**Things I Shouldn’t Say CD Lyrics 2016, Jan Gillies**

**Star Jan Gillies, 2012**

Chorus:

 Dream maker, heart breaker

 What’s your song today

 So pretty, it’s a pity

 You’ve got nothin’ to say

1. Once you were one of the chosen

Thousands called out your name

Now they just see your shadow

Such is the price of fame

(chorus)

1. People still pay for the privilege

To stand close to a fading star

The shine in their eyes mesmerizes

They can’t really see where you are

(chorus)

1. Surrounded by those who adore you

Believers who think you’re the one

To save them from lives full of darkness

So many, they block out the sun

(chorus - & repeat last line)

**Truth & Story Jan Gillies, 10/11/12**

(Loosely based on a traditional fable)

One day Truth went into town, an orphan, needing love

Naked as when he was born, innocent as a dove

But the people jeered and cursed him, threw stones and ran away

He found every door was locked, and knew he couldn’t stay.

So Truth tried another town, but it was all the same

They drove him out into the woods, where he hung his head in shame

Curled into a little ball, crying bitterly

Not understanding what was wrong; thought he could set them free.

Then lovely story wandered by, & saw him weeping there

Dried his tears with gentle hands, & stroked his matted hair

She felt his sorrow, shared his pain, & listened to his woes

Embraced him with her golden words; wrapped him in her clothes.

**Bridge:**

Truth & Story, so it’s said, fell in love that day

Each found a purpose, and a voice, to teach them what to say

So arm in arm, they wandered back into the town again

People laughed and cheered & clapped, welcoming them in

And ever since, the two of them have travelled as a pair

Truth & Story, merged as one, bring love & hope to share

They feed our weary spirits, bring solace to our souls

Teach us what it means to love, and dream of higher goals

They show us by example, without preaching, force or guile

Inviting us to join the dance, & reach our inner child.

**(repeat bridge)**

Years went by in happy bliss, and then they had a child

So beautiful, they named her Song, gazed at her & smiled

As she grew, they taught her well, to laugh & love & cry

Then one day, she stunned them all; she learned how to fly!

**(repeat 1st two lines)**

**Things I shouldn’t Say Jan Gillies, 3/20/13**

1. The echoes of the dying, & phantoms of the past

Earnest politicians lying, as their greed exceeds their grasp

Of the future they’re destroying as they blind us with their glare

& set brother against brother, until no one seems to care

**Chorus:**

 They fought & died for freedom, we hear it every day

 But all I hear’s the thunder of the things I shouldn’t say

1. Storms begin to gather, as we rattle swords & guns

As the children watch, we’d rather sacrifice out precious sons

Than face the truth we’ve hidden, nobody wants to see

But it surfaces, unbidden, like some monster from the sea.

**Chorus:**

 At least we have out ‘freedom’, they shout into the fray

 But all I hear’s the thunder of the things I shouldn’t say

1. A tidal wave is coming that will sweep the lies away

They mistake that distant drumming as the dawn of a new day

While they bicker over boundaries, Earth shudders with the change

& my bones ache with the sound, please – hear the words I shouldn’t say

**Chorus (3X):**

 But might preserves our freedom, the weekend warriors say

 All I hear’s the thunder of the things I shouldn’t say.

 Some gaze about & wonder, while others turn away

Some just weep & wring their hands, or wave their flags & pray

All I hear’s the thunder of the things I shouldn’t say

And ‘freedom’ just rings hollow with the things I shouldn’t say.

**Snake Jan Gillies, 10/2013**

Johnny saw a snake one day, when he was very young

Curled up on the woodpile, out basking in the sun

Someone told him snakes were bad, and so he was afraid

So he picked up his daddy’s ax, they said he should be brave

The little garter snake awoke, as Johnny ventured near

A looming shadow blocked the sun, the snake had much to fear

& so he coiled in self-defense, just trying to survive

& tried to bite the falling ax; as Johnny struck, he died.

**Chorus:**

A killer’s heart begins to pound dark rhythms all its own

The pulse of power, growing dear, as viper’s blood replaces fear

Destruction,…at its end

The young boy marveled at the snake, how vicious it had been!

Chopped off its head in triumph, to kill it was no sin!

The only good snake was one dead; he’d show them all, with pride!

And bask in all their praises when he took the head inside.

