

DON QUIXOTE

Through the woodland, through the valley
Comes a horseman wild and free
Tilting at the windmills passing
Who can the brave young horseman be?
He is wild but he is mellow,
He is strong but he is weak.
He is cruel but he is gentle,
He is wise but he is meek.

Reaching for his saddlebag
He takes a battered book into his hand.
Standing like a prophet bold
He shouts across the ocean to the shore
Till he can shout no more.

I have come o'er moor and mountain
Like the hawk upon the wing
I was once a shining knight
Who was the guardian of a king
I have searched the whole world over
Looking for a place to sleep
I have seen the strong survive
And I have seen the lean grow weak.

See the children of the earth
Who wake to find the table bare.
See the gentry in the country
Riding off to take the air.

Reaching for his saddlebag
He takes a rusty sword into his hand
Then striking up a knightly pose
He shouts across the ocean to the shore
Till he can shout no more

See the jailor with his key
Who locks away all trace of sin,
See the judge upon the bench
Who tries the case as best he can.
See the wise and wicked ones
Who feed upon life's sacred fire,
See the soldier with his gun
Who must be dead to be admired.

See the man who tips the needle
See the man who buys and sells,
See the man who puts the collar
On the ones who dare not tell.
See the drunkard in the tavern
Stemming gold to make ends meet
See the youth in ghetto black
Condemned to life upon the street.

Reaching for his saddlebag
He takes a tarnished cross into his hand,
Then standing like a preacher now
He shouts across the ocean to the shore.
Then in a blaze of tangled hooves
He gallops off across the dusty plain,
In vain to search again
Where no one will hear.

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Comes a horseman wild and free
Tilting at the windmills passing
Who can the brave young horseman be?
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CHRISTIAN ISLAND

I'm sailing down the summer wind
I've got whiskers on my chin
And I like the mood I'm in
As I while away the time of day
In the lee of Christian Island.

Tall and strong, she dips and reels
I call her Silver Heels
And she tells me how she feels.
She's a good old boat and she'll stay afloat
Through the toughest gale and keep smiling
But for one more day she would like to stay
In the lee of Christian Island.

I'm sailing down the summer day
Where fish and seagulls play
I put my troubles all away
And when the gales comes up I'll fill my cup
With the whiskey of the highlands.
She's a good old ship and she'll make the trip
From the lee of Christian Island.

Tall and strong she slips along
I sing for her a song
And she leans into the wind.
She's a good old boat and she'll stay afloat
Through the toughest gales and keep smiling
When the summer ends, we will rest again
In the lee of Christian Island.

When the summer ends, we will rest again in the lee
of Christian Island.

ALBERTA BOUND

Oh the prairie lights are burnin' bright
The chinook wind is a-movin' in
Tomorrow night I'll be Alberta bound
Though I've done the best I could
My old luck ain't been so good and
Tomorrow night I'll be Alberta bound.
No one I met could e'er forget
The Rocky Mountain sunset
It's a pleasure just to be Alberta bound.
I long to see my next of kin
To know what kind of shape they're in
And tomorrow night I'll be Alberta bound

Alberta bound, Alberta bound
It's good to be Alberta bound
Alberta bound, Alberta bound
It's good to be Alberta bound

Alberta bound, Alberta bound
It's good to be Alberta bound
Alberta bound, Alberta bound

It's good to be Alberta bound

Oh the skyline of Toronto
Is something you'll get onto
But they say you got to live there for a while,
And if you got the money
You can get yourself a honey
With a written guarantee to make you smile.
But it's snowin' in the city
And the streets are brown and gritty
And I know there's pretty girls all over town,
But they never seem to find me
And the one I left behind me
Is the reason that I'll be Alberta bound

Alberta bound, Alberta bound
It's good to be Alberta bound
Alberta bound, Alberta bound
It's good to be Alberta bound
It's good to be Alberta bound

LOOKING AT THE RAIN

Looking at the rain,
Feeling the pain
Of love lost running through my brain.
Looking at the wind
Watching it spin
The leaves along the street.
You win.

Waiting for a line to fall,
Telling you it's all a big mistake.
Looking at a face
So out of place
Inside that picture frame of lace.
Looking at the wall,
Wishing you'd call
And tell me you're ok, that's all.

Wishing this was all a dream
And I'd find you sleeping when I wake.
Looking at the trees,
So ill at ease
From sleep that will not come

That's me.
Looking at the dawn,
Knowing it's wrong
Still thinking of your love,
That's gone.

