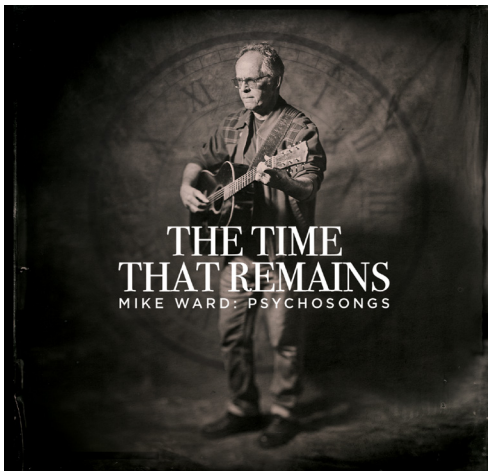




Welcome Home
MIKE WARD: PSYCHOSONGS



**THE TIME
THAT REMAINS**
MIKE WARD: PSYCHOSONGS



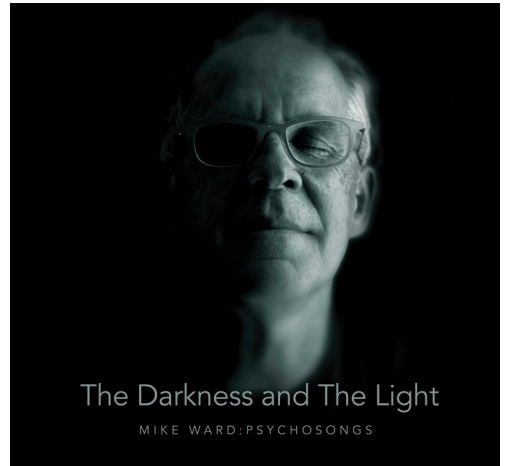
STILL TROUBLED
MIKE WARD: PSYCHOSONGS



Love Never Rests

MIKE WARD: PSYCHOSONGS

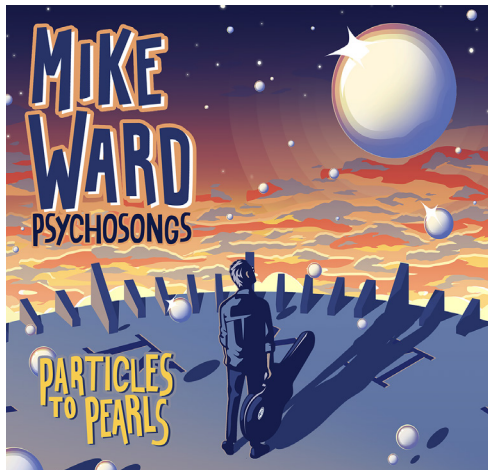
MIKE WARD: PSYCHOSONGS LYRICS



The Darkness and The Light
MIKE WARD: PSYCHOSONGS



We Wonder

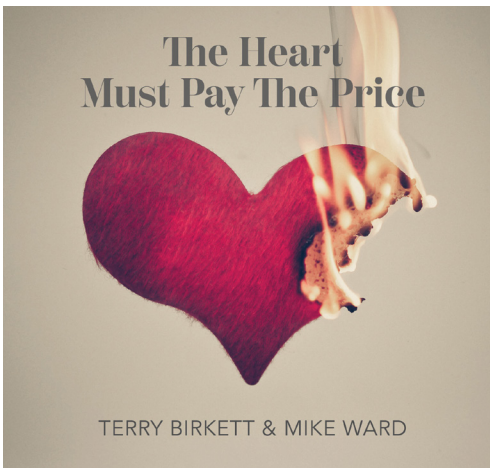


**MIKE
WARD**
PSYCHOSONGS

**PARTICLES
TO PEARLS**

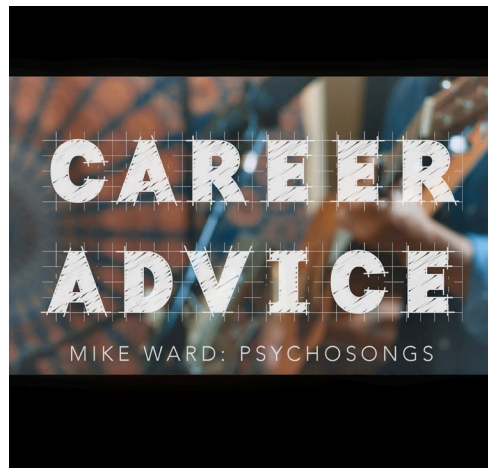


TRANSISTOR DREAMS
MIKE WARD: PSYCHOSONGS



**The Heart
Must Pay The Price**

TERRY BIRKETT & MIKE WARD



**CAREER
ADVICE**

MIKE WARD: PSYCHOSONGS



HAVE IT NEXT

MICHIGAN MUSIC RESISTANCE
FEATURING MIKE WARD

WE WONDER

You began you life before you began to swim
But remember the water was there before you
So don't abuse, use it in the right way
Games are here to play tomorrow and today
But remember not to cheat
Before the day goes by, you're bound to get beat

And you wonder about the wind
Will it ever blow your way again
and as your hair grows thin and you commit your sins
you walk your life on needles and pins
You wonder, yes you wonder

I tend to see the humor in things other people don't
and I have this life all to my own
still don't know what it takes to be alone
An old man's story of a young man's dream
is about the saddest thing I've ever seen
It's about the saddest thing I've ever seen

And you wonder will it ever be the same
Will the days be long and hot or cold again
and as your teeth fall out and you try to shout
but your voice gets cracked by a meaningless doubt
You wonder. Yes you wonder

Fourth of July and every girl and guy is dancing in the streets
Ain't nobody home,
Nobody gonna work, nobody gonna roam
Life is rough and life is tough
Life just isn't long enough
But remember we all get along
And someday lord, we'll all be gone

And you wonder about the dead
Are we what we were or what we said
And as we crumble up and we stumble down
and nobody cares if we make a sound
We wonder yes we wonder

Mike Ward- Lead Vocals and Acoustic Guitar
Lucy Little - Violin and Harmony

THE OTHER SIDE

I was 6 or 7. don't quite know which.
We were on the Canadian side of the blue water bridge
My dad took us there to fish and swim and sail
we a big black boat named after a great white whale

At the end of the day everyone ran to the 57 Ford
A station wagon big enough for the family Ward
8 kids two adults. Counting noses added up to 10
so my dad started the car and off they went

They left without me I was still on the other side
To this day I can't recall if I even cried
Got some sympathy out of it
A coca cola and a bag of chips
I just knew I would see them again on the other side

We were Irish Catholic but that you probably guessed
Our home was filled with lots of chaos, love and craziness
The occasional fight over church and sports. Over rights and wrongs
It was where the misunderstood and misfits could belong

Margaret went off to college... later moved to NYC
my brother jack left to study art and be who he could be
Cathy drove away to find fame in fashion designs
Chris and Tom got married, found houses with sold signs

They left without me I was still on the other side
It's not their fault they had to live their lives
Staying home wasn't all that bad
With my brother Pat living in my parents pad
It wouldn't be long before I would see them on the other side

BREAK: On the other side, sometimes I'd like some time to myself
on the other side, I'd feel some guilt over how it was I felt
When I think about it now, it's so easy to see
The cost to get to the other side... well, it ain't free

Paul was the first to go... at 16 in a car crash
Mom made it to 87 until her body just couldn't last
My sister got cancer and she lasted only 7 days
At 95 my dad just sort of slipped away

I remember days trying to make sense of all these things
A family of 10 with one bathroom, one shower and one huge ass sink
I remember that day I was left me behind
Was that a mistake or was it a sign?

They left without me I am still on the other side
I do miss them each like the day misses the night
I don't know if I believe
In things I cannot touch or see
But I do hope to see them all on the other side
Yes I do hope to be together again on the other side

Mike Ward- Lead Vocals and Acoustic Guitar
Bill Sadley - Harmonica

THE NEXT ROUNDS ON ME

whether my glass is half empty or half full.
it's sort of like a gravitational pull
liquid courage or a paralyzing potion
either way each day I get my quotient
wearing Four Roses or a Royal Crown
putting it on never lets me down

so raise a glass to me and one to you
the bartender's buyin' so I'll have two
raise a glass or two or maybe three
let's drink a toast the next round's on me

whether I'm howling at the moon at night
or all lit up in the broad daylight
the drink betrays me ounce by ounce
makes me forget what really counts
bombed on Irish car bombs smashed on sour mash
the next morning leaves me draggin' my ass

so raise a glass to me and one to you
how many fingers am I holding up, one or two?
raise a glass or two or maybe three
let's drink a toast the next round's on me

whiskey in my veins, glass shots to the heart
from Sazerac to uncle Jack, oh that's just a start
mixed and mulled with a hundred-proof habit
so drunk that I can't walk think I'll just cab it.
I am aged in barrels yet never mature
know every single solitary hangover cure

raise a glass to me and one to you
for all those empty bottles well, we've drank a few
raise a glass or two or maybe three
let's drink a toast the next round's on me
tastes sweet as baby's breath
but it's a little closer to the smell of death.

Mike Ward- Lead Vocals and Acoustic Guitar
Lucy Little - Violin and Harmony

YOU FROM ME

wore my sunglasses down below my ears
so the sun could not escape my tears
burned my eyes and felt the pain
roll it back again

now yesterday is dead and gone
and tomorrow well it seems so long away
wish I could remember the name now
it seems to escape me somehow (G)

CHORUS: and it's all inside your mind,
those restless feelings that divide...you from me

seven years is a long, long time
to hold a torch and waitin' for a sign
think I'll have another beer
it helps my mind stay clear

there was a point in life when I really needed you
but now I look at another point of view
about the time we both got tired
threw love into the fire

CHORUS

trade your heart for an old burnt shoe
cause that's about what mine was worth to you
sometimes you gotta grin and bear it
but if the shoe fits than wear it

CHORUS 2X

Mike Ward- Lead Vocals and Acoustic Guitar
Bill Sadley - Harmonica

THE SONG REMAINS

the song remains... the song remains
strained refrains and soft sustains
reaching right into our souls
with strings of steel and truth be told

through cracked, crooked voices a chorus will sing
the song remains... the song remains
they may not recall your name
the song remains, the song remains
the song remains but never the same

every song has a color, different shades, different hues
from raging red fire to the deepest darkest blues
they rise up off the sea like a sacrifice
eith stories and secrets and simple questions why

the song remains... the song remains
riding the tracks like an old freight train
it begins way back in the back of your mind
ends in a whisper sung in four-four time

remember what Robert Plant sang so many years ago
the song remains, the song remains
it's there for you to stake your claim
the song remains, the song remains
the song remains but never the same

songs of blinded broken love and witness to our times
perfectly pitched into the pitch black night
they're all around us they're everywhere we turn
they can make you feel hopeful or make us crash and burn

the song remains... the song remains
strained refrains and soft sustains
reaching right into our souls
with strings of steel and truth be told

remember what Robert Plant sang so many years ago
the song remains, the song remains
it's there for you to stake your claim
the song remains the song remains
the song remains but never the same

Mike Ward- Lead Vocals and Acoustic Guitar
Lucy Little - Violin

WAKIN'

wakin' and my bones are achin'
wakin' and I'm makin' up my mind
to leave this hurt behind and movin' on
draggin' like a broke down station wagon
draggin' and I'm baggin' up my past
into a big old pile of trash and movin' on

but at least I'm wakin' up
my eyes no longer will stay shut
this world has gone insane
where one man's loss is another man's gain
but at least I'm still wakin' up

Risin' but it's dark on the horizon
Risin' to an surprisin' ring of the bell
sayin' repent or go to hell and then movin' on
gettin' up and I grab my morning cup
gettin' up and I interrupt what might have been
as I contemplate all of life's sins then I moved on

at least I'm wakin' up
what I've learned is all messed up
I was scrounging for spare change
to get me over rough terrain
but at least I'm still wakin' up. I'm still wakin' up

lyin' and I'm in a pan fryin'
lyin' and I'm tryin' to get away
from the lost souls I met today and movin' on
in danger...from a perfect stranger
in danger ...and rearranging all I know
and these dark thoughts I can't let go to move on

but at least i'm wakin' up
I ain't rich but I ain't corrupt
I worked hard for what is mine
even if I lose every single dime
but at least I'm still wakin' up. I'm still wakin' up. Still wakin' up.