Decades passed before the boy, now grown, went off to war

To show the world he wasn’t scared to fight for cause and corps

The evil enemy must die. He’d walked this stage before

But these snakes looked a lot like us, and killing leads to more.

**(chorus)**

With every bullet that hits home, the fear and hate just grows

For self-defense, revenge or pride; the thirst for blood won’t go

But which side is ‘snake’, and which is ‘boy’? Our vision starts to blur

The right or wrong, the weak or strong; ‘til we’re not quite so sure.

What if the poor snake wasn’t bad, just a different form of life?

Another creature on this earth, enduring calm & strife

Our point of view can alter things. It’s something we can change

Understanding conquers fear. Hatred is deranged.

**(chorus)**

**Ocean’s Heart Jan Gillies, 10/3/12**

1. Father & mother, teacher and more

I heard your song before I reached the shore

It haunted my dreams, & sang to my soul

With a power too strong to deny

Like the moon, giving shape to the tides

**Chorus:**

 A world, without time, than could never be mine

 The ocean still sings to me

 When far away, the tides call, and they say

My heart is still in the sea

1. Your waters embraced me before I stepped in

So cautious at first, still learning to swim

But the lure was so strong that I couldn’t resist

Knew that I had to explore; knowing the dangers offshore

**(chorus)**

1. Connected by currents unseen and unknown

Experience taught, and attachment had grown

To a sense of belonging, an ache and a longing

To become a part of this world, far below where tsunamis curled

**Bridge:**

 A pulse of saltwater revives me

 It still circulates in my veins

Like liquid fire to remind me

‘Til nothing but ashes remain

1. I learned of your moods, your storms and calm days

The power to kill, or give life in your bays

The dark depths of fear, & the wonders they show

With light, where I thought there was none

Far from the reach of the sun

**(chorus)**

….my heart, is still lost at sea.

**Silent Shore Jan Gillies, 4/23/13**

1. Little frogs all sing of Spring, they chirp & croak their love

Woo their ladies in the dark, the night is full of song

The coastal wetlands teem with life; the nurseries of the sea

Where man & beast both live & feast since ancient history.

**Chorus:**

But something’s wrong, where is the song that filled the warm night air?

A silent shore, that sings no more. The music has died there.

1. And far beneath the lapping waves, deep currents carry doom

To those who call the ocean home, as dead zones change the tune

Dispersants used to hide the shame now poison life below

Creeping toward the coral reefs, the deadly masses flow.

**(chorus)**

1. “It was an accident” they say, “No way that we could know”

“They happen every now & then”, the price of oil just grows

But all along the coastline there’s a silence on the shore

Canary died down in the mine, and the frogs sing no more.

**(chorus)**

**The Cremation of Sam McGee**

BY [ROBERT W. SERVICE](https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poets/robert-w-service), Music by Jan Gillies

*There are strange things done in the midnight sun by the men who moil for gold;*

*The Arctic trails have their secret tales that would make your blood run cold;*

*The Northern Lights have seen queer sights, but the queerest they ever did see*

*Was that night on the marge of Lake Lebarge,* *I cremated Sam McGee.*

Now Sam McGee was from Tennessee, where the cotton blooms and blows.

Why he left his home in the South to roam 'round the Pole, God only knows.

He was always cold, but the land of gold seemed to hold him like a spell;

Though he'd often say in his homely way that "he'd sooner live in hell."

On a Christmas Day we were mushing our way over the Dawson trail.

Talk of your cold! through the parka's fold it stabbed like a driven nail.

If our eyes we'd close, then the lashes froze till sometimes we couldn't see;

It wasn't much fun, but the only one to whimper was Sam McGee.

And that very night, as we lay packed tight in our robes beneath the snow,

And the dogs were fed, and the stars o'erhead were dancing heel and toe,

He turned to me, and "Cap," says he, "I'll cash in this trip, I guess;

And if I do, I'm asking that you won't refuse my last request."

Well, he seemed so low that I couldn't say no; then he says with a sort of moan:

"It's the cursèd cold, and it's got right hold till I'm chilled clean to the bone.

Yet 'tain't being dead, but the awful dread of the icy grave that pains;

So I want you to swear that, foul or fair, you'll cremate my last remains."

A pal's last need is a thing to heed, so I swore I would not fail;

And we started on at the streak of dawn; but God! he looked ghastly pale.

