

Some Just Sleep

Lyrics: Karl
Music: Karl with lots of input from everyone else.
Drums: Greg
Bass: Bill
Guitars: Karl
Keyboards: Matt, Karl and Bill
Train recording: Bill
Lead Vocals: Matt
Backing Vocals: Matt, Karl and Bill

I: Some Just Sleep

A late night train rolls through a sleepy railway town
Fueling the fire and shaking the ground
The moon shines through the trees.
The shadows of branches look like fingers clutching
At something out of reach

In their beds, they sleep and dream.
Some just dream some just sleep

Forty hours per week, the seasons slip by
The means to an end becomes an alibi
Forty years of blood sweat and tears and
They give you a gold watch
It ticks away the time until you die

The color of sunrise
through a window caked with ice
is a rainbow of possibilities
The ice melts away
with the dawn of a new day
like the color that fades from our dreams

II: Rhythm of Life

The passengers stare wide-eyed at the stoker on the screen
Fueling the fire burning inside of what the American dream should be

The brakeman can't remember what he was working for
And the engineer can't remember when she forgot what she was working for

And as the train rolls toward the sunrise the wheels pound out a rhythm on the rails

There's a rhythm of life
Sometimes it drives, sometimes it paralyzes
There's a rhythm of life
A pounding drone for those it hypnotizes

The whistle blows a siren song from the moment we are born
Filling our ears and driving us on from the innocence we mourn

1000 days go by in a flash as history burns in the engines
Til' a trail of smoke is all that remains of dreams and good intentions

There's a rhythm of life...

Feel the beat but find a syncopation
A groove of your own to guide you through time.
Marking time. Hold on to the minutes
And learn from the past but don't live in it.

III: Conductor

This iron horse charges the sunrise leaving dust storms in its wake
A garden of turbulence where hope can grow and more passengers can wait

From the freedom of youth to a prisoner of lies he stares out the window and cries
And the tabloids drill for fuel in the past as his time goes blazing by

At each stop he says,
"Maybe life begins in the next town.
Maybe life is the light at the end of the tunnel"

IV: The Last Stop

When we reach the final destination
Wherever, whenever that may be
Will we smile as we sit in sweet reflection
Of the miles we've gone and the places that we've seen?
And will we rest or is the journey never ending?

And what is how we got there going to mean?

V: One More Day

One more day without swerving or setting foot on the ground
The strobing light from windows flashes on the towns
Makes life beside the rails seem to move in slow motion
And they speed toward tomorrow while today becomes the last stop in the past.

There's a rhythm of life
Sometimes it drives, sometimes it paralyzes
There's a rhythm of life
A pounding drone for those it hypnotizes

Feel the beat but find a syncopation
A groove of your own to guide you through time
Marking time. Hold on to the minutes
And learn from the past but don't live in it.

Non Dimenticar

Piano: Matt

Music Man

Music and lyrics: Matt
Drums: Greg (first take)
Bass: Bill
Guitar: Karl
Keyboards: Matt
Vocals: Matt

Johnny come lately, too quickly went away.
Never a soul on earth who could ever take his place.
Symbol of change forthcoming, embodiment of grace.
Music, time and changes can't erase.

Reluctant hero of capital and cause.
Resonant voice sings out and is heard around the globe.
Remember the songs he sang that made you want to get up and dance.
Turn the music up and let it flow.

Chorus

Come back music man
and play the songs we know so well.
Things haven't been the same since the day you went away.
Just the simple songs you sang were all it took to change the world.
I wish I could have known you music man.

Lyrical wizard, leader of the band.
Master musician with rhythm in your hands.
Singer who can't be silenced, sing to us once again.
Non dimenticar, music man.

Too Far Gone

Lyrics: Matt and Karl
Music: Karl
Drums: Greg
Bass: Bill
Guitar: Karl
Acoustic guitar solo fills: Bill
Keyboards: Matt and Karl
Lead vocal: Matt
Harmony Vocal: Karl

Streetlights beckon through the window,
blinking dimly one by one.
TV is on but no one hears it,
thoughts are waning like the setting sun.
Avoiding contact with the mirror,
reflection triggers too much pain.
As shadow overtakes the city
duskiness gives way to rain.
Elevator doors shut tightly, seems an age before they slide apart.
Hums a tune to try to calm the pounding rhythm of a beating heart.
It's hard to say if she's running away
or if she's too far gone to hold on.

