

# The Gypsyfire



## Songbook

The Collected Works  
December 1987 to August 2022

(c) 2004, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019,  
2020, 2021, 2022

## Forward

First a word of acknowledgement to Bill Kingsbury. Bill was the fellow who on that fateful day in the winter of 1987 suggested that I too could write my own songs even though up to that point I had only performed other people's material. Till that moment I believed that I couldn't write a song. Bill said. "It's really quite easy. You put down the first note and the first word and then you put down the next and so on till you're done." The idea that it didn't have to be "good" and it could emerge from a process was freeing enough to "prime the pump."

Here I am 15 years and about 180 some songs later and, by golly, Bill was right. So in response to the further suggestion of some supportive people here is a collection of the most performed part of the collection.

I have often used chords that are a little unusual so at the end of the collection are the non-standard chords in tablature form listed by song. I used the computer program called chord wizard to translate where I put my fingers on the fret board into a name. Where I note I am working in Capo Drop D, I am using a Kaiser Capo at the second fret to capo all but the low E string. The low E is left open. That in effect shifts the guitar to the key of E and allows the sound of the low drone string as in drop D tuning but without the mess of retuning the guitar. It also worked better for my voice range. Where the chords used are standard open chords I have used the name as if the capo was not in use and if there are a number of barre chords used I have changed the names to reflect the actual name of the chord. If you are confused don't worry. Just go to the tablature and put your fingers where the numbers indicated and don't fret the name used.

These songs came from the heart and the universe, by way of my ear so they do not conform to proper theory. One of my collaborators, Alan Frost, referred to the result as "counter intuitive".

I have enjoyed the writing and enjoyed the sharing and I have greatly appreciated those who cared about the music enough to add their voices and hearts to it. That is a long and venerable list. Those that helped create the music have their names in the copyright line at the beginning of each song. Those who have comprised the band "Chyldsplay" and then "Gypsyfire" are too numerous to list here but have my undying appreciation.

6/29/2002

Charles B Staley



## A Simple Love Song (Cynthia's Song)

May 14, 2011

© Words and Music Charles Stacey

Bm E D#dim(3) F#m F Dm E

A E A D E A Asus2  
I wanted to write a simple love song – that tells you just how much I really care

Bm E D#dim(3) F#m F Dm E  
So much I want to say – but words get in the way. This tongue tied minstrel begs the muse to share.

A G A D E A Asus2  
So I'm trying to write a simple love song – with harmony so you can sing along

Bm E D#dim(3) F#m F Dm E  
With heart held in my hand – the hour glass's sand – paints a fleeting picture, here then gone

A E A D E A Asus2  
I wanted to write a simple love song. One that tells the world you fill my heart

Bm E D#dim(3) F#m F Dm E  
Life's joyful spiral dance – The promise born of chance – destiny discovered from the start

A G A D E A Asus2  
I'm trying to write a simple love song that conjures all the magic in your touch

Bm E D#dim(3) F#m F Dm E  
Life's mysteries revealed from challenges concealed - - The memory of dreams together dared

A E A D E A Asus2  
I wanted to write a simple love song – that tells about the miles that we shared

Bm E D#dim(3) F#m F Dm E  
Sunsets on the road – the stages spotlights glow – Friends we found and lost along the way

A G A D E A Asus2  
I'm trying to write a simple love song but kids and jobs and bills fill up our days

Bm E D#dim(3) F#m  
Life's rhythm and her rhyme move in 6/8 time

F Dm E A  
The simple truth is love's elusive way – defies a simple word or catchy phrase – Still

A G A  
Someday I'm gonna write a simple love song



## Acorn and Amber

March 27, 2014

Words and Music (c) Charles Stacey

G Em C D G

I see you grin - your bright eyes shine - squirming in your chair  
The spot light shines - I sing your song - a magic moment shared  
Living in the moment - but time's a tricky thing.  
What will you remember of the songs your grandpa sings?

### Chorus

*The acorn not the amber, mem-o-ry alive. Out beyond my time and space - It lets my love survive*  
*My soul in song and story stored and nurtured there to thrive*  
*A tree from seed - the future freed - on silent wings to fly*

My grandpa's there - the lamp light glows - his glasses down his nose  
So patient as he glues the broken pieces where they go  
He talks about his daddy - a gentle loving man with a wish for love and courage  
and justice for the land

### Chorus

*The acorn not the amber, mem-o-ry alive. Out beyond my time and space - It lets my love survive*  
*My soul in song and story stored and nurtured there to thrive*  
*A tree from seed - the future freed - on silent wings to fly*

What will you remember - when you're standing with your son  
and sing your grandpa story and measure where you've come  
Will mem-o-ry connect us all - a strong unbroken line  
Life's spiral dance the rhythm - im-mor-tal-ity the rhyme

**Chorus**

## Ain't Life Wonderful

5/1/97

Words and Music © by Charles Stacey

A D A  
Padd'ling down the stream of life a gentle current flows.  
B7 E7  
We're resting on the sunbeams arms while summer breezes blow  
A D A  
The rocks are getting bigger now, a faint roar fills my ears  
B7 E7 A  
but the waterfall is way down stream so pass another beer.

### (Chorus)

F A F A  
*Ain't life wonderful? Ain't life gay?*  
F A D E  
*Ain't life just the thing to pass the time away?*  
A D A  
*One step forward and two steps back. We dance our lives away.*  
B7 E7 A  
*Plenty of pain may know my name but I'm feeling fine today.*

A D A B7 E7  
Sunday mornin' ten A.M singin' in the Baptist choir. Harmony in four parts sets my soul on fire.  
A D A  
First we sing "I'll Fly Away," then "Turn Your Radio On",  
B7 E7 A  
while the landfill's overflowing and the ozone's nearly gone. (Chorus)

A D A  
Mankind treads on timeless swells, Poseidon's salty realm.  
B7 E7  
Life's sou'easter whispers to our captain at the helm.  
A D A  
The sunrise burns a glowing red, he rings Titanic's bell.  
B7 E7 A  
Never mind the icebergs. He says, "trust me, all is well." (Chorus)

A D A  
Flying twice the speed of light - the colors are so clear.  
B7 E7  
My mind just keeps expanding. The Comet must be near.  
A D A  
This time I'm really gonna change. I've thrown away my fear.  
B7 E7 A  
Just pile high my self-help books. I'll climb right out of here. (Chorus)

## Allegany Moon

7/7/97

Words and Music © by Charles Stacey

For Nana Bell and Bell Clan Reunion July 28, 1997

D Bm  
A child floats on a feather cloud. The night train sings her a tune.  
C A  
Time's fidd'ler plays a harmony that echoes off the moon.  
D Bm  
It's a sad lament for the train's dark cargo, black and shiny bright.  
G A G D  
But the bitter part of the mountain's heart won't steal her dream tonight.

### *(Chorus)*

Bm A G Bb A  
She's dancing with the Allegany moon. A light so soft and gentle fills the cabin room.  
G A D Bm Bb A D  
She twirls in time to the lilac's rhyme. It's a soft sweet lullaby that she croons.

D Bm  
The child now a maiden, kissed by the mountain rain.  
C A  
Springtime shares her warm embrace. The dark moon calls her name.  
D Bm  
Her laddie dances to the heart's demand. Time's fidd'ler calls the tune.  
G A G D  
Fears shadow flees the brightness of the Allegany moon. *(Chorus)*

D Bm  
Her springtime fades to summer, then leaves begin to fall  
C A  
The moonlight shadows waltz across the holler dusk to dawn.  
D Bm  
She wrestled hope from the mountains heart. It's price her laddie true.  
G A G D  
Now the fidd'ler calls the last dance. She says "play Shoo-la-roon" *(Chorus)*

## Anticipation

11-13-96

Words and Music © by Charles Stacey

E D  
Blackbird sittin' in a sycamore tree, singing to you and singing' to me  
E C D E  
Sure he's a rascal but it sounds like fun, the places we'll go before the day is done  
C D E  
He promises to take us before the daylight's gone

### **(Chorus)**

B A  
Like watching' as the fiddler rosin's up his bow, feeling' the tingle way down in your toes  
B  
or the night before Santa and his reindeer run,  
A D B  
The prickly tickles dance inside and sleep won't come

E D  
Candy tastes better with the wrapper on. The kiss most sweet when your lover's gone  
E C D E  
The wine most mellow before you sip. The cliffs the tallest before your fingers slip  
C D E  
You fall the furthest before you lose your grip. **(Chorus)**

### **Bridge**

Em A Em Em D  
Monsters hiding underneath your bed. The whispers dance inside your head  
C Em C D Em  
Goblin lurking' in the closet dark. Bony fingers close around your heart  
C D E  
Your fear's the strongest before your nightmare starts. **(Chorus)**

E D  
The sweet's more sweet, the dread more deep. Then the dream and daylight meet  
E C D E  
And you dance with the shadow when the moonlight flees and ride the rainbow when the storm clouds leave  
C D E  
That space 'tween tick and tock before you sneeze. **(Chorus)**

## Archie

4/28/14

Words and Music (c) Charles Stacey

Am Dm  
His name they said was Archie but no one knew quite why - 'cause  
G F G  
This handsome Okie drifter was by reputation shy  
C Am Dm  
A charming desperado yes, a friend to all he'd meet - But  
G F C  
When they tried to catch him he had wings upon his feet

### *Chorus*

E Am  
*Eyes of gold that glisten and a coat of two tone grey*  
G C  
*The legend sounded scary but he'd rather run away*  
Am F  
*He taught us joy and patience bringing smiles to those he'd greet - We learned to*  
D G slow and pause then Am  
*Question first impressions and assumptions when we meet*

Am Dm  
Archie's name was Scottish - bold and true it means  
G F G  
Handsome, sweet and curious - of mixed parental genes  
C Am Dm  
A weakness for the hot dog and a person's gentle stroke  
G F C  
Archie took the town by storm as his hobo magic spoke *Chorus*

Am Dm  
Now Aztec's just a little place - A quaint and quiet town  
G F G  
No place there for a wolf dog - who wants to hang around - So  
C Am Dm  
days to weeks, a month and more, a posse on the chase - Then  
G F C  
A careful shot - the dart hit home and ended Archie's race *Chorus*

Am Dm  
Now Archie's living quietly - his mountain home complete  
G F G  
Phaedra his companion and wolf dog treats to eat  
C Am Dm  
The wolf part needed freedom but the dog part craved a home  
G F C  
Wolfwood opened up their heart - once more their pack has grown *Chorus; Repeat first verse and chorus*

## Are We There Yet?

May 14, 2020

Words and Music © Charles Stacey

E      A                      D7                      A                      D7  
Are we there yet? – I'm bored. Are we there yet? It's not fair  
A                                      D7                      B7                      E  
Are we there yet? He's on my side. Is there no place I can hide?

### *Chorus*

**F                      A                      F                      A**  
***Where are we going? – Where have we been?***  
**F                      A                      B7                      E**  
***So many questions but one comes again – and again – and again – and again***

E      A                      D7                      A                      D7  
Are we there yet? – It's too hard. Are we there yet? I got to go  
A                                      D7                      B7                                      E  
Are we there yet? It's not your turn. What lesson are we meant to learn?

### **Bridge**

**F#m                      C#m                      G#m                      B                      D                      A                      B                      E**  
**It's a road often traveled – A deep rutted trail – Muddy and graveled – an often told tale**

### *Chorus*

**F                      A                      F                      A**  
***Where are we going? – Where have we been?***  
**F                      A                      B7                      E**  
***So many questions but one comes again – and again – and again – and again***

E      A                      D7                      A                      D7  
Are we there yet? – Well we're here. Are we there yet? You just ate  
A                                      D7                      B7                                      E  
Are we there yet? She's looking at me. There's someplace that we'd rather be

### **Bridge**

**F#m                      C#m                      G#m                      B**  
**We can know where we're going – Or know where we are –**  
**D                      A                      B                      E**  
**The wise ones all tell us to look to the stars**

***Chorus***

***F                      A                      F                      A***  
***Where are we going? – Where have we been?***

***F                    A                    B7                    E***  
***So many questions but one comes again – and again – and again – and again***

E	A	D7	A	D7
Are we there yet? –			Are we there yet?	
A	D7	B7		E
Are we there yet?				

