

If I prayed

If I prayed my soul to take
Or reciped the bread I bake
There's now 2 mistakes I've made
 'cause I don't have a soul
No bloodless demon can you see
Nothing but a human being
You could call me heartless
 That's something I accept

No purpose in prayer
There's nobody there
Heaven or hell hold no meaning
It's just a life, a beginning bitter pill
Make of it what you will

Days I wish there were angels
Wings of light, feathers, halos
Don't know what they'd do
 We'd go out knock back a few

Commiserate together (birds of a feather)
Both jobless At least I'd have someone to talk to

Sometimes I catch my words out loud
Unrecorded I like the sound
But it's not prayer I'm speaking
It's only words, without much meaning
Like a poem badly written
Wobbly, unstable sitting
needing help
I'll stand and sing it Loud and long
Then I'll pray it becomes a song

White Walls

It's a place with white walls/ Mother's sit with children
Hands in laps, on heads or shoulders/ Sometimes busy knitting
The room is stifled busyness/ Tension thick as paste
The children sit looking down/ at their phones

There are Doctors and nurses here/ Efficient friendly receptionists
The only real smiles/ in the room
The problems no one could foresee/ They couldn't imagine
And now the children/ wish to be free

Or that the world/ could view
Them as they wish to be seen

There's a blankness in our minds/ White walls are our screens
We project who we think/ others wish to be
And the smiles are reflected/ in hopeless social memes
But the children wish the world/ would just leave them be
Solo over Verse (Gordon's

It's not hard to pretend/ but it's hard not to be
The way you look and act/ and not the way you feel
The phone in your hand/ gives you community
But it doesn't solve your life/ it's not real

Nor makes it possible/ to be viewed
As they wish to be

If truth speaks to power

If truth speaks out to Power/ But Power isn't listening
And the people who are listening/ Don't have the ear of Power

When is the end of the chaos that ensues
When can the people find the peace they pursue
The right becomes wrong when the truth is denied
It doesn't matter right or left when only Power decides

If truth speaks to Power/ But the truth is unforgiven
The truth is inconvenient/ The truth is forbidden

When is the chaos that brings us to the end
When can our people of the world depend
On good government for and by us all
If it doesn't matter when Power ignores our call

If truth speaks to Power/ And Power is deaf
Is there short of violence/ Combat for our defense

When decisions made by Power are beyond pale
When all people who need protection are failed
By the government who was by and for us all
When it no longer matters for Power ignores our call

The Diddle by Gordon Frazier

The Hey Diddle Diddle is a bar in the middle
Of the block on Mother Goose Square
It's got two doors but there ain't no windows
Cuz you don't want to be seen there.

It's Mother Goose who owns the joint
Hell, she owns half the town!
And just like *any* slumlord
She's never to be found

Chorus;

*Hey Diddle Diddle/ (That) cat and his fiddle
(He) plays the same tune every night.
But there's always a wrong note\ That turns the night sour ...
At the Hey Diddle Diddle Bar.*

A farm girl moved to the city,/ Thinking she'd go far.
But she did get further than working as a server
At the Hey Diddle Diddle Bar.

She missed her pet cow Daisy,/ She misses her goats and chickens too.
And sometimes when she's been drinking/ She see Daisy Floating past the moon...

The man they call the Spoon/ And his latest lovely Dish
Have set up shop/ in his corner booth.
He said it was good work/ but he was a real jerk;
She'd spend that job/ mostly on her back

Chorus;

There's a dog-face boy/ hangs out at the Diddle/ And he laughs most all the time

He laughs if it's funny; he laughs if it's sad;
He laughs/cuz he's forgotten/ how to cry
So what of Mother Goose, the owner of the bar,/ the owner of the block, of the
square.
Is she aware of the evil she's wrought?/ Does she even care?

There's a cat in the band/ who plays a mean fiddle,/ and they always gotta play his
song
He wrote it for a lover who left him years ago,/ because he done her wrong.