Wishing this was all a dream
And I'd find you sleeping when I wake.
Looking at the rain,
Feeling the pain
Of love lost running through my brain.
Looking at the wind,
Watching it spin
The leaves along the street.
You win.

Waiting for a line to fall
Telling you it's all a big mistake.
But the words won't come.
I know I'd feel the same,
Looking at the rain

ORDINARY MAN

Try to understand,
I'm not your ordinary man, still I can't deny
You go with me everywhere
When I'm dreamin' you still share my lonely nights
Try to see my side
It's not your ordinary pride that keeps drivin' me on
It's that lonesome, restless feelin' that you feel under
the gun,
And it leads me to the highway, but it keeps my body
warm.

And as I wander to the cities and the towns,
I get so lonesome knowin' you could be around,
And when the show is over, there's a Holiday Motel
And another empty bottle and another tale to tell.

Try to comprehend,
I'm not your ordinary friend.
At the end of my life
I would pray that I could be

Returning to the shelter of your love.

Try to see my side,
It's not your ordinary pride that keeps drivin' me on
It's that lonesome, restless feelin' that you feel under
the gun
And it leads me to the highway, but it keeps my body
warm.

And as I wander to the cities and the towns
I get so lonesome knowin' you could be around
And when the show is over, there's a Holiday Motel
And another empty bottle and another tale to tell.

Try to understand,
I'm not your ordinary man, still I can't deny,
You go with me everywhere,
Like a shadow in the gloom,
I remember all the good times,
There's a ghost in every room.

BRAVE MOUNTAINEERS

Born in the country and I like that country smile
Of the little girls and boys, they remind me of a child
That I knew and a big harvest moon
That shone by supertime in the dusty afternoon
And I need to be there,
When the autumn wind goes singing through the
trestle we would climb,
Like brave mountaineers
We never were much bothered by time

Born in the country and I like that country song
We played for just a nickel every time we got to town,
And I bought you a dime diamond ring
In the hayloft we would play, we were princesses and
kings.
And I need to be there,
When the world gets too heavy and the shadows cross
my mind,
Like brave mountaineers

We never were much bothered by time

Born in the country and I like that country way
Of the uncles, aunts, and cousins and the card games
they would play
While the young ones slept overhead
Beneath the quilts that mother made, when all the
prayers were said,
And I need to be there
When the autumn wind goes singing through the
trestle we would climb,
Like brave mountaineers
We never were much bothered by time

And I need to be there,
When the world gets too heavy and the shadows cross
my mind.
Like brave mountaineers
We never were much bothered by time

ODE TO BIG BLUE

The oceans of the world were the home of Big Blue
He was the greatest monster that the world ever knew
And the place that he loved best
Was the waters to the west,
Around the blue Pacific he did roam.

Big Blue moved alone, for a mighty Blue was he
And the battles of the whales was an awesome sight
to see,
And he took them one by one and he drove them all
away,
In the mating of the day he was the king.

Big Blue had fifty wives and he sired forty sons,
Though most of them feel victim to the cruel harpoon
guns.
Ah, but he was too much wise to get caught by the
gunners' eyes,
And so he lived at sea a hundred years.

His mouth was as large as a tunnel, so they say.
His hide was thick as leather, and his eyes quick and
small

And his back was all scarred by the times he got away
And he knew the smell of whalers, did Big Blue.

Big Blue passed away to his natural decay
Beside the Arctic circle as he travelled up that way,
And there never was a man who was born with a
gunner's hand
Who ever took a pan to Big Blue.

Now the Grey Whale has run and the Sperm is almost
done.
The Finbacks and the Greenland Wights have all
passed and gone.
They've been taken by the men for the money they
could spend,
And the killing never ends, it just goes on.

The oceans of the earth were the home of Big Blue
He was the greatest monster that the world ever knew
And the place that he loved best was the waters to the
west,
Around the blue Pacific he did roam.

SECOND CUP OF COFFEE

I'm on my second cup of coffee and I still can't face the day,
I'm thinking of the lady who got lost along the way,
And if I don't stop this trembling hand from reachin' for the phone
I'll be reachin' for the bottle, Lord, before this day is done.

I'm on my second cup of coffee and I still can't face the day,
The room was filled with laughs as we sang the night away,
But my sleep was filled with dreaming of the wrongs that I have done
The gentle sweet reminder of a daughter and a son.

Sitting alone, my friends have all gone home
You never know when they'll come droppin' in.
Thinking of girls, with their fingers in my curls
Too young to understand how love begins.