## The Armadillo Song (Running From the Darkness)

2-19-94

Words and Music © by Charles Stacey

Em7 h.o. D      Em7 h.o. D      C      G      Em7 h.o. D  
Armadillo dances in the headlights glare, come the daylight on the blacktop and he'll still be there  
Em7 h.o. D      Em7 h.o. D      C      G      Em7 h.o. D  
Right beside the possum who's right beside the deer who's right next to the raccoon and that empty can of beer  
G      A      D      G      D      C      A  
Lost souls dancing to the desert's delight in the full moon's ghostly glare.  
G      A      D      G  
Dancing to the tune of the coyote's wail  
D      A      G      Em7h.o.D Em7h.o.D C G Em7-D  
Prisoners in a world with no judge, no bond, no bail.      They're

### *(Chorus)*

Em      A      Bm      G  
Praying like pris'ners in a chain gang line for the midnight specials light  
C      G      Em7h.o.D Bm      G      D      Em  
A pardon from the old straw boss's glare. Running from the darkness, victims of their fright  
G      A      G      Em7h.o.D Em7 h.o. D  
The taste of freedom was in their eyes as they embraced the light,  
C      G      Em7 h.o.D Em7 h.o. D C G Em7 h.o. D Em7 h.o. D  
but the promise failed tonight

Em7 h.o. D      Em7 h.o. D      C      G      Em7 h.o. D  
Old black crow in the china berry tree he's calling to Matthew and he's calling to me  
Em7 h.o. D      Em7 h.o. D      C      G      Em7 h.o. D  
Soaring with the sunrise, the dream a thin disguise, hear his song float along and see how high he flies  
G      A      D      G      D      C      A  
Out beyond the lost pines, past the rivers bend, to the deserts blacktop trail  
G      A      D      G      D      A  
Discovering the bounty of the midnight grail, singing out his freedom's song  
G      Em7h.o.D C G Em7-D  
to souls so light and pale. They're

### *Chorus*

Em7 h.o. D      Em7 h.o.D      C      G      Em7 h.o. D  
Silent night - moon so bright - playing gin rummy by the coleman's light.  
Em7 h.o. D      Em7 h.o. D      C      G      Em7 h.o. D  
Easy come, you said it's easy go.      You say it's just a game but you won't let go.      Two  
G      A      D      G      D      C      A  
Lost souls dancing in the campfires glare and the moons unblinking stare.  
G      A      D      G  
Dancing to the tune of the coyote's wail  
D      A      G      D  
Pris'ners in a world with no judge - no bond - no bail.      We're      *Chorus*



Em7 h.o. D                      Em7 h.o. D                      C                      G                      Em7 h.o. D  
 Starlight shining through the bon fire's lens. It dances to and fro as the light and shadow blends  
 Em7 h.o. D                      Em7 h.o. D                      C                      G                      Em7 h.o. D  
 Cedar smoke dances in the bright moonlight smelling so sweet, I'm feeling so right  
 G                      A                      D                      G                      D                      C                      A  
 I fly beyond the lost pines, past the river's bend, to the desert's black top trail  
 G                      A                      D                      G                      D                      A                      G                      Em7h.o.D  
 Discovering the freedom of the midnight grail. Singing out a brand new song - my light is inside and won't fail

***Chorus***

Em7 h.o. D                      Em7 h.o. D                      C                      G                      Em7 h.o. D  
 Armadillo dances in the headlights glare - DAYLIGHT ON THE BLACKTOP AND HE'LL STILL BE THERE

## Ballad of Sally Jean

6-11-94

Words by © Charles Stacey

Music © by Alan Frost & Charles Stacey

Capo Drop D

D C9 D C9 D C9 D C9  
Sally Jean was a good girl - just never really fit.  
D C9 C A  
The town folks prayed she'd find her way but they gossiped just a bit  
Em A Em A D C9 Gm D  
They said it's really such a shame for one so sweet and fair to waste those eyes of azure blue and silky auburn hair

*(Chorus)*

A Em G D A A Em G D A  
*Life here never seems to change for better or for worse. It's an old familiar chorus, just add another verse*  
C#m F#m C#m B  
*Coletto Creek is runnin' full - tuggin' at its banks,*  
A G Gm A  
*like Friday night on Main Street and the four light circle dance*  
A Em G D A  
*And the old folks at the Dairy Queen watch the cars parade*  
Bm G C A D C9 D C9  
*and feed the grand illusion and fear the futures face*

D C9 D C9  
In a small town each one has their place, a way that it should be.  
D G C A  
So Sally gathered up her dreams and packed her bags to leave  
D C9 D C9  
"Please don't go" a few had begged but they all had sighed relief  
D G C A  
when she headed north up one nineteen away from Coletto Creek  
Em A Em A  
Sally moved to Houston town and made herself a name,  
D C9 Gm D  
spelled out bright in the marquee lights, she claimed her bit of fame  
Em A Em A D C9 Gm D  
But gossip on the night wind was a tide she couldn't stem. The city wags said stay away, Sally's one of . . . them

*(Chorus)*

A Em G D A A Em G D A  
*Life here never seems to change for better or for worse. It's an old familiar chorus, just add another verse*  
C#m F#m C#m B  
*Coletto Creek is runnin' full - tuggin' at its banks,*  
A G Gm A  
*like Friday night on Main Street and the four light circle dance*  
A Em G D A  
*And the old folks at the Dairy Queen watch the cars parade*  
Bm G C A D C9 D C9  
*and feed the grand illusion and fear the futures face*

D C9 D C9  
 So a feeling trickled down her throat like sweat in the warm night air.  
 D G C A  
 Coletto Creek was calling out and promised refuge there  
 D C9 D C9  
 The tune it sang was oh so sweet - a soft seductive song.  
 D G C A  
 The town's refrain - ignore your pain you've hidden for so long  
 Em A Em A D C9 Gm D  
 Sally's mind protested - "you can't go home again". But a voice so clear it found her ear, her tear became a grin  
 Em A Em A D C9 Gm D  
 If it's truth were here a tellin', if the truth be truly know. Forget return you never leave no matter where you go

**(Chorus)**

A Em G D A A Em G D A  
*Life here never seems to change for better or for worse. It's an old familiar chorus, just add another verse*  
 C#m F#m C#m B  
*Coletto Creek is runnin' full - tuggin' at its banks,*  
 A G Gm A  
*like Friday night on Main Street and the four light circle dance*  
 A Em G D A  
*And the old folks at the Dairy Queen watch the cars parade*  
 Bm G C A D C9 D C9  
*and feed the grand illusion and fear the futures face*

D C9 D C9 D C9 D  
 Sally Jean was a good Girl -----

## The Battle

12-19-93

Words and Music © by Charles Stacey

Capo Drop D

Gm walk up D Gm walk up D  
D Am C Gm D G6 D Gm walk up D  
He stands there dark and handsome — silent, self assured. The center of attention — his voice a velvet lure.  
G D G D  
The eager gather 'round him like moth's drawn to the flame.  
C Bm Gm walk up D rpt  
For each he wears a diff'rent face — for each a diff'rent name.  
C#m F#m C#m D  
He tricks them out of hopes and fears. Their life's pure energy.  
C Bm Gm walk up D rpt  
He takes all that they offer him. He's a sneaky charming thief.

D Am C Gm D G/d D Gm walk up D  
Enveloped in darkness — the sorcerer's delight. The stolen power feeds him and he's growing strong tonight.  
G D G D C Bm Gm walk up D rpt  
From the center of the darkness a voice calls out his name. A child enters holding high a flickering candle flame.  
C#m F#m C#m D C Bm Gm walk up D rpt  
The child sings a gentle song. One pure and unrefined. Then walks up to the sorcerer his intentions undefined.

F Em Dm Am Gm Dm E A  
Some call the sorcerer evil — some cry and run away. Some deny the power — some curse, some pray.  
F Em Dm Am Gm Dm E A  
Some will beg for mercy. Fear feeds the sorcerers heart. Some seduced by power are swallowed by the dark.  
Gm walk up to D Gm walk up to D  
Where they're waiting for the battle's start — and yes the battle is about to start.

G D G D C Bm Gm walk up D rpt  
D Am C Gm D  
The candle's flame burns brightly. The color of a gold doubloon.  
G/d D Gm walk up D  
The child cries, "It hurts my eyes like the sunshine bright as noon."  
G D G D  
He says "Dark sir I need your help. There seems no need to fight.  
C Bm Gm walk up D  
I'll share my piece of daylight — if you'll share with me your night."  
Gm walk up D  
"And I know you have to share your night."

C#m F#m C#m D C Bm Gm walk up D  
Light without the shadow blinds the eye that looks. Fire without a cool breeze — burns the broth it cooks.  
F Em Dm Am  
And what we share of value is neither kept nor given away.  
Gm Dm E A  
The doorway lies 'tween dark and light to a promised peaceful day.  
Gm walk up to D Gm walk up to D  
Where the brand new world awaits.

G                      D            G                      D            C                      Bm                      Gm walk up    D    rpt  
 D                      Am                      C                      Gm                      D                      G/d                      D                      Gm walk up D  
 Shadows pieced together – like a fine old patchwork quilt, that covers up the dreamer like a flooding river's silt.  
 G                      D                      G                      D  
 Then seed sowed in that fertile soil – rest so silently.  
 C                      Bm                      Gm walk up    D    rpt  
 Till they reach out for the sunlight as they grow in you and me.  
 C#m                      F#m                      C#m                      D                      C                      Bm                      Gm walk up    D  
 Hope about the future and hope for mother earth and hope for a balance found in time to save the child's truth.  
 Gm walk up    D    Gm walk up    D    Gm walk up    D    Gm walk up    D  
 Listen to the child's truth. Sing the child's truth.

## Belfast 1985

5/2/09

Words and Music © Charles Stacey

C Am G Em  
Portadown was smoldering as marchers fanned the flames.  
F Dm G  
Each side demanding payment, five hundred years of blame  
C Am G Em  
Belfast nineteen eighty five, an eye paid for an eye.  
F Dm G C  
But seeds of peace were sprouting fed by tears the mother's cried  
C Am G Em  
With harp the old time Shanachee would sing a newsman's song.  
F Dm G  
This Shanachee with camera came to help the peace along  
C Am G Em  
My roots run deep in emerald earth with family from both sides.  
F Dm G C  
But nothing could prepare me for the crazy world I'd find

***Chorus: We were drinking at the Crown Pub – A shrine to peace and calm.***  
F G Em Am  
G C C7  
***While across the street the hotel was regularly bombed***  
F Dm C Am  
***The bellman had an ArmaLite ready in his hand.***  
G Am  
***But smiled as we nightly crawled the cobbled no man's land***

C Am G Em F Dm G  
The Guinness Stout a vaccine against the blood and pain. The scenes surrealistic – a contradictions game. Like the  
C Am G Em F Dm G C  
news crew down from London who were beaten by a mob that marched up to my camera and played a Dylan song  
C Am G Em F Dm G  
A priest stands undetected at a Shankhill Ceilidh Dance. Undaunted by the rioting says music's worth the chance  
C Am G Em  
The arboretum's old men were bowling on the lawn.  
F Dm G C  
While a squad of Brit's and Peeler's watched with weapons drawn

***Bridge***  
Bm F#m G D A  
***We were filming from their APC – If fire bombed we'd die.***  
Am Em F G  
***The sign in back said bow your head and kiss your ass goodbye***

C                      Am                      G                      Em                      F                      Dm                      G  
 Oppressed and those entitled were pushing from both ends. Trapped within their history - beliefs that will not bend  
 C                      Am                      G                      Em  
 Tommy Sands the prophet sang the blind man's song.  
 F                      Dm                      G                      C  
 While a spark of hope pushed back the dark and voices sang along. ***Chorus***

C                      Am                      G                      Em                      F                      Dm                      G  
 The children of the catholic and protestant alike – stood there hand in hand to share their hope for futures bright  
 C                      Am                      G                      Em                      F                      Dm G                      C  
 But Irony and history and mystery prevail – and twenty five years later still the Banshee wails  
 C                      Am                      G                      Em                      F                      Dm                      G  
 I came back to the battle field my family left behind. Still neighbor fighting neighbor for crumbs and power's lie.  
 C                      Am                      G                      Em                      F                      Dm                      G                      C  
 Hope stands next to hunger existing in one frame – My Irish mind appreciates opposite's the same ***Chorus***

## The Legend of Billy Dawson

10-8-95

Words and Music © by Charles Stacey

from a traditional Irish tale told by T. Crofton and collected by W. B. Yeates

D C D G Gm D D C D G Gm D  
Billy Dawson was a rouge, his story I will tell. Of how he beat the Devil and Saved his soul from hell.  
Bm F#m C G E A  
A twisted tale of treachery, this Ulsterman's dark ruse. The swindlers price for magic he so carelessly abused  
G D  
How when you win you sometimes lose.  
D C D G Gm D D C D G Gm D  
'Twas a freezing winter morning, Billy at his forge. Wond'ring 'bout his next meal and his life's cold crooked course  
Bm F#m C G E A  
An old man totters up to Bill, so withered, pale and thin and asks him for a bite to eat, Bill said, "sure come on in."  
G D  
"But I have no food to Give."  
D C D G Gm D D C D G Gm D  
In a moment out of character for this vagabond and knave, Billy offered all he has which was the forges flame.  
Bm F#m C G E A  
Warmth soon filled the old man who offered wishes three and said, "I'll introduce myself, I'm old St. Moroky,  
G D  
Your family needs food more than me." - But

### (Chorus)

G Dm Bb C Dm G Dm E A  
Billy was a rascal - his fathers only son. Like his fathers father - the legacy passed down  
Dm Gm Dm A C G Bb A  
Cleverness was all there was his daddy had to leave and Billy did him justice his inheritance increased

D C D G Gm D D C D G Gm D  
Clever yes, A wise man no - Billy still the knave - spoke his wishes brashly to old Moroky's dismay  
Bm F#m C G  
No hand shall lay my hammer down till my voice commands  
E A G D  
nor rise up from this arm chair till they answer my demands - and my purse fills just my hand  
D C D G Gm D  
"And what about your family?" The angry saint inquired  
D C D G Gm D  
"Your wishes curse the day we met." Then the old man left Bill's fire. Soon  
Bm F#m C G E  
None escaped the sledge or chair, their fame spread far and wide - till no neighbor sought his doorstep  
A G D  
and once more his children cried - And then the devil found Bill's side  
D C D G Gm D D C D G Gm D  
Old Nick said, "Bill, I'm busy for the Tory's are in Power. Here's money but in seven years I'll be back by your fire"  
Bm F#m C G E A  
So Bill became a dandy, a gentleman of means but his new friends and his money were all gone in seven years  
G D  
And Old Nick reappeared



**(Chorus)**

G Dm Bb C Dm  
Bill said, "Nick I've cheated men who can buy and sell your shame,  
G Dm E A Dm Gm  
yes those lawyers learned the hard way when they challenged Billy's name. The Devil looked uncomfor'ter'ble,  
Dm A C G Bb A  
Bill said, "A deals a deal. Help me with the horse shoe the hammers by the wheel.