Everytime they play it/ he hopes to see her/ Walkin' through that door.
But he know some things/ can't be forgiven/ and he'll see her/ nevermore

Chorus;

There's Hey Diddle Diddles in every town/ But no one seems to care.
We walk right past/ the place with no windows/ Cuz we don't want to know what's
there.

Their truth their lies

The war begun before we're born
A war to mend or to be torn
The least we hope is to survive
And learn between their truth their lies

We never learned to tell what's news Maybe it's all propaganda
Will climate change bring extinction What about those pandas?

Circadian rhythms turned against us By devices demanding attention
made by companies who despise us Believe we live to buy things from them

The pulses broadcast outward Movement provokes instinction
Trapped we all agree while earbuds Keep us synced in
We didn't understand why We had to have them
Now we're trained and do as told without question

We did not learn to think from our education
lessons repeated endlessly strict regurgitation
If we questioned the textbooks old and out of date
Ordered to ignore just answers provided by the state

The fear of tyrannies though the law is said to protect us all
They destroyed the land, praised long ago as amber and beautiful
And if it was not intentional this fall before the rise
Soon there's nothing left between their truths and their lies

Movies say the rich will leave into space to where unknown
Then truth rebounds it will be revived and shown
We'll know between their truth their lies
There's nothing there except their lies

Hope

He wrote them songs no one could sing/ He sang them all day long
The words he sang didn't mean a thing/ They was just his words his song

A sidewalk square was his land/ Captured duct tapes shoes
He stood and sang, an out-stretched hand/ nothing left to lose

*Never once the same spot/ If you met surprised
Not that he even noticed/ always sang with closed eyes*

Black or white, how could you tell/ dirt sunbaked shining smile
But when he sang range true a bell/ Message went a mile

He sang those sounds a language/ not spoken on this earth
A sound of peace it brought some grace/ and a little life's delight

*Never once the same spot/ If you met him you'd be surprised
Not that he even noticed/ always sang with closed eyes*

Someone's got to take his place/ it's something that we hope
Those unearthly sounds they contained/ the idea of some hope.

The promised land

She was given lessons/ by a friend with a mirror
how to hold her face/ Clothes to wear
What her sign should say/ Never look away
Repeated over and over again

When they offer money / break a tiny smile
And if it's a bill/ an audible thanks
But never look them in the face eyes down keep them dead and blank

~~

She practised hard/ scavenged clothes from the sides of roads
Cardboard sign in crayon/ Did all she could to stay away
from that place they called a home.

~~

As time passed no more pretense
The rags and despair real
She changed the words on the signs
Still refused to steal/ Didn't sell her body
though the offer came and went
Life on the street wears you down
soon she looked old and ground-down.

~~

Winter's are so hard one day/ it was too much
She bought a ticket south sat/ by the heater on the bus

~~

Fell asleep feeling safe wrapped up/
Driver's changed, bus emptied and filled again
She came to a city, destination's end
One version of this story is /she cleaned up and got a job
The other is she dreamt it all / died in a frozen fog

~~

Her latest sign held fast in rigid frozen hands

Thanks for looking, thanks for help this is the promised land.

Lines in a Book

Some lines in a book sing out to you/ notes inherent in each syllable
often I wonder is this the author/ or inside my character ~

A pin striped suit creases razor sharp/ Bow like a sword slash es the air
We raise our heads _ _ _ lift our ears/ finally this is what we came to hear

Her Fedora sits at an angle/ nearly touching her black eye-patch
we might think or wonder but/ we can see who won the fight we can hear who is alive
~

Her music impossible to ignore/ but it had been just moments before
the real musician began to play/ We all moved to the dance floor

We snapped and jangled made the turns/ no pasadoble crossed our ears
that violin brought out our wild/ She stood and played never smiled~

She played with more passion,/ Stronger than men\ She played for her self with no
accordian

She played tangos we had never heard/ but once she played they stayed in our_blood

