

Malachy's

(Words & Music by Margaret A. Roche)

Eddie said the beat was wrong
Tom didn't like the tune
The boy with the beard in the corner
Laughed in the middle of the song
He didn't stay very long

Eddie said the lights were low
Tom said the treble was high
The boy with the beard in the corner
Laughed in the middle of a sigh
Don't think we ever even caught his eye

Sometimes I used to find I'd be singing to you
As if you were sitting at the table by the door

Eddie says a friend of his is
Makin' it big in L.A.
Yeah, well everybody down at Malachy's
Says were gonna make it someday
Hey hey

Sometimes I used to write songs for you
As if you could feel it in the bottom of your heart

Sometimes I used to find I'd be singing to you
As if you were sitting at the table by the door

Burden of Proof

(Words & Music by Margaret A. Roche)

The world is handout on the corners
And the burden of proof is on you

Consider the lilies how they grow
They toil nor do they spin
Yet look at the shape they're in
Oh I wanna make my living
In the valley where the lilies grow

And in this struggle
It's important that
I know that you are mine
The world is handout on the corners
And the burden of proof is on me

Tell you what I'll take you to Texas
To eat breakfast at a grapefruit stand
We'll carry all we own in our hands
And we'll take off all of our clothes
And go swimming in the Rio Grande
Try looking up luck
In the back of a pickup truck
Pick up the makings of a man

And in this struggle
It's important that
You know that you are fine
The world is handout on the corners
And the burden of proof is on you

And when he's gone
I wonder if a son
Will ever happen again
Will ever happen again

Jill of All Trades

(Words & Music by Margaret A. Roche)

Blown in from Boulder with braids
Jill of all trades
Jill love all
Running in to luck
South of the border
Why do you wanna get stuck
With a needle and a kid?

You didn't guess his kind of love
Could be made on a business trip
Jill the old maid
Go on, get out of here
You and me ought to both run away
In this swelling of the moon

We know how you lay
And how he's bored with the way
He told it in the bar
Oh, and I've been following the columns in the Morning Star
Tryin' to find where the jobs are
And there's chances on the edge of town
Blowin' by in east-bound cars
Blowin' by in east-bound cars

It was snowing in Boulder on my way home
Jill of all trades
Jill who stayed
All of you will buy a ticket just to see my face again

Underneath the Moon

(Words & Music by Margaret A. Roche)

I overheard a wise gal say
Whose gentleman was her ruin
"Sweetness gets me nowhere
'Cept underneath the moon."

Good men want a virgin
So don't you give yourself too soon
'Cept in an emergency
Like underneath the moon.

A woman is like a puzzle
Shackin' up with the clues
while every piece she get
Is another piece she lose

Good men want a virgin
So don't you give yourself too soon
'Cept in an emergency
Like underneath the moon.

Crazy to fight the moon

Ahhh, praisin' the fightin' moon
It's the happiest light
That ever come natural to me
Girls'll hitchhike half the way to Mercury
Don't get as hot as this degree

If you go at it at a gallop
It's gonna make you sweat and swoon
But sweetness will get you nowhere
'Cept underneath the moon.

West Virginia

(Words & Music by Margaret A. Roche)

Nineteen
Charleston
Mescaline
He said he was a genius
B plus average
In civil engineering
His rearing
Was Catholic
Political leanings
And a talent for stealing things

The boys keep score on the back of the bathroom door

I don't think he'd ever been there before

Thirty
They got the rap down
Him
He's only pickin' around
In politics
God
And underground newspapers

Learnin' on me
Turnin' out lights
So you don't have to see

Stayin' Home

(Words and Music by Margaret A. Roche)

There's a place I want to be
But it's a mystery to me how to get there
Been thinking about stayin' home
Stayin' home, stayin' home

All the lousy lines about the lonesome highway
I don't even know how to get there
Stayin' home, stayin' home, stayin' home

Lost my beat on Bleecker Street
When I was waiting for the don't walk sign
Dime for the blind here's a piece of my mind
And there's a taker coming up from behind
I'd kinda like to get to know you
Well I'll tell you there isn't anything I can tell you
That you don't know
Cause I don't know how to say it
So I'm stayin' home

I'm so afraid to lose it or abuse it or the public will refuse it

Pick up the beat on Bleecker Street
You can read it in the don't walk sign
Pick out a line in the traffic whine
And paste in on a picket sign and it's fine

Look you got a lot of talent but you don't know how to use it
You ought to go into country music
I'm stayin' home, stayin' home, stayin' home

Down the Dream

(Words & Music by Margaret A. Roche)