D C D G Gm D D C D G Gm D  
The devil gave the sledge a swing and discovered he'd been caught. Billy left for thirty days and Old Nick cursed for naught  
Bm F#m C G E A  
He swung the hammer with no rest till he promised one more time and seven years flew by then in the chair Old Nick reclined  
G D  
And again paid Bill's fine.  
D C D G Gm D D C D G Gm D  
Seven more years squandered and Bill's poverty returned. So did Nick but warily since twice he had been burned.  
Bm F#m C G E A  
This time he took a guinea's form - a fearful frightened fowl who jumped into the magic purse the first time Billy scowled  
G D  
And with a club Bill made him Howl

**(Chorus)**

G Dm Bb C Dm G Dm E A  
The Devil knew when he'd been beat so he said to Bill, "You win. Even tho' the way you act is really quite a sin."  
Dm Gm Dm A C G Bb A  
Billy smiled smugly but somewhere short of seven, old age overtook him and he died and went to heaven

D C D G Gm D D C D G Gm D  
Standing at the pearly gates Moroky said, "Be gone." Now Bill was feeling chilly. He was tired, alone and worn  
Bm F#m C G E A  
So the heat he felt was comforting as he faced the iron gates and from the dark recesses Old Nick pronounced Bill's fate  
G D  
For the Devil's pain was great.  
D C D G Gm D D C D G Gm D  
Billy smiled smugly as the Devil shot the bolt and barred our rouge's admittance as Bill's taunting voice it rose.  
Bm F#m C G E A  
He said, "Old Nick I've beaten you - distain is what I'll show and he put his face up to the bars and the Devils finger glowed  
G D  
As he tweaked poor Billy's nose.  
D C D G Gm D D C D G Gm D  
Billy's nose was burnin' as he woke up in the bog and to this day he wanders through the nights eternal fog  
Bm F#m C G E A  
And tries to cool his burning nose while taunting those who stray from the straight and narrow before the sunrays chase  
G D  
Billy - to his hiding place. Yes

G Dm Bb C Dm G Dm E A  
Billy was a rascal - his fathers only son. Like his fathers father - the legacy passed down  
Dm Gm Dm A C G Bb A  
Cleverness was all there was his daddy had to leave And Billy did him justice his inheritance increased  
G D  
The price Bill paid was peace

## Blue Sky

4-21-90

Words & Music © by Charles Stacey

A6at6 Dmaj7(A)at5 Fmaj7at5 A6 at 6

A6at6 Dmaj7(A)at5 Fmaj7at5 A6 at 6

Sittin on the front steps hummin' a tune – Such a lazy springtime day .

A6at6 Dmaj7(A)at5 Fmaj7at5 A6 at 6

Torn between the guitar and taking' a nap – Just passin' the time away.

*(Chorus)*

**D7 Amaj7 D7 Amaj7**

**The clock's a tickin' four beats to the bar. The sun's a meltin' last nights pain.**

**D7 A Dmaj7(A)at5 Fmaj7at5 A6 at 6**

**The minutes are movin' like the honeybee's treat. Life tastes real sweet here where I'm sittin' today.**

A6at6 Dmaj7(A)at5 Fmaj7at5 A6 at 6

Laying back with a song in my head – No blues for me to—day.

A6at6 Dmaj7(A)at5 Fmaj7at5 A6 at 6

The only thing blue is the sky above where the sun chased the clouds away.

*(Chorus)*

**D7 Amaj7 D7 Amaj7**

**The clock's a tickin' four beats to the bar. The sun's a meltin' last nights pain.**

**D7 A Dmaj7(A)at5 Fmaj7at5 A6 at 6**

**The minutes are movin' like the honeybee's treat. Life tastes real sweet here where I'm sittin' today.**

A6at6 Dmaj7(A)at5 Fmaj7at5 A6 at 6

The red headed fellow is layin' down a backbeat – The pine trees hum a “Doo – Wah – Doo”

A6at6 Dmaj7(A)at5 Fmaj7at5 A6 at 6

The katy-did chorus floats on the breeze – I add my song to nature's musical stew.

*(Chorus)*

**D7 Amaj7 D7 Amaj7**

**The clock's a tickin' four beats to the bar. The sun's a meltin' last nights pain.**

**D7 A Dmaj7(A)at5 Fmaj7at5 A6 at 6**

**The minutes are movin' like the honeybee's treat. Life tastes real sweet here where I'm sittin' today.**

## Borderline

2-28-91

Words and Music © Charles Stacey

A Bm G E A  
Living on the border in the valley of the sun by the river that flows from the dark side of the moon.  
A Bm D E A  
A land of desperation - illusion's barren waste - shifting sands where a green tree once grew tall.  
D C#m F#m E  
She's trapped within the wasteland in a meadow once so green. This land was rich - this place once full of dreams.  
D A G E n/c A  
Living on the razor's edge - the cold steel cuts so deep. On silent steps - comes the thief - to steal her grief.

A Bm G E A  
A little girl just three years old puts her hand in mine - Her silent pain cries out across the years.  
A Bm D E A  
She takes me to the place she ran to hide out from her fear - An island in a river of uncried tears.  
D C#m F#m E  
The land became her prison - her teardrops turned to dust - the blinding sun burns down now in her dream.  
D A G E n/c A  
She's living on the razor's edge - it's cold steel cuts so deep. On silent steps - comes the thief - to steal her grief.

A Bm G E A  
She sang for years of heartache but no one heard her pain - A requiem to sacrifice, lost love and youth and pain.  
A Bm D E A  
A song so sad and lonesome like a coyote's mournful call. A green leaf turns to red and then it falls.  
D C#m F#m E  
Spring became the summer, then surrendered to the fall - Still no one heard her song sung soft and low.  
D A G E n/c A  
Living on illusion's edge - its cold steel cuts so deep. On silent steps - comes the thief - to steal her grief.

A Bm G E A  
A sacrifice quite willing like all children of the lie - guardians of dark secrets locked within.  
A Bm D E A  
A gentle beast of burden loaded with the other's shame - the pauper pays the demon's debt with pain.  
D C#m F#m E  
Real or flight of fancy, the dream turned inside out - Does the voice she hears inside her tell the truth.  
D A G E n/c A  
Memory like the razor's edge - its cold steel cuts so deep. On silent steps - comes the thief - to steal her grief.

A Bm G E A  
Is there a land of milk and honey where gentle breezes blow - Where blue skies sing a lullaby and sooth her aching soul?  
A Bm D E A  
It's a dreamland found within a dream - A world inside a world - A winter scene like salve that cools the burn.  
D C#m F#m E  
A puppet moves on silver strings of shame, and hurt, and loss and performs a dance of anger, pain and fear.  
D A G E n/c A  
The dance her dream - she feels the grief - So sharp it cuts the strings. On silent steps - flees her thief - pursued by grief.

## Brothers of the Dark Earth

7/25/02

Words and Music © by Charles Stacey

Capo +2

**(Chorus)**

***Dm Am G Am***  
***Brothers bound together by the dark earth and blood spilled on the union picket line***  
***F Am G Am***  
***Pale faces in the cracked and yellow picture - smiling from the entrance of the mine***  
***E Am***  
***Connected by a slender thread of time***

Am Em Am G Am  
John Bratt's the name from Wolverhampton England. The year is eighteen hundred forty three.  
F G C Am Dm B7 E7 Am  
I made my way to Newburg West Virginia. These mountains offered opportunity. A miner's destiny.  
Am Em Am G Am  
Sweet Isa died birthing my great grandson. T'was nineteen eight, his name John Frances Bell.  
F G C Am Dm B7 E7  
He could have worked the rails. He dreamed the farmer's life. But his miners heart the tale his fate would tell.  
Am  
A life he knew so well.

**(Chorus)**

***Dm Am G Am***  
***Brothers bound together by the dark earth and blood spilled on the union picket line***  
***F Am G Am***  
***Pale faces in the cracked and yellow picture - smiling from the entrance of the mine***  
***E Am***  
***Connected by a slender thread of time***

Am Em Am G Am  
My John at fourteen years learned who to lean on. His blood and breath he gave to Rosedale Coal.  
F G C Am Dm B7 E7  
But when the black lung came it was the union paid. The Suits and politicians keep the gold.  
Am  
We miners keep our own.  
Am Em Am G Am  
One hundred sixty years and not much changes. Headlines say nine miners trapped below.  
F G C Am Dm B7 E7 Am  
In Somerset they heard survivors tapping out. Hope and sheer determination grow. Every miner knows we're

**(Chorus)**

Am Em Am G Am  
Descended from the ancient Irish Dannan or the Anasazi's spider woman's tale.  
F G C Am Dm B7 E7 Am  
We find our lives in places deep inside the earth. We free the dark seam from hard rock shale. A dark and sooty trail.  
Am Em Am G Am  
Lightning bugs are dancing on the hillside. I hear the soothing song of Peddler's Run.  
F G C Am Dm B7 E7  
Evening shadows melt into a golden glow. The screech owl calls the miners spirits come.  
Am  
Our voices blend as one. **(Chorus) Shadows – Connected by two hundred years of grime.**

*(Repeat 1st Verse)*

## Calico Kitty

Words and Music © by Charles Stacey

for Virginia Allen 12-17-87

G(d) B7 E A

D D(C) D(B) D(Bb)  
Calico Kitty asleep on the rug, your cat toes twitching, you're looking mighty snug.  
Asus2 A Em A  
Where do dreams take you? Can I find my way there. You're lookin' so peaceful it just doesn't seem fair.  
D D(C) D(B) D(Bb)  
A sort of speckled kitty with an ugly face – battin' a pencil in my guitar case.  
Asus2 A Em A  
A pitiful sight for sore eyes to behold – like a cosmic joke the cat creator told.  
G(d) B7 E A

D D(C) D(B) D(Bb)  
Never did like them when I was a kid. They fussed and they spit and then they ran and hid.  
Asus2 A Em A  
Little kitty Ming Tu, well he changed all that – never be another like that silly cat.  
D D(C) D(B) D(Bb)  
Just a ball of fur with sharp little toes – ride on my shoulder where ever I go.  
Asus2 A Em A  
Running through the house like a warm wind blows. Hitting the wall with his little cat nose.  
G(d) B7 E A

D D(C) D(B) D(Bb)  
They may act superior, they may act so smart. Yes they're aloof – Oh, but what a heart.  
Asus2 A Em A  
Land on his back, (spoken) Oh, I meant to do that. Garfield and I, yes we're both getting fat.  
D(C) D(B) D(Bb)  
Life is so simple for a kitty cat – they don't need a tie or a panama hat.  
Asus2 A Em A  
Just a little garden and a bug to chase – living life at a kitty cat pace.  
G(d) B7 E A

D D(C) D(B) D(Bb) Asus2 A  
Squirrel's an Abyssinian, Scraps is a mutt, Lucy's a Siamese and I'm a nut. Moving through life at an easy pace.  
Em A  
Protected by love and God's amazing grace.  
D D(C) D(B) D(Bb)  
Sand paper tongue with a wet little nose, a motor that roars, and a face that glows  
Asus2 A Em A  
Jump on my paper, sit on my chest, you're driving me crazy you've had your rest  
G(d) B7 E A

D D(C) D(B) D(Bb) Asus2 A  
Stray little kitty not quite grown – love with a motor in need of a home. I try to resist you – it doesn't seem fair.  
Em A  
But Becky and James say that they'll take care.