Mike Ward- Lead Vocals and Acoustic Guitar
Bill Sadley - Harmonica

STILL THE SAME

Yesterday seems long ago now I can't remember why
The things we did and the things we said
Now I'm staring at the wall tonight
Full of fear and full of fright
Wishing I were someplace else
A far away inside my mind I can hear your voice
Telling me of something close to you
But the more I hear the less I'm clear
As to exactly what it is
I'm talking to my self but it's not true

And the coldness that waits in the hall still remains
And the reason that you left is still the same

Loneliness is a funny game to play inside the mind
Its disguise is many times the same
A face that wears a laughing smile
Yet crying lonely all the while
Is reaching out to cross the pain

And when I finish this song tonight I hope to never sing again
I hope to never see you again
My eyes are shut my brain is cut
But my fingers float along
My scars just never seem to heal

And the coldness that waits in the hall still remains
And the reason that you left is still the same

I'm wishing I were far removed from this point in time
Far away from here
A snowstorm deep inside my mind
Has left me cold
And left me blind
Remembering only the tears

And the coldness that waits in the hall still remains
And the reason that you left is still the same
CHORUS I am frayed around the edges
Faded blues and blood reds
Divided as we are, with all our battle scars
I don't remember how I fell this far

Mike Ward- Lead Vocals and Acoustic Guitar
Lucy Little - Violin

I'M FORTY FIVE

I'm 45 and I ain't got no mother
I'm 45 and I ain't got no brother
I sit here with my cousin and my niece
And think how nice it would be to get a piece
I'm 45 and I ain't got no other

I'm 45 and I'm out of work
I don't believe in God and I don't believe in church
Well I'll tell you one thing and I'm on the level
Well I even sold my soul to the devil
I'm 45 and I am unemployed

I'm 45 and a hundred pounds overweight
There ain't a food in the world that I can say I hate
I sit here and I watch the clock
Well I think I might as well get crocked
I'm 45 and a hundred pounds overweight

I'm 45 and I ain't got no hair
I'm 45 and goddamn I don't even care
Well I go the barber and he say "man,
You better go to Florida and get yourself a tan"
'cause you're 45 and you aint got no hair

I'm 45 and I'm lyin' on my deathbed
With a bunch of cheese and a bottle of beer at my head
You know me and you know me well
You know, you know I'm goin' to hell
I'm 45 and I'm lyin' on my deathbed

I was 45 the day I died
My dog spot was the only one who cried
Cause I fed him every day of the year
Now he'll never get another Gainesbuger
I was 45 the day I died.

Mike Ward- Lead Vocals and Acoustic Guitar
Bill Sadley - Harmonica

THE STREAM

There's a stream running through this land of ours
A stream that flows blood red
The banks are lined with all the lives
All the truth and all the lies
And all the things that we wish we had said

I can hear at least a hundred million voices
As I travel on where life once belonged
Voices echoing honesty trampled under by society
They'd rather bury what's right than change what's wrong

And what you give today and what you take today
Can make a difference for tomorrow
We must try today before we die someday
To make something for tomorrow

From California to the New York shores
From Nicaragua to the bloody Mid East wars
Every day the names and faces change
The more they change the more they stay the same
And the stream keeps rising til it reaches your door

And what we do today and what we don't today
Can make a difference if we try
Not so long ago and not so far away
I was taught to keep asking why

There's a stream running through this land of ours
A stream that flows blood red
The banks are lined with all the lives
All the truth and all the lies
And all the things that we wish we had said
And all the things that we wish we had said

Mike Ward- Lead Vocals and Acoustic Guitar
Additional guitar, Robert Tye.
Keys and backing vocals by Julles Anna Jones.
Engineered and mastered by Mark Miller of Harvest Creative, Lansing

I'M FORTY FIVE version 2

I'm 45 and I ain't got no mother.....same as before

Mike Ward- Lead Vocals and Acoustic Guitar
Lucy Little - Violin

OUR TURN TO SHINE

I'm the last of my kind
an incandescent life from another time
Slow to turn on I won't last long
sort of like this old song

I'll be replaced by an LED
820 lumens like a new TV
Find 'em at a Lowes Home Improvement
part of the next youth movement

Energy efficient for decades to come
by the time it goes dark, I'll be gone
I'm a dinosaur made of glass and tin
take me out screw a new one in

CHORUS But for now, I'll light the way
Brighten up your every day
If only for a short time... it's still my turn to shine

I can chase away the night
I'm the perfect reading light
Whether it's an old newspaper
or an Elmore Leonard caper

When I'm done reuse my glass
and those tiny little wires of brass
Can't do much with a broken filament
when it's no longer radiant

CHORUS

BREAK: I've been flickering for a little while
I'm on my last mile
Let me illuminate your smile
before I go out of style

In the days before lamps
we'd sit around the camps
Looked to the fire for all we desired
Maybe that day will return
when all we will burn
Is ourselves in the sun

CHORUS: We'll let it light our way
Brighten up our every day
Woahhh-oo ... for the rest of time
it's our turn to shine. it's our turn to shine....

HOW SWEET YOUR DREAMS

How sweet your dreams dear, how sweet your dreams
Even though everything is coming apart at the seams
How sweet your dreams how sound your sleep
I pray the lord your soul to keep
How sweet your breaths, dear, slow, soft and warm
Calm and unaware of... the oncoming storm
How sweet your kisses, how bright your smile
I will watch over you now and all the while

CHORUS Lying next to me as darkness nears
And the weight of the world disappears
don't what I did before you came along
I just know you're the right
to this world's every wrong

How sweet your tears dear
rolling down your cheek
Tell me why you cry ... what makes you weep?
How strong your hold dear, your hold on my heart
I'll chase the nightmares hiding in the dark
CHORUS & REPEAT FIRST VERSE

WHY CAN'T THAT BE ENOUGH?

I could use a little color, can't always stand up straight
In my dilapidated charm rusted latches on my gate
I am where the pavement ends
On the coldest lake in Michigan
I am where I've always been where I always wait

Up here, you're off the grid. A little off the rails
Off to the dock with one of those India pale ales
No shaving and no showers
Staring at the stars for hours
I am the times of your life. Every breath you exhale

CHORUS I am here for you, waiting patiently
Though my fire has gone out and my edges rough to touch.
I'm a part of you and you of me
Why can't that be enough?
Why can't that be enough?

Once you fell into the marsh in your Sunday best
Later wandered in the woods alone
scared me half to death
And the time you almost burned me down
Leaving embers lying on the ground
I am your silence and your secrets always to be kept
As hard headed as the hardwood floors
never wipe your shoes
A backwoods and bare-foot life is the one
you often choose
To say that it's roughing it
Well, that doesn't quite cover it
I'm a test of your survival watching your every move

CHORUS

BREAK: You think you're building character
While my walls are falling down
You drive up every weekend
Then you turn right back around
It leaves me feeling empty
and it leaves me feeling old
Don't forget to blow my pipes out
before it gets too cold

Well, I hear you plan to knock me down
put a new one in my place
With all the comforts of your life
so you don't feel so far away
You'll work so hard to get that prize
If only you would realize
You really don't need all that much
at the end of the day

CHORUS

CONTENT

Caught a cold when I wasn't even chasin' it
Saw the light when i wasn't even facin' it
Found myself when I wasn't even lost
Built a bridge that I still have never crossed

Tried to escape without really ever leavin'
I was telling the truth while make-believin'
The harder I look at things seems the less I see
Went searching for a forest all I found was a tree

CHORUS It's a simple life in a complex world
I want what's mine and you want what's yours
But when you're all by yourself
and the money's all spent
Are you gonna leave this world completely content

CONTENT continued

Used to sit in a cube trying to think out of the box
 If I only knew more about bonds and stocks
 I'm on the fence between the future and the past
 Watching time pass slowly but I think it's gaining fast

Sometimes I wish that I had smoked more dope
 Read more books and maybe used less soap
 Gone to sleep later, planted more trees
 Learned a language to say fromage instead of cheese

REPEAT CHORUS

Whether it's a paradox or a paradigm
 A pair of twos or a pair of nines
 a full house beats three kings every single time and
 close only counts in shuffle board and land mines

Is it possible to hate the very thing you love?
 Possible to be full yet never, never get enough?
 Am i at the bottom while I'm climbing to the top
 I'm about to get going but I think its time to stop

CHORUS**IN THE LIGHT**

At times we all burn out like a torch or an old oil lamp
 Our flame extinguished, our potential left untapped

Maybe it's the stress of living or the weight of work
 How do we measure up when we don't feel our worth

We search and search for answers,
 even the slightest trace
 Something that can help us find our way
 out of this dark place

Without light what do we do?
 Without light we all have fear
 Without light our eyes, our eyes are blind
 When we cry no one sees our tears

Naked in our own truth all our selves exposed
 We try and try to make our way out of the deep shadows
 In the stark contrast between the day and night
 Every second is a battle, every minute is a fight

Without light what do we do?
 Without light we all have fear
 Without light our eyes, our eyes are blind
 When we cry no one sees our tears

Do we really understand the secrets each of us keep
 Even when those closest to us sink down so deep

Will a smile or a kind word touch a heart that's achin'?
 Is this how we can provide some illumination?