Crouched in the sleigh, he raved all day of his home in Tennessee;

And before nightfall a corpse was all was left of Sam McGee.

There wasn't a breath in that land of death, as I hurried, horror-driven,

With a corpse half hid that I couldn't get rid, because of a promise given;

Lashed to the sleigh, and it seemed to say: "You may tax your brawn and brains,

But you promised true, and it's up to you to cremate those last remains."

Now a promise made is a debt unpaid, and the trail has its own stern code.

In the days to come, though my lips were dumb, in my heart how I cursed that load.

In the long, long night, by the lone firelight, while the huskies, round in a ring,

Howled out their woes to the homeless snows, O God! how I loathed the thing.

And day by day that quiet clay seemed to heavy and heavier grow;

But on I went, though the dogs were spent and the grub was getting low;

The trail was bad, and I felt half mad, but I swore I’d not give in;

And I'd often sing to the hateful thing, and it hearkened with a grin.

Till I came to the marge of Lake Lebarge, and a derelict there lay;

Jammed in the ice, I saw in a trice it was called the "Alice May."

I looked at it, and I thought a bit, and I looked at my frozen chum;

Then "Here," said I, with a sudden cry, "is my cre-ma-tor-eum."

Some planks I tore from the cabin floor, and I lit the boiler fire;

Some coal I found that was lying around, and heaped the fuel higher;

The flames just soared, and the furnace roared—such a blaze you seldom see;

And I burrowed a hole in the glowing coal, and stuffed in Sam McGee.

Then I took a hike, for I didn't like to hear him sizzle so;

The heavens scowled, and the huskies howled, and the wind began to blow.

It was icy cold, but the hot sweat rolled down my cheeks, tho’ I don't know why

And the greasy smoke in an inky cloak went streaking ‘cross the sky.

I do not know how long in the snow I wrestled with grisly fear;

But the stars came out and they danced about ere again I ventured near;

I was sick with dread, but I bravely said: "I'll just take a peep inside.

I guess he's cooked, and it's time I looked"; ... then the door I opened wide.

And there sat Sam, looking cool and calm, in the heart of the furnace roar;

He wore a smile you could see a mile, and he said: "Please shut that door.

It's fine in here, but I gravely fear you'll let in the cold and storm—

Since I left Plumtree, down in Tennessee, it's the first time I've been warm."

*There are strange things done in the midnight sun* *by the men who moil for gold;*

*The Arctic trails have their secret tales that would make your blood run cold;*

*The Northern Lights have seen queer sights, but the queerest they ever did see*

*Was that night on the marge of Lake Lebarge, I cremated Sam McGee.*

**Hurricane’s Eye Jan Gillies, 7/13**

1. As we count our days backwards to equalize time

From death to the present, trying to synchronize

Future expectations we don’t recognize

Like life, in a hurricane’s eye

**Chorus:**

 Can’t turn on a light, the piano’s out of tune

 The theater’s empty, with plenty of room

But the play’s not been written, & the song has no tune

Or voice, to give it wings.

1. While storms howl around us, I hear gentle rains

As oceans of tears attempt to drown the pain

And the ragged survivors join hands once again

Not knowing the ‘how’ or the ‘why’

But there’s love in a hurricane’s eye

**(chorus)**

1. Will winds tear us to pieces, or can this storm end?

Let brothers and sisters find family & friends?

Can we subdue the anger on which it depends?

Find a way to fight temperatures rise?

And find peace in a hurricane’s eye?

(**chorus – 2X)**

**Lobo & Blanca** **Jan Gillies & Joshua Hisle, 2014 ©**

1. Now, lost to legend, this furred Hercules, once roamed the New Mexico plains

A giant among wolves, both cunning & strong, outfoxing mere men was a game

With his beautiful Blanca, white wolf, at his side, they terrorized ranches & farms

Thousands of cattle & sheep felt their teeth, but no human had ever been harmed.

1. For over 5 years, these bold cavaliers reclaimed what had always been home

Before men arrived, wolves had survived where the deer & buffalo roamed

Then humans had come, with their traps & their guns, & new herds of beasts they called theirs

But with time on their side, this young Bonny & Clyde stole back what was taken, as fair.

