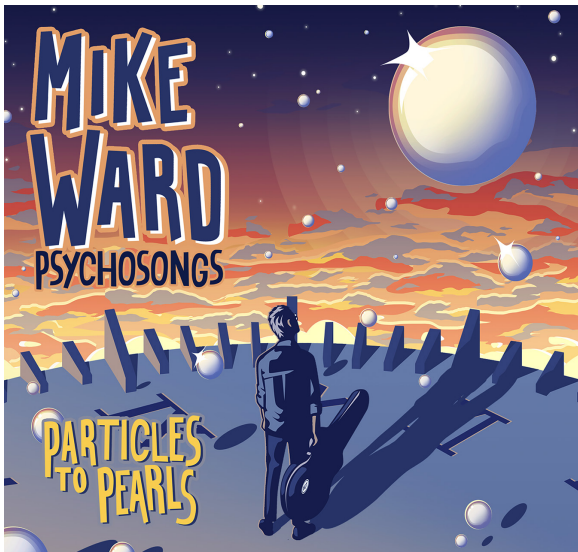
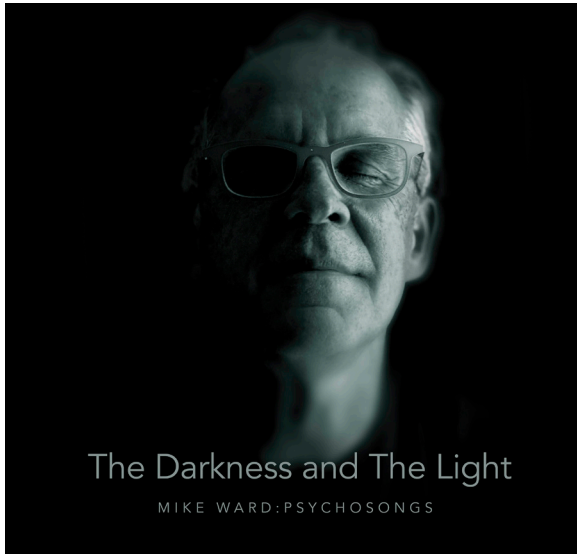


# MIKE WARD: PSYCHOSONGS LYRICS



## 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 wrestling ....with 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

## 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

## 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

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....

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

REPEAT FIRST VERSE

## 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)  
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### **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)

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Danny Ward (inside)

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All music and lyrics by Mike Ward, BMI

\*Music by Mike Ward, lyrics by Marjorie Ward

