

SONGS OF THE
FOLK



TRACK LISTING

1. Mr. Commissioner
2. Merem & Jerom
3. One Man Band
4. Benediction
5. Song to Bob

MR. COMMISSIONER

Mr. Commissioner, can you believe all that we seem to hold on to?

Wearing the wear of our work on our sleeves, hanging our hat on the maybe
that one day our lives will be free.

Mr. Commissioner, please understand, we all have our hopes
and our dreams and if we attain them we'll write our own song.
'Til then we'll just sing along.

A shred of the truth would be all that we need but people pay more for a novel.
They're only friends when it benefits them, entranced by the host of the party
while the cooks in the back build the feast.

So Mr. Commissioner, what's wrong with the world? Nothing that cannot be cured.
The only requirement of life that we know is we always will reap what we sow,
always will reap what we sow.

Now Mr. Commissioner, how should we plead? Guilty by association.
Why do we all feel compelled to impress with fifteen minutes of glory
and a picture to prove we're unique?

If everyone notices everything then nothing will really be seen.

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MEREM AND JEROM

Living life right down the middle, their names just letters apart

And so it was with their hearts, right down to their bones

Merem and Jerom

He grew the reds she turned to cider Mulled with orange and cloves

They would drink if from mugs of plain styrofoam

Merem and Jerom

Find, they would, somehow to flatter She loved to make him behave

He loved that her name, a brief palindrome

Merem and Jerom

Tucked away there among the mountains The quiet nights were the best

With her chin on his chest The soft gramophone

Oh, their love Their love wasn't modern at all

Stone by stone they built up a love of their own

that for their lives was the only love they ever would know

From the lack of being lonely he would leave for a while

She would turn off her smile until he came home

Merem and Jerom

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ONE MAN BAND

Do you ever forgive if you never forget?
Do you have enough time to fill all the debts?
When you get down to me, ready with a check to be made,
make it out to the one man band dancing in his own parade

You think you want to confess to what it is you done wrong
but you could never address how I helped you along
And nothing ever is said 'cuz you don't know what to say
Just tell it all to the one man band dancing in his own parade

Up in a lonely chateau, you're living worse than the poor
It seems that you'll never know who went and opened the door
Now trouble looks like a guest leaning on the old balustrade
It left no room for the one man band dancing in his own parade

You fight your way through the crowd You push and shove to make peace
You think that by being proud, the more respect you receive
But you forgot where you are—In the middle of a long cavalcade
And at the front is the one man band dancing in his own parade

There's no time for talking You scream and yell to make peace
You think the louder you sing, the more respect you receive
But your voice is struck mute and no one hears your refrain
The only sound is the one man band dancing in his own parade

When the battle is done, the smoke beginning to fade
The only sound from the dogs barking mad in the shade
A sallow-faced brigadier still has his gun at the aim
He's pointing straight at the one man band dancing in his own parade

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BENEDICTION

Come those who have to ration as the only way to live
Come those who wear all they own
A breeze is a-stirrin', a thief with a gift
You'll ration for a living no more

There will come a moment in time when life won't pass you by

Come those who work for hours as the only way to live
Come those who prize all they own
A breeze is a-stirrin', a thief with a gift
You'll work for a living no more

Come those who search for refuge under the roads a-rumblin'
Come those who sleep through the roar
A breeze is a-stirrin', a thief with a gift
You'll search under the roads no more

Come those who travel daily over the roads a-rumblin'
Come those whose sleep is a chore
A breeze is a-stirrin', a thief with a gift
You'll travel over the roads no more

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SONG TO BOB

I'm down here a hundred miles from my home
Treading a path no other man has walked down
I know there's a song, but can't get it out of my head,
hear professors, politicians, and pursers instead

Hey, Bob Dylan, I wrote you a song
about a weary old world that's a-draggin' along
It's still sick, it's still hungry, tired, and torn
The only difference is now no one cares anymore

Hey, Bob Dylan, I want you to hear
that my generation won't give in to fear
You sang it to Woody, now I'm singing it to you
'cause I don't wanna say I've been hitting that hard travelin', too

So here's to Joni, and Dave, and Odetta as well
To all the good people who made heaven from hell
Here's to the words and the songs of the folk
that come like a fire and linger like the smoke

I'm not sure when I'll leave, but it could be today
I know that I'll get out of here in some way
I don't know of the how or the where or the when
But I do know that the times they are a-changin'

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