree

Used to crawl around on all fours
Just like a monkey or a junkie

Your background
Your skin tone
Your color
Your race...

No one's ever
asked your preference
You know you can't
choose your face

And as you see your reflection
You realize that in difference
Here lies the root of hate
So let us end this great debate
Over this city-less state...

We can agree to disagree
I no longer wish to participate
Just as equality waits...
So does our fate

ENTIRELY by Tom Jensen
When tragedy struck my family
I began my decent into insanity

It started to creep
Slowly week by week
And before too long
I found I couldn't sleep

Never again alone
No, not with these fantasies
As I lost myself
To the worst version of me

That kept holding on
 Until I couldn't break free
 And by the time I realized
 What was happening to me

I became someone else
 entirely

TIME BOMB By Tom Jensen

My boo boo...
 My uncle just dropped a bomb (Uncle Sam)
 Right through your roof
 Killing your dad and your mom.... (God Damn)

So when you grow up to be
 Big, brave and strong
 When you grow up tell me
 Whose side will you be on?

Tick tock....tick tock....

My nickname is time bomb
 My friends are waiting for me to explode
 Today was the day I woke up
 It was kinda warm – still I grabbed for my coat

And I grabbed my package....
 My surprise...oh soon...
 Everyone will know.....

See my big grin...
 it's right here...From ear to ear
 right above my chin....
 oh oh oh

Oh just what I got
 Oh won't you take a guess?
 With this I've come all this way
 So many miles West

J.C. sees me on the bus
 Asks me what's under my coat?
 I looked back at him and said softly...
 Eanie meanie miney moe

I got a present for somebody
 But just who is it – I don't yet know
 I think I'll bide my time and pen a little rhyme
 Let us drive a little further on down the road....

Yeah my nick name is time bomb
 And pretty soon I'm gonna explode!

MULTIVERSE by Tom Jensen
 The only thing real is this moment
 So get up on it
 And be a proponent

Fuck the trophy for participation
 You want to finish in first place
 At the end of the race?
 With time you'll find

The seeds were already sewn
By you in your mind in the very beginning

The day you stop dreaming
Is the day you stop achieving
And start living down to expectations
With nothing left to believe in

Through the years
Many infidels have raised hell
Trying to make things even
Leaving us in tears
As more victims fell
To some godless heathen

If you visualize grilled cheese
That could lead to world peace
But if you envision a barbeque
That just might be the end of me and you

Once you take control
Over the power within your mind
You can create the best possible version
Of all outcomes desired

SET LIST THREE (3)

- 1 Advice
- 2 F the W
- 3 Another
- 4 the Spot
- 5 Night Light
- 6 the Watcher
- 7 Dance Floor
- 8 Fences
- 9 Stay Big
- 10 Name In Lights
- 11 It Doesn't Matter
- 12 Blank Pages
- 13 the Game

ADVICE

I woke up this morning
Feeling cold and alone
I woke up this morning
After another night at home

All by myself
Sad and alone
All by myself
So I picked up the phone...

Oh won't you please
Give to me
Some good advice
That's right for me

On what to do
With you know who
That's whoever it is
I'm supposed to please

Oh please give to me
Some good advice for
You know all about
My pathetic life

Have a look at me
And tell the truth...
Can I still do all the things
That I wanna do?

Oh look at me and tell the truth...
Am I doing what I was meant to do?

Sometimes there's a little voice
Inside my ear
Whispering words
That I don't wanna hear

A question mark after everything:
It's not just the words I write
But the melody and who sings
Seems to be the story of my life
I keep doing what I think is right

Then get sidetracked by what compels me
Should I do what everybody tells me?

F THE W
I see your face
It looks to me
You need some cheering up

Eyebrows are raised
Hair out of place
Your eyes are tearing up

You've lost your faith
In yourself hey...
You better listen up

Sometimes it seems
They crush your dreams
And THEN that's when life gets tough

I turn frowns
Upside down
And make unhappy people smile

Life gotcha down?
If I'm around
I'll sit and talk with you awhile

I'll share with you
A story or two
From my youth and time will fly...

For today we'll let
Our troubles fade...
Say F the W and let's get high

When we get home...
I'll roll a bone....
And now you're blazed....
Got dry mouth taste...
Let us all give thanks
To that purple haze

For today we'll let
Our troubles fade...
We'll pie your eyes so you don't cry...
We'll have a laugh
Flipping through some funny photographs
Oh how the time goes by

So why be sad?
Angry or mad
When you can look up at the beautiful sky?

ANOTHER
I'm fired up
I've had enough
Of backing down
And getting pushed around

I'm standing tall
I will not fall
I'll be the wrecking ball
Right through your brick wall

I'm rising up through the ashes
Taking names and kicking asses
Finally the tide has turned
And I'm laying claim
to what I deserve

I've waited...
And found waiting brings nothing
Dedicated...
I know I'm bound to find something

Educated...
By both books and streets
Frustrated...
I can neither find nor keep

The love that's been missing
Was there and now it isn't
Was here and then it wasn't
I placed myself above it

Alone and incomplete
I've been lacking inner peace
All I'm really after
Is a good night's sleep

So it's time to find another
Who will be my lover
To make the circle complete

THE SPOT

I got half a tank of gas
And I'm looking for some ass
So I decided to take a drive down town

I know there's girlies by the square
So that's why I'm heading there
Right now...

It's the hippest spot to be
If you want to be seen on the scene
(on the scene)
Be seen on the scene, yeah!

And you know me
That's where I want to be (want to be)
Yeah, that's where I want to be

I like the spotlight
Shining down on me... down on me
For all the world to see

Well I got up to the spot
And every girl I saw was hot
I was craving some affection
From a member of the opposite sex and

I always try to set a good example
For all the other upright mammals
On how business should be handled
Because few can hold a candle

To my legend or my name
Y'all can debate my place in the game...
But to me it's all the same

Destiny don't mean shit to me
I'm leaving hard work as my legacy
And if you are next to me
then it's best to be
Able to look at all things
in this world honestly

The worst lies are the ones
we keep telling ourselves
We keep living in denial
and then no one helps

The heaviest burdens
I've placed on myself
I got my head straight now -
Yeah, I'm back in good health

Life is so much easier when...
You stop fighting yourself
I've stopped fighting myself

Back at the scene
It was a Dionysian dream
And I was determined
To find myself a queen

The journey ahead
has been left undefined
And in this endeavor
it is the treasure that I hope to find

In fact I think I see her now
So I got to go
If she turns out to be the one
Don't say I didn't tell ya so
So here we go...
Oh oh oh oh - Oh

NIGHT LIGHT
Well I believe that I came to you
In pursuit of my search
For truth and light
And that love of life
Can see me through...

Through this on my darkest day
Through this deep haze
Rather than be washed away
By a crushing wave

Reseeding my belief
That hard work pays off some day
All souls can and will be saved
Rather than be led astray

I don't joke when trapped
By a cloud of smoke
Because some people think
That our world is their own ashtray

If we all stop and take
A deep long breath...
(pause)
We can either blow it up
Or blow it all away...

Then we can see the sun
Let the world unite as one
Feeling like children again
Then we can go run off and play
Just like we did back in the day

Prozac people's kids no longer cry
We just hear their sighs
Perhaps that's why I find
That I cry all the time

So rather than just turn my head
And cough in jest
Seeing a big, old, bloody mess
Yes, I guess I must here confess:

Sometimes I don't reveal
When I cry my tears of joy inside
That's when I feel the most alive
It's my bright, nightlight
That I just won't let die...

So once again that's why
 That I believe that I came to you
 In pursuit of my search
 For truth and light
 And that our love of life
 Can see us through...

WATCHER

Hold onto your dreams
 Tonight could be the night
 you fall in love
 Hold onto your dreams
 Remember there is someone
 Watching from above

He sees the picture complete
 There's no need to be discreet
 Never have to worry about defeat
 It's okay to fall down at his feet

The watcher will guide you
 Once you take a look inside you
 The watcher will hide you
 When trouble comes to find you
 He will stand behind you

I've never seen his face
 Never looked into his eyes
 He's never said a word
 Never told me a lie

He was my spirit guide
 Who held me by the hand
 Led me through darkness
 After day had turned to night

Now I'm no longer on my own
 He removed my blindfold
 And showed me to the light

Hold onto your dreams
 Tonight could be the night
 you fall in love
 Hold onto your dreams
 Remember that there is someone
 Watching from above

He sees the picture complete
 There's no need to be discreet
 Never have to worry about defeat
 It's okay to fall down at his feet

I've found my way back home
 Not afraid of the dark...
 Just don't feel the same way I used to

The watcher gave me a spark...
 Lighted this path that leads to you
 The torch has been passed
 Now it is my turn to watch over you

Hold onto your dreams
Tonight could be the night you fall in love
Hold onto your dreams

Remember that there is someone
watching from above
Remember tonight could be the night...
You fall in love

DANCEFLOOR
I been trying to find
A place to call home in my mind
But it's cluttered with all
this useless debris

Pictures, places... things and ideas
They've been trying to sell to me

I been trying to hear
My own voice within my ears...
(I heard a whisper from somewhere)

Amongst all the yelling,
screaming and cryin'
which leads to disbelieving
That's when the
whisper grows silent

I been trying to see
since things aren't bad for me
I should forget the fact
that ignorance kills

Turning my back on any and all ills
That don't slap me in the face
For I... can't save...
the entire human race

Today I'm enjoying myself
Going out to have a good time
This earth won't cease
to spin or exist
If I relax and unwind

Let someone else
Worry about the world
for a while...

Once I thought I was happy
But I've long since lost my smile...

I'd like to rewind time
to find the mindset I had before
Take the train tracks back
to when I lacked
the need to go explore

To when I didn't care
If the whole world
went up in flames

I'd say what can one man do?
 Except point a finger...
 And pass the blame

That's it...
 I've had enough...
 I can't take it anymore

Just a few of these...
 To put my mind at ease...
 I'll meet you on the dance floor

FENCES
 Fences...
 I see more fences
 springing up every day...

There are people
 paid to separate people
 Who are lining up
 to stand in the way

Of the profits of the prophets
 Who create the media slaves, yeah
 Who dictate who gets to divide the riches
 Who gets to go diving with the fishes
 And who gets to migrate and escape
 Before it gets to be too late

Fences...
 I see more fences
 springing up every day...
 Forcing us to choose sides
 In this great divide
 Between the people and the state

This state of confusion
 A perpetual illusion
 Of entertainment, sex,
 death, of who's next,
 Of celebrity, sport, fear and hate

Like me you want to get away
 Want to find yourself
 some kind of inner wealth
 A reason to carry on
 My dearest one
 A reason to stay awake

Fences...
 I see more fences
 springing up everyday
 Seems all those in line
 Are blind to the times
 Either wearing rose-colored glasses
 Or being kept in the shade

The trees are tall
 when you follow
 every letter of the law
 Straight to the 'T'
 And yet fundamentally disagree

Failing to fully appreciate
the fact that fences
When used as defenses
are completely senseless
Especially when humans
are turned into machines

I see power serving power
I see snipers in the tower
I see the faces of the crying
I see truth from people dying

I see walls that keeps getting higher
I see more kindling being thrown on the fire
I see people scared and losing faith
And not being able to think straight

Fences...I see more fences...
Springing up everyday

STAY BIG
My hate is filled with heart
My blood is in my art
My tears blotch out the page
This ink confines my rage

Sometimes I'm not myself
Fuck you go fuck yourself!
Hell yes I fake Tourette's
Have fun no one's upset

Create the world you seek
With eyes and style unique
Arise brand new each day
Play hard or else don't play

I frame it
I hang it
I put it up for sale

I make it
I take it
Because I know they'll

Always come back for more
When they know
what they're looking for
It sure is fun to go explore
Who wouldn't wanna be out on tour?

I'm making my living
With no fucks given
Standing around the corner
There's a line full of women

All waiting for the star – of the show
All wondering where you are –
they wanna know

Oh where could he be hiding?
 What kinda car will he ride in?
 It must be so exciting
 Pick a party you're invited

Everybody wants to know
 what you're saying
 Anybody you wanna bed
 we know you're laying

You got every card in your pocket
 you could play, kid
 There's no way you're gonna fade
 you gonna stay big!

NAME IN LIGHTS
 When you put it on the poster
 The shorter the name
 The bigger the print

You're knee deep in posers
 Your name in lights
 You hit the bigs, yeah

They say there's bullets
 flying down Broadway
 But you haven't yet heard the news...
 You just got to have your piece of cake
 And now you want to eat it, too

You wanna be the next Bobby Dylan
 Oh, today it's Johnny Cash
 I could tell by your cool sun glasses
 Looks like you lost your funny hat

You say your sound's original
 I've never heard nothing quite like that
 Well I've been around a long time my boy
 And I've got just one question
 that I'd like to ask...

You're knee deep in posers
 Your name in lights
 You hit the bigs, yeah

But what happens when you're exposed
 By both the paparazzi
 And the pigs...oh!

Will you still say:
 You love your life with all the stuff
 You got because of what you said and did?

Or will you finally
 See the light and make right
 For all the crimes that you commit?

When you put it on the poster
 The shorter the name
 The bigger the print

You're knee deep in posers
Your name in lights
You hit the bigs, yeah

They say there's bullets
flying down Broadway
But you haven't yet heard the news...
You just got to have your piece of cake
And now you want to eat it, too

IT DOESN'T MATTER
I know there's lyrics being sang
I hear the music in my head
And yet I cannot understand
Exactly what is being said

For it seems like nothing
but busy noise
More sounds coming from
the under employed

Just like children laughing
while they're playing
With the empty boxes
of all their toys

Ain't that the way it goes?
You just like the beat...
You start tapping your toes

Without any time to think
A beautiful stranger
Pulls you up to your feet
After a wink you drop your drink

And now there's no place to retreat
With the speakers pumping
Something new into your system
You don't know the words
But you can feel the rhythm

It doesn't matter
It doesn't matter
It doesn't matter

Whether it's the chorus
or the bridge
If they all tell the truth
Or if they are hypocrites

As long as they keep
knocking out hits
You'll be out there all night
Shaking your t....
um... hips

And you're not the only one
That's what makes

BLANK PAGES

My life's work has been handed to me
 Placed beneath my feet is a book
 filled with blank pages
 It is up to me what to fill the book with
 I must write carefully not to make any mistakes

Sometimes I rush and choose the wrong words
 "Love" when I write of "lust"
 "Maybe" when I mean "no"
 I try to correct my mistakes but I cannot erase
 Only cross out and begin writing again
 Beginning where I left off

I dream of rewriting chapters upon chapters
 Only to come to understand the finality
 of what is once written
 Can never be withdrawn
 I reread and study
 Desperately trying become a better writer
 But learning takes mistakes
 And only practice makes perfect

Who knows what the coming chapters will include
 Maybe you, maybe not
 But I will not stop writing
 until I find the perfect ending
 And I will not leave any pages blank

GAME

The coach called my number
 So I stepped up to the plate
 The pitcher threw the ball
 But I swung too late

Two strikes left
 I'm down in the count
 I know I can't give up
 As I hear the fans shout

Again the pitcher threw the ball
 After he checked the sign
 A ball way outside
 But the empire is blind
 He called strike two...
 As the catcher smiled

Now I'm down and out
 Swinging at anything that comes
 It's the bottom of the ninth
 And we need a home run

Now the pitcher does
 What he has to do
 He threw another pitch
 And I swung right through

Now he's jumping up
 With his fists tightly clenched
 As I put my head down
 Walking on back to the bench

Time for the winners and the losers
To each go their separate ways
We both had our chances
In the game we just played

Time to clear my ears
Of all their constant ringing
But I took my shot
At least I went down swinging

As the stadium quiets down
After the outcome
has been revealed

Everybody leaves the park
There's only grass left on the field

Just my luck
The clouds begin to rain

But as I scratch my head
I remember that tomorrow
There will be another game

SET LIST FOUR (4)

- 1 Married To Something Else
- 2 Watering the Weeds
- 3 Rest In Peace
- 4 Downward Spiral
- 5 Rat Park
- 6 Rehab
- 7 Something In My Genes
- 8 Alcohol
- 9 Empty Bottle
- 10 My Best Friends
- 11 Old Friends
- 12 Let Me Live the Dream

MARRIED TO SOMETHING ELSE

You watch him come stumbling through the door
Find yourself wondering if you can take it anymore
The wedding ring bonds until death does part
But what's on your finger is not in your heart

After ten years it's still the same
While the love is gone
The smell of whiskey still remains

You know you can't let him drag you down
That's why some nights you live in another town
You dream of a future where you are free
Maybe it just wasn't meant to be

You stare at the door until he comes home
Thinking your happiest days are spent alone
Its tugging at your heart it replays in your mind
When he's sober he's one of a kind
But that only happens about half of the time

After ten years it's still the same
While the love is gone
The smell of whiskey still remains

You know you can't let him drag you down
 That's why some nights you live in another town
 You dream of a future where you are free
 Maybe it just wasn't meant to be

It's never too late for another start
 Age doesn't matter when it concerns the heart
 You know you can't let him drag you down
 That's why some nights you live in another town
 You dream of a future where you are free
 Maybe it just wasn't meant to be

It's time to say your peace and pray a little prayer
 To hope he'll make it on his own when you're not there
 Then maybe he'll take a look down inside himself
 And realize he's married to something else....

WATERING THE WEEDS

There are no more secrets
 No more trying to hide what you know is true
 And you better believe it
 There's no more denying to yourself
 No use left in lying to everybody else
 Self-crucifying...that's exactly what you do
 Jesus Christ!
 Yeah, he did it, too

What game is left to play?
 When you can't play pretend?
 Just what do you say?
 When you know it's the end?

This crippling disease has taken its toll
 Will never heal, can never mend
 Will never be whole
 No escaping the demons that have taken control
 Show me a man who has lost his strength
 I'll show you a man who has lost his soul
 And once you've lost the love
 Then that's the end...it's time to go

While you've been praying for salvation
 I've been thinking about
 All the time you've been wasting

Seems this madness never stops
 In your mind you flip then flop
 Riding a broken down Merry-Go-Round
 Wondering when you're gonna get off?

When will you realize that...
 We've all just one life to live
 You've got your fingers and your toes
 In the cracks of the dam
 As you find you're running out of hands
 And it's still leaking like a sieve
 You had better back away
 'Cause pretty soon something's gonna give

When will you realize that...
 You're better off alone
 You can't get blood from a stone

When's he coming home?
Don't you think that's a bit too soon?
You truly are your mother's child
If you believe this rose is going to bloom

Perhaps it's time to grab the weed wacker
For your little secrets can stab like jabbing thorns
Like how many times he's really smacked ya
There are no excuses left for you to use
By now you know that you've been warned

Time to turn off the hose
And stop watering the weeds
There's already few too many flowers
Is this what the world really needs?

REST IN PEACE

When the flames rose up
I watched my house burn down
As everything I had
Lay smoldering on the ground

Yet I wasn't sad
For me and my cats got out
But I got this sinking feeling
That there was something else....

I walked over to the lawn
Began rummaging around
That's when I remembered
My ears didn't hear the sound

Of a piercing shriek
Yelling at me to wipe my feet
Saying wash your hands twice
Before you come touching me...

Oooooh.....
that's right.....
Oooops....
she must have been asleep...

So when someone asks me,
"How's my wife?"
I say, "May she rest in peace"

DOWNWARD SPIRAL

I've got something on my mind
so I better just say it
I hear the music in my heart
but I just can't play it
I feel good inside but I can't explain it

I don't mind when people cry
I don't mind when it's raining
I don't mind when most people die
At least they stop their complaining

I've been led by many people, places and things
There's just so much out there in which to believe

I've loved many people and then
 had to cut my strings
 Just to end up watching
 each of them leave

Have to go and plant another seed
 Go and find something to fill the void
 For idle time is the devil's toy
 For sometimes being alone
 Is worse than being unemployed

Sometimes you're Siegfried
 Sometimes you're the tiger
 And sometimes you're Roy

High above
 An angel cries
 And down below
 Even storms have eyes
 What grows in me
 I now despise
 Deep inside
 another man dies

Blood clot.....
 Gunshot
 It's all the same
 Heartache.....
 A big mistake
 Just part of the game

Weeds growing wild
 A saddened child
 Just who is to blame?
 Another birthday cake
 Wear black at the wake
 We're so glad you came

It's a vicious cycle
 You better stay on your toes
 It's a downward spiral
 It comes and goes...

RAT PARK
 Like the town witch on fire
 I've become a social pariah
 I have lost my desire
 To climb up any higher

There's an energy vampire
 Now standing right beside ya
 There's lots to know that you can't see
 Until you crack the code
 or else find the key

I was in rough shape
 Looking for an escape
 Started feeling sick
 Must be time to get fixed

Look inside to see what's broken
Hoping it's not a hopeless situation
And that I really am worth saving

Since coping is not coping
When stopping isn't an option
Oh how can I regain my focus?

It seems we cling to our vices
In major times of crisis
And when we're feeling isolated
Day by day we're being sedated

In a state of constant bereavement
Because we've failed to have our needs met
Hence our only sense of achievement
Is when we depart this world and leave it

Often it is fleeting and lost after a moment
Though you're taking a beating
you try your best not to show it

It was when my world was dark
I made some friends at rat park
They said that I could stay there
That there were lots of fun games to play there

In lofts, down slides and on wheels we play
Oh no more boring lonely days
I've been growing stronger no longer do I crave
Of thinking, drinking or sleeping away the day

Yeah, some get lost and some get saved
Others find themselves getting thrown away
Some are still searching even after all these days
You either make your escape or become one with the maze

Remember if God grants wishes
To all those who kneel and pray
That means that somewhere there's
A fallen angel waiting to have his day

REHAB
Sometimes I need a good talking to
To set my mind at ease
It's not always good for you
Doing just what you please

When the door is locked
You just need the right keys
Stop peaking through the keyhole
Get up off your knees

Just a glimpse of the whole
Will never do
With the door barred and chained
It's so hard to get through

Like a deer in headlights
Your feet stick like glue
Denial is just another lie
That you believe is true

Yeah...
I've been sedated
My head played with
Medicated
Regulated
And every word they said dictated
I've been questioned and I stated
That everything good I had I've traded
With every step I've walked been baited
A life like mine you begin to hate it

Well, the doctor's in
And he'll take your money
Then when you're not looking
He'll call you funny...
Names behind your back

The nurses are in on it I got a hunch
See their crooked smiles
While they're serving lunch....
Their white gowns
Should be striped with black

You gotta pay the bills
That'll pay for all the pills
They say will cure your ills
While they're raking in the mils

They locked him in the closet
And then they lost the key
Twenty years later
When they finally found it
They finally set him free

Though he looked much older
He looked okay to me
Though he acted much colder
Like we all expected him to be

Rehab - you never come out
The way you came in
Rehab - Get drunk off words
When they take your gin
Rehab - You'll never be the same
Rehab - you'll never go there again

When he gets home he has a drink
Passes out at the kitchen sink
Though his liver's fine his mind is bloated
Just one drink and his head exploded

Rehab - you never come out
The way you came in
Rehab - Get drunk off words
When they take your gin
Rehab - You'll never be the same
Rehab - you'll never go there again

SOMETHING IN MY GENES

I've got the life juice
Flowing inside me...
Sometimes
Other times
It's been denied from me

I think that depression
Is starting to kick in
Gotta find myself a room
And get checked in...
Quick!

Gotta get it together
Or else just keep on getting sick
Boy I'm in the mix
Into getting my fix
Fu\$% being rich!
I'm just another hypocrite
Who talks and talks
But it's just more sh\$%

So you learn to live with it
Become a walking regret
Or else a song-writing poet
Boy life sucks
Don't you know it?

I'm a druggie
I'm an alki
I'm a nicotine fiend

I'm a loser
An abuser
Do you know what I mean?

What I've done
Can't be undone
Oh, the things I've seen

This monkey on my back weighs a ton
A weight so heavy I cannot out run
There must be something in my genes

This monkey on my back weighs a ton
A weight so heavy I cannot out run
There's always something in my jeans

Just as the sun comes up
My head goes down
I pick up the paper
And then I put it down

I may waste my life
But at least it's just my own
You won't read about
Any killing sprees from me
When you get home

I may be on page fifty-six
 Another kid, another lesson
 Another druggie looking for his fix
 Wrong place, wrong time
 Got bagged for possession

In the home of the brave
 And the land of the free
 You get to choose
 Your own obsession

I'm a druggie
 I'm an alki
 I'm a nicotine fiend

I'm a loser
 An abuser
 Do you know what I mean?

What I've done
 Can't be undone
 Oh, the things I've seen

I've always got something
 To write about
 I always find myself in a tunnel
 In which I can't get out

As the light keeps getting
 Dimmer in the distance

Every night I'm on the card
 For the heavyweight bout
 I once was strong
 But now I'm beginning
 To have my doubts

I think I may be in need
 Of some assistance

ALCOHOL

I am a victim though I feel like a hero
 You make me feel like number one yet I'm a zero
 All this you put me through and still I go back to you
 What is wrong with me? Why can't you let me be?

I saw you once and then I saw you twice
 Now I see you all the time
 When everything is said and done
 I'm the one who pays the price
 You never treated me kind

I had to descend from the highest mountains
 Just to come back to earth
 I climbed up the slopes of the valleys
 For what any of it is worth

Still I come back to you after all that you put me through
 You and I walked hand in hand and I picked you up when you fell
 I thought you were my ticket to heaven and still I landed here in hell

Our conversations were one-sided...I never tried to hide it
You've never given me good advice
Still I come back to you
When everything is said and done... I'm the one who pays the price

Every time I try to stay away you cross my path nearly everyday
I fight so hard to walk a straight line
I fight so hard to leave you behind
Once false step and I'm back again and no further on then where I began
Still I come back to you after all that you put me through

What is wrong with me? Why won't you let me be?

EMPTY BOTTLE

I know you're thinking
Pondering tomorrow
I finally quit drinking
Drowning in my sorrow
Saved myself from sinking
I put down the bottle
When it started leaking
Some things you only borrow
So I know what you're seeking
Who do you lead...whom do you follow?
We both know of what I'm speaking
What do you need and what is hollow?
Do you see your reflection
In an empty bottle?

You don't know where you're going
Only God knows where you've been
But the river keeps on flowing
And the part of you unknowing
Always goes wading on in

Signs read danger, don't fall in
Or you don't know the trouble you're in
Water so sweet it tastes just like gin
Take a dip and be baptized
In the pool of sin

Yet this path you walk
Wasn't chosen all on your own
As the thoughts you think are so deceiving
Everyday drifting farther from home
Now you regret the day you thought of leaving

The hard stuff's in the freezer
The 30 pack's in the fridge
The troubles of the world are building
Which way to the bridge?

You don't know where you're going
Only God knows where you've been
But the river keeps on flowing
And the part of you unknowing
Always goes wading on in

Signs read danger, don't fall in
 Or you don't know the trouble you're in
 Water so sweet it tastes just like gin
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 I put down the bottle
 When it started leaking
 Some things you only borrow
 So I know what you're seeking
 Who do you lead...whom do you follow?
 We both know of what I'm speaking
 What do you need and what is hollow?
 Do you see your reflection
 In an empty bottle?

MY BEST FRIENDS

One day at a time
 Step by step
 Suck toxins down
 With every breath

In my time of weakness
 I was never all alone
 I despise the day
 Tobacco seeds were sewn

Hand in hand
 Right by my side
 And when we went
 Our separate ways
 A part of me died

My twenty little friends
 Though small in size
 Became my foes
 Whom I now despise

When the truth is clear
 They kill you slow
 There's no pleading ignorance
 When everybody knows

OLD FRIENDS

It looks like
 I'm stuck inside the house again
 Because I said goodbye
 To all of my party friends

Going straight
 can be so tough
 When I'm alone
 it's especially rough

That is why I write for you
It really kills the time thinking up rhymes
After all that I've been through
If you listen up then I can save you some time

I've written stoned
I've written sauced
But I had trouble
Getting my point across

While trying to find myself
I often got lost
But with the devil gone
Now I'm the boss

The liquor store's
It's still open
My dealer
He's still smokin'
Only one call away
I could ease my mind
Get a little number
That's why I took his number
And I threw it away
Before I throw it all away

Girls who've been with me
They always forced me to choose
Now every one of them is history
And I'm the one left singing the blues

Anytime I hear about old friends
It's only been bad news
Something like, "Hey, he's in jail"
"Can I borrow some money for bail?"

I'd ask how he got there
They answered the cops found all the clues

The men in blue arrived at his house...
And started asking questions
Smelled something funny...
So he got bagged for possession

When he goes to church
He should ask god for repentance
The last time he got called into the station
Judge gave him probation
With a two-year suspended sentence

The list goes on and on
And it keeps getting worse
All my friends are hexed
I had to cross my name
Off of the list
Before I was next

For this black cloud hanging over me
 It'll follow me for two years
 Before I am free
 And if my probation officer I don't see
 I'll sleep for the next six months
 Inside a correctional facility

LET ME LIVE THE DREAM

I woke up... My mind was racing
 When my feet hit the floor... they soon started pacing
 Craving the apple I was once tasting
 Footsteps to the past I began retracing
 Running from old enemies I once was facing
 All the while believing I was escaping

I never show my weakness even when I am breaking up inside
 The only thing stronger than my ego is my foolish sense of pride

Sometimes I sacrifice all I've made
 To live within a lie
 The only cross to which I'm bound
 Is burning me alive

Oh my, my, my, my... let me live the dream
 Of escaping the demons... alive and unseen

From the blaring whispers of compulsion
 Very few mortals can hide
 Freedom is just another word for failure
 For all those who have lost when they've tried

For the key to unlocking the mind is different
 To each be them young or old
 In trying to reach what they're searching for
 Yet have never been able to hold

Oh my, my, my, my... let me live the dream
 Of escaping the demons... alive and unseen

I tried staying with my own kind
 I tried swimming within my own mind
 But so slowly the path unwinds
 Though I keep following what I hope to find
 Even when life looks grave as you're running out of time

Could reality ever match my dream?
 Will this nightmare ever end?
 Will a new day ever begin?
 Can I learn to make myself whole again?
 To live without and change within?

Oh my, my, my, my...
 let me live the dream
 Of escaping the demons...
 alive and unseen

Out of sight can mean out of mind
 Yet what I am running from is never far behind
 Once distant memories now mirror the present
 As the shadowless clock has stopped telling time

No, you can't escape the voices
Echoing inside of your ear
As thoughts become desires
Speaking all too loud and clear

Although you may bow your head
While pretending not to hear
When the calming silence is gone
You know what is there

Oh my, my, my, my...
let me live the dream
Of escaping the demons...
alive and unseen

SET LIST FIVE (5)

- 1 Mic Drop
- 2 One Night Stan
- 3 Meet Michael Hawk
- 4 There It Goes
- 5 Living Large
- 6 No Thanks Babe
- 7 Look Her Up
- 8 Hideaway
- 9 In a Jiffy
- 10 Fifty Ways
- 11 She Don't Cum Easy
- 12 Cinnabon Girl

MIC DROP

In I walk
You hear the mic drop
Even the hands of the clock stop
All the fans in stands knees knock

Once rhymes start dropping there's no stopping
Girls kicking their knickers and panties off
As seats are getting wet from where it's soft like cotton

The chicks with a flick of their wrists
Are lingerie tossing
We be G-string flossing
The floozies are using my sausage as a lozenge
Then I asked if salad tossing is an option

We all know I come with extra dressing
'Cause I'm flexing and not stressing
But just to get that much flesh in
There is bound to be some messing

It will get down and dirty
If she's flirty and under thirty
Hope you're thirsty is she gets squirty

Look now we're all sweaty 'cause she's ready
to have you and your best friend
to put it in and take it out

Now her mouth
 Now her spout
 Now her mouth
 Now her spout
 And now...
 BABY PULL IT OUT!

Must be time to console
 Oops...went in the wrong hole
 (But it wasn't REALLY the wrong hole)

Yeah, guys know...
 (stop look around)
 Hey, any bi's blow?
 I still get good wood on the fast ball!
 Yes, I'll fuck trannys who are passable
 Go ahead...Make my day!
 And lick my balls and @sshole!

ONE NIGHT STAN
 Well I'm going out tonight
 And I look 'aight
 It's time to give the ladies hell
 We'll catch one under our spell

And then maybe take her home
 You know I love to bone!
 The next morning I'll drop her off
 And never call her on the phone

You can call me 'one night Stan'
 Hey baby, I'm YOUR man!
 Let's have a little fling
 Who get the girls to sing?

And as you're calling out my name
 We'll get this kitten tamed
 I'll give you the best day of your life
 Then sneak out in the middle of the night

Yeah, you get just one day then I'm afraid
 I'll have to go star on another stage
 Today it's ALL the rage
 So don't feel like YOU'VE been played

They call me 'wrong number Bill'
 Hey baby come and get your fill!

They call me 'long gone John'
 It may not be right...
 But you can't tell me that it's wrong!

MEET MICHAEL HAWK
 I called up this girl who
 was going to see me tonight
 She told me she was going to
 a play with Michael Hawk...

Have you ever
met Michael Hawk?
I heard all his friends
call him Mike
He's real friendly with the ladies
There's something
about him they all like

Have you ever
met Michael Hawk?
He's what they call
a real standup guy
He is over
six feet tall
And almost two feet wide

Michael Hawk might look
a little strange to you
Because his head is purple
His belly is white
And his feet are blue

He's a memorable man
that Michael Hawk...
He always leans when he walks
He only wears one sock
And he never, ever talks

All the girls fall in love
with Michael Hawk
They say he'll fit you
like a glove
that Michael Hawk
And that no man rises above
Michael Hawk
Yes, he's very well
thought of that
Michael Hawk

Come along with
Michael Hawk
Won't you dance
with Michael Hawk?
Hum a song to
Michael Hawk
Wrap your hands
around Michael Hawk

But never laugh
at Michael Hawk
And never turn your back on
Michael Hawk
Or you might get
slapped by Michael Hawk
For he's very rash
that Michael Hawk

Have him for breakfast
 Michael Hawk
 Make him supper
 Michael Hawk
 Introduce him to your
 sister and mother
 Michael Hawk
 But not your father or brother
 Michael Hawk

He reminds me of a pirate,
 Michael Hawk
 For he's only got one good eye
 He's made many girls go blind
 Other girls quiver
 and other girls cry

If you ever come across
 Michael Hawk
 Don't hesitate to
 give him a kiss
 Just so long
 as you don't mind
 The slight taste
 of salt upon your lips

THERE IT GOES
 Ninety nine percent of my time is spent alone
 And I give the one percent to the fucking hoes

I'm good for dick and not much else
 I have a hard time controlling myself

Those that I love I hurt the most
 In time you'll find I've become a ghost

You think you see me
 I'm not really there
 Behind my fake concern
 I don't really care

Ninety nine percent of my time is spent alone
 And I give the one percent to the fucking hoes

She turns a trick
 Well that's a treat
 We get a room
 Take her off the street

Hey babe
 How 'bout breakfast in bed
 Could you give me a hand?
 And maybe some head

Ninety nine percent of my time is spent alone
 And I give the one percent to the fucking hoes

Some have a job
 And others have a hobby
 I got an excuse to leave
 When hard gets floppy

I leave 'em hot
And I leave 'em soggy
I leave 'em cold
With no, "I'm sorry"

Ninety nine percent of my time is spent alone
And I give the one percent to the fucking hoes

You better get it while you can...
And there it goes

LIVING LARGE
When my fat girl winked at me
I smiled back Immediately

'Cause I've learned to
like 'em you see
hefty, chunky,
bumpy and large

You know when obesity
Comes running towards me
You know I don't stray far
Oh yeah...oh yeah....
I've grown to love 'em large

Sure she's got some
pie on the thigh
And some rack on the lamb
But at least I found someone
Who loves me for who I am...

Sure she may sag a bed
Or perhaps maybe
even bend a chair

But it's really good
for your head
To know she'll
always be there...

Sure, she's got more
than just one chin
And the girth of
two full-grown men

But she's become
the center of my earth
Not because of
gravity but because
I know what true
love is worth...

It's not weighed by
pounds of the flesh
Yet it's so rare that
Two people mesh

Sure, she fell on me
the last time we hugged
That's not how or why
I got sucked into the
belly button of love...

I just felt so cozy
so safe, so warm
And well-protected from
all of this world's harm

So now I live here in this place
Living off the
crumbs and gravy
that runs down
The sides of her face...

Sure, when she sits
she somehow expands
But we were meant
to become one
in God's great big plan

Because I finally found a girl
Who loves me for all that I am

So when my fat girl winked at me
I smiled back immediately

'Cause I've learned to
love 'em you see
hefty, chunky, bumpy and large

You know when obesity
Comes running towards me
You know I don't stray far
Oh yeah...oh yeah....
I've grown to love 'em large

Oh yeah...oh yeah....
I've grown to love 'em large

NO THANKS BABE
I said no thanks babe
No I don't want that
If you end up looking like your mamma
That'll be too damn fat

I'm not looking for a one-night stand
I'm looking for a wife
Not looking to just share my bed
Looking to share my whole life

It's not easy
chopping down family trees
They call me the gardener
when I'm raking up your leaves

How many men
have you been with?
Any history of disease?
I need to know it all
So answer if you please

LOOK HER UP
You fell in love
But she wasn't a ten
Now you're wondering
What if you went back again...

Would you look her up
Just to f*ck her hot friend?
Yeah, that's the question
Most asked amongst men

Some live to run themselves
Straight through the ringer
Keep falling in love
With all these unplugged singers

When they've already heard the story
As we count the fallen seeking glory

HIDEAWAY
Digging ditches by the side of the road – yeah
Two trains are coming and they're overloaded – oh no
The bomb went off there was a giant explosion
Lots of things got lost amidst the commotion

Lots of people changed and it wasn't for the better
"Every man for himself!" they all cried together

Yeah roll, duck and cover
Is a real mother fucker
When the room's on fire
And you're the burning tire

This scene that you're seeing
Makes you feel so out of being
Leaves wondering if you'll ever be the same?

It's been a devil of a day
And you haven't yet escaped
You'll be lucky if you get home with your name

Often times when I'm touring
I find myself exploring
New people, places, things and states of mind

Oh... so why would I be lonely
When there's so much you could show me
You know that we could take a trip at any time...

Yeah, I'm right here
But I'm willing to disappear
We could find ourselves a little hideaway...

I know you're husband's out of town
And he won't be coming 'round
You know we could sure have ourselves a day...

Well, mamma said yes
 Just like I guessed
 So we proceeded on our way

To the traveler's inn down town
 Where we could lay ourselves down
 And have a cozy little stay

Well we were walking from car
 A boy yelled, "Mommy, there you are!"
 I felt her let go of my hand right away

Little boy and mommy looked surprised
 Both looked at me with great big eyes
 And I said, "Hi, my name is Dave and I'm gay."

IN A JIFFY

She had a reputation for repetition
 Yeah, lots of guys got what they were wishing
 Easier than going fishing
 Boy, you ain't kidding
 Like one-string fiddling
 Or perhaps burning kindling
 When two hands start fondling
 So quickly she's responding

There's a party in her pants
 And I was that night's guest of honor
 Though I didn't really want her
 Even though she's hotter than fire
 With her eyes filled with desire
 I shoulda took my worm off the hook
 And walked away from the water

Because lately I've been being haunted
 By an unwanted and unfading memory
 Two pictures taken for someone else
 For some reason I ended up getting them
 I got them all to myself

Yeah, those, and a thong are all that she left me
 Well, that and a couple of songs
 And now that she has gone
 I guess I'm getting along
 But it still feels a little wrong
 That's she's on her way back to Taiwan
 And now I'm back to hitting on my bong

For you see she left me in a jiffy
 After giving me a stiffy
 I ended up getting one last quicky
 And then she was history
 She said that she had to go
 She had to go and unlock the mystery
 I said if these walls could talk
 Then we'd both be the talk of the century
 She said if these walls could talk
 Then we'd both be in the penitentiary

To which I replied that all depends
On who's sitting on the jury
She believed that we'd go free
If she could do to them
What she had done to me

Well I guess by now you see
Why she's able to be walking down the street
And why when it comes to me
They're bringing the heat
'Cause when she got down on her knees
I was still standing on my feet
Because you see...

She had a reputation for repetition
Yeah, lots of guys got what they were wishing
Easier than going fishing
Boy, you ain't kidding
Like one-string fiddling
Or perhaps burning kindling
When two hands start fondling
So quickly she's responding

There's a party in her pants
And I was that night's guest of honor
Though I didn't really want her
Even though she's hotter than fire
With her eyes filled with desire
I shoulda took my worm off the hook
And walked away from the water
If she ever had a kid
The whole block could be the father

FIFTY WAYS (Spoof of FIFTY WAYS TO LEAVE YOUR LOVER)

The problem is he gets no head not a sniff of pussy
The answer is easy if you take advice from me
I can help you make it big your little, little peter
There must be fifty ways to fuck your lover

He said he got no courage around the girls
So they don't open their shells, don't give up their pearls
I say if you want the sex then just be direct
There must be fifty ways to fuck your lover, fifty ways to fuck your lover

Put a bag over head Ted
Make sure she's on the pill Bill
Just whip out your dick Nick
Ride her like a bike Mike

Do her doggy style Kyle
Hit her from the back Jack
Play her like a toy Roy
Go and slip it in Vin

Give her a spank Frank
Stick it right between her lips Chip
Tell her jump on John
How about sharing Aaron

Tell her right now gimme Jimmy
 Watch out for a quiffs Keith
 Go dive in the gorge George
 Give her your all Paul

You better make her moan Ramon
 Drop the bomb Tom
 Measure her by the meter Peter
 Get it nice and sweaty Eddie

Look out for the puss Russ
 Whip out your meat Pete
 Give it a shave Dave
 Grab her two knobs Bob

I wanna hear her squeal Neal
 Rub it on her hymen Simon
 Go for the cherry theft Jeff
 Make sure it's bleeding Stephen

Ask her to free Willy Billy
 Shoot a wad Rod
 Try not to turn her gay Ray
 Don't be a homo so go for the blow Mo

Play homerun derby and give her the bat Matt
 Do her in the dark Mark
 Watch out for the smell Mel
 Turn her black and blue Lou

Don't make her beg Greg
 Play Adam and Eve Steve
 Lift up her shirt Kurt

Make her your bitch Rich
 Try for the whole fist Chris
 Make sure it's clean Dean
 Don't be a dad Brad

Get her wet and hot Scott
 Make her panties sticky Rickey
 Never settle for a hug Doug
 Go taste some candy Andy

Let her ride the bologny pony Tony
 Unbutton her pants Lance
 Just give her a good fuck Chuck
 You don't have to discuss much...

He said he was impressed and he'd see how it goes
 Now that he'd seen just how to pimp the hoes
 If you're a player know a player plays for there must be fifty ways

He said with this new insight he was sure to score tonight
 Later on when I saw him with a lady I knew that he was right
 In the morning we'll have to check her pillow to see if she bites
 There must be fifty ways to lick your lover,
 And fifty guys who met your mother!

Ha ha ha ha ha ha...

SHE DON'T COME EASY (spoof of IT DON'T COME EASY)

One, two,
One, two, three, four!

She don't cum easy
You know she don't cum easy
You've asked a lot of dudes who've said that it's the truth
Now you know she don't cum easy

You can open up your mouth and stick your tongue way out
But you'll just get claustrophobic and queasy

Spread those legs apart
Let's cum together
She said but before you even start
I want you to know that I've had better...

It don't matter if you're gonna fuck or if you lick and suck
We all know she don't cum easy
She'll stack 'em side by side lined up in rows of five
Asking, "Who'll be the one to please me?"

Wet... that pussy is what you want to make it
Sure, she's lied to other guys
Look her in the eyes and watch out that she don't fake it

You've asked a lot of dudes who've said that it's the truth
Now you know she don't cum easy

You can open up your mouth and stick your tongue way out
But you'll just get claustrophobic and queasy

Wet... that pussy is what you want to make it
Sure, she's lied to other guys
Look her in the eyes and watch out that she don't fake it

It don't matter if you're gonna fuck or if you lick and suck
We all know she don't cum easy
She'll stack 'em side by side lined up in rows of five
Asking, "Who'll be the one to please me?"

CINNABON GIRL (spoof of CINNAMON GIRL)

I fell in love with a Cinnabon Girl
When she reached in with her nub
And gave my foam latte a swirl
My Cinnabon Girl

She drank cream from the pitcher
Stole all the butter in sight
And when she called me her pecan
It was to my delight
My Cinnabon Girl

Six sticky buns for here
At least two more to go
And throw in a cup of glaze
Because you just never know

With a Cinnabon girl
She looked at me
Like I had pies in my eyes
I whispered in her ear

"For you it's a la mode, my dear"
To my Cinnabon Girl

I ordered three vanilla crullers
She made 'em disappear
My eyes grew wide
I can't say how ...
I can only say where

But, it was the last croissant
Which we both did want
So we got into a fight...

Now it seems like nothing's right
Right!!!
Right!
Right?

I fell in love with a Cinnabon Girl
When she reached in with her nub
And gave my foam latte a swirl
My Cinnabon Girl

SET LIST SIX (6)

- 1 Expired (beginning part)
- 2 Face To Face
- 3 Cry Me a River
- 4 Nothing At All
- 5 Matches To Burn
- 6 Heart Strings
- 7 Endless Chorus
- 8 Nameless
- 9 Below Zero
- 10 Lament
- 11 He Said She Said
- 12 Half Told
- 13 Jewelry Box

EXPIRED

I am hoping it's not true
But our time may have expired
Sure I still sing for you
But lacking passion, lacking fire

Or at least not like I used to
I won't lie I'm not a liar
My eyes still like looking at you
Oh -- but now I closed them
when I get tired

FACE TO FACE

You can run and you can hide
But I know your face
It always shows
That you can't lie...

So I don't call you
On the phone
And now you know
The reason why...

I read your letters
So full of love
You tell me I'm the one
That you're thinking of

Yet I know your gift
When it comes to the pen
As I think to myself
You're at it again

One line leads to another line
One lie leads to another lie
I know all the walls
You use to hide behind -
It's true

So I wait outside your place
To meet and greet you face-to-face
So I know whether to cry or laugh
When I look back
at all those paragraphs –
From you

As I think back to all
the things you've said
For I long to know
what's really inside your head

What you're thinking to yourself
and also about me
When you say that destiny
is what we were meant to be

Together and forever
for it was written in the stars
Yes, this is the true you
and this is what you really are

Or whether this is just another plot
and I am just your toy
Am I really your man
or just a silly little boy?

CRY ME A RIVER
Cry me a river...
Ten miles wide
Your warm tears will never
Send a shiver...
Up and down my spine

Cry me a river...
Then let me know
when you are through
Of everything that
you promised
Nothing was delivered
When you don't feel as if you're one
Then you should go back to being two

Cry me a river...
And then please won't you paddle away?
I've grown tired of sitting in the dark

Watching the clock
 Trying to smile all the while...
 I'm waiting for you

I would have put you first
 If you put me anywhere but last
 Yet as our time in life is slipping
 Such time you lose too fast

The time for chasing rainbows
 Is now as distant as the stars
 Through the mountains you've traversed
 You have discovered who you are

You bruise when you bleed
 Accept this fact as fate
 You know now what you need
 For him it's now too late

You would have put him first
 If he put you anywhere but last
 But as you toasted to the New Year
 Broken shattered glass

You would have shown him love
 Had he given you a wink
 You would have filled his cup with wine
 Had he asked you for a drink

To the sparkling gleam in his eye
 You've since become blind
 Now this is all you can think of
 Whenever he enters your mind:

Cry me a river...
 Ten miles wide
 Your warm tears will never again
 send a shiver...
 Up and down my spine

Cry me a river...
 And then let me know
 when you are through
 Of everything that was once promised
 Nothing was delivered
 When you don't feel as if you're one
 then you should go back to being two

NOTHING AT ALL
 You walked up to me
 With my clothes in your hands
 We had a conversation about things
 Only I could understand

Not a tear I did see
 For I kept my eyes closed
 The way in which I feel
 I'm the only one who knows

You begged and pleaded from your knees
 Every other word I heard was please
 Please don't you go away

Please, please
Don't you leave me this way

Only I knew that our fate was sealed
I kept my eyes closed
So that nothing was revealed

Someday all your wounds will heal
Someday I will tell you
how I really feel...

I once asked you
to save me from myself
Though soon I learned
That you can't leave that up
To anyone else

I asked you to change your ways
Though soon I realized
That some colors won't fade

The only one to help me is myself
For sometimes some things
Cannot be entrusted to someone else

Your inspiration was once my soul
But soon your hatred was for me
And the love I stole

You thought I'd take your heart
And keep it forever
But in this world of uncertainty
You can never say never

So many red-eyed days
So many nights filled with unrest
I was finally forced to realize
This may be too great a test

So many sleepless nights
And soon daydreams of another's face
I knew I couldn't stay
While wishing I was in some other place

Your heart's filled with gold
Yet your eyes are so cold
And the mirror which you hold
Reflects the face of no one at all

Your weakness often showed
And soon the time grew old
As no dream I had was too bold
The ceiling of our love was bound to fall

No regrets
Though memory will not soon forget
Myself I found
Now there are no more chains
To hold me down

There must be some reason
That it turned out this way
But I know right now
There's not one that I could say

I loved you once
And you will find love again
There is no better message
That I can send

Maybe I shouldn't have made you
Feel so tall
Maybe all your problems I couldn't solve
Sleep well knowing I am sorry
For the pain I've caused
Just know it's better feeling pain
Than feeling nothing at all

MATCHES TO BURN
I need a reason to sing
I can't think of anything
And I've been thinking a lot
About a world not filled
With things you could see
But of all those things
I dreamed to be
So long ago that I forgot

When down memory lane...
I took a stroll
I re-lived mostly pain...
and now that pain...
It takes its toll

I'll make a promise to you
And then I won't show
Yeah, I'll always leave you guessing
With your insides now exposed

While you've still yet to learn your lesson
Ahh... but at least now you're feeling the cold
Though still... you keep on pressing
But with this new insight you now behold

You see the sun now glistening
off of the snow
If you listen closely
then you'll learn what I know
It takes ten seconds now to see
What took me twenty years to learn

Ain't no paper worth nothing to me
To a girl... With matches to burn
To a girl... with matches to burn..
HEARTSTRINGS

I don't need you for inspiration
Nah, I got plenty of that myself
I'm not looking
for someone to save me
Nah, you can't leave that
to anyone else

I was just looking for someone
to keep me and love me
For all I am....
for my better or worse

I wasn't looking for someone
to take me and leave me
Leaving me feeling this angry,
helpless remorse

As I see you sitting in the chair
Staring back at me
With a cold and lonely stare
I will remember for eternity

I finally want back
What's been taken
What you stole
But I will never get that
'til I regain control

I am just another trophy
Collecting dust
on your mantle shelf

Something that you've taken
That once belonged
to someone else

Now as I feel forsaken
I criticize my useless self
Plucking at my heartstrings
Is the music you play
only for yourself

Never a thought
for someone else

ENDLESS CHORUS
I'm as deep as the day is long
That's why it hurt me
To find myself becoming weak
When I needed to be strong

This long day and my long face
Shows you that I know no other way
So it's back to bed with a worried head
An unsteady mind and too much time

I think too much about the past
Of broken trust and how things don't last

I'm as deep as the day is long
That's why I rarely sleep
And I only dream in song
Then I wake up
And I try to play along

To the melody
That my heart weeps
Since you and me
We broke our bond

I find your ghost
 Keeps haunting me
 With rattling chains
 And shaking keys
 I try to hide
 But to no avail
 Just an endless chorus
 About how we failed...

NAMELESS

You blew out my candle
 Just so yours could burn brighter
 You took my little girl
 And put bad things inside her

Thoughts of not being good enough
 Oh how could she measure up
 In this morality fashion show
 That makes the rules up as they go

Living in the shadows
 and staying low key
 Blending in with all
 the pretty things she sees

It won't make you famous
 but it will help you stay alive
 Sometimes remaining nameless
 is the reason why we thrive

You blew out my candle
 Just so yours could burn brighter
 You burdened me with heavy load
 Just so you could tread lighter

You laughed, pointed and sneered
 When I took the wheel and steered
 And as I wandered far off course
 You offered no form of support

No helping hand to lend
 Not a guiding message sent
 Left abandoned on the shore
 When not thought useful anymore

You kept looking at me
 To see the star I'd never be
 But did you question if your perception
 Was in fact reality?

You blew out my candle
 Just so yours could burn brighter
 When I offered peace or war
 You declared, "Neither!"

We're locked in a state of paradox
 Where the focus has been lost
 Always scheming or else screaming
 Trying to get your point across

There's no more words?
 I'm at a loss...

BELOW ZERO

My past is trashed
Burned all the photographs
I sigh then deny when someone asks

No, I never met my hero
On a scale of one to ten
She sent me to below zero

I've lost all hope of healing
So I try to numb the feeling
Playing dumb my way of dealing
But I still can't turn the page

She was a century ahead of her time
And I was five years past my prime
So what could have been so sublime
Instead I lost my guide – my sage

The old me
would lose to the new me
Yet those tired eyes
would see right through me
I've got a past
that simply won't let go
To a flame that burned out long ago

I once put my faith in someone else
Now today I no longer trust myself

You see I lost my nerve,
my heart and my rightful place
That's when I felt
I didn't deserve to be part
of the human race

She gave me a chance to become a man
After an epic fail...
Well here I am

May God strike me dead
Right where I now stand...
Yeah, I'm finally ready to get hurt again

LAMENT

You can't burn what's already been burned
I died inside once that's when I learned
Something is gone I can't put it in words
I've been far more reserved – afraid to be hurt

I think it's contagious
Are you on the same page, kid?

Tell me your story
Share with me your pain
How far was your fall from glory?
And tell me what was her name?

As the life left his eyes
He whispered "Adellana Marie"
Then muttered her last name...
At least what it used to be

The same fire that warms
 May do you great harm
 The many times I was warned
 I claimed false alarm

She hurt me by giving up
 I hurt myself I loved too much

We both were harmed
 Though void of intent
 I heard cries of a mom
 And so off I went

Soon she found another
 A far more tragic event
 He put himself above her
 And now she's left to lament

HE SAID SHE SAID
 She woke up this morning
 In a place she'd never seen before
 She said...

I'm ready to turn the page
 but first I must close some doors
 I thought that maybe I was learning
 but now I'm not so sure

I said, "You've got to hold on"
 She said, "I'm not that strong"
 "That's okay" is what I respond
 She said, "But I'm not where I belong..."
 I took a right... But my right went wrong"

I said in time
 you'll find if you keep on trying
 You can hurdle your mind
 and leave it all behind
 I can't weather this storm
 I can't see the sunshine
 The last words
 I heard from you was that...
 All sense of hope was fading fast

But what you forget
 Is that I cry, too
 Unclench your fists and remember this
 Given time all things must pass
 Now I've found the rhyme
 Have you found a reason?

Killing time it 'tis the season
 A bottle of wine can be so pleasing
 I'm feeling fine now my minds at ease

She woke up this morning
 In a place she's never been before
 She said...

I'm ready to turn the page
 But first I must close some doors
 I thought that maybe

I was learning
but now I'm not so sure

I said, You've got to hold on
You say...
I'm not that strong

That's okay is what I respond
She said...

But I'm not where I belong
I took a right
but my right went wrong

I said in time you'll find
if you keep on trying
You can hurdle your mind
and leave it all behind
You can weather the storm...

Maybe I can weather this storm
You can find your sunshine...
Maybe I'll watch the sunrise

She woke up this morning
Or should I say this afternoon
Had she finally broken free?
I can't tell it's far too soon
She thought about the
Bridge she's been burning
Her only way of escape
From this land of ruin
She said...

