

christmas island song

if i were castaway
 on some forgotten island
waiting day after day
 for the plane to arrive
hoping I might make it back
 to you by christmas
hoping I might make it back
 to you alive

if all the many little gifts
 seemed lost forever
and all day long I watched
 the ocean's rolling foam
might I find the words
 that time keeps covering over
might I sing my love for you
 when I make it home

if I were wasting away
 waiting day after day
night after night
 searching for aliens on high
a genie on a magic carpet
 or a fat man on a sleigh
day after day
 praying for angels in the sky

if I lost my way
 till I could not see homeward
in the offing
 only darker shades of blue
might I see a little fonder
 what i was missing
finally find the words
 to sing my love to you

my love for you, not always spoken
my love for you, not always warm
my love for you, never easy
my love, will you weather the storm?

If I were losing hope
 for many more sunrises
shouting up toward heaven
 for a saviour to appear
wondering if I'll survive
 another winter
another lonely little island
 new year

if I woke and my tomorrows
 were forsaken
and the final act
 seemed not so far away
might I pull the ragged plot threads
 back together
would I finally know the words
 that I should say

if I were castaway
 on some forgotten island
waiting day after day
 after day
hoping I might make it back
 to you by christmas
hoping someone
 would shine a light my way

I hope I make it back to you
 by christmas
I hope someone
 will shine some light my way

I hope someone
 will shine some light our way

Annika

there's snow in the air that melts on the cobblestones winding through Altstadt tonight
and on evenings like these I believe in improbable chances no matter how slight
and annika looks like a cross between you and that girl from the south named nicole
and it's ten days till christmas
baby jesus it's rock and it's roll

back home there's revelling, carols are echoing down every big city street
and he's playing guitar weekends at the bar, all that good cheer comes out bittersweet
and it sounds like the new songs are still about you all the time gone by ticks off the clock
and it's saturday night in december
baby jesus let's rock

another year's come and gone, a new year is comin' on, roll call the names and the days
and I see the ocean and I see our homeland when I look at Annika's face
and the same songs are sung in a myriad of tongues, and then silence, then the songs start again
and a new song is coming,
sing the praises, hallelujah, amen

a long night in europe can last a whole life before the weary sun struggles to rise
all the words on the streetsigns are foreign and wonderful, snow filling faraway skies
in my mind's eye the high sky's filled with shimmering lights and one beacon to guide my way home
and it's shining down on us
mother mary, wherever we roam

there's snow in the air that melts on the cobblestones, back home the ground's covered white
and on evenings like these I believe the unlikeliest chances will come out all right
in my mind's eye the high sky is filled full with starlight and one big north star burning bright
happy christmas to all,
baby, jesus, to all a good night

genevieve sends a message from the warm sand of queensland, hot southern sun pouring down
just a word from a hand in a faraway land takes me back to our winter hometown
remember the snowman on the lawn at garcia's? remember the hat that she wore?
remember deep snow stumbling home
at quarter to four?

This big world's on my mind I wonder where I might find my old friend Luke the Drifter these days
And the memories mingle with the woodsmoke and visions of sugarplums, mangers, and sleighs
And all the dreams that I've witnessed since we split on the docks come together every once in a while
With Jingle Jangle Jinglebells
in a Jack Frost Jack Kerouac style

Somewhere there's a girl with a scar that I gave her by the fire under a West Texas moon
I've still got the stocking she sewed from coyote skin I still sing her unfinished tune
Every star in the sky just reminds me of telescopes poured into mistletoe eyes
Strange constellations
for angels in faraway skies

red wrapping paper

red wrapping paper

little green bow

coming down the mountain
to the water below
to the dock on the harbor
by the mouth of the creek
mail boat comes by
most every week
to the little tin shack
on cannery row

red wrapping paper

little green bow

send it to cruces
that's all that I know
we used to go there
when the money ran low
boot knew some people
no one ever told
we lived down by the river
it never got cold
the girls were like diamonds
they shone like the sun
always almost over
always just begun

hard times

boot swore val was the answer
and she shone like a star
like light down from heaven
and it carried us far
till one winter morning
in a season of joy
the future came calling
val's new baby boy
away in a manger
no crib for a bed
no way of knowing
that his hair would come in red

