**Visions CD Lyrics:**

**Maybe Someday Jan Gillies**

**Chorus:**

Maybe someday, we might learn to live together

Someday, maybe someday

Maybe someday, we won’t worry ‘bout the weather

Someday, maybe someday….is tomorrow

1. Should be simple, help instead of hurting others

Loving mothers

Asking “Why, do we scream until we smother

One another?”…maybe someday

**(chorus)**

1. Can’t we try, to see things from another side?

Just a little?

We all die, but trying just to stay alive in the middle…of the crazy!

**2nd chorus:**

Maybe someday, we might learn to live together

Maybe someday, maybe someday

Maybe someday, we won’t worry ‘bout the weather

Someday, …maybe never,… or today!

**Balance Jan Gillies**

1. We all build on the bones of the past, sucking memories marrow

As we battle the ghosts that follow, and try to survive ‘til tomorrow

Clinging to life through the pain of knowing nothing will last

But still finding so much to gain when we learn to deal with the sorrow

**Chorus:**

It’s all about balance, the rise and the fall

Save what you can, but you can’t keep it all

Pull from the present, and push from the past

Holding on to what keeps you alive

1. We fight monsters that we create when we give in to fear and hate

Witnessing so many wrongs while searching so hard for what’s right

Every light casts a shadow; each love, an ache when it’s gone

Sometimes we bend like a willow. Sometimes, we stand firm and strong

**Chorus:**

The world has its horrors, but there’s beauty, too

Amazing wonders often hidden from view

Some, we discover; some we just do

The balance that keeps us alive

1. Facing the truth has a price some find too high for the paying

Selling their souls for a song somebody else is playing

Others remember the tunes that call to who they want to be

Honest and true to themselves, their hearts find their own harmony.

**(repeat first chorus)**

**Gray Mare Jan Gillies, revised 7/22**

1. Young girls love horses, they race through their dreams

I fell for one, when I was 15

A week at a Dude Ranch, Last in a line

But my horse had no saddle; They didn’t say why.

The trail ride was slow, ‘til we came to a field

Then a short, gentle run, but my mare wouldn’t yield

Passed all the rest like they weren’t even there

Heading straight for the forest, I was too terrified to be scared!

**Chorus:**

‘Cause she flew like the wind in the morning

Her coat, a bright dapple –gray

This horse had no peers when she laid back her ears

She blew all the others away!

1. Turning her head, racing onward,

We circled the field three times

Trotted up to their jeers and laughter

Then back to the ranch to unwind

There they unveiled her saddle

Now a pretzel, from hitting a tree

Offered to let me switch horses

But I looked at her,… she at me

**Bridge:**

Something in her eye, she just needs to fly, time is racing by

Set me free!

1. Next morning we rode out together

Just the two of us in the bright dawning

A good open field, where she could run

While the rest were still stretching and yawning

This time I was ready, and so was she

This girl needed speed, just an old horse and me

We raced the wind, with nobody to see

As she taught me how to fly!

**(chorus)….tag:**

‘Cause this old gray mare was just what she used to be

Many long years ago.

**Valerie Hill Jeremy Rogers**

**Chorus:**

Now, make no noise my son. Give me your toys my son

‘Til you can learn to be like other boys my son

Now you must wait my son, Give me your plate my son

Don't look at me with eyes so full of hate my son

1. Life on the hill; It was to be a perfect life

It can be still. A perfect boy from a perfect wife

If you could calm, the evil voice inside your head

By the devil's palm; Don't make me wish that you were dead

**(Chorus)**

1. Guests will hear cries, and ask about an apparition

I'll tell these? Lies, to dispel each mad suspicion

One wooden door, hides you here up in the attic

Can't take no more, You make our life far too dramatic

**(Chorus)**

**New Chorus:**

You can't escape, my son, Don't scratch and scrape, my son

You must not be free to maul and rape, my son

I love you still, my son; I cannot kill my son

And so we live like this up on our hill, my son

We built for you this room above, of wood and chains and fear and love

**Cuckoo (trad)**

1. Oh the cuckoo, she’s a pretty bird

And she warbles as she flies

But she never hollars ‘cuckoo’

‘Til the last day of July

1. Jack of diamonds, Jack of diamonds

I know you of old

You robbed my poor pockets

Of silver and gold

1. Well, I’ve gambled in England

And I’ve gambled in Spain

I’ve gambled with five aces

But I’ve gambled my last game

1. For it’s gambling brought me misery

And it’s gambling brought me pain

I’ll never see the cuckoo

Or hear her song again

(repeat 1st verse)

**You’re Not My God Keith Urban/Paul Jefferson/Jan Gillies**

1. Just a piece of paper, says "In God We Trust"  
   A little sure felt good, but a lot was not enough  
   Everybody loved me when I was on a roll  
   Thought I had everything, when I held the gold  
   **Chorus:**  
   But you're not my God, and you're not my friend  
   You're not the one that I will walk with in the end  
   You're not the truth, You're a temporary shot  
   You ruin people's lives and you don't give a second thought,