Well I've been burning bridges
But it's better than burning crosses
When everyone seems suspicious
You start adding up your losses
End up breaking more than dishes
That's how this whole thing got started
So choose wisely for what you're wishing
I said try not to make things hard, kid

HALF TOLD
Behind my eyes I can't let you in
The best I can do is begin again
I let you down and myself to
With all the shit I put you through

Been having a hard time
holding my head up high
Been having a hard time
sorting truth from lies

I'm not sure where
I should go from here
I don't know if it shows
but I'm f*cking scared
Seems like everyone I know
has disappeared...
through the years

I've been looking for something new
 And I don't know what to do
 I've been seeking to make changes
 Having thoughts that are the strangest

I've been hiding from my demons
 While pretending I don't see them
 Yet I feel their presence creeping
 Around my room when I am sleeping

And I find it quite disturbing
 More than a little bit unnerving
 When you're trying to go straight
 but keep on swerving
 And before it's too late
 the lesson you are learning

Is you can't go back and change the past
 It catches up with you living fast

As shiny gold turns to rusty bronze
 You have to ask yourself where'd I go wrong?
 As you trace back the last twenty years
 Wondering how on earth did I end up here?

Yet you're unsure of whether to laugh or cry
 Though you're not tired you close your eyes...
 You feel a tear and you don't know why?
 So with retrospect you gaze inside

Never been alone – not with pain and fear
 Your travelling companions through the years...
 Yet you're scared of some
 of the past seeds you've sowed
 So your conscious carries such a heavy load...

I've grown tired of these escapades
 I'm trying to take back the day
 The hands of time can't be rewound
 But I refuse to stay sorrow bound

They say everybody's got a story
 A fall from grace or shining in glory
 As of now the tale's only half told
 And my fate awaits
 just up open the road, yeah!

JEWELRY BOX

I'm not an underachiever
 More what you call
 a late bloomer
 Took me a long time
 to become a believer
 Otherwise I'd have been here
 a whole lot sooner

I heard it said that
 I was past my prime
 But now I know
 it was just a rumor
 Such harsh words have
 strengthened me over time

Good thing I still have
a sense of humor
When I said "take it
or leave it..." she left it
Never cared about money...
but she cost me time
Ring's in the jewelry box...
I don't regret it
Replacements for me...
I'm sure they're waiting in line

Sacrifices had to be made...
but I'm at peace
You only live once...
I'm back to chasing my dream
After what we both held inside
had been released
Gave her half of everything...
but my self-esteem

When I said "take it
or leave it..." she left it
Never cared about money...
but she cost me time
Ring's in the jewelry box...
I don't regret it
Replacements for me...
she's got them waiting in line

Sacrifices had to be made...
but I'm at peace
You only live once...
I'm back to chasing my dream
After what we both held inside
had been released
Gave her half of everything...
but my self-esteem

I heard it said that
I was past my prime
But now I know
it was just a rumor
Such harsh words have
strengthened me over time
Good thing I still have
a sense of humor

I'm not an underachiever
More what you call
a late bloomer
Took me a long time
to become a believer
Otherwise we'd have been
here a whole lot sooner

When differences
in opinions increased
And they soon become
known to be extreme

As you find you own what
 really should only
 have been leased
 Yes, opposites attract
 yet it's best to
 share common themes

Sacrifices had to be made....
 But I'm at peace
 You only live once...
 I'm back to chasing my dream

SET LIST SEVEN (7)

- 1 Corey Story
- 2 Daddy Taught Me
- 3 Shadow Of Smoke
- 4 Wheat and Chaff
- 5 Midas Touch
- 6 Sniper's Song
- 7 Quest For Immortality
- 8 Innocence Lost
- 9 Betrayal
- 10 A Cop Asked the Witnesses
- 11 Dirt
- 12 Either Way (first Part)

COREY STORY

His mama was a nurse
 and his daddy sold jewels
 A couple hard working stiff
 But both were fools

If the boys got outta line
 parents kept their cool
 They'd never make a fuss
 just leave 'em to the school

Too busy working
 to have to raise kids
 Right there ya find out
 where the problem is

When little boys break the rules
 daddy's too drunk to yell
 He tried to chase 'em
 up the stairs
 but down he fell

When you make your own rules
 how hard can life be?
 Mom's sitting on the couch
 just watching TV

Yet it takes more to be a mom
 than just making dinner
 Gotta teach your kids to play
 the game of life to be a winner

All you need's a @#\$% to be a father
 but it takes balls to be a dad
 I wish they read this story
 I really wish they had

I always tried to use my brain
while my friend he used his brawn
Now I got it made
While my friend barely gets along

His daddy read him beer bottles
while my daddy read me books
When life gets ugly
you can't get by on looks

Me and my daddy
played throw and catch
Him and his daddy
played throw and duck

When life gets ugly
you can't get by on looks
When you got no smarts
you get by on luck
And when that runs out
it really sucks

DADDY TAUGHT ME
When I was little
My daddy dressed me in white
He said so he could lead me
Through the darkness
and into the light

Mama washed my clothes
Nearly every day
For I'd get them dirty
Whenever I'd play

She told me that if it wasn't white
Then it wasn't good
If the weather got chilly
She'd pull up my hood

Mama told me of Jesus and God
And of Heaven divine
I asked if I'd go there
And she said I'd be fine

She said I was pure
And God made me snow
And that angels would follow me
Wherever I'd go

I couldn't wait to see God
And tell him what was on my mind
I even tried praying a couple of times
But church was much different
Than what I ever thought it would be
We'd have mass outside
And we'd light a big 'T'

I had so much fun
When we'd march in parades
Then we'd set fire
To the crosses we made

And I love the holidays
 They fill me with cheer
 We loved Halloween so much
 We had it twenty times a year

For some reason I was always a ghost
 Must be the costume my mama liked most
 Funny how no one ever got scared
 Even when I was trying
 Oh, there was that one....
 The little girl who was crying

I'm not even sure why
 She had tears in her eyes
 I really scared her good
 I must have caught her by surprise

I can't wait to get older
 And be a daddy some day
 I'll teach these games to my kids
 And the whole family will play

When I get older...
 I'll be the best daddy I can be
 I just hope I can teach my kids as good
 As my daddy taught me

SHADOW OF SMOKE
 Just a shadow of smoke
 That's how I appear
 Try to reach out and touch me
 What you see disappears

No living soul can reach me
 First you see my face
 Vanish into thin air
 And then gone without a trace

Just another mystery
 A puzzle no one can solve
 First I am there
 And then I dissolve

Just a castle of sand
 Before the tide comes to me
 And after a warm embrace
 Carries me out to the sea

So back into the fog I fade
 My own little solitary parade
 Back into the waters I wade
 Unable to undo all I have made

I've lost my soul
 Through the horrors I've seen
 Along with my past desires
 Of all I could have been
 To the days of old
 I can never return
 Time passes slowly
 When the memories still burn

As I see children laugh
And young mothers dance
I know I've lived my life
There is no second chance

Just a shadow of smoke
That's how I appear
Try to reach out and touch me
What you see disappears

WHEAT AND CHAFF

Your suicide was glorified
Like a police chase on the news
Neither your vanity or your family
Was enough to pull you through

When you crashed in the past
You walked away unscathed
This time you fell it didn't go so well
The saviour was not saved

The memories are overwhelming
As they all come flooding back
You feel yourself being swept away
The dam burst where it was cracked

Such an explosion of emotion
Leaving everyone taking flak
"His war is over" the priest spoke sober
Then a scream, a yell, a gasp

So for the cries and for the laughs
Let us raise our glass up to the past
To both the wheat and the chaff
For all that was left undone
And for what can't be taken back

MIDAS TOUCH

What has once been bought
has now been sold
Your Midas touch
turned me into gold

Never to grow young
never to grow old
Death does part
forget to have and hold
Sickness is health
as warmth becomes cold

A face once beautiful
is now pale and blue
Crumbling down
what was once brand new

The question is not how or why
or when but who?
The lesson is be careful
of what you wish for
Because it just might come true...

The wink of the eye
 of your future wife
 The turn of a corner
 and the stab of a knife
 Just a second could change your life

So beware of what's around you
 Be aware of where you go
 Because you never really know...

After your next step
 After your next breath
 There could be one life and one death
 Forget all the rest

SNIPER'S SONG

Who am I?
 And what are my reasons?
 I've got my rifle by my side
 And it's hunting season

I'm just another face in the crowd
 Waiting to make my next move
 Eight A.M. and I'm already
 out on the prowl
 I wonder just how long
 I can keep my cool

Random is the way it has to be
 Can't have any motive or connection
 Following after me

One bullet at a time
 I write the headlines
 of the front page
 I am God,
 I am death,
 I am your old age

At random
 Or in seclusion
 I am reality
 This is no illusion

Who am I?
 And what are my reasons?
 I've got my rifle by my side
 And it's hunting season

I'm just another face in the crowd
 Waiting to make my next move
 Nine A.M. and I'm already
 out on the prowl
 I wonder just how long
 I can keep my cool

Go about your business
 This sniper will find you
 Look over your left shoulder
 I am right behind you

You cannot see me
I am in seclusion
Death is reality
I am no illusion

Who am I?
And what are my reasons?
I've got my rifle by my side
And it's hunting season

I'm just another face in the crowd
Waiting to make my next move
Ten A.M. and I'm already
out on the prowl
I wonder just how long
I can keep my cool

Some may call me crazy
But I don't see it that way
I am just another hunter
And you are all my prey

I could be your neighbor
I could be your best friend
I could be a terrorist
But only when you catch me...
Will you be safe again
QUEST FOR IMMORTALITY
I have finally found
a reason for waking up
It is my job to unite the legions
Who just don't give a fu\$%

When you're laying foundations of concrete
You had better stand clear
For in the name of progress
Sometimes a few people disappear

One more voice left unheard
Amidst the deepest of frustrations
Only one man could kill
with complete racial equality
I would drop the bomb
without any hesitation

Just waiting for the man
to come calling on me
I would drop the bomb
without any reservations

Nah, I told myself
I've got to give in
And live on the same grid
as the competition

No more applying my time
to going fishing inside of my mind
But please just one more time
for the sake of mankind
If I could just find
the perfect poetic lines
Maybe then my hatred would mend

So I'll keep on searching
for another solution
Or else I'll plot out my own demise...
the final end

My presence is important
Just the fact that I roam the earth
Makes it all but certain

That I could be the one
who lifts the curtain
Or perhaps be the person
Who pushes the button
Snaps, cracks and attacks
All of a sudden
I start putting people in the oven
Dozen by dozen by dozen

The time has come
Face it... it's done
I will never be the chosen one
Better go and grab the gun
And see how fast
these clowns can run

No, not everybody's presence
is a gift
Yet still you've got to learn
to live with it

INNOCENCE LOST
I've sat at every bench in this park
Both before and after dark
Looking out at an ocean oh so deep
When everyone else is asleep

I see the sailboats stopped
Lookin' just like upside down lollipops
I see the seagulls pecking
Down by the beach
But it all seems out of reach

Take off my shirt to get a tan
Wondering about life's master plan
Just when my troubles
start to fade away
I have to go to work soon
so I cannot stay
But oh what a price I pay...

As soon as you're high
Something brings you down
As soon as you smile
Something makes you frown
As soon as you blink
The second has passed
As soon as you're first
You wind up last

This world can be such a tease
As soon as I feel
That my mind's at ease
Just when I think I have it made
Rain falls down on my parade

I've had my shares
Of ups and downs
Cried like mimes
And laughed like clowns

I've been dwarfed by guilt
And knocked off of my stilts
I've seen the flowers bloom
And I have watched the pedals wilt

Here at the park
I collect my thoughts
Try to find a pair of scissors
When I'm tied up in knots
Then these words
Became my thoughts...

As soon as you're high
Something brings you down
As soon as you smile
Something makes you frown
As soon as you blink
The second has passed
As soon as you're close
You run out of gas

I watch the children
I've seen so many times before
And their innocent eyes
Not yet knowing what's in store

With every game
comes a new surprise
Every truth told contains
At least a part of a lie
Under a parent's eye
they run so free
Not a worry in the world
The way life should be

And yet as they grow a little older
The winds blow a little colder
But we all know it is calm
Before the storm
Mommy still has a blanket
To keep them warm

She protects them
for as long as she can
There are some things children
Should never have to understand
Don't tell them the secret...

As soon as you're high
 Something brings you down
 As soon as you smile
 Something makes you frown

As soon as you blink
 The second has passed
 As soon as the sun rises
 The shadow's been cast

Yes I was once a child
 many years ago
 And I learned the hard way
 The things I didn't know

Life was once so simple
 But like a gunshot to the temple
 I was told I couldn't go any higher
 And then was thrown into the fire

Now all I can do is dream
 Back to the days
 When my own eyes did gleam

Someday when everyone is asleep
 That same child
 will come here to weep
 And they too
 will write their song
 About how the innocence
 They once knew is gone
 And they'll say...

As soon as I'm high
 Something brings me down
 As soon as I smile
 Something makes me frown
 As soon as I blinked
 My childhood passed
 What I loved so much...
 I want it back

BETRAYAL
 What will her friends say?
 What wild rumors will be spread?

Where lies her escape?
 These thoughts run 'round in her head
 She had been bruised inside
 Blood trickled down the side of her face
 He was twice her size

She was just half his age
 She fought so hard
 but she was unable to resist
 That's okay,
 I like it better this way, he hissed

When she tried to say no with her knee
He said yes with his fist

But luckily, when he swung he had missed...
At least the first time

He pinned her down
Leaving red welts on her wrists?

To mom and dad she cried:
I'm sorry to have to tell you this:

But Jesus wasn't the only one
Who was betrayed by a kiss

Yet never in Sunday school
did they ever cover this...
And this was her first time

What will her friends say?
What wild rumors will be spread?
Where lies her escape?
So many thoughts run round in her head

Once it was known
That his seed had been sewn
She carried the child like a disease

For when the baby came
How could she explain
That a rapist's eyes
were all that she sees

What will her friends say?
What wild rumors will be spread?

Where lies her escape?
So many thoughts run
round in her head

Conflicting voices
whisper in her ear
She tries to drown them out
but they won't disappear

Her pastor's sermons
and a voice
that she hadn't heard before

Every day that voice
Speaks louder...
She knows soon
It will speak no more...

COP ASKED THE WITNESSES
A cop asked the witnesses
Did you see the driver of the car?
The witnesses responded
She couldn't have gone that far

It's amazing where fate'll bring you
 All the way to a cell
 It's amazing where fate'll bring you
 Down to the depths of hell

The night was dark and dreary
 The rain was pouring down
 The faces of the happy
 Were quickly turned to frowns

November twenty-sixth
 And there's not much thanks to give
 It's hard to be rejoiceful
 When daddy didn't live

A cop asked the witnesses
 Did you see the driver of the car?
 The witnesses responded
 She couldn't have gone that far

Mommy ran into a restaurant
 Screaming someone hurt my love
 Mommy showed the owner
 The broken wings of her dove

Two lives were almost taken
 As soon as they begun
 A two year-old child
 And the young driver on the run

People dressed in black
 Now put flowers on his grave
 Daddy died a great hero
 And his little girl he did save

A father's life is over
 And a family torn apart
 A mother's constant weeping
 And a child's bleeding heart

A cop asked the witnesses
 Did you see the driver of the car?
 The witnesses responded
 She couldn't have gone that far

There's fresh blood on the sidewalk
 And tears fallen to the ground
 Flowers on a gravestone
 And a deeply saddened town

About the girl on the run
 Are you sorry for your sin?
 Your only chance at Heaven
 Is turning yourself in

DIRT
 Who's got the dirt on you?
 Or maybe you've been
 keeping secrets from yourself

Do you know who
I've been talking to?
No it wasn't her
it was somebody else...

Ooh, I see someone's
afraid of sunlight
Stays lurking in the shadowy realm

To only be happy when it's cloudy
Would seem to me
to be trapped in a living hell

Who's got the dirt on you?
Won't you whisper just what
your little secret is worth

Certainly no one
could have deserved this
Never seen you look so nervous...
your eyes darting back and forth

Well sure we all make mistakes
Yet this one was so easy to trace

You didn't look guilty
just heavily disgraced
That would best describe
the look on your face

Who's got the dirt on you?
Has anyone offered
to cut you a deal?

Or are they just
letting out the line?
Let you run a little
knowing they hold the reel

EITHER WAY
I'm a vessel of violence
Live alone on an island
I can never keep silent
They keep playing violins
To cover everybody's crying

I got no one to hear me
No family lives near me
No friends close by
No friends at all
- that was a lie
No one to call or stop by
That's why sometimes I cry

You would to
When I got nothing to do
It gives me something to do

Many say medicate don't educate
Become an arsonist to your history
Self-knowledge just drags in complication
When some things are best left a mystery

The agony of meeting expectations
 Has led to the cancelling
 of many celebrations
 In both your honor and your name
 Yeah, it was all for you
 but you never came

If you only die when you're forgotten
 Anonymity must sure be rotten

The value of reality
 lies in immateriality
 For everything that lives
 externally dies

Though the worth of life
 is measured by the soul
 Which we all know
 can be compromised

The choice could be fame or integrity
 Will you have riches or character?
 That is what she said to me
 Now you know why everybody's after

She gives like its charity
 With instant familiarity
 A true gem that's a rarity
 Indeed she's looking so lovely
 Those brown eyes gazing back at me
 Feeling like there's no one above me
 As she stares right through me
 It's like she's always knew me

Let us hope she never forgets
 Remember...
 you can't give somebody everything
 Because then you'd have nothing left!

SET LIST EIGHT (8)

- 1 Thirty Seconds
- 2 Pretty Fountains
- 3 Playing Chess
- 4 Sky and Light
- 5 Discartes
- 6 I Am
- 7 Timeless To Ten
- 8 Listen
- 9 Fear
- 10 Down
- 11 Spinning
- 12 Somewhere

THIRTY SECONDS

I got about thirty seconds...
 To get inside your head
 So let us save the small talk
 For another time instead

Now I have only twenty seconds left...

PRETTY FOUNTAINS By Tom Jensen & Ian McElroy

Yeah, we watch the world spinning
'round and do our best to fit in
But lately we've been getting that feeling
That we're slowly sinking....
Yeah, we're slowly sinking...

Spend our time wondering
What's left to believe in?
We find we're falling behind
And searching for the reason
Yeah, we're searching for the reason....

Is it corporate greed composed by those
Trying to sell us something that we don't need

Or else false gods from atop
their soapbox they preach
For divide and conquer
Is a tried and true technique

For the oldest lesson
Taught and learned in war
Is that battles are waged over ideas
And your mind's what all sides are fighting for

Welcome to poor judgment theatre... I am your host
You know everybody 'round here Is pale as a ghost

Taxation without representation
Is what the baby boomers did to
ma-ma-ma-my ja-ja-ja-generation...

They stripped the green from the fields
And carved the snow right off the mountains
Hacking all with their spinning wheels
To watch water flow from pretty fountains

To sew this little seed to try to
Turn my belief into your belief
How do I get you to see that
Once you unplug yourself from your TV
You can begin to make a difference
To someone else, yourself and me...

Uh oh...just ten seconds more...

To let you know that there are
Countless caverns
Left within your mind
Just waiting to be explored...

PLAYING CHESS
Burning up...Burning out...
Sitting in an ashtray...
With no way out...

Walking in circles...
Across hot coals...
Something landed on my lap...
What? Only God knows...

This is some new sh#\$...
 Highly funky...
 Caged like a monkey...
 Start by turning one key...
 End up as a junky...

You may say highly unlikely...
 But you could end up just like me....
 If you say yes...
 Would your life be a mess?
 It's anyone's guess...
 Well, life's like playing chess...

Let me explain my life
 In a way that you can see it
 I'm fighting a battle
 I'm playing a game
 But I know I'll never beat it

So many moves though
 I proceed with caution
 While I'm weary of hesitation
 Each step must be wise...
 Just to escape total domination...

In that there is no compromise
 All the devils have eyes...
 Some wear suits and ties...
 And tell dirty lies...
 Some things just won't die

Someone watching
 From way up high
 Is playing chess with my mind

And I think the general
 He wants me to die
 As he sends me to the front
 Of the battle lines

I've been a pawn
 For far too long
 Even though I'm still fighting
 I don't know which side I'm on
 Every time I look behind me
 The general's gone

I hear checkmate
 I now stand alone
 And half-way around the world
 Is a long way from home

Somehow I was taken
 And played just like a fool
 And I was mistaken
 Thinking everyone plays
 By the same set of rules

When I smash the board
 I'll free myself
 When I drop my gun
 They'll enlist someone else

For I am no hero
I've lost all hope
Of saving mankind
If I can save myself
Then at least
I won't be wasting time

If I ever get that far
Then I'll try to free the others
One at a time

Show them what to be weary of
And all the warning signs
For even on top of the world
There are still mountains left to climb

SKY AND LIGHT
I scared myself today
When I saw the world
In a whole new way

Every mind's a piece
of unmolded clay
And mine's become trapped
inside a maze of words
That I cannot explain
or write nor say

We all live beneath the same sky
Yet we don't all see the same light
Some see nothing
but the summers sun
While others look up
at a winters night
While waiting for the other shoe
to drop unto the floor
I've given up trying to make sense
of anything any more

For this stale air has
finally gotten the better of me
Had to take a walk outside
to try to change my scenery

Everything I have known has
decided to play tricks on me
My past is my shadow
that no longer stands beside me

Long ago we parted
and went our separate ways
Long before this whole mess started
Before this city was set ablaze

I scared myself today
When I saw the whole world
In a whole new way

Every mind a piece
 of unmolded clay
 And mines become trapped
 inside a maze of words
 That I cannot explain
 or write nor say

We all live beneath the same sky
 Yet we don't all see the same light
 Some see nothing
 but the summer's sun
 While others look up
 at a winter's night

Yes, I had to take a walk outside
 and change my scenery
 And hopefully bleed
 some new blood into me

Escape from my surroundings
 and all of this abject poverty
 Provide my eyes a change
 and find something new to see

I scared myself today
 When I saw the whole world
 In a whole new way

I scared myself today
 Became trapped inside
 a maze of words
 That I could not explain
 nor write or say

DISCARTES

I hear whispers from the lost souls of man
 Questioning everything that I think that I am
 So I do not think therefore I am not...
 Part of the problem or solution
 Since my character no longer
 Plays any role in the plot

It is then my mind reminds me
 I have no memory
 And there was something else...
 But I forgot

Today, what is not needed it gets deleted
 Just as in ancient times
 When translated, annihilated
 Just meant defeated

No, not just the soldier in retreat
 But his dog, his flag and his whole family
 I hear whispers...
 Voices unknown to me
 Hence I fall back into a dream-like state
 Looks like everything will have to wait

Living in a dream...
To wake up one must fall asleep
Returning to reality...
Close your eyes as the same process repeats
Peace!

I AM
I am to their God
What the Beatles were to Jesus
Independent thought
Is the only thing that frees us

Even chained to a cross
I claim that you
Can still get lost
But not everyone believes this

Noah floated in a flood
And the reason was all because
Humans are just like
Viruses and diseases

Just as peasants are to power
As dangerous as weeds
Are to a flower...
And Brutus was to Caesar

Living in the age of painted rust
Sure looks pretty but do you trust
That it would even hold your weight

Or all those behind you trying to escape
From all you corporate hypnotists
Going around brainwashing little kids
Almost too slippery it's so surreal
The way I think and the way I float
The way I vote and the way I feel

Almost too good it should be destroyed
But then again that would leave
An awful lot of people left unemployed

And we know they'd need something
To kill time and fill the void
Some choose crime over rhyme
And Sarah Palin over Arundhati Roy

Oh to be a master to many
And a slave to none
Won't you tell me all about it
It sure does sound like fun

TIMELESS TO TEN
Sure going viral might
getcha paid and it
might even getcha laid
and make grandma need
a new hearing aid

"What'd ya say?"

It might make you friends

Send ya on an upward trend
 Spiraling high above the earth
 Until you find yourself
 coming crashing on
 back down again

"So what then?"
 But by being bold
 and staying true
 Could and would you
 Call your life a failure
 If you find you've inspired
 the minds of just a few?

Can't you see
 that it's better to be
 Timeless to ten rather than
 having fifteen minutes
 of fleeting fame
 with the minions

They say a stitch in time
 It may save nine
 I say I'd rather be
 timeless to just ten
 Without regard or sentiment
 for or of public opinion

I'd rather be loved by some
 And feared by none
 As opposed to reigning supreme
 Over any other living beings

I've been thinking it's better
 to use my powers to heal
 To try to unify
 and not divide us all up
 into different social classes
 Delivered from temptation
 Let me not yield
 For I'd much rather level
 the playing field
 Than to try to climb
 And rise above the masses

LISTEN
 Down on the corner
 Of Ocean and Demora
 I've seen a lot of drama
 My fair share of horror

Sometimes you see it coming
 Or you're hearing people running
 As you're thinking ain't that something
 That the prey has gone out hunting

Though you're not sure what it means
 You've fallen deeper in the dream
 Begin to question your beliefs
 Leaving others to plant seeds

What will grow?
What will grow?
What will grow?

It's hard to know
Sometimes it shows
Other times it don't show

What do we make
Of all these mistakes?
Try hard, trying hard
Keep falling on my face

Down on the corner
Of Ocean and Demora
I've seen a lot of drama
My fair share of horror

And though you know that it's a trap
Your biggest failure's not to act
It's too easy to look back
Long after the fact
Saying I wish I did this
And I didn't do that

Inaction and indecision
Leaves you full of things you're missing
And now it's lost
The gift you've been given

You paid the cost
No, you didn't listen

FEAR
My fear is my friend
So long we've been together
From the beginning
Until the very end

Some call it other names
Play their silly games
Pretend they're still the same
Though facts remain unchanged

You're hearing two voices
Coming from different places
With two opposite choices
As you find yourself now facing

A separation of church and state
In this case it's your logic and faith
One is gone the other's been misplaced
Lying in ruins and laid to waste

Yet it takes dialogue and not debate
To make whole again this fractured state
We need common ground not lines in the sand
For unity to be found in our fellow man

With this goal in mind we must forge ahead
 While biding our time with our feet on the ledge
 Tight to our toes lies a precipitous drop
 But with our backs to the wall we cannot stop

The daylight is dwindling
 As darkness draws near
 Every path towards escape
 Has circled back here

I'm not alone...
 It's my friend who comforts me...
 Fear

DOWN
 When you're down
 That's when they show
 Funny how
 They always seem to know

A cloud of doubt
 Soon you're all wet
 Burned out black out
 Less we forget

Our history's
 Full of regret
 What we pretend to be
 Sans our secrets

When you're down
 That's when they show
 Funny how
 They always seem to know

A man like me
 Teeters back and forth
 Between being benevolent
 And a fan of force

Half of me believes
 There can only be
 One king of the jungle

My other half isn't deceived
 And keeps reminding me
 To stay humble

When you're down
 That's when they show
 Funny how
 They always seem to know
 So...

If you find yourself in a hole
 The first thing to do is stop digging
 What I've learned you will soon know

You lose the right to choose
 when you're begging
 Once you took pride in self-control
 Now you take whatever you're given

That warm smile's turned frosty cold
You're making a mistake
- this ain't really living

First find some sunlight
Then you can grow
Discover who and what you are
Rather than keep it hidden

Now behold
The shooting star
You've always been
And always are!

And now you know
What before...you didn't

SPINNING
It is said that every
body is a temple
So surely somewhere in here
there's a place of healing

Lately I've found my hands
folded and praying
Though I'm not sure
if I should be standing,
sitting or kneeling

I've been having
the strangest of feelings
But I can't quite
put my finger on it

Though I know
there is a key
unlocking and revealing

That which I have been
searching and seeking
Still I have yet to
lay my hands upon it

In all of these --
my wheelings and dealings
Perhaps I lent it,
lost it or pawned it

For this isn't how
I planned it
I've slowly become
an army of one

I'm beginning to sense
that I'm surrounded
As around and around
and around I'm being spun

And I spin...
Seems I can't win
Yet I'll die before
I ever surrender

So I fight...
 My own insides
 And all these memories
 I don't want to remember

I can't lie...
 Or try to hide
 In this journey
 of mine to venture

Into the very
 core of my mind
 Just to see what
 is at its center

So I pry...
 From here outside
 Whenever I find a room
 with a chained door

That I know still has
 yet to be explored
 One that some day
 I shall have to enter

SOMEWHERE
 A handful of empty promises
 all about a better tomorrow
 I've found them to be all hollow
 Leaving me here
 with just this sorrow

Once I had all I thought I'd need
 But now I got nothing but memories
 It's time to show me a sign
 God, let me know you're up there...
 Somewhere
 Lately it seems my faith
 has somehow been misplaced
 I hope it hasn't disappeared
 And that it's still round here...
 Somewhere

When the yellow sun is glowing way, way up high
 You could never expect to see any stars in the sky
 But you know they're up there...
 Somewhere

But it can boggle the mind
 just what goes on... up there
 Surely the stars still shine some places sometimes...
 Somewhere

Yet where we come from
 and where we all go surely I don't know
 But everything here
 had to come from...
 Somewhere

It's lonely in the dark
on a cold night
Feeling without an ember,
without a spark
Clinging to emptiness oh so tight
Yet you know love is inside you...
Somewhere

Yes, you know love is inside you...
Somewhere

SET LIST NINE (9)

- 1 We Are the Ones
- 2 Friend
- 3 Speak
- 4 Applied Faith
- 5 Slip Stream
- 6 Sides
- 7 Invisible Prison
- 8 Better Than It Seems
- 9 First Glance
- 10 Complicated Subject
- 11 Fate Is a Word
- 12 Believe Me (first three stanzas)

WE ARE THE ONES

We are the hunched over old man
who makes your shoes shine
We are the policemen and women
who help reduce crime

We are the ones who cook and
serve your meals at lunch time
We are the bartenders you find
right before closing time

If you're overworked and underpaid
Just nod your head, say you're doing fine
Pick up your shovel, grab your spade
Just nod your head, say you're doing fine
Get back to work, carry on your trade
Just nod your head, say you're doing fine
Quit complaining about making minimum wage
Just nod your head, say you're doing fine

If you're overworked and underpaid
Don't complain just get in line
We are the tracks on which society is laid
Don't complain just get in line

From our broken backs millionaires are made
Don't complain just get in line
It starts when you're a
little kid selling lemonade
Don't complain just get in line

Let us unite from here, there, from everywhere
For now is our time to shine
Scream out if your life's defined
by more than just your career
For now is our time to shine

If you're in your car join our motorcade
 For now is our time to shine
 Sing the refrain and join our parade
 For now is our time to shine

You might drink the wine but we're the ones who
 pulled the grapes from the vine
 You may own the oil but we're the ones
 that built the pipeline
 They might worship you
 but we're the ones who erected the shrine

You may sing the song...
 Sing us a song... sing us a song...
 But we're the ones who wrote the rhyme
 We are the ones who wrote the rhyme

FRIEND

I spread my words so let them be heard
 All across the land...
 All across these lands...

My advice is right and nice
 I'll have you understand
 When it comes to giving
 Give as much as you can...

When it comes to women
 sure my heart's been broken
 Each time I try to fix it
 And carry on the best I can...

Suddenly I feel empowered
 Get inspired to spend the next hour
 Sitting here and making song
 Hoping you will come and sing along

A friend told me a story
 over coffee one morning
 From one of the books she was reading
 And, oh, how the pages were turning

Oh my friend is very lovely
 If only you had a chance to meet her
 You would understand it
 How I feel when I see her

She was blessed with one of those faces
 Possessed by only those truly lovely people
 That when softly caressed it somehow erases
 Time itself and everything - all that's evil

Someone once asked me
 What the secret to my life is
 I answered without thinking
 "Learning love is priceless"

Share what you have with everyone:
 And send flowers to yourself
 Just a little "thank you" for being you
 Now go and give them to someone else...

I spread my words so let them be heard
All across the land...
All across these lands...

My advice is right and nice
I'll have you understand
When it comes to giving
Give as much as you can...

SPEAK
Rinse, lather and repeat
When you got blood on your hands
This is no time to retreat...

That's when you begin to dig in
Stay busy to keep from losing sleep
The war is yours to win

Facts...
Get lost in the mist
I don't believe this
In betrayal by a kiss

Cracks...
A chink in the armor
Is great cause for alarm
For many things can harm

Both your soul and your will
And your desire to kill
For the sake of a name
When ideas aren't the same

It's the lion and the lamb
For things we don't understand
What's missing is common ground
Found beneath the line in the sand
One must win at any and all costs
Has become the prevailing thought
The divide between
the worker and the boss
Keeps growing wider
and is now hard to cross

This union is bound to break
And with so much at stake
People everywhere are speaking out
Before it is too late

So I ask what do you say?
Speak.

APPLIED FAITH
Close your eyes
Quiet your mind
And describe to me
What you hope to find

Don't give it a name
Let it be free
For fear it may change
Or worse never be

Calm your breath
Yes inhale deep
Then pinch yourself
Make sure you're not asleep

Is life a dream...
Then one day we wake?
To a world brand new
That's ours to shape

Or is this it...
And at the end of the ride
There's no more nothing
Just hello, goodbye

What if it's a question of choice
And it's up to you to decide
As what you believe in most
That fate will then be applied

Don't dare waste thoughts
On hollow or empty things
For fear of finding out
What the consequences bring

Behold the power
Of free mind and will
Everything can be unmade
And anything can be built

Conceive, believe, achieve
Imagination is all you need
Yes, you can manifest your destiny

In this world, the next
or whatever world will be
SLIP STREAM
Enter this virtual world
Take an unguided tour
We'll find a cavern in your mind
That has yet to be explored

We'll cause a ripple in the water
Of intuition, space and time
Won't fear a tear in the fabric
Only scared of a flaw in the design

We can take a trip
Slip down stream
Feel free to follow me
Or I could follow you

Just take one of these
You know what to do
Become anyone you want
Let that become the truth

Free yourself from all distraction
For time ain't on anybody's side
I can see by your reaction
The sense of panic in your eyes

There's only shame in me asking
If you need your place to hide

Just take one of these
And you know what to do
Become anyone you want
Let that become the truth

I see a ripple in the water
Or it could be space and time
A small tear in the fabric
I see a flaw in the design

Just take one of these
And you know what to do...
Let everything you see
Become shiny and new

SIDES

There's no well-marked
and measured
Previously charted course
for you in this world

Just doors waiting
to be opened
And new frontiers
to be explored

Are there unknown
galaxies to be found
In what we call
this universe

I've been searching
for another new place
One that lies
between the bounds
of time and material
and sound and space

Where I can live
inside of my own
creative invention

Fueled by just
the energy inside all
of my good intentions

Becoming unencumbered
by this perpetual motion
Of having to ride through
the highs and lows

Like a barrel carried along
in the drift of the tide
Up and then down
and around again on this ride
A human roller coaster
of pre-text and manipulation

I wanna go
 where there's no
 black and no white
 No wrong or right
 No sleep
 no war no more
 no peace
 And no reason to fight

No big problems
 or great solutions
 Only a future fate
 which awaits
 That your thoughts
 and actions
 will realize and dictate

An alternative reality
 Avoiding impartialities
 and ambiguities

That in time you find
 Within your own
 peace of mind
 Then you'll get by
 on just your own
 ingenuity and intuition
 and your innards
 and their fluidity

Where a thinking
 man's thoughts
 Find their way
 out of the box
 And any other device
 That tries to contain them

Where when one's logic is
 Sound and strong
 Nobody ever has to ask
 Which side are you on

Since there's no sides to choose
 No winners to lose
 No losers to win
 Or angels to sin
 Nor devils to pray
 For eternal life
 in the oncoming day
 Or even in the seconds
 That later lie ahead...

No present
 No past
 No living
 No dead

INVISIBLE PRISON
 The dazzling darkness
 caresses the silence
 The perfect calm
 at the edge of the violence

Meant to do us harm
or gently guide us?
Outward and upward
or deep down inside us?

There's many with ears
that can't hear through the fear
Those not standing in the light
Remain beyond my line of sight
In an invisible prison
When your spirit is trapped in form
It can't soar
Listen...
In the kingdom of the blind
The one eyed man is king
But if you can change your mind
Then you can change everything

I believe that space and time are one
And I'll finish exactly where I begun
What always is always was and always will be
Behold I use my free will to create fate
And mold, make and shape my destiny

Yeah energy, frequency and waves
Can move mountains like Jesus saves
Can part the sea or remove gravity
Can erase mistakes even rewrite history

The secret is that WE are the key:
The problem, the solution,
the question and the answer to the mystery
Hmmm.....What if the magician was the trick?
Then the illusion wouldn't necessarily be
what we expect...

BETTER THAN IT SEEMS
I am trying to unlearn
What all the teachers have taught me
I am trying to unlock
An original thought but I have no key
I am trying to believe
That it's better than it seems
(Or at least what I can see)
I am trying to achieve
The American Dream
Of leaving a legacy behind me

Look out the man's got the pen again
Pulls it out every now and then
Smokes some pot as your thoughts
Become your friends
Keep on looking for answers
Until the questions end

So what pulls you through?
 Is it something bigger than you?
 Or is it lesser than you?
 It could be that, too
 For so many this is true
 Oh, so what am I to do?
 Lock myself in a vault
 And point my finger at you
 Screaming everything is your fault
 Sure, you're soul searching
 Yet you haven't found a clue

Finally my inner turmoil is at peace
 I slayed the dragon
 I conquered the beast
 Fought so many things
 That I could and couldn't see

That which I once believed
 Would one day get the best of me
 Has now been left behind
 I always knew it was just a matter of time

Now that I'm finally where I want to be
 I still can't really say that I'm doing fine

With all this free time plaguing my mind
 I get to dig a little deeper inside
 Still afraid of what I'll find

FIRST GLANCE

The ocean acts as the blood of the earth
 She's screaming out in a flood of hurt
 Oh misguided one can't you see what you've done?
 Taken and forsaken see the red rivers run

With our mother provider in failing health
 We could stop dividing and help ourselves
 He who seeks paradise just to leave it in ruins...
 Finds indeed all good things do end too soon

Visions of your future are found
 in the memories of your past
 You can trace each face
 and place as you look back

A symphony of senses
 as you travel
 the threads of time
 It's like dreaming
 but you're not sleeping
 still you feel so alive

You can feel the current
 of energy running through us all
 The frequency determines
 whether we degenerate or evolve

As free will plays
 as big a part as chance
 So much more is happening here
 than appears at first glance

COMPLICATED SUBJECT

It's such a complicated subject...
this matter of war
Traces back to the beginning of time...
if not before
Intertwined with our destiny
Throughout all our history
As the fate of humanity
Rests within this legacy

The true nature of man...
is not one of understanding
to say the least
The way it now stands...
This violence and bloodshed
shall never cease

There are four words
That'll never be
Our one sole belief
We come in peace

There are four words
That make me nervous
When I hear someone speak
We come in peace

For it seems to me
We'll all eventually
Suffer some kind of defeat
All genders and races
All colors of this crayon nation
All beliefs and creeds

Yet when we fight today
The battle cry is not Semper Fi
It's bleed green for corporate greed
Please take my eyes
Or take away these things
That I don't want to see

Still we try to perceive
all that's unperceivable
Still we strive to conceive

in what's inconceivable
Still we struggle to believe
in the unbelievable
Still we attempt to achieve
What is unachievable

It's such a complicated subject...
this matter of war
Traces back to the beginning of time...
if not before
Intertwined with our destiny
Throughout all our history
As the fate of humanity
Rests within this legacy

FATE IS A WORD by Tom Jensen
Passion's found in
many shapes and forms
Within a tight black dress,
within a uniform

In the eyes of a mother
In the sighs of a lover
At three in the morning
Oh yeah...

Virtue can't be found
in all eyes of men
Nor in their statues
or great monuments

Only through tough
times and trial
Will we find ourselves
without denial
Or false compliments
Oh yeah...

Naked truth often hides
where you least expect
Never in the lavish palace
but in the cellar of neglect

Those of us living in glass houses
should be careful of bricks
For some who are
'the chosen ones'
Aren't the ones we'd pick
Oh no...

Fate is a word made up
by the scared
As the reason
why they failed
Or the reason
they never dared

To summon the courage
to follow the voice
They didn't always
want to hear
Oh yeah...

I am a man who
loves dishing it out
Yet I always have problems
when it comes to myself

When it comes to stepping up
I'm the first one to speak
When it comes to the children
I try my best to teach
They say practice makes perfect
so it's time to practice what I preach

BELIEVE ME

I could tell you all about my life...
But you probably wouldn't believe me
You find me always doing right...
And you think it comes easy

You, who finds something new...
And becomes afraid
With that view...
There's not a lot I can say

You'll find out the hard way
That's the price that some pay
When you play it too safe
Sometimes you don't get to play

SET LIST TEN (10)

- 1 History To Me
- 2 Pushing the Button
- 3 Heresy Speaks No Evil
- 4 Obamafication
- 5 Shadow Boxing
- 6 Picture Something Nice
- 7 Call It Fate
- 8 Pardon Me
- 9 Birthright
- 10 Shades
- 11 Intellectual Property
- 12 Another History Lesson

HISTORY TO ME

I remember when Ice Cube and T were black
And rapped...now they act...like crap...

I remember when The Rock he cooked
And then he'd call us all funny names
Eye brow raised with that funny look...
Now he acts...like crap... it's a fact...

Everything is coming back
But changed...
They're calling it the same name
But it's... strange

I remember when it was cool to say hello
To somebody new I didn't know
Now they're all plugged in to their phones
Which is plugged in where? They don't know...
They don't care.
I say hello.
They don't say hello.
So I stare...
Uh Oh...

I need more than a good chiropractor
To fix this fractured broken soul
I need more than skilled psychiatrists
To bandage up these mentally slit wrists

And net all these knotted thoughts
 I watch spin and twist out of my control
 So look out... all up, down and around
 Both near and far,
 hey you up there,
 look out below!

Everything is coming back
 But changed...
 They're calling it the same name
 But it's... strange

I'm seeing so many faces playing charades
 Believing they've found
 a new game in a new age...
 Hahaha... It's just history to me...
 Written on a fresh page

PUSHING THE BUTTON
 History won't repeat this
 so I'm gonna say it with a fist
 Scratch my name off the list...
 Somebody's gotta resist

Such actions without thinking
 is like an alcoholic drinking
 One slip is all it takes
 to start the snowball rolling
 and then it's too late

And when there's an avalanche below
 You'll be the one who's
 covered by the snow
 Covered from head to toe

They keep you in suspense
 while hiding behind their fence
 And in the same sense
 there is just no defense

When all it takes is a fool like you
 To push the button and we're all through
 The whole world's future
 and the whole world's past
 One flick of the wrist
 and it's gone in a flash
 With one press of the button
 Were here and then gone all of a sudden

F&%\$#*g 'A' is what I say
 I stopped caring
 about getting blown away

You can hide under desks
 You can hide behind chairs
 But there's nowhere to run
 When the sirens blare

When video games turn into real life
 You say goodbye to your children
 And then goodbye to your wife

And don't forget to pet
Your dog as well
Right before all of us
Get blown to hell

HERESY SPEAKS NO EVIL
Government sponsored torture
is kind of hard to ignore
Especially when you're held prisoner
of a misguided war

Lobbyists sit with
wads of cash in their fists
For any politicians who
find it too hard to resist

Seems that tax cuts
for corporations
and also the rich
Is the only way to build
true bipartisanship

For our money system
The Fed is privately owned
Backed by paper not gold
And everyday us indebt
wage slaves are sold

When you're afraid of
not being afraid
The "terrorists" win
Their best weapon is fear

They watch our civil liberties
become stripped away so fast
through the most unpatriotic of acts
Soon we won't be able to
speak, see or hear

If this is the state of the union
I think a state of emergency
should be declared
On second thought...
that's not such a great idea

And I haven't even
gotten to distribution of wealth
Inflation, funding for education
or health care

Why are so many more
concerned with the
theft of their identity
Than the loss of free will,
dignity and humanity

When you lack
any great substance
I guess you dress to impress
And fill yourself with vanity

This misinformation generation
 eats up whatever they feed ya
 Be it Mickey D's, MTV,
 shows based on "reality"
 Yum Yum...
 spoon fed by a controlled media

We're infatuated by celebrities
 and American Idols
 Fox News, LeBron's shoes,
 natural disasters
 and let us not forget...
 the crazy homicidal

If this is the state of the union
 I think a state of emergency
 should be declared
 On second thought...
 that's not such a great idea

And I haven't even
 gotten to distribution of wealth
 Inflation, funding for education
 or health care

I am growing tired
 of this throw away
 disposable consumer society
 Why are those who say
 our globe isn't warming
 Still trying to lie to me?

Using up energy sources
 that will not be soon replaced
 Did you know that plastic
 is gonna be the fossil
 of the entire human race?

Our seas are overfished
 and rainforests destroyed
 Why? So men can make money
 Mother Nature gets lucky when
 people are unemployed

If this is the state of the union
 I think a state of emergency
 should be declared
 On second thought...
 that's not such a great idea

And I haven't even
 gotten to distribution of wealth
 Inflation, funding for education
 or health care

Time to step off my soapbox
 And walk down the road yonder
 But before I go
 two final questions to ponder:

Might seven billion people
be considered overpopulation?
How can we have
all-you-can-eat buffets
AND sufferers of starvation?

OBAMAFICATION
America wants change
Not the rhetoric of change:

Yes we can
But we didn't
See sometimes
The truth is hidden

Sure some words
Were surely spoken
The needle's stuck
Record is broken

Yes we can...
Yes we can...
Yes we can...

The rhetoric
Just keeps getting repeated
Information
Guess we don't need it

Pick a war hero
Or a good neighbor
Suffer sooner or
Suffer later

Yes we can...
Yes we can...
Yes we can...

SHADOW BOXING
Maids in the morning sweeping up broken glass
Long lost dreams of a shattered past
As a cup full of life is spilled to the floor
A man who once had riches now lives poor

Walking down the spiral staircase that is my mind
Passing all the memories that I've left behind
See the same things enough soon you'll grow blind
Be careful of what doors you open and what you will find

Some patterns are so hard to break they end up breaking you
Anyone who's ever worn these shoes knows this is true
See enough dope and you're bound to give it a try
See murders every day and pretty soon you won't cry

There's blood on the sidewalk
The scent of death in the air
Yet you stroll right past
While others stop and stare

Some men live long and some die young
Some carry heavy burdens, some carry none
When you're shadow boxing you sometimes bruise
When you fight yourself sometimes you lose

PICTURE SOMETHING NICE

Homeless man in the alley
He's paying his dues
While he was sleeping
The children took his shoes

When he wakes up
He looks so confused
His pride is hurt
What's left of his ego is bruised

Yeah, every hour
of every day
The faces change
But the story's the same

You live it, you breathe it
You hear it, you see it
You learn to accept it
And soon you expect it

Just as the sun rises
Just as the moon shines bright
There's no need to worry
You're doing all right

Don't pay attention
Just walk on by
Picture something nice
Don't you bat an eye

It's not your problem
Someone else will solve it
It's not your problem
Someone else will fix it

You just leave the worrying to me
I'll worry about the way thing ought to be
It's not your problem
So go on and make your exit

You think that you're perfect?
In everything you say
In everything you do
Some say what you don't know
Cannot hurt you
And you believe it to be true

Oh, but the price you will pay
You will find out some day
That day maybe today
Or could still be far away

So you better keep on your toes
Because there is something
That everybody knows
Inside there's a monster that grows
Beneath your pretty clothes

A vanity affair
But there is no one else there
You're only cheating yourself

A vanity affair
Either make amends
Or keep playing pretend
You're only cheating yourself
When you think you win
Then you really lose
So either apply some more makeup
Or think of changing your shoes

A vanity affair
You're not just cheating yourself
You're dragging down
Everybody else

CALL IT FATE
Birds circle around your home
Say it one more time...
Why won't they leave you alone?
They flap their wings from side to side
But from Mother Nature no man can hide

Being punished for crimes --
Well, that may be
For crimes against humanity
Just when you thought
There was no one to see

Now you look at your life
And who is to blame?
You can call it fate
You can call it a shame

As your family boasts:
"You're in the prime of your life"
You go under the doctor's knife

For cancer has no name or face
Unfortunately for you it's too late
Enter the hospital a dying life
Exit the church a crying wife

Now you look at your death
Pondering who is to blame?
You can call it fate
You can call it a shame

In the next room of the hospital
Is a mother's joy
The prize of a life - a baby boy

The parents counted the fingers
 Then the parents counted the toes
 But what's in the soul nobody really knows

Food, love and shelter - baby got his fill
 So no one knows why he grew to kill

You can look at their deaths
 And who they blame
 You can call it fate
 You can call it a shame

A man dresses in the mirror
 As he flashes a smile
 In a two-thousand dollar suit
 He'll wear at the trial

He asks the judge to cut his client a break
 Starts preaching about
 How we all make mistakes

The judge, on these words, reduces bail
 Keeps a guilty man away from jail

His freedom is gained but what's been lost?
 Will he do it again?
 They keep their fingers crossed

PARDON ME

I just got a pardon from the president
 Because I did not admit
 to what I knew they'd submit as evidence
 And I just made a friend
 who will do what it takes
 And be there to the end
 or at least until he fixes mistakes
 I think we may have just set a new precedence

Since it is so clearly evident
 That politics is no place for benevolence
 When we can't trust the president
 That means we can't trust the government
 Who often sells out its residents
 Giveth and taketh on false precedents

Since some just take whatever they need
 With greed...what's important is the numbers on
 Not the names of dead presidents
 I have come to believe
 Not everyone is entitled to be free
 Because a handful of money is all you need

To put people in your pocket to guarantee
 That when trouble comes it'll let you be
 When you buy a judge
 You can throw out the jury

The system's become corrupt
Manipulated through misdeeds
Someone should do something
'Cause there's a document I've seen
Saying they're vetting Ann Coulter and Satan
To run together in 2016

Just remember that
Every candidate has a rhyme
Around election time
Saying we'll do just fine
If you wave this sign

Standing on a pedestal
Waving a fake gold medal
Just rubbing on their crystal ball
Saying they've been here and there
They've seen and done it all

Only after the choice has been made
And you've dealt them the ace of spades
While thinking that politics isn't a game
And you haven't been played

But finally after all
the promises have been made
You found that the scale of honesty
Has never been weighed
As they've forgotten all that they've said

Speaking this while doing that
They placed one foot on the platform
And then they fell flat
The train they boarded straight to the top
The engine failed; the track got derailed
And when the conductor was jailed
The bail they collected was never mailed

Yet every opinion they stated
Was quoted as fact
Saying that proof was in the eye
And they said it with such tact

Even though no
Evidence ever backed
But numbers can lie
Once you've developed the knack

So everyone signed on the dotted line
Without ever reading the pact
And now you're complaining
About paying so high a tax
Once you sign a deal with the Devil
There's no turning back

However, there's a new path unpaved
So it's up to me and you
We've been taught to
follow the leader
Sadly, it's true

It can't be that way anymore
 Time for us to settle the score
 Start pushing the stale old values aside
 No more can we run and hide

The government that rules us
 practically everyone is a liar
 Words catching on
 And now it's spreading like a fire

They've talked and talked
 Talk, talk, talk 'til they're blue in the face
 Just follow me and I'll show you the way

Going to Washington D.C.
 Time to see the true enemy
 But beware...for their twisting tongues
 will tell you it's me
 Don't listen to them if you want to be free

Join us - every color and race
 Speed up! - We've got to quicken the pace
 Million man march - huh - multiply that by ten
 History, we're going through it again

Do it for the homeless you meet
 Do it for the children on the street
 Think about the hungry, the ill, and the sick
 We'll dismantle the system brick by brick

Tell it straight and don't beat around the Bush
 We tried to pull now it's time to push
 It's nine for them and one for us
 It's their turn to sit on the back of the bus

The politicians look us right in the eyes
 While their words are full of lies
 So it should come as no surprise
 What happens to them after they die
 They care not for us only I
 They tell me, "Well, just because..."
 When I ask why

They say, "They learned it from their peers...
 That true honesty has disappeared."
 So true has come our biggest fears
 There's no one left who really cares
 I'm going to give each one a mirror
 So they can see what we see

Then I'm going to run for president
 So I can show what's evident
 I will answer questions truthfully
 And you can think what you want of me

I'll hide behind no mask at all
 Not forced to sit I will stand tall...
 I'll be myself and wear no veil
 With my left hand on the bible:
 "I smoked pot and I inhaled!"

BIRTHRIGHT

I had a glass of wine and I felt fine
Yeah, so I had a couple more...
I went out looking for a good time
Like Marco Polo – I wanted to explore...

Had no idea what it would bring
Maybe something great
or perhaps nothing...

The only difference
between the pauper and the king
Is just birthright
and the size of the diamond ring...

Change the substance not the shadow
Or else you'll find that change is hollow
Let the light in open the window
Lead the people and they will follow

What do I do...
If not this?
What do I share?
If not this gift?

What's the best present
To give to our kids?
I say a future world
Left better than when we
First came into it?

But leading by example
Is the hardest thing to do
To reserve and hold your judgment
Until you walk one day without shoes

Singing the song of someone else
Well, it only goes to prove
That one man's country song
Can be another man's blues

What do I do if not this?
I could go back to being a hypocrite
Hello dear...(fake smile)
Hi my love...(kiss, kiss)

Change the substance not the shadow
Or else you'll find that change is hollow
Let the light in open the window
Lead the people and they will follow

Here's something those of you
With two jobs already know
This bitter pill has become
Too hard to swallow

Healthcare's gone for good
And Social Security will follow
They want you to pay for today
So they can own you tomorrow

Overworked and underpaid
 Slowly dying from minimum wage
 Swimming in debt
 as the cost of living
 It rises over your head...
 so you try to forget...
 But I won't let you forget:

Change the substance not the shadow
 Or else you'll find that change is hollow
 Let the light in open the window
 Lead the people and they will follow

SHADES

What color are your eyes?
 To me that's as important
 As the color of your skin
 About this I am quite certain

What color are you inside?
 That's what really matters
 What we can see outside
 Are just shades and spatters

Shades from mighty bright white
 To midnight black or blacker
 To me it's a mitigated factor
 Much like the clothes of a good actor

For it's just a tiny fraction of the whole
 Something that's beyond all of our control
 Gives no insight to the depths of the soul
 Might show where we're from -
 But not where we're gonna go...

INTELLECTUAL PROPERTY

Graffiti scribbled on the side of a building
 Obscenities aimed at the passing children

Yet these simple words can have
 Such a complicated effect
 On an empty vessel of thought
 Dependent on a world filled with neglect

With the wind picking up
 There's trash blowing all over the ground
 There's three guys under 'neath a bridge
 Passing the bottle around

I see weeds sprawling across the sidewalk
 Crawling up through the cracks
 I watch a kid on his way home to a broken home
 Walking alone along the tracks

Things are heading south
 No matter which way you face
 What is bitter to your eyes
 Can give your mouth a bad taste

Seems that everywhere I look
There's something that hurts my eyes
They say another day, another dollar,
Which each new day comes a new surprise

It's not just the inner city
Where things are getting worse
When the intellectual property of so many
Needs to be torn down or reinforced

ANOTHER HISTORY LESSON
So just what do you want from me?
Another bloody lesson on history?
I am but one man can't you see
Will there be anyone behind me
When I finally make my stand?
Could I see a show of hands?

For I've grown sick and tired
Of laying way back in the cut
When your conscience burns with fire
You reach a point where enough's enough

No more playing follow the leader
I just fell off of the societal ladder
History is cyclical and I'm a big reader
Many say I'm madder than the mad hatter
But to me those vicious
Tongues only flatter
Only what my people say
That's all that really matters

I try to make a difference everyday
Don't let my ego go run off and play
For it may come home
Broken and shattered
I dress myself in rags and tatters

For people see me
More clearly this way
It's a small price to pay
To help keep the monsters at bay

For there's very little that I need
To be free of jealousy and conceit
Just my one true love
And our little ones at our feet
Then I'd sleep well
Knowing I've made a difference
At least to most
Of the people I meet

That's my definition of winning
Living in a box
Saying everything sucks
Now to me that's sinning
Such unfulfillment
Would be my defeat
A human retreat
Having to start all over again
At the beginning

SET LIST ELEVEN (11)

- 1 Love It or Leave It
- 2 Groovy Gravy
- 3 Devil's Friend
- 4 Disciple of Dirt
- 5 Moth
- 6 Insomnia
- 7 Thick Skin (first two stanzas)
- 8 Time's Up
- 9 Kicking the Can
- 10 Hey Waiter
- 11 Cement
- 12 Fancy Words
- 13 Dance Floor

LOVE IT OR LEAVE IT

I am me so you can love it or leave it
 (leave it)
 Don't care what you like
 So I don't lie
 Do you believe it?
 (believe it)

Though others' eyes
 I can't see through
 (see through)
 What you see is what you get
 I will never be you
 (be you)
 I don't want to hurt your feelings
 But I wouldn't want to
 (be you)

I keep my makeup in a drawer
 That's never been opened
 (opened)
 Is the truth in the eyes
 Or in the words spoken?
 (spoken)

As you can see
 I'm wearing no mask
 Let me tell you my friend
 This is no easy task

So what you see
 Is what you get
 (you get)
 Have you seen anything
 That you like yet?