D (WALK DOWN) Asus2 Em A G(d) B7 E A D

## The Canyon's Call

11/29/1996

Words © by Alex Lieban

Music © by Charles Stacey

A C D Em  
The canyon walls and the Pinon Pines rise to meet the dawn  
C F Em  
The coyotes and blue jays call  
F G C Am  
I will return time and again,  
F G C  
And the river rolls along

### *Chorus*

F G C F G Am  
*The river rolls along, the river rolls along*  
F G C Am F G C A  
*I shed my cares in the desert air, and the river rolls along*

A C D Em  
The pioneers of ages past heard the canyon's call  
C F Em  
Their voices echoed from her walls  
F G C Am  
Then the desert claimed their footprints and the canyon claimed their song  
F G C  
And the river rolls along

### *Chorus*

F G C F G Am  
*The river rolls along, the river rolls along*  
F G C Am F G C A  
*I shed my cares in the desert air, and the river rolls along*

A C D Em  
The air is clean; the sky is blue; the wind blows fast and strong  
C F Em  
The swallows sing their ancient song  
F G C Am  
Far from the concrete canyons and the choking city throng  
F G C  
And the river rolls along *Chorus*

## Carrington's Tune

December 27, 2015

Words and Music © Charles Stacey

Short A capo putting guitar into pseudo DAGAD tuning

E E7sus2 A6/9/E Esus4 E  
Carrington smiles, glowers and glares/ Bouncing from bed to bed walking on air  
E E7sus2 A6/9/E Esus4 E  
Scaring her Naner's – Devil may care / Dancing her dance, her mama's Care Bear  
Bm(add11)E Dadd9E E  
Painting a picture, the cat done in purple and blue  
Bm(add11)E Dadd9E E  
Singing her song while grandfather's playing her tune

### Chorus

E7sus2 E Am(add)E E  
*Her face dark as a Texas blue norther' – becomes a bright blue - gulf coast summer day*  
E7sus2 E F#7 B7 Esus4 E  
*Tossed upon the winds of indecision – Her simple question - "Why?"- remains*

E E7sus2 A6/9/E Esus4 E  
Carrington, Barrington, Bennington Bear/ mind of her own – Her challenge, a dare  
E E7sus2 A6/9/E Esus4 E  
No you can't make me, I don't want to go / Mama I love you - - Her smile grows  
Bm(add11)E Dadd9E E  
Pretty in pink – the music box plays her tune  
Bm(add11)E Dadd9E E  
She pirouettes slowly, a glow fills up the room

### Chorus

E7sus2 E Am(add)E E  
*Her face dark as a Texas blue norther' – becomes a bright blue - gulf coast summer day*  
E7sus2 E F#7 B7 Esus4 E  
*Tossed upon the winds of indecision – Her simple question "Why?" remains*

E E7sus2 A6/9/E Esus4 E  
The Calcasieu is rolling by / full moon - Fills the sky  
E E7sus2 A6/9/E Esus4 E  
Little girl is fast asleep / her dreams dance -- on little cat feet  
Bm(add11)E Dadd9E E  
Soon her shrieks and laugh will paint the air  
Bm(add11)E Dadd9E E  
Welcome to the world of our sweet Care Bear

### Chorus

E7sus2 E Am(add)E E  
*Her face dark as a Texas blue norther' – becomes a bright blue - gulf coast summer day*  
E7sus2 E F#7 B7 Esus4 E  
*Tossed upon the winds of indecision – Her simple question "Why?" remains*



## Cheyenne

May 23, 2014

Words and Music by Jaqui Jacobs and Charles Stacey

A Asus2 A Asus4 A Asus2 A Asus4

A G(d) A G  
The majesty she showed the world - could take your breath away  
A G(d) D E  
A wolf pup raised 'round human folk yet part of nature's way - Then time's  
Bm E Bm E  
River tumbled headlong and threatened her with harm - And  
F Dm E A Asus2 A Asus4 A Asus2 A Asus4  
The spirit song she offered up now echoed great alarm

A G(d) A G  
Fate held out a gift to her and bid her come and rest  
A G(d) D E  
to heal and let the warming sun fill her ancient breast  
Bm E Bm E  
Days drifted by and Cheyenne grew in strength and hope and health  
F Dm E A Asus2 A Asus4 A Asus2 A Asus4  
her wolf heart found she knew the way to share her spirit's wealth

A G(d) A G  
That fateful day she met a man, a gentle, troubled soul  
A G(d) D E  
Cheyenne reached inside his heart, the broken now was whole  
Bm E Bm E  
Her destiny discovered - her mission clear and bright  
F Dm E A Asus2 A Asus4 A Asus2 A Asus4  
Just being and connecting was the wind to give wings flight

A G(d) A G  
But Time is such a fickle friend it gives and then deceives  
A G(d) D E  
Cheyenne touched and healed and yet once more they had to leave  
Bm E Bm E  
They searched the Rocky Mountains for a place to call their own  
F Dm E A Asus2 A Asus4 A Asus2 A Asus4  
Nomads and a caravan — a quest to find a home

A G(d) A G  
13 years a wolf's full span, her soul now running free  
A G(d) D E  
Cheyenne left a gift for us that fills our mem-or-y  
Bm E Bm E  
Nature can be trusted, can be healing, kind and sweet  
F Dm E A Asus2 A Asus4 A Asus2 A Asus4  
just reach out now and touch her and you'll find your world complete

## The Child Of Many Names (Winter Solstice December 21)

12-12-94

Words and Music © by Charles Stacey

Capo drop D

Dadd9 Bm6add9 Dadd9

Dadd9 Bm6add9 Dadd9  
The sun child's journey takes him back across the sunless sea.  
Dadd9 Bm6add9 Dadd9  
He bears the hopes of many in his pure sim-plici-ty  
Gm13 Dadd9 Gm13 Dadd9  
A beacon at the center - the wheel of life goes round –  
Gm13 Dadd9e Gm13 Dadd9- Bm6add9-C11b9-D  
joy is born of darkness - seeds grow in winters ground

**(Chorus)**

**Bm A G**  
**His name some call the Christ child -- some call an older name. He's the winter solstice promise**  
**E A Dadd9 Bm6add9 Dadd9 Bm6add9 C11b9 Dadd9**  
**The timeless candle's flame. This child of many names**

Dadd9 Bm6add9 Dadd9  
The taste of death is salty -- of life is honey sweet.  
Dadd9 Bm6add9 Dadd9  
So we leave the fear in darkness and the sun's bright hope we greet  
Gm13 Dadd9 Gm13 Dadd9  
Innocence reborn to grow -- the spiral dance goes on.  
Gm13 Dadd9e Gm13 Dadd9- Bm6add9-C11b9-D  
Mother's womb bears precious fruit -- earth's sweet timeless song

**(Chorus)**

**Bm A G**  
**His name some call the Christ child -- some call an older name. He's the winter solstice promise**  
**E A Dadd9 Bm6add9 Dadd9 Bm6add9 C11b9 Dadd9**  
**The timeless candle's flame. This child of many names**

Dadd9 Bm6add9 Dadd9  
The winter sun plays tug of war with the north winds chilly hands.  
Dadd9 Bm6add9 Dadd9  
The clouds fly over deep blue sky- the granite mountain stands  
Gm13 Dadd9 Gm13 Dadd9  
A promise born in innocence held safe through the longest night.  
Gm13 Dadd9e Gm13 Dadd9- Bm6add9-C11b9-D  
The triumph of the solstice -- Born in the suns warm light

**(Chorus)**

**Bm A G**  
**His name some call the Christ child -- some call an older name. He's the winter solstice promise**  
**E A Dadd9 Bm6add9 Dadd9 Bm6add9 C11b9 Dadd9**  
**The timeless candle's flame. This child of many names**

## Children Of the Sky

2-13-94

Words by © Holli Bara

Music © by Charles Stacey & Alan Frost

Capo drop D

D A G D

D A C G Bm C A  
Azure eyes and purple skies call me home. Thru the window to a mem'ry I can call my own  
G A F#m G  
Your whisper sees I'm falling down inside the dream.  
D A G D  
Caught in time by the missing rhyme. Cradled in the weave.

*(Chorus)*

G A D Bm  
*You touch me and I remember how we danced above the moon.*  
G F#m A A  
*You hold me and I remember how it ended all too soon.*  
G A D Bm  
*Together -- once -- we were dolphins in the sky.*  
G A G D D A G D  
*Together once -- we were children who could fly.*

D A C G Bm C A  
The flame it calls our name like a siren's song. We meet there in the light our power growing strong.  
G A F#m G  
A time that's out of mind -- the body dreamt away.  
D A G D  
Then we cry and say good-bye just wishing we could stay.

*(Chorus)*

*(Instrumental of verse then repeat chorus)*

*(Bridge)*

Am7 Dmadd9 Am7 Dmadd9  
Hold on to the sight. Mold it with your light.  
A G D A Bm  
Set the clay down to dry -- while we take off for the sky.

*(Chorus)*

G A D Bm  
*You touch me and I remember how we danced above the moon.*  
G F#m A A  
*You hold me and I remember how it ended all too soon.*  
G A D Bm  
*Together -- once -- we were dolphins in the sky.*  
G A G D D A G D  
*Together once -- we were children who could fly.*

*(Chorus)*

## Connections

7/16/96 for the Bell family reunion 1996

Words and Music © by Charles Stacey and Cynthia Whiddon Green

Am walkdown bass line G Am  
Mothers and daughters / full moon and dark/ both sides of the mirror / head wrestles heart  
Am G  
Beat the drum slowly as dancers keep time  
F E Am  
To the turn of the wheel and the fates spinning rhyme

### Chorus

**Bb C B7 E**  
***Life's tree majestic, towering tall - spring blossoms bloom as autumn leaves fall***  
**Dm Am B7 E Am**  
***Layer on layer the rings tell their tale - roots to the ground and branch to the gale***

Am walkdown G Am  
Sons and their fathers dance with the moon and sing the refrain to lifes ancient tune  
Am G  
Each branch connected and fed by the earth  
F E Am  
A mem'ry revealed in the seed of their birth

### Chorus

**Bb C B7 E**  
***Life's tree majestic, towering tall - spring blossoms bloom as autumn leaves fall***  
**Dm Am B7 E Am**  
***Layer on layer the rings tell their tale - roots to the ground and branch to the gale***

Am walkdown G Am  
Mothers and daughters, fathers and sons / an intricate dance that has always been done  
Am G F E Am  
Roots and the leaves - darkness and light - sun and the moon - fear and delight

### Chorus

**Bb C B7 E**  
***Life's tree majestic, towering tall - spring blossoms bloom as autumn leaves fall***  
**Dm Am B7 E Am**  
***Layer on layer the rings tell their tale - roots to the ground and branch to the gale***

Am walkdown G Am  
Comedy, tragedy, pleasure, and pain - life ventures out past the loss and gains  
Am G F E Am  
And reaches to touch beyond sorrow and care to celebrate life in the moments we share

### Chorus

## Conversation

June 28, 2014

Words (c) Charles Stacey and Paula Watson

Music (c) Charles Stacey

Capo Drop D (+2)

Em A Em A Em A G D

D C G A

*Walking in the wood one day I heard a young girl say:*

Bm G C A  
“It seems to me you need a friend - my voice can save your day”  
G A D walk to Bm

*What makes you think I have no voice just cause I don't speak words*

G A G  
*I whine to tell you what I need - I speak and I am heard*  
Em A G D

D C G A  
My mother told me “never whine” - *They shot my mother dead*  
Bm G C A  
That's the story I must tell - The song that fills my head  
G A D walk to Bm  
*Then sing one high clear note at dawn - I do it and it works*  
G A G D

*My people come and comfort me — your peoples' hearts are stirred*

**Chorus**

Em A Em A  
***Speak of things that matter - things that must be said -***  
Em A G D  
***the meaning slips between the words to seep in heart and head***  
Em A G D

D C G A  
My father said I couldn't sing - his silence filled the room  
Bm G C A  
*My father sold for fifty bucks - the dog fight pit his doom*  
G A D walk to Bm  
That's the story I must tell - The song that fills my head  
G A G D  
*Then howl from your deepest part. With your longest breath*  
Em A G D

D C G A  
*I do it and it works quite well - I'm heard for miles around*  
Bm G C A  
*The sound a prayer that fills your mind. A pure hypnotic sound*  
G A D walk to Bm  
My teacher told me not to howl - it frightens all the folks  
G A G D  
*My teacher's stuffed and on display - museum's now his home*

**Chorus**

*Em*                      *A*            *Em*                      *A*  
*Speak of things that matter - things that must be said -*  
*Em*                      *A*            *G*                      *D*  
*the meaning slips between the words to seep in heart and head*  
*Em A G D*

*D*                      *C*                      *G*                      *A*  
The ghosts now fill that building dark - their song now fills my head  
*Bm*                      *G*                      *C*                      *A*  
Then bark and chuff and snort and growl - celebrate their death  
*G*                      *A*                      *D* walk to *Bm*  
But everyone says not to growl - I do it and it works  
*G*                      *A*                      *G*                      *D*  
My throat's not filled with cancer - my spirit knows it's worth  
*Em A G D*

*D*                      *C*                      *G*                      *A*  
Perhaps I should not speak in words - still my human voice  
*Bm*                      *G*                      *C*                      *A*  
The truth and meaning not in words - wisdom's silent choice  
*G*                      *A*                      *D* walk to *Bm*  
A language older than the words contains a quiet truth  
*G*                      *A*                      *G*                      *D*  
(sounded) *Grrrrrrrrr*    *Owwwwwwwww*

**Chorus**

*Em*                      *A*            *Em*                      *A*  
*Speak of things that matter - things that must be said -*  
*Em*                      *A*            *G*                      *D*  
*the meaning slips between the words to seep in heart and head*  
*Em A Em A Em A G D*

## The Cookson Hills

7-30-88

Words and Music © by Charles Stacey

Amaj G6add9 Fmaj 7 E7  
The black-eyed susans wave to me. They say a cheery “hi”.  
Amaj G6add9 Fmaj7 E7  
The hickory shares her cool green shade and soothes my burnin’ eyes.  
F G6 F G6  
The cricket’s song tries to hypnotize. The lazy stream steals the blue of the sky.  
F G6 C  
The summer strums her song so softly on the Cookson Hills

**(Chorus)**

Am Bb Am G  
*These hills gave life for a thousand years – paid with a trail of tears.*  
Am Bb  
*A land of plenty, of hopes and dreams.*  
Am7 D  
*A heart of flint but a soul — soft green*

Amaj7 Gmaj7 Fmaj7 E7  
The hawk climbs the skyways spiral stairs. The clouds dance like marshmallow mimes.  
Amaj7 Gmaj7 Fmaj7 E7 F G(d)  
Silent wings rest on sultry air, like a whispered lullaby. The crows harmonize with the bumblebee’s buzzin’.  
F G(d) F G(d) C  
The wind chimes promise that evening’s comin’. The back porch shade is so cool in the Cookson Hills.