In the light we all can see In the light we all can shine
 In the light there is a ray, a ray of hope
 That can heal us all in time

MIDNIGHTVILLE

Walking round in midnightville
 The roads don't lead nowhere
 The houses have all gone dark
 Crumblin' into thin air

Walking on the cracked concrete
 the lights barely flicker above
 Wandering the red brick streets

searching for some kind of love
 I ain't looking for a touch or even a kiss
 Maybe just a little push to get me outta this

Walking round in midnightville
 the trains they rumble along
 Car by car and stop by stop
 the same old troubled song
 Walking round among these once proud hourlies
 Line after line of all the closed down factories
 I ain't asking for someone to have my back
 Maybe just a little ambition it's what some say I lack

BREAK: Hate has joined us here
 and fear rules the day
 A hollow shell now where we dwell lies in decay
 Oppressed, distressed, regressed
 all while we're wakin up
 hints and glints and tints on the side of a shakin' cup
 Hands that shake and take the stake
 out of the ground
 Hearts that break yet embrace what's going down

Walking round in this old town
 faded walls and faded lives
 Wish I could just keep walkin' and
 kiss this place goodbye

I ain't asking for tears no sympathy
 Maybe just a little hope for what's left inside of me
 I ain't looking for a touch or even a kiss
 Maybe just a little push to get me outta this
 I ain't asking for someone to have my back
 Maybe just a little ambition it's what some say I lack
 I ain't asking for tears no sympathy
 Maybe just a little hope for what's left inside of me

PIONEERS

Where would we be without pioneers?
 Standing in one place for thousands of years
 All those before us in all walks of life
 Who took on the challenge well aware of the price

CHORUS: The spirit of the dreamers
 The visionary schemers
 For those who looked out and never looked away
 You're what we wish we could be
 We'd like to see what you see
 And you're what we wish we could be

She was a teacher and she taught us all
 To look beyond our own four walls
 She was a teacher and so much more
 With the dream of a lifetime but a lifetime so short

CHORUS

BREAK: To answer the call, to risk it all
 leaps of faith some times staring death in the face
 The questioning and the uncertainty.
 Seeing only possibility

We look to the future now with tear soaked eyes
 And a pain so great it could paralyze
 Just when we think we can't go on anymore
 The spirit inside us blows open the door

CHORUS

FARTHER DOWN THE ROAD

A little farther down the road I'm on
A little farther down the way
I wish that I could see
The path in front of me
A little farther down the r-o-a-d

Youth is certainly wasted on the young
Kind of like a song that's waiting to be sung
Growin' up too damn fast
Trying to out run the past
With all the answers on the tip of our tongue

A little farther down the road I'm on
A little farther down the way
Weigh the wrong and right
The darkness and the light
A little farther down the r-o-a-d

I try to do good things because I've done some bad
Left some tears behind along this broken path
I have no bucket list
And no longer a clenched fist
Looking forward to no longer looking back

BREAK: Down the road a piece, down the road a while
One foot in front of the other, mile after mile
Down the road we move or down the road we go
With a lifetime's worth of baggage
behind us still in tow

When all the flowers have been dried and pressed
And this world has not heard my last breath
I'll look back on it all
Wishin' winter could turn back into fall
Just once more before I lay me down for my final rest

A little farther down the road I'm on
A little farther down the way
I cannot clearly see
The place where I will be
A little farther down the r-o-a-d
A little farther down the r-o-a-d
A little farther down the road

THE LINE BETWEEN US

Let's give it a rest tonight
All the yelling and screamin'... I got no appetite
I don't want to give in
To this feeling I have that'll start it all over again
Well, I'm tired of hearing it go round and round
I'm about to put my heel and toe back on the ground
It's been a long time coming but now it's true
That the line gets wider, it just gets wider
between me and you... between me and you.

Oh, thinkin' back to when we started out
When the job and mortgages were all it was about
I couldn't hold my tongue...
I could hold a drink even though our love
was on the brink
Well, we tried to find shelter in each others' arms
We did but we also did each other so much harm
Our days just run from black to blue
and the line gets wider, it just gets wider
between me and you... between me and you.

BREAK: Maybe it's the lines on the highway,
the lines on your face
where you sign your name,
the line that leaves no trace
Long lines you wait in, line items that you deduct

Then you finally realize that you fucked it up

What do we do now today
With all the broken pieces of our lives that have chipped away
What doesn't kill you just hurts instead
makes you want to take back everything you said
Well they say it's this that makes you strong
I been through it and I say that's dead wrong
Our words hurt worse than any punch we threw
And the line gets wider, it just gets wider
between me and you ... between me and you

REPEAT FIRST TWO LINES

NO WAY TO LIVE

I sleep on the sidewalk the cracks in my back
All my possessions in clear plastic sack
I got holes in my pockets and my shoes are untied
The cold's moving in and there's no place to hide

I don't ask for much I'm just lookin' for change
Years of living this life have clouded my brain
But I'm reading my book as I sit by the curb
Most people figure I'm somewhat disturbed

CHORUS Why can't turn your life around, they ask
Why can't you turn life around?
It's a question I hear every day of the year
Why can't you turn life around?

Don't judge me or think I'm just down on my luck
It's like a Catch22 that's where I'm stuck
No training to speak of, job prospects are dim
I could eat on my wages but couldn't pay rent

My skin's turned to leather, my eyes have gone dark
Can you look past it all and see deep in my heart
I used to have goals and I used to make plans
Now I sit here hoping someone gives me hand

CHORUS Why can't turn your life around, they ask
Why can't you turn life around?
It's no way to live and there's nothing to give
Why can't you turn life around?

I'm somebody's daughter, I'm somebody's son
Someone who played on your street carefree in the sun
I might've been through a war or run away from it all
Watched over your kids as they're learning to crawl

My story is told on a handwritten sign
it's the only thing left I can truly call mine
To protect me from rain I sleep under a bridge
I have no idea how far I am from the edge

CHORUS Why can't turn your life around, they ask
Why can't you turn life around?
When you're always on guard, eye contact is hard
Why can't you turn life around?

Maybe I got a will and I still have a voice
do you really think I am out here by choice
I pray to god and I hope he can hear
That I ain't in this place this time next year.

CHORUS Why can't turn your life around, they ask
Why can't you turn life around
It's no way to live and there's nothing to give
Why can't you turn life around

TIME*

Little hand's on the five...big hand's on the ten
Face we learn to recognize...to be where, by when

It can improve some wine...heal many wounds
It can fly by so fast...and be gone far too soon

CHORUS: The pendulum swings ticking time, oh time
Catches up sooner or later with no rewind
Before it's up it can wear us down
If we knew where to look could there be more to be found?

Carbon to diamonds...particles to pearls
Seeds into sequoias...astral dust into worlds

Measures of life...unwritten histories
The marching on...of seconds and centuries

CHORUS: The hourglass sands sifting time, oh time
Catches up sooner or later body and mind
Before it's up it can wear us down
If we knew where to look could there be more to be found?

Early to bed...early to rise
Forging ahead...falling behind

Can we stop the clock...re-start the ride
Take back the stolen...and keep a little on our side

CHORUS: The sun chasing shadows across time, oh time
Catches up sooner or later to yours and mine
Before it's up it can wear us down
If we knew where to look could there be more to be found?
If we knew where to look could there be more to be found?
If we knew where to look could there be more to be found?

ALL WE HAVE ARE WORDS

No hugs or high fives. No hand taking a hand.
Only what we say with our eyes across this silent span.

In times of tragedy, we said "there are no words".
Now it's all we have to comfort and reassure.

CHORUS: All we have are words, clichés and simple prayers
All we have are words, ours and theirs
To make our feelings heard, All we have are words

No fingers through hair. No slaps on the back.
Wiping away the tears. Tickling toes or riding horsey-back.

Through windows and doors. In joy and grief
Of mine and yours it's testing all we believe.
CHORUS

BREAK: Can't breathe a single one or even eat some
Be at a loss for any or be a man of few or many
Take them out of your mouth
Mince them or mark them
The ones exchanged or passed or uttered as our last
CHORUS

BROKEN

Had broken teeth and broken strings
Had no more song left to sing
On the road since seventy six
Playing mostly for drinks and tips

Drove a beat up old blue chevy van
Slept in the back on some bags of sand
From El Paso up to Estes Park
He took his time making his musical mark

CHORUS: And you could hear him sing...I can't turn water into wine
turn left when I shoulda turned right, I could turn the other cheek
Turn myself in for being weak, get the hell out of my own head
And make my peace, where I make my bed
...where I make my bed

An awkward man never got close to anyone
Lyrics told the tale of a life on the run
Fell for Rita who deserved much more
Than a tired old truck stop troubadour

Who sang Willie, Waylon and some Buck Owens
When the going got tough that's when he got goin'
Never forget the words to any song
Couldn't remember what street he lived on
CHORUS

Two packs a day, cheap case of beer
He was running out of minutes, hours and years
Found him face down his lips were frozen blue
It was his final show at the Red Horseshoe
CHORUS

BACK AGAIN

CHORUS: Look into the photographs
All the pieces of our past
Look at all the time we spent
All the days that came and went

Look into the eyes we share
Crooked teeth and greased back hair
Our faces shone so brightly then
Why can't we can't get those days back again...back again

VERSE: Who were we to ask for more?
What was the change we were hoping for?
And what did we really have to say?
Was the world gonna listen to us anyway?
CHORUS

VERSE: Polaroids. Black and white snap shots
Who made it through and who did not?
Where did it all go? Did we get anywhere?
Or are we still stuck between here and there?

BREAK: Frozen stares. A few angry glares
It was a time of innocence
Silly grins. Yeah, a few shenanigans, long gone ever since
CHORUS

IT SHOULD BE ME

Was it in a bottle or a much deeper dive?
Sleepin' it off, keepin' barely alive
Lies I told you, lies I told myself
Hopelessly lost, resistant to help

Stolen credit cards, stolen trust
All for a couple grams worth of empty rush
Glance in the mirror scars hide the guilt
Spurned every warning, burned every bridge I ever built

CHORUS: I walk each day with a stone in my shoe
A reminder of the pain I had put you through
I think of each time I let you down
It should be me...six feet in the ground
It should be me...six feet in the ground

My darkness spread like an oil spill
Demons took me in of my own free will
Yeah it should be me, gone far too soon
It should be you, sipping wine under the moon

CHORUS

BRIDGE: Where do I hide...
when there's no tears left to cry

You brought me here unconditionally
Sacrificed, fed and clothed me
I'm still here, not sure why or for how long
I'll try to make it right, undo some of my wrong
CHORUS

LET LOVE LEAD THE WAY

Want to tell my story
Don't know where to begin
Want to change my future
And the shape that I am in

The doubt and fear that grips me
I beg for its release
To gather my shortcomings
Oh and make them history

CHORUS: Oh Let love lead the way
I follow though my feet may stray
Through hurt and pain, loss and gain
Let our love... lead the way...lead the way

Open on the table
My heart and soul exposed
Weakness may have led me here
Now your strength has taken hold

You can piece me back together
Even if I'm missing parts
Wrap your love around me
Oh, til sunrise breaks the dark

CHORUS: Oh Let love lead the way
I follow til all my debts are paid
Through prayer and pain, loss and gain

Let our love lead the way... lead the way... lead the way...
lead the way

Oh, Let love lead the way
I follow on the path we've laid
Through hurt and pain, loss and gain...let our love...
Through broken hearts and false starts ...let our love
Through prayer and pain, loss and gain
Let our love lead the way

A LOT OF WORK

You're in every line and every stanza
Kind of like a love bonanza
A kissing hugging extravaganza
I could fill verse after verse
Both forward and reverse
For better or for worse
Across these 40 years
And all these changing gears
Life filled with joy and tears...