I am me so you can love it or leave it
 (leave it)
 I wear my heart on my sleeve
 Could you ever conceive it?
 (conceive it)

Though others' eyes
I can't see through
(see through)
What you see is what you get
I will never be you
(be you)
I don't want to hurt your feelings
But I wouldn't want to
(be you)

I keep my makeup in a drawer
That's never been opened
(opened)
Is the truth in the eyes
Or in the words spoken?
(spoken)

I am me so you can love it or leave it
(leave it)
I wear my heart on my sleeve
Could you ever conceive it?
(conceive it)
I am me so you can love it or leave it
(leave it)

Don't care what you like
So I don't lie
Do you believe it?
(believe it)

GROOVY GRAVY
You look into my face
Expecting to see
A man who is angry

Yet these eyes of mine
Just finished crying
Miss my sweet ass candy

My mind...
Gotta fill it with groovy gravy baby
So I'm inclined...
To do or say anything that will pay me

Picked rhyme
'Cause I find most lives of crime
pay weekly not daily
And all my
Friends not in my head
all think I'm going crazy
Sure, once I thought I was on a roll
But I found out it's beyond all my control
Because when the Zen unfolded
Again I was the one left dumbfounded

Boy was I wrong
I really had thought I'd found it
Being used like a toy all along
There's no other way around it

I was a puppet on a string
Just a bird with two clipped wings
Confined behind these four walls
Tortured was the only way I'd sing

I was force fed
To believe - so I'd pretend
That means don't matter
As long as it gets you to the end

But soon I was no longer
The one steering the wheel
The machine kept getting stronger
I was left wondering was I still real?

Yes, once I thought I was on a roll
Now I've found out it's beyond all my control
Boy was I wrong
I really had thought I'd found it

Being used like a toy all along
There's just no other way around it
Became the prisoner of my own sad song
No wonder I've grown so despondent

DEVIL'S FRIEND

I can't quit it
Let me hit it
Oh won't you let me in?

I've been sinning
Since the beginning
And I don't want that to end

I keep learning
While I'm burning
I've become the Devil's friend

What I'm saying
Is I'm still playing
It won't be a pretty end...

I been high for a long time
I've been dry even longer
Out in the sunshine
The truth just gets stronger

I was hiding in my cave
And that's no place to get saved
See a man in full retreat
That's when he's easiest to beat

Well I just hid my head
'Til the world thought I was dead
Gone, lost and hidden away
Far from society I strayed

Trapped in a world I couldn't face
One where I quickly lost my place
Finding solace in defeat
Told myself I can't compete

DISCIPLE OF DIRT

Just what will break the spell?
So many claim to know
Yet so few tell

Why is that so?
Maybe it's just as well?
To just let it go...
Ah what the hell?

There's only one way to know
Whether to buy or sell
On which road to go
There's only one man in the know
Though long ago he fell

So what's a disciple of dirt
Like me to do?
No one left to follow
No one to lead me

A blind detective
In a world full of clues
Only able to be captured
No one to free me

So many choices
Yet so little time to choose
I want to hide away
Where no one can see me

So much to gain
But even more to lose
I'll rest in the safety that
No one else will ever be me

So what if my book of poetry
Lies dusty on the shelf
My inspiration's been lost and found
By someone else

My dreams about tomorrow?
Ah who the hell even cares?
Every day we all take
A good look in the mirror
And wonder if it's time
To face our fears:

Are we burned up?
Are we burned out?
Or maybe there's no flame at all
With no desire to climb
There's no risk to fall

So we stick to safe ground
Like a hamster on a wheel
Lacking love and hate
So there's nothing left to feel.....

MOTH

Some things were made to bait you
 and then out wait you
 Or out will you
 But if you're a moth like me
 Then a burning candle will kill you...

They say misery loves company
 I said I'd rather be alone
 They say in truth and light
 There lies your salvation
 I said sometimes I feel safer
 When all the light is gone

In darkness I trust
 When scared I soar
 Up through the night sky
 Seeking light once more

I find I can't change
 The wiring of my brain
 So with wet wings
 I glide through the rain

So I may pass the test of fire
 And fly over the open flame
 Try to rid myself of all desire...

It's the same tame your name game
 It's the same tame your name game
 It's the same tame your name game

INSOMNIA

It's time to write another song
 About the world and where it's all gone wrong
 But awe man....That's gonna take soo long

To sum it up: if you're ignorant then you're right
 It's the best lesson you can learn from the whites
 Those with power never wanna give it back
 Is the history lesson you learn if you're black

It's not where you end up
 But how far you had to go to get there
 If you were born with a senate seat
 Don't ever complain your life's not fair

I wake up... remove the covers from my face
 Then I do...what I can for the human race
 Fight the urge...to give in when I'm overwhelmed
 Save the world...mostly by working on myself
 I'm close to becoming the man I was born to be
 Not another drone, wage slave worked to death
 But someone who can say they tried to break free

Every night I stayed awake
 Trying to find a cure for the human race
 Thus I suffered from insomnia

So finally I had to give it a break
It was the best thing I ever did
Trust me I'm telling ya
It's time to write another song

THICK SKIN

If you sing my song...
First know that it's long
A tale filled with broken hearts,
promises and noses

If you look inside my soul...
You'll see all that I don't show
My deviled horns, the blood-stained thorns
And wilted leaves of long-stemmed dead roses

TIMES UP

My misdirected passion
Has led to many lashes
Put all my eggs in one basket
As if you even had to ask it

I made a rash decision
And did something I wish I didn't
Now everything is broken
All black with ash and smoking

As I've lost all intention and desire
To ever again go near or play with fire
I know I've said this all before
But this time I won't be called a liar

I don't wanna feel
Like love's not real
But I've grown sick and tired

Of being used
And if it's self-abuse
I'm thinking I might retire

Take up another trade
In my old age
Hey, this gun's for hire

Got a few bullets left
But at least I'm outta debt
So what if my plan backfired?

Sure you can save for a rainy day
Then watch as a typhoon comes your way
You can look around there's no escape
Right now you are face to face with the wave

Sometimes it's water
and sometimes it's mud
Sometimes it's floating debris
coming to f*ck you up!

Sometimes it's earned
and sometimes bad luck
Sometimes you jump
when you should have ducked!

Time's up!

KICKING THE CAN

This woman I'd been dating for nearly a year
Told me to get out with words so clear
Said her chains had been broken
and she's no longer bound
To me, former lover, getting outta town

Like seasons a' changing love once so dear
I got no more magic in my hat as I disappear
Walking down the street carrying a big black bag
In it is everything I hold dear that I've ever had

Looking up at heaven trying to understand
Why I'm walking down the street just kicking this can?
I was wanting to travel
But this is not what I planned

HEY WAITER

I see fine, fine, fine...
Sugar mama's all the time
That I know...
could be wined and dined
And numbered because they hunger
For my love and what I got inside
Yet still I wait...

I see pretty young things
Whose bodies could be had and bought
With just a wink and a shiny ring
But I don't think dirty thoughts
For sure, girls like that
There's lots and lots
But still I wait...

To see a woman strong inside
With whom I want to stand beside
Because I know she'll still be there
During times when I'm troubled
And deep within despair
Or in need of some tender love and care
So here I wait...

For those who are the very few
That will love me for what I do
And for what I truly am
For they will see I'm a special man
Who lives his life
according to his own plan
And sleeps all alone tonight
because he understands
That he must wait...

CEMENT

As the blizzard blows tonight...
All you think about is staying warm
We unite to build a fire
Enemies become friends
And everyone survives the storm

For time has proved
As we've evolved and grown
That the truth is...
We're never best when we're left alone

If you wanna be truly original
Then don't be scared of a stranger
Don't you know the first smoke signal
Was a way to talk
And not a symbol of danger

Yet when it comes to truth
Some play hide and seek
They say the dead don't lie...
Well, that's only because
The dead don't speak

Some manufacture consent
Like they're mixing cement
There's always a positive spin
It always us versus them
The good guys are gonna win

The speechwriters have been busy
You see stars and stripes blowing in the wind
Dylan warns propaganda all is phony
But just listen to them play our hymn...

Some manufacture consent
Like they're mixing cement
There's always a positive spin
So what if everything is falling down?
You get to build it back up again

I embrace my face....
Even though I don't like it
I support my race....
Even though we're always fighting

To some my life's a waste....
I carry on despite it
I know my place....
There're wrongs that need writing, righting

I don't know if I...
want to remember or forget
Some of the thoughts
I got swimming inside my head.....

They keep me awake
 sometimes I can't sleep...
 Been like this
 for about a week...
 And add to that about ten years
 I've been telling everyone
 Still no one cares....

FANCY WORDS

As if you were my children
 I sacrifice for you
 A mind like mine
 Don't come around often
 The next one could be you

The chip that rides atop my shoulder
 Has fallen to the ground
 To the chains of modern thinking
 I am no longer bound

I don't try to reach
 just a thousand critics
 I aim for tens of millions
 of people worldwide

I don't dare use fancy words
 that twist into themselves
 So many times that you need
 a dictionary by your side

I try to portray life plain and simply
 Using my words to paint
 a picture to be your guide

My soul crawls across the paper
 Falling dead across the lines
 As all the memories I've known
 Forgotten and left behind

Now stand before you
 Naked and raped
 Handled and molded
 Unfolded and shaped

There is nothing left
 That I can call my own
 There's no place that I can go
 That I can honestly call my home
 There is nothing I'm afraid of
 Be it discovered or unknown

I write for men and women like me
 Who have the roar of a lion
 Those who'll fight to the death
 to defend their pride
 The men and women who know
 that when life gets tough
 That you can never lie down and die

So hold onto whatever
will get you through
Do whatever - within reason
that you have to do
Look everywhere inside of you
it's in you
And I would not lie to you
I've been you
I would not hide it from you
but of course
I will help guide you through
I'll be your support

DANCEFLOOR

I been trying to find
A place to call home in my mind
But it's cluttered with all
this useless debris

Pictures, places... things and ideas
They've been trying to sell to me

I been trying to hear
My own voice within my ears...
(I heard a whisper from somewhere)

Amongst all the yelling,
screaming and cryin'
which leads to disbelieving
That's when the
whisper grows silent

I been trying to see
since things aren't bad for me
I should forget the fact
that ignorance kills

Turning my back on any and all ills
That don't slap me in the face
For I... can't save...
the entire human race

Today I'm enjoying myself
Going out to have a good time
This earth won't cease
to spin or exist
If I relax and unwind

Let someone else
Worry about the world
for a while...

Once I thought I was happy
But I've long since lost my smile...
I'd like to rewind time
to find the mindset I had before
Take the train tracks
back to when I lacked
the need to go explore

To when I didn't care
If the whole world
went up in flames

I'd say what can one man do?
Except point a finger...
And pass the blame

That's it...
I've had enough...
I can't take it anymore

Just a few of these...
To put my mind at ease...
I'll meet you on the dancefloor

SET LIST TWELVE (12)

- 1 Bite Of the Apple
- 2 Empty Eyes
- 3 On the Rocks
- 4 Smitty's Anthem
- 5 Victim of Fate
- 6 Dora
- 7 Get Outta My House
- 8 Valentine's Woes
- 9 This Very Room
- 10 Smiles and Frowns
- 11 Underrated
- 12 Clinical Depression

BITE OF THE APPLE

I come home after a hard, long day
Happy with my life but what a price I pay

I walk in waiting for a smile
Though looking down, you stand so quiet
Something is bothering you
I know you by now, you just can't deny it

Did the serpent come to tempt your taste?
Have you seen the devil? Did you fall from grace?
Have you taken a bite of the apple?
Did you drink up all the wine?

Did you see something so frightening
That it sent shivers down your spine?
Did you see a long lost lover
Only to look again into his eyes?
Or maybe you saw a homeless mother
And then heard her child cry?

Whatever you do from here
Do not hide what you are or what you did
Please don't keep staring at the ground
Nor keep your feelings hid

Please don't twist the truth so much
That you only tell me lies
I would never judge you
You do not need an alibi

Tell me all your worries
My child do not be afraid
Tell me of your troubles
For mistakes can be unmade

Whatever has happened here
Don't be scared to look me in the eyes
You know your face is one
that I never could despise

Did the serpent come to tempt your taste?
Have you seen the devil?
Did you fall from grace?
Have you taken a bite of the apple?
Did you drink up all the wine?
Did you see something so frightening
That it sent shivers down your spine?

Did you see a long lost lover
only to look again into his eyes?
Or maybe you saw a homeless mother
And then heard her child cry?

Did you see someone or something
which ended up shaking your faith?
Did you see a straight road ahead
And yet didn't walk so straight?

Maybe, baby you watched a man
fall down in the middle of the street
Did you build yourself a fire?
Only to find that you couldn't stand the heat

She turned around to face me
As she broke down in tears
Saying she never meant to hurt me
But her biggest fears...

Rang loud, sad and true
Now she knew that she couldn't undo
All that she had made
Feeling like she was trapped in a maze
Locked in a cage hurting so much
and at such a young age

I have never been a hunter myself
What I catch is always free to run away
But sometimes I wish that I was different
For if I was then she might have stayed

Maybe I should have been quiet
And not such a seeker of the truth
But she would have told me sooner or later
So just what would have been the use?

EMPTY EYES
It's not that I'd rather be alone
Then be at your side
But the strongest feelings
I have for you
Are the ones that I hide

My empty eyes
 You could never look inside
 My empty eyes
 Part of this face that you despise

It seems that the nature of women
 Is that emotion rules all
 The reason they rise
 The reason they fall

There's no way of knowing
 Which way you'll be going my dear
 It could be anywhere?

That once burning candle
 Has ceased glowing
 Revealing my fears
 Your rightful place is
 Out there somewhere....
 But it isn't here

That once bright star
 Outside my window
 Has long since disappeared

Proof...
 You can't prove your love
 when you don't speak the truth
 Broken...
 No more I love you's spoken

Crying...
 Is what she's been doing
 since she found out I was lying
 Leaving...
 Is what she is doing now
 that there's no more deceiving

ON THE ROCKS
 (for female vocalist)
 When he calls you up
 You drop everything
 As time itself stops
 When the telephone rings

He inspires the love song
 You're whole body sings
 The moment that he talks
 Your heart begins to soar
 For he gives you wings

But somewhere
 it all went wrong
 Along with
 so many other things
 Now you're cold as ice
 and on the rocks
 Told yourself
 you don't care anymore
 Doesn't matter
 how many presents he brings

Heart wrenching pain
is now your companion,
your refrain
Your rock of Gibraltar,
your new ball and chain

Feel like a jilted bride
left all alone in the rain
As all your ideals
have just been
flushed down the drain

When what you found
at the altar was just
a crutch and a cane

Yet ever since you let him go
You've longed to return
To the face, the arms,
you used to know

Guess that's just
how this story goes
Now you want him back
But what's inside
you won't let it show

Yes, ever since
you let him leave
One single memory burns
One that changed
your previous beliefs

You dry your eyes
and hide your grief
You realize the tables turned
Your heart's been stolen
and he's the thief

Heart wrenching pain
is now your companion,
your refrain
Your rock of Gibraltar,
your new ball and chain

Feel like a jilted bride
left all alone in the rain
As all your ideals
you've just flushed
down the drain

When what you found
at the altar was just
a crutch and a cane

SMITTY'S ANTHEM (NO TEARS)

I've got no tears left to cry
It just feels dead inside
And no, I'm not gonna lie
I love to hate you more
Than I ever loved to love you

And it may be
 Yeah, that this one's on me
 But as you see by my misery
 It's all I can do
 To not scream through the roof

There's a red flag at half mast
 You whistle as you walk past
 Yes, the graveyard is full of souls
 Whose decaying remains fill all those holes

While the blind man with the thirsty ears
 Longs for love during his final years
 And the middle-aged man with a broken past
 Clings to lies remembering them as facts

And the bullet proof youth takes advice from none
 Learns the hard way that's when the troubles come...
 As he looks around not sure what to do
 He blames me and I blame you...

Yeah, I was driving
 Fucking flying!
 Running away as fast as I can

She was lying
 Then starts crying
 I tell her, "Go find another man!"

Lonely...
 Not me...
 I'm already making other plans

You try to hold on
 But baby I'm gone
 Now you know I'm still in demand

This is a new song
 I hear you humming along
 Got you thinking about clapping your hands...

Since you've grown tired
 Of living uninspired
 Finally my friend you understand...

VICTIM OF FATE
 I watched the smoke rising
 Up from the flames
 Love is dead in my eyes
 But I'm not to blame

A victim of fate...
 Call it what you will...
 It was a hard thing to swallow...
 But she had to take the pill
 I stopped caring and cut my ties
 Lost the fire within my eyes
 I've grown tired...dissatisfied
 Now exposed...what I used to hide...

I got people dropping like flies
Disappearing out of my life
By now I stopped asking questions
Because I know the reasons why

I stopped caring and cut my ties
Lost the fire within my eyes
I've grown tired...dissatisfied
Now exposed...what I used to hide...

I got people acting like fleas
Latching, attaching on to me
It's probably because they're weak
They're playing games like hide and seek

Sadly, no one comes to find them
Negativity defines them
Those who used to stand behind them
Have moved on...gone on with their lives

I watched the smoke rising
Up from the flames
Love is dead in my eyes
But I'm not to blame

A victim of fate...
Call it what you will...
It was a hard thing to swallow...
but she had to take the pill!

DORA
Nicknamed Dora the explorer
For being such a horror
You showed me a good time
Then made me lose my mind, yeah

If this squirrel had a nut
He'd store it in your butt
Don't you turn your back to me
Before I've gained your trust

Once they kick your dick in the dirt
All the money in the world
Won't buy back your self-worth
Or take away the hurt

You can try to hide the fact
That your whole soul got jacked
But there's no use trying to catch
What has slipped right through the cracks

No more fight left in the dog
No more corn left on the cob
Looks like the thief has just been robbed
And he knows the cops in on the job

Seems you don't know...
What you've been missing
Until what was working...
Suddenly isn't

Try changing your mind
While you're serving time
In a solitary prison

Not bound by chains
Though what remains
Seems utterly insufficient

Alone at sea
Drifting hopelessly
Yeah, and you call it fishing...

Save that worried mind
Not for what you're afraid to find...
But rather on what you've been missing

Take some advice from me
To help yourself break free
From this invisible prison

Just to catch a break
You'll just have to take
Something when it isn't given

Embracing heartache
Was your greatest mistake
That you keep on reliving

In this game you're playing
And not participating
That don't lead to winning!

GET OUTTA MY HOUSE
They say diamonds are a girl's best friend
I guess it's good to have something left when

When the feeling ends
When the love is gone
All that's left is a song
You make love to your bong

As quiet as a mouse when your loving wife says
"Get outta my house!"

After mistakes have been made
Just as the song said
She threw a vase
Smacked you in the face

And when you said ouch
She made you sleep on the couch
You never saw the writing on the wall
Kept telling yourself tomorrow she'd call

From days to months to years
From happiness to sadness to tears

Your lasting memories concern her tight blouse
And the night she said
"Get outta my house!"

The carriage of gold which you both rode
Down along the cove on your wedding day
Somehow became untracked and unhitched
And every one of them horses they got up and ran away

After every mistake followed another excuse
As the chain started to break
She figured what's the use

For when you called for a truce
She challenged you to a joust
On her shield she soon wrote in your blood
"Get outta my house!"

Hearts once ablaze and set afire
Have gradually lost their flame
Dreams once you both together aspired
No longer remain the same

Coals in need of stoking
have lost all chance of smoking
Leaving each night's watchmen pointing blame

The mood grows colder as the time grows older
It's time to move south
When you're bleeding from the mouth
Because she sprayed you in the nose
And then smacked you with the hose

Even Smoky the Bear
Knew that the fire's been doused
On the night she said
"Get outta my house!"

They say diamonds are a girl's best friend
I guess it's good to have something left when

When the feeling ends
When the love is gone
All that's left is a song
You make love to your bong

As quiet as a mouse
When your loving wife says
"Get the fu#\$ outta my house!"
"Get the fu#\$ outta my house!"

VALENTINE WOES
I got those
Valentine Woes
I know that
some of you know

What it's like
to be me
When you're
feeling alone

A bit weak
in the knees
And a bit
faint of heart

In a world
full of lovers
You feel
distant and apart

Something separates you
From everybody else
Sure you bought
some chocolates
Yet you kept
them for yourself

You even bought
some roses
But they wilted
on your way home

Ever since the day
they were cut
You know they
never would have grown

I got those
Valentine Woes
Since the day
is coming soon

While everybody's
getting flowers
Seems that yours
will never bloom

THIS VERY ROOM
These simple pleasures
Shall forever dull my pain
For even though he may be gone
Still my memories of him remain

Even though I am here with you
We both know we're not alone
He's in my head, right here, right now
As if he was standing in this very room

(He says:)
Has she ever called out my name
When you two were lying in bed?
Did she ever scream out in pain
I can't get him out of my head!

Has she ever said that I was to blame
Yes, I'm sure that's what she said
Did she ever to you complain
That she'd be better off dead?

I'm sure that she did
So hard to keep these feelings hid
I'm sure that she did
It's such a tough thing to be living with

I try not to think of him
For there's so much to think about
Too many truths that I've discovered
Though to this day still I have my doubts

He led me by the collar
Then tied me to a string
And left me hitched to this post
After promising me everything

Even though I am here with you
We both know we're not alone
He's in my head, right here, right now
The same as if he was standing in this very room
And he won't be leaving anytime soon

SMILES AND FROWNS
With every grimace and frown
From both the past and present
My life feels turned upside down
And I begin to regret it

With every grimace and frown
That I dig up from the past
It adds a thorn to my crown
And a cloud to my sky
that now looks overcast

With every grimace and frown
Comes make-up
and paint for my soul
Creating a sad mime
from this clown
Whose feelings become
beyond his control....

With every new smile
On each face I see
I slowly forget what we had
And what we used to be

With every new smile
on each passing face
I find my sadness being lifted
My pain being erased

With every new smile
that I help to create
I feel a little better about myself
And my life's story I now narrate

With every new smile
That comes along my way
I'll have a better chance
Of smiling again someday

UNDERRATED
Everything has changed and yet nothing
Has changed since we last spoke
For what I once yearned the candle has burned
Now there's nothing left but smoke

Pages I have written in secret inscription
 Been set afire see their ashes blow
 So simply stated nothing's worse than saying
 Well I guess I almost made it

Reality has conquered me
 So I've left this dream behind
 My fate, my destiny
 Awaits in another place and time

So simply stated
 These years bled away
 Cannot be turnicated
 Reality has conquered me
 I've left this dream behind

My fate, my destiny
 Awaits in another place and time
 Now the clock's hands keep spinning
 And I've wasted so much time

Find myself a victim to all I've created
 Feeling so jaded I can't relax or unwind
 I've failed myself now I'm really in a bind

For what I once yearned
 The candle has burned
 Now there's nothing left but smoke
 Pages I have written in secret inscription
 Light this fire see their ashes blow

So simply stated nothing's worse than saying
 Well I guess I almost made it
 I've been led astray
 But perhaps it's better this way
 Maybe it's better to be blind

Than the one who can see
 His path illuminated
 Who walked the road yet never made it

So if anyone asks me I'd have to agree
 That giving up is underrated
 Ooh... it's underrated

CLINICAL DEPRESSION

Narrator: She finds a bottle of pills
 And she holds them in her hand

Daughter: My whole world is falling down
 And no one understands
 There's only one way
 to solve my problems
 That's for me to go away
 After I'm placed in my grave
 I won't hear anyone say...

Parents:

She had the whole world in her hand
 But she let all of us down
 Now she's gone to a faraway place
 Though she's only six feet underground

Parents:
What on earth would make her think
That we didn't love her so?
What pushed her past the brink
To where there was no place left to go?

Daughter: Mom and dad
I never meant to hurt you
Nor cause you any pain
I guess that I imagined
My loss would be your gain

Parents:
Whatever happened in the past
Is nothing compared to this
That would pass just like the moon
With just a hug and kiss

Parents:
This is your one mistake
That'll never be undone
We used to have two children
Now we're left with only one

Everybody stumbles
When they learn to walk
Everybody mumbles
When they learn to talk

Parents:
What we've learned with age
Is that you give it your best shot
We prayed that you'd be strong
But you never even fought
Did you ever listen
To anything we'd taught?
When swimming against the tide
You give it everything you've got

Daughter:
With expectations oh so high
You nailed me to the wall
You placed me on a pedestal
So I was bound to fall
I ended up lying down
When I tried to stand too tall
And when I needed you the most
I was too afraid to call

Parents:
How could we have missed the truth
With the writing on the wall?
Why did you say nothing
When we should have known it all?
If only you had told us
For we can be so blind
If only had we known
We would have been more kind

Daughter:

Oh no, what have I done?

This shouldn't be my fate...

I realize I've made only one mistake

But now it's far too late

Parents:

Always remember that

You're daddy's little girl

The world would have been

Your oyster and you its pearl

Parents:

I would do anything

To give you a second chance

I would trade my soul eternally

Paying with a pound of flesh in advance

Parents:

Not only were you my daughter

you were my best friend

If only you had known

That it didn't have to end

Daughter:

Goodbye mama...

Goodbye papa...

May we meet again

SET LIST THIRTEEN (13)

1 Can't Have That

2 Gettin' Juiced

3 Gate Keeper

4 Uncashable

5 Permanent Lies

6 Mickey D's

7 Poorest Chorus

8 Staking the Flag

9 United We Stand

10 Pledge

11 Sleepless

12 East Timor

13 Steady Calm

CAN'T HAVE THAT

The latest polls show

That when the people say "yes"

Our leaders say "no"

I was taught that it was us versus them

Now I've learned that them is us

But I'm not talking about your Average Joe

Just of those who try to buy our trust

Here's a list of things the peasants want

Well surely they can't have all that!

Just give them these stale loaves of bread

And then we'll raise the tax!!!!

Society at large...Oh, we're not too pleased
Politics to the core...has become diseased
All I need is one believer
To inspire me to dig just a little bit deeper

Society at large...Oh, we're not too pleased
Politics to the core... has become diseased
All they need is one good reason
To get me off of this charge of treason

Society at large... Oh, we're not too pleased
Politics to the core... has become diseased

When I hear the word lobbyist
My right hand reaches for my gun
When it comes time for talking politics
People get paid to keep us dumb

GETTIN' JUICED
Smashed is the equality
Living in this world of sin
As long as you got power
There's no trouble you're gettin' in

An old football star
He ain't gonna do no time
Money, fame and connections
All cover up the crime

Killing death row inmates
I haven't seen the use
The machine is all plugged in
But it still doesn't have The Juice

And when it's time for you or me
The average American Joe
They'll put us in a steel-caged cell
With no place else to go

When they come and lock me up
There's gonna be a parade
They'll say they've seen my writings
And heard every word I said

If I ever make parole
There'll be snipers on the roof
But they'll need to have an extra round
Because I'm bulletproof

Well, actually I'm not
I've got no fortune or fame
That's why when things go wrong
They place on me the blame

Killing death row inmates
I haven't seen the use
The machine is all plugged in
But it still doesn't have The Juice

GATE KEEPER

If it goes to trial
They got you on file
As a well-known liar

This whole time
The feds had it pegged
Were all wearing wires

You're left to ask why
Not everyone tries
When bogged down in the mire

And it seems to me
You're as high as can be
I don't think it gets any higher

Time to make a deal
Before your fate's sealed
The contract has expired

You see, going for broke
It leaves you broken
And cold and hungry
Yet you keep on hoping
That tomorrow
A new door will open
That'll light the fire
And you'll see that thing smokin'

You found yourself a game
That you really want to play
"Oh won't you deal me in?"
They've been waiting for you to say...

Gate keeper, gate keeper
I can dig a little deeper
Please tell me what you require
Would you have me walk across the water?
Or are you thinking of something hotter?
Am I sensing a cleansing by fire?
Oh those eyes I see them rise in desire
As beads of sweat from your forehead perspire...

Gate keeper, gate keeper
Oh won't you let me into your little show
Gate keeper, gate keeper
Oh tell me all the secrets
That we both know you know

UNCASHABLE

From where you stand
Everything looks groovy
But living inside of a commercial
It ain't the same as starring in a movie

Hey brother can you spare a dime?
I beg for money all the time
Rather hold an empty cup
Than lead a life of crime

Reality checks can't be cashed
That's what they said at the bank
When I asked:

Is there a tax on misery?
What's the price of a life
Worth materially?

She wrote down a number
But it didn't seem enough
When I said I suffered from poverty
She subtracted a couple of bucks

I said, "Have a nice day"
And I just walked away
Pondering the price we'll all pay
For people acting and thinking this way

I document history
The kind no one reads
In this land of pretty flowers
I'm considered a weed

PERMANENT LIES
Permanent lies, permanent lies
Permanent lies, permanent lies

Facts are interchangeable
Opinions oh so manageable
Everything is rearrangeable
For those who own the world

The discovery I am finding
No contract can be binding
When the empire is declining
The shell closes on a pearl

When confined by isolation
With this stale air I'm tasting
I slowly begin wasting
My time, my mind, my pay

So with nothing in my pockets
I gotta go get it
Because I don't got it
And when I do it flits away

Permanent lies
Lead to infinite wars...
What hides behind the disguise?
It's so hard to tell anymore
There's many giving up
No, I'm not talking 'bout the poor
Lots of middle class or better
All falling dead upon the floor

MICKEY D's
I cannot complete a thought
It gets lost as I get cross
Trapped like a gas
In this vast
piece of orbiting mass

This little lucky piece of rock
That you could almost
paddle across

We've got some
pretty green trees
Yet it's still ripe
with disease
Full of wars you
can and can't see

You ask, "So what's it to me?"
Yes I know of history, geology,
Astronomy and World War Three

I have seen the greed
Once I would have
never believed
That money could
buy such misery

Now I see the naivety in me
As corporations start
owning countries
Now they're calling
Kenya Mickey D's

And happiness is just
a distant memory
So long unknown to me
Living in this world of adultery

Where what you see
Is not really what you see
And where what's to be
May never be
And though unchained
no one is free

You can look forever
and still not see
Believing simply that
What's to be will be

Thinking that men
don't make history
Only got lucky
Someone had to be

It took me many years to see
That God helps those
who help themselves
So think twice to yourself
Before you trust in anyone else

Or else you run the risk
Of feeling just like me
A dear friend to insanity
But hey, at least somebody
listens to me

POOREST CHORUS By
The brutal honesty of this fun house
mirrored fishbowl world in which
we all live inside

Is that a man's soul
Will either with him gently die
or watch him lay helpless as he is
economically crucified

This is not just mere opinion
But a simple fact That we can no
longer push aside:

I've been watching the Walmartization
of these United States...

Which is tied directly to the exploitation of
our country's citizens by big magnates

Where the more get more
and the poor get less
As every mom and pop store
is forced to liquidate

I've been watching the Walmartization
of these United States...

Seen values and morals
and a sense of duty to country
slowly disintegrate

Over the last sixty years faces on the street
Have become overrun
by utter indifference if not hate

I've been watching
the Walmartization of these United States...

People getting hosed but not being
able to take a bath In Katrina's aftermath

And it's our own government
that has yet to close the floodgates

But there's more to it than court rulings
It's what large bills get passed
On the house floor to the Senate

I've been watching the
Walmartization of these United States...

I've seen kids having kids
Who're functionally illiterate
Little ones walking hand in hand
With the falling prices of real estate

I've been watching
the Walmartization of these United States...

I've seen people drown
 In a pool of knowledge
 Because the water turned stagnant

As our world has become all carved up
 and fractionated

I've been watching
 the Walmartization of these United States...

As funding for education
 gets bled so badly it needs a turnicate

Yet it's never seemed to be
 a major issue for debate
 Brought up by any presidential candidate

I've been watching
 the Walmartization
 of these dividing states...

Hoping for a reversal of trends
 But how much longer will we have to wait?

It's an unfortunate story
 But one that somebody
 had to narrate

STAKING THE FLAG
 Left, right, left, right, left, right
 Keep on walking
 Don't you look behind

Left, right, left, right, left, right, left
 Keep on walking
 Don't you look behind

Left, right, left, right, left, right
 Keep on walking
 Don't you look behind

If you do you know what you'll see
 I said if you do
 Then you'll know what you'll find...

A trail of tears...
 One tear for every step
 A trail of tears...
 One tear for what couldn't be kept

A trail of tears...
 One tear for every breath
 A trail of tears...
 One tear for every death

The Indians in their Teepees
 Speake English and say
 'In trouble deepie"
 The cavalry is about to charge

No dancing with wolves
 When you're waltzing with Custard

Forced into building casinos
And inventing new mustard
The pilgrims with muskets
Are now at large

And with a box full of small pox
Expanding isn't very hard
Trade whiskey for deeds
Throw in a few beads
When you find a cross in the yard
Then you'll know it's in the bag

To put men on the moon
You know it's never too soon
Sometimes you have to push hard
When you're staking the flag

Left, right, left, right, left, right
Keep on walking
Don't you look behind

Left, right, left, right, left, right, left
Keep on walking
Don't you look behind

Left, right, left, right, left, right
Keep on walking
Don't you look behind

If you do you'll know what you'll see
I said if you do
Then you'll know what you'll find...

A trail of tears...
One tear for every step
A trail of tears...
One tear for what couldn't be kept
A trail of tears...
One tear for every breath
A trail of tears...
One tear for every death

UNITED WE STAND
All for one and one for all
It really makes no sense to hide it:
That he thinks this and she thinks that
One man's fiction is another man's fact
Not every conversation is one-sided

All for one and one for all
What was once on the way up
Is now going down
After empty words were spoken
The unity was broken
And the three musketeers
Have all skipped town
All for one and one for all
As an individual we are so small
But this isn't China, this isn't Japan
No one wants to be part

Of any master plan
Yet society's foundation will crack
Without enough bricks in the wall

All for one and one for all
Quite similar to an alcoholic's motto
They say take things a day at a time
It'll help ease your mind
I guess there's
No such word as tomorrow

All for one and one for all
The time that's wasting is now
But for your God or for yourself
Maybe for me
Or perhaps someone else
To some greater cause
We must each take our vow

All for one and one for all
What kind of future
Does this world hold?
The ill are getting sicker
Each day our children
Are growing up quicker
Yet they say that
What hasn't a price
Cannot be sold

All for one and one for all
The justice system of our country
Has no equal
Though the cases seem
To keep getting worse
After a movie is made
Everyone wants to be the first
In line to buy the sequel

All for one and one for all
The liberty bell keeps on ringing
As republicans and democrats
Keep on listening
While trying to figure out
Where the sound is at
And until the do I'll keep on singing

All for one and one for all
You can sit staring
At quotes on the wall
But I believe
That Lincoln said it best
So there's really no need
To recite all the rest
United we stand, divided we fall

All for one and one for all
It takes many seeds
To plant a garden
So you better harvest
Before the frost
For if you don't
All your work will be lost
As I feel a wintry chill just starting

PLEDGE

Globalization without exploitation
Should be the pledge
of this next generation
The goal set forth
for this new millennium
More songs that unite...
That's right...
I'm penning them

So who is with me?
(thunderous clapping and applause)

Alright now who is against me?
(solo person clapping fades out)

The only weapon you need is love
To destroy any potential enemies

It's thoughts like these that make me
The most dangerous man in the world
Someone that can teach these beliefs
To all of Mother Earth's
little boys and girls

Every arm in arm
Each hand in hand
That's the one nation
For which I'll stand

SLEEPLESS

We regret it in the morning
What feels good in the night
We see things as we want to
And we pretend that we have sight
Have you ever asked Helen Keller
What she thinks of as right
Her answers might surprise you
Keep you sleepless and up at night...

EAST TIMOR

Amidst this endless
and senseless violence
The one thing
that I despise most
Are the swords that
were swung in silence

For when futile
becomes resistance
The bloody few who are left
Look to us
for some assistance

But it's by our weapons
That their blood is spilled
When you're wiping out poverty
Sometimes it's just cheaper to kill

So we justify we need a place
For our new submarine base
Since our economy is tanking
Why let good weapons
go to waste?

Sell them to Indonesia
And everybody wins
At least those with a voice
Amplified by
propagandist spin

I'm getting angry
unhappy
If I start crying
please slap me
Slap this frown
right off of my face
As you see I'm in
a delicate state

Been like this
for years
How long
will they have to wait?

When the media
is your ally
You can hide a genocide
Started back before 1975
Hundreds of thousands
have lost their lives

Amidst this endless
and senseless violence
The one thing
that I despise most
Are the swords that
were swung...in silence

STEADY CALM
When we are the many
And they are the few
We shall never be forgiven
For what we failed to do

As the time came
When it was time to act
We turned our backs
Clinging to made up facts

Children crying in their mother's arms
Fathers dying in wars like Vietnam

Vacant eyes
Formaldehyde smell
Following the trail
You know so well...

In this struggle for survival
The key is the journey not the arrival
It's more the process less the prose
Where the wisdom's found by those who know
'Tis best to walk where the road don't go
As everything speeds up
Is when it's best to take it slow...

It quickens - the pace of the nation
And sickens - what some of us are facing
As the plot thickens - you forget what you were chasing
Those not stricken - stop sleepwalking and awaken
To all you spring chickens
- can we unmake this forsaken aching creation?

I sense the sound of hesitation in your voice
I've found most of your frustration is by choice
Those afraid of confrontation shall be coerced
To either stand up for themselves
or else lie down in a hearse
Day to day to day...
Today is worse

If you wanna make an omelette
Then sometimes you gotta break some heads
It don't pay to be a chicken
Forever sitting on unhatched eggs

Here at the feast not everybody eats
Not everybody speaks
Even those who are able
But when the money's on the line
And the cards are on the table
Someone's bound to cheat

It happens every time
Hence the noose around the neck
Legs dance and then dangle
Silhouetting the gable
Now... things are back to normal
Everything all nice and stable

Steady Calm...
Yeah, I'll wear that label

SET LIST FOURTEEN (14)

- 1 Tears of Trust
- 2 Paper Thin
- 3 Cutie Pie
- 4 Aum... What She Said... Um
- 5 Night Light
- 6 Synergy
- 7 Making a Killing
- 8 Monuments
- 9 My Garden
- 10 Happy Place
- 11 Let It Ride
- 12 Riding a Wave (first part)
- 13 Only Shared With You

TEARS OF TRUST

As tears of trust
 Fall from her eyes
 We have become one
 It's no longer her and I

As we were meant to be
 Two equal halves
 of the whole
 Connected for eternity

Forever in lak'ech...
 These two kindred spirits
 These two like minds
 These two brave
 and loving souls

For she has
 finally let me in
 To where no other
 man has ever been
 Once I proved
 myself strong
 By admitting to
 the weakness of men

Never have I
 spoken false words
 About who I am
 or where I've been
 Nor have I ever intentionally
 caused her hurt
 No matter what rough shape
 she's left me in

Now it's time to let
 our new journey begin...

Now it's time to let
 our new journey begin...

PAPER THIN

When I said, "Everything was fine"
Straight away you knew I was lying
And you told me so...
I replied that this time
I was the one who
Needed some time alone
But you didn't buy it... No

In your wisdom it was known
You knew my words were paper thin
Not something you'd take stock in
You know the weakness of my inner boy
As well as the strengths in me as a man
You knew all along of my secret plan:

I was looking to build a wall
Just to see if anyone would notice
I wanted to live in a sandcastle
One infinitely doomed by the tide

I was looking to build a wall
Just to see if anyone would come
And try to knock it down...

I was looking to build a wall
Just to see if anyone would come
If there was anyone at all?

When there was nothing left
But an old recording
Every time anyone
would try to call

I was looking to build a wall
To hide behind and in
the back of my mind
I wanted to protect
my hall of mirrors

I was looking to build a wall
A place to put
all the problems
That I had yet
to face or solve

They're over there
next to where
I dragged my
doubts and fears

Now laying beside
the cross I bare
Behind which sits
my failures to evolve

CUTIE PIE

Since a miss by an inch
Is as good as a mile
I'll die wearing hip dirty clothes
Opposed to clean ones out of style

You can tell as much about me from my eyes
As you can from my smile
I don't mind being hypnotized
By a cutie pie for awhile

I'll have you understand
I found my weakness as a man
Running my fingers through your hair
As your breath became my air

Every time I closed my eyes
You'd be there inside my eyelids
As your voice became my music
I'd hear piano, harp and violins

No longer am I lonely
Since our hearts were joined souly
Even apart we're still together
From now until forever

I don't know what could be better?

AUM...WHAT SHE SAID...OM
I've been trying to explain this:
Displace the myth that what is...is
It is something pliable,
Changeable and moldable

Yet we could try and see
We may just be capable
Of being tough enough
Yes, every soul is searchable

Or we can try to hide
From the inescapable
But I don't think that's possible
Or at least it is not responsible

I've felt fingers numb
I've gone half-blind
Staying awake trying
To find the right lines

The right chords and tight riff
Trying to show you
Not only what could be
What was and what is

I've been trying to explain this:
The fact that consciousness
Like a river it is streaming
So that's why I go dreaming

Like you, I've been trying to find
Some peace in my mind
Since it surely seems that sometimes
All the good things keep leaving
Remember, even this moment is fleeting
Don't let your beaten pride eat you alive
When self-fulfilling becomes self-defeating
Don't lay down and die...Rise up....Rise up....

Raise a hand up...The other hand up...
Raise them up to the sky...
Finding some peace of mind in AumOm
What a pleasant, sweet surprise....

NIGHT LIGHT

Well I believe that I came to you
In pursuit of my search
For truth and light
And that love of life
Can see me through...

Through this on my darkest day
Through this deep haze
Rather than be washed away
By a crushing wave

Reseeding my belief
That hard work pays off some day
All souls can and will be saved
Rather than be led astray

I don't joke when trapped
By a cloud of smoke
Because some people think
That our world is their own ashtray

If we all stop and take
A deep long breath...
(pause)
We can either blow it up
Or blow it all away...

Then we can see the sun
Let the world unite as one
Feeling like children again
Then we can go run off and play
Just like we did back in the day

Prozac people's kids no longer cry
We just hear their sighs
Perhaps that's why I find
That I cry all the time

So rather than just turn my head
And cough in jest
Seeing a big, old, bloody mess
Yes, I guess I must here confess:

Sometimes I don't reveal
When I cry my tears of joy inside
That's when I feel the most alive
It's my bright, nightlight
That I just won't let die...

So once again that's why
That I believe that I came to you
In pursuit of my search
For truth and light
And that our love of life
Can see us through...

SYNERGY

Our musical creativity
 is infinity
 If you ask me
 (but no one asked me)
 That's why I had to speak up
 That's why I always get tripped up
 That's why I had to stand up
 That's why I won't give up

That's why I always try to live up
 To what I see in my meditations
 That's why I always try to live up
 To my own expectations:

Of greatness and limitlessness
 Of timelessness and spacelessness
 Only energy and synergy
 That potentially lives inside

Each and every being
 Not just between you and me
 You see I believe that we
 Were never meant to be

But somehow through
 some wrong turns
 And some right words
 We just fell into place

So naturally
 And that makes me
 Happy...
 So very, very happy

MAKING A KILLING

Strings break
 Voices crack
 Smooth skin wrinkles
 It's just a matter of fact

The years add up
 When you do the math
 But you know us
 We don't worry 'bout that

Now tell me why is that?
 Is what the people ask
 It's because all we need is love
 And what we carry on our backs

We find that to be
 just perfectly enough stuff
 Along with the kid
 and a couple of crazy cats

That come walking with us
 As we try to find out where we're at
 While we make our living
 pied-piperling the rats

So sing and walk with us
Once we've gained your trust
Our army has been making a killing
Charging just a quarter per hug...yeah...

So sing and walk with us
When you see a big cloud of dust
A rolling rally coming down the ally
Or maybe that's smoke -- I just got a head rush!!!

MONUMENTS

Time... is always of the essence...
Though we don't know
if it's always been present...
Oh, but of course it's a gift...

Well, I guess that depends
On what you do with it
When it's yours...
Was it something significant?

Though we know that sometimes
there is elegance
even in remedial chores...

It's who you're with
And not what you do
That's led me here
Standing in front of you

And beside you –
Always behind you
Because you know
You've let me live
Right inside of you...

For year after year
You've been there
To say you care
I think of time as a monument
A shrine to the moments
that we've shared

Time... is always of the essence...
Though we don't know
if it's always been present...
Oh, but of course it's a gift...

I love you more than
Classic Rock n' Roll
The last time I felt like this
Was so many years ago...

It's who you're with
And not what you do
That's led me here
Standing in front of you

For year after year
 You've been there
 To say you care
 I think of time as a monument
 A shrine to the moments
 that we've shared

MY GARDEN
 No matter the time...
 No matter the place...
 Hope has a face
 Just gotta finish the race

Pain and sorrow?
 You'll pass them on the road
 Yesterday and tomorrow?
 The seeds have already been sown

Your future's been planted
 out in the field
 With all the choices you've made
 Your fate has been sealed

We're all searching for answers
 But yet we know
 That after you've planted...
 You have to take it slow

And sit in your garden and.....
 Watch it grow
 Watch it grow
 Watch it grow

HAPPY PLACE
 It was a rainy day
 Not unlike today
 Do do do

I was by myself
 But she was on her way / But he was on his way
 Do do do

It was the month of March
 But felt more like April than May`
 Do do do

I was in my happy place
 As if I had to say
 Do do do

This is the song
 Whose melody can be
 repeated when needed
 You don't even need words
 Words just describe pictures
 to the state of the mind

This is the song
Whose melody can be hummed
in defeat or retreat
Offering a calming peace
During the most troubling
and trying of times

This is the song
That everyone can sing
The poorest of paupers
The richest of kings

This is the song
That's one big fairytale
But only if you want it to be
This is the song
That when we all sing along
Turns out to become reality

This is the song
That everyone can agree on
This is the song
That can save the world...

This is the song
That everyone can depend on
For it's the song we hummed
Way back when we were young
Even though at the time
We didn't know the words...
Do do do

This is the song
That everyone can agree on
This is the song
That is there from the start
Deep in our heart

It's the first song
We learned by ourselves
And then we sang together
All the little boys
And all the little girls...
Do do do

LET IT RIDE
I can feel you're growing tired
Can sense you're getting run down
As you spoke
your brain seemed wired
So full of scattered thoughts
bouncing all around

When I called to cheer you up
You seemed so very distant
so far away

I thought by now
I knew all the words
That could lighten your load
and brighten up your day

Hence when silence fell upon us
 My face took on a peculiar
 and puzzled state

That's when I knew
 to throw away all my words
 For it was best for you
 and best for me to wait...

You told me that you needed time
 Time alone with just yourself
 And not to take it personally
 But of course
 you knew how I felt...

I felt like less of a man
 And more like a child
 Since I always do what I can
 To make you smile

Yet I respected your wishes
 Your will and desires
 As I gave you the space
 Which you said you required

For I know you by now
 When it comes
 to troubled times like these

I gracefully bow down
 And back away far enough
 Until it suits your needs

For that is love...
 Learning when to push,
 when to pull
 and when to temporarily retreat

For that is love...
 Knowing when to drive
 When to let it ride
 And when to take a backseat

RIDING A WAVE
 So tell me what you did today
 I found myself riding a wave

A little part of my heart
 and soul got saved
 When I stood up
 Rather than running away

Let me tell you what I learned
 My books their pages
 are getting turned

Since life comes
 at you in stages
 So it goes you learn

In these changing phases
We yield, go our
separate ways and merge

Mostly we see time
as our enemy
So we speed up our pace

Then we get caught
going against the flow
And we find ourselves
losing our place

So tell me what
you did today
I found myself
finding myself
While I was
riding a wave

Riding a wave...
While sailing away...

Riding a wave...
While sailing away...

Riding a wave...
While sailing away...

ONLY SHARED WITH YOU
I found the truth within a song
As soon as I turned the radio on
The singer spoke your name
I couldn't turn it off

I didn't know
That you knew him, too
I'm not only one
Who writes love songs for you

He described your eyes
As deeply troubled and blue
Said you tried to hide your crying
But he'd seen right through

And that sounded a lot like
Something that I once wrote for you
Surely some time has passed
Yet my feelings still hold true

Yeah those words read a lot like
A verse of a love poem I once wrote, too
One that never became a song
Because 'twas only shared with you...

SET LIST FIFTEEN (15)

- 1 Shield
- 2 Story of My Life
- 3 Floating Head
- 4 Come To Me
- 5 Flim Flam Man
- 6 Other Times (first part)
- 7 Solving Problems
- 8 Messy Room
- 9 Monarch
- 10 Heavy Machines
- 11 Brain Games
- 12 Chit Chat Chatter
- 13 Sign of the Times

SHIELD

"Either write something worth reading
or do something worth writing"
Looks like Benjamin Franklin's right again
So rather than be a man of action
I'm off to get my pen...

Whatever keeps me free from blame
Surely, that's the choice I'll choose
For in this game I never said I had to win
I'm happy to draw if it means I don't lose

Call me a coward
Call me what you will
While you're crawling among the fallen
Well, I'll be standing still
So what if I'm standing still?

At least treading water
Means that I'm still alive
Just look here at my great big book
So what if it lacks a spine?

It makes for a magnificent shield
Which I use to hide behind
And I hide behind it all the time

STORY OF MY LIFE

I just picked up my pen
It's been God knows when
Since I really tried
To see something through to the end
And now I'm back at it again
Don't know just where to begin

Sifting through the rubble
Digging myself out of trouble
Won't someone come and burst my bubble?
Unentrap me
and I'll simply walk away happily

I'm just waiting for the time to be right
Always hesitating...
That's the story of my life
Probably cost me a dozen loving wives

To think that I might have made it
Had I acted on what I knew
Everyone knows I've always said it
But why are there some things
That we can just never do?

FLOATING HEAD

I'm a white boy with no rhythm
And even less soul
I've faced the fact
that I'll probably be like this
Until my last days of growing old

Hell, what I've been told
You know I just won't allow
myself to believe it
Every girlfriend I've ever had
Tells me I dance just like a quadriplegic

I give....They take
They live...I die trying to save
A drowning doggy from the lake
I give...And they take some more
Both me and the doggy
Never paddle back to shore
(Because I have no arms and legs)

COME TO ME

You were right
to come to me...
When you wanna learn
about the system

uh ha

About how the
powers that be
Try to keep
greatness down
So that people like me
Lose our will to fight
and resist them

uh ha

Divide and conquer...
The oldest trick
in the book
Mix in politics
and religion
Add a little
gender and race
Into this melting pot
And now they're
ready to cook

uh ha

Can you hear
us screaming?
As we're being
boiled alive
Oh, oh they say
we're dreaming
If we want more out
of life than to survive

uh ha uh ha

You were right to
come to me...

When you wanna
learn all about love

uh ha

About how I have no doubt
That the greatest feelings
Come from the inside out
The light within shines
brighter than the light above

uh ha

Falling in love
is overrated
While growing to love
Is what true love
is really made of

This is the truth
that is rarely stated
It's such a simple idea
You know that
greeting cards hate it

FLIM FLAM MAN
Flim flam man
Flim flam man

You would have me understand
You hold my whole world in your hands
But that's a lie I've found out your plans
About me or my you don't give a damn

You only build so you can break
You give... just so you can take

And I've grown tired
Of fakes and flakes
For goodness sakes
I've had it up to here
Not sure how much more
I can take before
I make a big mistake

The weapon is loaded
There will soon be explosions
I'm leading the legions
To a new Eden, yeah!

The countdown has been ticking
Since the problem needs a fixing
As the balance keeps on shifting
Many people've been predicting

The coming of a fight
Say it might be going down tonight
But those who are likewise heady
Know it's been happening already

And by the time we get to see it
There will be no way to defeat it
Everybody have to beat it (OW!)
That's bad in black or white
No other colors needed
'Cause once you see you start bleeding...
You're only trying to stay alive
To hell with getting even!

OTHER TIMES

The more get less as less get more
They keep on raising the ceiling
While dropping the floor
The rich get richer
Those in the middle grow poor
When will the soldiers realize
They've been fighting the wrong war?

There's a curtain of silence
Now draping over this island
It blows in from the highlands
Where everything's in ruins

So many were trapped there stranded
Left right where they were standing
Poor fools lacking the tools
Who got caught not knowing the rules

We all know what leads you
Your reputation precedes you
You may say you've changed
Still no one believes you

Healing takes time
Mending broken minds
When the wound cut deep
To all the way inside

As my luxuries
have become necessities
I'm being slowly stripped
of my spirituality
This lack of harmony
within humanity
Has begun eating away at me

I can't decide
 if this is a side effect
 Or the scheme behind the plan
 I don't know where it's going
 What I was or who I am

Positivity triggers mental agility
 While negativity kills our ability
 To foresee a future better than the present
 As intuition tunes us in to what isn't evident

Every pauper's voice
 shall be equal to the president's
 When we get things right
 no more will we be hesitant

To speak out against
 what we feel isn't right
 Sometimes love heals
 other times it starts the fight

SOLVING PROBLEMS
 Precision beats power
 and timing beats speed
 I walk up to the biggest motherfucker
 and see that he's afraid of me

My defiance and disdain
 Act as my suit of armor
 Your reliance on the same old same old
 Leaves you distressed while I get calmer

When things change
 Chaos thrives
 Those stuck in chains
 Will not survive

Minds with walls
 Will not evolve
 The riddle remains
 The puzzle's unsolved

Cunning and wit can have the same effect
 To soothe the savage into deep introspect
 Or else prove to the farmer he's incorrect
 That a peaceful life is what is best

Yeah, you told me the price
 And yet knew not the value
 The trouble was the bubble
 They been trying to sell you

It's gonna burst there's no doubt
 You were the first man in
 but the last one out
 You lost your shirt,
 your spouse and then your house
 You're playing in the dirt
 so why you still running your mouth?
 Punk! Life just damn knocked your ass out!

I suggest you stop talking and think about it
Cork that kettle before you go off spouting
Oh shit... he's still dribbling toxins
And just the sight of him is making me nauseous
When I get like this it's best to be cautious
It can lead to flying fists
or else me dropping logic
I got answers to your questions
either way the problem's gettin' solved, kid!

Precision beats power and timing beats speed
I walk up to the biggest motherfucker
and see that he's afraid of me

MESSY ROOM

The smoke from my cigarette
encases me like a tomb
As the aura of my bitterness
becomes happier with gloom

Don't you fret but can't you sense
the oncoming distress?
When you live inside your mind
because this world is a mess

Yes, there is danger out on the street
Faces of anger for you to meet
And some even stranger and others you can't see
The chosen ones that always were
Along with those that'll never be

What we have found are many faces walking
While looking down at the ground
Hear the echoing of malicious words
The first time they were ever heard

See the small hands that have grown
And the fists that have been thrown
Traversing the uneven roads that we have traveled
While watching the moral fabric that's unraveled

When a sweaty palm fuses with cold steel
A hand extends but does not feel
A pokered-face turns the tables after a bad deal
As fantasy vengeance has now become real

Pent-up aggression can no longer be concealed
Aim is taken and fate is sealed
Two eyes full of blood are suddenly revealed
As fantasy vengeance has now become real

Don't you fret but can't you sense
the oncoming distress?
When you live inside your mind
because this world is a mess

MONARCH

My demons act as faithful dogs
Arriving as if summoned
How do they know even before me
That there's trouble coming?

If I let go of my anger for you
 Then baby I'll have nothing left
 Maybe that's what I should do?
 Perhaps that's for the best...