**(Chorus)**

Amaj7 Gmaj7 Fmaj7 E7  
The dance of the hummin’ bird stirs the air – a ballet of colorful flight.  
Amaj7 Gmaj7 Fmaj7 E7  
The butterfly free of thought or care with no need for laws or might.  
F G(d) F G(d)  
The milkweed shows off her regal plumes. The colors give no hint of winter’s gloom.  
F G(d) C  
The sparrows in the sassafras rejoice in the Cookson Hills. **(Chorus)**

Amaj7 Gmaj7 Fmaj7 E7  
A soft breeze carries me back in time. I gently close my eyes.  
Amaj7 Gmaj7 Fmaj7 E7  
The face of my long lost first true love takes form in my tumblin’ mind.  
F G(d) F G(d)  
The rosy haze of long ago. So easy it seemed when I didn’t know.  
F G(d) C  
Life can be bittersweet here in the Cookson Hills.

**(Chorus)**

Amaj7 Gmaj7 Amaj7 Gmaj7



## Country's Rising Up in Me

Words © 2015 Steven Sprague, Lori Reed, Charles Stacey

Music © 2015 Steven Sprague

C C7 G Em D

G C G  
Since the time I bought my first guitar I've played the blues and rock n' roll  
G A D  
But now there's a new kind of music - a place down in my soul  
G C G  
From Hank, and Johnny and Loretta - and everybody in between  
G D G  
Just bear with me for a moment - You'll find out what I mean

### *Chorus*

C7 G  
*I wasn't raised up in the country - But the country's rising up in me*  
A D  
*Them fast movin' fiddles and talkin guitars - Have set my spirit free*  
C G Em  
*Rockin' pneumonia and the boogie-woogie blues - are things of the past you see*  
D D G  
*I wasn't raised up in the country - but the country's rising up in me*

G C G  
My daddy sang me country songs when I was just a little girl  
G A D  
And raised up in the country - I was daddy's little pearl  
G C G  
I bet if me and you got together - we could sing some country tunes  
G D G  
You seem like a nice enough feller - I know my daddy would approve **Chorus**

G C G  
This folkie came direct from the em'rald isle right to Woody's Oklahoma hills  
G A D  
With songs about unions and the Viet Nam war and the rebels of my Gaelic roots  
G C G  
Then Johnny sang the song about a "Ring of Fire" and Merle about the "Tulare Dust"  
G D G  
And I traded by six string flat top box for Tele and a pick up truck **Chorus**

G C G  
Well there's no way I'll stop playing the blues and I love rock n' roll  
G A D  
But I spend a lot more time playing all the songs Ive gotten to know  
G C G  
And if some chicken pickin' or a banjo roll will make the song complete  
G D G  
I'll be layin' it down while everybody is dancin' to the beat **Chorus**

## Crossroads

7-4-88

Words & Music © by Charles Stacey

E A E B7  
Standin' at the crossroads – A smilin' man says “Hi”. I'm feelin' kind a funny  
C A E  
He gives me a wink of his eye (*spoken*) I SPY

**(Chorus)**

A E C E  
He says, “*Sign right here, don't mind the cost. Tomorrow may never come.*”  
A C D-G E C E C E  
Look into my eyes my boy – *I'll stop the setting sun.*”

E A E B7  
A mist rolls in, I feel a chill, a cloud passes over the moon. A Darkness grips my soul real tight.  
C A E  
I'm afraid of the gathering gloom (*spoken*) LIKE DOOM **(Chorus)**

E A E B7  
His smile pushes my feeling back, his hand holds mine so tight. “I know your wants and wishes boy,  
C A E  
I can make you feel all right. (*spoken*) ALL NIGHT **(Chorus)**

E A E B7  
An old man limps up next to me, a scary fearsome sight. No smiling eyes or hand shakes.  
C A E  
He says, “don't fear the night.” (*spoken*) THAT'S RIGHT

**(Chorus)**

A E C E  
The dark you fear so sign right here. But what of tomorrows sight.  
A C  
Without darkness there's no hope for day.  
D-G E C E C E  
No chance of mornings light (*spoken*) SO BRIGHT

E A E B7  
The darkness draws around me. The two men's faces glow. The old one says, “I win, you lose.”  
C A E  
The young one says, “I know. Let's go.”

**(Chorus)**

A E C E  
He says, “*Sign right here, don't mind the cost. Tomorrow may never come.*”  
A C D-G E  
Look into my eyes my boy – *I'll stop the setting sun.*”

*(Chorus)*

***A C***  
***Without darkness there's no hope for day.***

**D-G** **E**  
*No chance of mornings light (spoken) SO BRIGHT*

## Crystal Desert

Christmas 1987

Words & Music © By Charles Stacey

Capo + 2

Am G  
Driving through the desert on a cold December night.  
F E7  
The yucca's clothed in crystal and bathed in the chilled moonlight.  
Am G F  
The spirits of the ageless warriors that inhabit this shadowy land fill the night wind with their mournful cries  
E7  
And reach with their bony hands.

F Am7  
The wind tugs at the steering wheel – The desert shines silver and blue.  
Dm G7 E7 Am  
The snow holds a magic that tingles and pleases. The world's a surrealist's view.

Am G  
The cold works magic by freezing the beauty trapped in a drop of rain.  
F E7  
No longer a messenger of darkness, now the warriors glad refrain  
Am G F  
A shadow dissolves in a flash of light. The moon in the icicle's eye is magnified to brilliance.  
E7  
The landscape breathes and sighs.

F Am7  
The juniper stands a lonely guard, Its uniform a dusty white.  
Dm G7-E7 Am  
The saw grass glows with a silver glaze. The face in the mountain smiles.

Am G  
A dagger of ice on the creosote bush succumbs to the warming sun.  
F E7  
Like a piece of crystal carelessly held. Like a bottle shot with a gun.  
Am G  
The monotone brown of the desert now a ballroom of crystal and white.  
F E7  
The piñon dances a two-step in a dress made for only one night.

F Am7 Dm  
The interstate moves like a ribbon. A magic carpet in a fairy tale world. Moving through then away from the light.  
G7 - E7 Am  
My feelings spin and twirl.

Am G  
 I move from the spirit's world of joy once again to the dusty floor.  
 F E7  
 The pain of the wandering warrior. Reality the rule once more.  
 Am G F  
 The memory of beauty holds me tight. The face of god seems plain. Understanding the truth in the blink of an eye.  
 E7  
 The insanity of being sane.

F Am7  
 The world turned topsy-. Nothing quite as it appears.  
 Dm G7 – E7 Am  
 The truth revealed through a quiet sense – A memory I can only feel.

## Crystal Lake

2-5-95

Words and Music © by Charles Stacey

Dm A Dm Gm13 A  
The frogs don't swim in Crystal Lake no more. They disappeared from the chilly depths and grassy shores.  
Dm Bb Gm13 A Dm  
They vanished through some secret mystery door. The frogs don't come to Crystal Lake no more.

**(Chorus)**

G Dm  
*For years they serenaded all who came.*  
G Dm E A Dm  
*Who thought they'd up and disappear -- and who are we to blame*

Dm A Dm Gm13 A  
They'd sing to all who'd lend a willing ear. Moms and daddy's down through time came from far and near.  
Dm Bb Gm13 A Dm  
To Crystal Lake to let their children hear -- The magic in the frogs nocturnal cheer. **Chorus**

Dm A Dm Gm13 A  
The turtles and the duck have gone as well. And then the people disappeared now there's only me to tell.  
Dm Bb Gm13 A Dm  
On the seashore lies an empty shell. No one left to hear the tree that fell. **Chorus**

**Recitation:** *There are those that would say that the culprit is the otter. that this big woolly fellow has eaten every single solitary frog in Crystal Lake. and the turtles and the duck and perhaps even some of the people. But there are those that say nay. Nay, Nay, Nay – those are the Nay Sayers of Crystal Lake. The culprit is the fire ants that those little woolly creatures have eaten all the tadpoles as they climbed innocently to the sandy shores of Crystal Lake to be heartlessly devoured by the little meanies. Well no one is certain but one thing is sure:*

Dm A  
The ghosts on Dorman's Hill still haunt the land.  
Dm Gm13 A  
Their presence states a clear demand we give up where we stand  
Dm Bb Gm13 A Dm  
Or maybe they want us to understand the secret to the mystery at hand **Chorus**

Dm A Dm Gm13 A  
The frogs don't swim in Crystal Lake no more. They disappeared from the chilly depths and grassy shores.  
Dm Bb Gm13 A  
They vanished through some secret mystery door. The frogs don't come to Crystal Lake  
Dm A Dm A Dm  
The frogs don't swim in Crystal Lake, the frogs don't sing in Crystal Lake no more.



## Dad

1-2-90

Words & Music © Charles Stacey

Dsus2 Am7  
The feelings held so tenderly 'Tween father and his son.  
Dsus2 E7  
A well-worn path we traveled down when I was still quite young.  
F C  
Dad said name what you're afraid of son, I'll hold it in my hand.  
Bb A Asus4 A Asus2 A  
To save me I will save you son, my dad didn't but I think I can.

### Chorus

D G walk down Em  
*So you sit there with your puzzle dad, searching for the words.*  
Em A Asus4 A  
*You're holding tight to order, I'm the song and not the bird.*  
G D walk down Bm  
*Your world's displayed in column neat, for me the dark is light.*  
F# G A  
*For everything you find a name – A silence fills my life.*  
Bm@7 F#m/A@5 Em/G@3 A A4 A Asus2 A

Dsus2 Am7 Dsus2 E7  
Your love it felt like anger sometimes pushing us apart. Surrounded by a no man's land – I peer in you look out.  
F C  
We see the world so differently here wrestling pain about.  
Bb A Asus4 A Asus2 A  
But now my voice no longer whispers and your love no longer shouts. **Chorus**

Dsus2 Am7  
You shared the truths of your world but so much is left to know.  
Dsus2 E7  
No landmarks here to recognize and tell me where to go.  
F C  
To reconcile the forces – the opposite – the same.  
Bb A Asus4 A Asus2 A  
To balance on the high wire's edge and learn love's many names.



**Chorus**

**D** **G** walk down **Em**  
Times road trails behind me there's so much that's gone before.  
**Em** **A** **A4** **A**  
I'm reaching out to open up the pasts unopened doors.  
**G** **D** walk down **Bm** **A**  
So many scary feelings held all bottled up inside.  
**F#** **G**  
I'm searching through old messages for truths among the lies.  
**Bm@7** **F#m/A@5**  
And gently the old voices hum – They whisper words so low.  
**Em/G@3** **A** **Asus4** **A** **Asus2** **A**  
They're speaking of life's mysteries – Then beg to be let go.

**Dsus2** **Am7** **Dsus2** **E7**  
The feelings held so gently 'tween a father and his son. A well worn circle leads me back to where we both begun.  
**F** **C**  
A voice says see what dad's afraid of son then hold it in your hand.  
**Bb** **A** **Asus4** **A** **Asus2** **A**  
To save me must I save you dad, I want to but I can't.

**Chorus**

**D** **G** walk down **Em**  
So I'm looking back to see – A face that I love so.  
**Em** **A** **A4** **A**  
I'm moving forward through a world where some don't choose to go.  
**G** **D** walk down **Bm**  
And yet we share this moment in a world of love and care.  
**F#/A @5** **Em/G @3** **A**  
I wonder just what worlds my son will touch  
**Dsus2** **D**  
That I won't share.