I stopped to lean
At the entrance to the highway
On the leg of an underpass
And it was there that George caught up with me
We drank his pint of freedom
Down the dream

I invest my soul in company
I bet the big exchange
First of all for love of thee and
Second deranged

There ought to be something to fall back on
Like a knife
Or a career
Oh heavy is the heart
That bears a started life
In the dying time of year
In the dying time of year

I left my pots and plans on the landlord's stove
And was drove down through the Texas heat
Threw my love out in the street

George is colored and I'm white
But George could go for me
George is wondering if I might
Go for him

Go to Louisiana
Rockin' a banjo on my knee
After a man that said he'd go for me
George, I'm all gone down the dream
George, I'm all gone down the dream
George, I'm all gone down the dream

Hammond Song

(Words and Music by Margaret A. Roche)

If you go down to Hammond
You'll never come back
In my opinion you're
On the wrong track
We'll always love you but
That's not the point

If you go with that fella
Forget about us
As far as I'm concerned
That would be just
Throwing yourself away
Not even trying
Come on you're lying to me

Well, I went down to Hammond
I did as I pleased
I ain't the only one
Who's got this disease

Why don't you face the fact
You old upstart
We fall apart

You'd be okay if you'd
Just stay in school
Don't be a fool

Do your eyes have an answer
To this song of mine?
They say we meet again
On down the line

Where is on down the line
How far away?
Tell me I'm okay

If you go down to Hammond
You'll never come back

The Married Men

(Words and Music by Margaret A. Roche)

One in Louisiana
One who travels around
One of 'em mainly stays in heart-throb town

I am not their main concern
They are lonely too
I am just an arrow passing through

When they look into my eyes
I know what to do
I make sure the words I say are true

When they send me off at dawn
Pay the driver my fare
They know I am goin' down somewhere

Oh the married men, the married men
Never would have had a good time again
If it wasn't for the married men

One says, he'll come after me
Another one'll drop me a line
One of 'em says all o' my agony is in my mind

They know what is wrong with me
None of 'em wants my hand
Soloin' in my traveling wedding band

Oh the married men, oh the married men
Makes me feel like a girl again
To run with the married men

One of 'ems got a little boy
Other one, he's got two
One of 'ems wife is one week overdue

I know these girls they don't like me
But I am just like them
Pickin' a crazy apple off a stem

Givin' it to the married men, the married men
All o' that time in hell to spend
For kissin' the married men

All o' that time in hell to spend
For kissin' the married, the married men

Quitting Time

(Words & Music by Margaret A Roche)

Money is not the problem
You have enough of that
Now you must close your office
Put on your coat and hat
Put on your coat and hat

Now is the hour of quitting
Twilight paints the town
Old industrial skyline
How does the sun go down?
How does the sun go down

You can go south in winter
Be what you are a goose
You can live near the ocean
You're clothes can fit you loose

Even as you are leaning
Into that glass of wine
You and beloved business
Have come to the end of a line
Come to the end of a line

All of the gates are open
All of the charges dropped
Talks are terminated
Payments have been stopped
Payments have been stopped

You can move north in summer
You can be in the breeze
You don't need to notify
Any secretaries

Old industrial skyline
Drawing away from you
You are the one that's moving
You are the fool that flew
You are the fool that flew

You can go south in winter
Be what you are a goose
Honk all the moon out the ocean
Your clothes can fit you loose

Pretty and High

(Words & Music by Margaret A Roche)

She came on the stage
in a dress like the sky
she had painted a sunset
around her eyes
and all of the people
were charmed and surprised
at how pretty and high and shy she was
pretty and high and shy

She at the window
and the prince upon the bed
they were for an hour
before he said
if she had no place else
she was welcome to stay
but she'd better get back
and she thanked him the same
leavin' him pretty and high and dry
pretty and high and dry

The prince was confused
so he asked the magician
the magician arrived
at the answer profound
if she takes off her dress
the sky will fall down
cause she's pretty and high and a lie
pretty and high and a lie

I work at the circus
and I sleep with the clown
when I took off my dress
the sky fell down
if the sky falls down
then we play on the ground
cause I'm pretty and high and only partly a lie
pretty and high and only partly a lie
pretty and high and only partly a lie

This Feminine Position

(Words and Music by Margaret A. Roche)

I've got the apple in me
Original cinnamon style
I'm gonna be fighting
Night and day
To keep you
At your distance

Weaken discuss the menu
Weaken discuss the cause
We can discuss the other women
You've deserted
With your sweet and sour sauce