CHORUS: Our love takes a lot work
Takes a lot of work, we like the perks
A Love like ours takes a lot work

16 thousand 21 days
Since we met each other's gaze
You set my heart ablaze
Still never time enough
When push comes to shove
To show the depth of my love
I live for your touch and your glance
But apologize in advance
For the crazy way I dance...
CHORUS

Sometimes I keep you out too late
Somedays I don't communicate
On occasion I hesitate
Yeah but if I had more
I'd want to give you even more
Good thing nobody's keeping score
When we met my life was a mess
I'm so glad that you said yes
I am most certainly blessed

CHORUS: Our love takes a lot work
Takes a lot of work, we like the perks
A love like ours takes a lot work
Takes a lot of work, dinner and dessert
A love like ours takes a lot work
Takes a lot of work, takes a lot of work
A love like ours takes a lot work

LETTING GO

How did you manage to even laugh?
Cook a dinner, sing a song, teach a class?
With no protective armor or leaden shield
On this unfamiliar, family battlefield
Day after Christmas, sixty five
Mustang full of boys on a little joy ride
If you could travel back in time you'd never let him leave
Spent seventy years learning how a mother grieves

CHORUS:

Letting go getting past
No one told you how long this would last
An uphill battle, the fall back down
He was your hidden scar til the day you went home
The hole left in your heart til the day you went home

As I lay my hands on your tired feet
I'm reminded at some point we're all set free
From this aching pain life accumulates
and the knowledge you have that no one escapes
CHORUS

BREAK: You were our rock. Where did you find the will?
Defined by the details of that night so still
A family gets what a family needs, held together
by a string of rosary beads
CHORUS

WRESTLING WITH GHOSTS

Well he wakes up at night on the floor next to his bed
With a cut on his arm, and lump on his head
Blanket is wrapped and tangled around his neck
You can hear him yelling, "Boy, I'll fight you instead"

Then sometimes he swears a dog sits in his room
Breathing right on his face, in the light of the moon
Or he's battling rats, from under his sheets
Keeps him awake, fills his darkest dreams

CHORUS: He ain't ready to leave. He ain't ready to go
He's just wrestling... he's just wrestling with ghosts...
wrestling with ghosts

He puts dinner on the table for my mom and him
She doesn't answer when he calls out again and again
He makes a report, when policemen show
We have to remind him she died ten years ago
CHORUS

Nightmares so real they tore at his pounding heart
He told me dealing with loss, that's the hardest part
Haunted by death of two kids and a wife
He found comfort in letters and cards later in his life

Well at ninety five his body finally gave in
Went to be with my mom, and the rest of his kin
His stories still live, in the back of our minds
We'll hear them again on the other side

CHORUS: Still he wasn't ready to leave. He wasn't ready to go
But he's done wrestling....done wrestling
No, he wasn't ready to leave. He wasn't ready to go
But he's done wrestling....he's done wrestlingwith ghosts...
wrestling with ghosts

QUIET HERE TODAY

Fraying fabric in the wind
Inhale, exhale then again
Chirping from the wires and trees
Breaking out in purples and greens

Creaks of aging wooden floors
Carpeted footsteps in corridors
Silence breaks a siren calls
Echo on these old deaf walls

CHORUS: Sure is quiet here today
It's quiet here today
No work and no play
It's quiet here today...Sure is quiet here today

The muffled pounding of progress
Gloved and masked as we pass
Stare into deserted stores
Lapping waves on lonely shores

A ghost town is now revealed
Isolated, while we heal
Steam rises from every rooftop
The sun arrives with no time clock

CHORUS: Sure is quiet here today
It's quiet here today
At home we're gonna stay
Sure is quiet here today

Sure is quiet here today
It's quiet here today
No work and no play
Sure is quiet here today

Sure is quiet here today
It's quiet here today
We bow our heads and pray
Sure is quiet here today. It's quiet here today

NOT TODAY

She stood on the corner in the dirty melting snow
Said every day above is better than one below
She wore a tan fur coat and an almost silk black skirt
Who would argue with the wisdom of her words

Every day we learn more about who we really are
The sharpness of each cut. The dullness of each scar
Her eyes tell a story that we can't really know
Every day above is better than one below

CHORUS: We go our way...we go our way...we go about our day...
sometimes we look the other way...but not today, not today

Digging ourselves out of an avalanche
Every day we breathe is better than one we can't
And every day of firsts is better than our last
Of finding a future we're not looking past
CHORUS

Life is a burden every day we lift
The slamming of each door the pounding of each fist
The simple reason we pick our head up off the pillow
Every day above is better than one below
CHORUS X2

LET THEM BE LOVED

Let them be loved. Let them be held
Let them have feelings so completely felt

To be shown kindness. Have shoulders to lean upon
Let them find comfort today and beyond

CHORUS: Let them be loved...Let them be loved...
Ohh let them be loved

Let them keep secrets ...deeply held beliefs
To ride on the wind and tame the seas

Let them open up another one's eyes
Let them be the sunlight in someone else's sky
CHORUS:

BREAK: Let their pain be our pain
Their doubts wash away
Their burdens be lifted
And their voice be true and never sway

Let them learn lessons to let others in
To know when they get knocked down,
They can get back up again

Let them be heroes. To see the unseen
Let them help others to dream their dreams

CHORUS: Let them be loved...Let them be loved...
Ohh let them be loved
Let them be loved...Let them be loved...Ohh let them be loved

Mike Ward: Lead vocal & Acoustic guitar all tracks
Backing vocals (5,8,9,10)

David Roof: Bass or Stand up bass (1-12) Electric guitar (2,4,6,11) Piano
(1,8,10,12) Hammond organ (4,6,9)

Michael Shimmin: Percussion (1,2,4,6,11)

David Keeney: Lap Steel (3,5) Backing vocals (3)

Aaron Markovitz: Archtop guitar (7) Mandolin (7,9) Fender Jazzmaster (9)

Lucy Little: Violin (8,10,12)

Emilia Ward: Backing vocals (1,4,6,10,12)

Amy Petty: Backing vocals (2,11)

Alison & Tessa Wiercioch: Backing vocals (4,12)

Judy Brown: Backing vocals (6,7)

Kyle Rasche: Backing vocals (1)

Produced, Engineered and Mixed by David Roof

Recorded at Rooftop Recordings, Grand Blanc, MI

Mastered by Jim Kissling at Jim Kissling Mastering, Ferndale, MI

Cover Art by Dave Toennies, Ton-Yes Design, Hamtramck, MI

Music Videos by Danny Ward at Ward Films, LLC, Brooklyn NY

Much gratitude to songwriting friends who listened
and helped get these songs to their final form:

The Song Haulers, Annie Capps & Song Salon,

Songwriters Anonymous, FARM & John Gorka,

Jan Krist & Grunewald Guild Workshop, Lamb's Retreat

Michael McNevin & The Mudpuddle Group,

Paul Winfield for the #30SongsIn30Days day challenge

Lori Stratton and Jeff Milo for lending their ears

Dave Toennies for your art and insights

©2022 psychosongs

All music and lyrics by Mike Ward

*Music by Mike Ward, lyrics by Kyle Rasche & Mike Ward

THE CURRENCY OF FORGIVENESS

coffee brewed hours before she's awake
hot water saved for the shower he takes
drives with no sense of direction
sometimes accepts of a course correction

listens to the same story told a hundred times
waits patiently at the end of the line
holding doors...holding tongues
it all evens out when our days are done

CHORUS worth all you have...and nothing less
all the tears and years that you invest
there, from the moment you met
no IOU'S... no repaid debts
in the currency of forgiveness

an apology long before there's a fight
no admission of who's wrong or who's right
a halfhearted confession
from some past life indiscretion

CHORUS worth all you have...and nothing less
it's a beautiful complicated mess
will it all add up to happiness?
no IOU'S... no repaid debts
in the currency of forgiveness

It's a long haul...there's bumps in the road
It's only heavy if you don't share the load
no regrets ...big or small
always say I love you before nightfall

CHORUS worth all you have...and nothing less
life keeps you up at night but love never rests
isn't this why you both said yes
no IOU'S... no repaid debts
in the currency of forgiveness in the currency of forgiveness

FALLING NO MORE

there are falls from grace...falling stars from the sky
fall in New England...washing over your eyes
the fall that you take when you meet your hearts end
you may never recover from that one again
there are falls you barely survive
others make you feel more alive

CHORUS: we keep falling, falling and falling like rain
soaked to the bone...aching and drained
we keep falling, falling asking where, how and why
and hope that one day we will rise

falling off the wagon falling off a bike
one or the other can change your life
there are falls you see coming...falls you endure
falls where you dream of a better world
an oak falls in a lightening flash
no gettin' back up no second chance

CHORUS: we keep falling, falling and falling like rain
soaked to the bone...aching and drained
we keep falling, falling asking where, how and why
wait for the time we will rise

BRIDGE: rise up, rise up, fly and soar...rise up, rise up,
falling no more

CHORUS: no more falling, falling and falling away
peaceful. protected. Free from the pain
no more falling and falling or tears to be cried
now is the time we will rise. now is the time we will rise

I FOLLOW

I followed my sisters and brothers
I followed the temptation of others
worked hard to fit in...inside a different skin
I begged, stole and borrowed...but mostly I followed

morning mass...a heathen acolyte
heaven or hell...well, it could be either side
said all my childhood confessions
not sure now about any of those lessons

I followed...the stations of the cross
gave credit for the wins...took blame for every loss
I prayed that those wafers...were actually the savior
cheap wine was the blood I swallowed...I served and followed

cut off jeans and faded t-shirts
six packs, cigarettes.. driving round the outskirts
wasting our lives, our futures, our pasts
hoping to death that the die had not been cast

I followed the dream we were sold
could not tell the truth from lies we were told
tried to outrun...the things that I've done
just to make it through tomorrow...oh I followed

BRIDGE: to avoid detection, hide my own reflection, an acne filled
complexion, a guilt ridden erection...falling far short of perfection

now I follow the road less travelled
turn by turn the secret gets unraveled
I will follow a girl...to the ends of the earth
my soul no longer hollow...my heart I follow
oh I follow my heart I follow...oh I follow



ALL WE'RE HOPING FOR

a little bit of hope is all we're hoping for
find our way to an open door
our fingers crossed
before all is lost
a little bit of hope...is all we're hoping for

some sign of life is all we're living for
on the losing end of a lopsided score
getting hard to see
or show humanity
some sign of life is all we're living for

BRIDGE: who feels the loss?...which side will win?
will god absolve all our earthly sins?

an honest act of love is all we're longing for
unchain the prisoners of this war
free to forgive
and at last admit
an honest act of love is all we're longing for

a little bit of hope is all we're hoping for
find our way to an open door
our fingers crossed
before all is lost
a little bit of hope... is all we're hoping for

at the end of our rope
under a microscope
a little bit of hope... is all we're hoping for

LOST LOVE LETTERS

he was rootin' around in that old root cellar
looking for a bag of mail
trying to find some lost love letters crumbs left along a trail
lined paper torn from a bound notebook written in ball point pen
from me to you...words so true or was he just imaginin'

CHORUS: no it's not the one you haven't met
only the one that you can't forget
memories may fade
but a promise never made
is a promise always kept

can't go back ...can't move on no matter which way he chose
like a fragile moth to a fiery flame he was drawn to get too close

CHORUS: no it's not the one you haven't met
only the one that you can't forget
memories may fade
but a promise never made
is a promise always kept

BRIDGE: he said i love you so many times
or was it only in his wayward mind
reading in between the lines
he's still searching for a sign

maybe in the one to Paris stamped but never sent
pages that elude him now of a love that came and went

CHORUS: no it's not the one you haven't met
only the one that you can't forget
memories may fade
but a promise never made
is a promise always kept

THIS OLD LIFE GOES

today I saw my old friend tim
truth be told there wasn't much left of him
it was his face, his hands and curls of hair
but a big part of him was no longer there.

he grabbed my arm and stared into my eyes
not sure it's me that he really recognized
always took on whatever life would throw
it's just the way.... this old life goes.

