

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?
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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)

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All music and lyrics by Mike Ward

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