I'm on my second cup of coffee and I still can't face the dawn,
The radio is playin' a soft country song,

And if I don't stop this trembling hand from reaching for the phone
I'll be reachin' for the bottle, Lord, before this day is done

Sitting alone, my friends have all gone home,
They never were around when I needed them.
Thinking of girls, with their fingers in my curls,
Too young to understand how love begins.

I'm on my second cup of coffee and I still can't face the day,
I'm thinking of the lady who got lost along the way,
And if I don't stop this trembling hand from reaching for the phone,
I'll be reachin' for the bottle, Lord, before this day is done.

And if I don't stop this trembling hand from reaching for the phone,
I'll be reachin' for the bottle, Lord, before this day is done.

Beautiful

At times I just don't know
How you could be anything but beautiful,
I think that I was made for you,
And you were made for me.
And I know that I will never change
Cause we've been friends through rain or shine
For such a long, long time.

Laughing eyes and smiling face,
It's seems so lucky just to have the right
Of telling you with all my might,
You're beautiful tonight.

And I know that you will never stray,
Cause you've been that way from day to day

For such a long, long time.

And when you hold me tight,
How could life be anything but beautiful?
I think that I was made for you
And you were made for me.

And I know that I will never change
Cause we've been friends through rain or shine
For such a long, long time

And I must say, it means so much to me,
To be the one who's telling you,
I'm telling you,
That you're beautiful.

ON SUSAN'S FLOOR

Like crippled ships that made it
Through a storm and finally reached a quiet shore,
The homeless found a home on Susan's floor.

Didn't feel so cold and tired,
Stretched out before her fire,
Rollin' smokes and drinkin' up her wine,
And I remember candlelight
And singing 'til we could not sing no more,
Then fallin' warm asleep on Susan's floor.

Well, now that my song is sweeter,
I think I'd like to greet her,
And thank her for the favors that she gave.
A stranger I came,
My head bowed in the rain to her door,
I sat and sang my songs on Susan's floor.

In the morning I'd go on,
Buyin' kingdoms with my songs,
Knowin' I'd be back in just a while,
Warming in the sunlight of her smile.

Well, lots of time and songs have passed.
I catch myself just looking back,
Reliving all the wonder of those nights.
That's where I'd be today,
If I had only stayed one night more,
And sang another song on Susan's floor.

Like crippled ships that made it
Through a storm and finally reached a quiet shore
The homeless found a home on Susan's floor.

THE PATRIOT'S DREAM

The songs of the wars are as old as the hills,
They cling like the rust on the cold steel that kills,
They tell of the boys who went down to the tracks,
In a patriotic manner with the cold steel on their
backs.

The patriot's dream is as old as the sky,
It lives in the lust of a cold, callous lie.
Let's drink to the men who got caught by the chill,
Of the patriotic fever and the cold steel that kills.

The train pulled away on that glorious night,
The drummer got drunk and the bugler got tight,
While the boys in the back sang a song of good
cheer,
While riding off to glory in the spring of their years.

The patriot's dream still lives on today,
It makes mothers weep, and it makes lovers pray.
Let's drink to the men who got caught by the chill,
Of the patriotic fever and the cold steel that kills.

Well there was a sad, sad lady
Weeping all night long.
She received a sad, sad message
From a voice on the telephone.
Her children were all sleeping
As she waited out the dawn.
How could she tell those children
That their father was shot down?
So she took them to her side that day
And she told them one by one,
Your father was a good man, ten thousand miles
from home.
He tried to do his duty
They took him straight to hell.
He might be in some prison, I hope he's treated well.

Well, there was a young girl watching in the early
afternoon,
When she heard the name of someone who said he'd
be home soon.
And she wondered how they got him, but the papers
did not tell.

There would be no sweet reunion, there would be no
wedding bells.
So she took herself into her room and she turned the
bed sheets down,
And she cried into the silken folds of her new
wedding gown.
He tried to do his duty.
They took him straight to hell
He might be in some prison, I hope he's treated well.

Well there was an old man sitting in his mansion on
the hill,
He thought of his good fortune and the time he'd yet
to kill.
Well he called to his wife one day, come sit with me
awhile,
Turning toward the sunset, he smiled a wicked
smile.
I'd like to say I'm sorry for the sinful deeds I've
done,
But let me first remind you, I'm a patriotic son.
They tried to do their duty
I took 'em straight to hell.
They might be in some prison, I hope they're treated
well.

The songs of the wars are as old as the hills,
They cling like the rust on the cold steel that kills,
They tell of the boys who went down to the tracks,
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