She tipped her hat then slid a way/ Who she was, no one could say
We hoped and longed for her return/ but never saw heard or learned ~

Memories remained but faded day by day/ Her bow and violin, the way she played
The steps we invented on the spot/ never heard again that's all we got

A short misguided song of love

What if what I feel is/ not inside me
My entire body tingles,/ when you're near me
I can't decide/ if I've lost my mind
Or I'm in love->

Gordon Solo

We have only met and it's/ way to fast
My heart is in my throat/ I might pass out
You don't know me/ and I don't know you
But it is love->

Maurice Solo

You're walking away after/ just one drink
We shared the look the smiles/ it's not enough
I can't understand if you/ go without me
For this is love->

No Glory

I walked to the water
I walked with my head held high
I knew in the battle
That I was going to die
The winds had changed the bullets gone
we had no more illusions
about the things we'd done.

This was no war you read about
no one to tell the story
unofficial win or lose
success still meant no glory

Hidden by a blackest night
as silent as the fog
a flash announced the fight begun
they quickly cut us down

We bled into the earth a prayer
that some how it was better
than sitting in a cell some where
unknown and yet forgotten
my mouth was dry about to die
unknown and yes forgotten

What Kind of life is this?

when he was done/ the seed was set
i knew he knew it/ then he disappeared
i let it grow/ for a little time yet
thought it didn;t matter,

i didn't know the/ pain i'd have to endure against the law, i asked someone
where i needed to go, but it was too late the seed had begun to grow

i didn't have the means to take care of it and even, if i did
it'd still be more than I could care for
i didn't have the money i didn't have the knowledge
just knew couldn't let it grow

i got advice, took a list to the grocery store
now i;m in jail they say it was murder but
the poisons I drank almost put me in the morgue
just to make certain i'd asked to be beaten
in a blind alley they did it well.

I'm in jail for a life I couldn't give now I have nothing or my life to live

Jam instrumental

if i get out| will i get out?| what kind of life is this?
marked with a asterisk on my left wrist
marked with a number, my name on the list
no matter where i go they'll know where it is
what kind of life is this? what kind of life is this?

No regrets

What if we fall in love/ do you think it's possible?
Do you understand/ what that means?
If we fall in love/ it's so improbable
Do you know that it means/ the death of one of us?
(or do you mean to kill me? 3x)

There is no equality/ between us
That means one of us mus give up who we are
And once one of us loses our identity
We are no longer a duality

And once we wed/ no god will separate us
Once we wed we'll be dead to each other
One must be subservient to the other
No longer a sister or even a brother

*So I cannot fall in love/ with you/ So I will never/ follow through
And I know that you wish/ it was not so/ This is who I am/ I cannot be
your wife!*

Doesn't matter what the fight / Doesn't matter our principles
All is lost our freedom flown/ If we marry our lives~ are not our own

Maurice Solo
{chorus}

I am going no regrets/ I am leaving live without me
You don't know it yet/ But you'll be better off without me
There'll be no regrets/ It's true ~ so ~ no ~ regrets ~ for you

(outro)

Never Mind

I asked she answered/ a small closed voice
never mind never mind

I took her hand and asked again
It doesn't matter, never mind
She pulls away, eyes turn grey
One tear cornered falls astray
Never mind never mind

I want to care to help be kind
She pushes back her chair from mine
From the table leaves the room
Sky outside darkens into
Never mind Never Mind

But I do, I think I do

Tap on the door ask is she okay?
She whispers just go away
There's no question it was done
Can't undo what's been done
Never mind Never Mind

Once too often you hear the words
Never mind
Begin to think okay I will
never mind

That's the end she leaves that day
Or it can go the other way
You or she or I will say
It doesn't matter never mind
It's a lie it always matters
But never mind ~>

Blue Shadows by Gordon Frazier

Chorus; Blue Shadows on the avenue

Blue shadows, late afternoon

Blue Shadows, Blue shadows

Always make me think of you.

