

I Don't Remember You

By John Kander/Fred Ebb, 1968

Originally from the Broadway musical The Happy Time

I don't remember you
I dont remember you
I dont recall a single thing we used to say or do
What dancing in the park
What laughter in the dark
What smould'ring fire place that lit your face with every
spark
And if i left you once before
Somehow i cant recall it anymore
That was another girl
Your not at all like her
Though for an instance when you touched me i believed you
were
But i was wrong this moment is new
Because i cant i wont i dont remmeber you
That was another time
Another time and place
Although you bare a faint resemblance your another face
Yes i was wrong
This moment is new
Because i cant i wont i dont remember you

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Parla Piu Piano

By Nino Rota/Gianni Boncompagni, 1972

Parla più piano e nessuno sentirà,
il nostro amore lo viviamo io e te,
nessuno sa la verità,
neppure il cielo che ci guarda da lassù.
Insieme a te io resterò,
amore mio, sempre così.
Parla più piano e vieni più vicino a me,
Voglio sentire gli occhi miei dentro di te,
nessuno sa la verità,
è un grande amore e mai più grande esisterà.
Insieme a te io resterò,
amore mio, sempre così.
Parla più piano e vieni più vicino a me,
Voglio sentire gli occhi miei dentro di te,
nessuno sa la verità,
è un grande amore e mai più grande esisterà

<>

Speak Softly

Speak softly and no one will hear,
We live our love, just the two of us
Nobody knows the truth,
Not even the sky that's watching us from above
I'll stay by your side,
My love, always.
Speak softly and come closer to me,
I want to feel my eyes inside of you,
Nobody knows the truth,
It's such a great love, it can't get any greater than this.
I'll stay by your side,
My love, always.
Speak softly and come closer to me,
I want to feel my eyes inside of you,
Nobody knows the truth,
It's such a great love, it can't get any greater than this.

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[The Impossible Dream](#)

By Mitch Leigh/Joe Darion, 1965

Originally from the Broadway musical Man of La Mancha

To dream the impossible dream
To fight the unbeatable foe
To bear with unbearable sorrow
To run where the brave dare not go
To right the unrightable wrong
And to love pure and chaste from afar
To try when your arms are too weary
To reach the unreachable star
This is my quest, to follow that star
No matter how hopeless, no matter how far
To fight for the right without question or pause
To be willing to march into hell for a heavenly cause
And I know if I'll only be true to this glorious quest
That my heart will lie peaceful and calm when I'm laid to my
rest
And the world will be better for this
That one man, scorned and covered with scars,
Still strove with his last ounce of courage
To reach the unreachable star

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Private Dancer

By Mark Knopfler, 1984

All the men come in these places
And the men are all the same
You don't look at their faces
And you don't ask their names
You don't think of them as human
You don't think of them at all
You keep your mind on the money
Keeping your eyes on the wall
I'm your private dancer, a dancer for money
I'll do what you want me to do
I'm your private dancer, a dancer for money
And any old music will do
I want to make a million dollars
I want to live out by the sea
Have a husband and some children
Yeah, I guess I want a family
All the men come in these places
And the men are all the same
You don't look at their faces
And you don't ask their names
I'm your private dancer, a dancer for money
I'll do what you want me to do
I'm your private dancer, a dancer for money
And any old music will do
I'm your private dancer, a dancer for money
I'll do what you want me to do
Just a private dancer, a dancer for money
And any old music will do
Deutch marks or dollars
American Express will do nicely, thank you
Let me loosen up your collar
Tell me, do you want to see me do the shimmy again?
I'm your private dancer, a dancer for money
I'll do what you want me to do
I'm your private dancer, a dancer for money
And any old music will do
I'm your private dancer, a dancer for money
I'll do what you want me to do
I'm your private dancer, a dancer for money
And any old music will do
I'm your private dancer, a dancer for money
I'm your private dancer, a dancer for money

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[Runaway](#)