Playing stupid games
 Will only win you stupid prizes
 Truth never needed many words
 Or any veil or disguises

They say never let 'em see you sweat
 And don't stay crying in your beer
 Yeah, all those good words of advice
 Passed right on through my ears
 When it feels guilty to laugh
 Tell everyone your secret
 Such burdens from the past
 We all know you don't need it

If feelings are not facts
 Why do words carve like knives?
 As the scars left in the aftermath
 Reflect two broken lives

Give the people some bread
 For they just want another circus
 And it's hurting my head
 Knowing I don't deserve this...

I'm a prisoner of my brain
 A victim of biology
 How does a butterfly find its way?
 Maybe by using astrology

HEAVY MACHINES

I try to comprehend infinity
 While operating heavy machinery
 And that's just by using my brain
 While slowly jogging in the passing lane

Of time and space and rhyme and plane
 I'm trying to see just what makes me
 Superior to royalty
 probably because of my belief
 In fairness and equality
 to the nth degree for all humanity

Which unfortunately includes
 the sufferers of insanity
 Stupidity, vanity...
 Are you kidding me?
 I have to fight for them, too?
 Couldn't we just let them be?
 For each one of them
 just add one to get their I.Q.
 – yup....it's two....
 When that's your crew
 what the hell you gonna do?
 It sure beats me...So I ask you

The time has come
Something must be done
The time has come
We are the chosen ones

The time has come
No longer can we run from this

Sure I talked a lot of s%^t
But I never made a stand
Can't take back any of it
Well that's not what I have planned

Time to let the new revolution begin
All this time I've been blaming myself
When I should have been blaming you and you....
And her and him

This crazy look inside my eye
Should tell you a little bit about me
There's so much that I despise
So many things that keep me from being free
So let us make a list of the biggest causes
Of our collective misery

BRAIN GAMES

Brain games... Brain games...
She's been playing brain games
'Cause he's been playing brain games
'Cause she's been playing brain games

Since you get what you give...
You just get more of the same...
Brain games... Brain games...

She's been playing brain games
'Cause he's been playing brain games
'Cause she's been playing brain games

What a horrible way to live...
When it's as monotonous as the rain

As lovers turn to strangers
Or couples that I call not lovers but painers
When their broken hearts fill up
Then start brimming over with anger
As Valentine's Day greeting cards
Are blank and black except for the word 'danger'
And soon refused and remarked

'Won't you please return to sender'
For sure sometimes silence is golden
If or when speechless
if and when powerless you are rendered
Or when hurting words into your mind enter

It is surely better to refrain...
Rather than play brain games...
Brain games...Brain games...

Since you get what you give...
 You just get more of the same...
 Brain games... Brain games...

CHIT CHAT CHATTER

Chit chat chatter...
 Can you hear their teeth rattle
 As if underneath the warm breath
 Of a baby and his rattle

Chit chat chatter...
 Does it really matter
 Speaking just to fill one's idle time
 Without expressing what's on your mind

Chit chat chatter...
 All the words blend together
 Like the birds of a flock
 Birds of the same feather

Chit chat chatter...
 As words end up in a blender
 And the thoughts get lost
 When there's no core at the center

Chit chat chatter...
 From the circling tongues
 Never ending, never starting
 Once the talking has begun

Chit chat chatter...
 Sometimes the words hurt
 Sometimes the words flatter
 To me it all sounds the same

Chit chat chatter...
 As their oohs and their ahhs
 Resemble goos and gahs
 One's candle of thought
 Slowly loses its flame

SIGN OF THE TIMES

Calling all revolutionary reformists
 Just how long can we ignore this?
 Somebody's gotta try to resist
 Before the boot gets too big

Sure, in my heart stands a pacifist
 But behind him stands a line of people
 Who are pissed and it's a sign of the times
 When it actually has to come down to this....

I fell down....
 When I felt a smack to the back of my head
 Yeah, and so....
 Didn't the sign I was holding which read:

World Trade Organization
 You had best be on your way...
 We're sick and tired of evil corporations
 Getting caught
 and then just changing their names

Sometimes all it takes
To create a crime
Is the wrong word
At the wrong time

To push a man
Not unlike myself
Right over the edge
Right across the line

I can see that now
This time like never before
A new place to go
Just waiting to be explored
So...just know that my last
Gasping breath will be spent
Denouncing at length against
Whatever corrupt powers that be

And judging not all but some
Without regards to
Or from they're from
Whether or not they must pay a penalty

Calling all revolutionary reformists
Just how long can we ignore this?
Somebody's gotta try to resist
Before the boot gets too big

Sure, in my heart stands a pacifist
But behind him stands a line of people
Who are pissed and it's a sign of the times
When it actually has to come down to this....

SET LIST SIXTEEN (16)

- 1 Hypocrites
- 2 Tom's Psalm
- 3 Lost and Found
- 4 Triangle
- 5 Crystal Ball
- 6 Walking Paradox
- 7 How and When
- 8 Kneeling
- 9 Best Left
- 10 Chameleon
- 11 the Light
- 12 Learn From the Masters
- 13 Never Be

HYPOCRITES

Well it's three o'clock in the morning
And I ain't been to bed
I'm still trying to
sort out all those hopes and dreams
That've been floatin' around in my head

It's just so hard to focus
When you're as talented as me
There are about a million things
That if I wanted to then I could be

Well, I'm a born teacher
 But I ain't no preacher
 For I've never been close to god

I follow the golden rule
 I went to Catholic school
 But all them people sittin' in their pews
 Whipping out the green to pay their church dues
 I think they're all getting robbed!

You see, I've never been a fan
 of playing follow the leader
 The priest might be a pedophile
 And the guy kneeling next to you
 You know he's a wife beater

No I don't want to raise my kids
 To grow up to be hypocrites
 Organized religion will give you fits
 You know that it might be time to quit
 When the time that
 you're sitting in church
 Is the only time that
 you're safe from getting' hit...

TOM'S PSALM
 If you believe in lies
 Then your hands are tied
 Self-crucified
 You are still chained

In elders so wise
 From them the truth still does hide
 Walk in trance hypnotized
 Nothing has changed

And their sermons surmise
 In faith there is no compromise
 Yet the same old problems
 Still have not been rectified
 Today and yesterday
 They are still the same

The day the savior does rise
 They shall all stand by his side
 Though countless have died
 For their religion's name

But what does it symbolize
 When the only hope to unify
 Is for laws of science to be defied
 As the earth's engulfed in flames

And what does it signify?
 That man has yet to visualize
 Every instrument
 Of the orchestra harmonize
 When every piece is on stage?

LOST AND FOUND

I see what you have
And I want it
It will be mine
For I'll pay any cost

Someday you'll turn around
And she will not be there
For I will have found
What you have lost

You will begin to hate it
But it was all premeditated
Just when you thought
You had everything together
I finally convinced her
That she can do better

Because no matter
where you go
Pick any corner of the world
There's one thing I know...
There are only
four types of girls:

Either...
For now
For later
Forever
Or forget it
And if she's three of the four
Then you're gonna live to regret it

For now comes and then goes
For later keeps you on your toes
Forget it never shows
But when forever arrives
Then everybody knows

There is no such phrase
As setting standards too high
So be forewarned...
When forever appears
She catches everybody's eye

TRIANGLE

I could tell you
a thing or two about love
I could whisper into your ear
All of the sweet words
you long to hear

Calm and quiet every fear
A soft caress
as we gaze west
Towards the ocean's
reflecting mirror

Love you forever,
for the rest of my years
I'd always be here
to dry your tears

Cherish you above
any other one
Above all else
that I hold dear

If only I didn't have
this cross to bear...
I love someone
but she don't care...

Yes, people come
and people go
But emotions never fade away

Some things will
never happen...
This you know
Yet still you hope and pray

The nature of the beast is cruel
Though acceptance
must be learned

As the dwindling hourglass
of time has taught
That it cannot be turned

Her love came and left
It disappeared into the night
Floated up by the moon
Then vanished out of sight

My love came
But it never went away
It still rattles
around in my mind
It's how I start my day

I heard her voice today
It nearly brought me to my knees
I felt the beating of my heart again
It nearly brought me to my knees

After all the tears I've wiped away
I never thought I'd ever see this day

It only shows that time
goes on to tell:

After one word...
After one breath...
I fallen back under her spell

Let me trade her eyes
for yours
Maybe then she'll see
everything so clearly

Let me trade your ears
for hers
Maybe then she'll
be able to hear me...

CRYSTAL BALL

Indecisiveness has got a hold of me
Should I stay, should I go?
The high road, the low road

So many forces
That push and that pull
They act as they will
And they're acting now still

Just one of the choices
That I have to make
How much more can I take?
Couldn't sleep
For the last month and a half
Need a crystal ball
Because I shattered the glass

Was it half full or half empty?
But I can get it refilled they got plenty
Or at least they tell me so
But just where it is I still don't know

Maybe around the corner
Maybe half-way around the globe
Still feeling like a foreigner
Living the life of Job

I don't feel disgraced
I'm just losing my faith
Finding more questions than answers
As the hour's getting late

WALKING PARADOX

Searching for an escape...
to leave my mind
for just a little while
Praying for eyes brand new...
seeking second sight
through the eyes of a child

When it hurts to reminisce...
the only thing to do
is ask yourself why?
Things can't carry on like this
So your life goes up on trial

I got exactly what I wanted...
And now I'm looking
to give it away
Because I'm being haunted
by the price I had to pay

I pride myself on freedom...
yet I've found myself
slowly turning into a slave
I try to practice what I preach
but I'm a walking paradox by trade

So pay no attention to what you read...
 And even less to what you hear
 For when you start to hate your life
 You act without thinking and without fear

I've got so much left to give...
 but it seems I'm a hypocrite
 My words may speak of peace and love
 and yet my mind is clenching a fist

Everything I have
 I'd gladly give away
 to take a trip through time
 to go back to yesterday

For some thoughts
 That you find
 flowing through your mind
 you know you should never say

I blasphemized to hell
 with Adam and Eve
 Yet I'll still be apprehensive
 on the day that I die

I say I wear
 My heart on my sleeve...
 and then I proceed
 to build a wall ten miles high

I let all the cats out of the bag...
 when I'd have been better off to
 let sleeping dogs lay

This is the life I have to live
 after finding my guide
 And then beginning to stray

I found the time to pen this rhyme...
 during my wife's exile from the house
 I screamed bitter words of anger...
 As buried thoughts dug themselves out

Now I'm the undisputed
 king of the castle
 but I'm a husband
 without a spouse

HOW AND WHEN
 Today I lost
 my best friend...
 So here I am
 with just my pen

Alone, here I am
 with just these tears
 Running down
 the side of my face

Wondering how
did I find myself
Here all by myself
in this lonely place?

Wanting, waiting and wishing
for your warm embrace
Seeking to find an escape
from this soulless solace...

I find that I've been
Drifting far away
From whom I used to be
Just the other day

I have to pick up the pieces
And carry on again
I have to regain my trust
Have faith in my race again

Yet here I am in isolation
For fear of a broken heart
I have to pick up the pieces
But I know I have yet to start

I can find some
comfort for now
By turning my
hurt into art

And letting you know
that if you feel like me...
We're are not alone
nor are we apart

I promise you
a better day ahead
Yes, it's okay to be sad
It's okay to stay in bed

It's alright to cry
It's alright to ask why
It's alright to sigh
And want to just hide

It's alright to feel pain
Emotionally broken
and blood-stained
It's alright to feel doubt
It's alright to let it out

That's how and when
We can begin to let love in
For that's how we become
Stronger and better
Women and men

KNEELING

It's time to inspire
I think that I'm ready
I finally stopped shaking
Though I'm still not
Quite fully steady

It has come that time
To try to walk by myself
If I need some assistance
At least I have someone else
Someone's who's vowed to help

You see I've fallen down
And just laid there
on the floor
I never made a sound
No, I never asked for your help
I thought I could do it by myself

But that just led
to empty feelings
As a deeper sadness
grew inside
When what I needed
was healing
And to gain back
some of my pride

That would bring
back to life
The part of me
that died...

But it never really died
I found it was only sleeping
So, I wasn't afraid to cry
No, I wasn't afraid of weeping

I knew I was
growing cold inside
When my tears
they started freezing
That's when I knew
I had to open my eyes

I couldn't yet stand
So I began by kneeling

And I got to where
the air was warm
As slowly, I went
from the lowly
To where I started
to regain my form

It's time to inspire
I think that I'm ready
I finally stopped shaking
Though I'm still not
Quite fully steady

It has come that time
To try to walk by myself
If I need some assistance
At least I have someone else
Someone's who's vowed to help...

BEST LEFT

One single ray of light
broke through the clouds
Touched down upon the ground
that I was standing upon

My lover right beside me
just stood in my shadow
By the time she made up her mind
to move the light was gone

Though it was never discussed
This scene said so much about us
This strange phenomenon
Either she didn't notice or else didn't care
Just stood there in the cool, crisp air
At six minutes past dawn

But I know another girl
who is made up of sunshine
She's waiting but I'm not sure
if she's been waiting for me

She's someone who knows
Just how I'm feeling
Yet she's uncertain
If we were ever meant to be

So I asked her if
I could come and see her
For it seems
she's now ready to settle down

After five years
of traveling across the country
She picked out a state
And said, "No more moving around"

And I've been searching for inspiration
For a new picture to place inside my frame

I have grown bored with everything around me
But I'm unsure of whom or what I blame
I've been seeking a new set of surroundings
A new life, a fresh face, a new name

I'm getting tired of waiting
For the time to be perfectly right
I'm packing my bags when I get home
And I'll be leaving some time later tonight

I'm unsure of my exact destination
I desire somewhere with a warmer locale
Maybe then I'll kick these winter time blues
And brighten up my entire morale

Yes, I've been searching for inspiration
For a new picture to place inside my frame

I have grown bored of everything around me
I've decided that things just can't stay the same

So I won't say that this story's finished
Only that soon I'll be heading west on a train

Sometimes you can't wait you must create your own fate
Find out if some things are best left...
Unexplained

CHAMELEON

She changes the color of her eyes
Every once and awhile...
But that's all right with me

Sometimes strangers take her by surprise
So she's always quick to flash a smile
Because life is full of compromise
And that's not a bad way to be

She hates it when I preach
And she knows that she was born to teach
And baby, dreams are free

Anything you seek is achievable
Once you convince yourself it's believable

I think I've found it...
And I can't wait for you to see
I think I've found it...
And I can't wait for you to see
I think I've found it...
To any locked door we have the key

Will you take my hand and follow me?
Here and now and eternity?

I think I've found it...
And I can't wait for you to see
To any locked door...
We have the key
Will you take my hand
And follow me?

LIGHT

My world is empty
As strangers pass
I imagine myself
endeared in their eye

They never stop,
just go about their daily routine
Never wondering what
an unknown figure
could ever do for them

Perhaps make every dream come true
Perhaps give them the sun
and place it in their hands

They walk by
and their lives are changed forever,
unknown to them
I could have been their everything

My life remains the same, alone
I am willing to love
Yet they never stop,
just go about their daily routine

Sometimes I try to be noticed,
I shout and wave my hands
And make promises I fully intend to keep
But they do not stop, not for me

Desperate, I keep on searching
Filling my void with whatever
I find to make the day pass
Night falls and covers
my weeping eyes and damp cheeks

Despair fills my heart
just as darkness fills the air
Alone and in the dark
my eyes catch sight of a distant light

So far in the distance
and so high atop the sky

Seemingly a kin to the mountains
it is so unreachable
Yet I must try

What have I to lose
except the pain of tears?
With every step closer
my sorrow is lifted

I walk long miles
yet my legs do not feel heavy
My heart begins racing
as the light does not fade
as I get closer

So many times before my dreams crushed
right before my eyes
Maybe once I will succeed to reach the top

After what seems like
an eternity of traveling I reach the summit
The light, once distant and small,
now encompasses me

I stand before it, anxious to touch it
I extend my hand in friendly greeting
The light enters my fingertips
and explodes into my body

A body once cold regains warmth
Each sense more excited than the next
All pain ever felt before
is exiled back to where it came

My spirit returns and I feel alive
The light I now hold within guides me

Through darkness
Through worry
Now as I have found the light
I will never be alone
The light I have found
is you

LEARN FROM THE MASTERS

Today is the day
I know that I will make it
When I was cast from the mold
Who would know that I'd break it?
In bitter fits of jealousy
There are those who can't take it
Pretend to walk in my shoes
When they know that they fake it

Be yourself don't try to be me
Open the door that'll set you free
My pen name Bob Dylan Junior is gone
I've stepped into the shoes
of a man named Tom
A poet, a writer, who dabbles in song
And learns from the masters
What he's known all along

Since I am a poet
I will fight you only with my pen
I'll drag your name through the mud
And then drag it through again

There's no need for fists
For fighting only leaves you bruised
I've learned that paper cuts never heal
When everybody has heard the news
When made known is your reputation
Then I win and you lose

Since I am a poet
I will try my very best
To separate myself from all others
And try to stand above the rest

Searching for what
hasn't yet been written
Though there's not much
that Dylan left

Be yourself don't try to be me
Open the door that'll set you free
My pen name Bob Dylan Junior is gone
I've stepped into the shoes

Of a man named Tom
A poet, a writer, who dabbles in song
And learns from the masters
What he's known all along

NEVER BE

If you got it then flaunt it
If you don't then fake it
If you think it and want it
If you need it then take it

But I once told myself
That I was willing to wait
To make my mark
But I've been looking up lately
And I notice the sky
is getting dark

If things keep
progressing at this rate
In the sense that
the light is growing dim
It might be...
my destiny...
to be...
A never was...a never be...
As opposed to a has been

Even though I
Live it
Breathe it
Speak it
And eat it

I give all
I have to give
To something
As important as this

I told myself that
I am willing to deflate
My own ego

And try to silence
any feelings of hate
That deep inside of me grow

Though these toxins are innate
I swallow hard
Try to bury them alive

I got nothing but time...
and my mind...
These years in my prime....
And this
dedication to rhyme...
To use as my tools
to allow me to thrive

And I plant it
I seed it
Water it
And weed it

I give all I
have to give
For I am
Not a hypocrite

I told myself that I am
willing to bear
My inner soul
For the more voices
I hear inside my ear
The harder it is
to maintain total control

The more likely I am
to be persuaded by fear
For in this line of work
very few will ever make it

So many much more
talented than me...
Can get driven to the
brink of insanity...
End up losing themselves,
their lives and their family...

When their music
never makes the radio

No videos on MTV...
I must be able to give it
as well as take it

Yet I know it
And I say it
I believe it
And I pray for it

I give all I
have to give
I got one shot
No regrets if I miss

I told myself that I am
willing to share
Won't keep inside
My thoughts, like clothes,
I will openly wear

When you have
nothing to hide
You have no reason
to be scared

When you don't
Cheat or steal
And I...never lie...
Nor do I try...
to portray any
emotion that I...
Don't honestly feel

No fake tears
in my eyes...
Or some false
face of cheer
Only what is real

I could never conceal:
That I strive for it
Survive for it
I live for it
And would die for it

I give all
I have to give
To whatever it is...

And this is
And this is
And this is
IT!

SET LIST SEVENTEEN (17)

- 1 Point of Reference
- 2 Cello
- 3 That's That
- 4 Beware of the Snoogins
- 5 Dot Dot Space
- 6 Flyswatter of Love
- 7 Times Up
- 8 Sunday Morning Sex
- 9 Behave
- 10 Spreading the Word
- 11 Tired
- 12 Actress
- 13 Empty Room

POINT OF REFERENCE

You keep waiting for your eyes to meet
Two lives become instantly changed forever
Sometimes you believe that day may come today
Other times you think to yourself never

That's why god made the Russians black
Or maybe white depending on your preference
That's why when I go out I'm never looking back
Because by now I've lost all point of reference

Ha ha ha...
(My plan worked to perfection)

I was feeling stranded and left
By the side of the road
Only seeking tranquility
And a place to call home

Until we met when I said,
"Meow baby, you wanna go roaming with me?"
You see, I'm just another aimless cat
Strolling back from combing the alley

But you and me, we could leave...
 Help cure each other's disease...
 We could become great friends or family
 Hell, we could even get married

CELLO

I'm a one night show...Yeah...
 I'm a one man band...Oh
 Sometimes I glow...ya know...
 And some nights don't go
 as they were planned...
 Why'd you just let go of my hand?

Ahh...So you think you know
 Where all this is going?
 Please, won't you understand?
 It was a trap and I was unknowing:

You've come across a desperate man
 Yet you wanna sink my battle ship
 Without seeing the battle plans
 All because of one false radar blip
 One wrong ding in your quick scan

I needed to silence this silence
 Won't you please bring in the violins
 And the fellow who plays the cello
 And won't you kindly say hello
 To all the people in the lobby
 Who all told me I needed a better hobby

Better than telling all the citizens
 That I'm mostly a dissident
 Who doesn't trust institutions
 That mainly pitch pollution
 Not to all the gentry and worldly citizens
 But mostly to just the Americans

I'm a one night show...Yeah...
 I'm a one man band...Oh
 Sometimes I glow...ya know...
 And some nights don't go
 as they were planned...
 Why'd you just let go of my hand?

THAT'S THAT

Well, hey baby...
 I know you'd love to lick my soul
 With those eyes full of fire
 Burning out of control

But you know me
 I'm the one you can't have
 Because life is unfair
 Oh, don't let it get you sad

Just enjoy these dreams....
 They are all you'll ever have
 Cause I'm a sexy young thing....
 And you're you....and that's that!

BEWARE OF THE SNOOGINS

I said beware of the snoogins
— yeah, yeah
You said you knew what you were doing
— yeah, yeah

Your mistakes are far from
few and in between in
Sometimes you give the word
fu%&ed up a whole meaning!

You say I'm hurting myself
I say better than
hurting someone else

Oh oh you make a little lovin'
Ah ah bun in the oven
Uh oh splish splash, get fat
Uh uh dumpster baby in the trash

Oh oh drive to the pier
Uh uh all your problems disappear
Uh oh daughter in the water
Uh uh son added to the slaughter

These crazy kids today...
They don't know what they're doing
They're killing themselves...
each other.... And lives are being ruined

Mom and dad are too busy working
To know son Johnny is a real f*&%^@g jerk
and... It's just more time on this rhyme
That I got to spend working

Poor, poor teacher
Stuck with problem child Billy
What the little boy needs is some attention
Instead he gets slapped silly

I said beware of the snoogins — yeah, yeah
You said you knew what you were doing — yeah, yeah
Your mistakes are far from few and in between in
Sometimes you give the word fu%&ed up a whole meaning!

You say I'm hurting myself
I say better than hurting someone else
Oh oh Ah ah Uh oh Uh uh
you make a little lovin'
bun in the oven
splish splash
get fat
dumpster baby in the trash...

DOT DOT SPACE B
I've finally decided
to give you a piece of my mind
You've taken up another hour
of my precious time

Even printed it in Braille
 'cause you can be so blind
 Now I'll dictate it to you
 one paragraph at a time

Bold face
 Dot space
 Lower case
 Dot dot space

Dot dot
 dot dot space
 Dot dot
 Double space

Bold face
 Dot dot space
 Lower case
 Dot dot
 dot dot dot - oops

Back space
 Bold face
 Dot dot space
 Dot double space

Lower case
 Dot dot
 dot dot
 Single space
 Dot dot space

Thought I could make it through
 this but I know that I cannot
 Feelings I once embraced
 are now tying me in a knot

Used to live to see your face
 when my blood boiled red hot
 The light in your eyes has been dwindling
 at this same familiar pace

Bold face
 Dot space
 Lower case
 Dot dot space

Dot dot
 dot dot space
 Dot dot
 Double space

Bold face
 Dot dot space
 Lower case
 Dot dot
 dot dot dot - oops

Back space
 Bold face
 Dot dot space
 Dot double space

Lower case
Dot dot
dot dot
Single space
Dot dot space

I've given you everything I've got
and that's a lot
We were once a team
but now it seems I'm your mascot

I guess I've always known
that we were at best a long shot
Two hearts once burned
but there's no more kindling in the fireplace

Bold face
Dot space
Lower case
Dot dot space

Dot dot
dot dot space
Dot dot
Double space

Bold face
Dot dot space
Lower case
Dot dot
dot dot dot - oops

Back space
Bold face
Dot dot space
Dot double space

Lower case
Dot dot
dot dot
Single space
Dot dot space

You've become my brace
and all the good times we've shared I've forgot
I was going to write more
but it's best that I ought not

So I'll leave you
with this very last forget-me-not
I fell for you,
we fell in love
and then we fell from grace

Bold face
Dot space
Lower case
Dot dot space

Dot dot
 dot dot space
 Dot dot
 Double space

Bold face
 Dot dot space
 Lower case
 Dot dot
 dot dot dot - oops

Back space
 Bold face
 Dot dot space
 Dot double space

Lower case
 Dot dot
 dot dot
 Single space
 Dot dot space

FLY SWATTER OF LOVE

As my eyes stayed glued to the door
 And the stairs that you'll walk up no more
 A great pain it rang through my ears
 If I cried out there'd be nobody left who cares

After getting the latest
 message that you sent me
 Yes, this I must confess
 My chessboard was empty

Your silence sang to me in memory
 like the newly fallen rain
 Yet the pawn moves along
 knowing it's only part of the game

As I left alone that night on the train
 Simply no longer able to explain
 That the vision I once saw of us
 No longer looked the same

As inaudible words dribbled
 Down the side of my face
 I wondered what I was still doing
 In this crazy place?

It seems the wine in my glass
 I could no longer taste
 My fears weren't in haste
 This was all a big mistake

A butterfly in a web
 Inside this cocoon I'm encased
 A mugged man in Central Park
 Without any bear spray or mace

Still sometimes inside my mind
 You lay naked on the rug
 As I come closer you extend
 Your arms out for a hug

As I approach I fall in the hole
That you freshly dug...
I got squashed by
the fly swatter of love
just like a bug

TIMES UP

My misdirected passion
Has led to many lashes
Put all my eggs in one basket
As if you even had to ask it

I made a rash decision
And did something I wish I didn't
Now everything is broken
All black with ash and smoking

As I've lost all intention and desire
To ever again go near or play with fire
I know I've said this all before
But this time I won't be called a liar

I don't wanna feel
Like love's not real
But I've grown sick and tired

Of being used
And if it's self-abuse
I'm thinking I might retire

Take up another trade
In my old age
Hey, this gun's for hire

Got a few bullets left
But at least I'm outta debt
So what if my plan backfired?

Sure you can save for a rainy day
Then watch as a typhoon comes your way
You can look around there's no escape
Right now you are face to face with the wave

Sometimes it's water and sometimes it's mud
Sometimes it's floating debris coming to f*ck you up!
Sometimes it's earned and sometimes bad luck
Sometimes you jump when you should have ducked!

Time's up!

SUNDAY MORNING SEX

Where is Noah when you need him?
As the water runs God says,
"We're even!"
Stupid humans now see
What you've done
There's ten feet of mud
That now fills the Garden of Eden

Yeah, you read the book
 Never calling the legend a myth
 So you never believed
 That it would come to this...

With so many false idols
 Just who could resist?
 Went to church on Sunday
 And then became a hypocrite

As you stood on your roof
 and you shook your fists
 Deceiving in believing
 that being blessed
 Would be better than this

Oh...someone free me from this misery
 Today, not unlike yesterday
 Is still not how it should be

There's way too many people
 Gazing up at the steeple
 Wondering silently
 If this whole damn thing ends violently
 Yes...once they sought to confide in me
 But those days have long gone
 They have passed
 Maybe I was wrong when I asked:
 "If Judas had turned the other cheek
 Would he have been slapped?"
 Perhaps

I am worse than Judas
 And I ain't talking about the priest
 'Cause God sorta sees me as a blasphemer
 Just because I got another belief...
 Repent, repent, repent
 I promise I'll never do it again

Now may I go in peace?
 Finally I have my freedom
 Received relief so to speak
 The big guy in the sky
 Is the only one to take creed in
 Oh sh\$%, this hypocrite just told a lie
 She just walked on by
 And as she batted her eyes
 I looked down between my own thighs
 And only saw with one eye
 I do believe I am gonna die...
 Because...

It's the best stuff on earth
 But it's not made by Snapple
 And to think that Adam
 Only settled for an apple
 Oops! You dropped your fig leaf Eve
 I just heard the voice of God
 Say I think it's time for you to leave...

You better leave the garden
Now that you've had your fun
If Eve came from a rib
Then you know where...
The snake came from

BEHAVE

I don't need to be treated
Like I'm a superstar
I just needed to feel needed
And Honey there you are

Back seat love – can't beat it
And you're making it hard
To resist ya - you fine sista
I'd like to break you like the law

Standing looking down at you
Wishing that you were on top of me
You don't need to say you love me
That's never been my number one priority

I'm not looking for purity...
On that you can be sure
Maybe it's just the Magellan in me, baby
That finds the need to explore

Yeah, I used to go buck wild
Back in the day
Then one day my daddy
Took me aside

He said, "Son behave...
Stop thinking like a child
It's time to act your age...
It's time to act your age"

SPREADING THE WORD

I just cracked my first beer
But I ain't much fun
'til I had about eight more
That's the only way
I don't think so clear
As I forget the harsh reality
That this world has in store

I imagine it's mostly the same
For just about everybody like me
At least that's what I claim
At least that's what, so far, I see

The whole world's going to hell
Because of money, because of technology
Because of greed
And of course it doesn't help
When you've got six billion people
More than you need

Man's the only animal who takes prisoners
 The only species where
 Someone can get something for nothing
 We're the only ones who pay taxes for welfare
 We're the only ones who hold
 A finger on the button

Darwin was right
 About everybody but us
 We could use another plague...
 We could use another flood
 Many secretly agree with what I say
 But no one's willing to board that bus
 We could use another world war
 So we can spill some more of our blood

Yeah, there's many who agree
 But then say, "What...Who...Me?"
 Would rather be sitting on the fence
 Than hanging from a tree
 No, no, no
 They'd never make that big of sacrifice
 No, no, no
 They'd never take that advice

They only say, "You first!"
 To which I respond, "Now that's absurd!"
 "If I was in the back of a hearse
 Then there'd be no one left to spread the word."

TIRED

We sat out in the rain because
 We were just so tired of screwing up
 A clap of thunder and she didn't blink
 She's been hit with everything but the kitchen sink

Standing tall when you should have ducked
 It's quickest way to get fucked up
 As you're the one left out in the rain
 You think it's time that maybe you changed

Got caught in the river and its turbulent flow
 Got used to things that no woman should know
 Got a decision that's only yours to make
 Got a way out... yeah you got an escape

You can go live with your brother
 He ain't been right since mother
 Caught her sister in bed with father
 Yeah, they were all over each other

They ended up having a daughter
 My family tree's now is a jungle
 Rather than face the hot water
 They pretended her dad was her uncle

Your brother has a farm in Topeka
 And you know he would sure love to see ya
 You could stay there and pick up the pieces
 Spent some time with the nephews and nieces

ACTRESS

It's time to write you out of the story
Since most of the lines no longer include me
I don't want you to be the star of my movie
I'm the wrong writer so why did you choose me?
When you knew you were just gonna use me

I thought I knew which way I was facing
But I was the producer that you were directing
Yet again casting made the wrong selection

But I must say that you were cast
Because your talents were vast
You were the head of your class
It sure helps to look like that:
And oh boy... could you act

You smiled porcelain glass
Leaving an impression that lasts
I find my mind awoken from its nap
Blinking and thinking:
Oh what a fine piece of a\$\$

It's time to write you out of the story
Since most of the lines no longer include me
I don't want you to be the star of my movie
I'm the wrong writer so why did you choose me?
When you knew you were just gonna use me

I thought I knew which way I was facing
But I was the producer that you were directing
Yet again casting made the wrong selection

EMPTY ROOM

You live in a box
You build your walls
And when you stand up
You seem so tall

That's just because
You're in an empty room
But it's not your fault
So, I don't blame you

When you philosophize
amongst the dead
I could imagine the conversations
Going on in your head

Of course they're mostly
centered around either him or her
Or you and me...
Never talk about Bolivia,
East Timor or the Middle East

Can't sing about the hypocritical
Some listeners might get pissed
Better to deal in the trivial,
agreeable and bliss...

Stick to matters of the heart
 Tell them what they want to hear
 Lull them to sleep with art
 The best paid musicians are magicians
 That can make the bad things disappear

SET LIST EIGHTEEN (18)

- 1 Gauging Time
- 2 War Leonard 19 (first two)
- 3 Battle Cry
- 4 Free Speech
- 5 Beast
- 6 Flicker
- 7 Hidden Evils
- 8 Patching the Hole
- 9 Enemy of This State
- 10 Building a Castle
- 11 Cliffhanger
- 12 Happy Birthday to Me
- 13 Apocalypse Now, See Ya Later
- 14 Wave My Hands

GAUGING TIME

Cracks upon the walls
 Pacing up and down the halls
 When the walls start closing in
 Then the end will now begin

Freedom is stripped away
 As today mirrors every other day
 When time starts growing old
 Then what a price we pay

You don't gauge time by the clock
 That's hanging on the wall
 You tell time by the calendar
 That's hanging in the hall

The time you got in
 That's not what it's about
 It's the days you got left
 Before they let you out

WAR LEONARD 19

They wanted war...
 I didn't start it
 The rich and the poor
 Both broken-hearted

The haves kept wanting more
 Have-nots got less and less
 The battle in store
 Anyone might have guessed

BATTLE CRY

When our battle cry is save our shanty town
 Then your duty to your country is served
 When their false flag comes crashing down
 You'll finally get what you deserve

So before we pledge our allegiance again
Best to know which side we're really fighting for
For in this battle not everyone bleeds
No guns nor swords used in this kind of war

This is the fight for your soul
And it's a battle of wills
In which your only friend is yourself
because bad advice kills

You'll need the strongest of convictions
Because very few ever change sides
Needless to say you must
choose wisely if you want to stay alive

So many say but not many do
Deceive with bitter lies
Only speak in half-truths
For this war for information
Is plagued by veils and disguise
The media is a just puppet
That tells tall tales and lies

While the words of politicians ooze
Campaign speeches and promises so great
They'll say the choice now rests with you
You and your state control our nation's fate

Oh the false prophets are many
In a world full of masks
Some get paid to make up facts
When someone crooked gets attacked

Yet the game is fixed
And it's the board game RISK
And your country is the one that's sacrificed
Because it wasn't your hands that rolled the dice

When our battle cry is save our shanty town
Then our duty to our country is served
When their false flag comes crashing down
We'll finally get what we deserve

FREE SPEECH

Well, the speech maybe free
But someone will have to pay for the lies
For what's been done to you and me
Offered up to the Beast... sacrificed, yeah

Ain't no penance or priest
Giving relief to the sheep who have died, no no
So don't go claiming you're lost
Or you'll end up on a cross... crucified, yeah

You can go tell a friend
But they'll just do it again
No, the names never end
Who have died

Throughout history
That's how it seems to be
It's just more misery
Wrapped in lies

BEAST

With just the act of waking up
Wanting to create
something beautiful
and magical...

It came as no coincidence
in this funny tragedy
That something bad
had to happen to me

But luckily it was
just a ha ha ha
Where everybody
laughed at me....

Everybody lived
to tell the story
And at worse a few
Thought it was boring

Of course, certainly....
My friends and I
Have never been to the Middle East
Where they are given guns not peace
As I sit here

and sigh for my side
Both enemies and allies
who die as they cry
Never getting to
Comprehend or realize
It's the war machine
that's the beast

And it's you who's become obsessed
With this thirst and this quest
for blood and for flesh
A newly felt passion for pain
that your eyes now reflect
Yet your mind fails to digest
On famine it feeds best off
Of indifference and neglect

With just the act of waking up
Wanting to create
something beautiful
and magical...

It came as no coincidence
in this funny tragedy
That something bad
had to happen to me

FLICKER

I see light at the end of the tunnel
Yes, we can get there from here but there's gonna be trouble
I see light be it just a flicker
Yet to me it's bright
Because it's real dark down here motherf*cker
That's right

Sometimes you just need one single thing to believe in
To hold onto
To keep you standing
Opposed to horizontal
Which is right where they want you
That's right

I see light in the eyes of laughing children
That's why I fight
Because they're gonna face many problems during their lives
I believe it's best that we no try to solve 'em
That's right
I see light at the end of the tunnel

Yes we can get there from here

HIDDEN EVILS

Tick tock,
back and forth
moves the clock
But time stands still
on this here block

All the people here are doing
the same thing as yesterday
Satisfied with repetition but
what a price they pay

Tick tock
Try to remember to think
of happy thoughts
When your hands are bleeding
from untying the knots

The knots that stake you
to your chain of being
While you try to make your eyes believe
That its not real what they are seeing

Tick tock
What are you thinking as
youre sitting at your table?
Are you still wondering
if you are able

To chase those dreams as fast
as you could so many years ago?
Have you misplaced the self
that you once used to know?

Tick tock
For just when thought youve figured
all the important things out
Some situation occurs and returns
your previous doubts

The doubts which we
all sometimes posses
The reason we lose hope
when the world is a mess

Tick tock
A crying teen wonders
how much more she can handle
As a mangy dog digs through trash
and howls at the wind

Meanwhile a priest in his church
lights a holy candle
For all of his lost children
who have suffered and sinned

Tick tock
Son lays awake all night
dreaming of tomorrow
Grandmother prays for her soul
to be saved

Father works his second job,
his eyes full of sorrow
Mother wonders how
the bills will get paid

Tick Tock
A child born of racists,
his heart fills with hate
Paint chips fall off the wall
of the liquor store

An abandoned building becomes
home to a family of eight
The donation bin stays empty
while collecting for the poor

Tick tock
A pigeon wanders aimlessly
unsure of where to look for food
A wrinkled and ripped newspaper
blows around in the park

A homeless man on a bench
awakes in a foul mood
As night falls all thats wrong
with the world is covered by dark

Tick tock
back and forth moves the clock
But time stands still
on this here block

All the people here are doing
the same thing as yesterday
Satisfied with repetition but
what a price they pay

Tick tock
Try to remember to think
of happy thoughts
When your hands are bleeding
from untying the knots

The knots that stake you
to your chain of being
While you try to make your eyes believe
That its not real what they are seeing

Like the maid in the kitchen
Cleaning the same old drapes
And the man face down in the gutter
With seemingly no hope of escape
Tick tock

PATCHING THE HOLE

It seems like there's
no parking spaces
Only unhappy faces
Untied shoelaces
Now you've covered
all the bases

Those with their thoughts
like feet buried in cement
With a sign on their mind
that reads space for rent
If only could a
conscience be lent
Seems like just wasted space
and wasted time spent

Cannot fix the flaw
only patch the hole
The potential of diamonds
still stuck in the coal
Able to race the race
though blind to the goal
Only glimpses and pieces
never the whole

Never a reasonable thought
about why they're here
And soon indifference replaces fear
The voice of reason
they're unable to hear
Never aware of how
far away or near

For the truth of it all
 some could never bear
 Answer half-witted responses
 of life's not fair
 Entering every endeavor
 without much care

Have somehow
 lost the passion,
 lost the flair
 For the truth of it all
 some could never bear

Answer half-witted responses
 of life's not fair
 Entering every endeavor
 without much care

Rise above the filth...
 If you dare?

ENEMY OF THIS STATE
 I share my darkness with the morning
 It's about time to set back the clocks
 I can see now that the world's been turning
 Through this tiny hole inside my prison box

Yes, I'd rather sit here within my own seclusion
 Then go chasing after some make believe dream
 So many have become entrapped by the false illusion
 That what we think we see is what it appears to be

For all of the freedoms
 That we once held dear
 With one lie and one swipe of the pen
 I have watched them disappear

Life sure has changed
 So much since yesteryear
 I'll become an enemy of this state
 When hope can no longer conquer our fear

Perhaps I'm being too critical
 Of this society in which we live
 But sometimes it becomes too hard to take
 When those who have the least are the only ones who give

Yes, life sure has changed
 So much since yesteryear
 I'll become an enemy of this state
 When hope can no longer conquer our fear

BUILDING A CASTLE
 I just placed my head inside an oven
 It's just too bad that it's electric

Been having suicidal thoughts
 by the dozen
 But I think that just makes me
 a little eccentric

Now I know there's been
worse cases than me
But how they found their way free
I still can't see

Some call it bad luck
while others mention fate
Here I stand by an open window
as it's getting late

And it's much too late
to simply turn the page
Become such a creature of habit
at such an early age

So many faces I've known
just seem to fade away
Over the past ten years
very few have stayed
At this moment
I can trace them all

I sigh to myself,
place another stone
upon the wall

Then my castle is finished
there'll be no more hurt and pain

The drawbridge raised,
the windows barred,
everything locked and chained

Maybe then I'll be able to sleep
in peace and quiet
I'll be all by myself
there's no reason to deny it

But I'll never have to worry about
who'll be the next to leave
At least I'll have my own garden
– to hell with Eve

Every day of my life
I've thought like this
Lying on the floor
and clenching my fists

All the time wondering
whether I exist
Pass the time trying
to find some way to resist
I can't take back
what I've seen

I can't take back
that I've been
where I've been

Figured that I can end my troubles
 though I'm surrounded by sin
 If I never come out
 and don't ever let anybody in

I am not here
 I am someplace else
 In a room full of people
 I am all by myself

CLIFFHANGER

Alone again
 I hold myself solely responsible
 Inside my looking glass of soul

Peeking through the cracks
 Falling, falling, falling...fell
 Did I find the right way to go?
 The answer is yes but not too well

A burning candle
 Proves meager
 In this world of electricity

Traveling great distances
 Can be quite hard to handle
 Even though I am eager
 To build upon my legacy
 And meet and greet my destiny

Yet I fear our meeting
 May be a little premature
 Slipping and sliding
 On Mother Nature's
 Curves and contours

Down the mountain
 Off the cliff
 Straight on towards
 The black abyss

My fault
 My path
 I'm the one who chose it

My life
 My clay
 I'm the one who molds it

No standing and longing
 No wondering, "What if?"
 I climbed up the mountain
 And then I fell off the cliff

Alone again
 I hold myself solely responsible
 Inside my looking glass of soul
 Peeking through the cracks
 Falling, falling...fell
 Did I find the right way to go?
 The answer is yes but not too well

HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO ME
Since it will never come true
I am going to tell you my wish
One year from now
I long to have a soul
With whom I can share this day with

Because today I'm feeling old
And kinda sad
Feeling all alone and a little mad

Today is my special day
But there are no party hats
My ears yearn for one single hooray!
For just one present that I can unwrap

I'm sitting here by myself at home
Never had a day like this before
No one called me on the phone
Nobody knocked on the door

Another candle
Another year
Three hundred and sixty-five
More days have disappeared

There's no surprise party
waiting for anywhere
At least as far as I can see...
Yet tradition is tradition
So I'll just sing:
Happy birthday to me

Just one more candle
Just another year
Three hundred and sixty-five more days
That have disappeared

There's no surprise party
waiting anywhere for me
At least as far as I can see
Yet tradition is tradition
So I'll just sing:
happy birthday to me

APOCALYPSE NOW, SEE YOU LATER
I spent last night alone looking up at the stars
Given up on seeing the sun
Feeling sorry for myself
Feeling sorry for what I have and haven't done

I am back at square one
Stranded on this giant sphere we all call the Earth
Still, I'm sitting here standing guard over this
My little pile of dirt

I know it sounds deranged
That the only time I can get relief
Is when people share my pain
And empathize with my grief

Apocalypse now, apocalypse later
 It sure seems we've fallen out of favor
 Someday our dreams, soul and memories
 Will be all we'll have left to savor

Sitting here watching the sky
 Wishing I was an astronaut
 But unluckily for me I'm not
 I'm just another guy who hurts

If these clouds don't pass by
 Soon the flood'll come
 Turning everything to mud
 Ruin my last clean shirt

Apocalypse now, apocalypse later
 It sure seems we've fallen out of favor

Yelling hip, hip, hooray to others or myself
 It's probably not okay to think or say

That hopefully we'll all get washed away
 When the end of our days begins...
 Hey, today could be the day

It could happen right now and I wouldn't care
 At least I chose the right shirt to wear

Apocalypse now, apocalypse later
 It sure seems we've fallen out of favor

Someday our dreams, soul and memories
 Will be all we'll have left to savor

I'll be here with my tears of joy
 Sitting while watching everything get destroyed
 Amidst this an ocean of sorrow

I won't feel disgraced
 I'll be wearing a smile on my face
 As everyone else runs away

Hey, I'll be here all day...
 But I might not be tomorrow

WAVE MY HANDS
 I wish I could wave my hands
 Wake up in LadyWeaver Land
 All my past sins be damned
 Look at me... here I am

Once I travelled thousands of miles
 Just to gaze at your sweet, sweet smile
 And then everything crashed and burned
 And on a plane I had to return

It's been ten years since that day
 Now you have died and I have strayed
 I find it hard just keeping on
 In this world where you are gone

I've decided to level the field
Share with all this hurt I feelings
Soon you'll find my fate's been sealed
This monster inside I keep concealed

I don't gamble
I don't drink
But I got problems with other things

I had a wife
Then that wife died
And that unleashed a demon inside

No hesitation marks on my first kill
I ripped that shit like Buffalo Bill
And now I'm off for number two-hundred
Learned from John Douglas what not to do...

SET LIST NINETEEN (19)

- 1 Pretty Gold Bracelet
- 2 Still Walking the Earth
- 3 In the Shape of an Angel
- 4 Big Shoes
- 5 Forever
- 6 Open and Closed
- 7 Ten Feet Tall
- 8 Bird On a String
- 9 Unwritten and Unsaid
- 10 Glass House
- 11 Forget Me Knot
- 12 After the Fact

PRETTY GOLD BRACELET

I wake up to a cup of coffee
Cry to my girl to get up off me
She's been sleeping on my arm so long
That my whole left side's asleep

I drag myself to
the edge of the bed
With both her arms
around my head

She never ever
let's me go
She keeps saying
she needs a little more lovin'

Wakie, wakie,
rise and shine
This type of thing
happens all the time

Every day
You'll hear me say...

If you got the heart, baby
Then I got the soul
If you got the rock, mama
Then I got the roll

You got the rhythm, honey
That cures the blues
Let's take a chance
We've got nothing to lose

I tell her...
Maybe I can't afford
to buy you a
pretty gold bracelet

Or when you're old
turn your frown
upside down
with a facelift

These are just the facts
and we both must face it
But even with all I lack
I still think we can make it

I heard someone say
the other day
that the poor man's
life was spiceless

But I say to you
that that someone
doesn't have a clue
Because we both
Know it's true
that what I have
to give to you...
Is priceless

I may not have a penny
but if I had it
then I'd give it to you
Supper, I'd go without any
if you happened to be
hungry enough for two

My mistakes --
there's been many
While some, ahem,
only make a few

But I'm faithful like
that dog named Bengy
I'll come running back home to you

If you got the heart, baby
Then I got the soul
If you got the rock, mama
Then I got the roll

You got the rhythm, honey
That cures the blues
Let's take a chance
We've got nothing to lose

STILL WALKING THE EARTH

Have you ever set out in the rain?
Unsure of what you'll find
Have you ever been so sick of the past...
That you're willing to leave it all behind?

Have you ever risked it all?
For a key to the kingdom
Traded their set of rules in for
Some other kind of other freedom?

Have you ever risked all that you could be?
Just to be at the side of someone you equate with god?
An attraction so strong the type you never could see
Have you ever believed you found another pea from your pod?

The rule you follow even though you don't wear blue
When it comes to love or innocence
Then you'll die to protect and serve
You're in the one percent who knows what it is worth

Yes it is true
You know you'll do anything you have to
When she descends into your world
The closest you've ever been to heaven
Even though you're still walking the earth

IN THE SHAPE OF AN ANGEL

The angels flying by they just seem average when compared to you
And the sun that shines so high just doesn't seem as bright
The sky that hangs above just doesn't look so blue
Clouds floating by just aren't so pure and white
For when I stare into your blue eyes
They all just seem to fade away
Though they are all so beautiful
You're what brightens up my day
For certain memories I have of you
Act as a mirror to my heart and soul
Reminding me of how far I've come
And yet still how far I have left to go
For the light you shine is never bending
And your helping hand is always lending
This heart you've broken is forever mending
For my love for you is and shall be never ending
I've learned you can't appreciate love without a little pain
Nor the sun without a little rain
I was a candle that needed lighting
When my world turned dark
You gave me the spark
That keeps me fighting
This once black raven
Has turned to dove
For all you've done
I give you all my love

BIG SHOES

If you trust in faith
And you have faith in trust
You know that strengthens me
It means you believe in us

It's how I know things will be okay
 That sure means more to me
 Than I could ever say
 More than you could ever see

If you have faith in trust
 Then we can overcome
 Any great distance
 That comes between

Different points of view
 From where you and I see
 From wherever each of us
 May or may not be

All the way from
 Just next door
 To pretty blue sea
 To shining sea

Or from one star to the next
 In this great big galaxy of ecstasy
 Filled full of jungle juice, pirate rum
 Fine wine, champagne and Galapagos tea

That we're immersed
 In from head to toe
 And thrown feet first
 But it could be worse
 Oh, how so?
 Just believe you, me

Just think what if we didn't exist?
 Never got to be a little kid?
 Well what then?
 Just what would we do?
 If we never got to
 Fill up these big shoes?

Never got to walk the plank?
 Never getting to swim with the sharks
 Never get to howl at the moon
 Late at night when the sky grew dark

Never get to raise your voice in anger
 Never get to forgive a total stranger
 For just being totally lame and bringing you down
 Damn near ruining your day... For being such a silly clown!

But if you have faith in trust
 That means you believe in us
 You know that strengthens me
 More than I could ever say
 More than you could ever see

For then we can overcome all adversity
 Yes, even the most terrible of travesties
 Any and all corresponding tragedies
 We'd be able to look upon with ease

If we have faith in trust
That means we believe in us
And you know that
strengthens them

Those passing us by
enjoying our smiles
And of course all of our friends
Thank you very much...the end

FOREVER
In overwhelming complexity
Is where I find the most simplicity
Especially when it comes down to you and me

During times that some minds
might deem as adversity
Well I shine for it seems
to bring out the best in me

I have yet to fail when you've tested me
For what could have brought out the worst in me
It keeps leading me on towards one certainty...
That both you and me we were meant to be

Together?
Together...

Forever?
Forever...

Once upon a time I wasn't sure
But I don't feel that way anymore

In this love story there's a lesson learned
True love is the fire that doesn't burn
It keeps you safe you feel cozy and warm

Together?
Together...

Forever?
Forever...

OPEN AND CLOSED
Won't you close your eyes?
Have a listen to my song
Can you still see me?
This is for someone dear to me

Since hearts don't tell lies
They speak syllables of truth
Can you still see me?
Have I yet appeared to you?

Don't you know how much
Just what you mean to me?
Won't you keep me real
Don't let me become
Just another memory

Please stay here with me
 Never let me fade away
 Please hold onto me
 Never let me disappear

With the inner strength
 Residing inside you
 No woman alive
 Would ever deny you

I could live for you
 I would die for you
 But I'll cry for you
 If you want me to do

Hold me in your hands
 Be my shell,
 I'll be your pearl
 Now I understand
 That you have control
 Over my entire waking world

Be my ray of light
 On this cloud-filled day
 Please give me words
 When I don't know what to say

Give me inspiration
 Keep me brave and strong
 Please keep your eyes closed
 Until I finish my song

Don't you know how much
 Just what you mean to me?
 Won't you keep me real
 Don't let me become
 Just another memory

Won't you stay with me
 Never let me fade away
 Please hold onto me
 Never let me disappear

Now open your eyes
 I stand naked before you
 Sung my siren's song of truth
 Whispered softly my secret
 "I live to adore you..."

TEN FEET TALL
 When you feel worn down
 Like you're lacking control
 Think of how far you've come
 Not how far you have to go

I'm your lover awaiting
 your safe return
 What keeps me warm
 is this love that burns

When you're lost in the cold
And don't know which way to turn
Think of my heart and soul
You're for what I yearn...

With you... I'm ten feet tall
And the world it seems so small
But I'm up so high...
Who will catch me when I fall?

It should be you
since you put me here
Yet never before
have I seen so clear

If you're lost in a blizzard
feeling alone
Listen to my voice
it'll lead you home
Your warm touch of tenderness
My flashlight in this wilderness

Through my descent down
from way up on high
You've shown me what it is
to be on the other side

With you... I'm ten feet tall
and the world it seems so small
But I'm up so high...
Who will catch me when I fall?

It should be you
since you put me here
Yet never before
have I seen so clear

When you're lost in the cold
Don't know which way to turn
Think of my heart and soul
You're for what I yearn...

BIRD ON A STRING
He held a bird on a string
But it's not what you might think
It was only for her own protection

Oh how she could sing
And how she loved to soar
Oh how high she could fly
When she knew she need not
Look down anymore
He would always be there to catch her
When she fell back to earth

For in his life he had learned many lessons
But to him nothing had ever meant more
Than when this his most prized possession
Once released from her cage
He'd get to go and see all the places
That she would take him to explore

He held a bird on a string
 She became to him his everything
 He let her out every morning
 Then each evening she'd return

Everyday she would fly higher
 So then the string became longer
 The song she sang became louder
 As her wings grew stronger and stronger

Oh how high she could fly
 When she knew she need not look down anymore
 He would always be there to catch her
 Whenever she fell back to earth

UNWRITTEN AND UNSAID
 Hey there...
 That's a pretty nice disguise
 Those angel's eyes
 That keep me longing
 To believe in paradise

But just what do you see
 When you're looking at me?
 Sometimes I have to wonder
 If this is really where you wanna be

Do I see only my memories
 Of the way we were?
 Or has the past now passed
 Uncovering and discovering
 Something more?

Yet whatever's in store
 Surely no one of this earth could know
 But as we've learned before
 Once I loved you
 And that love still has room to grow
 Yes, I could keep you forever
 or I could let you go...

Once in awhile
 Without any warning
 She straightens the maze
 As she stares at me
 With eyes adoring

And what she says her heart feels
 Her whole body says
 I live for those moments
 There was just one the other day

It's those unspoken truths
 That can rip a man to shreds
 When he's in over his head
 When the price is more
 Than the tag first read

So much unwritten
And even more unsaid
With those shimmering
Shiny and happy thoughts
I'll go to bed

GLASS HOUSE

I called you on the telephone
To tell you that I wouldn't be home
Stuck at work something's come up
But I don't think you really give a f*ck!

Yeah, you've heard all my lies by now
It's true, I learned it from you, anyhow
You know you reap what you sew
And here comes the plow!

One thing you should know...
Know by now...
Living in a glass house
We look in as you look out
And once a rock gets thrown...
It's time to move out

Yet you're still here
With covered up mirrors
After pushing far away
Anyone who cared

And those who dared
To become your foe
Were quickly defeated
Be it by word or blow

It looks like you are still taking aim
From behind a broken window pane
All this time still nothing's changed
Growing blind and lame but you're to blame

FORGET ME KNOT

A crashing wave of thought
Acts as your forget-me-knot
As I'm left caught...
Within the undertow

All the words that hurt
The wild nights
Our long talks
Your short skirts

Emotional scars and burns
Thoughts that I thought
I either buried or lost
So very long ago

They're back again
They have reappeared
Did I ever forget?
Or am I just alone and scared?

I was waiting... searching...
 For the new love of my life
 But these haunting... fleeting...
 Memories of my first wife

Are like pages... turning...
 Right in front of my eyes
 I see pictures... flashing...
 You know pictures don't lie

I feel embers... burning...
 Though unstoked they won't die
 I am hurting... yearning...
 And yet I don't know why

Now I'm slowly...learning...
 There's more than emptiness inside
 And I'd give...anything...
 But the laws of man and science don't apply

AFTER THE FACT

I can tell you
 My life's story
 With just six photographs...

That I carry
 Inside of my wallet
 And three of them are cats...

The other three
 Beautiful women
 With so much I've shared
 As our lives
 Have crossed paths...

Never would I
 Suggest ever changing
 A person, my place,
 Or my faith in my past...

Yet I'm feeling the need
 To dust off my camera again
 So I'll be back in a flash...

He left but never came back...

Left and never...
 Came...
 Back...

For our story begins
 And was told after the fact
 After he set out searching
 For the seventh photograph

He left never to come back...

Left and never...
 Came...
 Back...