we loved one another
warmed the chill in the air
and it pulled us together
in the close quarters there
bones always rolling
and extracting a toll
long odds told the story
of one unlucky night's roll
we put it behind us
and nothing was said
we'd almost forgotten
till it reared its head

twelve summers and winters
have flown past my eyes
since that first recognition
and the final goodbyes
we scattered like dead seeds
blown away on the wind
I went north to the passage
never went out again
but I still remember that christmas
just want you to know

red wrapping paper

little green bow

The Snow Falls in Šumperk

Pavlička's in the Pěsí Zona running right through town.
First hot wine chill of winter's in the air.
Church bells up on radnice, the year is winding down.
There's an angel and a devil cavorting in the square.
Different seasons the world over
These same feelings everywhere
Trains roll in and out of town
Snow falls down...

And the snow, the snow falls in Šumperk,
Just like it did 400 years ago, when the winter king fought through the snow,
And if you, if you don't think that we'll work,
I'll just board the last train south and roll away.

Roll away, Roll away

Pavličko, please remember those fine nights so long ago
Far off moments that still echo through these days.
By the water's edge in Krasné, the year gone lapped against the shore
We were satisfied and hungry from the chase.
On the hard road to Belem, the heavens stars down like a maze.
The trains come and go
Down falls the snow

And the snow, the snow falls in Šumperk,
Just like it did 400 years ago, when the winter king fought through the snow,
And if you, if you don't think that we'll work,
I'll just board the last train south and roll away.

Roll away, Roll away

Ježišku, please forgive us for the things that you can't give us.
Our forefathers thought you stiffed us... tried to take 'em anyway.
How many generations have to feel the repercussions
Of all the dead language lessons passed down to this modern day?
Coloured lights in all the windows; winter sky is cold and grey.
Trains roll into town each day
Then roll away

Roll away, Roll away
Roll away, Roll away

Roll away, Roll away
Roll away, Roll away

And the snow, the snow falls in Šumperk,
Just like it did 400 years ago,
when the winter king fought through the snow,
And if you, if you don't think that we'll work,
I'll just board the last train south and roll away.

Winter solstice song

Hot was the summer
Not so long ago
The sweat and the sunshine
Made her cherry cheeks glow
All the way up the mountain
Now she's covered in snow
Now she's only a memory.

Forgot I got from her
A thing that wouldn't let go
Them deep hooks are the fun kind
They come out so slow
Deep winter surroundings
Match these feelings I know
So dark and decembery

Wondering why...
Why did it all go?
How'd we get by?
How did we all get here?
Black is the sky
and long is the night...
Black is the sky
on the longest night of the year...

Turn my face to the starshine
So high in the sky
So long till the morning
So long and so dry
Just this faint hint of water
That moistens my eye
Though my cup runneth empty

Tis the depth of the hard times
When the night never ends
When the (light) dayshines so briefly
And the dark comes again
And I can't see the
On which I used to depend
That what she used to send me

Wondering why
Why did it all go
How'd we get by
How did we all get here?
Black is the sky
and long is the night...
Black is the sky
on the longest night of the year...

Someday will come summer
Maybe we'll still be here
Another year wiser
All the (dumber) days disappear
Staring hard at the mountain
Still this world/heart/head/soul full of fear
My world my enemy

And god what I got from her
Shielded me for a while
Such a sweet appetizer
For a cruel famine smile
Where's the tasty red apple?
Where's that dirty reptile?
Where's those pastures of plenty?

Wondering why...
Why did it all go?
How'd we get by?
How did we all get here?
Black is the sky
and long is the night...
Black is the sky
on the longest night of the year...

Couer d'Alene

One more
then I'm going home
got a room
down the road.
Gotta sleep
though it's warm here...
outside
thirty below.
Leaving early
in the morning,
just came in
so you'd know
I'm gonna miss you, Couer d'Alene.

You were dressed up
just like Santa
back when he was
a 24-year-old girl.
Making every-
body naughty.
Christmas Eve
went by in a whirl.
One sweet moment,
wild and sacred,
One sweet corner
of a big round world.
I'm going – but I'm going to miss you, Couer d'Alene.