**Chorus:**

 But a lion, shorn of his strength, an eagle denied the sky

 A dove, bereft of its mate; all, it’s said will surely die

 But it took all three to claim Lobo, the king of the Currumpaw Plains

 Once the will to live is gone, death takes what remains

1. A huge bounty was posted, & Lobo’s fame grew, as he triumphed again & again

Laughing at poisons, and clever plans of incredibly arrogant men

‘Til a man came, encamped for a long winter siege, famous hunter, ‘Seton’ by name

Who knew even kings can be stabbed through the heart, with a terrible twist to the game.

1. He targeted Blanca, deep in her heat, less cautious than Lobo, her mate

A Trap chained to the 50 pound head of a steer, the horns in the rocks sealed her fate

Lassoed & strangled between mounted men, ‘til blood foamed from her jaws & she died

“Good riddance” they said, when at last she was dead, with a hollow echo of pride

**(chorus)**

1. For days Lobo howled, as the winter moon scowled, & they set traps with Blanca as bait

They found him with iron jaws clamped on each leg, exhausted, game over, checkmate

Bound & muzzled, the king ignored all, & the sting of his pride was felt by all the men

His gaze locked, far away; undefeated, they say, but he never saw sunrise again.

1. They laid him with Blanca, & all felt the shame, for the terrible deeds that were done

Seton was changed, at the end of the game; perhaps, after all, Lobo won

For his life took a turn, Seton helped others learn of the wolves, & their part in the plan

How wolf & man can share the land, when we finally understand.

**(chorus)**

**Annie’s Violin**  **Jan Gillies, 2008**

**Chorus:**

**Am E Am F G Am**

Annie loves her violin, in her arms it sings

 **F G C Am F G Am**

The music flies like memories, on swift & fading wings

 **G Am G E Am**

1. All her life they sang as one, for eager ears to hear

**C G C E**

Solos, trios, orchestras; over 30 years

 **F G C…(run)… Am**

In humble homes & velvet halls, they laughed & loved & cried

 **F G Am G F**

But memories are fragile things, those years have nearly died

**(Chorus)**

1. Her music spoke to young & old, its magic soothed the soul

Helped the mind to unwind, and kept the body whole

But no medicine or money can protect the mind

Her memories are tangled, now, and often hard to find

**Bridge:**

But varnished wood and shining strings can kindle coals gone gray

The fire remains in soaring strains of melodies she plays

**(chorus)**

1. Annie can’t remember that she has a violin

At 88, her slender hands seem frail and paper-thin

But pull out her forgotten friend, and rosin up the bow

Her music soars just like before, her eyes begin to glow…

‘Cause Annie loves her violin, in her arms it sings.

**Roll of the Dice Jan Gillies, 1/18/13**

1. It seems living is harder than dying

For so many who went off to war

Who thought killing was a solution

But came back asking, “What for?”

When so many wounded warriors

Are throwing their lives away

As suicide rates soar like rockets

Where are the heroes to ‘save the day’?

**Chorus**

 What if dying for a cause ain’t the best you can do?

 Isn’t the ultimate sacrifice?

 Despite all the lies they tell you, death’s just a roll of the dice.

1. As our children watch us struggle

With ways to control the pain

With drugs, whiskey, and violence

As we crumble under the strain

And worry what message we give them

As they still hear the clarion call

With shouts of “No fear, No surrender!”

But what’s the point of it all?

**(chorus)**

1. Can’t a life give much more than its ending?

Can’t love last much longer than hate?

Can we learn so much more than we thought we knew

Try not to repeat our mistakes?

The dead never fight for the wrong or the right

Don’t need to face painful truths

Can’t show their kids that they love them

Or help them cope with youth.

**(chorus)**

What if dying for a cause ain’t the best you can do?

It’s not nearly as hard as life

Despite all the lies they tell you, death’s just a roll of the dice.