Well I never understood a single thing you said,

And you couldn't understand me.

But love is the only language that matters.

That's what you taught me to see.

2x instrumental solo

There's a certain time of day, in the late afternoon

When the light's just right and the shadows turn blue.

And at *just that* moment, anything seems possible.

That's when I know I'll see you, again, someday

Chorus; Blue shadows on the avenue

Blue shadows, late afternoon

Blue Shadows, Blue shadows

Always make me think of you.

Blue shadows/ always make me think/ of you.

Karmic Load

I tossed my net and captured it
Drew it close and snapped it's neck
The shudder 'scaped up foot to head, mine

I tossed again, a bird this time
Drew it crying out for kin
The feathers loosed, it's death was quick
And I shuddered once again

I am collecting karmic load
Some believe in hea'n or hell
Some think coming back or no
I believe in the shudder

To kill is part of life I know
With calm intellect, and understanding.
But when I stomp upon the squirrel
To keep my crops from fouling

I regret the cause, I regret the need

There are times I wish to eat.

I will not come back a toad
A bird, a mouse, a fish, or goat
I won't come back at all
That's the load, that's our fall
 We die, the end, that's life's call.

In a mood

I'm in something of a fix/ don't know what to do
Never sure of what I am or if I'll make it through
You can't see what I mean/ But what I say is true
You've got to go away/ Because I'm in a mood

Not a mood for candlelight, diamonds or silk ties
Don't feel the need for fancy shoes/ make from crocodiles
The car you drive? I don't recognize/ four wheel? Well that's nice
You better take a hike/ You've got to get away

The mood I'm in is dangerous/ overwhelmingly cruel
You can stay but it you do/ you don't know what I'll do
I'm in the mood of fire and ice/ satin dolls, Latin spice
You're not that sort, don't fill the bill/ so go away
I'm in a mood

Flowers are pretty but blood doesn't fade
Furs are warm but I can't be made
If you believe I want wine, good food
You're a fool, in grave danger, 'cause I'm in a mood

Never bored when I'm alone, /don't let me catch you on your phone
When you're here, you're mine all ears/ Tied to the bedpost show no fear
Naked, vulgar, and somewhat lewd
But I don't care. I'm in a mood

Coalition

It's a coalition of the heartless The clueless and confused
If you ask them for a reason There's no answer they'll refuse
This time it will be different The enthusiasts insist
But those of us on the ground Know it never is

I've seen the lines and the signs / for day labor and yard work
And they don't seem to get shorter /as the day turns to dark
I don't think that I can understand /How the coalition persists
Their minds seem closed to anyone /who's living on the streets

And I keep on hearing the same old tale /The government's bad politicians worse
Everyone who isn't us is for sale and "those lazy bums who won't work."
Get a job, cut your hair, wash your clothes /Don't sleep there.
It's your fault where you're at/ Living off our taxes -poor getting fat

{Gordon joins in}

*We're the coalition of the heartless/ And proud as we can be
We don't really understand / But we're fighting for liberty
We know what's right, We believe in Christ, And we have just begun
And you should be afraid of us / We want you on the run.*

{Gordon Drops out}

It's a coalition of the heartless The clueless and confused
Don't try to use reason If you do they'll refuse
They'll refuse to acknowledge Anything you may say
for right is right and you are wrong You've made a big mistake

It's a coalition of the heartless

clueless and confused

Don't ask them for a reason

There's no point to it

We have not gone far enough

We have not gone far enough/ and we still have far to go
We will know or maybe not/ how far it is if we arrive

Trials began before we're born/ and they'll continue when we're gone
The heavy steps one then two/ so weary now but we're not done

Some will fight with body strength/ others plan and strategize
All hope they'll win and often lose/ Truth so hard to realize

Come along or remain behind/ There's work to do everywhere
Actions speak, so do words/ Even silence can be shared

You can wait for we all die/ it is our fate no matter what
We have not gone far enough/ there's still so far to go.