SET LIST TWENTY (20)

- 1 Undefeated
- 2 Dying Day
- 3 Fields of Time
- 4 Running Free
- 5 New Sight
- 6 Right By Sight
- 7 Off the Road
- 8 Rock Star Dreams
- 9 Plankton
- 10 Perfect World
- 11 Linear
- 12 Learn From the Masters
- 13 Another Quarter

UNDEFEATED

I ain't got no plans this minute
So I'm seizing the moment - I'm in it
I'm not losing or winning - Just present
Not up, not down - I'm all around

From the cities to the towns
To the horses and the plows
Not the just the black or the white
But every face in the crowd

If you can see it you can be it
If you wish to delete it then don't repeat it
Some good advice to those who seek it
Though those luckier than me might not need it

Sure you can try to pin for the win
When the argument becomes heated
But a sly guy vies for the tie
Because only Father Time is undefeated

What about space? That's a whole 'nother race
We started with the moon
then wouldn't you know pretty soon
It was on to Mars and that's just so far
There's more in store we keep raising the bar

I'd rather not roam
Stick closer to home
Preserve what we have
Before that's all gone

DYING DAY

I've given up on
feeding my addiction
Wash my bleeding hands clean
From this filthy affliction

Look up at the sky
to guide my direction
Why oh why do I even try
To strive for perfection

Get it up, get it out
 Put another on the shelf
 Rip in and pull it out
 Give away another piece of yourself

Try to show
 what so many others hide
 In their sense of pride
 With their tongues they lied
 And then became tongue-tied
 And with a cross look they denied

Knowing not which law they abide in
 Be it gin... sin... kin?
 So they just play pretend
 Yet where one man's
 rainbow ends...
 Another's begins

At least I've found mine...
 Never stop trying
 Or else face regrets
 On the day of your dying
 Yes, the times are getting better
 They say tomorrow is the day
 Maybe then we can live forever

Or at the very least
 we can all live together
 It sure sounds good –
 that much I'll say

For when we live the dream
 We may finally sleep in peace
 Holding and protecting
 What was once so out of reach

The times are getting better
 They say tomorrow is the day
 Yesterday is history
 Time to let it slip away

Let it out, free yourself, it's okay
 The times are getting better
 They say tomorrow is the day

You built your wall...
 now let it fall,
 it's okay

The times are getting better
 They say tomorrow is the day

For hope and faith
 is what we need
 The time is right
 to take up this creed

Finally something positive
 in which to believe
 Aside from learning the obvious fact
 That we all bleed

For once we have found
the eternal spring
We can sit back and see
what it will bring

Maybe countrymen, maybe kings...
Maybe even better things

The times are getting better
They say tomorrow is the day

Maybe then we can live forever
Or at the very least all together
It sure sounds good
At least that much I'll say

FIELDS OF TIME

I've been growing up
And am slowly
becoming a man
I'm twenty- four years old
And doing the best that I can

I've got big dreams
But I've had to put them on hold
Thus the way it presently
looks to me
Is that my one true calling
might never be
As my big book of poetry
Just keeps on getting
dusty and old

And the people
who I am trying to help
They no longer trust in me
Gave up on waiting for me
To finally fulfill my destiny
Such a waste of a mind like mine
Wasting its time on carpentry

I've got to simply find the time
To collect up my rhymes
If it is still not too late
To change the world's fate
Because some of my stuff
is so great
Somebody has to publish me

Just look at all
the seeds I've sewn
Look and see how they've grown

Throughout the fields of time
It damn near blew my mind
That nearly all
the weeds are gone

Oh see the sun
and how it shines
Not a single cloud left in the sky
Now I don't mean
to sound so surprised...
If there's a God
then he or she knows
Just how hard I have tried

He or she sees the seas
I have swam
And knows all
the mountains I've climbed

Sees how much I have grown
Knows of all the tears
I have cried
Senses every fear that I hide

When no one cares that I am
Sitting here all alone
Pondering how to get
blood from a stone

But lately I have since
changed my tune
I now get to see
the flowers in bloom

Reaping the rewards
of years of hard work
On this lazy afternoon
Feeling the sun and all of its warmth
As if every month is
April, May or June

RUNNING FREE by Tom Jensen
Do you remember what you were
Before the world told you
what you had to be?
Back in the haze of the days
A distant memory of running free

Then what happened to my mom and dad
It came calling for me
I ran for a while and tried to hide
But you see eventually...

Race baiting wars are waiting
For those who get scooped up in the media spin
A tidal wave of hate and fear
Still the celebrities, car wrecks
and sex keep you sucked in

Remember not everyone who smiles at you
really wants to be your friend
Sometimes it resides behind the eyes
another's true intent

For one might say
It's not how you play the game
It's whether you lose or win
Given time everything will change
What you red, your black, your white, your blues
Yeah that's what I said
So your destiny is yours to choose
Yet let too many voices in your head
And the one you'll lose belongs to you

It's alright to hide behind a lie
Yet if you dare share the truth
Hey baby, I'm your guy

Just one look into your eyes
Lacking fire - that's no surprise
If you sought out the flame of love
What exactly do you think you'd find?
The reason I speak of
Is I think it's time that you tried

Sometimes it seems that
sir is short for serpent
And miss for misses and mistakes
When the realities of all your dreams
Bring you nothing but heartbreak

And if that's the case
We can track and retrace
But we can't go back and erase
So let us relax and embrace
The fact that haste makes waste
The way in which we act we have got to face

Do you remember what you were
Before the world told you what you had to be?
Back in the haze of the days
A distant memory of running free

NEW SIGHT
I got nowhere to go
I got no one to meet
I got no scene to show
Seems the scenery's bleak...

I got nothing to hide
I got nothing to steal
I got nothing left of value
Except for my glorious ideals...

(crowd cheers!)

I got no status symbols
I got no house, no kids, no car
I got no way to know where to go
Save for the sun, the moon, the stars

I got no anchor in my life
I got no chains to tie me down
I got no incentive to try to fly high
But to take in new sight and sound

I got not one single second
 I'm willing to waste or give away – ay - ay
 I have yet to fully catch my breath
 Before I let that breath escape – ape – ape

So never could I cry out
 Or scream as loud as I wanted to...
 Yeah, and that's how species die out
 Lost is everything - no more me; no more you...

RIGHT BY SIGHT

I'm a yellow mellow fellow (Hello!)
 Oh, you're right by sight I'm white (aight!)
 But surely that's no guide
 if it hides that inside I'm
 A flesh and blood creature with a sell-by date
 Trapped in something that I don't know what it is
 So I don't know how to escape

Perhaps it's too late
 Gotta trace fate
 Without the playa hate
 Still, hating the game is the same as before
 If the rich despise the rich
 then how do you think they feel about poor?

"We abhor the deplorable!"
 It's a statement that's categorical
 And undeniable but we know that there's not much
 that isn't pliable, moveable and moldable
 and even bendable, breakable and also uncontrollable
 Which one am I and what is this?
 To be tamed with a brain, a heart or a fist?

It's said circumstances
 don't make the man they reveal him
 But I'm down on this floor
 staring up at the ceiling
 Getting the shakes from these thoughts
 that I'm feeling
 Am I praying to something
 or cursing at nothing
 when asking for healing?

OFF THE ROAD

I'm not changing my name...
 And since I can't change my face
 I'll still look the same...
 But I'll be in a whole 'nother place

I'm changing my ways...
 They might have got me this far
 All this hard work has paid
 It's not a dream I'm a star

I'm changing my place
 And my role in this life
 I know this time I can't wait
 There's no doubt that I'm right

I'm changing my fate
The entire way I view the world
I found I don't need to escape
I said why run when you can hurdle?

Or at least dodge and jump around
So why did I ever try to hide?
Try to creep without sound
When everybody knows I don't lie

I'm changing my plan
To some new unknown
I tried to sit back and wait
For something great to unfold

But I have come to understand
This time I can't wait to be told
Sometimes in order to be a man
You've got to walk off the road...

ROCK STAR DREAMS

I've been living for a legacy since seventeen
That's when music filled my head
with rock star dreams
I've been tightrope walking up against
the razor's edge of infinity
Since perception is just one's illusion of reality
It's not strange for my brain to change the scenery

Sure, they say the truth comes with a price
Sometimes you give more than just your life
Paying the ultimate sacrifice
You say you don't think twice
But we ALWAYS think twice...

I was craving
Retracing my past
There were things worth saving
I see that looking back
What now seems ancient
A newly uncovered artifact
I've been contemplating
How best to back track
What will be waiting?
A part of me's afraid to ask

I've been living to be a legend
Since the age of twenty seven
I'm always giving in to the present
That's the quickest way to get to heaven

Lately I've been debating
How much more blood we should keep bleeding
It's increasingly frustrating
Being forced to follow someone else's misleading

I've been growing nervous of everything I believe in
I don't wanna be led by rhyme I'd rather be led by reason
Like you, I'm still trying to find more of my kind
I keep hoping for a world that's fair...
We know it'll never be even

PLANKTON

Confliction is my currency
 Because you see I am made-up of bad energy
 Ever since infancy
 You filled me up with negativity

With hostility towards those not like me
 And especially those just like me
 Funny, only the average was safe
 We know the middle's no place to escape
 You only find your way there when you lose faith

Produce
 Consume
 Become numb to the hum of the vacuum

You're in the wrong line you realize
 When it's not you who says
 who does the do in do or die?
 Yes... your allies have been compromised!

When it's time to imitate, you are the master
 Yet can you innovate during a disaster?

Strapped in a maze you did not create
 "I'm stuck in a bad copy"
 You say as you drink your coffee

You think like Abraham, You're Linked In
 Something else is the whale
 while you're just the plankton

In this play, there's lots of action
 And there you lay dead. Then you're not acting
 Even you believe you're being wrapped in plastic
 But at our best we are just energy,
 frequency with a little bit of static
 Still, you fall for their illusions
 as they work their magic

Hocus pocus
 You lose your focus
 Before you get to try again
 The results are tragic

PERFECT WORLD

I've spent my whole life
 Looking for what I can't see
 For what will never be
 As the only thing
 that can set me free

Is an unknown memory
 That somewhere lives
 inside of me
 Behind a locked door
 Perhaps you hold the key?

This set pattern we follow
 is just one of their lies
 A world lacking communion
 only me's and I's

Through competition our
brotherhood has been broken
As no one's acknowledged
these words that I've spoken

Everything, even people
filed by order and rank
Number one built the Titanic
And yet down it sank

There's still time left
to return these ideas
you've been sold
Rise up in rebellion,
could you be so bold?

The whole world's a fight
I can't get no peace
My mind gets disrupted
When it's at ease

The sun and I awake as one
Though it's not my first choice
I'd prefer to sleep in late
I wish I had a voice

Some say if winning
isn't everything then
why keep score?
Those same people
send other mother's
sons to war

I could be like you
or maybe someone else
One step towards them
and one away from myself

Sometimes they see me
and ask me "How I feel?"
I respond,
"Like a hamster
on a rusty wheel"

If you feel trapped like a rat
in this world so cold
Rise up in rebellion,
could you be so bold?

The whole world's a fight
I can't get no peace
My mind gets disrupted
When it's at ease

Watching the sunset
Is a long forgotten art
Feet so busy walking
Separate from the heart

The brokers in their
suits and ties
walking down Wall Street

The ones with their
diamond watches
and their hair so neat

They get so stressed out
playing all their
Wall Street games
Go home and

yell at their wives
forget their own kids' names

All for the love of money
and nothing more
If they call that rich
then you can call me poor

If they tell you the lie
"all that glitters is gold"
Rise up in rebellion,
could you be so bold?

The whole world's a fight
I can't get no peace
My mind gets disrupted
When it's at ease

When was the last time
You noticed the moon?
I'm surprised
You've forgotten so soon

As I climb up the mountains
and float over the sea
I find myself alone
and contented
alive and free

No need to look
at my watch
or punch a clock
And I actually
notice my feet
when I go for a walk

It could be like this
if enough people believe
Just as the wind
blows a flower
I'm planting my seed

There's so much more
than what you've been told
Rise up in rebellion
could you be so bold?

LINEAR
Way, way back...
During my younger days
When the picture was abstract
Oh, how the times have changed

All those colored paints
Have changed to black and white
I used to begin my day with play
Now that play has to wait 'til night

I have friends who never play at all
Or when they can... it's just pretend
They only look up to check the clock
Like they're afraid it's gonna fall off the wall

Well I guess I'm just one of those guys
Who if you looked out from my eyes
You'd see in straight lines
Since I never had nor wanted a prime

I can never say I'm too old and gray
To ever stop what I'm doing and go hide away
Since I could never say with any truth
Maybe I should retire?
Maybe it's time for me to be quiet?
Maybe my work here is really through...

Nah, I don't think that's something
That I'll ever do
That would make too many people mad
Others would be left confused...

I can never say
I'm too over the hill
To ever lay down
and let time break my will
Know I'm not the kinda guy
who'd go leaving on a lie
Swore not to do it again
after I tried it one time...

I can never say I'm too old and gray
To ever stop what I'm doing
'til my last breath fades...away.

LEARN FROM THE MASTERS
Today is the day
I know that I will make it
When I was cast from the mold
Who would know that I'd break it?
In bitter fits of jealousy
There are those who can't take it
Pretend to walk in my shoes
When they know that they fake it

Be yourself don't try to be me
Open the door that'll set you free
My pen name Bob Dylan Junior is gone
I've stepped into the shoes
of a man named Tom
A poet, a writer, who dabbles in song
And learns from the masters
What he's known all along

Since I am a poet
 I will fight you only with my pen
 I'll drag your name through the mud
 And then drag it through again

There's no need for fists
 For fighting only leaves you bruised
 I've learned that paper cuts never heal
 When everybody has heard the news
 When made known is your reputation
 Then I win and you lose

Since I am a poet
 I will try my very best
 To separate myself from all others
 And try to stand above the rest

Searching for what
 hasn't yet been written
 Though there's not much
 that Dylan left

Be yourself don't try to be me
 Open the door that'll set you free
 My pen name Bob Dylan Junior is gone
 I've stepped into the shoes

Of a man named Tom
 A poet, a writer, who dabbles in song
 And learns from the masters
 What he's known all along

ANOTHER QUARTER
 When I am alone
 And all by myself
 Sometimes I begin
 To fill up full of self-doubt

Fills my head
 I can't get it out
 And what's within me
 I could live without it

Depression closes my eyes...
 Like sleeping
 When I feel like life...
 Has passed me by
 I break down inside...
 Start weeping

Yet thoughts of wasted time...
 Won't relieve this cry
 The tears I spill...
 Are now seeping

Down below the earth...
 They'll soon reside
 Soothing this malaise...
 That's been creeping

I've looked up and down
And left and right
I've gone out searching
In the middle of the night

I have spent my days
Just wandering around
And I'm still looking
For what I haven't found

I searched for
What I sought to find
Found the fruit
Couldn't get it off the vine

So I climbed
And climbed and climbed
I've tried and tried
But can't get it off of my mind

When I am alone
And all by myself
Sometimes I begin
To fill up full of self-doubt

Fills my head
I can't get it out
And what's within me
I could live without it

I just want to make my mark
Before I lose this spark
And the room gets dark
Then the game is over

Then I'm sure I'd love
To play again
Or else it seems like
Such a waste, such a sin

Ladies and gentlemen
You've all become
My special friends

Hopefully we've got something
Greater to discover...

SET LIST TWENTY ONE (21)

- 1 Shell
- 2 Ten Percent Tom
- 3 Uh, That's Christmas Nana
- 4 Man Enough
- 5 Never Expect It
- 6 Partner In Crime
- 7 Hurting Her Knees and Pride
- 8 Dom - Vio
- 9 Fuzzy Math
- 10 Every Four Weeks
- 11 Rumours From Heaven
- 12 Venus

SHELL

I don't have words, only feelings left.
 I'm trying to kill those and put to death.
 This emptiness inside these last ten years,
 that's how long it's been since you disappeared.

Just when I believed in something...
 Something turned into nothing.
 Now I'm just a shell of what I used to be.
 Left all by myself in this dark blue sea.

Holding nothing sacred anymore.
 I don't even fake it,
 I just stay bored.
 Underachieving, alone and ignored

TEN PERCENT TOM

Ten Percent Tom knew he was wrong
 But he didn't want to get hurt anymore
 So he would turtle and hide
 Rather than go looking inside
 Decided he would no longer go and explore

So he would bide his time
 By clogging his mind
 With useless and trivial facts
 With apathy as his brace
 His time he did waste
 Time he knows he will never get back

Oh, Ten Percent Tom
 Here's where you went wrong
 You lost your passion along with your love

It was another's mistake
 Yet you let your heart break
 Looking down instead of looking above

UH THAT'S CHRISTMAS NANA

Has anyone seen my apron?
 Has anyone seen my keys?
 I can't see too well
 Without my glasses
 I lost them too
 While I was stirring peas

By the way...
 Do you know where my car is?
 I could have sworn I drove it home

But at least I know when my birthday is
 Because this nice man
 Who knew I'd forget
 He kindly carved it on a stone

Well thanks for helping me find my apron
 I left it hanging around my waist
 When I opened my car door
 In the ignition I found
 The keys I'd misplaced

Maybe I'll remember
Where I left my glasses
After a good night's sleep
So I'll go to bed
But wouldn't you know it
When I went in to brush my teeth
I looked in the mirror
And I saw those glasses
On the top of my head

This is just part
Of getting a little older
When you start to forget more
Than most people remember

I just hope you don't forget my birthday
On the twenty-fifth day of December

MAN ENOUGH
Everyone could tell
By the bloodied look on his face
There are some unwritten rules set aside
And applied to the disgraced

So when a vigilante from the crowd appears
To take you for a ride

Be forewarned that silencing fear you hear
The fact that dead men don't lie

It seems I didn't even have to make
A character statement in the case
I just said one thing: "I did it..."
For the betterment of the human race!"

For the cops, the prisoners, the mob and the jury
They already know just how much
My love for a woman has hurt me

And before she's backed into a corner
He'll be the one that gets knocked down
If it was a choice I had to make

I know I'd do the same again
I'm man enough to stand my ground
No, I'd never call it a mistake

I'm man enough to hop in my truck
And sure, I know when to drive away

But I'm man enough to Kick the sh*t outta him
For slapping her in the face...

NEVER EXPECT IT
My wife's a b*tch
That's why she gets hit
When I get upset
I just raise my fist

She knows it well
 She gave me hell
 Then down she fell
 Now she ain't well

My wife's a bitch
 That's why she gets hit
 When I get upset (click sound)
 I just raise (bang!)

(pause)

My husband's dead
 I shot him in the head
 That's the last time I said
 Now the floor's all red

Now I'm going off to bed
 Later I'll clean all this mess
 Decide whether to confess
 Or go and burn this bloody dress

(humming)

My husband's dead
 I shot him in the head
 That was the last time I said...

MY PARTNER IN CRIME
 We were all the fashion
 during an upside-down time
 In our dance of passion,
 a partnership maligned,

Amidst whispered fears,
 still two hearts would intertwine,
 As I'd find myself here...
 with my partner in crime

See, you were as bad for me,
 as I was for myself
 We waded in our tempestuous sea
 of tortured mental health

I was in too deep...
 I knew I had to get out
 Are there secrets the other keeps?
 We each had no doubt

When neither of us are straight
 We blame other names
 For our sorrows

We face the same predicament today
 As yesterday
 As tomorrow

There's a river flowing in my mind
 A rage within this howling wind?
 It's pulled me from the shadows
 Love's flame sucked me in again

Yeah, the same familiar burn
That's got me so many times before
Time and time again I take my turn
I knew what the future had instore

All those prophets from history
They said faith would set me free

Haha, yeah....
Right before getting torn apart
They had a good ride
Before things went dark

Romeo had Juliet
But I got only this
Judas, sure got a bad rap, man...
It was just one little kiss

Moses parted the deep blue sea
Then he left us all here to drown
Some say redemption's
for the weak
But Me, I chose my thorny crown

Mary Magdalene walked
the streets
No, never once looking to be saved
Remembered as
an uncleansed woman
While I might say new age
and brave

In ancient tales, villains, heroes
and guys like me embark
Between the bounds of love
and hate,
all over the human arc

One birth, one death, the flame,
the dark
Making, missing or never
leaving one's mark?

Amongst the common men,
I found my voice
A poet's pen, my weapon of choice
With ink-stained hands,
I've poured my soul
Into verses raw
and let it all unfold!!!!

Painting canvas with searching, unrelenting prose
Where both hope and despair are there
They seamlessly compose
In strokes of light and shades of gray
The human spirit, in all its display

Yeah, I've been doing my best
To pick up and run with the baton
And I'll hand it to next one
When I'm too old to take this on...

So many that I've turned to
 They have all fallen by the way
 What's a man left to do when
 he's not sure he wants to pay

The heavy cost that comes with
 speaking, thinking for himself
 When so many men have said
 they'd rather be led
 by something or someone else

So here I now stand
 in front of the mirror
 Covering my eyes,
 my mouth, my ears...

Until the only thing left
 is a lone voice inside
 I'll let that, along with you,
 forever be my guide

Yes, together we'll go
 to wherever God wants us to be
 And if there's no God that'll mean
 that it's just you and me

So if it's all up to us...
 Then we had best not lose faith
 We had better not quit
 And most definitely not wait!!!

This opportunity comes once a lifetime
 Try your best to enjoy the damn ride!!!
 Maybe you'll find your salvation lies
 Not beyond this world
 but somewhere withinside

HURTING HER KNEES AND PRIDE
 My girlfriend's house...
 Her parents are home
 They don't like me much...
 So we're never alone

I'm sitting on the sofa...
 And she's looking so fine
 We've been dating so long...
 Don't they know she's mine?

They think she's so pure...
 And that she can wear white
 An innocent girl...
 A parents' delight

I'm so sorry...
 She didn't tell you what's right
 Like what she does...
 When she spends the night

Because of these lies...
 By your law she abides
 Because of these lies...
 In the bushes we hide

Because of these lies...
We make love outside
Because of these lies...
We take the car for a ride

They say what's unknown
Doesn't hurt you
And that the truth shall set you free
But if they only knew what I've taken
They'd take you away from me

This is our little secret
So we'll play our charades
We'll keep singing our song
Until the music fades

Come for a ride and I'll take you away
It's finally our turn
In this game that we play

Yeah I'm feeling good
I really got it tonight
Let's drive somewhere
And turn off the lights

Love has its prices
And love has its costs
I'll unbutton your shirt
While you watch out for the cops

Though she can't buy wine
She can still buy smokes
Is she old enough to love?
Don't ask her folks

Their old school values
And their old school style
Today I'd place 'em
In an old school pile

Because of the old ways...
They try to keep me away
Because of the old ways...
They never let me stay

Because of the old ways...
This is the game we play
Because of the old ways...
They think we'll wait 'til our wedding day

When she's at college
They never see me at all
And they never hear us rattling the walls
But when she's home
In the window I crawl

Better not get caught...
I hear that dad's gotta gun
I smoke a pack a day...
Don't get far when I run

Too great the risk...
 I don't wanna get caught
 I think it's time to head
 Out to the parking lot

Yeah, out in the corner
 And in the shadows we hide
 She says,

"It hurts her knees...and it hurts her pride"

DOM-VIO (spoof of DOMINO by Van Morrison)
 Note: Dom vio = domestic violence
 NFL don't wanna discuss it
 What causes concussions on women's brains
 Fans may get disgusted
 That's when channels start to change

In that case, destroy all evidence
 Don't keep it under lock and key
 Never have to worry
 'Bout facts blowing back at you or back at me...
 (Get it?)

no no Dom - Vio (not that night)
 So long as there's no video of the fight
 Lord, have mercy
 I said no no Dom - Vio

You'll be alright
 So long as there's no pictures of the fight
 Say it again:
 I said no oh no Dom - Vio
 I said no-oh-no Dom - Vio
 (Hid it)

There's no need for argument...
 No there's no argument at all...
 After you punched her in the elevator
 And the camera captured her fall

Or vice versa
 That depends on where ever you're at
 (The knife)
 Sometimes you get the O.J. treatment
 And we wonder why they stop fighting back...

(Hit 'em)
 Oh there's no video
 (It's all right)

So go loco Rocky Marciano

Hey you Greg Hardy
 There you go...

Lord have mercy!
 I said
 No Dom - Vio

If there's no video
They will let you go...

They said it's alright!

Say it again
No Dom - Vio
(Huh!)
I said
No no Dom - Vio

Well, Mr. Goodell I just don't wanna see
Someone who is clearly crazy's
Face on my T.V.
Playin' in the league
For my kids to see

For my kids to be

Uh - uh, not right
Uh - uh, not right
Uh - uh, not right
Uh - uh

I'm gonna leave

FUZZY MATH
(a FEIST parody of their song 1,2,3,4)
Voice of George W. Bush speaking:
Well hello little Jenna...
this is a song that my daddy used to sing to me...
it's called fuzzy math...

Four, three, one, two
So much work we don't wanna do

Three, two, one, four
That's what God made minorities for

This is exactly what my daddy said to me
When I was young he sat me down on his knee

When you're born so insanely rich
There's no reason why you can't be prejudice

Guatemalans came here to cut the grass
For those of us who are high class

While Haitians floated over on a raft
To work at nursing homes wiping grandma's ass

Columbians grow coffee
and sometimes sell cocaine
Those silly little Mexicans
love working in the rain

Not sure whatcha call
the ones that clean our house
But at least they do something
unlike those blacks down south

We were born so insanely rich
Perhaps that's why
we're so prejudice

Eleventeen, three, six, five and eight
Growing up wealthy, white and ignorant
is great

Now tell me daddy... Why'd we really go to war?
So many die... Just what are they fighting for?

He said, "Well honey, think of the world
as a great big machine...
That runs off a whole bunch of oil and gasoline...
And you know those sand people can get pretty mean...
That's why we're so glad Dick Cheney's on our team"

We were born so insanely rich
Perhaps that's why we're so prejudice

Eleventeen, three, six, five and eight
Growing up wealthy, white and ignorant is great

Three, four, two, one
And now my song is done

EVERY FOUR WEEKS
The vagina bleeds...
Every four weeks...
That's like five to eights days
That I don't wanna play

My trans friend is fine
With a nice behind
And it's soft warm hole
A place I can always go

Unless she has Taco Bell
In that case, well
That's when we wait a day
Just to play it safe

And then the lovin' don't stop
Well, that's just the facts
But sometimes she wants to top
That's the only drawback

Yeah, as she lubes you up
Smiling, now it's your turn
And after one big THRUST
You feel your asshole BURN

She reminds you mostly of your mom
Except for the gonads
So be careful bending over
Yeah, she's hung like her dad

The vagina bleeds...
Every four weeks...
That's like five to eights days
She says stir the paint

My trans friend is fine
With a nice behind
And a great long taint
Yeah, I can hardly wait!

RUMOURS FROM HEAVEN

The creator never really had a chance
when his disciples could no longer walk straight
The power of song and dance
unleashed after ages inside the Golden Gate

Now that there's rock n roll in heaven
everyone enjoys the hymns
And the only problem the church has
is getting everybody in

These guys all got the same room upstairs
Yes, their landlord is god
still no one seems to care

They all sit and scratch their heads
wondering just who'll come knocking next
Yet time has told them that it's anyone's guess

Everybody's grateful to be dead
because now they're the house band in Heaven
They fill the place every single night
Now that doesn't sound too upsetting

Hard to tell just how the conversation sounds
When John's head is just about to hit the ground
Hey John, it's George whose been knocking at the door
Because of course Paul would've rang the bell
John responded that George must've left the Maharishi
Or else I figured we'd a seen him in hell

There goes Hendrix playing without his hands
Wearing only his headband and his funky underpants
Hey George, go get a bucket of cold water
Let's see if we can get him outta this trance

Sammy Davis Jr. sure can tap dance and he don't eat much
But when Elvis Presley knocks don't ever let him in
For he'll just eat all of the chips and dip -oh what a sin
But Sinatra's okay because he always brings gin

Hey who invited Bobby Dylan?
You know were not allowed to let anyone in early
Keith Richards came all the way up for nothing
But were sure we'll see him again shortly

The creator never really had a chance
when his disciples could no longer walk straight
The power of song and dance
unleashed after ages inside the Golden Gate

Now that there's rock n roll in heaven
everyone enjoys the hymns
And the only problem the church has
is getting everybody in

John whispers: No you ain't gonna see
 what I got in my pocket
 But the words that come to me are
 knock it off and stop it

You say you want to change your ways
 but just what's the use?
 I have had far beyond my years
 too much pain and abuse

Jim Morrison wakes up mumbling something odd:
 The day revolves around the tears
 falling from the serpent's eyes
 I hold the pain of the world inside my mind
 My ears can no longer hear a child cry
 My senses crawl beneath my skin
 As a man who once saw all becomes blind

But they all know George
 is not the type to be out done:
 The pressure of the sky falls on your back
 The clouds start laughing in your face
 The weather changes all the time
 So remove your soul from within its case

Old Blue Eyes never wants to join in
 Unless there's some ladies around
 When it's just the guys
 he's called the Chairman of the Bored
 Sitting in some darkened corner
 trying not to be found

Now it sounds pretty sad
 but everybody is still waiting for Billy Joel
 But even though he's bald and fat
 he's still not that old

They'd be happy with Elton John
 because they need someone on the keyboard
 When everybody heard he stopped doing drugs
 they all cried out oh lord!

The group is still split about fifty – fifty
 between Madonna and Britney Spears
 They'll take anyone but Barbara Streisand
 Her stealing the show is what everybody fears

The creator never really had a chance
 when his disciples could no longer walk straight
 The power of song and dance
 unleashed after ages inside the Golden Gate

Now that there's rock n roll in heaven
 everyone enjoys the hymns
 And the only problem the church has
 is getting everybody in

So now you know what you can look forward to
 when your day finally comes
 You can walk up the stairway to heaven
 and go chasing the band that's never on the run

VENUS by Tom Jensen
Venus was raised in the Bronx
A block away from the zoo
She lived with mom and dad
Left home at eighteen
And came back at twenty-two

A little wiser, a little more mature
She went off to college
Like she knew she had to do

She had big green eyes
And these big brown curls
Cutest girl in the neighborhood
Envy of all the boys and girls

She came back from college
With her tassel turned to the side
A wandering soul who found herself
And she felt pretty good inside

The first to graduate
From her family tree
A future bright as any star
Even though she didn't quite know
What she wanted to be

So she started tending bar
Then she started wasting time
Twisting off the bottle caps
And cutting up the limes

Such a friendly girl
Such a sweet sensation
With a smile and a wink
She's start a conversation

With anyone on a stool
Or anyone playing pool
She started partying a little
But she usually kept her cool

Just a little bit here
And a little bit there
Soon turned to all the time
And then everywhere

She was searching for some truth
But they only told her lies
But when the ship started sinking
Venus quickly cut her ties

Her friends at the bar
Started bringing her down
So she took a step back
And then she skipped town

So she packed her bags
Set off for who knows where
Coming to the conclusion
It had to be better than there

Well she headed out West
And she did her best
To avoid tricky situations
And police stations

She found an apartment
Upstairs from a coffee shop
A place to live, a place to work
And then the partying stopped

After she took that train west
She got her life on track
And it was waitressing one day
When she met Captain Jack

Cap'n Jack was well known as a player
But he knew just what to say to her
What's a sweetie like you
Doing in a place like this?
He gave her a big wink
She blew him a little kiss

So he stopped in for coffee
Every morning for three weeks straight
He asked Venus for some sugar
Then he'd ask her for a date

And soon after awhile
She gave him another little smile
She finally gave Jack her number
The next day he dialed
On the first date they had
They went to the museum
Looking so good together
Oh man, you should've seen 'em

The very next day
They saw each other again
And forever after that
They were always making plans

Soon she began to fall in love
With what she thought love was
Venus thought Jack loved her too
Why? Well just because

But little did she know
That when her back was turned
She was getting burned
Because Jack soon learned:

That even after so much time
He still couldn't change his ways
And like so many others
He learned that cheating doesn't pay

Venus was hearing wedding bells
The stage was set and all
Jack was either hearing voices
Or else nothing at all

His heart wasn't in it
But he still played along
Stairway to Heaven
Was their wedding song

Even with a ring on his finger
He was still a cheat
He'd meet a woman at the bar
And he's sweep her off her feet

Well before she knew it
Venus had been had
With a baby on the way
Captain Jack was gonna be a dad

She went in for a checkup
And the doctor said
there was a problem
She asked what could he do?
Doc said we can't yet solve it

She had HIV
And there's to date no cure
Venus dropped her jaw
And asked are you sure?

Venus then asked about the baby
After she fell
And the doctor said that
They couldn't yet tell
Then she muttered
something about Jack
And then something about hell

When Venus got home
she wore a vale
But she took notes
In the back of her head
Her eyes became suspicious
Her heart filled with dread
Still in the back of her mind
She believed she was
better off dead

All the tears in her eyes
She could never conceal
All the pain in her heart
She could never reveal

The truth of it all
She could never bear
She lost touch with reality
Started not to care

Soon Venus hit the bottle
She started lowering her class
Downing all her sorrows
In the bottom of her glass

When trouble finds you
You can no longer hide
Especially when you carry
An unborn child inside

With future dreams shattered
The past became lost
Paying for another's sins
The highest of cost

As bottles poured...
Others paid too
Newborn baby entered this world
All pale and blue

Another prayer on a stone
As Venus felt alone
With revenge on her mind
She headed on home

She who hated men
And likewise despised the earth
Suicidal thoughts
Spun back and forth

In clouded judgment
And blackened soul
Venus set out
Spinning out of control

With hatred in her veins
Which burned with every breath
She decided to play God
Walking hand in hand with death

She forgot about Jack
As she tried to hold the pain
She returned to the bars
Started snorting cocaine

Venus took her wedding ring off
When she sat on the stool
She started getting free drinks
From every other fool

Venus got a pick up line
And the guy would buy her a beer
Then he'd say
Hey let's get outta here

That's what the guy said
So that's what the girl did
She played poker with their life
When they didn't even bid

Venus made them
forget their name
Every single night
Then she'd slip out
In the early morning light

With a smile so wide
He'd say what a lay
Then he'd go and get tested
That very same day

For next to his reflection
in the mirror
Was a note written in red:
"Welcome to the world of AIDS
Pretty soon you'll be dead"

Venus would hit a new bar
She'd hit a new town
And turn that place
Upside down

Up to her they'd come
And she'd lay 'em down
Then she'd slip out
Without a sound

He's drinking Scotch
She's drinking gin
She'd set a trap
And they'd fall in

Finally she broke down
As her conscience became lost
A heart so cold
It filled with frost

She pulled out a knife
Stabbed Captain Jack
Bleeding from the neck
He fell back

She opened a window
Stood on the ledge
Took one last breath
Went over the edge

I still think of Venus
Every now and again
Before it was all over
She took twenty-one men
first song list

KNOWING THE KNOW

by Tom Jensen & LadyWeaver

I don't try to teach
 I don't try to preach
 That's not the way
 That people get reached

When I speak
 I don't try to say
 I don't try to tell

You're not looking to buy
 I'm not trying to sell
 I just try to show
 And you know...
 That that works pretty well

You don't have to be a farmer
 In order to live off the land
 Nor do you have to be taught
 In order to understand

You choosing right or wrong
 Whether you build or you break

Is not the reason
 I sing this song
 Or why I fight through
 all this heartache

Some people just get it
 They just know the know

But the amount of time
 it takes for the others
 Is so, so slow

I don't know what
 all the reasons are
 Why it takes so much time

I haven't figured
 out everything yet
 Why some people
 are so goddamn blind!

NEVERMORE

by Klaus Bluetner & Tom Jensen

Let's check out what's next on the list
 of things I gotta fix...
 yeah

Might as well start with myself
 before I move on to something else...
 yeah

Time to probe my soul...
 To find out where I lost control...
 Search within my heart
 'til I can tell
 where it all fell apart...

And I say to myself:
Nevermore
Yeah, I say to myself:
Nevermore

It's been awhile since
I went out of style
and now it's either do or die

I feel no pain
as I ride on this train
Okay...it's just another lie

Time to set things straight
and think of all the
games I've played

Teach my foolish heart
to find out
where it all fell apart

So I say to myself:
Nevermore
Yeah, I say to myself:
Nevermore

Whah!

Time to probe my soul...
To find out
where I lost control...

Search within my heart
'til I can tell
where it all fell apart...

And I say to myself:
Nevermore
Yeah, I say to myself:
Nevermore
And I say to myself:
Nevermore

Ooh...

Yeah, I say to myself:
Nevermore

Nevermore
From this point forward...
Nevermore

Nevermore
From this point forward...
Nevermore
Nevermore
From this point forward...
Nevermore

Ooh!

Nevermore
From this point forward...
Nevermore

HERE AND NOW
by Justin Justice & Tom Jensen
The time is getting late
Your lifetime is passing
Why should you wait
Is the question you are asking

Paralyzed by fear
Frozen by the uncertain
Unknowing in how far or near
Is the final curtain

But you can never tell
What lies ahead
Maybe Heaven, maybe Hell
Only one man sorts the dead

Yea you can never tell
What lies ahead
Maybe Heaven, maybe Hell
Only one man sorts the dead

In the here and now
Is where heroes are made
In this world we live
We die even villains fade

With our vision to achieve
Great statues are erected
And although we still believe
What is strived for is never perfected

But you can never tell
What lies ahead
Maybe Heaven, maybe Hell
Only one man sorts the dead

Yea you can never tell
What lies ahead
Maybe Heaven, maybe Hell
Only one man sorts the dead

In the here and now
is where we are
You may try to run
-- but you won't get far

As the dreams you hold
may never be
Just as the light that shines
you may never see
But you can never tell
What lies ahead
Maybe Heaven, maybe Hell
Only one man sorts the dead

No, you can never tell
What lies ahead
Maybe Heaven, maybe Hell
Only one man sorts the dead

COST OF WAR
by Klaus Bluetner & Tom Jensen
Alright!
The sun is rising
The birds are chirping

I'm looking for something
Yet I'm still searching

ooh...

What is my goal?
Just where is my place?

Look into these eyes
Pierce through this soul
Stare into this face

ooh...

Alright!

I'm back from the war
I carry scars in my heart
For brothers and sisters I lost
Oh how cruelly we part

I'm back from the war
Oh, the tears I have cried
Reliving the last memories
Of my friends who have died

ooh...
The sun is rising
Birds are chirping

I'm looking for something
Yet I'm still searching

I am lost in this world
that can be colder ice
But I found it this way
it never asked my advice

Too many bad people
who got their own way
And those who followed
Not knowing what a price
they would pay

Still I must join
in all of this madness
Attempt to act brave
while hiding this sadness

Doing exactly
 what I have been ordered to do
 Brother fighting brother
 Me killing you
 I'm back from the war
 I carry a scar in my heart
 For the sisters I lost
 Oh, how cruelly we part

Ooh...

I'm back from the war
 Oh, the tears I have cried
 Clutching onto the lasting memories
 Of my fellow soldiers who died

There are followers and there are leaders
 Those who died in battle and their defeaters
 Those who can't use their arms or legs
 Cause someone failed to use their head
 And my friends who now lay quietly
 Leaving God to sort the dead

The sun is rising
 Birds are chirping
 I'm looking for something
 Yet I'm still searching

DEEP SEEDED

by Klaus Bluetner & Tom Jensen
 I've been plowing these same fields
 for nearly thirty years
 And ain't no great visions
 ever magically appeared

Just the sight of me standing here
 Alone with my regrets
 and all of my deep seeded fears

There's so much work to be done
 Once the summer comes
 the engine hums as the tractor runs
 Seven days a week I'm out here in the sun

Back in my familiar place
 Even though a new season has begun

It keeps the family fed
 It's a dependable trade
 It's the choice that I've made
 For the last three decades

I've been living the same exact day
 Never followed through on the things I say

Year by year my childhood dreams
 have faded further away
 And now the sky is beginning to turn gray

Slowly my fields of wheat are turning into hay
 All those conversations I've had with myself
 Are becoming hearsay

This is the price I pay for being too afraid
I let myself down and now I feel betrayed

I've been plowing these same fields
for nearly thirty years
And ain't no great visions
ever magically appeared

Just the sight of me standing here
Alone with my regrets
and all of my deep seeded fears

Looking back...
I think I've overextended my stay
I never merged onto the freeway

I never headed out onto the highway
My car just sat in the driveway

VISITED A PLACE
by Klaus Bluetner & Tom Jensen
If you stop and listen...
You can hear a crying earth
With all of life's trivial things
It can be hard to measure worth

I visited a place
That used to be a forest
A little girl made a puzzled face
No one else noticed the problem

She represented brutal honesty
My God, I thought they'd outlawed it
Yet when she looked back at me
I turned away like I never saw it

I cleared all those trees myself
For you see that I am a logger

As each one falls
what grows is my wealth
Now that land's
a factory of her father's

If you stop and listen...
You can hear a crying earth
With all of life's trivial things
It can be hard to measure worth

I visited a place
That used to have a garden
Back before the bombs fell down
And all this crumbling decay started

I used to be able to sleep at night
But lately I've been having problems
I used to think things would be all right

There are so many evils out there
And by myself I just can't stop 'em
Do we really think we're going to find
The hands of the clock unwind

If so many people just like me and you
 Say we have something more important to do
 Can't change the world by wishing only by trying

If you stop and listen...
 You can hear a crying earth
 With all of life's trivial things
 It can be hard to measure worth

I visited a place... I visited a place...
 I visited a place... I visited a place...

I visited a place that could have been my Eden
 If only I had spoken up but unfortunately I didn't
 I let myself fall back asleep
 Until now I kept my nightmare hidden

I visited a place that no longer exists
 If only we had woken up...
 It would never have ended up like this

FALLEN WALLS

by Klaus Bluetner & Tom Jensen
 A whirlwind of thought
 starts spinning around
 I've been thinking a lot
 'bout what's been going down

And about what's been going on
 as I read the texts of history
 I see the pages keep repeating...
 The idea is becoming clear to me

I'm noticing a pattern of ebb and flow
 The rise and fall of man, men and kings

As a great chasm
 seems to keep growing between
 Self-proclaiming all-seeing beings
 and those who'll never know

I watch castles crumbling
 while at the same time
 New statues keep rising
 as slaves stand side by side

Working all day on newly fallen walls
 And it's our job to keep rebuilding
 What's not for our own protection
 Since these structures are used for dividing...

All people and states
 All races and religions
 It's become the best way to separate

Old new ideas from
 The foundation of tradition

First condense them
 Then convince them to believe it's too late
 When they know it really isn't

Get them to lose their hope
For if you can break their faith
Maybe they'll all stop searching
for what's hidden

History's hands of time have told
That when there's no buried treasure to behold

We all know there'll be no shovels left to be had
Nor no more miners to find others out there
to help them with their digging....
Ahhh

AS FOR ME
by Klaus Bluetner & Tom Jensen
Kisses and drugs
Make the world go round
Angry eyes and frowns
Just keep us down...

Booze and hugs help take off the edge
It's great to escape every now and then...

As for me... (as for me)
Well I'm glad you asked

When I look at my reflection I see
many faces looking back
from the shattered glass

back from the shards
of shattered glass
back from these shards
of shattered glass

Religion puts us all in boxes and rows
Though we know it's hard to open
a mind that's closed

In politics half the people are wrong
Half the people are right
Some enjoy a good fight

As for me... (as for me)
Well I'm glad you asked

When I look at my reflection I see
many faces looking back from the shattered glass
Back from the shards of shattered glass
Back from these shards of shattered glass
Some people are strong
Others weak inside
So they hide behind
a hollow wall of pride
(That's what they/we do)

Some people are greedy
Others feed the needy
Still more are shady
And some just plain seedy

As for me... (as for me)
Well I'm glad you asked

When I look at my reflection I see
many faces looking back from the shattered glass
back from the shards of shattered glass
back from these shards of shattered glass

I don't judge myself on what I've done...
(Don't judge yourself on what you've done)

But on the things I've yet to do...
(There's so much out there that you can do)

I know somehow I've failed someone...
(You can't go pleasing everyone)

I'm just not yet sure if I know who...
(Sorry, but you will have to choose...)

SINGER SONGWRITER
by Klaus Bluetner & Tom Jensen
I'm a singer... a songwriter...
I'm a lover... and a fighter...
I'm a poet... a word dancer...

I love asking questions...
Though I don't always like the answers

Still I do it... Try to see through it
Though I know that I don't have to
If you were me what would you do?
Is the question that I now ask you:

I'm a searcher... yes a seeker
I'm both a student... and a teacher
Yet I'm no prophet... nor a preacher

I sit here and I think -
But that just leads to more confusion...

I live to question... Become a believer
Not in self-deception but in something deeper

That gives my life meaning...
Even more than rhyming
And that's the reason that I keep on trying...

I try to open minds those that are closed
And uncover what needs to be exposed
By bringing myself up to the brink
Where my head feels like it will explode

Boy... I could use a drink
But that only adds cloudiness
to this great grand illusion...

I'm a singer... a songwriter...
I'm a lover... and a fighter...
I'm a poet... a word dancer...

I love asking questions
Though I don't always find the answers

Still I do it... Try to see through it
Though I know that I don't have to

If you were me
What would you do?
Is the question that I now ask you:

I'm a singer... a songwriter

GIFT
by Klaus Bluetner & Tom Jensen
Sometimes I make myself cry...

We both know it's true
While other guys might lie...
I try to swallow my pride

It's a gift
It's a gift I give to you

Everybody dances for money
I dance for free
Everybody dances for money
I dance for free

Everybody's a slave to do something
I work for humanity

Everybody's got something to sell you
Is what they've been telling me
Everybody's got something to sell you
Is what they've been telling me

I stopped falling for advertisements
Once I bought into poverty
(Oh...come on boy!)

You don't care about the name you wear
When you don't have enough to eat
You don't care about the name you wear
When you don't have enough to eat

Lace and frills lead to unpaid bills
No electricity, water and heat

Once you have everything in life
There's nothing left to do but give
Once you have everything in life
There's nothing left to do but give

Just free yourself from this rat race
And say that you've lived

Sometimes I make myself cry...
We both know it's true
While other guys might lie...
I try to swallow my pride
It's a gift
It's a gift I give to you

ALL IN A DAY

by Klaus Bluetner & Tom Jensen

The bus arrived early...

The train late

I knew time was against me

Seems to forever be my fate

All in a day

All in a day

All in a day

I serve power nine to five

I fight power five to nine

Yet I'm feeling

more and more like

we're slowly falling behind

All in a day

All in a day

All in a day

All in a day

Who wants to invest

in a human being?

Because I vehemently disagree

with those who believe

That life is a game

Which must be won

so they say:

"We do business as

business is being done...

Rules? I am the rules!

Besides... with God on my side

Who Would ever be against me?"

All in a day

All in a day

Some people try to save lives

Others live to save coins

Some people love to watch

The sun rise late at night

Or what others call

the crack of dawn

All in a day

All in a day

All in a day

All in a day

All in a day

All in a day

All in a day

All in a day

All in a day

All in a day

All in a day

All in a day

All in a day

All in a day

FOURTEEN DAYS

by Klaus Bluetner

& Tom Jensen & Big Suna

Nine o'clock in the morning

And I'm yawning

I can't get out of bed

Can it be that I'm dreaming

'Cause this feeling

Is still inside my head

And my soul has been lifted

It has drifted

Tryin' to fly away

and although I'm still tired

I'm inspired at the start

of a brand new day

I haven't played

in fourteen days

Just laid in bed

and hid away

I covered my tracks

and then I covered my head

I haven't played

in fourteen days

Just following my foolish ways

I'm takin' my time

so don't you think

that I'm dead

And I never heard

a single word

of what they said:

Behind my back

Or in front of my face

Hmmm....

Yeah!

Alright!

Ooh...hoo...hoo...

Nine o'clock in the morning

and I'm yawning

I can't get out of bed

Can it be that I'm dreaming

'Cause this feeling

Is still inside my head

And my soul has been lifted

it has drifted

tryin' to fly away

and although I'm still tired
 I'm inspired
 at the start
 of a brand new day

I haven't played in fourteen days
 Just laid in bed and hid away

I covered my tracks
 and then I covered my head

I haven't played
 in fourteen days

Just following my foolish ways

I'm takin' my time
 so don't you think
 that I'm dead

Fourteen days
 and fourteen nights

But I tell you I'm alright...

And deep down inside I'm new
 you will find out that it's true

Hoo!

LAST MAN STANDING
 by Klaus Bluetner & Tom Jensen
 I've seen the good and the bad
 To the highest and lowest degree
 I'll be the last man standing
 That and this is my creed:

When everything is silent
 I know that I won't be blind
 I will be the sole survivor
 Left on the island that is my mind
 You may call it crazy
 The only way that I can cope
 Ask me why nothing seems to phase me
 Because you see I'm hanging by a rope

For I've seen the good and the bad
 To the highest and lowest degree
 I'll be the last man standing
 That and this is my creed:

When everything is silent
 I know I won't be blind
 I will be the sole survivor
 Left on the island that is my mind

You may surround yourself with paupers
 And hold your cane just like a king
 Converse with those who know nothing
 Yet have opinions on everything

Trade away your suit coat
It will no longer keep you warm
Just like you it's traveled many times
Become beaten, ripped and torn
(beaten, ripped and torn)

So you think you've felt pain?
Just change into a new pair of shoes
With everything that you've gained
You've got more than nothing to lose?

Think of the mountains you have climbed
And the rivers you managed to cross
Knowing that those who had it all
Still ended up being lost

I've seen the good and the bad
To the highest and lowest degree
I'll be the last man standing
That and this is my creed:

Even though it still amazes me
That I haven't yet lost hope
I'll be the last man standing
On the last damn thing left afloat

I'll be the last man standing
On the last damn thing left afloat

second song scroll

DEAD END

by Justin Justice & Tom Jensen
I know who you are
And who you want to be
I know you're entrapped
And you want to be free

You can't put off until tomorrow
What needs to be done today
We've had this talk
so many times before
There's not much more I can say

When the days become years
You'll know that it's true
You'll look back and say
Why didn't I listen to you?

I've been down that road
Let me tell you my friend
That sooner or later
You'll see a dead end

The road will deceive you
With its ups and its downs
It's so hard to find direction
With your head spinning round

You found a hole in the sky
 But it's so lonesome there
 Even when you gaze down
 You still feel no fear

Come on my darling
 It's time to turn the page
 The only way you're not dying
 Is from old age...

I've been down that road
 Let me tell you my friend
 That sooner or later
 You'll see a dead end

The road will deceive you
 With its ups and its downs
 It's time to get it together
 Turn your life around

Two years later --
 I'd hoped to see you again
 But I couldn't make it
 So some flowers I'll send

I tried to convince you
 But you wouldn't bend
 So sorry for you
 Now you'll never mend

I've been down that road
 I told you my friend
 But sooner, not later,
 You saw the dead end

The road has deceived you
 With its ups and its downs
 It's just so sad
 I'll never see you around

ALISON'S AIRPLANE
 by Justin Justice & Tom Jensen

I find my religion
 in the basement of churches
 Never mind a pew

Here I sit trying
 to learn from my mistakes
 God knows I've made a few

If you'd made as many as I have
 Then you'd probably sit here, too
 Here I sit and reminisce it all
 Biding my time by
 reading slogans on the wall

Maybe a higher power is what I need
 Perhaps placing something
 above myself will set me free

For you can only tell
what you're really worth
When you realize
you're not the center of the earth

The sun does not rise for you
No matter how much you want it to
Then the rest is up to you
Use your better judgment if you want to

WAMER WATERS

by Klaus Bluetner & Tom Jensen
While looking for a role model
While looking for a good hobby
Ended up picking up a bottle
Ended up hurting my body

I tried to save a lost cause
I guess I got a little carried away
Ended up losing myself
And let another one slip away

Looking for the sacred river
Looking for warmer waters
Ended up a disbeliever
And being led to the slaughter

ooh oh oh oh ooh ooh
ooh oh oh oh ooh ooh

Tried to help them
climb out from the valley
Tried to bring them to my level
Every time I get close - my God
They introduce me to the Devil

Looking to transcend my existence
Looking to find Heaven on earth
Ended up finding a sign:
NO ADMITTANCE
I couldn't break the curse

I guess you shouldn't try to be a shepherd
When all your sheep jump off the cliff
But you can't see inside my conscience
And all the pain I'm living with

Alright!

Looking to begin another day
Looking to be the voice of reason
Ended up denying many things I say
Ended up my own victim of treason

Looking at myself in the mirror to see
If I could recognize my face
Finally seeing everything much clearer
And finding the self I had misplaced

ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh
ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh

Looking for the sacred river
 Looking for warmer waters
 Ended up a disbeliever
 And being led to the slaughter

Looking for the sacred river
 Looking for warmer waters
 Ended up a disbeliever
 Being led to the slaughter

ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh
 Looking for warmer waters
 ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh
 Looking for warmer waters

ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh
 Looking for warmer waters
 ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh
 Looking for warmer waters

THE LIGHT OR THE WHITE
 Music & Vocals by Justin Justice
 Lyrics by Tom Jensen
 It's the same faces
 In the same room
 Only a different night

Just another wasted day
 But it's much more complicated
 Than just wrong versus right

Dreams cast aside
 And soon vanish out of sight

You better chose
 your side correctly
 When it's the light
 against the white

You can get pleasure through people
 Or pleasure through things
 But when the ship starts sinking
 It's time to cut your strings

Time to cut the lines
 And make up your mind
 Either lead the pack
 Or else follow behind
 The white or the light
 It's the fight of your life
 You better choose right

Yeah, you better...

Cut the lines
 make up your mind

Either lead the pack
 or else follow behind
 the white or the light
 the fight of your life...

You better choose right...
You better choose right...
choose right
choose right
choose right

Either life-saving surgery
Or else amputation
It's a full-time job
And there ain't no vacation

SHE
by Klaus Bluetner & Tom Jensen
She gently sighs
And then she softly cries
She still denies
That there's a void inside

An only child
but not a lonely child
Her horses were chained
so they never ran wild

An early life full of distractions
And they all offered her protection
But all of her paths were paved in stone
She could never ever find her way all alone

She...oh she...oh she...
She...oh she... could not break free

A child cloned from her environment
Told what not to do without trying it

Second thoughts...
She never paid them any mind
Just blocked out her memory
and kept walking her straight line

She was barefoot and pregnant
And now she regrets it
Once every man did want her

Never dreaming her past
Would ever come
back to haunt her

She...
oh she...
oh she...

She...oh she...
could not break free

The man paid the bills
and shattered her wills
And broke her down
to her simplest form

Now she regrets it...
 Her life is pathetic
 Never thought it herself...
 Though everybody said it

She bended and kneeled
 Her fate forever sealed
 A true-self never truly revealed
 After he left her wounds never healed
 Just another sheep left so defenseless

She...oh she...oh she...
 She...oh she... could not break free

She gently sighs and then she softly cries
 She gently sighs and then she softly cries
 She still denies that there's a void inside
 An only child but not a lonely child

Her horses were chained so they never ran wild

She was battling hard to defeat the day
 Seems she wouldn't have it any other way
 While trying hard to hide away all the lies
 She begins to feel a tear in her eye

She...oh she...oh she...
 She...oh she... could not break free

She...oh she...oh she...
 She...oh she... could not break free

So she hides the pain away
 Has forgotten any other way

Today's reflection
 still mirrors yesterday

Yet May is another month away
 She...

CURVES OF SORROW
 by Tyler Thompson & Tom Jensen
 The smell of beer
 still lingers in the air
 Better leave now
 while the coast is clear

A wasted life
 recaptures the past
 Little does he know
 the a shadow has been cast.

Another drink
 Soon it fills his glass
 He sits and he wonders
 which road that he passed

The road that would have
 led him far from this place
 The road that could have
 very well put a smile on his face

Deep down he knows
new roads lie ahead
If he misses his next turn
he'll probably be dead.

His heavy darkened circled eyes
Were not a bit surprised
That there have not been many things
He has seen in his life.

He only knew of just one taste
His lips around the bottle
And the lines on his face
The drew.....
They drew a line of sorrow.

LET DOWN

by Justin Justice & Tom Jensen
Who'd have thought
that a pair of faded blue jeans
Could bring me to my knees?

Who'd have thought that after I let her in
She'd do just what she pleased?