By Del Shannon/Max Crook, 1961

As I walk along, I wonder
A what went wrong with our love
A love that was so strong
And as I still walk on
I think of the things we've done
Together, while our hearts were young
I'm a walkin' in the rain
Tears are fallin' and I feel a pain
A wishin' you were here by me
To end this misery
And I wonder, I wa wa wa wa wonder
Why a why why why why why
She ran away
And I wonder where she will stay
My little runaway
My run run run run runaway
I'm a walkin' in the rain
Tears are fallin' and I feel a pain
A wishin' you were here by me
To end this misery
And I wonder, I wa wa wa wa wonder
Why a why why why why why
She ran awayway
And I wonder where she will stay
My little runaway
A run run run run
Runaway
And I wonder a where she will stay
My little runaway
A run run run run runaway

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What A Wonderful World

By Bob Thiele/George David Weiss, 1967

<http://johnlloydyoung.club/media/video/jly-waww-nbc-macys-04-7-2007.mp4>

I see trees of green, red roses too
I see them bloom for me and you
And I think to myself what a wonderful world.
I see skies of blue and clouds of white
The bright blessed day, the dark sacred night
And I think to myself what a wonderful world.
The colors of the rainbow so pretty in the sky
Are also on the faces of people going by
I see friends shaking hands saying how do you do
They're really saying I love you.
I hear babies crying, I watch them grow
They'll learn much more than I'll never know
And I think to myself what a wonderful world
Yes I think to myself what a wonderful world

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Till The Storm Is Done

By John Lloyd Young, 2016

Some days all your plans just come undone

Oh, baby

Don't be afraid, there'll be a new one

When dark clouds are formin', oh

I'm here to keep you safe and warm and

Hold me closer, till the storm is done

Oh, baby

Rolling thunder rising with the sun, oh

Don't be afraid, cause dreams are made

here

Show me your hand, I'll understand

dear

When dark clouds are formin', oh

I'm here to keep you safe and warm and

Hold me closer, till the storm is done

Oh, baby

Rolling thunder rising with the sun, oh

When clouds roll in, when pain begins

run

Into my arms, cause I'm the right

one

Beyond the horizon, oh

The future's bright, so shield your eyes and

Hold me closer, till the storm is done

Oh, baby

Rolling thunder rising with the sun, oh

Hold me closer, till the storm is done

Oh, baby

Rolling thunder rising with the sun, oh

Hold me closer, till the storm is done

Oh, baby

Hold me closer, till the storm is done

Oh, baby

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The Spy

By Jim Morrison, 1970

I'm a spy in the house of love
I know the dream, that you're dreamin' of
I know the word that you long to hear
I know your deepest, secret fear
I'm a spy in the house of love
I know the dream, that you're dreamin' of
I know the word that you long to hear
I know your deepest, secret fear
I know everything
Everything you do
Everywhere you go
Everyone you know
I'm a spy in the house of love
I know the dream, that you're dreamin' of
I know the word that you long to hear
I know your deepest, secret fear
I know your deepest, secret fear
I know your deepest, secret fear
I'm a spy, I can see
What you do
And I know

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Usted

By Gabriel Ruiz/Monis Zorrilla, 1951

Usted es la culpable
De todas mis angustias, y todos mis quebrantos
Usted lleno mi vida
De dulces inquietudes, y amargos desencantos
Su amor es como un grito
Que llevo aquí en mi alma y aquí en mi corazón
Y soy aunque no quiera
Esclavo de sus ojos, juguete de su amor
No juegue con mis penas, ni con mis sentimientos
Que es lo único que tengo
Usted es mi esperanza, mi última esperanza
Comprenda de una vez
Usted me desespera
Me mata, me enloquece
Y hasta la vida diera por vencer el miedo
De besarla a usted

<>

YOU

You are to blame
For all my anxieties and all my sufferings
You filled my life
With sweet concerns and bitter disappointments
(Chorus)
Your love is like a cry
That I keep here in my soul and here in my heart
And I am, though I don't want to be,
A slave of your eyes, plaything of your love
Don't play with my sorrows, nor with my feelings
That is all I have left
You are my hope, my last hope
Understand once and for all
You drive me to despair,
You kill me, make me crazy
And I would even give my life to overcome the fear
Of kissing you

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[La Partida](#)

By Juan Remigo Alvarez Lopez/Eusebio Blasco, 1914

Sierras de Granada, montes de Aragón,
campos de mi patria,
para siempre adiós, adiós,
para siempre adiós.