'Tis the season
for that kind of dreaming,
but new seasons
shall come to pass.
Some bits of the beverage
will linger,
and some bits
disappear way too fast.
But you
and this bar room...
most likely
the memory will last.
Your memory, Couer d'Alene

Heave Ho Ho Ho

G - - Am - - C - - D - - *ad infinitum*

I woke up this morning at 9:37 excited
I could tell right away there was no one in bed beside me
So I figured you got up to wrap me some special contrivance
But all that I found was that note you left under the tree

Merry Christmas—what could it be? B#m - - Am - - G - - D

It said “Babe I have always believed in the magic of Christmas
but this year I found was by far the most magic of all.
I fell accidentally in love with a seasonal worker,
when I sat on his lap to rest shopping last week at the mall.”

The depth of the detail describing her painful position
Impressed and depressed me together both at the same time
It droned on for pages and finished up with her decision
to leave with her lover for Lompoc this morning at nine.

Merry Christmas—have a nice life.

When I finished reading I sat back and choked up my eggnog
That suit-renting kid-scaring poser’s got nothing on me
My babe must have unresolved issues with her own Father Christmas
To leave me for him on that whim she left under the tree

I think there is something organically evil about her
To fall for a shopping mall Santa just doesn’t seem right
Now I can’t help but drinking and thinking my bourbons half empty
Hallelujah noel, all to hell a goodnight

Hallelujah noel, all to hell a goodnight
Hallelujah noel, all to hell a goodnight

Bum bum bum, ba ba ba bum *(joyful bell sounds)*

She gave me the heave ho ho ho
Heave ho ho ho
Heave ho ho ho
Christmas Day....

Sisophan Road

little kids are laughing like they do all around the world

highway junction bus stop transfer friday morning restaurant girl

waiting for jesus or the battambang bus or the world to explode

o! the morning after christmas rice and coffee on sisophan road

one road leads to the armpit border, one leads to ruins, one leads to battambang

o! with choices like these, I ask the waitress, how can a brother go wrong?

how can a brother ever know when he's gonna make it back to take a second look?

o! it's the age-old well-told story from the archetypal new year traveller book

the morning air is crisp and clear, shining like time's two-way blade

after christmas eve on khao san where legend says the stephanies once played

waiting for whatever's gonna happen next to take me a little further down the line

o! the many different roads to take, the many different ways to pass the time.

little kids are laughing like they do around the world everywhere

highway junction dusty bus stop fireball concert locals all sit and stare

waiting for jesus or the battambang bus or the world to explode

o! the morning after christmas rice and coffee on sisophan road

o! the morning after christmas rice and coffee on sisophan road

o! the morning after christmas rice and coffee on sisophan road

Snowman

I remember we met
in a field cold and wet
as the snow covered over the land.
You put me together
in the wild winter weather
And I was like clay in your hand.
You brought me to life
I thought you were my wife
We danced to the frog machine band.
And we danced
long after
the show.
What a dream
for a man
made of snow.

December was mild
oh how I smiled
with that look that you stuck on my face.
I just couldn't bear it
when you'd nibble my carrot
as we cavorted all over the place.
But soon, we both knew
I'd be gone, we'd be through
Leaving behind not a trace
Things get hot
and there's no
where to go.
Too much heat
for a man
made of snow

We knew from the start
how things fall apart
Might be hours, might be days, might be weeks.
Our star briefly shone
now I stand here alone
and I feel the drops roll down my cheeks.
But it ain't that I'm crying
and it's better than dying
In some dead room filled up with antiques.
And the sun
warms the world
down below.
Too much sun
for a man
made of snow.

All the Holy Days (fast) (guitar, bass, banjo, tambo)

Man on the corner shakes a tin can
'Tis the season says the man the man
He never tires of seasons
When he tires, the next man stands.