Barely glancing at the doorman
who tips his hat and wishes him well.
The busy streets provide distraction
from the pain that he's afraid will tell.
Water falling from rolling storm clouds hides the tears that flood his eyes
it feels like heaven's raining down on him to clean the slate and choke the fires.
It's hard to say if he's running away
or if he's too far gone to move on.

Flash of lightning wakens memories of a life that flickered then was gone
the falling rain brings back the feelings that he ignored while he was trying to be
strong

He feels her hand beneath the pillow where they'd both fallen asleep.
Cold as rainfall in November Pray the Lord her soul to keep.

**It's hard to say if he's running away
or if he's too far gone to move on.**

Long Black Car

Lyrics: Karl

Music: Karl, Greg and Bill (and what a struggle it was...)

Drums: Greg

Bass: Bill

Guitars: Karl (and Bill a little bit at the end)

Keyboards: Mostly Matt. Karl and Bill a little.

Lead Vocal: Matt

Backing Vocals: Matt, Bill and Karl

I didn't really vote for you
I voted against someone worse
Who will be the lesser evil next time,
When your term has run its course?

One hand washes the other
No matter how dirty they both are
The smart ones lick clean the hands that feed
Everything seems perfect in that long black car
Darkened windows hide what you're afraid for us to see

I don't care
about the sordid details of your past
I worry more about
what you're doing now

One hand....

I see the news about a poor little girl
And a dirty little secret and the ties that bind.
I don't feel bad for her. This is her fault too.
She just wanted to be close to you...
To be just like you.

And how is the good that you do
Eclipsed by what you do for you?
In there, looking out at me
A prisoner of lies in the land of the free

A closet full of skeletons
And a statement full of lies
You're a puppet for the party
And the power money buys

One hand...

Phoenix

Lyrics: Karl
Music: Karl, Greg and Bill
Drums: Greg
Bass: Bill
Guitars: Karl
Keyboards: Matt, Karl and Bill
Lead Vocal: Matt
Backing Vocals: Matt, Bill and Karl

He sat atop the wall before the great fall
A New Yorker with nothing more to gain
He'd watched his city grow from gardens below
Til' it crumbled to ruins once more

So he shook off the dust and headed out west
A nomad with nothing more to lose
Like fall birds he ran to a land of red sand
Where life and hope could be renewed

And soon we'll all have to follow
To a new desert kingdom
To rise from ashes of history
And find a dream we don't have to wake from

So he found a new home made from sand and red stone
Where nature was tamed by man
And the magic returned as history burned
And melted the strength in his hand

And soon...

If we go that far west
In one long, faithful leap
We gain two hours before morning light
Where the coyote's wail
Sings the cholla to sleep
We can go if we leave here tonight.

And soon...

Somewhere Between

Lyrics: Karl
Music: Karl, Greg and Bill
Drums: Greg
Bass: Bill
Guitars: Karl
Keyboards: Karl
Lead Vocal: Matt
Backing Vocals: Matt, Bill and Karl

Wave after wave on a cold cruel sea
Keeping her head above water
The drowning and drowned are a constant reminder
Of the lessons the waves have taught her
And of who she is and might have been
If the time and the tides had been kinder
She sets her sails on the charted course
While keeping herself inside her

But when the critical tides roll out she's on a foreign shore
A secret island all her own where she can be so much more

Somewhere between blinding and blind
Finding her place without losing her mind
The wind is her voice, hear her laughing out loud
At the wrong and the righteous and the shadows of doubt

The hopes and the dreams of the ones drowned before
And the ones still tied to the dock
Twenty-odd years of bearing the weight
And trying to be someone she's not
Advice from survivors echoes back from the shore
It's a different sea that she swims
She hears the sound of the siren song
But draws more strength from within

Sometimes she thought she couldn't weather the storm
On a rolling sea of convention
But her secret island calls her home
and shelters Her without question

Somewhere between blinding and blind
Finding her place without losing her mind
The wind is her voice hear her crying out loud

At wrong and the righteous and the shadows of doubt

The master plan is forgotten for now as she waits for a green flash once more
The drowning and drowned float by with the tide as the song that's inside of her
soars

Somewhere between blinding and blind
Finding her place without losing her mind
The wind is her voice hear her laughing out loud
At the different drummers and the roar of the crowd
Oh, the roar of the crowd....