CHORUS what part of us is the first to go?
brushing our teeth or touching our toes
will we still dream? or want ice cream?
be out of our mind? or just doing time?
guess it's the way the old wind blows.
guess it's just the way...this old life goes...this old life goes.

sweet grand baby squirms upon his lap
both wearing diapers and could use a little nap
no more work—the occasional sing-along
each day's the same from dusk to dawn.

CHORUS

it's not about fairness about wrong or right
so make sure you kiss your loved ones goodnight
memories get stolen with eyes opened or closed
it's just the way... this old life goes.
this old life goes...this old life goes.



THERE I WAS

there I was in Chula Vista
used my last piece of good luck
looking for a little resurrection
to get myself unstuck

it was a town of one too many
a place with no point of view
punched my ticket to the promised land
thought every word you said was true

CHORUS: seems like I'm living on the wrong side of nowhere
no roots in the ground
yeah, I'm living on the wrong side of nowhere
the lost that can't be found

left me here with empty pockets
a ring short of a wedding band
staring at the wreckage all around me
'bout to make my last stand

CHORUS: Seems like I'm living on the wrong side of nowhere
no roots in the ground
yeah, I'm living on the wrong side of nowhere
the lost that can't be found

BRIDGE: did you get what you wanted
did you mean to set me free
your escape route just wasn't
always clear to me.

not sure where I go from here
what I am looking for
will I even recognize it
If it walked right through the door

CHORUS: I'm tired of living on the wrong side of nowhere
putting my roots in the ground
no more living on the wrong side of nowhere
the lost that's been found
I was lost but now I'm found

COMPACT LIFE

got a compact car...whole lot easier to park
fits in those hard to fit spaces
never a part of street drag races
driving next to an SUV well, I feel a little puny
good on gas near and far...i got a compact car

got a compact build...five foot five still strong willed
as a kid, I was sorta stocky
bad for hoops good for hockey
wished i was tall and thin...and maybe a bit more significant
no fashion sense no frills...I got a compact build

BRIDGE: but I'm expanding my heart
stretching out my soul
letting my spirit span this entire earthly globe
ain't gonna let this moment go

got a compact disc...all it took was to take a few risks
folks who believed in me
all my friends, my extended family
got no vinyl or cassettes...nor many financial assets
can anyone still play this?...I got a compact disc

got compact life...some of you may wonder why
downsized a few years ago
here's what I've got to show
a smaller carbon footprint...a 42 year sacrament.
still makes me feel so alive...I got a compact life

I got a compact life, oh yeah
I got a compact life with a compact car and a compact build
I got a compact life with a compact disc in a compact world
I got a compact life
a compact home, compact wife...I love my compact life

SMILE

we always seemed so young...til suddenly we were not
brothers, sisters, mom and dad...the whole big lot
as we scattered then gathered together back again
preparing ourselves for our second wind

we remember all hands folded ready to say grace
each and every one of us is in our narrow little place
never let on there's a loose tooth on the edge of your gums
'cause that dentist's work, well, it's never done

CHORUS: smile, it's what we all got from him
smile for the camera and let it smile back again
smile for the slides and the prints and the film
it's how we'll remember him

there were ten of us at one time- now we're down to six
brand new additions add life into the mix
face forward for the portrait we hear the camera click.
deep in hearts we hear life's clock tock tick

CHORUS: smile even though we are aching inside
smile side by side by side
smile no matter the shape we're in
record the moment then begin again

A mouth full of big teeth, silver hair and dark eyes
as the wind hits over the starboard side
and though the pain of loss is still right there
we can smell the river in the thick morning air

CHORUS: smile, it's what we all got from him
smile for the camera and let it smile back again
smile for the slides and the prints and the film
that's how we'll remember him

REPEAT CHORUS

SOMETHING ANYTHING

I'm looking for something positive today
I'm looking for something positive today
on every street on every face
momentary signs of grace
I'm looking for something positive today

I'm looking for something I believe in today
I'm looking for something I believe in today
to leave fears far behind
restore faith in humankind
I'm looking for something I believe in today

BRIDGE: could be something big or something small
could be almost nothing at all
might not mean a thing
maybe changes everything

I'm looking for something I can give you today
looking for something I can give you today
to quell all of the noise
a little peace, a little joy
I'm looking for something I can give you today
I'm looking for something I can give you today
I'm looking for something positive today
I'm looking for something I believe in today

SUNDAY MORNING*

A poem by Marjorie Ward

sunday to mass, then home for a treat
breakfast is special, service is neat

clean up and pack, beds made by the clock
yellow car waiting to drive down to the dock

routine takes over, boys hoist the boat
girls mind the babies, order by rote

baskets on board, skipper in place
motor is started, slow now is the pace
slow now is the pace
slow now is the pace

gone is the hurry, no more rush that day
leisure takes over, we're under way

family joy creates a bond
parents are friends and the children they respond

now they are gone those joyous days
love nurtured them, it eased our ways

those Sundays still live in each member's heart
they keep us a family even though we're far apart
even though we're far apart
even though we're far apart

CREDITS

Mike Ward: Lead vocal & Acoustic guitar all tracks

David Roof: Bass & fretless bass on all tracks

Piano (2,3,9 & 11) Acoustic & electric guitar (10)

Larry Labeck: Pedal steel guitar (4, 7, 8)

Dave Keeney: Lap steel guitar (6)

Grant Flick: Violin (1, 3, 9)

Lucy Little: Violin (5)

James Anthony: Mandolin (4, 7, 8)

Bill Sadley: Harmonica (6)

Michael Shimmin: Percussion (10)

Annie Bacon: Backing vocals (1, 4)

Judy Brown: Backing vocals (6)

Amy Petty: Backing vocals (2,10)

Alison & Tessa Wiercioch: Backing vocals (4,12)

Emilia Ward: Backing vocals (9)

Produced, Engineered, Mixed and Mastered by David Roof
Recorded at Rooftop Recordings, Grand Blanc, MI

CD Jacket Photography: Dennis Talarico (cover) John A Ward (back cover)
Danny Ward (inside)

My humble and heartfelt thanks go to:

David Roof for the guidance, expertise, and some great conversation.
The extremely talented musicians and singers who lent their creativity.
All who came to live shows, streamed or bought my music.
My mom, my dad and my entire family, for always inspiring me.
Emilia and Danny, for supporting this craziness. I love you both.
My love, Angie, for all your tireless hours of listening,
advising and supporting. (Yes, I'm still a lot of work.)
Much gratitude to the songwriters who added so much:
Kyle Rasche & Song Haulers, Annie Capps & Song Salon,
Jill Jack, Songwriters Anonymous, FARM, Lamb's Retreat
Jan Krist, Michael McNevin, Michelle Held, Andy Baker,
and Dave Toennies. And to Jeff Milo, Marilyn Rae Beyer,
Phil Maq and Lori Stratton for their continued support.

©2022 psychosongs

All music and lyrics by Mike Ward, BMI

*Music by Mike Ward, lyrics by Marjorie Ward



AMERICAN INSANITY

Every day in the comment section
There's talk about insurrection
Calling names at our own reflections
Exploiting our imperfections
An online viral infection
Where truth can't pass lie detection
Happens every single election
It's a crossroads not an Intersection

Each side is so partisan
Not open to our fellow man
Always ready to open a can
Thinking each of us is better than
All over this apathetic land
Who really has the right to ban
Books, ideas gays or trans
Sinking us into quicksand

CHORUS: It's Insanity... oh all around me
Hyperbole... Qanon conspiracy
Instability... oh say can't you see.
It's insanity... from sea to shining sea

Let's talk about the right to choose
What every woman could lose
From red-state courtroom abuse
Holier than thou point of views
A dynamite stick with a lit fuse
A handmaid's tale vacation cruise
Going backwards we must refuse
Come on there's no excuse

It's a constitutional crisis
Congress running round like 3 blind mice
Talking bout where Jesus Christ is
Acting oh so righteous
Made of gold like King Midas
Scarier than Taliban or Isis
Contagious as meningitis
It's all gonna come back to bite us

CHORUS: It's insanity. Oh all around me
Idiocracy... a dictator wanna be
Lies and deceit... oh say can't you see
It's Insanity. from sea to shining sea

BREAK: Dark clouds above forming
That was our capital they were storming
Oh It was more than a warning
What will be left standing in the morning?

Now we got to separate
All the church from the state
All the love from the hate
When there's crime investigate
Stop all the click bait
Meant to eviscerate
Contaminate, manipulate
Take a stand, vote, demonstrate

CHORUS: Its Insanity. oh all around me
no civility .. just criminal proclivity
rewriting history... oh say can't you see
it's Insanity American insanity... Tucker, Trump and Hannity...
no integrity... a future catastrophe... a damn calamity...
use some profanity... cause it's insanity from sea to shining sea

Mike Ward- Lead vocals & Acoustic Guitar
David Roof-Bass Guitar & Piano

SOMEBODY'S HOME

It arrived today with a smiling face
from somewhere close yet far away
over 6 feet tall on my front porch steps
delivered in 24 hours or less

my kids don't really care what came inside it
they pretend its a bus maybe even ride it
I could recycle... to help mother earth
instead probably kick it out there by the curb

CHORUS: My Amazon box somewhat oversized
that Amazon box I just realized
before the garbage man came ... it was gone
my Amazon box is about to be somebody's home

corrugated cities with very little shelter
duct taped together all helter skelter
once filled with mattresses and big screen TVs
now packed under overpasses as far as you can see

CHORUS: Oh Amazon boxes, inside is a surprise
Yeah Amazon boxes in every shape and size
Portland to Detroit to San Antoine
those Amazon boxes have become somebody's home

BREAK: a refrigerator box can seem heaven sent
when you can't afford to pay your rent

address unknown ... torn off tracking code
bubble wrap pillow... milk jug commode
they take no comfort cause they have no means
living in the home of nobody's dreams

CHORUS: Oh Amazon boxes from every prime account
yeah Amazon boxes they mount and mount
from trucks and planes, even a drone
those Amazon boxes now they're somebody's home
those Amazon boxes just knock, chances are ... somebody's home

Mike Ward- Lead vocals & Acoustic Guitar
David Roof-Bass Guitar & Piano

WISHING WELL

From the bottom of the wishing well.
I wish that i could wish you well.
From the burning fires here in hell
I'm looking for a truth to tell

CHORUS: I say... do some good. Do no harm
Don't give in to the twisting arm
Because these are troubled times
these lives of yours and mine
so seek the proof in the face of all the untruth
in the face of all the untruth

All those well-heeled hands that rob us blind
And their souls so dark and void of light
From the steeples of the righteous right
driving nails deep into the night

CHORUS: Stand alone. Stand apart.
Take a deep look into your heart
Because these are troubled times
these lives of yours and mine
so seek the proof in the face of all the untruth
in the face of all the untruth
(continued on the next page)

BREAK: It's hard not to be cynical about the world around us today
we must protect our words and our right to say them
before our freedoms slip away....