You're not my God

1. Little white lines on a mirror, cut neatly in a row  
   A medicine that lied to me about who’s in control  
   Thought you were the answer to all of my despair  
   You almost had me six feet down, but I'm still breathing air, ‘cause..  
   **(chorus)**
2. From the cradle to the grave, temptations all around  
   No matter how good the fix it's going to take you down  
   Some call it a weakness, some call it a sin  
   All the same behind each game I see your evil grin…’cause..  
   **(chorus)**
3. You gave stolen bribes to churches, and those who serve you well

Locked kids in cages while the country went to Hell

Built more walls to divide us, on borders and in minds

Lived so long in a mirror that it seems that you’ve gone blind, but…

**[Chorus]**  
  
You're not my God; You're not my God, no you're not my God

**Bridges We Burn Jeremy Rodgers**

1. Once more, through the gates, my friend, A blinded horse we ride

Staring down the sunset and leaving with the tide

The arrows up above us mean they've started their attack

It's best to keep your head down, don't think of looking back

**Chorus:**

Time will keep on flying. The world continues to turn

And we will light our way by the bridges we burn

1. Smell the smoke of torches, and hear the pitchforks ring

The mob is marching on now, and ignorance is their king

They're blaming us for every piece of all their broken lives

Not knowing just how little they matter in his eyes

**(chorus)**

**Bridge:**

We can never walk this road again

We can never return

We can never cross this bridge again

We can only watch it burn

1. So once more, through the gates, my friend, A blinded horse we ride

Staring down the sunset and leaving with the tide

The arrows up above us mean they've started their attack

It's best to keep your head down, don't think of looking back

**new chorus:**

Isn't this a pretty sabotage? What lessons have we learned?

We can light our way by the bridges we burned

**Birds of a Feather Jan Gillies**

1. The forest was bursting with songs from all sides

The chorus so loud that you wanted to hide

When a gentle whisper broke through the din

Asking, “Why do you want to sing? Why….I….I…”

1. A sudden silence fell in the trees

Then the singing continued, asking “Who is she?

Just a drab little owl, always questioning

Why do we want to sing? Why….I….I…”

1. The pretty parrots repeated again

Over and over, again and again

Then the peacock broke in with an ear-splitting cry

“Look at me! Look at me! Do you need to ask ‘why’?

Why would I want to sing? Why….I….I…”

1. Then the nightingale crooned the sweetest reply

“To touch the heart, and make others sigh

I sing of love, of pain and of tears

Heal hurts with compassion, and comfort the fears

That’s why I want to sing. Why….I….I…”

**Bridge:**

Some sing for ego, some sing for food

Some sing for glory, some sing for good

Some don’t know why they sing. Why….I….I…

1. Then the little owl crept to her hole in a tree

Curiosity fed, and went to sleep

Softly she snored, with a sweet little sound

Dreaming about those who sing… and why….I….I…

**Fireflies Jan Gillies/Pablo Peregrina**

1. If you want to try catching fireflies

It’s important to be young at heart

With eyes open wide, watching as they fly

First you have to see where they are

While their lights of love flash below, above

They’re calling to each tiny soul

As their silent song sings of passion strong

They hover like a burning coal

1. But if they’re put in jars, then they can’t go far

Though their messages still fill our dreams

Flashing in our heads, as we lie in bed

Illuminating all we see

But they need to fly, or love is denied

Their lights are meant for better things

So we set them free, like they’re meant to be

Their message is, love needs wings!

**(repeat 1st verse)**

**Night King Jan Gillies/Jeremy Rodgers**

1. “Winter’s Coming” is the cry

The end begins when the dead won’t die

The nightmare rings all too true

With warnings that it screams, that infiltrate our dreams

1. For every foe we kill, we find

More are created, closing minds

Like rabid beasts we snarl and bite

Hoping for a Lord of Light, to save us from this fight

**Chorus:**

It’s not a Night King that we face

Who wants to kill the human race

But ignorance and greed; just ignorance and greed

1. Nature rules, we just survive

But if we are to stay alive

We need to see our enemy

Is not some other tribe - but hatred, from inside

1. Meanwhile we ignore the signs

As summers boil and storms unwind

Fires and floods destroy our homes

And oceans start to rise, while many close their eyes

…and cling to pretty lies.

**(chorus)**

**The Old Woman & the Gunslinger Jan Gillies**

A weathered old woman had hitched up her mule

When a liquored-up gunslinger, clutching his tool

Staggered out from the barroom, whiskey in hand

Saw her standing there, alone in the sand

Hollered, “Woman, have you ever danced?”

She looked up at him, and replied with a frown

“Nope, never did want to.” A crowd gathered ‘round

As, grinning, he growled, “Well, you’re gonna learn now!”

As he bent over double, in a sarcastic bow

Began shooting the dust by her feet

The old prospecting woman, preserving her toes

Began hopping, while the crowd just laughed at her woes

‘Til he ran out of bullets, and holstered his gun

Turned to go back inside, tired of his fun

Two loud clicks made him turn back ‘round.