De la patria los últimos ecos,
resonando en mi pecho estarán
y mis ojos llorando pesares
sus dolores, ¡ay! sus dolores
al mundo dirán.

Mensajeros, ¡ay! mensajeros
de un pecho traidor. ¡Ah!

Cuando a tus playas vuelva suelo adorado
las aguas del olvido me habrán curado
y si así no sucede ¡triste de mí! ¡triste de mí!
a la patria que dejo vendré a morir.
Sierras de Granada, montes de Aragón,
campos de mi patria, para siempre adiós,
adiós, para siempre adiós.

<>

LEAVING

Mountains of Granada, peaks of Aragon,
lands of my country, forever farewell!

The last echoes of my homeland
will resonate in my chest,

and my eyes, crying of sorrow,
will reveal their pain to the world,
as messengers of a traitor chest.

When I will return to your coast, dear homeland,

I will be cured by the waters of oblivion;

but, if not, poor me, poor me,
to my fatherland that I'm leaving now,

I will return to die.

Mountains of Granada, peaks of Aragon
lands of my country, forever farewell!

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[They Can't Take That Away From Me](#)

By George Gershwin/Ira Gershwin, 1937

<http://johnlloydyoung.club/media/video/jly-tcttafm-03-2009.mp4>

There are many, many crazy things
That will keep me loving you,
And with your permission
May I list a few?
The way you wear your hat.
The way you sip your tea.
The memory of all that –
No, no – they can't take that away from me.
The way your smile just beams.
The way you sing off-key.
The way you haunt my dreams.
No, no – they can't take that away from me.
We may never, never meet again
On that bumpy road to love
Still I'll always,
Always keep the memory of...
The way you hold your knife (do-do-do-do do-do).
The way we danced until three.
The way you've changed my life.
No, no – they can't take that away from me.
No, they can't take that away from me.

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Longer

By Dan Fogelberg, 1979

Longer than there've been fishes in the ocean
Higher than any bird ever flew
Longer than there've been stars up in the heavens
I've been in love with you
Stronger than any mountain cathedral
Truer than any tree ever grew
Deeper than any forest primeval
I am in love with you
I'll bring fire in the winters
You'll send showers in the springs
We'll fly through the falls and summers
With love on our wings
Through the years, as the fire starts to mellow
Burning lines in the book of our lives
Though the binding cracks and the pages start to yellow
I'll be in love with you
I'll be in love with you
Longer than there've been fishes in the ocean
Higher than any bird ever flew
Longer than there've been stars up in the heavens
I've been in love with you
I am in love with you

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Goin' Out Of My Head

By Teddy Randazzo/Bobby Weinstein, 1964

Over you, over you
I want you to want me
I need you so badly
I can't think of anything but you
And I think I'm goin' out of my head
'Cause I can't explain the tears that I shed
Over you, over you
I see you each morning
But you just walk past me
You don't even know that I exist
Goin' out of my head over you
Out of my head over you
Out of my head, day and night
Night and day and night, wrong or right
I must think of a way into your heart
There's no reason why my being shy should keep us apart
And I think I'm goin' out of my head
Yes, I think I'm goin' out of my head
Goin' out of my head over you
Out of my head over you
Out of my head, day and night
Night and day and night
Wrong or right
Night and day and oh
Out of my head over you
Night and day and night
Wrong or right
Goin' out of my head, hey baby
Out of my head, goin' out of my head
Yeah yeah yeah, ooh ooh, baby
Over you, out of my head
Well, I, I think, I think, I think
I'm goin' out of my head
Well, I, I think, I think, I think
I'm goin' out of my head
Well, I, I think, I think, I think
I'm goin' out of my head
Well, I, I think, I think, I think
I'm goin' out of my head
Well, I, I think, I think, I think
I'm goin' out of my head
Well, I, I think, I think, I think
I'm goin' out of my head
Well, I, I think, I think, I think
I'm goin' out of my head
Out of my head
Out of my head
I see you each morning
You just walk past me
You don't even know that I exist
Goin' out of my head over you
Out of my head over you
Out of my head
Day and night
Night and day and night
Wrong or right
Goin' out of my head
Goin' out of my head
Day and night
Goin' out of my head, ooh baby