WISHING WELL *(continued)*

CHORUS: So... Raise your voice. Make it heard
Don't leave a single stone unturned.
Because these are troubled times
these lives of your and mine
so seek the proof in the face of all the untruth
in the face of all the untruth
in the face of all sides we choose.
in the face of all the fake news
in the face of all we might lose
in the face of all the untruth in the face of all the untruth

Mike Ward- Lead Vocals and Acoustic Guitar
David Roof- Bass & Hammond Organ

IMMIGRATION NATION

It's 4am and we're rolling out of bed
scraps on the table so the little ones are fed
Wait on a corner in winter colds bite
Hoping for work and that we make it home tonight

Dangerous conditions. 100 mile bus rides.
Work still gets done even done with pride
Labor in shadows keeping our head down
Making two dollars a day in this All-American town

CHORUS Immigration built this nation
For those who dared to dream
Intoleration will tear it down
Rip it apart at the seams

Today ICE agents ate at Rose's café
walked in the kitchen and took the cook away
Done nothing wrong ... still has no rights
Some days we wonder if it's really worth the fight
Nothing to share in this bountiful land
Grown with the dirt ground deep into our hands
Standing on both sides with a bird's eye view
the little hope that was in our hearts... that's gone too

CHORUS

BREAK: Picking your crops... cleaning your table tops
Washing your floors... even fighting your wars
Collecting trash... under the table cash
Watching your kids... like our mothers did

CHORUS

It's 4am and we're rolling out of bed
scraps on the table so the little ones are fed
Wait on a corner in winter colds bite
Hoping for work and that we make it home tonight

WWTFS

High atop of buildings I have soared
Watched over every shore.
I stood tall. Welcomed all.
Draped fallen heroes home from war

I could bring crowds to their feet
Waving to old glory's drumbeat
Hands on hearts. Threadbare, torn apart
Like our democracy

CHORUS I am frayed around the edges
faded blues and blood reds
My stripes and stars. Stained and marred.
I don't remember how I fell this far.

Not the perfect union I admit.
All the sins both sides commit...

Truth benders. Patriots and pretenders
Hope to god I've seen the worst of it

CHORUS I am frayed around the edges
Faded blues and blood reds
Divided as we are, with all our battle scars
I don't remember how I fell this far

BR: From the shores of Tripoli to the surface of the moon
Carry on, carry on.
Those yearning to be free. What so many fought to be,
from sea to almost shining sea...

Wherever I am raised to fly
Do my part guard and guide
Unyielding to the last. Even at half mast
Night or day standing by

CHORUS I'm still frayed around the edges
Faded blues and blood reds
Surround my fifty stars and this land of ours
Don't ever let me fall again this far
Don't ever let me fall again this far
Don't ever let me fall again this far

Mike Ward- Lead Vocals and Acoustic Guitar
David Roof- Bass, Hammond Organ
Judy Brown- Backing Vocals
Dave Keeney- Dobro
Bill Sadley- Harmonica
Michael Shimmin- Percussion

All songs written by Mike Ward (BMI)
Produced, Engineered, Mixed & Mastered by David Roof
Recorded at Rooftop Recordings, Grand Blanc, MI

THE STREAM

There's a stream running through this land of ours
A stream that flows blood red
The banks are lined with all the lives
All the truth and all the lies
And all the things that we wish we had said

I can hear at least a hundred million voices
As I travel on where life once belonged
Voices echoing honesty trampled under by society
They'd rather bury what's right than change what's wrong

And what you give today and what you take today
Can make a difference for tomorrow
We must try today before we die someday
To make something for tomorrow

From California to the New York shores
From Nicaragua to the bloody Mid East wars
Every day the names and faces change
The more they change the more they stay the same
And the stream keeps rising til it reaches your door

And what we do today and what we don't today
Can make a difference if we try
Not so long ago and not so far away
I was taught to keep asking why

REPEAT FIRST VERSE

Mike Ward- Lead Vocals and Acoustic Guitar
Additional guitar, Robert Tye.
Keys and backing vocals by Jules Anna Jones.
Recorded & Engineered by Mark Miller of Harvest Creative, Lansing
Mastered by David Roof at Rooftop Recording

AMERICAN INSANITY

Every day in the comment section
There's talk about insurrection
Calling names at our own reflections
Exploiting our imperfections
An online viral infection
Where truth can't pass lie detection
Happens every single election
It's a crossroads not an Intersection

Each side is so partisan
Not open to our fellow man
Always ready to open a can
Thinking each of us is better than
All over this apathetic land
Who really has the right to ban
Books, ideas gays or trans
Sinking us into quicksand

CHORUS: It's Insanity... oh all around me
Hyperbole... Qanon conspiracy
Instability.....oh say can't you see.
It's insanity... from sea to shining sea

Let's talk about the right to choose
What every woman could lose
From red-state courtroom abuse
Holier than thou point of views
A dynamite stick with a lit fuse
A handmaid's tale vacation cruise
Going backwards we must refuse
Come on there's no excuse

It's a constitutional crisis
Congress running round like 3 blind mice
Talking bout where Jesus Christ is
Acting oh so righteous
Made of gold like King Midas
Scarier than Taliban or Isis
Contagious as meningitis
It's all gonna come back to bite us

CHORUS: It's insanity. Oh all around me
Idiocracy... a dictator wanna be
Lies and deceit... oh say can't you see
It's Insanity. from sea to shining sea

BREAK: Dark clouds above forming
That was our capital they were storming
Oh It was more than a warning
What will be left standing in the morning?

Now we got to separate
All the church from the state
All the love from the hate
When there's crime investigate
Stop all the click bait
Meant to eviscerate
Contaminate, manipulate
Take a stand, vote, demonstrate

CHORUS: Its Insanity. oh all around me
no civility .. just criminal proclivity
rewriting history.....oh say can't you see
it's Insanity American insanity... Tucker, Trump and Hannity...
no integrity... a future catastrophe... a damn calamity...
use some profanity... cause it's insanity from sea to shining sea

Mike Ward- Lead vocals & Acoustic Guitar
David Roof-Bass Guitar & Piano

SOMEBODY'S HOME

It arrived today with a smiling face
from somewhere close yet far away
over 6 feet tall on my front porch steps
delivered in 24 hours or less

my kids don't really care what came inside it
they pretend its a bus maybe even ride it
I could recycle... to help mother earth
instead probably kick it out there by the curb

CHORUS: My Amazon box somewhat oversized
that Amazon box I just realized
before the garbage man came ... it was gone
my Amazon box is about to be somebody's home

corrugated cities with very little shelter
duct taped together all helter skelter
once filled with mattresses and big screen TVs
now packed under overpasses as far as you can see

CHORUS: Oh Amazon boxes, inside is a surprise
Yeah Amazon boxes in every shape and size
Portland to Detroit to San Antoine
those Amazon boxes have become somebody's home

BREAK: a refrigerator box can seem heaven sent
when you can't afford to pay your rent

address unknown ... torn off tracking code
bubble wrap pillow... milk jug commode
they take no comfort cause they have no means
living in the home of nobody's dreams

CHORUS: Oh Amazon boxes from every prime account
yeah Amazon boxes they mount and mount
from trucks and planes, even a drone
those Amazon boxes now they're somebody's home
those Amazon boxes just knock, chances are ... somebody's home

Mike Ward- Lead vocals & Acoustic Guitar
David Roof-Bass Guitar & Piano

WISHING WELL

From the bottom of the wishing well.
I wish that i could wish you well.
From the burning fires here in hell
I'm looking for a truth to tell

CHORUS: I say... do some good. Do no harm
Don't give in to the twisting arm
Because these are troubled times
these lives of yours and mine
so seek the proof in the face of all the untruth
in the face of all the untruth

All those well-heeled hands that rob us blind
And their souls so dark and void of light
From the steeples of the righteous right
driving nails deep into the night

CHORUS: Stand alone. Stand apart.
Take a deep look into your heart
Because these are troubled times
these lives of yours and mine
so seek the proof in the face of all the untruth
in the face of all the untruth
(continued on the next page)

BREAK: It's hard not to be cynical about the world around us today
we must protect our words and our right to say them
before our freedoms slip away....

WISHING WELL *(continued)*

CHORUS: So... Raise your voice. Make it heard
Don't leave a single stone unturned.
Because these are troubled times
these lives of your and mine
so seek the proof in the face of all the untruth
in the face of all the untruth
in the face of all sides we choose.
in the face of all the fake news
in the face of all we might lose
in the face of all the untruth in the face of all the untruth

Mike Ward- Lead Vocals and Acoustic Guitar
David Roof- Bass & Hammond Organ

IMMIGRATION NATION

It's 4am and we're rolling out of bed
scraps on the table so the little ones are fed
Wait on a corner in winter colds bite
Hoping for work and that we make it home tonight

Dangerous conditions. 100 mile bus rides.
Work still gets done even done with pride
Labor in shadows keeping our head down
Making two dollars a day in this All-American town

CHORUS Immigration built this nation
For those who dared to dream
Intoleration will tear it down
Rip it apart at the seams

Today ICE agents ate at Rose's café
walked in the kitchen and took the cook away
Done nothing wrong ... still has no rights
Some days we wonder if it's really worth the fight
Nothing to share in this bountiful land
Grown with the dirt ground deep into our hands
Standing on both sides with a bird's eye view
the little hope that was in our hearts... that's gone too

CHORUS

BREAK: Picking your crops... cleaning your table tops
Washing your floors... even fighting your wars
Collecting trash... under the table cash
Watching your kids... like our mothers did

CHORUS

It's 4am and we're rolling out of bed
scraps on the table so the little ones are fed
Wait on a corner in winter colds bite
Hoping for work and that we make it home tonight

WWTFS

High atop of buildings I have soared
Watched over every shore.
I stood tall. Welcomed all.
Draped fallen heroes home from war

I could bring crowds to their feet
Waving to old glory's drumbeat
Hands on hearts. Threadbare, torn apart
Like our democracy

CHORUS I am frayed around the edges
faded blues and blood reds
My stripes and stars. Stained and marred.
I don't remember how I fell this far.

Not the perfect union I admit.
All the sins both sides commit...

Truth benders. Patriots and pretenders
Hope to god I've seen the worst of it

CHORUS I am frayed around the edges
Faded blues and blood reds
Divided as we are, with all our battle scars
I don't remember how I fell this far

BR: From the shores of Tripoli to the surface of the moon
Carry on, carry on.
Those yearning to be free. What so many fought to be,
from sea to almost shining sea...