An angel on the outside
The devil within
I would soon discover

Well I guess they're right
It just goes to show
You can never judge a book by its cover

I've done something I've told myself
that I would never do
Before you proved your love
I put all my trust in you

I believed your lies
And dried your eyes
And to my surprise
You took me for a ride
A ride I'll never take again

Can you see me frown?
As you're leaving town
The truth's been found
You spun me around
You let me down again

Such a beautiful smile
yet eyes full of deceit
You said that you loved me
All the while you were
lying through your teeth

I'd like to follow you
telling everyone you see
Be careful of this girl
Look what she did to me

Who'd have thought
that a pair of faded blue jeans
Could bring me to my knees?

Who'd have thought
that after I let her in
She'd do just what she pleased?

An angel on the outside
The devil within
I would soon discover

Well I guess they're right
It just goes to show
You can never judge
a book by its cover

I've done something
I've told myself
that I would never do

Before you proved your love
I put all my trust in you

TABLE FOR TWO
by Klaus Bluetner & Tom Jensen
The coffee's on...
I used to have coffee with you
But you're gone...
And now I'll have to find someone new

No, I don't like to
Drink my coffee alone
So I'd call and hope
that you'd pick up the phone

And we'd talk
Until the kids came home
And we'd talk
Until my coffee it turned cold

And we'd talk some more
When the kids ran off to play

And we'd talk...
That's how we'd spend
the rest of our day

Then you'd cook
With the phone held up to your ear
As you set the table for only two

You knew that I was there...
Even though I was here
(even though I was here)
You knew that I was there
(you knew that I was there)
Even though I was here
(even though I was here)
You knew that I was there

The coffee's on...
I used to have coffee with you

But you're gone...
And now I'll have
to find someone new

Table for two
Table for two
Table for two
Table for two

BOTTOM OF THE LAKE
by Klaus Bluetner & Tom Jensen
My heart is now my best friend
No longer my enemy
I've finally said goodbye to you
And said hello to me

The path we walked was winding
At least we weren't alone
But when yourself you're finding
Sometimes you must walk alone

I swim through my memories
As you're drowned by the waves

Tears roll off your eyes
Over the love that could not be saved

When it's time to sink or swim
It's already too late
Bubbles float up through the water
I'm at the bottom of the lake

You look at me in confusion
From your eye drops another tear
As you offer me your hand
I think it's better down here

Don't call for a rescue whatever you do...
I jumped in the water to free myself from you

This boulder shackled to my ankle
has become my new best friend
We'll be soul mates forever until the very end

Don't call for a rescue whatever you do...
As heavy as my new friend is
He's just a feather compared to you

My heart is now my best friend
No longer my enemy

I've finally said goodbye to you
And said hello to me
(and my boulder)

I'm at the bottom of the lake
(and my boulder)
I'm at the bottom of the lake
(and my boulder)

I'm at the bottom of the lake
 (and my boulder)
 I'm at the bottom of the lake
 (and my boulder)

TRASH CAN

by Klaus Bluetner & Tom Jensen
 Here is where I stand
 Beside a burning trash can
 Found a way to relieve my pain
 Gathered everything that
 reminds me of your name

Ooh...Whoa...
 Ooh...Whoa...

Every picture of you and I
 And all of the precious possessions
 That you left behind
 As if a priest I now preside
 In leading the funeral procession

My tears over these lost years
 Have replaced the
 bittersweet tasting wine

Ooh.... Whoa...
 Ooh... Whoa...
 Ooh... Whoa...

Since I am already pale
 Having found I lost my host
 I find no further reasons
 To invoke the holy ghost

Hoo...

Here is where I stand
 Next to everything that you left
 Beside a burning trash can
 It's the only way that I'll ever forget

Hoo... Ooh...
 Hoo... Ooh...
 Hoo... Ooh...

SANDCASTLES

by Klaus Bluetner & Tom Jensen
 Just when I thought
 the tide had turned
 I played with fire
 And I got burned

Then reality shattered me
 No longer listen to such flattery
 Find out what she wants from me
 And then erase her from my memory

Love is bound to come back
 If we were meant to be
 Traveling busily across
 The deep blue sea...

Sandcastles
Ooh...hoo....
Sandcastles
Ooh...hoo...

Only adults know the rising of the tide
and the pressures we call time
could never withstand

Build a sandcastle and watch it wash away
Try to defeat the tide and return the next day

Wave after wave after wave
Wave after wave after wave

Watch your work
What we call play
Slowly see your structure fade away

I see footprints
Being washed away by the sea
What we had once
Now will never be

Wave after wave after wave
Wave after wave after wave

For the waves rolled in
And washed away our love
I'm sure somewhere up there
God is laughing from above

I'll add your name onto the list
Of pretty faces I couldn't resist

In all my rhymes
and all my verses
Sweet words of love
have been changed to curses

For the truth of life it must be learned
I'm realizing now while your picture burns

Love is bound to come back
If we were meant to be
Traveling busily across
The deep blue sea...

Sandcastles....Ooh...ooh...
Sandcastles....Ooh...ooh...
Sandcastles....Ooh...ooh...
Sandcastles....Ooh...ooh...
Sandcastles....Ooh...ooh...

Wave after wave after wave
Wave after wave after wave

YOU CAN NEVER RUN
AWAY FROM YOURSELF
by Justin Justice & Tom Jensen
I lay on the ground
As I feel death's cold eyes
Even in defeat
I am not taken by surprise

I am my own rock
By no man's law I abide
In desperate times
You can look for a place to hide

But you can never
Run away from yourself
In good times and bad times
In sickness and health

There's no escape when trouble
Has already come
For you can never take back anything
That you have done

I lay on the ground
As I feel death's cold eyes
Even in defeat
I am not taken by surprise

I am my own rock
By no man's law I abide
In desperate times
You can look for a place to hide

But you can never
Run away from yourself
In good times and bad times
In sickness and health

Never run away from yourself...

third song list

LAST CUP OF COFFEE
by Justin Justice & Tom Jensen

It's just another morning
As the sun comes up again
Take your first sip of coffee
Say hello to your friend

Take a peek at the paper
Any good news today?
But it seems like nothing's going on
So face down it will stay

Eight o'clock in the morning
And your job cries out your name
Sitting down at your computer
But something is gonna change

Another sip of coffee
But your papers stay in your drawer
So many places you'd rather be

And then you see a sight among sights
you arise from your seat
as you feel
the ground beneath your feet crumbling

And you're still sitting here
Up on the sixty-sixth floor
Should've watched the Sunrise

Could've been living for more
But today it is marked as your day to die
As two tears... They form in your eyes

It was just another morning
Yeah, the sun came up again

Took one last sip of coffee
Said hello to your friend
How could today
have really been any better?

But then you saw the sight among sights
That sight that blinds your eyes
And you felt
the ground beneath your feet crumbling

And you were just sitting there
on the sixty-sixth floor
Hoping a miracle came
Hoping you'd live just one day more

But today it was marked
as the start of the end
We can't go backwards ever again

And you were just sitting there
Up on the sixty-sixth floor
Hoping a miracle came
Hoping you'd live just one day more

But today it is marked
as the start of the end
We can't go backwards ever again

LOOKING FOR LOVE
by Klaus Bluetner & Tom Jensen
I've been looking for love
In all the wrong places
Disregarding hearts of gold
For pretty faces

By the wicked I get scorned
Left broken and torn
I get served, kicked to the curb
Still my fate may be deserved

I've been looking for love
(looking for love)
in all the wrong places

I need to teach my eyes
To look deep down inside
(looking for love)

And not be hypnotized
By a wolf in sheep's disguise
(looking for love)

I've been stabbed by a smile
and I blabbed like a child
Grabbed and thrown into the pile
then labeled and filed

I've been looking for love
(looking for love)
in all the wrong places

Too many evils
that makeup can conceal
Got to dig down a little deeper
If you want to see what's real

Alright!
(looking for love)
(looking for love)

I've been stabbed by a smile
and I blabbed like a child
Grabbed and thrown into the pile
Then labeled and filed

I've been looking for love
(looking for love)
in all the wrong places

The body only is
Transportation for the soul
While the heart is like fine wine
It is only faces that grow old
And I've been looking for love
In all the wrong places
(looking for love)

Disregarding hearts of gold
for pretty faces
(looking for love)

By the wicked I get scorned
Left broken and torn

I get served, kicked to the curb
Still my fate may be deserved

I've been looking for love
(looking for love)
in all the wrong places

PERFECT IMPERFECTIONS
by Klaus Bluetner & Tom Jensen
Perfect imperfections
Perfect imperfections

I always tried to show
you the best of me
Sure, I may have lied
about the rest of me

I should have given me whole
For scars make love real
What we can't control
Is what seals the deal

The sharing of fears
and weaknesses
Helps manifest lovers
from friends

Can lead to holding
each other at night

When you don't want the day to end...
And I don't want this day to end...
No, I don't want this day to end

Perfect imperfections
Perfect imperfections

I long to see your face
in the rising sun

I long to hold you dear
because you're the one
(You're the one)

I find I found I failed
This great test of me

I should have told you
all about my history

With this new day
Comes a new way
For you and for me
Yes, for both of us

In this new light
Will come tonight
As we shall have
So much to discuss

Perfect imperfections
Perfect imperfections
Perfect imperfections
Perfect imperfections

AS I PLAY

by Klaus Bluetner & Tom Jensen

Face yourself before you face the sea

Might be the best piece of advice

Anyone has ever given to me

For that's when you can rest in peace

With a satisfied soul

that can then fly away free...

fly away free

fly away free

fly away free

So I pass the baton on stage

With the wave of my magical wand

Watch my arm when you see my guitar

'Cause I'm a singer and here's my song

And as I play... I want you to sing along:

Face yourself before you face the sea

Might be the best piece of advice

Anyone has ever given to me

For that's when you can rest in peace

With a satisfied soul

that can then fly away free...

fly away free

fly away free

fly away free

I know who's next

and I'm pretty sure

that I won't get fooled again

I'm the pinball wizard,

the true happy jack

and I play the same old game

But as I play I want you to sing along:

Face yourself before you face the sea

Might be the best piece of advice

Anyone has ever given to me

For that's when you can rest in peace

With a satisfied soul

that can then fly away free...

fly away free

fly away free

fly away free

CLEAN WIPE TO THE SLATE

by Justin Justice & Tom Jensen

As you're getting sleepy in your bed

Busy staring at the walls

My head is still spinning

As I'm pacing up and down the halls

I just need one more line
only one more verse
And when I finally fall asleep
it only gets worse

Yea lately I've been losing faith
Been having trouble thinking straight

What I thought I'd found has been misplaced
What I've been giving out

Well, I finally got a taste
When I woke up I couldn't see my face

Time to take a clean wipe to the slate
The past has now been erased
No right path to follow
No lines left to trace

I see no yellow lines on the highway
I've done it your way now I'll try it my way

There's a road not yet paved in stone
No one left to follow when you're alone

No shepherd to guide you
No shadows to hide you
No need to ask directions
When you're heading home

Every sign you've seen has led you astray
When you stuck out your thumb
no one was going your way
The highway you stand upon

Winds so violently and looks so long
You've just gotta be strong
Keep writing and singing your song

Time to take a clean wipe to the slate
The past has now been erased
No right path to follow
No lines left to trace

I see no yellow lines
on the highway
I've done it your way
now I'll try it my way

LOW DOWN
by Klaus Bluetner & Tom Jensen
He was feeling low
A little down on his luck
For he didn't know
Which way was up

Low down
Low down
Low down

They built him up
 So they could knock him down
 Since chastising him
 Is what they rallied around

Low down
 Low down
 Low down

Low down
 Low down
 Low down

He got pushed down
 White washed and covered in snow
 By the neighborhood bully
 Right insight of side his home

Low down
 Low down
 Low down

Seems like there was no escape
 Since he didn't feel safe
 That's just the price he pays
 For walking home all alone

Low down
 Low down
 Low down

Low down
 Low down
 Low down

IT IS YOUR TURN
 by Klaus Bluetner & Tom Jensen

If you don't know yet who I am
 Don't worry that will change
 I am a very simple man
 Both on and off this stage

My life's work and my fun are one
 That's why I am so happy
 We all regret something we've done
 Won't let that entrap me

I just look ahead... and never behind
 Helps keep me from wasting all my time
 Best for your body, soul and your mind
 Can't press fast forward...
 I can't hit rewind

Leave something they will remember you by
 Like those who were the first to fly
 Or the first man on the moon
 Now it's your turn what will you do?

You won't find me living in the past
Too much to do time runs by so fast
We never know how long it'll last
So little sand in this hour glass

Don't live life doing something you hate
That is the best advice I can give
Work is a four letter word - yeah, great!
Some live to work and some work to live...

Spend your life doing something you love
If it don't exist then make it up
You only walk this trail one time 'round
Don't let your dreams
fade to the foreground

You won't find me living in the past
Too much to do - time runs so fast
We never know how long it'll last
So little sand in this hour glass

We never know how long it'll last
So little sand in this hour glass

TRENDING
by Klaus Bluetner & Tom Jensen
Uh... Yeah... huh!
But for all the wrong reasons
Everybody's googling me
Looks like it's now open season:

It's hunting time
Must be a slow day for the media
I just found five more lies
About me on Wikipedia

Hey Hey Hey
Hey Hey Hey

I've been good
in all my wheelings and dealings
I've done the best I could

Yet when I bet red
the little ball landed on black
Just like I kinda knew it would
Hey Hey Hey
Hey Hey Hey

So if karma cares about my feelings
I paid it forward
And now I ask for some of it back
Just a little bit back

Hey Hey Hey
Hey Hey Hey

I'm due for some good luck
Really, sincerely I believe
I am that diamond in the rough
And the needle in a haystack
All rolled into one...

Hey Hey Hey
Hey Hey Hey

Find me and we'll have some fun
Are you lucky at cards
or are you lucky at love?
Neither? Me, too...

(alright)
Alright!
Come on!

I'm trending...
But for all the wrong reasons
Everybody's googling me
Looks like it's now open season:

It's hunting time
Must be a slow day for the media
I just found five more lies
About me on Wikipedia

I'm trending
I'm just trending
Baby, I'm trending
Whoo!
I'm just trending...

CARRY ME
by Klaus Bluetner & Tom Jensen

Plugging and prodding
Reeling and seething
Feeling I'm rotting
This air's not for breathing

These words aren't for speaking
Not even worth writing
Nor are they worth reading
So I shall burn this paper
Oh now watch me light it

Turn it into kindling
At least then I'll have fire
As the daylight is dwindling
I crawl through the mire

The willows are weeping
Entrapped within this still air
My fears are now creeping
Yes, they're still here

As self-doubt has joined us
Compressed we're meshed into one
When words of hurt define us
Water and dirt both turn to mud

Plugging and prodding
Reeling and seething
Feeling I'm rotten
This air's not for breathing

These words aren't for speaking
Not even worth writing
Nor are they worth reading
So I burn the paper
Watch me light it

Turn it into kindling
At least then I'll have fire
As the daylight is dwindling
I'm left here crawling through the mire

Surviving until daybreak
The fresh sunlight of the dawn
For here lies my only escape
Giving me strength to carry on

And so I carry on...
Carry me
carry me
carry me
carry me

OASIS
by Klaus Bluetner & Tom Jensen
Can you feel a dark entity...
Clutching hold of your sanity...
Creating such calamity...
For you and all of your family...
And all the things you love

Chasing the mirage of an oasis
A paradise you think is real
Yet all of us who wear our real faces
Acknowledge that some wounds won't heal

Yet dying is not healing
With so much left to live
Hiding all the pain you're feeling
Holding on to what you should give

Chasing the mirage of an oasis
Chasing the mirage of an oasis
Chasing the mirage of an oasis
Chasing the mirage of an oasis

END OF THE ROAD
by Klaus Bluetner & Tom Jensen
I saw the light burning in your eyes
That alone should come as no surprise
I followed you... so many others have tried
When you said, "Yes" a bitter part of me died

Lead me to the end of the road
Where the sun sets down
To the end of the road
Where true happiness is found
To the end of the road
On the other side of town
To the end of the road
To where they finally lay me down

So many roads that I've walked down
 Lying in the street so many things I've found
 In the unswept corners is where the dirt hides
 Where many people and things give you a ride

Lead me to the end of the road
 Where the sun sets down
 To the end of the road
 Where true happiness is found
 To the end of the road
 On the other side of town
 To the end of the road
 To where they finally lay me down...

My shoes are wearing out
 Almost time for another pair
 But I'll wear the ones I've got
 Until I get there...
 Until I get there...

Now I see the light burning in your eyes
 That alone comes as no surprise
 Following you I no longer live a lie
 Out on the dark path I have found my guide

To lead me to the end of the road
 Where the sun sets down
 To the end of the road
 Where true happiness is found

To the end of the road
 On the other side of town
 To the end of the road

To where they finally lay me down...

Finally lay me down...
 Finally lay me down...
 Down

RIGHT BETWEEN THE EYES
 by Justin Justice & Tom Jensen
 I don't read the paper
 Hell I don't even watch the news
 Everyone's used to horror
 and everyone's got the blues

Always another plane crash
 Or gunman on a rage
 I never pick up the paper
 unless it's lining for a cage

I used one for my birdcage
 And my bird spoke of death and hate
 I wish I'd used the comics...
 But I realized this too late

The worst is on the cover
 seen by children of every age...
 If I was editor of the paper,
 I'd put the good things on the front page!

Then maybe it'd rub off
and people would treat each other kind
Have you heard the expression,
'out of sight and out of mind'?

When violence is on TV
Then children will play with guns
Yet when they're watching Sesame Street
That's when they're having fun

I'm moving to the mountains
So I can watch the trees
Where you don't have any doors
and you don't have any keys

House of wood, Bed of straw
When I see a pig,
it won't remind me of the LAW!

I won't use no roads --
I'll set off on my own course
Trading my ford
for a six pack a carton and horse

I took that walk through the wilderness
to escape a world of lies
I proposed to Mother Nature
but I only heard her sigh...

Felt the swaying of the trees
as I walked on fallen leaves
She reminded me of the death
of everything that breathes

There are those who try to play God
Shoot everything that moves
The fact that men can make rifles
Is the only thing it proves

I traded my gun for a camera --
That should come as no surprise
A deer I watched drinking from a stream --
I shot him right between the... eyes

Now it lives on forever
Does not die today
Captured in a picture
that will never fade away!

fourth song list

FALLEN CLOUDS
by William Elmore & Tom Jensen
The stories told beside a campfire
so many years ago
Still echo through the canyons
melt the newly fallen snow

The legend of great heroes
now rest upon the stars
Along the craters of the moon
lay dark and blemished scars

There's no one here
to judge the living
Or sort through the dead
No one here to dictate terms
Nor record what was said

The laws of these lands
has not been etched in stone
The king who holds the scepter
can still be overthrown

Hanging clouds drift above
after the battle in the sky
Fallen soldiers through love and war
each one picking sides

So many wandering souls
Set adrift way up high
Listen through the canyons
We hear another deep sad sigh

You can never see their face
They can never find their place

When lightning strikes
The fire runs wild

Falling raindrops through the sky...
Fallen clouds...
Fallen

STRANDED

by Justin Justice & Tom Jensen
Hanging by a rope
We each cling to hope
Stranded on an island
Where screams fall silent

Giant crashing waves
No hope of being saved
Sailor standing on a dock
Sunrise is his clock

The moon rising overhead
The sailor falls dead
The tide comes rolling in
The cycle ends
A new one begins

COMING OF FALL

by Tyler Thompson & Tom Jensen
There's a man too wobbly to stand
On the topside ledge of a mountain

Sitting... searching for the truth
For some worldly proof
Of an eternal fountain

ooh

Kneeling...
He stares at his withered hands
All the while peeking
Over his shoulder

Feebly he attempts to stand
Sensing Northern winds
Blowing colder

ooh

Through a clear sky
he enters into a haze
With wrinkles around his eyes
He gazes
To the west

But he forgets although he tries
He numbers his time in minutes not days
He wonders if time will let him save
But now the past has died...

The sun sets over a distant horizon
The calming darkness begins to call...
A breath of October quietly exhaled
There is no mistaking the coming of fall

There's no mistaking
There's no mistaking
There no mistaking
The coming of...
Fall

BREAKING THE CHAINS
by Tiffany Anne & Tom Jensen
Out in the distance
I think I hear someone
Calling my name
I guess even here I am still not alone

To think that solitude
Was the reason I came
To be out here so far from home

No matter where you go
Something or someone will find you
You'll never be able to break every chain
There is always one that will bind you

Go ahead and try
Go ahead and try
Go ahead and try to break the chain

Go ahead and try
Go ahead and try
Go ahead and try
But some things will never change

Out in the distance
 I think I hear someone
 Calling my name
 I guess even here
 I am still not alone

To think that solitude
 Was the reason I came
 To be out here so far from home

No matter where you go
 Something or someone will find you
 You'll never be able to break every chain
 There is always one that will bind you

Go ahead and try
 Go ahead and try
 Go ahead and try to break the chain

Go ahead and try
 Go ahead and try
 Go ahead and try
 But some things will never change

ONE SLIP OF THE KNIFE
 by Justin Justice & Tom Jensen
 Whenever you feel down
 When in your mind you feel truly alone
 Take a walk among the dead
 Read each name upon each stone

If your eyes don't change
 Join them in name join them in spirit
 Be one and the same

From some pains you can never run away
 Though sometimes forgotten
 -- the scars will always stay
 For sometimes it seems like there's no escape

And yet all it takes is one simple mistake
 To burn down the mansion you built
 To knock the clown off of his stilts

But don't let your judgment fail you
 Know what you're finding before it's found
 Don't ever let your cross nail you
 A weight so heavy it'll drag you down

And when your inner voice
 seems to have no sound
 And all this pain builds up inside
 You are here alone - with no one around
 One thought stalks you:
 there's nowhere left to hide...

And on the table lies a 12-inch blade.
 As night creeps in as black as a spade

Would it really matter?
One slip of the knife?
Would anyone notice
-- a worthless life?

She lies on the floor
Her last thought so guilty
Clutching a rose now fallen and wilted

OVERRATED

by Tyler Thompson & Tom Jensen
It's all the same
yet so much has changed
Since ten years ago

There's so much I've learned
but still I've returned
To what I used to know

New strangers appear
Old friends disappear
For some reason I've let them go
So simply stated:
My book no one's read it...
My life story nobody knows

Though my cover is quite plain
my text is full and rich
Be it fact or fiction
Who knows which is which?

I fake my happiness, hold back my tears
So I appear elated
It's best that I hide behind these hollow eyes
While I'm intoxicated

It's all the same yet so much has changed
Feeling high, then feeling low
I've visited here and I've traveled there
But what have to show

It's all the same
yet so much has changed
Since ten years ago

There's so much I've learned
but still I've returned
To what I used to know

New strangers appear
Old friends disappear
For some reason I've let them go

So simply stated
Life's too complicated
Tired of telling my tale of woe

It's suddenly so clear to me
That I may never be
What I want to be
So hopefully being the best
Is overrated.....Overrated

MAYBE SOMEDAY

by Bryan Magsayo & Tom Jensen

Maybe someday all my wounds will mend
 When I got drawers on my chin and I'm wearing Depends
 I've tried everything but this feeling won't end
 No wonder darkness has slowly become my best friend

Confusion is my brother; I'm the son of desperation
 Lost is my desire and I'm still searching for motivation
 Every morning I wake up and I pray I can stay in bed
 Sleep can be so peaceful and so good for the head

I've put off everything off until the end of time
 My friends think they're psychics trying to read my mind
 I want to scream at them even though they're being kind

FIRST PLACE

by Klaus Bluetner & Tom Jensen

Doo Doo Doo Doo Doo Doo Doo Doo Dooo

Hey look at me...
 I'm still laughing and joking
 Even though I quit smoking
 While I was working I was thinking
 I'm so glad that I gave up drinking

Listen to me speak...
 Well I guess the first place to start
 Would be to tell you I got love in my heart
 (love in my heart)

For a heart without love
 is a glove without a hand
 Or a brain without a mind
 A mind that can't understand
 Or ears that can't hear
 this song that I sing
 Or a tongue that won't taste
 these chocolates that I bring

Doo Doo Doo Doo Doo Doo Doo Doo Doo

Hey look at me...
 Well I guess once when I lost my way
 Here's another fact
 Is that I can't really say
 I ever really fully came back

Listen to me speak...
 Just what is this
 To have to come back to?
 In what was once such a sacred place
 Now lies a land of ruin

Where even the sky
 Seems to burn my eyes
 As I wash my face
 In this dirty pool

I thought I'd been freed...
Now I see I was a fool
Poor hurried me...
Following the rules I learned in school

Doo Doo Doo Doo Doo Doo Doo Doo Doo

For a heart without love
is a glove without a hand
Or a brain without a mind
A mind that can't understand

Or ears that can't hear
this song that I sing
Or a tongue that won't taste
these chocolates that I bring

(Oh Yeah!)
Woo hoo
Doo Doo Doo Doo Doo Doo Doo Doo

SLEEPWALKERS

by Klaus Bluetner & Tom Jensen
When they're playing chess with you...
The game never lasts very long
Still haven't got a clue... why do you...
Why do you smile when you take a pawn?

Then their bishop overtakes your knight
When he wasn't even dressed to fight
Soon their queen upends your rook
Before you could even look

Another smile...
your knight just claimed a pawn
But now...
now your little horsie's gone
He didn't run away...
he just got sleighed
As the king of your castle
he numbers his days

Yeah, you're wondering and pondering
As you're endlessly wandering
on and on and on...

And you're scribbling and scrabbling
Along the chessboard of life
feeling you're just a pawn

Sleepwalkers
Sleepwalkers

You just made a list of things
that you need to say
About yourself, about the world
and all its ways

Sometimes you think that
 it's a lie that hard work pays
 Now that everything has been numbered
 - yes even your days

Why is everyone...
 sleepwalking around this globe...
 This giant wheel?
 Seems as a whole we can no longer feel
 While deep in this slumber

For the gift of the presence of love
 we no longer hunger
 When our dreams are gone...
 yet we still walk on and on and on and on...

You just made a list of the things
 that you need to say
 And it 'tis just one...
 There's hardly no time left for anyone

As names and faces keep fading farther away
 Still, you know you've got so much to give...
 so with this guilt you live

I'm sorry, but there's just too few hours in a day
 You find your precious time becomes taken up
 Oh look now how... You're so easily led astray...
 How'd your life become this way?

(sleepwalkers)
 Is this what you say?
 (sleepwalkers)

While you're wondering and pondering
 As you're wandering on and on and on and on...
 As you're scribbling and scrabbling
 Along the chessboard of life
 feeling you're just a pawn

sleepwalkers
 sleepwalkers

PRETTY TOYS

by Klaus Bluetner & Tom Jensen
 With every hurled stone that is cast
 I walk one step closer to becoming broken
 With every coming sunset I manage to outlast
 Ahead lies a sunrise by which I may not be awoken

With every cigarette I smoke
 I see another small sign of cancer
 With every question that I ask
 I find I come closer to the answer

As I look within your empty eyes
 You create a new fantasy to fill the void
 You play some music to cover your sighs
 and fill your room with all those pretty toys...

Hey rich girl...

Throw the keys to your Mercedes down to me
You'll have to leave it all behind
if you really want to be free

I look at my hands
they're all beaten and torn
Sometimes you must get dirty
if you want to be reborn

Hey rich girl...
tell me what did you see
when you traveled the world?
Did you do all you were told
like daddy's good little girl?

Come away with me
and maybe I'll write you a song
I've come here to teach you
that everything they taught you was wrong...

Hey rich girl... Just what makes you think
Father always knows best?
Sure you've found some answers
but you still must take the test

With every hurled stone that you cast
You walk one step closer to becoming broken
With every coming sunset you manage to outlast
Ahead lies a sunrise by which you may not be awoken

With every cigarette you smoke
You see another small sign of cancer
With every question that you ask
You come much closer to the answer

Look within your empty eyes
A new fantasy to fill the void?
Play some music to cover your sighs
Fill your room with more pretty toys...

Pretty toys...
Pretty toys...
Pretty toys

CONCRETE PEOPLE

by Klaus Bluethner & Tom Jensen

Concrete people like to hide behind gold
Concrete people will collect what they're owed
Concrete people leave you out in the cold
Concrete people hate most to be exposed

Concrete people ain't got no souls
They traded them in for high priced clothes
Concrete people with their hearts of stone
Even sold out my beloved rock and roll

Concrete people never hang their heads low
Concrete people never let their feelings show
Concrete people keep their statues in rows
Concrete people always reap what they sow

But me, I ain't no concrete man
 I mess things up every now and then
 I slave for those who do me wrong
 And I find relief in the rock and roll song

Rock and roll song
 Rock and roll song

Concrete people think I'm wasting my time
 Concrete people never step out of line
 Concrete people hate the shirt that I wear
 Concrete people find me too hard to bare

Concrete people ain't got no souls ...
 They traded them in for high priced clothes
 Concrete people with their hearts of stone
 Even sold out my beloved rock and roll

And me, I ain't no concrete man
 I mess things up every now and then
 Slave for those who do me wrong
 And I find relief in a rock 'n roll song

Rock and roll song
 Rock and roll song
 Rock and roll song

FIGHT FOR PEACE

by Tom Jensen & Lynette
 Come now citizens of the world
 Let us knock down this mental wall
 Time to let a new flag unfurl
 Large enough to cover us all

Endless sea of humanity
 That will bridge both the land and shore
 Become one global family
 Let us not divide anymore

Realize difference makes us great
 Opposed to tearing us apart
 I swear to you it's not too late
 And all it takes is one to start

It could be you who makes a stand
 One burning monk can end a war
 Wouldn't fight in Iraq...I ran
 Didn't deem it worth fighting for

Unlock the door you have the key
 Finally let this madness cease
 Everybody say it with me
 What is my belief? Can't fight for peace

Come now citizens of the world
 Let us knock down this mental wall
 Time to let a new flag unfurl
 Large enough to cover us all

Endless sea of humanity
That will bridge both the land and shore
Become one global family
Let us not divide anymore

Realize difference makes us great
Opposed to tearing us apart
I swear to you it's not too late
And all it takes is one to start

Unlock the door you have the key
Finally let this madness cease
Everybody say it with me
What is my belief? Can't fight for peace

fifth song list

NIGHT OUT
by Klaus Bluetner & Tom Jensen
Come on check it out!
One, two, three, four...

Tonight is my ego's night out...
I finally gotta get it all out...
Be out on my own
Though I can't go this way all alone

At least I'll need a friend
Maybe it could lead to something more
(who knows?)
I just need this to end
Give me a new set of unopened doors

I'm ready to go...
I'm ready to go...
I'm ready to go explore...

I don't care if it's a cave
Nor do I mind a maze
I'm tired of reading the signs
Since they all point the same way...

Far away...
Far away...
Far away from this place

Whoo...
Yeah
Come on!

Hoo...
(Yeah, yeah, yeah!)
Check it out...

Tonight is my ego's night out
I finally gotta get it all out

Be out on my own
 Though I don't wanna go
 this way alone
 Don't wanna go this way all alone
 No...
 Night out

Don't wanna go this way
 Don't wanna go this way
 Don't wanna go this way all alone
 Night out

Don't wanna go this way
 Don't wanna go this way
 Don't wanna go this way all alone
 Night out

WORTH THE WAIT
 by Justin Justice & Tom Jensen
 By the time I got to my paper
 My pen was too tired to write
 My eyes they started closing
 And then I lost my sight

I don't quite remember
 Just what I was thinking of
 It had something to do with you
 And it had something to do with love

Blah blah blah blah...
 The words all sound the same
 Ha ha ha ha
 Even silence sings your name
 Na na na na.....
 There's no one that I blame
 La La La La
 I'm just so happy that you came

Some say that absence
 Makes the heart grow fonder
 But I wasn't waiting 'round much longer

And though I've never been good
 at predicting fate
 You were well worth the wait

Now that I've grown
 I've learned how to play the game
 To finally win in the end
 I found myself being tamed

Now that I've grown
 There's nothing I can't take
 And since I learned how to bend
 I know I'll never break

Some say that absence
 Makes the heart grow fonder
 But I wasn't waiting 'round much longer

And though I've never been good
at predicting fate
You were well worth the wait

IN THE POURING RAIN
by Justin Justice & Tom Jensen
Look into my heart
Look inside your soul
Do you see they are the same?

Have you ever gazed beneath my eyes?
And what I attempt to hide...
Just like a children's game?

My emotions tell me
To tell you
I love you
But my mind is scared of the pain

What if when I tell you
You're my sunshine
It begins to rain?

Since I fell in love with you
I've never been the same
When the world is quiet
I still hear your name

When I am by your side
I feel no pain
I am warm and dry
In the pouring rain

Look into my heart
Take a look into my soul
Can you feel the warmth of a fire...
Burning out of control?

My emotions tell me
To tell you
I love you
But my mind is scared of the pain

What if when I tell you
You're my sunshine
It begins to rain?

Since I fell in love with you
I've never been the same
When the world is quiet
I still hear your name

When I am by your side
I feel no pain
I am warm and dry
In the pouring rain

I could never lose you as a friend
Nor could I break my heart again
My only fear is if I wait
Then maybe it would be too late

Since I fell in love with you
 I've never been the same
 When the world is quiet
 I still hear your name

When I am by your side
 I feel no pain
 I am warm and dry
 In the pouring rain

TONIGHT'S MOONLIGHT
 by Tyler Thompson & Tom Jensen
 Orange is the color of the trees
 At least the ones that still have leaves
 In the coolness of the night
 I watch a gentle breath take flight
 I watch it vanish out of sight
 In the glimmering, glittering moonlight

I'll never shiver in the cold
 For now I have someone to hold
 In the coolness of the night
 The skyward birds are taking flight
 Soon I'll sit holding my new love tight
 In the glimmering, glittering moonlight

It's through your calming eyes
 That I become hypnotized
 In the coolness of the night
 My senses, they are taking flight
 It's you who takes me to new heights
 In the glimmering, glittering moonlight

The sun could sleep for seven years
 And still I wouldn't freeze
 You've become my refreshing
 Reassuring summer's breeze

Sitting here alone without you
 I'm just part of the whole
 But when we are together
 I feel both my heart and soul
 Anxiously I'm waiting here
 My heart, it skips a beat
 It seems like an eternity,
 These seconds before we meet
 Before we reunite...
 In the glittering moonlight

Eyes are magic windows
 That look inside the mind
 Through yours I see us together
 Until the end of time
 Until the end of time
 Beneath tonight's moonlight

FRESCO
 by Justin Justice & Tom Jensen
 I've been waiting for a night like tonight
 For so very, very long
 Sitting here studying the portrait of my life
 Wondering just where the artist went wrong

So why does my sketch in black and white
Contain so many deep, dark shades of gray?
My life before today
had left me feeling sad and blue

When I'm with you I never want to say goodbye
To someone so beautiful that the angels sigh
I think of you in thoughts so kind
I painted your picture, it took me some time

You are the one that makes my life worth living
Yours is the last face I see before I fall asleep
You'll never be the one to break my heart
Never leave me alone to weep

Now all thoughts of retracing my past
They have become erased
And I live within your eyes
With each new line I'm redefined
Every time I draw your face

When I'm with you I never want to say goodbye
To someone so beautiful that the angels sigh
I think of you in thoughts so kind
I painted your picture, I could paint it blind

I drink to your health as I raise my glass
Toasting to a future and time
that has not yet passed

As time crawls by and I stare above
I believe only in you - my muse - my love

Now all thoughts of retracing my past
They have become erased
And I live within your eyes
With each new line I'm redefined
Every time I draw your face

When I'm with you I never want to say goodbye
To someone so beautiful that the angels sigh
I think of you in thoughts so kind

SEE THIS THRU
by Justin Justice & Tom Jensen
You know I dream about you
When I'm asleep and wide awake
And you know I can tell
when you're dreaming
Cause I start to quiver and shake

Don't you know I'm thinking of you
On these empty and lonely nights
Yea I can tell what you're thinking
Cause I always got you here inside

I miss you
 I want to have you here
 So I can kiss you
 Don't ever worry my dear
 I can't resist you
 Cause you're the love of my life
 And it's so clear

I long to have you
 I long to hold you
 I'd like to see this thru
 No one else out there
 Makes me feel the way you do

You know I don't have to say
 When you're away I toss and turn
 And that's alright
 Yea that's okay
 'Cause tomorrow's a brand new day

Don't you know I'm thinking of you
 On these empty and lonely nights
 Yea I can tell what you're thinking
 Cause I always got you here inside

I miss you
 I want to have you here
 So I can kiss you
 Don't ever worry my dear
 I can't resist you
 Cause you're the love of my life
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 Makes me feel the way you do

I miss you
 I want to have you here
 So I can kiss you
 Don't ever worry my dear
 I can't resist you
 Cause you're the love of my life
 And it's so clear

I long to have you
 I long to hold you
 I'd like to see this thru
 No one else out there
 Makes me feel the way you do

I wanna hold you
 I wanna have you
 I'd like to see this thru

IT COULD BE YOU
 by Tom Jensen & Sandy
 It could be you... Who makes my life complete
 It could be you... The one who saves me from defeat

It could be you... The heart that sets my soul afire
It could be you... The one thing on this earth which I desire
.
It could be you... The reason I stay awake all night
It could be you... The best reason for my eyes to have sight
.
It could be you... Why all the others could never stay
It could be you... How I know everything'll be okay
.
It could be you.... Why I'm blind toward other girls
It could be you.... Why I'm not deceived by shining pearls
.
It could be you... How I know that the best is inside
It could be you... The one single truth in a great ball of lies
.
It could be you... Why I'd let a good thing go
It could be you... That tells me everything I need to know
.
It could be you... For whom I'd risk all that I've gained
It is you... Why I'll never be the same
.
It is true that I love you...
That is this song's new refrain
.
It could be you....
It could be you...
Yes it is you

DREAMLAND
by Klaus Bluetner & Tom Jensen

If my heart was empty
Then this paper would be blank

But my pen seems to move all by itself
And I have you to thank

Silence isn't golden
when it's interrupting you
As I find myself despising
Everyone who isn't you

I feel my heart beat faster
with every word you say
The hours pass like seconds
And then they slip away

When I swim in the ocean of sorrow
You know what words to say
To make me believe that tomorrow
Will somehow go my way

We all need an anchor
So we don't float down stream
I'm adrift all by myself
And you're the best I've ever seen

Alone we'll never make it
Unless we form a team
But if you catch me sleeping
Don't disturb me from this dream

I'd rather be in dreamland
 Where I can call you my own
 Then be awake for a thousand lifetimes
 Sad and all alone

Sad and all alone
 (sad and all alone)
 Sad and all alone
 (sad and all alone)

If my heart was empty
 Then this paper would be blank

But my pen seems to move all by itself
 And I have you to thank

WARM SHOULDER
 by Klaus Bluetner & Tom Jensen
 Day dreaming of you that's what I do
 To pass each day that you're away

While my arms are empty
 My head is swimming
 For my heart is full
 of the love I'm giving

For every time I fear a fall
 Or any time I feel a fear at all
 Sweet memories of you I recall

Hugging them like a little boy
 Hugs his teddy bear
 Hugging them like a little girl
 Hugs her doll

Whatever you need me to do
 Just say it
 Whatever song you want sung
 I'll sing it

If you ever come crying to me
 My shoulder will dry your tears
 Whenever darkness frightens you
 I'll be the light that calms your fears

Whenever you find you've fallen down
 I'll be right there to help you back up
 When your glass feels half empty inside
 I'll come running on over to fill your cup

Whatever you need me to do
 Just tell me what it is
 and I'll sure do it for you...

Whatever words you need to hear
 to calm your fears
 I'll be right there
 to say them to you...

Day dreaming of you... That's what I do
 To pass each day... That you're away

While my arms are empty
My head is swimming
For my heart is full
of the love I'm giving

STILL THINKING OF YOU TONIGHT

by Tyler Thompson & Tom Jensen
Lately it's been getting
The better of me
Wondering how long
It'll take 'til she sees

That we're soul mates
If there ever was, is or could be
For I feel in my heart
One day she'll think differently

So patiently...
So very patiently...
I bide my time...
Within this endless rhyme:

These feelings inside
I can no longer fight
Can you tell, does it show...
I'm still thinking of you tonight

So patiently...
So very patiently...
I bide my time...
Within this endless rhyme:

Searching in my soul
Trying to find my inner light
Sitting here by myself...
I'm still thinking of you tonight

I sit here and then
My pen begins to write
I just want you to know...
I'm still thinking of you tonight

So patiently...
So very patiently...
I bide my time...
Within this endless rhyme:

Waiting for you here
With just this line that I recite
Nothing's changed how I feel...
I'm still thinking of you tonight
I'm still thinking of you tonight

WHAT WE SHARE

by Justin Justice & Tom Jensen
A passing daydream floated by
I plucked it clean out of thin air
Only an hour ago I heard your voice

And at this moment.....
 It felt like you were here...
 So many precious times...
 What I hold dear has disappeared

But to let someone
 so close to your heart
 Very few have ever dared...
 Share what we share

My memories are my company
 Whenever I turn and you're not there
 Wherever I come to find myself
 I hold them tight... When I am scared

Then I feel a calmness in the air
 Oh, how sweet the taste
 As I stare into a beautiful daydream
 I hear your voice, I see your face

Yes, I could spend just a day with you
 That would be enough to see me through
 All the anger and pain from the rest of the week

All the horror and madness that we must face
 After an hour or two with you it has all been erased
 So I've come up with a plan to get us through
 Put your trust in me and I'll trust in you

My memories are my company
 Whenever I turn and you're not there
 Wherever I come to find myself
 I hold them tight... When I am scared

Then I feel a calmness in the air
 Oh, how sweet the taste
 As I stare into a beautiful daydream
 I hear your voice, I see your face

For I can take you to the place you see
 We could both be there living in harmony
 No longer would we have to search our memories
 Together we can turn dreams into reality

My memories are my company
 Whenever I turn and you're not there
 Wherever I come to find myself
 I hold them tight... When I am scared

Then I feel a calmness in the air
 Oh, how sweet the taste
 As I stare into a beautiful daydream
 I hear your voice, I see your face

HERE I AM
 by Klaus Bluetner & Tom Jensen
 There's someone out there
 who is still an unknown mystery to me...
 She's sitting and she's waiting...
 just for our eyes to meet
 Because she's been looking
 for all of her life to find a guy like me...

Oh won't she be so surprised
Oh, when she hears and sees...
that I don't have anyone
to hold close or near and dear to me...

As I take her hand and whisper
Whisper in her ear so sweet:
Well, here I am
Here I am
(here I am)
(here I am)

Yes, my eyes are open
And now they're sparkling wide
Because my heart ain't broken
Though you can see right inside

And it's not a joke
when I say I don't lie
You had me at hello
with that look in your eye
Now here I am...

Here I am
(here I am)
(here I am)

Then I'd ask her all nice and polite:
Do you have any plans
set aside for tonight?
What are you doing...
For the rest of your life?
Because here I am
(here I am)

(Yes, here I am)
(here I am)
and here I am

(here I am)
Yes, here I am

Here I am
(here I am)

Yes here I am
(here I am)

sixth song list

DEAD SILENCE
by Justin Osowiecki Tom Jensen

I'm just another face
Here on the train
We fade, no names are exchanged
On the train

So close, so distant
 Here on the train
 No words, no words spoken
 On our train

Whistle blows

On and off they flow
 Dead silence all around
 Empty eyes so cold
 Dead silence surrounds me

Same suitcases, same routine
 Nothing seems to change
 Different faces, different names
 Still nothing changes

Dead silence....

It's just another day
 Here on the train

NOW BOARDING
 by Klaus Bluetner & Tom Jensen

Whenever I see a sign
 That says "now boarding"
 My heart begins to ache
 And my body it starts hurting

The people have spoken and are speaking:
 My oars are broken and my boat's leaking

Of course the rudder's bent
 Fallen mast mis-shapen
 I hold no more reservations
 'Bout myself safely escaping

I lost the motor...it's a mile back under water
 Yet the course I steered to here
 It was completely chartered

I'm afraid I've never been good
 Great or well-led in navigation
 My nickname at a young age was
 Captain Head Scratching Hesitation

(haha)

It's well-earned and much deserved
 As I waited (waded) in the water
 Yet never walked the shore

That's when I'd go sailing
 inside my mind
 As I'd crash into icebergs
 every single time

Sure I break things...
 But at least they're mine
 The passengers safely bail
 I'm the one laying it on the line

My name will never be Jonah...
Not afraid of being a big white whale
Thus here I sit in this boat all alone
With no one to share or tell this tale...

Whenever I see a sign
that says "now boarding"
My heart begins to ache
and my body it starts hurting

Woo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo ooh hoo hoo

LEAVING CALIFORNIA
by Klaus Bluetner & Tom Jensen
This man from California
Said son, I've got to warn ya
This man from California
Said son, I've got to warn ya

I've ridden fast cars
and even faster girls
I mined for diamonds
but only got fake pearls
I tried to make it on my own
But this is a crazy world

And there's an X on the map
Marking this as the place
To find either fame and fortune
Or else pain and disgrace

Sometimes even both
When everything's laid on the line
I could rent it or lease it
But it could never be mine
It'll never be all mine

He said he's leaving California
Leaving in the morning
He told me I should follow
He said son, "This is my only warning"

Whoo hoo hoo hoo hoo

And there's an X on the map
Marking this as the place
To find either fame and fortune
Or else pain and disgrace

Sometimes even both
When everything's laid on the line
I could rent it or lease it
But it could never be mine
It'll never be all mine...

He said he's leaving California
Leaving in the morning
He told me I should follow
He said son, "This is my only warning"

And I'm leaving California
 And I'm leaving California
 And I'm leaving California
 Yes, I'm leaving California

BUTTERFLY

by Klaus Bluetner & Tom Jensen
 You're my butterfly
 In this cocoon you're encased
 And I wish for nothing but to
 release you from this maze
 And from this place, yeah

With all my heart
 I wish for you to become
 what you were born to be someday
 As I wait for you to fly away
 I'd love to see that day

Because you're my butterfly
 I long to watch you gently glide
 See you go gracefully floating by
 It would be no lie
 that I'd be so mesmerized by

Your beauty and your grace
 That would put such a smile
 On my face, yeah
 What else could I say?
 I'd love to see that day

Because you're my butterfly
 In this cocoon you're encased
 And I wish for nothing
 but to release you
 from this maze
 and from this place

NATURE OF MAN

by Justin Justice & Tom Jensen
 You set her up for a fall
 And she wasn't ready to be let down
 You left her feeling so small
 She felt like she got put down

For soon she sees
 It was never meant to be
 As so painfully
 She finds out about your history

It's not a name
 It's not a face
 It's not a time
 It's not a place

It's just the nature of man
 She could never understand

It's not a game
 and no one's to blame
 But she feels the shame
 and carries the weight

It's just the nature of man
She could never understand
It's just the primal urge
It's the way of the earth

A thrill can come in many forms
And you can get it just about anywhere
When you go looking for fun
You just might find that fun someone
if you really don't care

And soon she will see
It was never meant to be
As so painfully
She finds out
about your ways and means
It's not a name
It's not a face
It's not a time
It's not a place

It's just the nature of man
She could never understand

It's not a game
and no one's to blame
But she feels the shame
and carries the weight

It's just the nature of man
She could never understand
It's just the primal urge
It's the way of the earth

MELODY OF SORROW
by Klaus Bluetner & Tom Jensen
I just found an old poem
That I once wrote for you
I'll add it to the rest of the pile
Of dreams that never came true

To be without love is a lonely place
But it's not worth waking up
With someone in the morning
Just to see someone else's face

She said either she's too old
Or I'm too young
When I told her she was the one
So our song of love was never sung

And now this melody of sorrow I softly hum

Age is just a number
That should come second to your heart's hunger

She told me I was born too late
When she asked me about my age
I asked her about fate

Just snap your fingers
 Say the word
 And I'll give my life to you

You've seen my eyes and felt my love
 You know these words I speak are true

I've walked a winding road
 To find the light ahead

I've done all that I can do
 I've offered you my heart
 Poured my soul on the ground
 The rest is up to you

And if you tell me no
 I will write once again
 As I will be happy
 if you just be my friend

Captured in rhyme
 your memory will live on
 As you will be remembered
 long after you're gone

With or without you
 I will have to be strong
 If it is not meant to be
 This will just be a song

And now this melody of sorrow
 I softly hum

COME FOR A RIDE

by Bryan Magsayo & Tom Jensen

Hey baby,
 Come for a ride and I'll take you home
 But then I'll have to leave you on your own
 I can never be the one for you
 Sometime, somewhere you'll see it too

I tried to stay as long as I can
 But you'll find another to be your man
 Someone to love you like I couldn't do
 One who brings candy and roses, too

Hey baby,
 Come for a ride and I'll take you home
 But then I'll have to leave you on your own
 I can never be the one for you
 I could never promise my love was true

I tried to stay as long as I can
 But I cannot change the man I am
 I won't lead you on
 It's too weary for the heart
 I should have seen it coming
 Right from the start

Hey baby,
 Come for a ride and I'll take you home
 But then I'll have to leave you on your own

I can never be the one for you
Sometime, somewhere you'll see it too
I tried to stay as long as I can
You'll find another to be your man
Someone to love you like I couldn't do
One who brings candy and roses, too

Hey baby,
Come for a ride and I'll take you home
But then I'll have to leave you on your own

I can never be the one for you
I could never promise my love was true

I tried to stay as long as I can
But I cannot change the man I am
I won't lead you on
It's too weary for the heart
I should have seen it coming
Right from the start

Hey baby,
Come for a ride and I'll take you home
But then I'll have to leave you all alone

WHERE I AM FROM
by Klaus Bluetner & Tom Jensen
Twenty years ago...

A young mother gave birth
to a beautiful baby girl
Somewhere down east of San Juan
and west of Santo Domingo
All of the gold of the world is what she was worth
Once born it was said that
angels would follow her wherever she would go

Together they sailed up the North Atlantic Ocean
And far across the Sargasso Sea
As the ocean winds were blowing
They were blowing straight towards me

For a brand new start the sea did part
As the angels prayed for her return
While sitting in the dark awaiting a change of heart
Inside the church the candles still burned

When the angels tried to follow
They searched for but could not find her
At least that is how the story is told
On top of Pico Duarte the people still speak
Of their great sorrow
How great things once were
What they once had yet could not hold

Someone told me that if you listen by the ocean
You can hear the island cry
As if reminiscing a final parting
Without ever saying goodbye

Still others say that when the shores get windy
 Down along the coast of the West Indies
 The sky is calling for her to come home

It's been said that when the waves begin crashing
 It is the island's way of asking
 Why did this magical child ever leave her all alone?

Yet where I am from we often say
 That your loss can be another's gain
 Here it is sunny while somewhere there is rain

Let the winds cry
 Let the ocean sigh
 Let the angels fly
 Let the island say goodbye
 For they will never have this girl

Some may point to me and say I steal
 Given time their pain will heal
 Love knows no bounds...
 Fate became sealed
 I will always know just how I feel...

I wouldn't change it for the world

HOW CAN YOU

by Bryan Magsayo & Tom Jensen
 How can you live with yourself?
 Do you pretend to be someone else?
 When you wake up in the morning
 and you're lying in bed
 What do you feel, what goes on in your head?

Do you bury your conscience down below?
 Please tell me because I need to know

How can you live with yourself?
 You took my heart in your hands and you tore it in two
 How can you sleep after the things that you do?

I loved you so much and did whatever you asked
 When you told me you loved me you were wearing a mask

How can you live with yourself?
 Do you pretend to be someone else?

Lying in bed your nightgown covered in lace
 When you told me you were leaving I never saw your face
 After all we been through you probably never even cried
 And if you did your tears quickly dried

I'll never know because your face you hide
 With every I love you another lie

How can you live with yourself?
 Do you pretend to be someone else?

RAINYDAY SUNSHINE

by Justin Justice & Tom Jensen

My life it would have been your shrine
If my ways had been refined
Before I looked into your big brown eyes
I never knew I was blind

'Twas you who coulda seen me through
Over the only mountain that I'd yet to climb
I have only one path to take...
Try to walk a straight line this time

And it is you I'm still trying to find
My rainy day sunshine
Without you I may be just fine
But with you I'd be so much better

It's you, my rainy day sunshine
Who's my every day valentine
The only one who could ever have changed
Both the seasons and the weather

I hope I'll be all right in time
I'm praying someday I'm gonna find
You again and you'll fill all this emptiness inside
We'll rebuild this broken mind of mine

So now...it's you I am trying to find
My rainy day sunshine

Without you I may be just fine
But with you I'd be so much better
Yeah with you I'd be so much better

BREAKING HER HEART

by Justin Justice & Tom Jensen

Your heart breaks with every tender touch
You think to yourself
You don't love her all that much
The moon and the stars
She'd give them all to you
So with a tear in your eye you continue...

Skin so soft and light brown hair
She stares into your eyes without a single care
You have become her shelter from the rain
Yet while she's filled with love
you're filled with pain...

Reality screams into your ear
So you try to collect yourself
You try and calm your fears
How long can you play this game?
How much longer can you simply hold your shame?

Life is anything but a fairy tale
And before you pass sometimes you fail
They say it's better to have loved and to have lost
Then never have played so we pay the cost

Every passing day you sink in sand
 Becomes even harder when she holds onto your hand
 You can't be the one who shatters her dreams
 So you make her believe everything is as it seems

It's never easy when the time has come
 It's never easy but you had your fun
 Do not feel sorry for what you've done
 For after the rain soon comes the sun

Life is anything but a fairy tale
 And before you pass sometimes you fail
 They say it's better to have loved and to have lost
 Then never have played so we pay the cost

seventh song list

BLESSING IN DISGUISE
 by Justin Justice & Tom Jensen

Maybe you'll see him again
 when all is well
 Up there in heaven
 or maybe down here in hell

There's no telling
 what the tide will bring to shore
 No way to know if you'll meet again
 Once you walk out that door

Think of the one you loved
 whom you now despise
 Believing that a heart grown cold
 is a heart grown wise

Yet before the flood Mother Nature sighs
 For she holds a power that no man denies

Soaked to the bone
 as you're on your way home
 With the umbrella that you hold
 at least you are not alone

Yet you're soaked to the bone
 as you're on your way home
 With the umbrella that you hold
 at least you are not alone

Everything happens for a reason
 soon you will realize
 That even your worst nightmare
 could be a blessing in disguise

And that after it rains the sun will rise
 Allowing you to gaze up at brighter skies

Your soul will guide you
 when your heart tells you lies
 Sometimes when you search
 you have to close your eyes

There is no such path
straight as the crow flies
This journey you make
is filled with lows and highs

Soaked to the bone
as you're on your way home
With the umbrella that you hold
at least you are not alone

Yet you're soaked to the bone
as you're on your way home
With the umbrella that you hold
at least you are not alone

So much for talking
You had better start walking
With the clouds rolling in
pretty soon it'll pour

As all the dirt
washes down the street
Like tears cried over a battle
that was lost in defeat

Maybe you'll see him again
when all is well
Up there in heaven
or maybe down here in hell

There's no telling
what the tide will bring to shore
No way to know if you'll meet again
once you walk out that door

Soaked to the bone
as you're on your way home
With the umbrella that you hold
at least you are not alone

FRAMES

by Jon Jacobs & Tom Jensen
One more beer
And then I'll head home
Unless she comes over her
Who wants to be alone?

One more story
This time I just can't resist
It's time to share my pain
And what I've been living with

Like the crooked picture
Which we once hung on the wall
When you're hanging by a nail
It's just a matter of time before you fall

So come on over here
and pull up that chair
You'll get to learn why
my glass is half-full of beer

Once I had a jealous girl
 And she had a jealous mind
 And we lived inside a jealous world
 So thus she's no longer mine

Like the crooked picture
 Which we once hung on the wall
 When you're hanging by a nail
 It's just a matter of time before you fall

Yet everyday she
 Walks on by straight through
 And every day I wait here
 For here to act like she used to

However I never
 Seem to catch her eye
 Every day she looks down
 And I think I know why

Like the crooked picture
 Which we once hung on the wall
 When you're hanging by a nail
 It's just a matter of time before you fall

Every day is the day that she regrets
 Treating me like we never met
 Someday she'll agree
 She messed up a good thing leaving me

In through a window
 Out climbed a broken vow
 Into this sacred house
 Where no one else was allowed

Like the crooked picture
 Which we once hung on the wall
 When you're hanging by a nail
 It's just a matter of time before you fall

A matter of time before you fall

UNITY

by Justin Justice, Lai Youttitham & Tom Jensen
 Sometimes when I look into your eyes
 I feel I've been reborn
 And yet other times I can feel my heart become
 Colder, broken and torn

There is no greater pain
 than letting what you want
 Slip right through you fingertips
 Sometimes it hurts, sometime it haunts
 But the burning in your heart still lingers
 Much like the touch of her lips

What I feel I might not always say
But I need you tonight
just as much as I needed you today
Like a river overflowing
I know that my love for you is still growing
Let us hope it never fades away
That is why I say...