## Damaged Goods

7-30-89

Words and Music © by Charles Stacey

## Capo Drop D Tuning

D                    Dm@3                    Dm@5                    Dm@3 Dm@5 Dm@3  
A child limps on twisted foot and lifts his face on high  
D                    Dm@3                    Dm@5                    Dm @3  
Will I ever find a love and teach me how to Fly?  
D                    Dm@3                    Dm@5                    Dm@3 Dm@5 Dm@3  
Will I ever be like them and run just like the wind?  
D                    Dm@3                    Dm@5                    E @7 Dm @5  
Will I ever be a dad with love to spare within?  
Dm @3 Dm @5 Dm @3 D D

***Chorus***

*Am7 D Am7 D*  
*A package tied with ribbons bright hides damaged good within.*  
*Am7 D Am7 D*  
*There's none to spare and none to share, so we play the song again.*  
*Am7 D Am7 D*  
*Over and over again but it still comes out the same.*

D                    Dm@3                    Dm@5                    Dm@3 Dm@5 Dm@3  
 Little Boy alone and lost the nights cold terror grows.

D                    Dm@3                    Dm@5                    Dm@3  
 The reapers breath the hand of death why did they have to go?

D                    Dm@3                    Dm@5                    Dm@3 Dm@5 Dm@3  
 The mem'ry of that midnight ride. Betrayals lie still stings

D                    Dm@3                    Dm@5                    E @7  
 The myth denied the tears uncried. It's a sad song the lost soul sings

Dm@5 Dm@3 Dm@5 Dm@3 D    D

### *Chorus*

D                    Dm@3      Dm@5                    Dm@3 Dm@5 Dm@3  
 Little Girl in pigtails alone and lost fright.

D                    Dm@3                    Dm@5                    Dm@3  
 Daddy's mad and Mama's sad and something's just not right.

D                    Dm@3      Dm@5                    Dm@3 Dm@5 Dm@3  
 The price of love was silence, The debt remains unpaid.

D                    Dm@3                    Dm@5                    E @7 Dm@3  
 The pain still felt outlasts the welts,. The angry words remain

Dm @5 Dm @3 D    D ***Chorus***

***Chorus***

D                      Dm@3                      Dm@5                      Dm@3 Dm@5 Dm@3  
Sowing seeds from bitter fruit the chain unbroken grows.

D                      Dm@3                      Dm@5                      Dm@3  
Tumbling down life's cold dark well, no bottom yet we know.

D                      Dm@3                      Dm@5                      Dm@3 Dm@5 Dm@3  
How could god love damaged goods? One so perfect knows

D                      Dm@3                      Dm@5                      E @7 Dm@3  
The emptiness that cries for light and warmth and so he shows

Dm @5                      Dm @3    Dm @5    Dm @3    D              D  
Grace and love in the healing    wind              that              blows.

**Chorus**

*Am7 D Am7 D*  
*A package tied with ribbons bright just a twisted shell within.*  
*Am7 D Am7 D*  
*There's none to spare and none to share, so we play the song again.*  
*Am7 D Am7 D*  
*Will it always be this way? Must the twisted shell remain?*

*D Dm@3 Dm@5 Dm@3 Dm@5 Dm@3*  
*Round and round the pattern flows life's a crazy quilt.*  
*D Dm@3 Dm@5 Dm @3*  
*They called it love - the velvet glove hid bruises with the guilt*  
*D Dm@3 Dm@5 Dm@3 Dm@5 Dm@3*  
*The hurt was un-intended, the best that could be done.*  
*D Dm@3 Dm@5 E @7 Dm @5*  
*The child fled to save her life, how far now must he run?*  
*Dm @5 Dm @3 Dm @5 Dm @3 D D*  
*Before her cries are heard and his race is done?*

**Chorus**

*Am7 D Am7 D*  
*The ribbon falls in disarray. The wrapping's cast aside*  
*Am7 D Bb C D*  
*The light of day has found it's way – from the twisted shell - comes - a butterfly*

## The Dancing Lad and Lassie

7-14-94

Words by © Charles Stacey

CAPO DROP D

Music © by Charles Stacey and Alan Frost

D Cadd9 G6 D Cadd9 G6 D

D Am C G D  
Was she the promise from his future, This maiden from Kintyre.

D Am C G D  
His question found an answer in her simple Gaelic smile.

G D C walk down Am G D Cadd9 G6 D  
He knew she looked familiar, this figure in the crowd. Like a long forgotten lyric to an old familiar song.  
D Cadd9 G6 D Cadd9 G6 D

D Am C G D  
Neither one came lookin' but they found each other there.  
D Am C G D  
She reached and touched his trembling hand as they danced the Derry Aire.

G D C walk down Am  
Listen to the fiddle. The fife and the pipes sing sweet.  
G D Cadd9 G6 D Cadd9 G6 D Cadd9 G6 D  
A melody quite simple and yet still incomplete

### (Chorus)

A D G D A G  
*The dancing lad and lassie stand, stumble, Fall, then rise and*  
A D G D A A  
*Finally find the rhythm in a promise once disguised*  
F#m G D  
*Flying toward the sunrise. The beacon of the dawn.*  
Bm11 Bm11 G D Cadd9 G6 D Cadd9 G6 D  
*Pushing back the darkness on the way to the July morn.*

D Am C G D  
The window let the new moon in as she lay there in his arms –  
D Am C G D  
Carried on a flood tide to a meadow safe and warm.  
G D C walk down Am  
He wondered at her teardrops. He wondered at her smile and  
G D Cadd9 G6 D Cadd9 G6 D  
danced within her magic spell.

(Chorus)

D Am C G D  
 Like the magic that had brought her she disappeared as fast.  
 D Am C G D  
 To return, she said, when the next full moon her magic shadow cast.  
 G D C walk down Am  
 Her ling'ring scent the only proof she hadn't been a dream –  
 G D Cadd9 G6 D D Cadd9 G6 D  
 When she slipped into the sunrise and vanished in times stream.

D Am C G D  
 With the waxing and the waning he waits now with the moon and  
 D Am C G D  
 sings again from mem-o-ry the fragmentary tune.  
 G D C walk down Am  
 He prays she wasn't just a dream that tumbled out of time.  
 G D Cadd9 G6 D  
 A tale told by the Texas moon in a lilting Celtic rhyme.

**(Chorus)**

A D G D A G  
*The dancing lad and lassie stand, stumble, Fall, then rise and*  
 A D G D A A  
*Finally find the rhythm in a promise once disguised*  
 F#m G D  
*Flying toward the sunrise. The beacon of the dawn.*  
 Bm11 Bm11 Bm11  
*Pushing back the darkness on the way to the July morn.*

## Dancing With the Shadow

5/3/2000

Words and Music © Charles Stacey & Cynthia Whiddon Green

Capo +2

E7                                  Asus                                  Am

E7                                  Asus                                  Am  
Flying through the dirty haze, Oz once gleaming bright,  
E7                                  Asus                                  Am  
fills the brown horizon. It's a suffocating light.

G6                                  Bm                                  C9                                  G6  
I'm dancing with the shadow, my aching, burning breast  
Dm                                  E7                                  Am  
Is trapped by an illusion. The nightmare says "No rest."

E7    Asus    Am

E7    Asus    Am  
I take the pill that lets me breath and one so I can feel

E7    Asus    Am  
but not too much the doctor warns, and take it with a meal.

G6    Bm    C9    G6  
But don't eat this. Watch out for that till you take another pill.

Dm    E7    Am  
Dancing with the shadow but who will pay the bill?

E7    Asus    Am

E7    Asus      Am  
Racing to oblivion – into the abyss.

E7    Asus    Am  
Floating mindless drugged by work or ozone's deadly kiss.

G6    Bm    C9    G6  
Or raging at the powerless and hiding in the hate,  
Dm    E7    Am  
or dancing with the shadow and blaming it on fate.

E7    Asus    Am

E7    Asus    Am  
Wandering through the labyrinth wondering which ways out.

E7    Asus    Am  
Confusion rings off concrete walls, echoed voices shout.

G6                      Bm    C9                      G6  
Paneled glass reflecting back the memory of sky.

Dm    E7    Am  
Dancing with the shadow a whispered voice asks “why?”

E7	Asus	Am
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## The Dark Dream

3-26-88

Words and Music © by Charles Stacey

Capo up 2

Am D Am D

Am D Am7 Csus2 Am D Am7 G(D)  
The dark dream returns, The demons delight. The anger and sadness struggle and fight.  
Am D Am7 Csus2 Am Em Am  
The waif from the dream with the cold zombie stare goes for my throat - I struggle for air.  
Am E Am  
She goes for my throat – I struggle for air.

### Chorus

**Dm C Bb A**  
*It's the same old sad story – the world upside down – The kid holds the mother not the other way round.*  
**Dm C Bb G**  
*They're buried so deep – but the feelings reach out – I'm helpless, alone, I've no voice to shout.*

Am D Am D

Am D Am7 Csus2 Am D Am7 G(D)  
I can feel my life draining – He's gone away. She's crying so softly. Is she going to stay?  
Am D Am7 Csus2 Am Em Am  
The pain of the future –the guilt of today. I'm the only one left - they all ran away .  
Am E Am  
I'm the only one left, they all ran away.

### Chorus

**Dm C Bb A**  
*It's the same old sad story – the world upside down – The kid holds the mother not the other way round.*  
**Dm C Bb G**  
*She fights her own demons – I struggle with mine. The same yet apart – chained together through time.*

Am D Am D

Am D Am7 Csus2 Am D Am7 G(D)  
The face of the demon looks forward and back. No one is safe from the bitter attack.  
Am D Am7 Csus2 Am Em Am  
We take the fear handed and pass it along and hope for some magic that can help us be strong.  
Am E Am  
And hope for some magic that can help us be strong.

### Chorus

**Dm C Bb A**  
*It's the same old sad story – the world upside down – The kid holds the mother not the other way round.*  
**Dm C Bb G Am D Am D Am**

## Destiny's Demand

June 13, 2007

Words and Music © Charles Stacey

Em G Bm A  
The song begs for an audience – A witness to the tale  
Em G D  
But the song is born of silence as the tellers cross the veil  
F#m Bm  
To share their inspiration or a message born of pain  
D G E  
Requires sitting in both sunshine and in rain.

### *Chorus*

A G A  
*I'm a long way from my Oklahoma home*  
A G E  
*My dream of great adventure called this traveler to roam*  
D E A F#m  
*Now my heartstrings and my roots resist time endless river flow*  
G E A  
*Which way is destiny demanding that I go?*

Em G Bm A  
The question begs an answer as fingers search for tune  
Em G D  
The pen looks for the words like the shima at her loom  
F#m Bm  
The question isn't right or wrong – not even of degree  
D G E  
The answer to the riddle hides obscure within the weave. *Chorus*

Em G Bm A  
A citizen of two worlds – one dark and one so bright  
Em G D  
The midnight mind's existence and the stages bright spotlight  
F#m Bm  
And a message only few can hear and most don't care to know  
D G E  
Cassandra stands at center stage and it's almost time to go. *Chorus*





## Dinétah

March 13, 2004

Words and Music © Charles Stacey

Capo Drop D

Esus4 Dsus4 C#m F#  
The land of the four sacred mountains; the warp and the weft of the weave  
Esus4 Dmaj9 A Dmaj B  
A fabric so coarse but a pattern so fine. K'ehgo Tadídíin atiin  
C#m F# C#m D  
Smell the sage and the cedar; hear the wind in the Cottonwood trees  
A F#m B E  
The Cliff Roses fragrant and yellow draw me on down the pathway I see

### Chorus

Am E Am E  
*It's a long lonely road that I travel; So far from my green mountain home.*  
Am E F# D B B7  
*The wind my only companion, his whisper urg-es me on.*

Esus4 Dsus4 C#m F#  
There's a sweet fragrant promise of raindrops; the cloud's teasing veil paints the sky  
Esus4 Dmaj9 A Dmaj B  
The hero twins' play on this dry dusty day by letting bright lightning bolts fly  
C#m F# C#m D  
A raven rides on the whirlwind; The Mountains play tag with the sun  
A F#m  
Their frosting of green and their faces scrubbed clean  
B E  
Framed by clouds white as sheep's wool fine spun

### Chorus

Am E Am E  
*It's a long lonely road that I travel; So far from my green mountain home*  
Am E F# D B B7  
*The wind my only companion, his whisper urges me on*

Esus4                      Dsus4              C#m                              F#  
 I sit with my magical sketchpad. It sings me the Spider Rock's song  
 Esus4                      Dmaj9                      A              Dmaj              B  
 It marks here today from a time far away the path to a place just beyond  
             C#m                              F#                      C#m                              D  
 It's a symphony sung by the titmouse. The chickadees sweet ser-e-nade  
             A                                      F#m                                      B                                      E  
 The song once begun soothes both singer and sung then moves down the paths blessing way

#### Chorus

            Am                                      E                      Am                                      E  
 It's a long lonely road that I travel;      So far from my green mountain home  
 Am                                      E                      F#      D              B      B7  
 The wind my only companion. His whisper urges me on