On the way down to the coffeeshop
The changing season makes me stop
The world won't stop for me
So relentless in its plan

Choir in the churchyard singing carols
Some specific heaven's heralds/ hymns from all our heavens' heralds
Hark! them dappled sounds of glory
And the beauty that they share

And it's the beauty that'll guide me
Future ex-wife right beside me
There's a prophet and a pilgrimage
To get us anywhere
To get us anywhere

Go!

we all make our separate praises we all dance our different ways
and the carols are sung and the stockings are hung and the candles are lit up on **all the holy days**

Every other lover's got a mother somewhere
Words they live by, words they swear
Fetishistic superstitions
Little magic spells

Nightmares and dreams from my father
We trade back and forth and barter
Manufacture all the trappings
And the history it tells

Light a candle in your window
Watch your neighbors if you don't know
Cheer the churches of your choosing
Hang a banner on your wall

Hang the heretics from a high tree
Hang the stockings by the chimney
There's a guru and a god
To get you anywhere at all
anywhere at all

Go!

we all praise our different makers we all dance our separate ways
and the carols are sung and the stockings are hung and the candles are lit up on **all the holy days**

New Year's Adam

Wintertime stalked me all through the year, gave me chills in the midsummer heat.

On warm sandy beaches or soft autumn leaves, I felt cold ice underneath me feet.

Painstaking, slow-waking, watching the clock... days in my mind passing by

It was a deep dark December down in my soul, and you were the 4th of July.

When I got to the jukebox, there was nothing but junk – all the good songs already got played.

People pass by my street, I'm out mowing the lawn – I got no time to sharpen up the blade.

Meanwhile, the days pile up on my desk, and I'm stuck in this endless routine

I'm just another overtime day at the office, and you are a mad Halloween.

Maybe the seasons are finally coming around: I see light where before was just grey.

I was the longest night in a long, cold year – but you were the sunrise today.

Yesterday is hard to remember. Tomorrow is hard to believe.

And I'll be your New Year's Adam if you'll be my New Year's Eve.

Yesterday is hard to remember. Tomorrow is hard to believe.

And I'll be your New Year's Adam if you'll be my New Year's Eve.

I'll be your New Year's Adam if you'll be my New Year's Eve.

if you'll be my New Year's Eve.

if you'll be my New Year's Eve.

January

– weeny falsetto

Sing a song of seasons
See the cycle start again
So many winters in a lifetime
So many lifetimes and it all begins again (all begins again)

Doop dee doo doo hoo hah
Beep bee hah hah oh
Doodly boop bop beep bop three pop
Oodly smoodly biddly boop bop hip hop

Little bitty seedlings
Waiting for the sun
To shine on all the brand new leaves
To stimulate release of oxygen

Big ol' bears hibernating
In caves and darkened dens
Metabolizing like molasses
Sleep for the forests' mighty denizens

river water freezing
wait for spring to run
locked up for a little while
but time brings energy back to everyone

days are full of darkness/darkness full of demons
just a bit of light
passing time goes by so slow
dreams of days to come keep burning bright

Winter's all around
Snowflakes falling down
Suck up all the sound
Seeds down in the ground
Sleepy bears all brown
Last year's all unwound
New year's come to town
New year's come to town

Sing a song of seasons
See the cycle start again

E	022100
Dmaj7	000222
	000333
	000555
	000777
Amaj7	002120
Cmaj7kinda	005450
Dmaj7kinda	007670

New Year's Day 2012

In the first few hours of the last year on Earth
as the fireworks flew through the sky
Just over the water from where the world was hung over
with cups already run dry
Down on Front Street
Down on Front Street
The first few hours of the last year trickled by

Uncle Otto was prowling the taverns
as the digital midnight hour rang
Jules Verne played a vintage electric guitar
the white-haired ghost of Christmas past sang
Down at the Polar Bar
Down at the North Star
The last year on earth started off with a bang

Chukotka stayed open for business
right next door to the Discovery Saloon
The oldest building in town, where the righteous came down
to hear Piano Man Dave play a tune (or ten)
What a showman
Down on Lomen
The music will be all over soon

Some folks got 86ed early
hell, some folks never even made it to town
Rob Winn wandered through, and mom and Melissa
had already thrown one too many down
Down at Breakers
Down at Anchor
Looking south out across the frozen Sound

Señorita walked in off the street loaded
in every place she got cut off by name
The music was on early but the dance floor was empty
finally filled up late in the game
Down at the laundry
Down at the BOT
With the bartender from sweet Couer d'Alene

Five AM finally shuffled out the door
amidst all the music and vomit and mirth
Thinking forward and backward and counting his change
and wondering what it's all worth
Down on Front Street
Down on Front Street
In the first few hours of the last year on Earth