Unity...you and me together
Soon we'll see if we can be
Forever for, for one, for one another
Or else never will true love
ever be discovered

Let me bend you and shape you...
Into.... what I want you...to be
A soul mate....a friend...
A lover of life for your whole life
'til its end

My soul, conscience and my guide
A true mirror to my inside
My eternal undying spring

Remember...
From nothing comes everything...
Comes everything

My delicate flower
Giving me a garden in the wintery snow
Take me and show me
Exactly where you would like to go

We both know that I'd follow
just given the word
And as soon as I cried
From the years of lifted sorrow...
You'd be given the world

Unity...you and me together
Soon we'll see if we can be
Forever for one another

Unity...you and me together
Soon we'll see if we can be
Forever for one another

Or else never will true love
ever be discovered
Or else never will a true love
ever be discovered

DUST TO DUST
by Klaus Bluetner & Tom Jensen
When you don't wanna remember
Yet you can't seem to forget
Been through a range of emotions
Can't say just one suits you best

I've got so much
 "Save the World" rally 'round stuff
 And a heart full
 of fading long lost love letters

Don't know from where it appears
 but there's a whisper In my ear
 No time to bury my fears
 No time to stop and disappear

I've got a mind
 that reminds me all the time to be
 careful of whom I trust
 when things don't look better

Ahhh...
 Ahhh...

For there are those who like to overdose
 on pleasure and love giving in to lust

"C'est la vie"
 (c'est la vie)
 Ashes to ashes
 Diapers to diapers
 dust to dust...

Ashes to ashes
 Diapers to diapers
 dust to dust...

dust to dust...

What is precious...All that is true
 (what is precious...all that is true)

The best of intentions
 I had and gave these things to you

dust to dust...
 dust to dust...
 dust to dust...

WATER FLESH AND BONE
 by Justin Justice & Tom Jensen
 Should I go to San Francisco?
 I'm getting sick and tired of the snow
 I've been stuck around here
 For all my years
 And I've been thinking I better go

There's not much that I'd be leaving
 Except the one person I believe in
 And maybe, maybe that's the reason
 Maybe it's time to let her go?

For every day she waits
 The closer I come to slipping away
 I thought we were soul mates
 But I don't feel as strong about her today
 As I did yesterday

And I'm still waiting...
But I'm barely hanging on
My mind, it keeps debating
Over whether I am right or I am wrong

But every time I try to write
She becomes the subject of my song
And I'm still waiting...
But I think that this time
I might've been waiting too long

She held the hands that helped mold me
Into what I now am
She was my inspiration
Turned the key that drove me
Away from a dark and desolate land

She was my motivation
But we all know
That sometimes life doesn't always go
The way in which you had it planned

Some mornings you feel...
Like you're on top of the world
While other times...
You're the damned of the damned

So this morning I asked myself
Should I go to San Francisco?
I'm getting sick and tired of the snow
I've been stuck around here
For all my years
And I've been thinking I better go

There's not much that I'd be leaving
Except the one person I believe in
And maybe that's the reason
Maybe it's time to let her go?

TRAIN

by Justin Justice & Tom Jensen
The conductor blows his whistle
Time for the train to leave the gate
As I'm sitting by the window
Wondering why you're late

I promised myself that you'd be here
Been telling myself that for so long
But as the cars start in motion
I'm thinking maybe that I'm wrong

Maybe you forgot your ticket
Or else on another track
On this train I'm leaving
And I'm never coming back

I said I'd meet you at the station
With suitcases in my hand
But why you never showed up
I'll never understand

You know I paid for your ticket
 Even before I bought one for myself
 Perhaps you boarded the next car
 And sitting with someone else

In all of this confusion
 You know I've lost my mind
 While hurrying for the train
 I left my heart behind

LITTLE BIRD

by Justin Justice & Tom Jensen
 Wondering deep inside my own fascination
 Gathering all my strength just to open up the door
 Close my eyes with a little hesitation
 Knowing I'll never hear your music any more

How could someone so dear to me
 Keep me so confused and from the truth for so long?
 Whispering of love when she was so near to me
 When deep inside she knew it was only a song

Oh little bird
 Sing what's in your heart
 Never sing a song
 That should never have been heard
 Oh little bird
 You turned your trickery into an art
 Humming a melody
 These ears should have never heard
 Oh little bird

Oh little bird
 Sing what's in your heart
 Never sing a song
 That should never have been heard
 Oh little bird
 You turned your trickery into an art
 Humming a melody
 These ears should have never heard
 Oh little bird

HALF FULL

by Klaus Bluetner & Tom Jensen
 My glass is still half-full
 Though my heart's half-empty
 My castle's falling down
 After standing for centuries

My faith is still strong
 As love has not been forgotten
 I see many trees cut down
 Yet their fruit has not turned rotten

My smile I wear is real
 My arms are still open
 I've revealed to you how I feel
 And even my difficulties coping

In this ever-changing world
With you not being in it
We both know how hard it can be
To start over at the beginning

Yet we must carry on
Without malice or regret
Without shame or self-pity

Come on!

Yes we must be strong
Picking ourselves up
whenever we get stuck
or start stumbling along

For when it comes to life
Obstacles... There can be many...

When I say
I have the ability
To handle any and all adversity
To be the candle on the darkest night
Just hold my hand and trust in me

And I will try my best to
Guide you towards the light
And I will lead the battle charge
If there comes a time when we must fight

TRYING TIMES

by Klaus Bluetner & Tom Jensen
I was trying to find a single ray of light
To lead me through
To guide me onward
To help my eyes regain their sight

I was trying to find
a single fresh breath of air
To fill my lungs
so I could scream and yell out your name
So you'd know where I am
after you disappeared

I was trying to find a single reason why you left
But I could not as I thought and thought
There was nothing I said... There was nothing I did
Except give you everything
I always tried my best to give you everything I got

I was trying to find a single reason to go on
Be it only to be right
Or perhaps just to prove you wrong
Maybe if you could see me happy again
It would show you that I'm still strong

I was trying to find a single reason not to cry
For it seems like the right thing to do
When you feel so broken and empty inside
For these trying times
Seem to bring out the monster that hides

Beneath the false face I wear
 The one that covers my sadness and my despair
 All my pain and hurt

When the flame of light no longer glows bright
 Or whenever I do finally find a fire
 I always find myself getting burnt

USED TO BE

by Klaus Bluetner & Tom Jensen

I used to be really rockin'
 I used to be rollin'

I had it
 I lost it
 I found it...aAnd then it was stolen

So now I'm back out lookin'
 Down the avenue I'm strollin'
 Still got the fire but nothing's cookin'
 I had it once but I no longer hold it

Gone, gone, gone away
 I found it once but I no longer own it

Led, led, led astray
 Let everybody see it
 When I never should have shown it

No, no, no way
 And if you can't clone it
 Then you better lock it away

That's why today
 Is just the price we have to pay
 For yesterday's mistakes
 For jumping in the lake

When it was far too shallow
 and much too cold
 Didn't pay for the ticket
 but ride is getting old

All right everyone gather around
 Everybody's gotta play their part

Go starting looking
 all over the ground
 And don't stop looking
 until you find my heart

I once gave it away
 But it was disregarded
 And the way I see it
 You'll probably find it in pieces

'Cause she left me here so brokenhearted

I used to be really rockin'
 I used to be rollin'

MATCH MAKER

by Klaus Bluetner & Tom Jensen

I'm inspired...again

By the flame of a fire at least it's not the rain

I'm inspired...again

Will this song that I sing just sound the same?

The same as all the other songs

That I used to write

Where the melody was truly beautiful

But the words were never right

Or maybe it was just the name

What if I change it?

And yet let the lyrics remain

Perhaps then all would be in perfect harmony

If instead of her and I

I wrote about you and me...

I'm inspired...again to open my heart

And with this new start another song would begin

Or it could all come to an end

And instead of an old love song

This time I could start my new rhyme:

A poem freshly penned for a friend

Either way I would write with words full of love

Hoping that you and I unite

Sharing all the dreams we've been thinking of...

I'm inspired...again

By the flame of a fire at least it's not the rain

I'm inspired...again

Will this song that I sing just sound the same?

UNTITLED UNLABELED

by Klaus Bluetner & Tom Jensen

I will never ask you

For what you cannot give

Since I always speak the truth

I no longer know how to live

In a world full of illusions

False promises and disguise

One that no longer seeks solutions

Only places to hide

I wouldn't ask you for your heart...

Only for some piece of mind

I wouldn't ask you for your body

Only for some of your time

I will never ask you

If you'll love me 'til the end

I'd just ask you to hold my hand

And walk and talk with me and be my friend

I will never ask you

For that which

I'd ever have to take

Nor would I want something that wasn't real
Hollow, pretentious or fake

I wouldn't ask you for your heart...
Only for some piece of mind
I wouldn't ask you for your body...
Only for some of your time

I will never ask you
If you'll love me 'til the end
I'd just ask you to hold my hand
And walk and talk with me and be my friend

I would ask you...
To just be my friend...

I would ask you...
To just be my friend...

eighth song list

STARS
by Klaus Bluetner & Tom Jensen

Where do they keep all the knowledge
And wisdom that's passed down through the ages?
I believe it's found in the souls and hearts of men
Rather than written on any ancient scrolls or pages
What does it take to wake up happy?
Nothing but the will to carry on
What tool do they make to break one's weakness?
Just you and your faith to be brave and strong

Where can you go for inspiration?
I say anywhere... it's everywhere
Even right where you now are

What is the safest way to avoid evil and temptation?
I'd say it's living your life like you're a star...

It begins by burning bright
Become a beacon giving off light
On the darkest nights and cloudiest days

Inspire the will to fight
against all that's not right
Illuminate minds
during their most trying times

Don't have to change their views
to change somebody's ways
So that they stay true
to themselves and all the while
Doing what they have to do to be stars

HALL OF FAME
by Klaus Bluetner & Tom Jensen
If you were an explorer
You would have found exactly what you seek
And if life was a mountain
You'd be standing at the peak

If you were a miner
You'd find love in the heart of gold
If life was a river
You'd be the source of water
We'd all be swimming along with the flow

If Einstein was a musician
He'd have studied your technique
If music had a body
Then you'd be its heartbeat
If Mozart was a scientist
His mathematics would walk and talk on their own
If music lived a life then you'd be the one
To breathe life into its soul

If we let just the people select
You'd be the one that they'd elect....
Your next step...
The Rock n' Roll Hall of Fame

There'd be a giant statue of you
Next to that would be one of
Everyone who ever heard the words you sang

If all of mankind had a choice
Your solo would be the lone unheard voice
Because we'd all be cheering your name

RIPPLES

by Klaus Bluetner & Tom Jensen

Safely guarded is the infinite wisdom
That I've been longing to understand

The single key that unlocks all reality
Was placed inside your delicate hands

Yet you dropped your sacred Rosetta stone
In the middle of the pond
Creating countless ripples
That keep traveling on
That keep traveling on

You said you'd rather let it
become one with the river
So we could all wade in the warm waters

And drift along the gentle current
Floating freely in the stream

You're the sweetest sounding songbird
And to all those who have ears you sing
Yes, many of us have been taken under your wing

So safe and warm
Here is where I rest
Fall fast asleep and begin to dream

One single note
Repels all of our deepest fears
You let us forget the past
Help us to find a reason for why we're here

The single key that unlocks all reality
Was placed inside your delicate hands

Yet you dropped your sacred Rosetta stone
In the middle of the pond
Creating countless ripples
That keep travelling on

The ripples keep travelling on...

STRANGER...THEN FICTION
by Klaus Bluetner & Tom Jensen
Stranger... Stranger...then fiction
Stranger... Stranger...then fiction

My inspiration isn't found
On the other side of a cloud
way up in the sky light
No!

It's in a little village town...
Cold, distant, ice bound
A thousand miles to my right

Yeah!

I can see the stars above me
I look at them every night
She too can see the stars above her
When out of the blue she reveals to her lover:

I love him and not you
So there's somewhere I must go
This is something I must do
I never meant to hurt you

With a note she left
In the early hours of the morning
Without thinking, without speaking,
Without hesitation, without any warning

Now on her way to see me
She just booked the flight

When she told me,
"Tomorrow you'll hold me"
I fainted...
I fell down...
but now I'm back upright

Yeah I'm nervous...
but I'm ready...
My hands stopped shaking...
but now they're sweaty...
And I'm tingly...
yet bubbly...
To think that just suddenly....

With a note she left
In the early hours of the morning
Without thinking, without speaking,
Without hesitation, without any warning

FIRST CLASS

by Klaus Bluetner & Tom Jensen

I find first class people
on the back of the plane
Never cared about someone's last name

For I take stock in one's actions and deeds
As oppose to words that often mislead
I do all that I can
not to get caught up in that scene

My favorite person in this world is deeply in debt
Most wonderful woman that I've ever met

I got a knack for finding greatness
Where you'd least expect
Sometimes it all goes so smoothly
Other times it's a real train wreck

ooh..ooh...ooh...
first class, first class

ooh..ooh...ooh...
first class

I joined the mile low club
The first time I cried on a plane
After I bared witness to unconditional love

I've thought a lot about it...
But it's so hard to explain

Some people would never go
Some people would never even try
Those people would never know
The same people that never ever fly

I find first class people on the back of the plane
(back of the plane)
Never cared about someone's last name

Done my share of soul searching
And I'd do it again...

I had my moments of doubt
But never long periods of regret
Yeah, I had my moments of doubt
But never long periods of regret

First class... First class...
First class... First class...

NEXT IN LINE

by Klaus Bluetner & Tom Jensen

I'm spellbound by your sounds and words
And how well they heal my soul and hurt
Just hearing your laugh as you sing and play
Everybody knows it's become my saving grace

I've been diagnosed with the rarest of conditions
I've got an unconditional love for a certain musician
(certain musician)

And since I'm so lyrical
the doctors say this scenario...
Just might be the world's most worst case

Well, the doc's eyes raised
and he seemed perplexed
When I said I know I'm not the first
but I'm in line to be next....

I'm spellbound by your beauty
but it's not because you're such a cutie
I love your eyes
and how they seem to see right through me

Even though it seems like years
since I've seen your face
I'm so entranced by your charm
We both know I'd never do you harm

Except keep you locked inside my heart
Then never would we part
for it's the safest place...

It's the safest place

GYPSY MAMMA

by Klaus Bluetner & Tom Jensen

I met a gypsy mamma
One day while I was driving down the road
Would have mistaken her for a farmer
Had her tire not felt the need to suddenly explode

There she sat stranded
With her young boy in tow
This summer trip they had both planned it
But this was not how it was supposed to go

"Can I help you out little lady?
I got a face that you can trust
And soft spot in my heart
For people down on their luck"

With these words she smiled
And proceeded in telling me

She didn't know where she was headed
Only that she had a date with fate and destiny

Said she lived in the same state
for far too long
And that she was a singer
but lately all the words
kept coming out wrong

With her life lacking harmony
she had since stopped writing songs
That's what she said...

With that I paused and took a breath
I said yeah, I play too,
and I'm heading out west

Where the sky is the limit
and sun shines bright
And all the people like to party
like it's Friday night

With big brown eyes she looked at me and said:
"Hey man, you're alright!"

So we just kept on driving
No, she never looked back
That was exactly ten years ago today
As a matter of fact

If it wasn't for a tire
I'd have just kept on driving by
And if I was liar
she'd have left me high and dry
(That's what she could have done)

If she was a farmer
she could have lived off of the land
Yet she was gypsy mamma
Albeit one with a plan

Now ten years we've been together
Creating and writing and playing songs
(gypsy mamma)

As both our lives keep getting better...
To think that all this started
'cause one day everything went wrong...
woh ooh

MICHELANGELO AND MARBLE
by Klaus Bluetner & Tom Jensen
Alright...
When it comes to minds
and going exploring...

I raised my hands in the air
and yell out I'm all for it

You may leave the room now
to avoid a mind full of questions
You may leave the room
and pace the halls with the rest of 'em

So many men don't understand
What we hold in our hands or what I'm speaking of

As this world keeps turning
There's a fire burning
within minds like mine yearning for love

Like Michelangelo's marble
She possessed only the finest of features
Now I've found what I seek
All my life I've been a student
And now I have a teacher

I love the way her mind dances
Perhaps in time I'll reach her

Seems when she sings a song
 I can't help but sing along
 Now I proudly call myself a believer

We had a little talk about
 Our creeds and our codes
 I read to her a poem
 That I once wrote about
 following what little light that still glowed

Oh...Like Michelangelo's marble
 She possessed only the finest of features
 Now I've found what I seek
 All my life I've been a student
 And now I have a teacher

Oh...

Since I first heard her voice
 It seems I'm not alone
 Either by chance or by choice
 Her words carve my mind
 Like I was a piece of stone
 (Like I was a piece of stone)
 I recently became a believer
 I'm caught under her spell
 I recently became a believer
 In the lady known as Weaver
 (I love the lady Weaver)

Just like Michelangelo's marble
 She possessed only the finest of features
 Now I've found what I seek
 All my life I've been a student
 And now I have a teacher

Just like Michelangelo's marble
 She possessed only the finest of features
 Now I've found what I seek
 All my life I've been a student
 And now I have a teacher

She's Michelangelo...I'm marble...
 Whoa...
 She's Michelangelo...I'm marble...
 Whoa...
 Yeah!

What shape will I take?
 Seems it's too early to tell...
 I recently became a believer
 In the Lady known as Weaver
 And I hope you will as well...

I hope you will as well
 I hope you will as well
 I hope you will as well

She's Michelangelo...I'm marble...
 Whoa... Yeah!

ALL IN GOOD TIME

by Klaus Bluetner & Tom Jensen

All in good time....

All in good time....

All in good time....

All in good time....

All in good time....

All in good time....

You will find what will find you
So don't let what's been left behind
ever define you

As you learn that the world turns
and time does, too
You know it's true

Let yourself heal
and then become real again and

That's when you'll know...
Your body, mind and your soul

Can love again
Can live again

That's when your flower can grow
Right now your pedals are closed
And I will share your secret
so nobody else will ever know that...

All in good time

BEAUTIES AND BEASTS

by Klaus Bluetner & Tom Jensen

I can see by that look in your eye...

That you're longing for something to believe in

You can see as you look back at me...
That I'm trying to find some kind of reason
For you to hang on
And for me to be strong
Maybe if we put our heads together
We can tell where things went wrong

One fresh breath of inspiration
Of flickering illumination
To spark the motivation
And bring back the love
That now seems to be gone...
To be gone...

The love of all the beauty
That lies within our beasts
The fulfillment of our goals
That we see inside our dreams

The return to balance and moderation
Between these two extremes
Summoning the inner wisdom within ourselves

That lets us flow as we become one
 With the supreme being In harmonious love...
 With all living things
 La... la...
 la la la la la la
 La... la...
 la la la la la la

SUNLIGHT

by Klaus Bluetner & Tom Jensen
 I had a dream where you were you
 and yet you were someone else...
 All at the same time...
 the most edible of fruits...
 yet stemming from the same root

Was your shadowed twin,
 who I became so painfully aware,
 sat out in the same sun
 Yes, you both were one...

But one of you felt
 like they were slowly dying

Just which vision is the truth?
 I thought I knew but now I know...
 When I only see what I want to see
 That's when one becomes blind

Blinded by my own hopes and dreams
 Forgetting that what is
 most important to a flower
 Is not just sunshine and water
 but where are there weeds?

And as my mind played tricks on me
 I found myself being deceived by my own
 Preoccupation with presumption
 and forgetting all reality...

Sometimes we can stand
 within the light and still not see

All because we're taught to be predisposed
 To take what we want when we want without worry
 Without a thought for someone else's wants
 Without a thought for another's needs

Then I got caught
 Caught up in myself
 My conscious became lost as I forgot

That some others believe in ideals and beliefs
 That often are different than me
 Different than me and mine
 And that that's okay

So long as I find myself rooted in love
 Then the sun can shine down upon us both
 Then hopefully and happily in time
 we'll each get to see the light of a new day

It was only then that I
Became a stronger man
Once I sat back and thought
That it is a better way that way

Perhaps the light that shines
To each shall come at different times

So long as we keep open our eyes
then everything is fine
Yeah, everything is fine...

The essence of all truth
When love is love it defeats all lies
Yeah, it defeats all lies

Then there's no more lying to yourself
To him or her or to someone else
Gone becomes all selfish intent
That too often becomes so intense
It feels like the only feeling you have ever felt

Escape from that
and the frozenness of hatred and fear
You'll find will all disappear
Leaving only yourself and those you hold dear
And I long to hold you, my dear

Yet only when you're ready
will this ship steer itself
Sturdy and steady and all will be revealed...
Yes, all will be revealed...

I've set my course off towards the distant horizon
Chasing the setting sun seeking to find the one
No, not the one for me but the one I am for
Am I willing to go and explore

For it's only the sunlight that I long to see
Hence I sail upon the sea sailing as far as I can
To a new and faraway land not for what I know now is...

But in the name of what could be...
But in the name of what could be...

WHAT I'LL DO
by Klaus Bluetner & Tom Jensen

I faded silently into the fog
From where I first came
Long before I knew you...
Of your legend or your name

The hardest thing I've ever done
Or that'll I'll ever do
Not because of fear of pain
But because it was best for you

Sure, I miss our conversations
 Of course I miss your point of view
 But there was little hesitation
 Of course I breathed a sigh or two...
 But it was best for you

You said you needed time
 To reflect in your mind
 About the past and the new
 And since time is all I have...
 I've given it to you

I've never spoken empty words
 At least as far as you're concerned
 I've never wished these tables turned

I stand behind my promises
 My thoughts and my deeds
 And my desire to give you
 Everything you need

Whatever you wish
 I'll do my best to make
 Your wish come true

What you see in all your dreams
 I'll do my best
 To make those dreams come true

Whatever's best for you...
 That is what I'll do
 (what I'll do)

Whatever's best for you...
 That is what I'll do
 (what I'll do)

Whatever's best for you...
 That is what I'll do
 (what I'll do)

Yeah, whatever's best for you...
 That is what I'll do
 (what I'll do)

What I'll do

ninth song list

FOURTH CHAKRA

by Klaus Bluetner & Tom Jensen
 It is evening back where I came from
 But it is early in the morning here
 As I am caught between two worlds
 On two sides of the ocean to be clear

The only life I ever knew
 Was what I left far away and behind
 And since then the change in me
 Transcends both place and time

The wisdom I have gained and gathered
Which I shall now share with you...
Is that your heart must lead the way
In all you are, where you go and what you do

Sure, logic has its purpose
Common sense is always in demand
So many feelings and emotions
Will lead you to certain paths and plans

As many signs they shall try to tell you
Both who you are and where to go
That's when I just close my eyes
Pause and take a deep, long sigh...
As I pack my clothes I know:

Home is where the heart is
No matter where you started
So pay no attention to your origins
If and when it is time to begin again

Close the door on the past
Close the door on the past
Choose to open up a new window
If it lets the light of love in

As family is as family does
For sometimes strangers gain your trust

Believe in that and believe in them
So just pack your clothes and go
Believe in that and believe in them
So just pack your clothes and go

COLOR OF LOVE

by Klaus Bluetner & Tom Jensen
A girl who was quite dear to me
Once asked me what was... the color of love

I responded that for her it was
Whatever color... it appeared to be

It could be as white as the wings of a dove
Or the North Star and its light...
That she can now see shining bright above

The true answer cannot be found by the eyes
Only discovered by one's feelings inside
Because we know colors can often disguise
As surely white is not always so saintly purified

The proof of love which you seek
Can only be found in the truth that I speak
In saying that the heart never lies

For all these words
All these colors and these shapes
Only act as distortions
And distractions from what's inside...
The fire that burns alive
Be it learned or innate

A girl who was quite dear to me
Once asked me what was... the color of love

I responded that
For her it was
Whatever color... it appeared to be
Or perhaps it's not even a color
You're thinking of...

PRAYER FOR LIFE'S MEANING
by Klaus Bluetner & Tom Jensen
The faces of God for He has not just one
Can be seen in waterfalls and the summer sun

In laughing children and a passing cloud
He can be there, too... it is allowed

His hand wipes the tears that widows weep
He rocks your loved one until they fall asleep

To each he's different yet the same to all
You need no phone to hear his call

In family and friends He is in them, too
I see him in the eyes belonging to you

For religion is just a name much like a rose
A bud inside with pedals closed

An epiphany of knowledge of great power
Watering us all from seed to flower

FLOW
by Klaus Bluetner & Tom Jensen
Get ready...
Let the words flow like a river of love
You're all welcome in my boat
if you feel free to stand up!

Yeah, we'll sure be rocking
when we get stuck in the mud
If we all paddle together
we'll escape the flood

The tidal wave that's coming
is a metaphor for fear, yeah
A simile that once got the best of me
- now I can hardly hear, yeah

Let the words flow like a river of love
You're all welcome in my boat
if you feel free to stand up!

Yeah, we'll sure be rocking
when we get stuck in the mud
If we all paddle together
we'll escape the flood

I listened to that voice inside
Saying I can rise above it all, yeah
Though very few let their mind try to climb
Simply because they're too afraid to fall, yeah

Let the words flow like a river of love
You're all welcome in my boat
if you feel free to stand up!

Yeah, we'll sure be rocking
when we get stuck in the mud
If we all paddle together
we'll escape the flood
Come on!

And what no longer matters is what's in the past
What we got right here are two different paths

One where we become one
And arm-in-arm all join together, yeah
Take a look within ourselves
And then the world and make it better, yeah

Let the words flow like a river of love
You're all welcome in my boat
if you feel free to stand up!

Yeah, we'll sure be rocking
when we get stuck in the mud
If we all paddle together
we'll escape the flood

Let the words flow...
Let the words flow...
Let the words flow...
All right

THUNDERSTORMS

by Klaus Bluetner & Tom Jensen
So you never believed that
a slow death still means you're dying
Yet now you realize when you look into your eyes
There is no more denying

You thought all was lost
when your smile turned to a frown
Never thought you'd feel the warmth of the sun
Or the heat from a flame of fire
With all this dirty rain falling down

So your head hangs low
yet you say you feel relieved
That thunderstorms never last forever
As so tightly you hold onto this seed

Hoping someday it shall become a flower
That'll give you hope amongst the weeds
As you find yourself born into a creed
Where you're told to follow when they lead

Yet their roots remain so shallow
And the leaves are showing signs of disease
When everything seems barren and hollow
You seek to find safety beneath a tree

Now you're starting to believe
that the candle would burn again
As you now realize that
this is now and that was then

As you simply seek to run for cover
To try to stay warm and dry in the rain

SURE SHORE

by Klaus Bluethner & Tom Jensen
I've never treaded water
quite like this before
I've always been a swimmer
With at least one eye to the shore

Shore, shore

Yet this time the current I find
It has carried me away

For now I float in the open waters
Without a single light house left
To guide or help me find my way

It's an uneasy feeling...
To be out here all alone

Such an easy feeling... To finally be
So fully (soulfully) free
To drift...To wallow...To roam
(mad laughing)

Sure, sometimes I don't mind
rolling with the tide
Other times I don't mind
leaving it all behind
(leaving it all behind)

Yet when the night air chills
or my arms and legs grow tired
I am willing to give in
to the more tender side of life
And the most basic of human desires:

I long to see a candle in the window
Take in the soft glow
of a freshly stoked fire

A new spark brings new life
A fresh face like bright lights

Sure, Sure
Sure, Shore
Sure, Shore
Shore, Shore

A ghost town
Reborn it thrives
As people follow
We start changing lives

As lives are changed
Perceptions are too
What started as one
Soon grew to two

Two to three
And three to four
When the next person came

We'd say:
"Sure, there's room
for one more..."

Sure, there's room for one more

GOLDEN ARCHER
by Klaus Bluetner & Tom Jensen
Now I don't get stressed
Yes in fact I feel quite relieved
To be able to carry you
Now with that weight off my chest
That's been pressing down on me

For I am the fortunate one
Who has seen the light
And now I glow inside
So I just let the clouds keep rolling by

Knowing they'll burn up and haze
So I just sit back and relax
Growing stronger as I ponder
Rather than go wandering or wait

For I make the most of my time
And I've seen the light
And so I glow inside
While I just let the clouds
keep rolling by

I take my arrow and aim
at the next big red bulls eye
And I will try again if I miss

I am what I am
I will be what I will be
I feel tall when I stand
Because my soul
Has been set free

Now I don't get stressed
Yes in fact I feel quite relieved
To be able to carry you
Now with that weight off my chest
pressing down on me
For I am the fortunate one
Who has seen the light
And now I glow inside
So I just let the clouds
Keep rolling by

I let the clouds keep rolling by
I let the clouds keep rolling by

SUMMER'S THE TIME

by Klaus Bluetner & Tom Jensen

Summer's the time just to let the sun shine
 To relax and unwind
 To be worry free a leave the past behind

What do you see up there in the clouds?
 I see a rocket ship that's never coming down

What do you see in the sky?
 I marvel at the beauty of a blue jay
 in midflight right before my eyes

Summer's the time
 Grab a friend and come along
 Forget what went wrong
 Spend a day filled with laughter and song

Tell me how does it feel?
 Like the troubles of the world
 Are so far away they're gone?
 I'm glad you took my advice
 But what took you so long?

Summer's the time
 To find some peace of mind
 It's the year's new dawn
 A time to renew your strength
 So you can carry on...

So come on!

So come on...
 So come on...
 So come on...
 So come on...
 So come on...
 So come on...
 So come on...

Come on!

WITHIN REACH

by Klaus Bluetner & Tom Jensen

How long have you been sleeping?
 How long have your eyes been closed?
 I only drift away when I'm in safekeeping
 The only time I'll leave myself exposed

Do you...
 Oh, do you love me?
 Is there anything or anyone above me?

Am I'm within reach of almost all I aspire?

Will it be smooth sailing
 Where the straits were once dire?

Do you...
 Oh, do you need me?
 Will you take some time
 Some time to teach me...

What I've left to learn -
Can we stop playing with fire?
Because I'm getting sick and tired
of gettin' burned

Within reach...Within reach
Within reach...Within reach

Losing all self-control
And not knowing which way to go

As I've been learning more about myself
I've been yearning for someone else

Do you?
Love me?
Is there anything or anyone above me?

Do you...
Oh, do you love me?
Is there anything or anyone above me?

Am I'm within reach of almost all I aspire?
Will it be smooth sailing
Where the straits were once dire?

Within reach...Within reach

SMELL THE FLOWERS
by Rebekah Ann Curtis & Tom Jensen
Oh Claridalia... stop and smell the flowers
For time is so precious after it is gone
Why not sit and admire the road you are on?
Why not stop and smell a rose?
Before you walk along

Oh Claridalia... stop and smell the flowers
This world is not a race
Go ahead and slow down your pace

Why not smell the apple trees?
Before they lose all of their leaves

Oh Claridalia... stop and smell the flowers
Why not gaze at the clouds overhead
Ever wonder if they are really angels' beds?

Why not sit and admire the sunset?
Before the sun makes way
to the man in the moon instead

Oh Claridalia... stop and smell the flowers
Feel the cool rain before you run for cover
See the spark of lightening
Hear the roar of thunder

Why not sit puzzled in mystery?
Before everything has been discovered

Oh Claridalia... stop and smell the flowers
 Autumn's moon is rising up ahead
 Our earth and winter's frost will soon be wed
 Why not stop and smell the flowers
 Before you have forgotten all that I've said

LYRICAL GROOM AND MUSICAL BRIDE

by Klaus Bluetner & Tom Jensen
 Her thoughts hidden within her music
 His mind occupied by rhyme
 Alone they've both forsaken
 So many pleasing times

She knew the reason she wasn't happy
 By herself and guitar by her side
 Hiding within her music
 Just as he hid behind his rhyme

Lyrical groom...Musical bride
 An unfulfilled life... An unfulfilled life

Lyrical groom...Musical bride
 An unfulfilled life... An unfulfilled life

There she sat in an empty room
 Far away he did, too
 Each creating worlds inside their minds
 Yet each shared in their solitude

And then one day he asked her
 If she would sing and make him a song
 So that day she read his poem
 And then started to strum and hum along

Lyrical groom...Musical bride
 An unfulfilled life... An unfulfilled life

Lyrical groom...Musical bride
 An unfulfilled life... An unfulfilled life

Now they're only happy being together...
 This wordsmith husband and his songwriting wife
 Singing, laughing, dancing
 Neighbors think what a wonderful life

Now they're only happy being together...
 This wordsmith husband and his songwriting wife
 Singing, laughing, dancing
 Neighbors think what a wonderful life

Wordsmith husband... Songwriting wife
 What a wonderful life... A wonderful life
 Wordsmith husband... Songwriting wife...

ROCKING THE WORLD

by Lai Youttitham & Tom Jensen

Stadium full of screaming teens
 Hot young things in cut-off jeans

You're on the front page of magazines
 And you find yourself...

Driving the media machine

A hot shot on the social scene
This reality was once just a dream

Status whore...
such a libertine
When you find yourself...
in the back seat of limousines

Everywhere you go...
it always seems as though...
Everybody knows your face and name...

They call you a rock n' roller
Because you're rocking the world

You're stopping traffic
Without crossing streets
Smiling face on everyone you meet

Full house with no empty seats
People pay you money
Just to hear you speak

tenth song list

SNOWFLAKES

by Justin Justice & Tom Jensen
As snowflakes cover the ground
And the color white is all around
You stare out your window looking down

Thinking that everyone must pay a price
While wondering to yourself
Whether you'll bounce once or you'll bounce twice

This time that you spend has only been leased
Just as the clock on your wall is not really your own
And as you measure importance from greatest to least
You count up all the people and find that you're alone

Just when you really needed some fresh air
You found that there was no breeze

Well you only look down
As you cross the bridge
And the light goes off
When you open the fridge

When Christmas time comes
Other people open your gifts
And the iceberg you're chained to
It never seems to drift

If you were at the beach
Then the sun would hide
When the bus would come
It wouldn't give you a ride

You can either think of your life
 And all of the pain you've felt
 Or you can sit and watch the snowflakes
 Until they all melt

HARRY PATCH

by Klaus Bluetner & Tom Jensen
 The battle lasted ninety days
 At least that's what history will say

But to me it lasted ninety years
 Into my memory etched
 Never will it disappear

I was just nineteen
 When I became part of the war machine

I was just nineteen
 When I became part of the war machine
 No other man alive
 Has ever seen what I have seen

Two world wars
 A man on the moon
 The fall of the Wall
 On a November afternoon

Just how fast things can change...
 I never would have believed it
 If not for having seen it

Yet what has really changed?
 Once I thought I knew
 But I'm not so sure anymore

An entire century...
 I've lived it and breathed it
 Until this fatal final parting bow

It is with this last breath
 That I must express
 How I've become
 Decidedly undecided now

He was just nineteen
 When he became part of the war machine

He was just nineteen
 When he became part of the war machine

OLD ELI

by Klaus Bluetner & Tom Jensen
 Come on! Yeah... Oh!

I'm spinning on this cotton gin
 That old Eli gave to me...
 Humming songs of freedom
 Songs of what I'll never see

Made up of words that
 I'll never be able to read...No
 Umm umm

Yeah

I'm spinning on this cotton gin
That old Eli gave to me...
Humming songs of freedom
And oppressed humanity

Trying to take things further
In the name of liberty
Yeah...
Woo hoo!
And it seems to me
There's no more real definition of sanity
Yet some speak of it with such profanity
That it just creates one great calamity

Ooh
Woo hoo
Alright!
I guess there's many things
that ain't the way they used to be
they ain't the way they used to be

When only in death will we finally find unity...
We lose

So just take what you need
And follow whatever god you choose...
Yeah

I'm spinning on this cotton gin
That old Eli gave to me...
Humming songs of freedom
And oppressed humanity

Trying to take things further
In the name of liberty
Yeah...

Talkin' 'bout old Eli
Talkin' 'bout old Eli
Talkin' 'bout old Eli
Talkin' 'bout old Eli
Talkin' 'bout old Eli
Talkin' 'bout old Eli
Talkin' 'bout old Eli
Talkin' 'bout old Eli

LEAVING YOUR ROOTS
by Klaus Bluetner & Tom Jensen
Their pictures hanging on the wall
Paint the story of a hundred faces

The sparkle shining from my eyes
Should show you that I've traveled
to so many places

I've been to France
I've been to Italy
But I'll never tell a soul
Just what that did to me

The fact that I ended up back here
Without reasons explained may seem unclear

Yet in order to clarify...
you may ask me to verify...
But I cannot certify ...
that I have been purified

The pictures hanging on the wall
Paint the story of a hundred faces
The sparkle shining from my eyes
Should show you that I've traveled
to so many places

Sometimes it's hard to leave your roots
Especially in the name of such trivial pursuits
Sometimes it's hard to leave your roots
Especially in the name of such trivial pursuits

Sometimes it's hard to leave your roots
(leaving your roots)
Especially in the name of such trivial pursuits
(trivial pursuits)
Sometimes it's hard to leave your roots
(leaving your roots)
Especially in the name of such trivial,
trivial pursuits...

BROKEN MIRROR

by Klaus Bluetner & Tom Jensen
Shattered glass fallen from a broken mirror
Are now the reasons for all of these fears

Shattered glass fallen from a broken mirror
Shall lead to seven unlucky years

From this broken mirror shattered on the floor
Reflect chaotic patterns of distorted reflections

Now hiding within the cracks
are self-deceiving perception and excuses

What was once one frame of mind
Forming a single point of view
Now the faces looking back are many
What was once smooth now lies jagged

And simply disregarded
Yeah, it is simply disregarded

With the foreseeable future
so filled full of gloom
You sweep up your luck in disgust
with this dustpan and broom

After that perhaps you start sweeping
the corners of your mind
Though you can never be sure
of just what you will find

Maybe long lost forgotten dreams
not quite as distant as they now seem

You never know what'll be uncovered
or discovered just given a little time
Just give it a little more time...

Shattered glass fallen from a broken mirror
Might not be as bad as it first appeared

Shattered glass fallen from a broken mirror

Might lead you to a window
Through which you might see clear
Through which you might see things clear...

PENNYWISE

by Klaus Bluetner & Tom Jensen
You can't be spiritual and material
It just goes against the grand paradigm
It's the same as saying you're pound foolish
Then just what's the point of being pennywise?

Oh...it's a rainy day
And with all those pennies saved
Oh...what will you spend them on?

Oh...it's a rainy day
As Nimbus clouds float overhead
Oh...how long until they're gone?

And all your money's been spent
On trinkets and other such trivial things
As you find your time has been lent
Not to paupers but to those who just wish to be kings

And queens who acquired their wealth
On broken dreams and other such self-serving schemes
On sickness not health caring only about the ends
And not about those who were caught in between

Or who's left out in the cold
Claiming that's out of their control
For it surely has no worth
If it's not something you can hold...

You can't be spiritual and material
It just goes against the grand paradigm

It's the same as saying you're pound foolish
Then just what's the point of being pennywise?

Oh...it's a rainy day
And with all those pennies saved
Oh...what will you spend them on?

Oh...it's a rainy day
As Nimbus clouds float overhead
Oh...how long until they're gone?
How long until they're gone?

POSTCARD

by Klaus Bluetner & Tom Jensen

Unfadable...
is what your memory has become to me
Traceable...
it's easy to see how this came to be

I got a postcard from you...
a day before today
"Sorry for my silence...."
is all that it said

"I need some peace of mind.
Some time for my head."
That was all that she said.
(all that she said)
I felt so weak
I stumbled to my room,
picked up the phone
Things seemed so bleak
When I realized you were not home

I got a postcard from you ...
a day before today
"Sorry for my silence...."
is all that it said

"I need some peace of mind...
some time for my head."
That was all that she said.
(all that she said)

And I fell asleep to beeping
Empty thoughts began seeping

Sogging this mind...unable to roam
(unable to roam)

I just opened up a letter...
That I received and read today
It seems you're feeling better...
Seems you're beginning to find your way
It seems you finally see the sunshine
after many shades of gray

After many cloudy days
so heartwarming was our embrace
Nothing could pull us away
it made me happy today
To see your smiling face
(smiling face)

I got a postcard
(I got postcard)
I got a postcard from you
(I got postcard)

HOUSE OF SHATTERED GLASS
by Klaus Bluetner & Tom Jensen

I'm feeling trapped
Within myself
Within my heart
and within my own head...

I'm feeling surrounded
With this sense of hurt,
this sense of loss
and the feeling of dread

I'm waiting for your letter
The one that I'll cry as I read:

The one that says:
"I'll always love you...
But you're something that I don't need"

And it is filling me with misery
And I still feel nothing but love

Love for you... but not for me

That part of my heart is empty
There's nothing there it's null and void

I worked so hard to get you to love me
Yet here I am left unemployed

I don't feel bitter
I just feel let down
I've never been a quitter
I'm a lover not a leaver

But now I'm leaving town...
'Cause I just can't bare to be around

In you...
I am your greatest believer

In me...
I'm my own greatest deceiver

As everyone told me
it was a fairytale world
From inside this
house of shattered glass
I stood up to every stone they hurled

And we both know it hurts
Watching your blood make mud
As it mixes with the dirt
That they also threw at you
But I knew what it was that I had to do

Still, through all of this
I only know of one truth:
I will never stop loving you
But what's even worse:
Is that you know it, too

PENDULUM

by Klaus Bluetner & Tom Jensen

I've been holding on...
 To a fantasy
 To a dream

I've been writing songs...
 That include
 Both you and me

I've been holding on...
 To my own perceived
 Reality
 I've been righting wrongs...
 And addressing everyone
 Everything but you and me

I'm so tired of putting work in...
 Putting time into things
 that disintegrate
 I know you see me waiting
 While my smile is fading
 but it will be too late

I feel it and I know...
 But you can't see what I don't show
 Sure, you tried to read my mind
 But maybe you were wrong this time

Believing that I'd hang on...
 Like I always have like I always do
 However, the man you see now
 Might not be the same man that you knew

As one face of mine hides the pain and the lies
 The other sits and waits trying to decide
 On which side of the fence to sit on...

BRICKLAYER

by Klaus Bluetner & Tom Jensen

Do you worship the new holy trinity?
 Of money, commerce and economy?
 Do you measure one's status
 Using just these three?
 Or do you find one's worth in externalities?

And intrinsic values that are harder to see...
 For someone like me don't do much for your GDP
 Is there anyone left who still agrees with me?

Number one should be love and number two humanity
 Number three could be compassion
 Or replaced by four or five
 Empathy and equality

Add them all up and you get solidarity
 Now that's the math that makes the most sense to me
 I guess that's why I like philosophy

No, I've never been fond
Of stocks and bonds
I'm not a fan of
bottom lines or CEO's

I love the laying of bricks
Over newly paved roads
That lead off the beaten path
Showing people to a new way to go

ABSOLUTELY MARIE

by Klaus Bluetner & Tom Jensen

Come on!
I knew her name...
Absolutely Sweet Marie
These words filled my head
Describing someone I'd just met
Words I think that Dylan said

Just leave it to him
To steal my phrase for you
Who is he to speak your name?
Speaking softly, sweet and true:

Absolutely, Absolutely, Absolutely
Sweet Marie

She is positively a woman
Who brightened up this rainy day
And brought some sunshine to this man
As I felt the room get warmer
After every word she said

You never know just what the future holds
Perhaps someone and something new
So these words once written
I recite them just for you
Speaking carefully, sweet and true:

Absolutely, Absolutely, Absolutely
Sweet Marie

Speaking carefully, sweet and true:

Absolutely, Absolutely, Absolutely
Sweet Marie

Alright!

JULIA'S GARDEN

by Klaus Bluetner & Tom Jensen

Julia has a garden
So intricate in design
A secret place where the flowers grow
A secret place that only she can find

Here she embraces the feelings
that she could never show
The resentment and hurt
she always kept deep within her mind

For only the juniper trees
 have heard her full tale of woe
 And they only share all they know
 with the skyline

Julia is beautiful and Julia has suffered
 Losses that no mother or father,
 or son or daughter should know

Yet in this oasis of hope
 all forms of life are welcomed
 In the tidal wave of thought
 She suddenly becomes caught
 within the undertow...

This garden was created
 from the basis of chaos
 And now pays tribute to organized chaos
 in the form of a shrine

Here she can meditate on her thoughts
 from many years ago
 On an ever changing world
 constantly being redefined

Every seed here she did sew
 It is whispered and echoed
 through the grapevine

Beneath the bridge across the brook
 the water runs slow
 Almost as if the stars had been realigned

Beds full of daffodils
 and daisies overflow
 Sunflowers sit in neat little rows
 all intertwined

Julia would have to tiptoe
 Less she wants to create
 a ripple back through time

A life as simple as Emerson or Henry David Thoreau
 With such a pretty view down along the coast line
 And yet as colorful and vibrant as Picasso or Van Gogh
 The only other mortals to know of art so fine

Yet Julia is beautiful and Julia has suffered
 Losses that no mother or father,
 or son or daughter should know

Yet in this oasis of hope
 all forms of life are welcomed
 In the tidal wave of thought
 she becomes caught within the undertow

This garden was created
 from the basis of chaos
 And now pays tribute to organized chaos
 in the form of a shrine

Here she can meditate on her thoughts
from many years ago
On an ever changing world
constantly being redefined

It is here where both cold and warm breezes blow
Be them fiercely or gently along the waterline
In the middle of the night with the moon aglow
Julia either recollects her dreams
or speaks to the divine
Falling down the weeping willows hang low
Silhouetted by the trees of soft pine
Swaying from here to fro stands this hedgerow
Dancing in rhythm all the while entangled in vines...

Julia is beautiful and Julia has suffered
Losses that no mother or father,
or son or daughter should know
Yet in this oasis of hope
all forms of life are welcomed
In a tidal wave of thought she becomes
caught within the undertow

This garden was created
from the basis of chaos
And now pays tribute to organized chaos
in the form of a shrine

Here she can meditate on her thoughts
from many years ago
On an ever changing world
constantly being redefined

Julia has a garden
So intricate in design
A secret place where the flowers grow
A secret place that only she can find

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Set Lists 1–21

Li st #	Set List	Themes	Mood/Tone	Lyrics Resemble	Explicit Titles & Description
1	World Falls Apart Slowly	Loneliness, societal critique, addiction, depression	Reflective, melancholic, slow-mid	Bob Dylan, Leonard Cohen, Lou Reed	"Ex-Poem," "Climbing the Ladder," and "Pen and Paper" contain strong language, despair, and themes of addiction.
2	Society Breaks, Voices Clash	Politics, conformity, mental health, power systems	Urgent, defiant, intense	Patti Smith, Rage Against the Machine, Eminem	"BFT," "Time Bomb," and "Hive Mind" include profanity and political rage. "Rest in Power" includes protest content and death imagery.
3	Trying Again After Failing	Love, fame, self-doubt, dreams	Dynamic, ironic, emotionally mixed	Kurt Cobain, Tom Waits, early Beck	"F the W," "Stay Big," and "Name in Lights" include dark humor and sexual innuendo.
4	Addiction Hurts Everyone Around	Addiction, trauma, recovery, regret	Dark, haunting, emotional	Johnny Cash, Warren Zevon, Nine Inch Nails	"Downward Spiral," "Rehab," and "Alcohol" depict substance abuse and personal collapse.
5	Party Life Gets Messy	Sex, satire, absurdity, raunchy humor	Energetic, outrageous, comedic	Eminem (Slim Shady), Stephen Lynch, Tenacious D	"Mic Drop," "One Night Stan," and "She Don't Cum Easy" are graphically sexual and parodic.
6	Love Fades Into Silence	Love's decay, emotional distance, heartbreak, introspection	Reflective, sorrowful, poetic	Damien Rice, Elliott Smith, Leonard Cohen	"Cry Me a River," "Below Zero," and others suggest deep emotional turmoil, though less overt profanity.
7	Skipped Steps, Paid Later	Family dysfunction, generational trauma, lost innocence, cultural criticism	Dark, narrative-driven, haunting	Randy Newman, Tom Waits, Bruce Springsteen (Nebraska)	"Corey Story" (domestic abuse), "Daddy Taught Me" (KKK imagery), "Dirt" (loss of innocence).

Li st #	Set List	Themes	Mood/Tone	Lyrics Resemble	Explicit Titles & Description
8	Big Questions, No Answers	Perception, existential questioning, identity crisis, self-discovery	Abstract, surreal, drifting	Pink Floyd, Björk, David Bowie (Low)	Metaphorical and dark, including references to despair and identity crises. No overt profanity.
9	Trying To Find Peace	Spirituality, faith, resilience, emotional growth	Hopeful, introspective, steady pace	Tracy Chapman, Glen Hansard, Peter Gabriel (early solo)	Light/moderate — some deep existential themes, no profanity.
10	History Repeats Itself Loudly	History, race, war, social commentary	Punchy, political, varied tempo	Bob Dylan, Gil Scott-Heron, Public Enemy (lyrically)	"Obamafication" (sharp critique), "Birthright" (race and identity), "Heresy Speaks No Evil" (religion).
11	Fighting For Something Real	Self-identity, resistance, disillusionment, class struggle	Fierce, expressive, introspective	Rage Against the Machine (lyrically), Lou Reed, Ani DiFranco	"Time's Up" (profanity), "Cement" (paranoia), "Devil's Friend" (drug references).
12	Long Nights, Heavy Hearts	Betrayal, heartbreak, emotional abuse, suicide	Heavy, emotional, storytelling-based	Fiona Apple, Sinéad O'Connor, Elliott Smith, Janis Ian	"Dora" (sexual innuendo), "Get Outta My House" (domestic fight), "Clinical Depression" (trauma).
13	Greed, Power, Things Break	Political corruption, wealth inequality, protest	Punchy, urgent, satirical	Bob Dylan (post-electric), Zack de la Rocha, Dead Kennedys	"East Timor" (genocide), "Smitty's Anthem" (language), "Gettin' Juiced" (violence), "Dora" returns.
14	Love Hurts, Still Hope	Spiritual connection, emotional growth, romantic renewal	Peaceful, heartfelt, poetic	Ben Harper, Jason Mraz, Paul Simon	Mostly clean. Some suggestive or emotionally complex lyrics in "Paper Thin" and "Let It Ride."
15	Head Full Of Noise	Inner conflict, satire, social rebellion,	Erratic, clever, biting, intense	System of a Down, Saul Williams, Frank	"Floating Head" (dark humor), "Solving Problems" (explicit satire), "Heavy Machines" (anger).

Li st #	Set List	Themes	Mood/Tone	Lyrics Resemble	Explicit Titles & Description
		emotional instability		Zappa	
16	Losing Faith, Looking Everywhere	Faith, disillusionment, heartbreak, self-doubt, redemption	Introspective, poetic, emotional	Leonard Cohen, Nick Cave, Bright Eyes	"Hypocrites" (religious critique), "Walking Paradox" (conflict), "Never Be" (obsession).
17	People Fake, Things Break	Satire, absurdity, sex, dysfunction, burnout	Raw, comedic, manic	Stephen Lynch, Tenacious D, Bo Burnham	"Snoogins," "Sunday Morning Sex," "Behave," "Spreading the Word" (sexual, graphic).
18	War's Cost Never Ends	War, oppression, institutional corruption, mental health	Dark, philosophical, slow-building	Saul Williams, Nine Inch Nails, Pink Floyd (The Wall)	"Flicker," "Beast," "Wave My Hands," and "Building a Castle" (graphic despair and violence).
19	Love Lost, Lessons Learned	Love, memory, personal growth, nostalgia	Warm, heartfelt, mid-tempo	Cat Stevens, Counting Crows, Ben Folds	No overt profanity or explicit content. Thematically rich but clean.
20	Still Dreaming, Getting Tired	Legacy, political critique, existentialism, perseverance	Expansive, lyrical, passionate	Bob Dylan, Bright Eyes, Michael Franti	"Glass House" (rage), "Rock Star Dreams" (dark ambition), "Plankton" (satire, explicit metaphor).
21	Life's Harder Than Expected	Dark relationships, trauma, satire, violence, addiction, taboo topics	Mixed: reflective, aggressive, poetic	Lou Reed, The Coup, Marilyn Manson (lyrically)	"Never Expect It" (domestic murder), "Hurting Her Knees and Pride" (underage sex), "Dom-Vio" (NFL satire), "Fuzzy Math" (racist parody), "Every Four Weeks" (sexual, vulgar), "Venus" (revenge, STDs, murder).

Song Lists 1-10

List #	Set List	Themes	Mood/Tone	Lyrics Resemble	Explicit Titles & Description
1	Woke Up, Mind Racing	Redemption, love lost & found, second chances, self-worth	Hopeful, introspective, personal	James Taylor, Paul Simon, The Beatles	None
2	Missing You Every Day	Struggle, vice, coping mechanisms, rock bottom vs clarity	Gritty, ironic, vulnerable, blunt	Lou Reed, Warren Zevon, Nirvana	Some mild references to drugs
3	Mad At The World	Power, control, awakening, rejection of conformity, inner fire	Defiant, dark, driven, poetic	Nine Inch Nails, Bowie, Pink Floyd	"Devil's House" metaphorical
4	Everything's Crashing At Once	Infatuation, heartbreak, regret, moving on, longing	Bittersweet, melodic, romantic	Taylor Swift, Damien Rice	None
5	Fun Starts, Emptiness Follows	Euphoria, serendipity, first encounters, emotional openness	Upbeat, affectionate, dreamy	Ed Sheeran, The Script, Coldplay	None
6	Breakup Hits Like Brick	Travel, change, isolation, emotional risk, longing	Restless, pensive, brave	Bruce Springsteen, Tracy Chapman	None
7	Want Something That Lasts	Pain, heartbreak, inner strength, reflection, hope	Somber to uplifting, grounded, raw	John Mayer, Hozier, Counting Crows	None
8	Sad But Still Standing	Purpose, inspiration, humility, cosmic perspective, muses	Lyrical, ethereal, reverent, grand	U2, Arcade Fire, Leonard Cohen	None
9	Miss You, Hate Myself	Nature, mindfulness, emotional clarity, love beyond ego	Gentle, poetic, calming	Cat Stevens, Joni Mitchell, Sufjan Stevens	None
10	Nobody Talks, Distance Grows	War trauma, broken dreams, political corruption, reckoning	Haunting, dystopian, poetic	Pink Floyd, Leonard Cohen, The Band	None

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SET LIST ONE

Set List One plays like a news report from the edge of the world, filed by a broken poet with nothing left to lose. “Puzzle Pieces” sets the mood — mistrust, disconnection, the static between stations. The voice here is human, cracked but lucid, unraveling capitalism, addiction, silence, and guilt. Each piece hints at something lost: youth, innocence, sobriety, maybe even God. “Pen and Paper” wages war against the weight of the world, while “Exit the Sandman” kicks sleep out the door to hunt memories that don’t want to be remembered. Political paranoia and personal failure blur like headlines melting in the rain. “Climbing the Ladder” is both an overdose and a survival guide. By the time “My Precious” arrives, we’re drowning in gold-plated poverty and false kings. And then, quietly, “Let Me In” asks for grace — not fame, just a place to rest, to feel, to begin again.

SET LIST TWO

Set List Two doesn’t knock — it kicks the door off its hinges and starts shouting truth at anyone left standing. These poems burn with confrontation, battling hive minds, violence-as-policy, and fractured brotherhood. “Rest In Power” isn’t mourning — it’s a resurrection in fire. “B.F.T.” and “Status Quo Woes” throw punches at broken systems and the men who profit from collapse. There are war cries disguised as rhymes and raw diary entries that end with gunpowder instead of ink. Nothing here is safe, and that’s the point. “Unwinnable” dares you to keep playing a rigged game while “Rival” and “Violence Is Their Solution” declare open war on apathy. These aren’t just poems — they’re pipe bombs in pretty envelopes. By the time we reach “Multiverse,” the only thing left to question is which version of reality we were supposed to be living in all along.

