

I Can Still Hear You

(Lucy Wainwright Roche)

Remember the words or the parts that you saved
Or carousel horses or how the summer behaves
Or off in the distance
Remember me too cause
I can still hear you

From all of the people below and above
To all of the things we need to be careful of
From that was a near miss
To where do I sign this
I can still hear you

We're under the many
We're over the one
Surprised to discover that we're standing next to none
Around and around now
It's just up and down now
I can still hear you

Between a few wild rides surrounded on all sides
I can still hear you

Ruins

(Suzzy Roche)

A boy was on his way to school
A place he didn't want to go
He lagged behind his brother
And his brother's best friend

A boy passed by an apple tree
Stopped at the garden bed
Flower faces stared at him
Yellow purple black and red

I don't want to ruin anything

He lifted up his leg and boot
And stomped upon the roses

Next he took the pansies out
Crushed their eyes and noses

I asked my mama yesterday
I asked my daddy too
Why's a human heart so mean
To do the things that we do
I don't want to ruin anything

Talkin' Like You (Two Tall Mountains)
(Elizabeth Converse)

In between two tall mountains
There's a place they call lonesome
Don't know why they call it lonesome
I'm never lonesome when I go there

See that bird sitting on my window sill
Well he saying whippoorwill all the night through
See that brook running by my kitchen door
Well it couldn't talk no more if it was you

Up that tree there's sort of a squirrel thing
Sounds just like we did when we were quarreling

In the yard I keep a pig or two
They drop in to dinner like we used to do
I don't stand in the need of company
With everything I see talking like you

Up that tree there's sort of a squirrel thing
Sounds just like we did when we were quarreling

You might think you left me all alone
But I can hear you talk without a telephone
I don't stand in the need of company
With everything I see talking like you

See that bird sitting on my window sill
Well he's saying whippoorwill all the night through
Just whippoorwill all the night through

In between two tall mountains...

I Think I Am A Soul

(Suzzy Roche)

I think I am a soul, I think I am a soul
The same old soul I've always been
The soul that I am never felt innocent
The soul that I am you can see through if you want to
Just a ghost

Never meant to go astray
Floatin' around Fourteenth Street every day

Shopping for tomatoes, stopping at the light
No one even knows me, still I turned out all right

I think I am a soul, who knows
I heard that souls can roam the universe
The soul that I am, well it could've been worse
The soul that I am gets lonesome like a million others
Just a ghost

Never meant to go astray
You get your set of cards and you play

I think I am a soul, Lord knows
Can't you shine your ever-loving light on me
The soul that I am begs for mercy
The soul that I am loves the night sky, and the moon's face,
and the silent singing stars

Never meant to go astray...

Swan Duck Song

(Suzzy Roche)

I went to the pond today looking for the swan
But the swan had turned into a duck
Tough case, bad luck
What happened to the long smooth neck

Elegance and grace
Bad case of duck face
A couple of feathers strewn across the grass
The duck looked up at me afraid to ask
What happened to me

I fumbled for the words to say
Well, something had to give
It's what happens when you live
Feathers come and feathers go
There's one thing you should know
Birds of a feather together flow
From now on no swan'll be your friend
There'll be plenty of ducks around the bend
But only when

You swim the muddy water with your two duck feet
Your strange new heart doesn't even recognize its beat

Months went by before I went back looking for the duck
But the duck wasn't in the muck
There was no quack back, no more duck
I turned my eyes up to the sky
Thought I hear the song of a tiny bird
Singing good luck
The duck said look at me, guess now I'm a humming bird
You never really know what's next on that I'll put my word
Remember when

I swam the muddy water with my two duck feet
My strange new heart didn't even recognize its beat

Factory Girl
(traditional Irish)

As I went out walking one fine summer's morning
The birds in the branches they did gaily sing
The lads and the lasses together were sporting
Going down to the factory their work to begin

I spied a fair damsel far fairer than any
Her cheeks like the red rose that none could excel

Her skin like the lily that grows in yon valley
She's my own Bonnie Annie my factory girl

I stepped it up to her just thinking to view her
But at me she cast a proud look of disdain
Saying stand off me young man and do not insult me
For although I am poor sure I think it no shame