Because you're makin' it
With the apple in me
I've cooked this goose before
And I have had it with the devil
He was as stiff as he was bored

This feminine position
Tripped up with reptile
Into that most feminine position
Too fat to turnstile

Losing True

(Words and Music by Margaret A. Roche)

I'm losin' you
fading from view

aging and aching and raging and faking I'm

losin' you
losin' true

last time I saw you I wanted to paw you
not to destroy you now I just annoy you I'm

losin' to
accusin' you

when I first met you I failed to get you
now that I let you come through I forget who I'm

losin' out
cruisin' about

the night of shining armor doesn't do her any favors

make no mistake when mystiquing a make I'm

losin' you
choosin' to

The Scorpion Lament

(Words and Music by Margaret A. Roche)

stood on the street the other night
in full moonlight
barefoot and oh dirtied
my dress was goin' away

there I was meetin' up with a man
for the payoff
faithful and unhenpecked
I somewhat recollect

soon she heard me
siren she wailed
Queen Spelling Bee she nailed me
by name

what am I doin' out on the street?
I'm ashamed dear
good boy he beats it
I tear myself downtown

God has let me release a sting
in my own eye
walk home to just nightmares
no angels on the phone

It's not all right with me

No Trespassing

(Words by Margaret A. Roche and Mark Johnson
Music by Margaret A. Roche and Andy Bloch)

why are you coming so close?
you might erase
the line which no one crosses

aren't you afraid you'll disappear
without a trace
wild thing with eyes as big as saucers

this sign says no trespassing unless its you

who would imagine in so safe a place as this
a person could find a spinning wheel

all of my life I have been dreaming of your kiss
I'd like to believe the way I feel

some enchanted forest we are walking though
who do I think I'm talking to?

this sign says no trespassing unless it's you

Christmas Love

(Words and Music by Margaret A. Roche)

The cold it is clear like a silver bell
Swiftly the little flakes are falling
Looking down from the window of a hotel
To the street where the cars are slowing

Merry Christmas
 Merry Christmas
Merry Christmas, my love

Merry Christmas
 Merry Christmas
Merry Christmas, my love

The cold it is clear like a silver bell
Swiftly the little flakes are falling
Looking down from the window of a hotel
To the street where the cars are slowing

Speak

(Words and Music by Margaret A. Roche)

the time has come for me to speak
uh oh the time has come
and while the silence picks on me
I pray to not be dumb

so I am hunting for the words
just wait til I find some
I need some syllables do you
know where to get them from

when I am in my house alone
my speeches take a week
but from my lips when you are near
a sound will seldom leak

when I was a little girl
I coined a mighty text
looking back I blush to hear
what I'd come out with next

is now the time for me to speak
but what if they talk back
o when I open up my beak
I hope that I can quack

and if I do look out beware
the truth is hard to take
and everything for all I care

Big Nuthin'

(Music by Margaret A. Roche
Words by Maggie, Terre & Suzzy)

I was on a TV show
that everybody said
would change the course of my life that night
by the time I went to bed
tinkling glass and candlelight
your look of tenderness
I was full of cozy hope
sweet taste of success

it was a big nuthin'

you don't have to cross the street
when you see me comin'
too much trouble

so the the love we think is lost
things that never happened
stranger

it was a big nuthin'

late last night we argued
when you weren't there
all o' my disappointment
screamed into the air
just about to fall into
the deep hole that I dug
saw myself ascending (pretending)
with a shovel and a shrug

it was a big nuthin'
I guess I just never knew how big nuthin' could be

Cloud Dancing

(Words by Huang O (1498-1569)

as translated by Kenneth Rexroth and Ling Chung

Music by Margaret A. Roche)

Every morning I get up
Beautiful as the Goddess
Of Love in Enchanted Mountain.
Every night I go to bed
Seductive as Yang Kuei-fei,
The imperial concubine.
My slender waist and thighs
Are exhausted and weak
From a night of cloud dancing
But my eyes are still lewd,
And my cheeks are flushed.
My old wet nurse combs
My cloud-like hair.
My lover, fragrant as incense,
Adjusts my jade hairpins, and
Drags on my silk stockings
Over my feet and legs
Perfumed with orchids;
And once again we fall over
Overwhelmed with passion.

