

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
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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
Intolerance 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