Wherever I am raised to fly
Do my part guard and guide
Unyielding to the last. Even at half mast
Night or day standing by

CHORUS I'm still frayed around the edges
Faded blues and blood reds
Surround my fifty stars and this land of ours
Don't ever let me fall again this far
Don't ever let me fall again this far
Don't ever let me fall again this far

Mike Ward- Lead Vocals and Acoustic Guitar
David Roof- Bass, Hammond Organ
Judy Brown- Backing Vocals
Dave Keeney- Dobro
Bill Sadley- Harmonica
Michael Shimmin- Percussion

All songs written by Mike Ward (BMI)
Produced, Engineered, Mixed & Mastered by David Roof
Recorded at Rooftop Recordings, Grand Blanc, MI

THE STREAM

There's a stream running through this land of ours
A stream that flows blood red
The banks are lined with all the lives
All the truth and all the lies
And all the things that we wish we had said

I can hear at least a hundred million voices
As I travel on where life once belonged
Voices echoing honesty trampled under by society
They'd rather bury what's right than change what's wrong

And what you give today and what you take today
Can make a difference for tomorrow
We must try today before we die someday
To make something for tomorrow

From California to the New York shores
From Nicaragua to the bloody Mid East wars
Every day the names and faces change
The more they change the more they stay the same
And the stream keeps rising til it reaches your door

And what we do today and what we don't today
Can make a difference if we try
Not so long ago and not so far away
I was taught to keep asking why

REPEAT FIRST VERSE

Mike Ward- Lead Vocals and Acoustic Guitar
Additional guitar, Robert Tye.
Keys and backing vocals by Jules Anna Jones.
Recorded & Engineered by Mark Miller of Harvest Creative, Lansing
Mastered by David Roof at Rooftop Recording

WHY NOT

why not do some good today
with the time that we've got
start with something simple
a lesson learned or to be taught.
plant a seed or lend a hand
a little helps a lot
why not do some good today
with the time that we've got

why not conquer fear today
before it's far too late.
lay to rest the grudges
stamp out the flames of hate
release the burden from your back
rise up as calm awaits
why not conquer fear today
before it's far too late.

why not stop a war today
before our time is up
the sides we find each other on
bombs waiting to erupt
or battling within ourselves
let's say "enough's enough!"
why not stop a war today
before our time is up.

why not send out love today
with the time that remains
be brave in the face of all you see
wipe away the tears of pain
connecting to each other
pure and honest as the rain
why not send out love today
with the time that remains
why not send out love today
with the time that remains

Mike Ward- Lead vocals & Acoustic Guitar
David Roof-Bass Guitar & Pump Organ
Sara Gibson- Cello
Backing Vocals - Kate Hinote, Annie Bacon
Downtown Judy Brown & Emilia Ward

INSTRUMENT FOR GOOD

back in '47 it was a gift from my mom
my dad never learned to play a single song
us kids took turns, some got good...some not so great
now it's here with the seventh son out of eight

like the sympathetic ear of an old family friend,
listens to the story never gives away the end
more songs in it than I'll ever write or play
it's been a blessing either way

CHORUS: Mahogany and spruce that Gibson LG-2
light gauge heart strings unlocking everything
hoping one day it could make me an instrument for good...
for good

brings us together round campfire flames
calling out injustice and taking names
changed a few minds...made others pause to think
and it's always good company for a drink

CHORUS: Mahogany and spruce that Gibson LG-2
sing it loud and clear...watch divisions disappear
hoping one day it could make me an instrument for good...
for good

BRIDGE: made by hand in kalamazoo
Oh the worn down fretboard grooves
locked in the case I can feel it resonate
it's 3am it's why i'm still awake.

now it guides me ...shows which way to go
some days takes the high road, some days the low
it can even make a bad song sound just fine
I should know, it's banged out plenty of mine

CHORUS: Mahogany and spruce that Gibson LG-2
holding family history searching for the best of me
hoping one day it could make me an instrument for good...for good
make me an instrument for good

Mike Ward- Lead vocals & Acoustic Guitar
David Roof-Bass Guitar & Acoustic Guitar
Sara Gibson- Cello
Backing Vocals - Kate Hinote

PAYCHECK

mowing lawns in the late august heat
so much dust I can hardly breathe
it was all worthwhile at the end of the week

flipping burgers on a grease-filled grill
getting by pushing up that hill
scars and burns and a piece of my will

my first W2...tax paying blues
CHORUS: it's the weight I got tied to
shackled sometimes lied to
the almighty buck a place i was stuck
sold my soul and self respect for that first paycheck

like an addict hooked on junk
or vampire in need of blood
a shell of a man time-clock punch drunk

what little i put in the bank
barely enough to fill my tank
like a prisoner at the end of a shank

drink it away till the next payday
CHORUS: it's the weight I got tied to
shackled sometimes lied to
the almighty buck a place i was stuck
sold my soul and self respect for that next paycheck

BRIDGE: 30 years ... sixty hour weeks
so many valleys ... not many peaks
No matter how much I earned
or was warned about bein' burned
some lessons never get learned

caught up livin' beyond my means
second mortgage and bank loan liens...
chasing the American dream

I got fired ten days back
took the boot from off of my neck
let me fall with no safety net
but at least i got my last paycheck
I'm just here to pick up my last paycheck

Mike Ward- Lead Vocals and Acoustic Guitar
David Roof- Bass Guitar
Jason Dennie- Mandolin
Larry LaBeck- Pedal Steel

RIDE OF THEIR LIVES

they met at the losco County Fair
just 13 ..parents dropped them there
Ronnie and Connie...the names might've rhymed
but they were so different..each one of a kind

Connie had full lips..begging to be kissed
self conscious about her freckles and her lisp
Ronnie was clumsy, kindhearted... kinda slow
big for his age...hair everywhere starting to grow

CHORUS: round and round and round they went
into the cool night air their love was sent
oh fireworks Ferris wheels smell of grease and elephant ears
they held hands, closed their eyes ready for the ride of their lives

Connie's womanhood arrived early Ronnie pulled out late
the two were married by graduation day
a couple kids later second stories being built
so many hopes and dreams not to be fulfilled

CHORUS: round and round it all goes by
love doesn't always seem to see eye to eye
oh losing jobs losing sleep climbing out of a hole way too deep
they held hands, closed their eyes on the ride of their lives.

BRIDGE: 60 years ago...love at first sight
now neither wants to be the one left behind
they pray each day...for a longer stay

now the family added lots of babies and grand babies
even one they lost ...named for grandma Sadie
all live on the same street..just a few blocks away
quite a journey from that carnival midway

CHORUS: round and round and round life turns
for Ronnie and Connie, true love was earned
every season every change, years of joy years of pain
they still hold hands, close their eyes it's been the ride of their lives

Mike Ward- Lead Vocals and Acoustic Guitar
David Roof- Bass Guitar
Sara Gibson- Cello
Downtown Judy Brown- Backing Vocals

PAUL

a boy of sixteen not quite a man
an entire future in front of him
lived in a room right down the hall
i was eleven. his name was Paul

a boy of sixteen. a mouth that roared
good Catholic boy he swore and swore
smart as a whip, a nerd, a brainiac
on the hockey rink a maniac

a boy of sixteen in a Ford Mustang
no seat belts...on the icy terrain
out he flew...hit his head
dad held him...pronounced dead

CHORUS: who's at fault? who's to blame?
for the seventy years that never came.
never mind what was done or who we are
forgiveness only gets you so far

a boy of sixteen...had to ride with friends
cause older sister won the family car that weekend
she carried that weight for twenty odd years
a million gallons of unwept tears

a boy of sixteen didn't know him that well
mostly what my brothers and sisters would tell
there was life before and life after
a dividing line between sorrow and laughter
CHORUS

BRIDGE: asking why... there'e no good answer
would it be easier if it were cancer
in my story the rest remain nameless
so the rest of us can remain blameless

a soul of sixteen where did he go?
can he still hear us? i'd like to think so.
as I sit on his grave stare into the stone
would he still be here if he had stayed at home
CHORUS

Mike Ward- Lead Vocals and Acoustic Guitar
David Roof- Bass Guitar & Piano
Sara Gibson- Cello
Michelle Held- Harmony Vocals

PET PEEVES

CHORUS: what bugs me...kind of irks me
gets under my skin...irritates me to no end
rubs me the wrong way...annoys me every single day
got a gripe or two...got a bone to pick...got a side of beef with you
now here's a few

the group texter...negativity projector
the gas passers...bullies and harassers
the story repeater...grocery line cheater
the food spitter...bar tab splitter
express lane slow driver...the always late arriver
movie talkers, pokey walkers, those generic pants called Dockers.

CHORUS: what bugs me...kind of irks me
gets under my skin...irritates me to no end
rubs me the wrong way...annoys me every single day
got a gripe or two...got a bone to pick...got a side of beef with you
now here's a few more

the over sharer...bad toupee wearer
e-smokers...newly legal tokers
the i told you so-er...the what's up there bro-er.
well deer tick bites...July Christmas lights
unpicked up dog dumps...oversized speed bumps
reply all senders...how do they make those chicken tenders.

BREAK: getting up in my face with really bad breath
drug ads that disclaim "it may cause death"
clear cut miles of forest call it the Preserve
if only insurrectionists would get what they deserve
Ticketmaster fees...empty rolls of TP
chip dip double dippers...stuck pant zippers
speakerphones in public spaces...over funded political races
daylight saving time...unprosecuted white collar crime
conspiracy nuts...cigarette butts...those nasty little paper cuts...

CHORUS: what bugs me...kind of irks me
gets under my skin...irritates me to no end
rubs me the wrong way...annoys me every single day
got a gripe or two...got a bone to pick...got a side of beef with you
we all got a few pet peeves
including some we may misperceive.
think it's time we all just get up and leave...with all of our pet peeves

Mike Ward- Lead Vocals and Acoustic Guitar
David Roof- Bass Guitar & Percussion
Downtown Judy Brown- Backing Vocals
Jason Dennie- Mandolin

LET THE NEW RENEW YOU

the same world that can beat you down
can take your breath away without a sound
sky of blue...fresh cup of brew
early morning dew...right on cue

so don't let it all slip on by
hold on to each second as hard as you try
tiny fingers and toes...snuggled up so close
warm as toast...like heaven i suppose

let the new...renew you
let it flow right on through
just breathe it in
feel it on your skin...and once again
let the new...renew you let the new...renew you

there's a future ready to appear
know that you can get there from here
a ring, a hand...the power of and
an entire life span...grains of sand

let the new...renew you
let it flow right on through
wake up each day...so light you might float away
into the suns rays
let the new...renew you let the new...renew you

let the new...renew you let the new...renew you
let the new...renew you
hands that heal...hearts that feel
change that's real
let the new...renew you... let the new...renew you
let the new...renew you... let the new...renew you
let the new...renew you... let the new...renew you
let the new...renew you...let the new...renew you

Mike Ward- Lead Vocals and Acoustic Guitar
David Roof- Bass Guitar
Emily Slomovits-Violin & Backing Vocals
Annie Bacon- Backing Vocals

HOW ARE YOU TODAY?

my brother my brother how are you tonight?
can i ease the pain that ravages inside?
the silence rings
i just long to hear you sing
my brother how are you tonight?

my sister my sister how are you today?
did you get to watch your grandchildren play?
how strong you are
our longest shining star
my sister how are you today?

