

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