            Esus4                              Dsus4                              C#m                                      F#  
 The Land of the four sacred mountains; The warp and the weft of the weave  
             Esus4                              Dmaj9                              A              Dmaj              B  
 A fabric so course but a pattern so fine;      K'ehgo Tadídíín atiin  
             C#m                                      F#                              C#m                                      D  
 See the glow of the hearth fire charcoal. It shows in its shape and its shine  
             A                                      F#m                                      B                                      E  
 A place and a day; The path and the way; A beautiful rhythm and rhyme

#### Chorus

            Am                                      E                      Am                                      E  
 It's a long lonely road that I travel;      So far from my green mountain home  
 Am                                      E                      F#      D                      B      B7      Esus4  
 The wind my only companion; his whisper tells me I'm home

Esus4	Dsus4	C#m	F#	Esus4
779977	557755	446654	244322	029992
Dmaj9	A	Dmaj	B	C#m
027772	577655	557775	224442	446654
F#	C#m	Dmaj	A	F#m
244322	446654	557775	577655	244222
B	E			
224442	022454			
Chorus				
Am	E	Am	E	Am
57755	022454	57755	022454	57755
E	F#	D	B	
022454	244322	554232	224442	

## A Discourse on the Binary Nature of the Universe

May 27, 2015

Words and Music © Charles Stacey

C walk down Am G C C walk down Am D7 G  
It seems that which is absent creates the shape. The hole defines the donut. It's all about space.  
C C7 F Ab  
Galaxies shine jewel like 'cause there's emptiness between  
C A7 D7 G C  
But empty isn't empty just because it isn't seen  
F Cdim Em A7  
It's strange the heart sings loudest just before it breaks in two  
Dm Adim G G7  
The place that's left makes way for a brand new you  
F Cdim Em A  
Suspended 'Tween the opposites – Between the black and white  
F G C F Cdim Em A F G C  
Is where we spend eternity and meaning finds our life

C walk down Am G C  
The colors seem much brighter as storm clouds grow  
C walk down Am D7 G  
The space between the notes - is where the music shows  
C C7 F Ab  
Surrender to the conflict – The pull between two poles  
C A7 D7 G C  
And venture to explore the space – where love grows  
F Cdim Em A7 Dm Adim G G7  
In and out – Up and Down – or is it inside out - Right side up is relative – the smile or the frown  
F Cdim Em A  
Philosopher and physicist and poets now agree  
F G C F Cdim Em A F G C  
The complex is quite simple with number 2 the key

C walk down Am G C  
Computers only count to two and yet they rule our lives  
C walk down Am D7 G  
We sort ourselves into camps of Science and Devine  
C C7 F Ab  
And argue over right and wrong or over us and them  
C A7 D7 G C  
Carried on a current at the mercy of times wind  
F Cdim Em A7  
We humans think we're special, somehow better than the rest  
Dm Adim G G7  
The crowning achievement in Creator's quest  
F Cdim Em A  
The truth is found in fractals - they define the universe  
F G C F Cdim Em A F G C  
Patterns that repeat them self both forward and reverse

C walk down Am G C  
 Our brain the wrong design for the path our feet now trod  
 C walk down Am D7 G  
 Alone we row our dinghy through mother cultures fog  
 C C7 F Ab  
 Greed and isolation -- the winner gets it all  
 C A7 D7 G C  
 And the takers fatal Ponzi scheme sings a siren song  
 F Cdim Em A7  
 We pack our selves together like sardines in a can  
 Dm Adim G G7  
 And bind our connection with a thin electron band  
 F Cdim Em A  
 The answer lies in opposites, hold each in a hand  
 F G C F Cdim Em A F G C  
 It 's the binary nature of the universes plan

## Don't You Hate that When It Happens?

4/2/16

Words and Music © Charles Stacey

A6 D7 A6

          D7  A6  
The eagle flew on Friday but you were still in bed  
          D7  A6  
Oh, The eagle flew on Friday but you were playing dead  
          B7                                  E7                          A6 D7 A6  
So you missed out Stormy Monday from the ache in your head

### Chorus

          D7  A6  
*Don't you - hate that when it happens – when you gotta feel the pain?*  
          D7  A6  
*Don't you - hate that when it happens – when there's nothin' left but stain?*  
          B7                                  E7                          A6 D7 A6  
*You thought you beat the odds boy but you screwed the pooch again*

D7  A6  
No one left to blame son but your own bad self this time  
          D7  A6  
Oh Yeah, there's no one left to blame boy your rhythm lost its rhyme.  
          B7                          E7                          A6 D7 A6  
The ticket cost a quarter - but you only got a dime. *Chorus*

D7  A6  
Your mouth is writing checks boy you got no way to cash  
          D7  A6  
Oh, your mouth is writing checks son - but you forgot the flash  
          B7                          E7                          A6 D7 A6  
You're puffed up like a toad frog and talking non-stop trash

### Bridge

          C# (Barre at 9)                                  F#7(at 7)  
*You're strutting around with your chest puffed out braggin' like there's no tomorrow*  
          B7 (Barre at 7)                          E7 (at 5) B7 E7 Eb7 E7 A6  
*You seem to forget nothing lasts – Illusions lead to sorrow*

Instrumental Ride into *Chorus*

D7  A6  
You say you got your mojo but you're in way o'er your head  
          D7  A6  
You say you got your mojo but your friends left you for dead  
          B7                          E7                          A6 D7 A6  
You thought you were the smart one but your number just got read *Chorus*

## Down At Uncle Joe's

8/17/92

Words and Music © by Charles Stacey

(Capo up 3)

A Am7 A7 D Dm A E A

A Em A Em  
Sunrise peeks above the red oak leaves. Even hummin' birds movin' slow.  
A Em G D E  
Then a Blue Jay shatters morning's peace – Down at Uncle Joe's.  
A Em A Em  
A small mouth dances A Highland fling. The water bursts in a kaleidoscope show.  
A Em G D E A  
A blue gill plays the bump and run – down at Uncle Joe's. Times lazy river flows.  
D C D A  
It's a well-worn place with a friendly face. Paint's peeling like sunburned skin.  
G D C E  
A place of fishing things and guitar strings and the buzz of the dragon fly  
A  
And a fisherman's little white lie.

A Em A Em A Em G D E  
Sacrificing crickets to the hungry perch below. Smell the fish a fryin' – Down at Uncle Joe's  
A Em A Em  
The bay reflects a thousand greens – Then a gentle south wind blows  
A Em G D E A  
And musses up the mirror's face – Down at Uncle Joe's. Time's lazy river flows.  
D C D A  
Just A floating shack with a chair out back. Waves rockin' till you fall asleep  
G D C E A  
A fishin' hole and an old cane poll and some shade where a boy can hide – with a case full of alibi's

A Em A Em  
The bobwhite calls as the shadows grow. The orange sky explodes.  
A Em G D E  
A lazy august sneaks away – Down at Uncle Joe's.  
A Em A Em  
The bass plays tag with the minnows. Stars wink as campfires glow.  
A Em  
Watchin' the old folks on their front porch swing  
G D E A  
As they're watchin' the sunset's glow – The whippoorwill's song unfolds.  
D C D A  
It's a well-worn place with a friendly face. Paint's peeling like sunburned skin  
G D C E A  
A breeze that clings to the song I sing in a place now safe to hide. With no need of an alibi.

A Am7 A7 D Dm A E A

## The Dragon's Dance

1/31/93

Words © Charles Stacey

Music © Alan Frost

Capo Drop D

D D D G D G-C-G D D  
Caught in your whirlwind – It's always the same. Just like the first time you hand me your pain.  
D D D G D G-C-G D D  
The consummate victim – Denial your game. I'm tired of the black hat – I'm tired of the blame.  
G C G D-(G) G D C G C GCGDD  
Your personal bastard, beggar and thief. A plate full of hate with a helping of grief.

D D D(B) G D G-C-G D D  
The venom is bitter – the poison is sharp – I dance with the Dra-gon, it claws at my heart.  
D D D G D G-C-G D D  
Words fall past lips with no sense of the pain – The tongue of the dra-gon – a scorching hot flame.  
G C G D-(G) G D C G C GCGDD  
Life taken cheaply – ignoring my cry – you cut to the bone with your callous reply.

D D D G D G-C-G D D  
I chafe at the mem'ries – I tug at the chains – I'm tired of your lies and ex-haused by shame.  
D D D G D G-C-G D D  
The thunder is rolling so you ran away – Gone is the place that I hope you will stay.  
G C G D-(G) G D C G C GCGDD  
The pieces of puzzle all rest in their places – The dragon is dancing with infinite graces.

D D D G D G-C-G D D  
I feel a stain spreading – It eats at my soul - I'm dying by in-ches numbered by your cold.  
D D D G D G-C-G D D  
The mask and the mirror – the dragons feared faces – filling the world till there's no hiding places.  
G C G D-(G) G D C G C GCGDD  
Answers in questions – truth hides in lies – The paradox voice in the dragon's disguise.

D D D G D G-C-G D D  
A boat on the ocean with tattered old sails – No match for the pow-er-ful dragon's hard scales.  
D D D G D G-C-G D D  
Saint George to your Genevieve – The dragon's disguise – A delicate dance viewed through sorcerers eyes.  
G C G D-(G) G D C G C GCGDD  
Projecting, reflecting, wondering why? The sun and the moon in Med-evial skys.



## Elaina's Song

10/27/89

Words and Music © by Charles Stacey

Am E Am Am

Am G Fmaj7 E7  
— I wanted so to hold her, and tell her that I care. — I wanted so to kiss her and softly stroke her hair.  
Dm Cmaj7  
— I wanted so to tell her that she really shouldn't go.  
C9 E7 Am  
I tried to reach and touch her – But they all said “NO”

E Am Am

Am G  
— They said they did it just for me. I don't believe that lie.  
Fmaj7 E7  
They said I wouldn't understand but they just couldn't let me cry.  
Dm Cmaj7  
— Now I want to say “Goodbye” and say “I Miss you so.”  
C9 E7 Am  
And still they must protect themselves— So my pain just grows.

E Am Am

Am G  
— Will there ever be a day when pain will go away?  
Fmaj7 E7  
Will there ever be a day when the emptiness won't stay?  
Dm Cmaj7  
Will I find your hiding place and feel your gentle hug –  
C9 E7 Am  
And give the present held so long and then walk away and still feel your love?

E Am Am

Am G Fmaj7 E7  
Let me feel the emptiness. Then I'll fill it with my tears. Let me feel the loneliness and then I'll fill it with my fears.  
Dm Cmaj7 C9 E7 Am  
— Let me feel the pain that's there until it goes away. — Stand quietly beside me— please – just one more day.

E Am Am

Am G Fmaj7 E7  
— I wanted so to hold her, and tell her that I care. — I wanted so to kiss her and softly stroke her hair.  
Dm Cmaj7 C9 E7 Am  
— I wanted so to tell her that she really shouldn't go. I tried to reach and touch her – But they all said “NO”

## Equinox (Fall Equinox September 21)

9-21-94

Words and Music © by Charles Stacey

Capo Drop D

A6 G(F#)  
I FEEL THE WARMTH OF THE RISING SUN BUT A CHILL HANGS IN THE Air  
A6 G(F#)  
THE FULL MOON SMILES KNOWINGLY AND THEN SHE DISAPPEARS  
Gm A7 Gm A7  
PASSING THROUGH THE BALANCE - REST ONCE MORE IN SIGHT  
Gm A7  
THE WHEEL TURNS ROUND US ONE MORE TIME  
Em A Em Asus4 A Asus4 A  
THE SPIRAL PATH DELIGHTS IN SEPTEMBERS GENTLE FLIGHT

### CHORUS

Dm G Dm A  
**SAILING TOWARD THE LAND OF YOUTH. ACROSS A SUNLESS SEA**  
C G Am E  
**AS AUTUMN GRAINS WE GATHER TRANSFORM TO SPRING TIMES SEEDS**  
Bb A Bb A  
**LIFE'S FRAGILE CHORD WE WEAVE**

A6 G(F#)  
THE COLORS OF THE SUNSET PAINT LEAVES THAT TOUCH DAWNS SKY  
A6 G(F#)  
THEN SLIP FROM MOTHERS GENTLE GRASP. ONCE BRILLIANT - FADE, THEN DIE  
Gm A7 Gm A7  
THEY CELEBRATE A LIFE FULFILLED, THESE DANCERS SPINNING ROUND  
Gm A7 Em A  
'TWEEN ENDINGS AND BEGINNINGS. REGENERATION FOUND  
Em Asus4 A Asus4 A  
THE CARPET WARMS THE GROUND

### CHORUS

Dm G Dm A  
**SAILING TOWARD THE LAND OF YOUTH. ACROSS A SUNLESS SEA**  
C G Am E  
**AS AUTUMN GRAINS WE GATHER TRANSFORM TO SPRING TIMES SEEDS**  
Bb A Bb A  
**LIFE'S FRAGILE CHORD WE WEAVE**



## The First Date Blues

12-22-87

Words & Music © by Charles Stacey

CAPO +3

E C#dim B7 A E  
There she is lookin' sweet, walkin' down the street – burnin' a hole, a hole in my mind.  
E C#dim B7 A E  
Feel so dumb, act so numb, I'm scared out of my wits. Talkin' to her kills me. I'm dying bit by bit.