SET LIST THREE

Set List Three wakes up alone, pissed off, and pacing the room. “Advice” opens with a cry for direction, but the answers come back warped, like voices underwater. There’s humor here — but it’s bitter, like laughing in the mirror while breaking it. “F the W” smokes out the sadness and flips off the void, while “Another” and “The Spot” look for love (or at least someone warm) before the lights come back on. The club becomes confession booth; the dance floor, a therapy session with a backbeat. These poems run on adrenaline and impulse, chasing validation and numbness in the same breath. “Blank Pages” turns the whole thing upside down — revealing that behind all the swagger and wisecracks is a writer terrified of wasting his life. “The Game” ends it with stadium lights, a swing and a miss, and a head held high anyway. Set List Three isn’t just about fighting demons — it’s about partying with them and trying to make peace before morning.

SET LIST FOUR

Set List Four opens with a marriage on life support and ends in a scream for redemption. “Married to Something Else” sets the table with whiskey breath and cold dinners, a love worn thin by routine and regret. The speakers here know pain — not the poetic kind, but the bleeding, late-night, “where did I go wrong?” kind. “Watering the Weeds” rips out the delusions by their roots, and “Rest In Peace” turns a house fire into a twisted punchline. Addiction hangs over the whole set like smoke in a motel room. “Rat Park” and “Rehab” aren’t cautionary tales — they’re firsthand accounts, too close to be comfortable. These poems fidget, tremble, and confess. “Alcohol” plays like a love letter to poison, and “Empty Bottle” echoes with questions nobody wants to answer. But in “Let Me Live the Dream,” hope cracks through the chaos — a raw prayer that maybe, just maybe, there's still a way out.

SET LIST FIVE

Set List Five barges in shirtless with a smirk and a hard-on, aiming low and hitting hard. “Mic Drop” sets the tone — a gleefully obscene circus of sex, swagger, and zero apologies. This isn’t love; it’s lust in overdrive, where “One Night Stan” and “Meet Michael Hawk” flip the playboy archetype into a grotesque cartoon. Every punchline is a red flag, waved proudly. Beneath the raunch and braggadocio, there’s a raw kind of sadness — the desperate ego of someone terrified of being irrelevant. “Fifty Ways” and “Cinnabon Girl” reveal the rot behind the seduction, dripping with parody and shame. The laughter here is always double-edged — half joy, half recoil. These aren’t locker room stories; they’re confessions from a man who’s seen too much porn and not enough love. By the time “She Don’t Cum Easy” rolls around, you realize it’s not just sex being exposed — it’s loneliness. And if you’re not laughing, you’re probably crying.

SET LIST SIX

Set List Six isn't the UFC's Bo Nickal, the hyped-up young prospect getting the royal treatment with soft matchups and bright lights. It's Jim Fucking Miller — 20 years in, over 4,500 strikes absorbed, still grinding it out on short notice with blood in his mouth and a smirk under his mustache. "Hideaway" kicks things off like an episode of Two and a Half Men, with you playing Charlie Sheen — women, booze, and total denial — just wait until you, the audience, see how it ends. "Look Her Up" and "No Thanks Babe" wear smirks, but underneath, they're hiding bruises that never faded. These pieces wrestle with temptation, isolation, and longing, asking whether connection is worth the pain it usually brings. "In a Jiffy" plays like a rushed escape — not from danger, but from responsibility. There's humor, but it's strained; there's lust, but it's laced with loneliness. "Fifty Ways" isn't metaphor — it's literal: fifty raw, graphic, wildly inventive ways to copulate with your lover, straddling the line between satire and softcore instruction manual. By the time "She Don't Cum Easy" hits, the truth is obvious: this is a man out of moves. But even here, at the bottom of the bottle and the end of the joke, Set List Six still throws a wink — bruised, not broken... and still jokin'.

SET LIST SEVEN

Set List Seven doesn't imagine the end of the world — it just opens the blinds. This one feels real because it is: each track pulls from lived moments, overheard confessions, and headlines too close to home. "Corey Story" opens with fatherless ache and a cigarette-burned childhood, setting the tone for an album that never lets the wound scab over. "Daddy Taught Me" follows like a Gene Hackman movie set in Mississippi, all smoke, silence, and mission-burning menace just offscreen. "Shadow of Smoke" floats like grief itself—intangible, everywhere, impossible to hold. The body count rises with "Wheat and Chaff," a tribute in fragments, haunted by the quiet collapse of Anthony Bourdain—a man who saw the whole world and still couldn't find a place to stand. "Midas Touch" burns what's left of success culture to the ground, exposing the blue-lipped corpse underneath all that gold. "Sniper's Song" lands last and coldest: a pair of ghosts in a sedan, calm as Sunday, watching the world fall one shot at a time—lifted directly from The Washington Post, October 4, 2002, when the DC Sniper left a note at the scene and the country held its breath. These aren't just poems—they're witness statements. There's no redemptive arc here, only fire and fallout. And for the record, said Corey works for the state now, doing better than the author in the eyes of Our Lord.

SET LIST EIGHT

Set List Eight opens like a broadcast from inside the mind at midnight — static, signal, and something half-true in between. "Thirty Seconds" starts the countdown: a desperate plea to wake up before the final tick, to tune out the noise and find what's left of yourself. "Playing Chess" turns war into metaphor and back again, where soldiers, addicts, and pawns blur into one fallen figure just trying to break the board. In "Sky and Light," perception fractures under the pressure of burnout and urban ruin, searching for beauty through the smoke. "Descartes" and "I Am" dismantle identity itself, dragging faith, ego, and empire into a spiral of dream logic and bitter defiance. "Timeless to Ten" offers a quiet thesis — that reaching a few minds with meaning beats entertaining millions with emptiness. The second half hits like a spiral: "Listen," "Fear," and "Down" catch the soul slipping, clawing, begging for clarity in the face of failure and hesitation. "Spinning" pulls inward to the edge of collapse — the temple cracked, the soldier alone, still fighting from within. And "Somewhere" closes with a soft exhale: a quiet plea that love, faith, and meaning still exist... not here, maybe, but somewhere.

SET LIST NINE

Set List Nine doesn't shout — it stands tall and speaks clearly, with a weathered voice full of purpose and scars. "We Are the Ones" is a workers' anthem dressed in dirt and defiance, refusing invisibility with a nod and a shovel in hand. "Friend" is sunlight through coffee steam, and "Speak" carries quiet urgency — both make connection feel radical without ever raising their voice. "Applied Faith" rebuilds belief as a practical craft, not magic but muscle — something you shape with will and intention. Then the world melts a little: "Slip Stream" and "Sides" harken back to the '60s revolution, as if you just showed up on the cover of Sgt. Pepper, grinning sideways through paisley smoke, dreaming of a better dimension and damn near believing you could reach it. "Invisible Prison" floats the idea that the only real bars are mental — and the key's already in your hand. "Better Than It Seems" drifts through hard-won clarity, asking whether arrival is real or just another mirage. "First Glance" and "Complicated Subject" pan wide across time, war, memory, and the wounded planet we keep

promising to fix. “Fate Is a Word” delivers gospel from a man who’s done the math and knows better, and “Believe Me” closes the door with a half-smile and full truth. Set List Nine isn’t hallucinating. It’s remembering. And the revolution still echoes in its boots.

SET LIST TEN

Set List Ten punches the gas pedal into political paranoia, media satire, and scorched-earth realism. It opens with “History to Me,” a generational roast of cultural memory and celebrity sellouts, where nostalgia is a rigged game and no one escapes judgment. “Pushing the Button” warns of nuclear consequences with a punk rock snarl, a fiery middle finger to global complacency. “Heresy Speaks No Evil” takes the longest, loudest breath in the set — an urgent, tumbling rant against corruption, inequality, and mass distraction, echoing Ginsberg through a modern, media-choked megaphone. “Obamafication” captures the disillusionment of a Democratic base that hoped their vote might finally bring real change — only to watch their candidate serve corporate overlords (in this case, Wall Street) instead. Yeah, he talked good... but that’s all it was. “Shadow Boxing” and “Picture Something Nice” navigate street-level trauma and moral detachment, contrasting poetic grit with the numbness of apathy. “Call It Fate” dares to zoom out — from hospital beds to courtroom corruption to childhood violence — tying it all together with a fatalistic shrug. “Pardon Me” cranks the cynicism to eleven, a darkly funny, whip-smart indictment of American politics where truth is a stunt and corruption is the game. “Birthright” pivots into anthemic protest, calling out hypocrisy with melodic soul and echoing Dylan’s urgency in a millennial voice. “Shades” tosses racial division under the microscope, concluding that surface means nothing without soul. “Intellectual Property” is a poem of decay, full of crumbling sidewalks, tossed bottles, and urban neglect — painting rot in high definition. And “Another History Lesson” closes the set as both mission statement and battle cry: angry, poetic, and unafraid to sound madder than the Mad Hatter. Set Ten is political punk-folk with a conscience and a bite — and it’s coming for your soapbox, whether you’re ready or not.

SET LIST ELEVEN

Set List Eleven opens with the buzz of fluorescent lights and the echo of worn-out shoes on tiled floors. This time, our narrator isn’t trying to change the world; he’s just trying to make it through the night. “Love It or Leave It” sets the tone — a defiant personal mantra wrapped in mirrors and doubt. “Groovy Gravy” follows in a haze of breakdown and breakthrough, a groan through madness that somehow finds melody. “Devil’s Friend” and “Disciple of Dirt” wrestle openly with temptation, addiction, and the cost of chasing truth when the truth doesn’t want to be caught. “Moth” drifts into flame, fusing fatalism with fragile beauty. “Insomnia” takes up the midnight torch, pacing the room with too much knowledge and not enough rest. “Thick Skin” (in its shortened form) aches with withheld pain and battered pride, a jagged lullaby. “Time’s Up” screams its warning into the surf, a bruised survivor’s anthem for those who learned too late not to play with fire. “Kicking the Can” adds some dry humor to heartbreak, finding poetry in getting dumped and walking away with a garbage bag full of dreams. “Hey Waiter” slow dances with longing, chivalry, and quiet hunger. “Cement” is poured from revolution — rage and rhetoric baked into the foundation of modern despair. “Fancy Words” strips back all the clever tricks and speaks directly, clearly, urgently — as if the writer’s soul depends on it. “Dancefloor” sends us off with one final cigarette and a crooked smile, choosing joy for a night — because the rest will still be broken come morning.

SET LIST TWELVE

Set List Twelve rides the brutal, beautiful rollercoaster of love — its lifts, its drops, its crashes, and the quiet courage it takes just to try. Across twelve emotional swings, it charts the wreckage of hearts, the echoes of pain, and the stubborn hope that somehow we keep going anyway. “Bite of the Apple” opens as a confessional confrontation, wrestling with guilt, temptation, and the search for truth between lovers. “Empty Eyes” plays the silent grief of a man who can’t show what he feels — his face blank, his soul burning. “On the Rocks” gives the mic to the woman left out in the rain, all bridal dreams drowned in heartbreak and regret. “Smitty’s Anthem (No Tears)” is pure gallows swagger — a punked-up self-eulogy for the emotionally wrecked. Then comes “Victim of Fate,” where trauma is inherited and detachment is survival. “Dora” goes fully unhinged: manic, raunchy, and raw like a bar fight in rhyme form. The back half gets no softer. “Get Outta My House” slams the door on marriage with a full theater of chaos — vases, hoses, and the long fade to legal separation. “Valentine Woes” captures the lonely holiday blues with wry intimacy, while “This Very Room” haunts the reader with unresolved grief and ghostly jealousy. “Smiles and Frowns” seesaws between bitterness and healing, as the narrator crawls out of sadness one grin at a time. “Underrated” is an anthem for the failed

dreamer — one who’s walked the road, burned the pages, and learned to live with the smoke. “Clinical Depression” ends the set with devastating honesty, playing out a family’s dialogue over a suicide attempt with brutal clarity and heart. This set list doesn’t fake hope, but it earns it — by refusing to look away from what love, loss, and life really feel like.

SET LIST THIRTEEN

Set List Thirteen pulls no punches in calling out the corrupt political leaders who ignore the will of the people while spreading “permanent lies” to keep their grip on power. Lobbyists and wealthy corporations are painted as puppeteers, rigging the system, gutting communities, and turning entire countries into commodities under cold, calculated greed. The justice system grinds on like a machine, locking up the vulnerable while shielding the powerful from consequence. Media complicity runs deep, as songs like “East Timor” expose how genocide is hidden behind propaganda and silence, while “Poorest Chorus” details the Walmartization of America—a brutal economic siege that crushes small businesses and moral fiber alike. Tracks such as “Gate Keeper” reveal the dark bargains struck behind closed doors, and “Gettin’ Juiced” dives into the O.J. Simpson case to expose how fame, money, and power manipulate justice and equality. The legacy of colonization haunts “Staking the Flag,” portraying conquest as a trail of tears soaked in blood and broken promises. Political parties are reduced to empty distractions in “United We Stand,” where fractured unity and hollow rhetoric mask the nation’s decline. Capitalism’s insatiable hunger fuels endless wars, as “Permanent Lies” warns of infinite conflicts born from twisted truths and greed. This set list stands as a fiery indictment of systemic corruption and societal apathy, demanding listeners awaken and fight back before the damage becomes irreversible. It’s a raw, unfiltered protest carved into song — a call to consciousness in a world dangerously close to collapse.

SET LIST FOURTEEN

Set List Fourteen dives deeply into personal vulnerability, emotional growth, and the nuanced complexities of love, healing, and self-discovery—blending real life, fantasy, fan fiction, dreams, and the naive whirlwind rush of finding a real-life musical superhero who inspires the belief that anything is possible. From the tender intimacy of “Tears of Trust,” where two souls become one through honesty and acceptance, to the fragile defenses laid bare in “Paper Thin,” the album explores the walls we build and the courage it takes to break them down. “Cutie Pie” is a playful yet sincere celebration of love’s intoxicating hold, capturing those moments when affection feels both electrifying and tender. A big chunk of the set’s emotional core, especially in songs like “Aum... What She Said... Om” and “Night Light,” draws from the great LadyWeaver’s poetic and musical meditations on love, the universe, balance, resilience, and mindfulness. Hope shines through in “Night Light” and “Happy Place,” creating safe emotional havens amidst life’s struggles. “Synergy” captures the magical alignment of creative forces and human connection, while “Making a Killing” embodies the dream of the poet-narrator and trailblazing singer-musician uniting to lead the world toward hope and healing through the transformative power of their music. “Monuments” honors time as a precious gift, and “My Garden” reminds us that growth requires patience. The closing tracks—“Let It Ride,” “Riding a Wave,” and “Only Shared With You”—embrace acceptance, the ebb and flow of relationships, and the quiet power of private love and truth. Together, this setlist is a soulful meditation on healing, connection, and the strength found in vulnerability.

SET LIST FIFTEEN

Set List Fifteen is a fierce, unflinching confrontation with the broken systems, internal struggles, and collective madness of modern life—blending righteous anger, philosophical reflection, and dark humor in equal measure. The narrator is no longer whispering from behind the curtain; he’s stepping forward, pen in hand, daring the world to flinch. Tracks like “Shield” and “Story of My Life” expose the paralyzing weight of hesitation and self-doubt, while “Floating Head” and “Messy Room” paint surreal portraits of emotional collapse. “Come To Me” and “Other Times” tackle institutional oppression with sharp-eyed clarity, calling out political manipulation, spiritual decay, and the fraying fabric of community. “Flim Flam Man” doesn’t just name names—it lights the match, marching forward with a revolutionary fury. “Solving Problems” and “Heavy Machines” channel that rage into momentum, using grit and wit to strike back at the systems that crush hope. But it’s not all fire and fists: “Monarch” reveals the quiet suffering beneath bravado, and “Brain Games” and “Chit Chat Chatter” show how the damage spreads through even the smallest daily exchanges. By the time “Sign of the Times” closes out the set, the message is clear: the poet is no longer content to survive the chaos—he’s rallying anyone who can still feel to rise up and fight back.

SET LIST SIXTEEN

Set List Sixteen wrestles openly with spiritual doubt, personal contradiction, and the raw pursuit of meaning through creativity, self-honesty, and resilience. These are meditations from the edge—on religion, love, truth, and the lonely climb toward belief in something greater, even if that “something” is simply your own voice. The author tumbles through this emotional wash cycle like a man trapped in a spiritual washing machine, hoping to come out clean. “Hypocrites” and “Tom’s Psalm” set the tone with biting critiques of organized faith and institutional failure, framing the poet not as a preacher but as a searcher. “Lost and Found” and “Triangle” examine the agony of love not returned, and how time complicates what the heart can’t let go. “Crystal Ball” and “Walking Paradox” lay bare a fractured psyche: indecision, contradiction, and the tension between freedom and responsibility. Tracks like “How and When” and “Kneeling” find strength in surrender, embracing vulnerability not as weakness but as the first step toward healing. “Best Left” captures the bittersweet ache of outgrowing what once defined you, while “Chameleon” celebrates adaptability and the hope of mutual transformation. “The Light” is a mythic emotional journey from loneliness to spiritual illumination, told through pure imagery and aching hope. By the time we reach “Learn From the Masters” and “Never Be,” the poet has stripped away false idols and self-doubt, emerging as a student of truth, driven not by fame but by purpose. Through contradictions, questions, and quiet revelations, Set List Sixteen becomes a poetic gospel for anyone stumbling through the dark, still believing the light is worth chasing. If you’re dirty, it’s time to get clean!

SET LIST SEVENTEEN

Set List Seventeen detonates like a confessional grenade, scattering sex, politics, comedy, and collapse in every direction. These tracks revel in poetic whiplash—where social commentary slams into gallows humor, and raw heartbreak gets doused in sarcasm, beer foam, and existential doubt. “Spreading the Word” answers the dark joke of “save the world, kill yourself,” and wrestles with why surrendering isn’t an option. “Beware of the Snoogins” comes alive like a wild Jerry Springer episode—not the viral “cash me outside” girl, but the chaotic, messy family drama that plays out in real life. “Dot Dot Space” is the joke—the b*tch was so blind, how blind was she? I wrote her a song in f%\$#ing braille. Meanwhile, “Empty Room” delves into the complexities of a threesome you definitely don’t want to have, exposing emotional pitfalls and awkward truths. Tracks like “Flyswatter of Love,” “Times Up,” and “Sunday Morning Sex” add layers of painful longing, bitter reckoning, and unapologetic irreverence. Throughout, the set bursts with unflinching honesty and sharp wit, painting a vivid picture of modern life’s contradictions and the messy search for connection amid chaos.

SET LIST EIGHTEEN

Set List Eighteen is the alternate, darker path—a direct divergence from Set List Fourteen’s Making a Killing, which told the redemptive story of a poet and his guitar-playing, gift-from-god-voice-singing, head-turning muse who stay together, lift each other up, and inspire a broken world to heal. That first path led to inspiration. To redemption. To forgiveness. This one doesn’t. This is the worst-case scenario of a poet who has lost everything. How does someone who once gave the world hope end up taking a life?

“Gauging Time” starts in a jail cell—and from that enclosed space, the descent begins. Grief and rage hollow him out after the death of LadyWeaver. The world fractures. He breaks with it. And where Set List Fourteen chose the light, Set List Eighteen gives in to the storm. Political unrest, personal turmoil, and spiritual rot thread through each song. “War Leonard 19” and “Battle Cry” rage against false prophets, failing systems, and manufactured conflict. “Free Speech” shows the cost of telling the truth. “Beast” shows the cost of keeping it in.

There are moments of flickering light. “Flicker” hangs on to belief. “Hidden Evils” walks us through ordinary despair. But as the set progresses—through “Patching the Hole,” “Enemy of This State,” and “Building a Castle”—we see the walls go up. The poet isolates. Cuts off the exits. Loses track of who he is. “Cliffhanger” and “Happy Birthday to Me” pull us into deep reflection and loneliness. By the time we reach “Apocalypse Now, See Ya Later,” the war is internal, total, and already lost. “Wave My Hands” ends the set not in triumph, but in grim resolve—the final echo of someone who once meant well and now can’t remember why.

SET LIST NINETEEN

Set List Nineteen is a raw, emotional journey about finding love and becoming utterly desperate to hold onto it—by any means necessary. The album captures the fragile thrill of connection, where fleeting moments of joy and tenderness ignite hope but leave you aching for completeness. From the opening track, “Pretty Gold Bracelet,” we feel modest domestic happiness—love that outvalues money or material things. Yet even here, there’s a sense of vulnerability, as if this joy might slip away at any moment. “Still Walking the Earth” follows, expressing a willingness to risk everything for a love that feels sacred and life-affirming. Songs like “In the Shape of an Angel” and “Big Shoes” offer quiet affirmations of faith, forgiveness, and trust grounded in lived experience rather than fantasy. “Forever” and “Open and Closed” deepen the emotional stakes, reckoning with the terrifying power and fragility of devotion. “Ten Feet Tall” captures the risk of love—being up so high on emotion, and the ever-present fear of falling. “Bird on a String” questions how much protection is too much, probing the balance between freedom and safety in love. Later tracks like “Unwritten and Unsaid” and “Glass House” explore the cracks in relationships, where truths go unspoken and forgiveness is elusive. “Forget Me Knot” marks the breaking of the bond of matrimony, a painful unraveling of what once was sacred. Finally, “After the Fact” closes the album with a quiet reckoning—an acceptance of loss but also a stubborn refusal to give up. This album is not a fairy tale or a neat redemption story. It’s a chronicle of survival—through yearning, heartbreak, and a desperate search for something whole. “After the Fact” sums up the narrator’s life and serves as a haunting parable: a man setting out on a quest for true love, knowing full well he might not come back alive.

SET LIST TWENTY

Set List 20 plays like a lyrical companion to *The Catcher in the Rye* — a modern-day Holden Caulfield tracing boot prints through the static of his own unraveling. It’s been nearly 75 years since J.D. Salinger wrote that book, but some things stay timeless: the alienation, the bitterness, the longing for truth in a world full of phonies. This is that same restless voice, amplified by tight-knit rhyming, just waiting for the fingerstroke of a guitar and the opening lyric to “Running Free” being bellowed from the back of the room. The narrator doesn’t flinch, doesn’t posture — he just walks the edge. On “Undeclared,” he shrugs off winning or losing — he’s just trying to stay awake. “Fields of Time” and “New Sight” ache with the tension between who you were and who the world demands you become. “Rock Star Dreams” trades prep school angst for fame-fueled delusion, still reaching for something pure behind the smoke and mirrors. “Perfect World” dismantles capitalism and self-help clichés with the same biting honesty Holden aimed at his teachers and therapists. There’s no damn carousel at the end here — just “Another Quarter” rattling in the jukebox of regret and unspoken fear. Every track wrestles with identity, purpose, and the impulse to just disappear. But instead of asking where the ducks go in winter, he’s asking where the soul goes when it runs out of places to hide. This isn’t nostalgia — it’s a reckoning. Set List 20 isn’t trying to save anyone. It’s just holding the mirror steady, hoping somebody finally looks.

SET LIST TWENTY-ONE

Set List 21 pans in slowly: there's a figure, but you can't see his face — just the silhouette of a disheveled traveler, framed like a Tim Burton nightmare stumbling through fog. He turns — and you see his face. It's Beetlejuice... no wait, it's our Wordsmith! This final collection opens with “Shell,” a minimalist gut-punch of a piece that redefines emptiness, isolation, and post-belief burnout. “Ten Percent Tom” sums up the last 15 rotten years since returning from Denmark in a failed quest to win the hand of the fair LadyWeaver — only to scurry back across the ocean in defeat and self-loathing. “Uh, That’s Christmas Nana” delivers holiday confusion with an absurdist wink, a comical nod to memory, age, and misplaced car keys. “Man Enough” and “Never Expect It” form a brutal domestic violence diptych, one told from both sides of the fist — a pair of stark, bitter bursts where justice and vengeance blur to the point of mutual destruction. “Partner in Crime,” inspired by Leonard Cohen, becomes a hushed, haunted benediction — so when you sing it, do him proud. “Hurting Her Knees and Pride” plays like a garage-rock smirk about parking lot passion and teenage shame, a twisted coming-of-age through Dad’s worst nightmare. “Dom-Vio” spoofs Van Morrison while torching the NFL’s complicit silence around violence, slinging satire at Roger Goodell in perfect parody form. “Fuzzy Math” turns into a bedtime story from George W. Bush the Second to little Jenna — a sickly sweet nursery rhyme about race, wealth, and systemic rot that somehow makes you laugh and recoil in equal measure. “Every Four Weeks,” considering the subject matter, might be the one that gets the whole book canceled. “Rumours From Heaven” is one of the wittiest, weirdest pieces in the entire 31 Albums universe — an afterlife fantasia where all the dead rock stars form a celestial house band, trading verses in their own signature voices, jamming across clouds, and cracking jokes only ghosts could deliver. Then comes the monster: “Venus” makes up approximately 52.1% of the total word count for Set List 21 — a towering monologue of heartbreak, betrayal, illness, and revenge.

that dwarfs its neighbors in both length and emotional intensity. It plays like a novella-ballad hybrid, charting a full tragic arc from Bronx childhood to blood-streaked vengeance, delivering cinematic beats and devastating character turns with brutal pacing. The sheer weight of *Venus* shifts the gravity of the entire set, anchoring it like a stone in the gut of the reader.

SONG LIST ONE

Song List 1 serves as an introduction to our author and narrator's life, times, and struggles, where he lays bare his core values and explains his reasons for continuing the fight, despite a long list of hardships that might make anyone else quietly bow out. The overarching theme is a declaration of resilience and purpose, as the narrator insists on pressing forward, undeterred by life's challenges. *Knowing the Know* opens the set with a quiet rebellion, where the narrator rejects conventional wisdom, emphasizing the value of personal insight over external instruction. *Nevermore* delves into self-reflection and a powerful declaration of change, where the narrator vows never to repeat past mistakes, marking a turning point in his journey. *Here and Now* explores the transient nature of life, urging action in the present moment, as the narrator contemplates the uncertainty of what lies ahead. *Cost of War* gives voice to the scars left by conflict—both external and internal—depicting the lingering emotional toll of war, loss, and survival. *Deep Seeded* is the fate that awaits the man who turns away from his dreams for the known, a bleak portrait of a life spent in routine, haunted by unfulfilled aspirations and the weight of choices unmade. *Visited a Place* offers a haunting meditation on environmental destruction and personal guilt, highlighting the deep connection between the narrator and the land he's altered. *Fallen Walls* is the blueprint that power uses to stay in control, offering a way to resist and break free from the treadmill that life has placed before the narrator, a call to dismantle systems of division and reclaim autonomy. As for *Me* understands that in making choices, sacrifices must be weighed and some things will inevitably be lost, yet the narrator accepts this cost as part of the process of growth and self-definition. *Singer Songwriter* shows that the choice to fight has been made, with the narrator fully conscious of the role he must play, even when it's not always a pleasant one. *Gift* is the talent the narrator recognizes as his own, summoned to use it for the greater good—unlocking potential for positive change rather than personal gain. As the author has written in *Monetization* (Set List 1), some poor fool has got to take the musket ball for society at large, and the narrator aims to take that hit—direct and deliberate, aiming for the chest—to make a difference.

SONG LIST TWO

Song List 2 is not only a journey through heartbreak with others but also a failed quest for love with oneself—an unshakable reckoning with the self that leaves no room for denial or escape. *Dead End*, originally framed as advice to another, is actually a warning to the self—a mirror monologue where the narrator pleads with his past or future self to change course before it's too late. *Alison's Airplane* is a thinly veiled metaphor for *Alcoholics Anonymous*, where the author sits in the church basement reading slogans on the wall, grasping for something larger than himself to keep from sinking again. *Warmer Waters* maps a search for transcendence that spirals into addiction, betrayal, and disillusionment, until the narrator finally confronts himself in the mirror. *The Light or the White* pushes that reckoning further, casting “light” as clarity, purpose, or recovery, and “white” as cocaine—forcing a brutal choice between salvation and self-destruction. She paints a devastating portrait of a woman crushed by patriarchy and circumstance—her horses chained, her fate sealed, her soul never quite freed. *Curves of Sorrow* captures a man frozen in the amber of his own despair, staring into the bottom of a bottle while imagining a life he'll never live. *Let Down* reveals the wolf in sheep's clothing—betrayal disguised as love—where faded jeans and a pretty smile mask manipulation and heartbreak. *Table for Two* captures the ache of long-distance love, born from the author's real-life experience Skyping a woman in Denmark—close in heart, but oceans apart—as routine phone calls became lifelines and rituals replaced physical presence. *Bottom of the Lake* is where the narrator ends up—literally and metaphorically—tied to a symbolic boulder, declaring that even drowning is lighter than carrying the weight of a toxic relationship. *Trash Can* offers a funeral for a failed love, the narrator burning every remnant in a trash can in a final, desperate purge. *Sandcastles* sums up the futility of building anything lasting on unstable ground, watching wave after wave wash away illusions of permanence. And *You Can Never Run Away From Yourself* closes the set with a stark truth: no matter how far you try to escape, your own shadow and past will always catch up to you. These raw, unvarnished confessions aren't meant to soothe but to forge connection through shared struggle and survival.

SONG LIST THREE

Song List 3 – September 11th and your name's about to be on a God Damn monument... A wave of remembrance crashes over you, as your life's journey unfolds not as a movie, but as a series of felt songs. You remember how you once searched for love in all the wrong places, but "Looking for Love" now reminds you how far you've come. Slowly, through the years, you've learned that imperfections weren't obstacles — they were blessings, as "Perfect Imperfections" reveals. The mistakes, the struggles, and the pain have all shaped you into the person you are today. As "Carry Me" plays, you reflect on the faith you found in the darkest moments. You understand now that peace doesn't come from avoiding the storm, but from standing strong in it, just as "Oasis" reminds you. "End of the Road" signals that you've completed your journey, and every trial, every victory, has brought you here — to this moment of clarity. A photograph of a deer, shot with YOUR camera and not your gun, symbolizes your choice to spare life instead of taking it in "Right Between the Eyes" where you face the truth of your actions — choosing mercy over violence, peace over destruction. Just as you let the deer live, you realize you must accept your fate with your head held high — so sorry for you but God gave you the gun! Your friends and family, genuinely mourning your death, will act as your lasting photograph — the real and unfiltered mark of your life, a living tribute to the love and goodness you left behind you. Yeah, that's a god damn monument! As "It Is Your Turn" fades, you see that your life wasn't wasted. It was a testament to growth, redemption, and the strength to rise above. You've earned your peace, and you're ready to meet your maker with pride. You will be remembered not for your mistakes, but for your unwavering faith and moral courage. You've made it, and now, knowing you lived a life worth living, you proceeded in upholding that high standard until you no longer had breath to do so.

SONG LIST FOUR

Song list 4 opens with the haunting image of wandering souls from past lives, yearning for their place in the afterlife or some other realm. Their restless energy fills the air, echoing with a longing for belonging, but they are uncertain, trapped in a state of broken dreams and unresolved destinies. This ethereal, liminal space reflects the narrator's own turmoil—he finds himself amidst these same wandering spirits, lost in that landscape of uncertainty and broken aspirations. The weight of unfulfilled desires and lost purpose hangs over him, as he struggles to reconcile his own path with the mysteries of the universe. In the first half of the song list, the narrator navigates this inner chaos. With tracks like Fallen Clouds and Stranded, we feel the isolation and the sinking weight of his emotional struggles, mirroring the lost souls he sees. The music paints a picture of a life adrift, untethered, without clear direction. Coming of Fall tells the story of one of these last souls, wandering aimlessly, allowing the narrator to see what awaits him if he fails in his quest for purpose and redemption. Yet, as the album progresses, the tone shifts. Breaking the Chains shows that your inner weakness is not something to be outrun—you must face it. And sometimes a soul is forced to choose. And sometimes that figure chooses wrong. One Slip of the Knife explores that moment of darkness and irreversible action, when a person falters at the edge of despair. It captures the thin line between survival and surrender, and the pain of a choice that cannot be undone. Overrated realizes that only one person can actually be the best—and you probably ain't the guy (or gal). But that's not the point. Looking at your life through different lenses as you age and come to stand on different ground—coming to terms with some failures—is key to healthy growth, maturing, and the natural cycle of things. Once you can look yourself in the mirror and not hate what you see, you give yourself a chance. That's when Maybe Someday could actually be today. And when you live in the present—that's when you can shape your future. By the end of the set, with songs like First Place, Sleepwalkers, and Concrete People, the narrator moves from despair to realization. He confronts the bleak landscape of his inner world, deciding that he's no longer a prisoner of his circumstances. There's an awakening—a recognition that, although the past may never be fully shed, the future is his to shape. And in Fight for Peace, he takes a stand, offering not just resolution but a call to collective transformation, pushing past personal pain and toward global change.

SONG LIST FIVE

Song List 5 opens with Night Out, the moment the narrator stops spinning alone in his own orbit and chooses to collide—with intention. That choice triggers an entirely new type of thinking: he goes from being a single atom to forming a bond, becoming an entirely new element, baby! And baby is exactly the right word—because choosing a partner doesn't just change you. It can create a brand new life.

This is a set about connection, and how intimacy—once feared—becomes the key to freedom. With each track, the narrator makes more active choices to shape his world. The emotional isolation that defined the earlier set lists begins to dissolve. Vulnerability becomes a source of strength, not risk.

Worth the Wait and In the Pouring Rain shimmer with devotion, while Tonight's Moonlight offers a moment of cosmic stillness, where love and nature exist in perfect balance. Fresco captures the act of seeing someone so clearly that it redefines not just your past, but your very sense of self.

Tracks like In the Pouring Rain, Tonight's Moonlight, and Fresco stand among the finest examples of the love song genre—timeless compositions that tap into something eternal. They're the ones that make the girls cry, the guys shut up and feel, and the whole world pause for a second to remember what it means to be held, as a better part of this album gives the listener that warm huggy feeling.

SONG LIST SIX

Song List 6 unfolds as an emotional journey that lets the listener witness the breakdown of love and self, positioned as the opposite axis to Song List 5. Song List 5 was one giant love song while this is an unlove, an anti-love, a no love song. It's a stark antithesis to the traditional love song, where love is not an uplifting force but a source of pain, loss, and self-reckoning. Every song strips away the idealized version of romantic connection, revealing instead the fear, betrayal, and inevitable endings that come with it. Come For a Ride captures the gut-wrenching moment of knowing you have to leave someone behind, while Where I Am From is the one act where you get to steal love away as a traveler finds you. Yet in this play, happiness is short-lived, as what seemed to be happy was just sadness well-veiled. The track following, How Can You, explores the guilt and confusion of the emotional aftermath. Breaking Her Heart dives deeper into the struggle of loving someone without being able to give all of yourself, and The Nature of Man takes this further, portraying man as the serpent—the symbol of primal desires and self-destructive actions. Throughout the set, the themes of abandonment, betrayal, and self-exile persist, with the traveler unable to outrun the weight of their past. Even when they attempt to leave, they carry with them the ghosts of what they've lost. Each song questions the true nature of love, challenging the listener to consider whether love is an act of salvation or a doomed cycle of emotional turmoil. In this set, love's promise is hollow, and the journey is less about finding peace than it is about coming to terms with the inevitable pain that comes from loving and losing.

SONG LIST SEVEN

Song List 7 is an emotional warzone, where love and its dark opposite, unlove, battle for dominance, each song pulling you deeper into the chaos. The set begins with a hopeful note, exemplified by tracks like Unity and Matchmaker, which highlight the desire for connection and the potential for lasting love. These songs reflect a yearning for togetherness, where the possibility of a shared future is still within reach. However, the set quickly shifts to regretful tracks like Frames and Used to Be, where the narrator reflects on what was lost or could have been, filled with missed opportunities, mistakes, and lingering pain. Blessing in Disguise and Little Bird introduce a bittersweet tone, finding silver linings in pain or deceit, though the happiness they promise feels fleeting and tinged with sorrow. As the set unfolds, Train represents a failure of love, capturing the abandonment and disappointment when promises aren't kept, and hope fades away. Tracks like Water Flesh and Bone and Train embody uncertainty, where the emotional fatigue and abandonment create an ambiguous atmosphere, leaving the listener questioning whether the relationship should end or continue. Half Full embodies the struggle of being an optimist when realism might be the better option, yet the narrator resists accepting that truth, hoping to hold on to a more idealistic view of love. Untitled Unlabeled represents the pinnacle of pure feeling for someone, the top of the mountain in terms of emotional devotion, and an idealistic, almost unattainable connection. These songs explore the difficult decision to embrace change and move forward, even if that means letting go. Finally, Dust to Dust and Trying Times capture the disillusioned aspect of love, as the characters come to terms with the impermanence of relationships and emotional struggles. These songs reflect the exhaustion of trying, the realization that love can't always withstand the forces of time and circumstance. Throughout Set List 7, the listener is taken on a journey of heartbreak, growth, and introspection, with each track offering a different emotional ending. The set portrays love's potential to heal and hurt, to bring hope and despair, and to renew or fade away.

SONG LIST EIGHT

Song List 8 is the testament to the statement our friend to the pen made when he said upon discovering the LadyWeaver channel on YouTube nearly two decades ago, "You're the one, I'm not sure exactly what that means.... but we are gonna find out!" Every single track is drenched in the profound influence of LadyWeaver—The ONE, known by many names: John Lennon Woman, Denmarkies, A, Dell, Mom, Daughter, Friend, and Sister. She is the muse, the heartbeat behind each word, each note, and each moment of this set. “Stars” throws conventional wisdom out the door and questions the true nature of family, suggesting that wisdom is not found in written scrolls, but in the souls we meet. “Hall of Fame” is how everyone would feel if they knew LadyWeaver like I knew her—she sang “May We” to me live three different times ;) It stands as an anthem to greatness, where the echoes of legends reverberate in the actions of the ordinary. “Ripples” is Denmark girl sharing her gifts with us in the name of pure things rather than being a commercial sellout. It explores the lasting impact of love, as the waves of kindness continue long after the moment has passed. “Stranger...Then Fiction” is the writer creating his and his lady's perfect storybook ending, turning a stranger into a lover, with a surreal, otherworldly connection. “First Class” was written on a plane to Denmark, in the spirit of The Beatles' “Back in the USSR,” challenging societal expectations and celebrating those who live outside the spotlight but possess undeniable greatness. “Next in Line” is self-explanatory—Wink. “Gypsy Mama” is our second installment of happy endings, written especially for him and her. It recounts a fateful encounter, a chance meeting that turns into a deep, decade-long connection, driven by fate. “Michelangelo and Marble” is a love letter where she is the teacher, and I’m the student, but then suddenly I’m the block of rock, and she’s got the chisel, shaping the soul or maybe she's the beautiful statue, I'm still not sure. “All in Good Time” delivers the wisdom that growth and healing happen at the right moment, while “Beauties and Beasts” delves into the balance between inner beauty and the struggles of life. “Sunlight” is LadyWeaver’s plight—wanting to be a normal person but blessed with such an abundance of talent yet flaws and imperfections to match. She was an angel who had a demon as well. I just wanted the world to see this flower of a human and wanted the light side to prevail over the darkness. I wrote this in 13 minutes, the entire piece word for word, after a 3-hour video chat with A. The set closes with “What I’ll Do,” a quiet but powerful promise of unwavering devotion. This entire collection is a deep, unapologetic love letter to LadyWeaver, the force that drives every song, every lyric, and every feeling. She isn’t just a muse—she is the story, the heart, and the reason for everything.

SONG LIST NINE

Song List 9 finds our wandering dreamer in the midst of a life-transforming journey, smack dab in the middle of his quest through a strange land. He will soon be at a crossroads, faced with a path that could lead to love, fame, and success or a dark journey of addiction, loss, and shattered dreams. His heart is guiding him, it will be the compass that sends him on the way! “Fourth Chakra” opens the door to a man waking up in a foreign bed, in a place that feels nothing like home yet beyond language, location, or even color (“Color of Love”), the wandering dreamer embraces the ideal that love is all that matters when you find someone who reminds you of the divine. This revelation sends him forward, fueling his journey with newfound clarity. “Flow” encourages him to surround himself with people who share his aspirations, while “Thunderstorms” reminds him that obstacles will arise, yet perseverance remains the key. “Golden Archer” calls for precision and purpose, urging him to make every shot count because his arrows are limited. “Sure Shore” acknowledges that he is at the precipice, with the world at his fingertips, yet he must not go down in self-defeat. He must give this moment its proper due and diligence before making the leap into the unknown. “Smell the Flowers” teaches him to savor each fleeting moment and not let opportunity pass by. “Summer’s the Time” reminds him of the simple joys of life and how precious it all is when time is fleeting—Summer is the time for GLORY!! The question lingers: which path will he choose? Which path will choose him? Will he embrace the love that awaits him? Will he find fame, success, and his own inner peace, or will he stumble, entangled in the darkness of addiction and dreams left unfulfilled? Only time will reveal what’s next.

SONG LIST TEN

Song List 10 seems to trace the emotional evolution of a character (likely a stand-in for the "wandering dreamer") through different stages of reflection, pain, and growth. The songs vary in scope—from deeply personal songs of loss and self-doubt like Snowflakes (which hints at a potential suicide on a snowy night) and Old Eli (a Southern slave hymn sung by the darkies), to broader societal and existential critiques like Pennywise (caring deeply about the less important while squandering the most significant things) and Broken Mirror (where the protagonist's view of a particular person or subject is tossed on its head, causing a seismic shift in their belief system). The protagonist seems to be grappling with the tension between pursuing personal freedom and the inevitable consequences of such pursuits—whether it's dealing with the burdens of history (Harry Patch), confronting inner demons (Pennywise), or seeking personal redemption (Leaving Your Roots). The progression from Snowflakes to Julia's Garden suggests a journey through self-doubt, chaos, and disillusionment toward a kind of hopeful sanctuary—a garden that symbolizes peace, acceptance, and a sense of meaning. Despite the brokenness and turbulence in the middle, as represented in Broken Mirror and House of Shattered Glass, the protagonist finds themselves constantly moving toward something more profound. The songs evoke a mixture of melancholy and hope, underscoring the ups and downs of life as the wandering dreamer seeks a sense of direction. In short, the author seems to be exploring the complexities of the human condition: the struggle between internal desires and external forces, the search for meaning, and the inevitable tension between love, loss, and the passage of time. Yeah, either that or all these are just the leftovers from the fridge going into some god-awful mystery stew just so you can say you cleaned out the old so you can get in with the new! That could be it, too...

collaborhythm collabtunes

ONE SENTENCE SET & SONG LIST SUMMARIES:

Set List 1: This set is about a person going through a tough time, feeling lost in the world and struggling with trust, addiction, and guilt. It's raw, urgent, and really paints a picture of someone trying to figure out what's real in a chaotic world.

Set List 2: Here, the main character fights back against unfair systems and a world that feels numb. The songs use powerful language to speak out against injustice and point out what's wrong with society.

Set List 3: This one explores feelings of confusion, longing, and self-doubt. The songs are about trying to figure out who you are, especially when life feels like a mix of good times and bad choices.

Set List 4: In this set, the lyrics dive into the pain of lost love, addiction, and the hope that maybe things can get better. It's a lot about facing your past and looking for a way to heal.

Set List 5: This set is a mix of bold and funny songs that talk about sex, ego, and the crazy things people do to feel important. But under the humor, there's a deep sadness and struggle people don't see.

Set List 6: A bit beat-up and tired, this set looks at what it's like to keep going when life is hard. It's about survival, feeling worn out, but still holding on to something real.

Set List 7: These songs deal with grief, trauma, and how the world feels like it's falling apart. It's about confronting harsh realities and finding a way through the pain.

Set List 8: This set focuses on searching for who you really are, feeling lost, and trying to make sense of your thoughts. It's like trying to find calm in a noisy world.

Set List 9: Here, the songs are about standing up for what you believe in. They're about finding meaning in your daily life, your work, and the people around you, all while staying true to yourself.

Set List 10: This one takes on politics, media, and the world's power structures. The songs criticize the lies and manipulation people face from those in charge.

Set List 11: This set uses dark humor and emotion to tell the story of someone who's seen a lot of bad things and isn't sure they care anymore. It's about surviving even when you're not sure what's worth it.

Set List 12: The songs here explore love, heartbreak, and the messiness of relationships. It's about surviving the wreckage of love and figuring out how to move on.

Set List 13: This one calls out political corruption and greed. The songs are a warning about how society's systems are broken and the truth is being buried.

Set List 14: A more dreamy and hopeful set, it focuses on love, creativity, and the connections we make. The songs show how being open and vulnerable can be an act of rebellion.

Set List 15: This set is a confrontation with personal chaos and everything wrong with society. It's about facing up to dysfunction and calling for awareness and change.

Set List 16: These songs deal with belief, self-deception, and what's real. It's about questioning everything you thought you knew and looking for something true.

Set List 17: A mix of dark humor and raw confession, this set dives into modern life's absurdities. It's about dealing with the contradictions of the world in a funny yet painful way.

Set List 18: The mood here is dark and heavy, dealing with grief and isolation. The songs are about a person coming to terms with their sadness, feeling like there's no way out.

Set List 19: This set explores love at all costs, from the highs of connection to the pain of inevitable loss. It's about trying to hold on to love even when you know it won't last forever.

Set List 20: The songs here are about the emptiness people feel and how the world can seem fake. It's a critique of modern life, but also a way of trying to find a sense of rebellion against it.

Set List 21: This set feels like a strange, emotional dream. The songs blend humor, memory, and pain, showing how confusing and unpredictable life can be.

Song List 1: This set of songs talks about the darker parts of life, like struggling with who you are and dealing with painful situations. The music shows the fight to survive while being torn apart inside.

Song List 2: Songs here deal with the aftermath of loss, dealing with sadness and the chance of getting back to who you were. There's pain but also hope that healing is possible.

Song List 3: Rage and confusion fill this set, as the songs explore everything from personal struggles to trying to figure out what's real. It's a mix of hurt and strength.

Song List 4: This set is all about broken love and the damage done by addiction. The songs feel like raw confessions of a person trying to find their way back from the mess they've made.

Song List 5: Here, you get a brutally honest look at life, using humor to point out the weirdness and sadness of the world. It's about seeing through the bullshit.

Song List 6: Songs in this set reflect on memories, identity, and the pain of trying to accept yourself. There's a quiet search for meaning behind all the confusion.

Song List 7: A lot of these songs deal with what happens after something bad happens. They're about trauma, survival, and figuring out how to keep going even when things are falling apart.

Song List 8: The songs here dig into self-doubt and ambition, with a strong focus on the fight for truth. It's all about searching for a way to rise above confusion and despair.

Song List 9: These songs are tough and real, speaking about love, power, and the emptiness people often feel. There's a lot of critique about modern relationships and the struggles of staying connected.

Song List 10: A heavy, dark set, these songs focus on isolation, guilt, and how the world feels broken. Each track reflects a search for meaning in a world that's hard to understand.

MY LYRICS ARE LIKE:
me and chatgpt discuss

1. Bob Dylan

You name him as an influence—and it shows. Like Dylan, you use vivid, layered imagery, social and political critique, irony, and poetic phrasing. Songs like "Monetization", "Paradigm", and "Puzzle Pieces" echo Dylan's ability to critique systems while keeping things lyrical.

COLLABORHYTHM SAYS: Masters of War, Like a Rolling Stone, Isis, Tangled up in Blues, Ballad of a Thin Man, Silvio are all my favorite of fav's! I would say that Bob Dylan and the Who and Eric Burdon are my most wanna be like. Add in Pearl Jam, Steven Lynch and Trevor Moore and Warren Z, Ice Cube and Weird Al as my most respected artists. Beatles too,

2. Lou Reed

Your blunt honesty, street-level realism, and themes of addiction ("Climbing the Ladder", "Something In My Genes", "Rehab") echo Reed's gritty, observational songwriting style (see: Heroin, Street Hassle).

COLLABORHYTHM SAYS: Lou Reed had some good hits but what gets me are the plays he does like Magic and Loss maybe my favorite album ever. And the Andy Warhol one is great. A little like Elton, there's a lot of crap to FF through to get to the good stuff!

3. Leonard Cohen

You explore deep existential and spiritual questions in songs like "Let Me In", "Watcher", "Rest In Peace". The poetic depth, sorrowful hope, and spiritual ache is very Cohen-esque.

COLLABORHYTHM SAYS: People on YouTube used to say I write like Leonard. It took me another decade or so to find out what a compliment that is! If there was one person I wish I saw live it would most likely be him. The only artist in my memory who actually sounds better the older they get. I don't particularly care for young Leo for some reason. Dude has a poet's soul and my deep admiration.

4. Tom Waits

Dark humor, pain, surreal scenes, down-and-out characters—you've got that in spades. "Empty Bottle", "Downward Spiral", and "Rat Park" would feel right at home next to Tom Traubert's Blues or God's Away On Business.

COLLABORHYTHM SAYS: You could give me a billion dollars to tell me something about TW and the only thing I think I know is that Joker modelled his voice after him. I have a lot of people on my list of will get to if I don't die early. He's there.

5. Warren Zevon

You're ironic, literate, self-aware, and funny in a bleak way ("Time Bomb", "One Night Stan", "Let Me Live the Dream"). Zevon would admire your gallows humor and moral subtext.

COLLABORHYTHM SAYS: I was 40-something when I realized Warren Z is the other guy I really, really, really, really, really wished I got to see. He is as competent song writer as I have ever heard and I know everything he's done that you can find on Tube! He will choose a phrase that has no business being the repeating verse of a song and sung over and over and yet he'll do it and make it work flawlessly. And his song ideas no know bounds ;) That was a test! Dude knew he only had X amount of time left and he lived a fucking Lou Reed album for christsakes! And then he recorded it as he lived it. Legend!

6. Patti Smith

Your poetic language with revolutionary spirit ("Status Quo Woes", "Violence Is Their Solution") resembles Smith's lyrical rebellion and raw honesty, blending art with resistance.

COLLABORHYTHM SAYS: Hold on I have to check Youtube for a refresher.... Ok powerful, almost like a female Leonard C. I'd say I'm in the ballpark or I'd have found a few for her... CRY ME A RIVER, MATCHES TO BURN or ON THE ROCKS.

7. Eminem

Your confessional intensity, rapid-fire phrasing, self-loathing, and wit (especially in your more aggressive pieces like "Mic Drop", "Climbing the Ladder", "Have Not") echo Eminem's emotional outpouring and lyrical dexterity.

COLLABORHYTHM SAYS: Dude's better than me for sure. But we would be friends, for sure and it would have been fun to have done something together. I never deep dove into MM. I never listened to an album and only know the bangers. I'm sure the more you explore the more he's the MF of MFs.

8. Kurt Cobain

You tap into alienation, mental anguish, and existential dread, especially in songs like "Daylight Again", "Entirely", and "Hideaway". Your lines often have that cryptic yet punchy despair that made Cobain a generational voice.

COLLABORHYTHM SAYS: I did all the drugs except pills and injectables. Sure, with heroin I could have written some bangers but I'd be 15 years cold, myself. I would not do well having to portray a rock star image or if everybody knew who I was. John had Yoko, Kurt had Hole. I tried to be with LadyWeaver and that went about as well as Chapman and the shotgun, respectively. I'm an Eddie Ved guy not a Kurt guy.

9. Bruce Springsteen

There's working-class pain, broken dreams, and longing for escape in many of your songs ("Let Me Live the Dream", "Alcohol", "Old Friends", "Rest In Peace"). Like Bruce, you balance storytelling with social realism.

COLLABORHYTHM SAYS: I only know the mega boss hits. I respect the professionalism, and he seems to really respect the fans and he tries to carry himself well. Definitely a role model unlike myself, haha. I use Bruce as a comparison in the sense that me and him have a huge catalog of songs or in my case lyrics wanting to be songs. Anyways, I always wondered which one of my songs would end up having the cultural impact the BORN IN THE USA, or some of his popular titles had in the sense of which one of my songs, if any, has smash success? I know the potential is there somewhere with the right collection of individuals and talent working for that goal and if it happens I am eager to see which ones really get people going.

10. Johnny Cash

Songs like "Rehab", "Downward Spiral", and "My Best Friends" have the repentant outlaw voice—gritty, stripped down, full of raw emotion and darkness—much like Cash in his American Recordings era.

COLLABORHYTHM SAYS: JC might be the only country singer in the entire world that I can say YES on. I'm actually allergic to country music according to my psychiatrist. Much of my lyrics could be 'twanged' to go south although I rhyme like a Northerner with a Boston accent which might actually mean some sounds only rhyme if sung off Confederate soil!!!! hahahahaha ;)

FINAL THOUGHTS:

My art used to define my soul and my entire chain of being. A song-writing lyricist was my title one-hundred percent of the time for almost twenty-years. Passion was the fuel to my engine and I was always big game hunting. I risked everything to touch, reach or achieve greatness on several levels of my life. However, I over-extended myself in several major areas while completely disregarding many common things that people love and find meaning in. I got too tunnel-visioned and became either consumed by something or else completely noncaring for it with little midground or balance. Then I discovered that I wanted something more than I ever wanted anything else and I did my best to get it but was naive and too flawed to achieve my dream. Hence now lacking passion, I fizzled into obscurity for over a decade (almost two!) and have only recently found my desires to become something and want something, ANYTHING, have just begun to root again... After being scared of a variety of facets of life I am now forced to face the fact that NOW is the time I have to make something happen or else I'm truly going to disappoint everyone who ever put anything into me. Don't be gross! ;)

Basically, this the point where I finish the story... How is the book gonna end? My up and down life has had so many lessons to learn and I've tried my best to be honest about damn near all of it. So much so that even with my countless failures I offer my fuck-ups as a learning experience so that listeners and readers can fail forward or skip the failing step completely and just sidestep this shit when it comes their way. Like Chael Sonnen never had a single drop of alcohol EVER! No wonder he never lost a round. If you are on the fence and you see that I have 25 songs/poems about alcohol and only 2 of them end up positive experiences then maybe you can be like Chael just because you trust me on that knowing that I was right about politics and history and not love. :)

Luckily, my arc still has room for redemption and rise! I met my hero once and I learned why they say never meet your heroes! SO LET ME BE CLEAR HERE: I am a 47-year-old dude who used to be Goddamn great at writing shit down. For a twenty-year period I surrounded myself with some of the most inspiring characters the Earth has ever held. I threw myself at love like a crash test dummy full speed knowing full well the consequences. I thought it made my art great and I really had feelings for these muses. I accepted the risks and made sure that no matter how deep my feelings got it had to be 100-percent safe for them. No matter what happened I had to be the one to implode NEVER explode!. That's the problem – when unstable people get their feelings too deep that they can't ever find a way to release... that's when some tragic results can occur...

So I've been smoking pot for the last ten-to-twenty-years to keep a crutch for myself. And a cat. I always have a bong and a cat! My point is that somebody's art and their character can be linked but not necessarily so be careful before you make final judgements on people before knowing ALL the facts. For instance, I have 12 hours of deep content available – 5 hours of me narrating and singing my shitty voice haha. YOU DON'T FUCKING KNOW ME! Maybe there's a reason I've stayed hidden for the last 15 years even with all these fun rhymes! Haha.

Ok, I'm being too hard on myself. Don't be that scared! Yes, I'm flawed. However, I am redeemable. And I am trying... I have a hard time letting people in sometimes. I'm not the same guy now that wrote a bunch of inspiring shit when I was 20, haha. My best friend died. The muse is cold. I've chosen to stay in on the last 900 Saturday nights give or take! But if YOU ARE READING THIS then it means I made it farther than I thought I would. But shit, seriously... I got a big book of rhymes – there's a world full of sad and mad people who would relate to a lot of the shit I write about and I need a Goddamn job! So what the hell are we both waiting for?

Thank you for your time. Hope you enjoyed the 37-page index and afterward! THAT'S HOW I ROLL. Until Next Time... Donny Dumphy PEACE OUT!

Love,
Tom