In the World

(Words by Suzzy Roche)

Music by Margaret A. Roche)

in the world
is a town
small and proud

there i live
and there i ll die
head in a cloud

i had dreams long ago
of the love i would surely know
but it didn t turn out like that

in the world
is a lie
flying high

i thought you were mine
but you were
never mine

i had dreams long ago
of the world i would surely know
but it didn't turn out like that
in the world

in the world
is a hill
filled with trees

from my door
i can see
life is a breeze

Nocturne

(Words and Music by Margaret A. Roche)

you ask me why
we cannot make love
I have been ransacking you
for the answer

side by side we lay
not touching
listening to rain falling
in the darkness

where desire writhed there stands a stone
the change was sudden and complete

a serious question
we have turned out to ask
we have sought each other secretly
strong has been the urge
to lie naked facing fear

quietly and quickly
our sentences blaze trails upon the night
we are mates on a doubtful voyage

speaking sanely now
allotting no lovers advantage

my room is anxious to expel him
he hurries~ to be free of my feelings

we wear our words
until he finally dresses
looking for his shoes
he is a shadow in my doorway

Feeling is Mutual

(Words and Music by Margaret A. Roche)

the feeling is mutual
is what you will say

if things turn out okay
if I were writing a play

love will open our eyes
maybe
love will be a surprise
maybe then
at the moment when
I realize you're there
so you see that I care

the feeling is mutual
is what you will say
I long to hear someday

A Dove

(Words and Music by Margaret A. Roche)

a dove
settled on the sill
and I called my cat

love
if looks could kill
and that was that

the glass
of the windowpane
and away she flew

over the grass
glistening' in the rain
and on out of view

over the buildings
stone (w)rote cages
where people live

over the gilded
old outrages
that we can't forgive

the moon
hanging' in the sky
like a copper pan

a tune
welling in her eye
going' through Cheyenne

the wing
of an aero plane
and away she flew

to sing
searing in her brain
your point of view

over the mountains
changing seasons
and the falling leaves

long ago counting
damn good reasons
colors she believes

the phone
ringin' off the hook
like a magic wand

my own
let me take a look
in the polluted pond

escapes
aren't all that bad
and away she threw

the tapes
and any chance she had
of returning to

over the heartache
lucid dreaming
of the lost way out

and if we are awake
who's that screaming
what it's all about

You're the One

(Words and Music by Margaret A. Roche)

you're the love
of my life

is there any way I can
get to see you
have a cup of coffee maybe
somethin' like that
I was in a maze of buildings
runnin' all around like a rat
in the middle of the night

all of those years that I got
lost without you
tracking the equator all the
way to the north pole
looking for a home or dead
end to this longing in my soul

honey you were my friend
if the truth be told

I can understand though if you
don't remember
all you have to do is say the
word and I'll go
this is just a dream that I've been
holding onto God I don't know
it's so hard to let it come

you're the one
that I want

Can We Go Home Now

(Words and Music by Margaret A. Roche)

woke up alone
in a strange bed
lookin' around
shakin' my head
pulled my boots on
went downstairs
she was sitting
in one of the chairs

can we go home now
was what I said
she looked at me
and said we
are home

matter with you
I nearly forgot
the difference between
what is and what's not
plenty of sky
castles of sand
sea 'n' stars
busted my hand

can we go home now
I've had enough
she looked at me
and said tough
luck
suck

watchin' tv
the whole day through
bough bending low
with nothin' to do
sun gone down
the railroad track
breathing a cry
when she comes back

can we go home now
I wanna go home
she looked away
and said please
stay

You (Make My Life Come True)

(Words and Music by Margaret A. Roche)

once offered the chance of a lifetime
I wasn't able to do it
you laid yourself on the line
baby somehow we got through it
you make my life come true

lost fumbling around in the dark
I wasn't able to see it
you came and turned on the spark
showed me myself so I could be it
you make my life come true

who played it so I could hear
a voice worthwhile inside me
when I looked up from my fear
you were the one standing beside me
you make my life come true

with nothing to hold in my arms
my heart was wounded on empty
disregarding all the alarms
starting me overflowing with plenty
you make my life come true

My Winter Coat

(Words and Music by Margaret A. Roche)

the fit is generous and loose
the coat is filled with down of goose

should I feel guilty about that?
I wouldn't wear the fur of a cat

the coat is black so in New York City
it doesn't look dirty it stays pretty

the cuffs are purple which perfectly suits
a pair I already had of boots

can't help sharing on a personal note
a secret I have concerning the coat

one of the reasons that it got my vote
is the way it lies open around the throat

for me th collar mustn't come too high
because well all right my skin is dry

so each morning I rub my face with oil
and the fabric you see the grease could soil

can we speak a moment about the lining
after my own heart's designing

it's nylon so your skirts don't wind
up in a bunch around you behind

when the time comes for the coat to clean
you throw this thing in the washing machine

drying you doubt but the filling does fluff
I'm here to proclaim this coat is enough

the length of the coat is below the knees
so in the cold your legs don't freeze

I'm nuts about another one of its charms
there's plenty of room underneath the arms

the coat's not bulky it weighs about an ounce
and it's practically void of any frivolous flounce