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[I Only Have Eyes For You](#)

By Harry Warren/Al Dubin, 1959

My love must be a kind of blind love
I can't see anyone but you
Sha bop sha bop
Are the stars out tonight
I don't know if it's cloudy or bright
I only have eyes for you dear
Sha bop sha bop
The moon may be high
Sha bop sha bop
But I can't see a thing in the sky
I only have eyes for you
I don't know if we're in a garden
Or on a crowded avenue
Sha bop sha bop
You are here
Sha bop sha bop
And so am I
Sha bop sha bop
Maybe millions of people go by
But they all disappear from view
And I only have eyes for you
Sha bop sha bop
Sha bop sha bop
Sha bop sha bop
Sha bop sha bop
Sha bop sha bop

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Smoke Gets In Your Eyes

By Otto Harbach/Jerome Kern, 1933

They asked me how I knew
My true love was true
I of course replied
Something here inside cannot be denied
They said "someday you'll find all who love are blind"
When your heart's on fire,
You must realize, smoke gets in your eyes
So I chaffed them and I gaily laughed
To think they could doubt my love
Yet today my love has flown away,
I am without my love (without my love)
Now laughing friends deride
Tears I cannot hide
So I smile and say
When a lovely flame dies, smoke gets in your eyes

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The Great Pretender

By Buck Ram, 1955

Oh-oh, yes I'm the great pretender
Pretending that I'm doing well
My need is such I pretend too much
I'm lonely but no one can tell
Oh-oh, yes I'm the great pretender
Adrift in a world of my own
I've played the game but to my real shame
You've left me to grieve all alone
Too real is this feeling of make-believe
Too real when I feel what my heart can't conceal
Yes, I'm the great pretender
Just laughin' and gay like a clown
I seem to be what I'm not, you see
I'm wearing my heart like a crown
Pretending that you're still around
Too real is this feeling of make-believe
Too real when I feel what my heart can't conceal
Yes, I'm the great pretender
Just laughin' and gay like a clown
I seem to be what I'm not, you see
I'm wearing my heart like a crown
Pretending that you're still around

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[Sarah, Plain and Tall Songs](#) [Description](#)

By Nell Benjamin/Laurence O'Keefe, 2002

1. Lady of the House

Anna (Kate Wetherhead) is the “the Lady of the House” and as the older of the two children, she awakens the younger Caleb (John Lloyd Young) to get him to begin his chores. Later in the song Caleb implores Anna to sing the lullaby his mother used to sing, but Anna will not sing it.

2. Letters

Picture the stage divided in half. On the left side is the farmhouse in Kansas. The song opens with Jacob (Herndon Lackey), the widower and father of Anna and Caleb, together with his neighbor, Mathew (Kenneth Boys) are crafting a letter to send a letter to the Boothbay News in Maine, advertising for a “mail-order wife” for Jacob. On the right side of the stage is the house in Maine where Sarah (Becca Ayers), with her brother William (also played by Kenneth Boys) and Estelle (Debra Wiseman), her nasty sister-in-law, who reads Jacob’s advertisement in the Boothbay News newspaper. They construct a letter from Sarah to Jacob, responding to the ad. Estelle badgers Sarah telling her what she should write but Sarah has the strength of character to resist Estelle’s badgering and write only the truth. The spotlight shifts back and forth between the family in Maine and the family in Kansas reading and writing letters to one another.

3. Sarah, Plain and Tall

Sarah shows her spunk. She has arrived in Kansas and is in the kitchen planning what she will do to learn the farm’s routine. “I’d like to ride Jack”. “No” says Jacob, “He’ll toss you right off his back”. But she is determined. Sarah also wants to bake, name the chickens, milk the cows, and plow the fields. And she does!

