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(©Bryan Huling, BMI, Caslon Three Publishing, BMI)

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(©Dianna Burrup, BMI, Caslon Three Publishing, BMI)

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For a PDF Booklet of all lyrics for Mojo Matters, go to:
http://universalsandbox.com/caslon/MP3s/Mojo-Matters_MP3s/Mojo-Matters-Insert.pdf
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Out Here on the Water

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Way out off the coast of Carolina
On a downhill run to the land of the Seminole
I got 36 feet of freedom in the water
Headin' down south to who the hell knows
I got storm clouds and lightnin' off the port side
And 3 women and big trouble off the stern
It seems the only safe harbor lies out
somewhere before me
How many times until you'd think I'd learn?

That it's out here on the water where I'm easy
With good friends in the wind and the waves
I got seagulls to laugh at all my stories
And the north wind to hear me rant and rave
Where the night sky rolls on until forever
And the North Star will surely show the way
And when the sunrise softly kisses the horizon
I got sailor's song to send me on my way
Hey, hey

Sailin' round Key West in the sunset
Wave at all the folks in Mallory Square
Then anchor off the lee side for the evening
With eighty feet of rode and 10 to spare
Listen to the dolphin softly talking
About the wisdom and worries that they share
Drift off to sleep and dream of far horizons
Wake up to the scent of bougainvillea in the air

Stand

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Here I stand, in the shadows of my past. Here I stand, in the love of those around me, yeah. In the goodness of mankind. In the hatred of the heart. In the sorrows of the earth. In the freedom of forgiveness. In the solitude of silence. In the chaos of my conditioned mind, my conditioned mind.

My inner revolution, is the spark of a solution. Why have fear of deviation? In this matrix of creation? I can stand. Oh, I can stand.

Here we stand, depending on each other. Here we stand, at war with our brothers. In the kinship of a stranger. In the failures of our fathers. In the changing of the boundaries. In the dangers of denial. In the hope of new tomorrows. In the darkness that gives way into the light ... gives way into the light.

Our inner destitution, paves the way to evolution. No more waiting for a savior, to erase our bad behavior. We can stand… Oh, we can stand.

Hatred, goodness, hope, forgiveness, fear-fear-fear, is what I find, in my conditioned mind. Fall through shadows, sorrows, solitude, as darkness gives way into the light. Here I stand …

Pretending To Be

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Sometimes I feel like I'm smoke in the wind
A reflection on still water
The hazy old memory of a long lost friend
A story by a has-been author
I'm an empty glass rolling in circles at the end of the bar
A phone ringing on a deserted corner
A radio playing in a derelict car
An old joke somebody's forgotten

Sometimes I don't feel quite real
Like no one can see me
Like no one can hear
The words that I'm saying
Just drift in the wind
Is this life that I'm living
Or am I pretending….to be

I feel like words to a song that you just can't remember
A hat that's lost in the closet
Things that you meant to do last December
A vase that broke when you bought it

A ghost in the corner you can't really see
An empty, dusty dance floor
The flicker of light as a candle goes out
A kiss someone should have gotten

REPEAT CHORUS

Sometimes I feel like smoke in the wind"

Dani Was an Angel

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Dani was an angel
With a bad back and broken wings
She lived in a broken down Chrysler
Off Trenton and Seventeenth
You could near her at night
As she sang to the stars
A little slurred and slightly off key
But if you listened real close
You'd find truth in the words
At least it seemed that way to me, she sang

You can be as happy as you want to
You can be just as sad as you need
It's all up to you and those dreams in your pocket
Grief stays in your heart unless you unlock it
Love is the answer til you try it don't knock it

Dani spent the afternoon shuffling
Through trash left out over night
Picking out treasures and groceries
Then back to the car for a nap and a bite
Then she's out on 15th Street most every evening
Singing and dancing for change
Then a bottle she'll buy to share with her friends
With a laugh and a smile she sings

Chorus

I woke up real early in the dark one morning
And looked out my window to see
By the glow of the streetlight Dani peacefully sleeping
At least it looked that way to me
Then I noticed the strangeness of the still, black darkness
With no angels to sing, I could tell by the smile on her face she'd departed, So I lifted my voice and sang ...

Roll On Mother Gulf Stream, Roll On

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Danny ran a shrimpin' boat , Out on the Gulf of Mexico
He learned his trade from his father
And like his grandpa years before
He'd pull in the nets 'til his hands were sore
And then drink beers brothers

Roll on Mother Gulf Stream roll on
Roll on Mother Gulf Stream roll on

He had Ellie his wife and two young boys
You could tell they were his pride and joy
They were his heirs, she was his lover
Every workin' mornin' when the sun came up
They drove to the dock in their old pickup truck
And watched him sail back into the harbor

Chorus

And when the storms blew in
And tore everything to hell
They'd raise the sunken boats
At least salvage the bells
They'd say prayers for the dead
And thank God it wasn't them
Paint the name back on the boat
And head back out again

Danny turned 68 this year
Sits on the porch with an ice cold beer
And watches the boats out on the water
He sees his boys and their strong brown backs
Holds Ellie's hand and they both give thanks
For the joy and love this life has brought them

Change

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There's a tug-a-war going on inside, there's a lot of rules I should abide. They hold me down and won't let go. They remind me when to hide and show. Yeah, there's a tug-a-war goin' on inside.