CHORUS: these things we ask as our lives go rushing past
why the hell are we here?
make a little mark then disappear
what's about to be all that happened before
when we had more life, why didn't we live more?

my friend my friend how have you been?
haven't seen you since who knows when
so many memories run through
when i think of you my friend how have you been?

CHORUS: these things we ask as our lives go rushing past
why the hell are we here?
make a little mark then disappear
what's about to be all that happened before
when we had more life, why didn't we live more?

these things we ask as our lives go rushing past
why the hell are we here?
make a little mark then disappear
what's about to be all that happened before
when we had more life, why didn't we live more?
when we had more life, why didn't we live more?

Mike Ward- Lead Vocals and Acoustic Guitar
David Roof- Bass Guitar & Electric Guitar
Sara Gibson- Cello
Emilia Ward- Harmony Vocals

LEFT TO OURSELVES

we can learn to survive...hunt, fish and grow
but what about our spirit...what about our soul?
maybe leather our skin...toughen our mind
what about the choice to be cruel or be kind?

CHORUS: what is our nature? beyond DNA
kill or be killed...wait for the judgement day
we arrive in this world with no rules and no clue
left to ourselves, what would we do?

then there's a war between my brother and me
the same one dividing half our country
one side feels slighted...a wrong that can't be righted
time bombs ticking, both need a damn good licking

CHORUS: what is our nature? beyond DNA
kill or be killed...wait for the judgement day
we arrive in this world with no rules and no clue
left to ourselves, what would we do?

BRIDGE: the ego the id...live and let live...weak or strong...right or
wrong...black or white...day or night...begin or end...enemy or friend...
good or bad...happy or sad...rich or poor...peace or war...create or
destroy...a girl or a boy...agree to disagree...is our will really free?

to err is human...to forgive is divine
isn't it time we all should give it a try?

CHORUS: what is our nature? beyond DNA
kill or be killed...wait for the judgement day
we arrive in this world with no rules and no clue
left to ourselves, what would we do?
left to ourselves, what would we do?

Mike Ward- Lead Vocals and Acoustic Guitar
David Roof- Bass Guitar, Piano & Percussion
Jason Dennie- Mandolin

WHEN KINDNESS COMES TO STAY

sometimes kindness is a garden
gettin' out as much as you put in
calloused sunburned skin
digging in the ground

or is it life's secret sauce
pour it on after sorrow and loss
so you know how to cross
without looking down

maybe it's a rubber band
stretch it out as far as you can
let mindfulness expand
wrap it round and round

CHORUS: no matter how it finds you how it reminds you
when you least expect it
how will you accept it?
when kindness comes to stay
when kindness comes your way

WHEN KINDNESS COMES TO STAY (CONTINUED)

when you let go of not doing enough
answers are there in the hard stuff
always too little never too much
isn't that the truth

does it live inside? can we pass it along?
maybe through the verse of some old song
weighing all the right and wrong
laid out in front of you

CHORUS: no matter how it finds you
how it reminds you
when you least expect it
how will you accept it?
when kindness comes to stay
when kindness comes your way
when kindness comes to stay
when kindness comes your way

Mike Ward- Lead Vocals and Acoustic Guitar
David Roof- Bass Guitar
Sara Gibson- Cello
Michelle Held & Emilia Ward- Backing Vocals

WIPE AWAY

wipe away the breakfast plates
the sausage gravy that you hate
wipe away your runny nose
warm those hands thaw those toes

wipe away the dried toothpaste
all the days we worked to waste
wipe away all of our debts
those vacations and regrets

CHORUS: were we wrong all along?
is the pain all that remains?
now there's nothing left to say
until we too, are wiped away

wipe away the shedding skin
wish it hadn't been so thin
wipe away the doggie hair
obligations that we shared

wipe away the dripping paint
reveal the sinner and the saint
wipe away our blameless past
and be forgiven at last
CHORUS:

BRIDGE: what we've done to each other
left us running for cover
will the parts that remain
remove the doubt and the stains

wipe away our history
all the years of you and me
wipe away every scar
the ones that made us who we are

wipe away the dotted line
dividing what's yours and what's mine
wipe away all that we gave
and hope there's something left to save

Mike Ward- Lead Vocals and Acoustic Guitar
David Roof- Bass Guitar
Larry LaBeck- Pedal Steel
Annie Bacon- Backing Vocals

WHAT PRAYER

i don't know what prayers are for
while hate is hiding outside the door

who do we forgive will we turn the other cheek?
will we go on fighting so we don't look weak?

do we really listen do we understand
what makes us human is what give us a fighting chance

so where do we go from here?
though it's not exactly clear

could this be the time that we're torn apart
opposite sides breaking our hearts

or will we find a way to unite us all
binding together so this world doesn't fall too far

love of one another is the only truth
love yourself first then love will follow you

Mike Ward- Lead Vocals and Acoustic Guitar
David Roof- Bass Guitar
Sara Gibson- Cello
Emily Slomovits-Violin

THE TIME THAT REMAINS

MIKE WARD: PSYCHOSONGS

CAREER ADVICE

Worked in a warehouse drove a fork lift
Stacked liquor cases on the midnight shift Scrambled eggs in very short order
Just north of the Mexican California border

Sprayed fake snow on Christmas trees
Dug sign post holes and made Dairy Queens Sold GIQ's to more than a few
Ate tar and gravel paving roads and bridges too

But through it all I learned a lesson or two
Some words of wisdom I'll share with you
It's career advice that I sure hope will stick
just don't be a dick

No matter the job no matter the pay
I learned you gotta show up every single day Whether changing out the urinal
cakes
Or diverting sludge from the valve intakes

Now your a job can be replaced by robotics
They don't need healthcare or antibiotics
That shitty job can be shipped over seas
To keep it you may have to get down on your knees

Through it all I learned a lesson here or there
Some words of wisdom that are too good not to share
It's career advice that I sure hope will stick...
just don't be a dick

If you're a boss or an owner, don't be a jerk
Maybe offer employees a couple of perks
Like free coffee and no knives in the back
And once a month, an afternoon snack

In the workplace lying and cheating gets rewarded
So make sure all your conversations are recorded There'll be times you want to
scream and yell
Times you want to tell them to just go straight to...

Well ... you can always learn a lesson or two...
Some words of wisdom I'll share with you
It's career advice I sure hope will stick...
just don't be a dic-tating,
irritating,
infuriating,
ingratiating,
exasperating
exaggerating,
emasculating,
calculating,
sex-baiting,
favor-trading,
all the fun confiscating...
It's is career advice I sure hope will stick
just don't be a dick.

Mike Ward- Lead Vocals and Acoustic Guitar
David Roof- Stand-up Bass
Steve Cousins- Accordion

Written by Mike Ward (BMI)
Produced, Engineered, Mixed & Mastered by David Roof
Recorded at Rooftop Recordings, Grand Blanc, MI

HAVE IT NEXT

whiskey straight three fingers no ice
single drop of water lets it open wide
no matter how many lives it wrecks
I'll have it next

cards on the table aces high
betting the farm, make what's your mine
really don't care who objects
I'll have it next

CHORUS: I'll have (take) it next
could be your air or your water
maybe your sons hell, even your daughters
your freedoms, your land
every single grain of sand
whatever's left ... I'll have it next.

a second helping of salvation
all across this hallelujah nation
lay out all the riches one collects
I'll have it next

CHORUS

BREAK: i get the last word
I get the last laugh
you get my all consuming epitaph

that's just life the land of the dying
resources wasted keep on denying
whether north east south or west
if I can get it... I'll have it next

CHORUS

Written by Mike Ward & GW Staton
Mike Ward- Lead Vocals and Acoustic Guitar
David Roof- Bass Guitar
Jason Dennie- Mandolin

HAVE IT NEXT

TRANSISTOR DREAMS

a single ear plug connected
to a revolution in the pocket of my coat
nine volts of power all i needed
and take the music everywhere I go

a time machine at the age of thirteen
eyes closed my mind transported
the Who, the Stones, Motown, the Monkees
every lyric my soul recorded

CHORUS: In my transistor dreams
could be anything I wanted to be
an overnight sensation
of my g-g-g-generation
in my transistor dreams

It was the time of Apollo moon shots
of riots and assassinations
body bags on the evening news
and runaway imaginations

but DJ's were our pilots
oh trailblazers on the air.
every hour, on the hour
we could escape to anywhere

CHORUS

BRIDGE: under my pillow every night
out of our minds out a sight
so forbidden oh so new
made a dork like me almost feel cool

plugged into something much bigger than me
a little circuit box of freedom
waking the dead. Oh shaking lots of heads
yeah it had only just begun.

CHORUS

Mike Ward- Lead Vocals and Acoustic Guitar
David Roof- Bass & Electric Guitar and Percussion
Downtown Judy Brown- Backing Vocals

Must Pay The Price

THE HEART MUST PAY THE PRICE

we must remember this
it's more than just a kiss
more than just a sigh
another way to say good bye
this is more than just a kiss

pardon me, not once but twice
my heart must pay the price
to tell you of my love
and why it will never be enough
my heart must pay the price

when you're close I feel the heat
my surrender is complete
no doubt and no deceit
no way out, no retreat
the light upon your face
the glory and the grace
no bindings to unlace
the glory and the grace
the glory and the grace

the heart must pay the price
no will to sacrifice
the light upon your face
the glory and the grace
the heart must pay the price

when you're close I feel the heat
my surrender is complete
no doubt and no deceit
no way out, no retreat
the light upon your face

the glory and the grace
no bindings to unlace
the glory and the grace

nothing to disguise
no need to sacrifice
the heart must pay the price
the heart must pay the price
the heart must pay the price

Written by Terry Birkett & Mike Ward
Mike Ward- Lead Vocals and Acoustic Guitar
David Roof- Bass Guitar
Emilia Ward- Backing Vocals

WELCOME HOME

A welcome change surrounds us. A welcome wind blows
A welcoming smile tells us everything we need to know

Welcome without question those who came before
Welcome the truth, it's always worth fighting for

Welcome to the flowers in the springtime of the year
Welcome to the memories, the joyful, the tears

Welcome to our history though it may be filled with pain
Welcome the sunshine, the clouds, the rain

CHORUS: Whether it's a story, a song or a poem
The simplest way to say...how we feel today
Is welcome home... welcome home ...welcome home

Welcome to the savior for those who still believe
That this world can be saved from the likes of you and me

Welcome to the quiet hours time for shutting down
Feeling so welcome here so many miles from home

CHORUS: Whether it's a story, a song or a poem
The simplest way to say...how we feel today
Is welcome home... welcome home ...welcome home

BRIDGE: Home is where we stand even if we're standing still
Home can be a state of mind where peace can be fulfilled

Welcome to the air deep inside our lungs
the oldest of the old the youngest of the young

Welcome to the yellows, greens, blues, browns and blacks
After we're gone, the earth welcomes us back.

CHORUS: Whether it's a story, a song or a poem
The simplest way to say...how we feel today
Is welcome home... welcome home ...welcome home

Mike Ward- Lead Vocal and Acoustic Guitar
David Roof- Bass & Piano
John Byrne: Fiddle
Evan Purcell: Electric guitar & Backing Vocals
Downtown Judy Brown: Backing Vocals
Sara Gibson: Backing Vocals
Shannon O'Brien: Backing Vocals