4. Storm

An interlude (without singing) of an approaching thunder storm. You can feel the oncoming breeze and smell the rain in the air.

5. Would You Miss Me?

A nonsense sea chantey that Sarah sings and the children join in with her. Incidentally, on the CD there is an additional track which duplicates this entire song as an orchestral without any singing so that listeners can sing the song as a karaoke.

6. Don’t Miss the Sea

Caleb plaintively asks Sarah not to go home to Maine.

7. 60 Cents

Jacob tells his best friend, Mathew, that he owes him 60 cents – that’s the cost of the ad placed in the Boothbay News for a wife. Indeed, Sarah did not turn out as he had expected. After all, she rode Jack, the horse, which Jacob had expressly forbidden; she refinished the floors in the house. Indeed, Sarah was not working out anything like Jacob expected. And, by gum, Mathew, your advice to place the ad was not very good and you owe me 60 cents! OK, proposes Mathew, have Sarah cook dinner so that Maggie (also played by Debra Wiseman) and Mathew can come over to see how bad Sarah really is. Jacob agrees to Sarah’s cooking dinner.

8. Cow Pond

Description n/a

9. Dinner Song

Jacob is preparing for the dinner with Anna and Caleb coaching him: don’t slouch, don’t grouch; don’t interrupt; don’t always have to be right. Meanwhile, Sarah, too, is getting dressed for the dinner and Maggie is helping her. Sarah is getting into a corset – which she hates while Maggie is coaching Sarah to be “be a lady” with grace and show some sign to Jacob that she wants to be kissed. Everyone, including Anna whose heart Sarah has won over, want the dinner to “succeed”, meaning that Sarah would stay and become Jacob’s wife.

10. Quartet

The dinner is successful but Caleb and Anna wonder why Sarah does not appear happy. Sarah longs for her home in Maine, her brother and the sea. Maggie tries to console Sarah by telling her of how she, too, longs for where she grew up –the flowers and warmth of Tennessee. Anna begins to wonder if her mother who passed away would mind if Sarah stays. And Anna longs to be able to shed farm responsibilities long enough to go swimming in the cow pond again. At the end of the song, Anna and Caleb, Sarah and Maggie sing together acknowledging that they miss what they left behind them but realize it is more important to look ahead for something better instead.

11. Is it Me You Want to Kiss?

After becoming at-one with farm, winning the hearts of the children, and preparing the successful dinner where she is dressed like Jacob’s previous wife, Sarah wonders whether she truly has won the heart of Jacob. Sarah wonders if, in Jacob’s eyes, she is merely the embodiment of Jacob’s first wife? Is Jacob judging Sarah by the cut of her dress and her pinned up hair rather than for the strong, capable and independent woman she is? “Is it me you want to kiss or the wife you miss?” Tormented in not knowing the true answer, Sarah runs out of the house and goes into town.

12. Sing You to Sleep

The family does not know if Sarah will return. Whether or not she does, Anna, recognizing that love must prevail and that song should no longer be repressed, in the house, begins to sing her mother’s lullaby, long kept silent on orders from her father. Listening to his daughter sing, Jacob realizes that love and song must be part of the house again. He also realizes that he loves Sarah for the unique person she is. Jacob joins Anna in singing the lullaby. Sarah, realizing that her love for Jacob and the children is too strong, returns to house, and hears the two singing the lullaby. And the family becomes one.

Have Yourself A Merry Little Christmas

By Hugh Martin/Ralph Blane, 1957

Have yourself a merry little Christmas,
Let your heart be light
From now on,
Our troubles will be out of sight
Have yourself a merry little Christmas,
Make the Yule-tide gay,
From now on,
Our troubles will be miles away.
Here we are as in olden days,
Happy golden days of yore.
Faithful friends who are dear to us
Gather near to us once more.
Through the years we all will be together
If the Fates allow
Hang a shining star upon the highest bough.
And have yourself a merry little Christmas now

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Santa Medley

*By John Frederick Coots/Haven Gillespie/Emily Huntington Miller/James Lord
Pierpont, 2001*