**Ugly Old Suit Jeremy Rodgers**

**Em**

Will they think of me in this ugly old suit

**Am**

I'm stiff as my collar and shiny as my boot

**Em**

Makeup to hide my new pale colors

**Am**

And a big wooden box that cost 3000 dollars

Walking past me with their frowns and their sobs

While they think about the day they have off from their jobs

Humbly they brag about the flowers that they brought

Saying they were my favorite even if they were not

**Chorus:**

**C D G Em**

May the dead never know what a party we throw

**C Am7 Em**

May they never hear the secrets and lies

**C D G Em**

May they have no doubt, may their money run out

**C Am7 Em**

Just in time to miss how we act when somebody dies

Fancy old jackets with dust on the shoulder

A dress that fit fine before they got so much older

Music so sad even the preacher is bored

But his sermon is short so they all thank the lord

Then out to a field with some nicely carved rocks

And six foot hole for my shiny new box

Then it's just me and my friend with the dirt

Thank god I am free and can never be hurt

**(Chorus)**

**B7 Em**

Every last relation, Every eye on the will

**B7 Em**

Every denomination, Every funeral bill

**C Am7**

Every tearful handshake, Every disputed keepsake

**B7**

It’s going on still, It's going on still ….

**(Chorus)**

**Children** *Kahlil Gibran/Jon Berger*

Your children are not just your children.
They are sons and daughters of Life

Longing for themselves, they come through you, soon to be free

They are with you, yet they belong not to you.

You may give them your love, but you may not give them your thoughts

For your children have their own special feelings.
You may give them their bodies, not souls,
And their hearts dwell in the house of tomorrow, which you can never control.

And their dreams are like colors of rainbows, reeling through their minds

You may give them your love, but you may not give them your thoughts

Chorus:

For they’ll run away, they must find a new home

They’re like runaways, but with somewhere to go

They’re all runaways, ‘til they find a new mind of their own.

They’re like runaways, they must find a new home

They’re like runaways, but with somewhere to go

They’re all runaways, ‘til they find a new mind of their own

Remember when you were a young one

And you felt so open and free

And the world was bigger than you and you wanted to find something new

And when you looked, something was special

You knew it was the first time

You may give them your love, but you may not give them your thoughts

Chorus:

For they’ll run away, they must find a new home

They’re like runaways, but with somewhere to go

They’re all runaways, ‘til they find a new mind of their own.

We’re all runaways, we must find a new home

We’re like runaways, but with somewhere to go

We’re all runaways, ‘til we find a new mind of our own.

**Mariner’s Revenge** The Decemberists, (Colin Meloy)

We are two mariners, our ship's sole survivors
In this belly of a whale

Its ribs are ceiling beams, its guts are carpeting

I guess we have some time to kill

You may not remember me, I was a child of three
And you, a lad of eighteen

But, I remember you, and I will relate to you

How our histories interweave
At the time you were A rake and a roustabout
Spending all your money in the whores and hounds (Oh, oh)

You had a charming air All cheap and debonair
My widowed mother found so sweet

And so she took you in, her sheets still warm with him Now filled with filth and foul disease
As time wore on you proved A debt-ridden drunken mess
Leaving my mother A poor consumptive wretch (Oh, oh)

And then you disappeared Your gambling arrears
The only thing you left behind

And then the magistrate reclaimed our small estate

And my poor mother lost her mind
Then, one day in spring My dear sweet mother died
But, before she did I took her hand as she, dying, cried: (Oh, oh)

"Find him, bind him

Tie him to a pole and break His fingers to splinters
Drag him to a hole until he

Wakes up naked Clawing at the ceiling Of his grave"

It took me fifteen years To swallow all my tears
Among the urchins in the street

Until a priory took pity and hired me

To keep their vestry nice and neat
But, never once in the employ Of these holy men
Did I ever, once turn my mind From the thought of revenge (Oh, oh)

One night I overheard The prior exchanging words
With a penitent whaler from the sea

The captain of his ship, who matched you toe to tip

Was known for wanton cruelty
The following day I shipped to sea With a privateer
And in the whistle Of the wind I could almost hear

(Oh, oh)

"Find him, bind him

Tie him to a pole and break His fingers to splinters
Drag him to a hole until he Wakes up naked

Clawing at the ceiling Of his grave

There is one thing I must say to you

As you sail across the sea
Always, your mother will watch over you

As you avenge this wicked deed"

And then, that fateful night We had you in our sight
After twenty months at sea

Your starboard flank abeam. I was getting my muskets clean

When came this rumbling from beneath
The ocean shook The sky went black & the captain quailed

And before us grew The angry jaws Of a giant whale (Oh..)

Don't know how I survived. The crew all was chewed alive
I must have slipped between his teeth

But, oh, what providence, what divine intelligence

That you should survive As well as me
It gives my heart great joy to see your eyes fill with fear
So lean in close And I will whisper The last words you'll hear

(Oh, oh)