I'm gonna make some changes in my life. Ignore those voices on the judgement side. I'm gonna turn around when they wanna go straight. I'm gonna step right up when they're afraid. Yeah, I'm gonna make some changes in my life.

Stand in the silence and take a bow. The stage is all ours anyhow. The music plays and the dance goes on. Just step right in, feel your way, you can't go wrong Everybody's gotta change sometime.

I'm gonna feel new ways I never felt before. And I swear I plan to never be bored. I'm gonna meet new people in the flow. Gonna open doors and let the chaos go. Yeah, I'm gonna open up those doors and let the chaos go.

Chorus

Change the way we're thinkin', change the way were actin', change what we're believin', for a little peace in our hearts. 'Cause it's all made up you know. Come on let's change it, change it, change it to somethin' real good. Somethin' real good.

New Mexico

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Headin' down the road to New Mexico
Land of Enchantment baby, don't you know
There's a woman down there can cure my ills
Make me do her will, it gives me chills

I'll hit Taos when the sun goes down
Stir it all up, drink it all down
New Mexico….. oh New Mexico

Sittin' on a cliff with an old Indian friend
Chew on sacred herbs, spit it in his hand
Watch the visions dance across the sky
I can see the future in the old man's eyes

I'll hit Taos when the sun comes up
Take it all in then give it all up
New Mexico…… oh New Mexico

Sun beatin' down on the top of my head
Buzzard circlin''round like he thinks I'm dead
Voices talk to me in a wind that burns my eyes
They say "It's all in the journey, brother,
That's the big surprise"

Nothin' but dust on the tip of my tongue
Out here in the desert watchin' rabbit run
An old rattlesnake sways and softly sings
(About the wisdom and peace his bite can bring

I left Taos when the sun came up
Gonna stay out here til Spirit lifts me up
New Mexico….. oh New Mexico

Story

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The night fell right away in my arms, didn't have much to say about it. Daylight came and still it weighed me down. Must've been my thoughts, yeah, always thinkin'. Always thinkin'.

Words fly through the forest trying to find a place to land – speaking of good things to come. Listen to all the conversations – could've been me, could've been you, it was all happenin' to.

Heavy hearts will draw in darkness, tall tales speak all the time. Narrow paths will keep me focussed, on talking oh so fine. Oh so fine, all the time.

Chorus

Tag

But it was just another story, just another story passin' thru, just another story, just another story

Inside My Head

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Going'round trying to defend the words I said
Tears running down your face, your eyes turning red
I rationalize, hypnotize trying to reframe my lies
Doing a dance, anything to keep you in my trance

It's the things that I say to you
That keep you doing the things you do
Run around in circles, bang your head against the wall
The screaming in your head keeps you from hearing when loved ones

CHORUS
I am the voice inside your head
It's no good trying to run away
I'll be with you anywhere you go
Until your dying day

Those pills you take trying to keep me at bay
Will turn against you, all I have to say is you're
Doing fine, towing the line living in the best of times
Then I'll turn and make you burn
I'll keep you squirming on the end of my line

CHORUS

The Ballad of Sonna and Etta May

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Sitting on the bank of the Arkansas River
Sonny watches the willows weep and sway
A cool breeze blowing up from deep in the southland
Sends a hint of the gulf Oklahoma's way
It's 4 o'clock in the morning,
Sonny swears he can hear the ocean's waves
A seagull laughs off in the darkness, Sends his mind 500 miles away

He met her in the bar at the FloraBama, Ended up married in 23 days
They walked the beach and fished the harbor
Sailed into the sunset many a day
Laughing and loving in the sun, sand and water
Happy just making it day to day, Making love whenever they wanted
Etta hoped it would always be this way

Way down south in Alabama, Across the waters of Perdido Bay
There's a pretty little girl from Pensacola,
Etta sure changed Sonny's world in a big way

Sonny's old man called from up in the oil fields
Said he had a lease that could really pay
Sonny headed north for just the money,
Etta said she couldn't live that way

She needed the sun and the clear blue water
The rhythm of living the Gulf Coast way
Sonny needed the money to prove he was a big man, a big man
Etta waved as Sonny drove away It was a sad, sad day

But Sonny's had enough of his preoccupation
With money and pride and doing it "Daddy's way"
He's in the car and headed down to the coastline
Back to the loving arms of Etta May

Chain of Inspiration

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Saying goodbye to an old life. How it has served me well. All new understandings of the same 'ole things. Wonder what new stories they will tell.

Well I slid on around to the other side. And the view from where I'm standin' reveals the darkness where I once stood. Where now the light sure can dance ....

So raise up our heads to the sky; feel it, the sun in our eyes. Walk on like you know where you're going. And live like you love it, sing what you're living ...

Well, you know we're walking' with; And you know we're talkin' with the people that we need to help us move into the light; We gotta stop and feel. Then we gotta move and feel the rhythm flowing through the thread connecting all our lives.

So raise up our heads to the sky, feel it, the sun in our eyes. Walk on, like you know where you're going. And live like you love it, sing what you're living, love while your giving, just find your voice, 'cause every voice that finds its way out, is the fuel that sparks the chain.

The chain of inspiration ...
chain of inspiration ...