Jolly old Saint Nicholas lean your ear this way
Don't you tell a single soul what I'm going to say
Christmas Eve is coming soon now you dear old man
Whisper what you'll bring to me tell me if you can
When the clock is striking twelve when I'm fast asleep
Down the chimney broad and black with your pack you'll
creep

All ths stockings you will find hanging in a row
Mine will be the shortest one you'll be sure to know
Johnny wants a pair of skates Susie wants a dolly
Nelly wants a storybook she thinks dolls are folly
As for me my little brain isn't very bright
Choose for me old Santa Claus what you think is right

Jolly old Saint Nicholas lean your ear this way
Don't you tell a single soul what I'm going to say
Christmas Eve is coming soon now you dear old man
Whisper what you'll bring to me tell me if you can
Tell me if you can

(Jolly, jolly, jolly, jolly old Saint Nick....)

You better watch out

You better not cry

Better not pout

I'm telling you why

Santa Claus is coming to town

He's making a list

And checking it twice

Gonna find out Who's naughty and nice

Santa Clause is coming to town

He sees you when you're sleeping

He knows when you've been bad or good

So be good for goodness sake!

O! You better watch out!

You better not cry

Better not pout

I'm telling you why

Santa Claus is coming to town

Santa Claus is coming to town

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I Can't Make You Love Me

By Mike Reid/Allen Shamblin, 1991

<http://media.johnlloydyoung.club/jly-i-cant-make-you-love-me.mp3>

Turn down the lights
Turn down the bed
Turn down these voices inside my head
Lay down with me
Tell me no lies
Just hold me close, don't patronize
Don't patronize me
'Cause I can't make you love me if you don't
You can't make your heart feel something it won't
Here in the dark, in these final hours
I will lay down my heart and I'll feel the power
But you won't, no you won't
'Cause I can't make you love me, when you don't
I'll close my eyes, then I won't see
The love you don't feel when you're holding me
Morning will come and I'll do what's right
Just give me till then to give up this fight
And I will give up this fight
'Cause I can't make you love me if you don't
You can't make your heart feel something it won't
Here in the dark, in these final hours
I will lay down my heart and I'll feel the power
But you won't, no you won't
'Cause I can't make you love me, when you don't

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Slow Dawn Calling

By Tommy Faragher/John Lloyd Young, 2016

Tossing and turning
All through the night
Don't have to see things
To know you're right
Your hair down your shoulder
It looks so nice
I reach out to hold ya
You're cold as ice
I hear a slow dawn calling
And there's a strange wind howling
I feel a deep freeze falling
I know I'll never see you again
Now that I'm burning
With deep regret
I know that you're yearning
Your mind's all set
When all I've been doing
Is make mistakes
A change in the weather
Is all it takes
(To) hear a slow dawn calling
And there's a strange wind howling
I feel a deep freeze falling
I know I'll never see you again
I'm older and I'm wiser
Gotta make it show
Don't apologize
I've seen enough to know

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For Your Love (I Would Do Anything)

By Ed Townsend, 1958

For your love, oh, I would do anything
I would do anything, for your love
For your kiss
(Ahh, ahh, ahh, ahh)
Oh, I would go anywhere
(Ahh, ahh, ahh, ahh)
I would go
(Ahh, ahh, ahh, ahh)
Anywhere, for your kiss
More foolish I grow
With each heart beat
But we all get foolish
That's why I repeat
For your love
(Ahh, ahh, ahh, ahh)
Oh, I would do anything
(Ahh, ahh, ahh, ahh)
I would do anything, for your kiss
I would do anything, for your love
(Anything, anything, anything)
For your love
(Ahh, ahh, ahh, ahh, ahh, ooh)

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All I Want For Christmas Is You