**Bridge:**

The old woman stood there, shotgun aimed at his head

As he stared down two barrels, thought he was dead

Frozen, like a corpse by the ice in her eyes

The laughter all ended, as he realized

When the tables turn, time to get wise

Then softly she said, “Son, you’re a fool

But have you ever kissed the ass-end of a mule?”

Swallowing hard, his earnest reply

A moment of truth with no time to ask ‘Why?’

Just “No Ma’am, but always wanted to!”

**Blankie Jan Gillies, 2022**

1. One of my earliest memories

Is just getting home from pre-school

Searching in vain for my best friend

My tattered old blankie, (not cool!)

**Chorus:**

My own mother had thrown it away

I knew just what she would say

Admitting the crime, she’d say “It’s about time!”

But she threw my blankie away!

1. I felt like the world had betrayed me

My sole consolation was gone

No comfort could stifle the crying

Or convince I’d not really been harmed

(chorus)

**Bridge:**

Doesn’t everyone need a blankie, though some go unrecognized?

If something keeps you warm and protected, It seems that it would qualify!

1. Now I snuggle into a new blanket

As around me the kitties all purr

At 70, quite a bit older

A memory-connection occurs

1. Now a smile just won’t stay hidden

As I remember the past

Bigger and softer than my old friend

But I’ve got my own ‘blankie’ at last!

(chorus)

**Grandfather’s Time Jan Gillies**

1. It rounded Cape Horn on a clipper ship,

Burned when a mansion caught fire.

Reborn in a watchmaker’s hands

Who poured life, and skill, and love, and time

Into something that never retired.

My grandfather’s clock has survived him,

As it did his father before.

Who first salvaged it from the ashes,

Made it a life’s work to restore.

1. As a child, I remember it loomed in the hall

Towering over my head.

But never a frightening giant,

It brought magic, and wonder, awe and amazement

Into my life instead.

The comforting rhythm of time,

And a pendulum big as the moon.

And the light in my grandfather’s eyes

As he wound it lit up the whole room.

1. Time passes, now grandpa is gone

But the clock still continues to chime

In my sister’s home in the east.

New children now wonder and gaze in amazement

At this leviathan of time.

A relic of ages gone by

And people no longer alive

Keeping memories strong - now in a song

Like the light in my grandfather’s eyes.

Tag:

My grandfather’s clock was too large for the shelf

So it stood ninety years on the floor.

**I’m Doing Fine Jan Gillies**

1. I thought I knew

Why the world turned around

When I stood on solid ground

And all the wonders that I’d found…taught me to see

1. Now they tell me

Everything I knew was wrong

And I should sing a different song

But if I listen for too long…I want to cry

**Chorus:**

‘Cause it still sounds sweet to me

And I’m where I want to be

So just between you and me,…I’m doing fine.

1. Love my family

Friends and music fill my day

Art and nature show the way

If you ask, I will stay….I’ll sing my songs

**(chorus)**

….I’m doing fine.

**Heartburn Jan Gillies**

1. The shine in your eyes is such a surprise

It lights up the night with their glow

And the stories you tell about Heaven and Hell

Say so much that we need to know

**Chorus:**

And you lift me so high, I feel I could fly

As gravity loses its pull

It’s so hard to come down when my feet leave the ground

My spirit is so light & full

**Bridge:**

The heart may burn, but hard lessons learned

Keep the mind in control

Consequences’ antacids keep damage at bay

Preserving body & soul

1. So tangled ties immobilize

‘Cause true friendships are precious and few

I’m of earth, not sky; though I love to fly

And am always amazed at the view

**(chorus)**

**Repeat 1st verse & chorus**

Tag:

My spirit is so light and full.

**This Song is for You Roger Chellberg/Robert Trites**

1. I’ll soon be on my journey, tomorrow morning at 8:30

Got a ride in mind that’ll start me on my way

All this time, and all this distance, justifying my existence

Without him I’m sure of all the things I say

But as I go, I want you to know….

**Chorus:**

This song is for you

It’s there to see you through

May your dreams come true

It seldom seems that my dreams ever do

1. Is it love that I’m after, or something more behind the laughter

And the feelings that I’m dealing with today

No, it’s just an understanding of the life ahead we’re planning

And all the things that bring us close to stay

But as I leave, I still believe…

**Chorus:**

(different last line)… I’ve had my share as dreamers often do.

1. Well, I’ve been right behind me, but looking back, you won’t find me

Look ahead instead and watch the way I go

Holding hands with another, and as we dance we’ll discover

To combine the sides of love that we both know

1. But I’ll soon be on my journey, tomorrow morning at 8:30

Got a ride in mind that’ll drop me off in town

All this time and all this distance, justifying my existence

Without him I’m sure of all the things I’ve found

But don’t you know, wherever I go….

**(chorus)**

But this song is for you.