It's not to insult you fair maid I adore thee
I pray grant me one favor it's where do you dwell
Kind sir forgive me it's now I must leave you
For I hear the dumb sound of the factory bell

Now love is a thing that does rule every nation
Good morning kind sir and I hope you do well
My friends and relations will all frown upon it
Besides I'm a hard-working factory girl

Oh, it's true I do love her but now she won't have me
For her sake I'll wander through valley and dell
And for her sake I'll wander where no one will find me
I'll die for the sake of my factory girl

Get the Better

(Lucy Wainwright Roche & Suzzy Roche)

She got a broken wing
Running through a dream
A damsel in distress type thing
I thought that she escaped
In the nick of time
But when I woke, I heard her singing

And I let her get the better of me
She's an angel

I asked her who she was
She said I don't know
I'm broken in a couple ways
Lost my old halo
And all the golden strands
Careful where you dream these days.

And I let her get the better of me
She's an angel

Now the whole day long
We're just killing time
Burning all the candles down
She won't leave my side
Who takes care of who
All we do is hang around

And I let her get the better of me
She's an angel

Hung us up a heart
On the window-pane
Now we watch it glowing there
She says she's no good
I say, I don't care
I'm not going anywhere

And I let her get the better of me
She's an angel

Little
(Suzzy Roche)

Try it for a day, being a mouse
Go get lost in the family house
Parents so worried, you're strange
Took you to a doctor, still no change

It's looking like you fell in love with a bird
She flew out the window without a word
Life ain't nothing but a tragic surprise
A whole lot of nothing for a mouse your size

Saw my shadow, mighty tall
Won't amount to much at all

Sail the blue seas on a grain of sand
You could drown in a teardrop, watch where you stand

Feelings quake at the drop of a hat
Swept like a crumb, pawed by a cat

Okay, I'm little, I'm little, I'm small
Let's just let those raindrops fall
Let 'em fall, let those raindrops fall
Let 'em fall, fall, fall

Pack up my pebbles and old college tries
Heading up north with the next sunrise
Heartstrings played by little white lies
A whole lot of nothing, still I got to downsize

Look at me now, I hardly exist
The song I sing can't even be shushed
Snuggling here on the wing of a prayer
Don't tell anybody you saw me there

Once I was that mouse in your hall
All of us got spooked you might recall
I slipped through the cracks in your wall

Let em fall...

(Ode to Stuart Little)

Joseph D
(Suzzy Roche)

Joseph D, embittered rump
Took baths, took teddy bears to bed
His lifelong nightmare, a brittle peace
Buried secrets from the past

Can't shake free
Fifty odd years of misery

Joseph D, his habits bad
He called his wife a little slut
Drinking whiskey, making steaks
Across his plate a shadow cast

Can't shake free...

Hell no, he won't change his ways
He is the way he is
Begging on his broken knees
For your forgiveness
Take me as I am, take me as I am
Take me

Joseph D, mouthing off
Yells at the teller in the back
Her pale face, her Christmas wreath
His pile of grievances amassed

Baby wants his lollipop
Hates his own guts
Begging on his broken knees
For some god to shut him up

Joseph D, and me
His human punching bag
My zipped suitcase, my purple bruise
Skipped out the door at last

Jane

(Margaret A. Roche)

Jane
I never used the name when she was here
But now, if you asked me what I did last year
I call her Jane
It's like remembering rain in the sun
Or remembering sun in the rain
It's down in a song that her hair's brown and long
And her legs were strong
She strained her voice when she sang
Jane

There's blood on the bed
From the night when she said
Who she was
And I put on a song I thought I could put her in

But she isn't there
I remember I told her I liked her chin
I remember I thought she was thin
Jane I never used the name when she was here
J A N E body's name

Bein' Green

(Joe Raposo)

It's not easy being green
Having to spend each day the color of the leaves
When I think it could be nicer being red, or yellow, or gold,
Or something much more colorful like that

It's not easy being green
It seems you blend in with so many other ordinary things
And people tend to pass you over cause you're not standing out
Like flashy sparkles in the water
Or stars in the sky

But green's the color of spring
And green can be cool and friendly like
And green can be big like an ocean
Or important like a mountain
Or tall like a tree

When green is all there is to be
It could make you wonder why
But why wonder, why wonder
I am green and it'll do fine
It's beautiful
And I think it's what I want to be