By Mariah Carey/Walter Afanasieff, 1993

<http://media.johnlloydyoung.club/jly-all-i-want-for-christmas-is-you.mp3>

I don't want a lot for Christmas
There is just one thing I need
I don't care about the presents
Underneath the Christmas tree
I just want you for my own
More than you could ever know
Make my wish come true oh
All I want for Christmas is you
I don't want a lot for Christmas
There is just one thing I need, and I
Don't care about the presents
Underneath the Christmas tree
I don't need to hang my stocking
There upon the fireplace
Santa Claus won't make me happy
With a toy on Christmas day
I just want you for my own
More than you could ever know
Make my wish come true
All I want for Christmas is you

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Manifiesto

By Victor Jara, 1973

Yo no canto por cantar
ni por tener buena voz,
canto porque la guitarra
tiene sentido y razón.
Tiene corazón de tierra
y alas de palomita,
es como el agua bendita
santigua glorias y penas.
Aquí se encajó mi canto
como dijera Violeta
guitarra trabajadora
con olor a primavera.
Que no es guitarra de ricos
ni cosa que se parezca
mi canto es de los andamios
para alcanzar las estrellas,
que el canto tiene sentido
cuando palpita en las venas
del que morirá cantando
las verdades verdaderas,
no las lisonjas fugaces
ni las famas extranjeras
sino el canto de una lonja
hasta el fondo de la tierra.
Ahí donde llega todo
y donde todo comienza
canto que ha sido valiente
siempre será canción nueva.

<>

by John Lloyd Young
"Manifest"

I don't sing just to sing
or because I have a good voice
I sing because the guitar
has feeling and meaning
It has the soul of the earth
and the wings of a dove
It is like holy water
blessing glory and pain
My song has found a purpose
as Violeta [Parra, Chilean composer] would say:
- a working man's guitar
with the scent of Spring.
It's not a rich man's guitar
not even close.
My song is of the scaffolding
reaching up to the stars,
for singing has meaning
when it pulses in the veins
of the man who would die singing
real truths,
not for fleeting flattery
or worldwide fame,
but the song of a lark
from the depths of the earth.
Coming from that place, where everything ends up
and everything begins,
the song that has been brave
will always be new.

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Love Believes

By John Mercurio, 2008

Never knew my parents,
Move from town to town.
Foster families raised me,
Never settled down.
But damn good source of income
From the time when I was three
Orion's good for cash but lousy company.
Just a monthly check,
Just another pair of hands on deck.
Orion doesn't talk much
He's not got much to say.
Orion doesn't smile much
I guess that's just his way.
Social worker packed me
As ready-to-eat knight
The legionary shifty and untrusty
And ready for a fight.
So my file set,
So my file red and black and white,
That's what they all said
So I believed them...
Then one day I met a stranger,
With a scar upon his face
He asked me if I walked in
What was in his final case.
He opened up the lectures
To show what was within.
I peered inside and gazed
Upon his dusty file in
Such a broken thing
Then I pull the ball across the strain
Orion's off exploring
Castles in the air
I know he sits beside you
He's never really there.
Orion doesn't feel much
As I sit to the ball
Orion doesn't smile much
He's best when left alone.
That's what they all said
So I believed them
That's still who I am
That's still who I am...
So whatever you think you might feel in my songs
It's all just a part of the routine...
See around...
Turn around
Look again
I will still be here
Change the pain to a thing of beauty
If you would allow
I could show you how.
Sweet Elizabeth,
Don't believe that I'm worth of fight
Turn and walk away
You've been of all kind
I won't forget tonight.
Turn around
(Orion doesn't trust much)
Have some faith
(Cos I sit to the ball)
I have some to spare
(Orion doesn't smile much
He's best when left alone)
Please believe
(Can't teach this soul talk)
That you turn around
(who trains)
I will still be here
(others have tried, just walk away)
Turn around
(Walk away)
Turn around
(Walk away)
Turn around
(Walk away)
Love receives all things,
Love receives all things,
Love it's a stairs
Love believes all things
(Orion doesn't laugh much)
I don't really care
(Orion doesn't talk much)
I've got my faith
(Orion doesn't feel much)
I will still be there
(Orion doesn't trust much)
I'm around you anyway
Love endures, love contains
Love receives all things,
Love insures, love it's a stairs
Love believes all things
Love believes all things
Love believes

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