I will admit it has shoulder pads
all things considered it's not so bad

it looks all right even from the side
I guess because the bottom isn't overly wide

okay so you say you'd prefer something hipper
but can I just tell you about the zipper

I searched for it for many years
last one I had I tore up in tears

it turned me into Jack the Ripper
but now I stepped in Cinderella's slipper

it runs from the gullet to just south of the crotch
and workin' it's a task you can hardly botch

it's made of a material that will not rust
it won't get stuck you don't get fussed

it undoes easily in the usual way
but you can also pull it up if you'd like to, let's say

there's snaps as well which I don't even use
but they beat out buttons if I had to choose

I remember the night I went to the store
fighting my way across the cloak-stuffed floor

suffocating I was it seemed
when from a rack this last hope beamed

of all my requirements I pursued the trail
to find furthermore the damn thing was on sale

it had a small chain at the back of the neck
so you could hang it on a hook but it broke what the heck

with the end of each sleeve I'm totally smitten
ample space for to emerge a thick mitten

if you wanna be warm it wins far and away
it's like walkin' around in your bed all day

I know you're not supposed to be so fond of a thing
but today this is my heartfelt inspiration to sing

I hope you don't think I'm merely trying to be clever
I wish this coat would last forever

A Prayer

(Words by Bill Barbeau

Music by Margaret A. Roche)

This is to the being I know as God

God please help me to be a better human being

As a young man, I killed a lot of people

for no good reason.

What became no good reason.

I would love to blame someone else, anyone

else for how I feel about what I did,

the killing.

What I thought I had to do to survive to be a

good American like my dad.

I must have had other choices.

I know I had other choices

Forgive me

I will try to do good things to my fellow human

beings like nursing,

Fighting fire and save lives. It's what I know.

Until you call for me, or whatever way you use

to make this pain end.

God; you can take me anytime.

Me

One Season

(Words and Music by Margaret A. Roche)

One season I was born
fell down like an acorn
I am the only tree
and everybody leaves

I've got to get away from you

Bud growing up at me
resentful face I see
a harsh light seems to damn you
is it because I am you?

I've got to get away from you
I need to find a love that's true

Loose leaf lay on the bed
hair falling around her head
I watched her from the shore
I can't do any more

I've got to get away from you
I'll come and visit you in the zoo

We go on arguing
no one can say a thing
set down your key and trumpet
go have a dream and hump it

I've got to get away from you
you don't know what you put me through

Prized fighter with bruised pride
a fuse blew when you tried
to fix the worn out wire
and set the house on fire

I've got to get away from you
if only for a day or two

Broken Places

(Words and Music by Margaret A. Roche)

did you know me
long ago
were we close
before the sorrow
if you thought of leaving any traces
I'll be sifting through the broken places

did I know you
once upon a time
you dreamed of me
and now I'm
searching for myself in strangers' faces
stumbling onto further broken places

she turns purple
am I blue
can't she fathom
what I do
trying to get in her better graces
touching her in all the broken places

I get crazy
not sure why
solace beckons
until I
go tearing off again on wild chases
crashing into same old broken places

I am young so
who's to say
but for now I
have no way
of knowing how much healing time erases
certain of these secret broken places

can't there be a
little breather?
our love is a
real seether
to sore hearts we plead our hapless cases
rendezvousing at the broken places

I love you for
all of this
struggling towards
happiness
when the chips are down we play our aces
hiding them in our broken places

Family of Bones

(Words by Suzzy Roche)

Music by Margaret A. Roche)

These tiny bones, I lay them on my life
They are you and you and you
Arranged to be the skeleton of love
I sit inside them at attention
Like a dog waiting for its owner to return

A garbage truck could flatten them into the road
Or a wind could scatter them apart

These tiny bones, I lay them on my life
They are you and you and you
As fragile as the remnants of a bird
Without the guts, without the words

With rain into the gutter they could flush away
And there everything I love would go

These pearl bones I wish they could be safe
So few, so few
Hung together with a thin string or something
A family of bones

Where Do I Come From

(Words and Music by Margaret A Roche)

Where do I come from
 asleep upon my load
Hugging my freedom
 alongside the road

All I got is me
 my hands are full of time
Wanting to be free
 is that a crime

No one seems to hear the beating of my heart

Don't want you to come near
I'm torn apart