### (Chorus)

A7 E7 F#7 B7  
*I'm such a freak – way to meek – glasses down my nose. Slide rule in my pocket and zits down to my toes*  
A E7 F#7 B7 n/c  
*I wonder can she see me walkin' here behind. Tell me pretty mama that I'm really just you kind. (spoken)*  
**!!DREAM ON!!**

E C#dim B7 A E  
I could say “Hi” – my mouth feels dry – my legs feel paralyzed. Vocabulary fails me – It happens every time.  
E  
The sidewalk moves – I want to cruise. God help me to escape.  
C#dim B7 A E  
I wish the cracks could swallow me and fix all my mistakes

### (Chorus)

A7 E7 F#7 B7  
*I'm such a freak – way to meek – glasses down my nose. Slide rule in my pocket and zits down to my toes*  
A E7 F#7 B7 n/c  
*I wonder can she see me walkin' here behind. Tell me pretty mama that I'm really just you kind. (spoken)*  
**!!DREAM ON!!**

E  
Some think I'm cool – I'm such a fool – I'm sure she sees through me.  
C#dim B7 A E  
The prom is out of question. Of course she won't agree.  
E  
My god she's turned, my face feels burned, my death seems imminent.  
C#dim B7 A E  
No time to run, no place to hide, my brain feels like cement

### (Bridge)

A7 E7  
*The moment comes. We're face to face. My tongue is full of lead.*  
F#7 B7  
*My mind is blank the future froze. I wish that I were dead.*  
A7 E7  
*She looks at me so sweetly and from her soft red lips*  
F#7 B7  
*the sound flows so distinctly by – there's music in my head*  
n/c  
*(spoken) - !!SHE SAID!!*

A7 E7 F#7 B7  
Let's go dancin' cheek to cheek and maybe fool around. Take time for romancin' and for painting up the town.

A7 E7  
The time seems right for you and me, so let's not wait around.

F#7 B7  
The moon is full. The night is young. There's so much to be found.

E C#dim B7 A E  
I'm not so bad – not so sad. I'm in the hands of fate. That someone special likes me. I got a kiss from Kate.

E  
The world is fine. She says she's mine. The stars are in his heav'n.

C#dim B7 A E  
The night is young and made for love – at least until elev'n

**(Chorus)**

A7 E7 F#7 B7  
*I'm such a freak – way to meek – glasses down my nose. Slide rule in my pocket and zits down to my toes*

A E7 F#7 B7 n/c  
*I wonder can she see me walkin' here behind. Tell me pretty mama that I'm really just you kind. (spoken)*  
**!!DREAM ON!!**

## Floating

4/4/15

Words and Music (c) Charles Stacey, Lori Reed, Steve Sprague

E Bm7 Dmaj7 E Bm7 A E E

E Bm7 Dmaj7 E  
It all falls into place – the dream has come and gone

E Bm7 A E  
All that I can think of is running from your wrong

G A E E  
Just trying to forget - leave no regret

G C Bm7 E E  
How far must I run? - How far till done

### *Chorus*

***F#m@9 E@7 C#7@9 F#m@9***  
***I'm floating on a breeze that's rustling the leaves***  
***G@9 E@7 A@5 B7@7 F#m B F#m B***  
***I'm longing to be free, take me away***

E Bm7 Dmaj7 E  
Daydreams fill my mind - as I let it all unwind  
E Bm7 A E  
Illusion was mistaken for the love I hoped to find  
G A E E

But now to break your spell – drink from the well

G C Bm7 E E  
I turn and fly away - no need to stay

### *Chorus*

***F#m@9 E@7 C#7@9 F#m@9***  
***I'm floating on a breeze that's rustling the leaves***  
***G@9 E@7 A@5 B7@7 F#m B F#m B***  
***I'm longing to be free, take me away***

### *Instrumental Ride and Chorus*

E Bm7 Dmaj7 E  
Up among the clouds - my vision slowly clears  
E Bm7 A E  
Released from dangers grasp, - fear disappears  
G A E E

Lifted by a breeze - my heart floats free  
G C Bm7 E E

The future's here and now - I just found me

***Chorus***

## Fusion

April 4, 2015 finished April 30, 2017  
Words and Music © Charles Stacey

D Am7 C9 Dmaj7  
Empty is about as blue as life could ever be –  
Em7 A7 Cmaj7 A7  
but play a major seventh and jazz is what you sing  
D7 G B7  
Make it phil-o-soph-ical with heart felt melody –  
Em7 A7 Cmaj7 A7  
and you'll be called a folkie but it's fusion plain to see

### *Chorus*

Em A F# Bm7  
*Pieces of life's puzzle each different yet the same*  
G B7 E7 A7  
*It's all in who is looking and where they place the frame*  
F# G F# G  
*One sees clear a puppy while another sees a cat,*  
B7 Cmaj7 E7 A7  
*one a woman dressed in pearls or an old man with a hat*

D Am7 C9 Dmaj7  
Explore the heart of darkness in a hungry child's eyes  
Em7 A7 Cmaj7 A7  
Or the politicians promise as he smiles through the lies  
D7 G B7  
Or strike the chord and sing your note but there's no harmony  
Em7 A7 Cmaj7 A7  
Words sound sort of bluesy it's fusion that you need *Chorus*

D Am7 C9 Dmaj7  
There's always rock or country or metal mel – o – dies  
Em7 A7 Cmaj7 A7  
Light hearted ditties or a torch song if you please  
D7 G B7  
Each knows its place and structure, the formula's the key  
Em7 A7 Cmaj7 A7  
If someone asks about my tunes it's fusion that I sing *Chorus*

D Am7 C9 Dmaj7  
Life resists its placement into boxes with a name  
Em7 A7 Cmaj7 A7  
The story knows no bound-a-ry so fusion knows the way  
D7 G B7  
It's not just in the rhythm and it's not just in the rhyme  
Em7 A7 D G Dmaj7 D at 10  
It's in the space between the notes, and heart and head keep time

## The Game

1-7-96

Words and Music © by Charles Stacey

Capo +2

E6  
Each mid November where the tall pines grow four old buddies up to Lynchville go  
A6 E6  
To a four room shack with an old wood stove and a tin roof red as a chili bowl.  
A6 E6  
Carpet on the walls and a hardwood floor. Rusty old pump by the back-porch door  
D7 C7 B7 E6  
Full Moon shines on our four ---- through the door

**(Chorus)**

A6 E6  
*They're gathered round the table in the lamplight's Glow, Playing Stud Poker and Sippin Slow.*  
A6 B7 E6  
*Abner and the Gen'ral and Tony and Steve, But wait a minute Mama we added three -*  
*spoken*  
*(Strange looking trio)*

E6  
Everybody thinks that they're hunting deer, telling dirty jokes and drinkin' beer  
A6 E6  
The three new players changed that all, now the shotguns rust and the pasteboards call.  
A6 E6  
They came last week when the moon was full; clock struck twelve and there they stood  
D7 C7 B7 E6  
Silent they challenged our four - nature calls.

**(Chorus)**

A6 E6  
*They're gathered round the table in the lamplight's Glow, Playing Stud Poker and Sippin Slow.*  
A6 B7 E6  
*Abner and the Gen'ral and Tony and Steve, Holy mackerel where'd they find the other three*

**(Bridge) (Spoken)** you will notice that I have shifted to a minor key...that means the plot thickens!

Dbm Ab7 A E6  
Some have said t'was the whisky when this story they try to explain  
Dbm Gb7 B7 E6  
Or shadows or stew un-digested or rad-i-a-tion that fell in the rain - on the plane - not Spain

(Instrumental ride) A6 E6 A6 E6 D7 C7 B7 E6

E6  
First of the three stands nine feel long, black as night and tongue that's forked  
A6 E6  
Audubon guide would call him chicken snake but he told the boys call me Joaquin Jake  
A6 E6  
His friends were known as the Tenaha two; six pound rats with eyes of blue  
D7 C7 B7 E6  
They answered the cards plaintive call - "DEAL 'EM ALL"



**(Chorus)**

*They're gathered round the table in the lamplight's Glow, Playing Stud Poker and Sippin Slow.*  
*Abner and the Gen'ral and Tony and Steve, Hey what's that snake got up his sleeve*

Spoken

(It's a long sleeve...I should have been suspicious when the snake slid up wearing a green eyeshade)

(Instrumental ride) A6 E6 A6 E6 D7 C7 B7 E6

E6  
They played all night and the next full day and the midnight sky was turning gray  
A6 c E6  
Steve was tapped and the Tenaha two lost their chips as Jake's pile grew  
A6 cc E6  
Abner had a pair but the snake drew three when Tony said "that's all for me."  
D7 C7 B7 E6  
Caught by the luck of the draw - Jake took all

**(Bridge)**

Dbm Ab7 A6 E6  
Now that should be the end of my story but you see when Jake went to go  
Dbm Gb7 B7 B7 E6  
He had no place for his winnings - no pockets to carry his gold - not a fold

**(Chorus)**

*They're gathered round the table in the lamplight's Glow, Playing Stud Poker and Sippin Slow.*  
*Abner and the Gen'ral and Tony and Steve, They can't stop playing...the snake won't leave*

Spoken

Hey Abner, you better call home. Jeans gonna be worried; Hey while you're up when don't you call and order us a pizza. You better make one of them double cheese...the rats are looking hungry!

A6 E6 A6 E6 D7 C7 B7 E6

## Ghosts Along the Brazos

4-24-93

Words © by Charles Stacey , Bill Kingsbury & Tom Baumgartner

Music © by Charles Stacey & Bill Kingsbury

Capo Drop D

D/a D/g D/f# D/e D/g D/f# D/e Bm  
Hoot owl's calling to the dead of night. The ghostly guard calls her question out.  
G A D  
The coyote answers back his sad reply.  
D/a D/g D D/e Bm Bm h.o. d  
The dark moon's staring like an evil eye. It weaves a spell from an ancient time  
E E/c# E E/g# A h.o.c#  
while lost souls search for rest yet denied.

**(Chorus)**

**Bm G D Bm G A**  
***Walking with the ghosts along the Brazos – listen to sad stories of woe.***  
**C Em F#m F C G A**  
***Their whispered voice the wind in the willows. Out beyond the campfires glow – where shadows grow.***

D/a D/g D/f# D/e  
Walking the prairie with his lamp held high –  
D/g D/e Bm G A D  
Bailey's ghost such a scary sight – he's searching through a dark endless night  
D/a D/g D/F# D/e Bm Bm/c# Bm h.o.d E  
And headless John cries out for peace. He's a pris-o-ner in the lake's cold deep.  
E/c# E E/g# A h.o.C#  
And the lady in gray still lost in her lovers lie.

**(Chorus)**

**Bm G D Bm G A**  
***Masters, slaves, killers and their victims. The past parades to the devil's dark delight.***  
**C Em F#m**  
***Time melts like the Live Oaks in the moonlight.***  
**F C G A**  
***Were those eyes I saw or a winking firefly's light. Just a dreamers fright.***

D/a D/g D/f# D/e Bm Bm/c# Bm h.o.d  
I'm a dancer in a drama with a ghostly cast reflected in night's looking glass –  
G A D  
so I call the phantom fidd'ler to a lively reel.  
D/a D/g D D/e Bm Bm/C# Bm h.o.d  
But the fingers on the dawn's dim hand, reach across the mirror'd land  
E E/c# E E/g# A h.o.C#  
and point me to the river and on to the sunrise sea.

**(Chorus)**

**Bm G D Bm G A**  
***Goodbye to the ghosts along the Brazos – remember their sad stories of woe.***  
**C Em F#m F C G A**  
***And their whispered voice, the wind in the willows. Dancing where the campfires glow – now safe to go***



## Gilly Flower

1-28-95

Words and Music © by Charles Stacey

F	G	C
1	1	1
1	1	0
1	0	1
1	0	0
0	1	1
0	1	0
0	0	1
0	0	0

C Dm  
 A Gilly flower glistens in the Blue Ridge Mountain rain  
 G F G  
 Clinging to the hillside of the mountainous terrain  
 C walk down to Am Dm  
 Rain drops rest like shining jewels in the queen's majestic crown  
 G F G C  
 A regal presence from her throne to the valley she looks down  
 F C  
 Yellow, tall and graceful --the flower and the rock  
 D7 G walk up C G9  
 dance a waltz in three-four time to a metro-nom-ic clock  
 F C walk up to Am  
 She speaks a silent promise to those that choose to hear  
 Dm G F G C  
 And whispers of connection, balance, love and cheer

***(Chorus)***

*Dm G*  
*Hold tight Gilly flower to that little patch of earth*  
*Dm G walk up to C G9*  
*Let the rock protect you as you rest there in your berth*  
*F C walk up to Am*  
*Wedged there in a crevice -- reaching toward the sun*  
*Dm G F G C*  
*Soaking up the warm sweet glow -- spring has just be-gun*

C Dm  
A lifetime back I left my flower for fortune and for fame  
G F G  
but I hear her voice a callin' me in the whisper of the rain  
C walk down to Am Dm  
Her face is smiling 'cross the space that's fillin' up my mind  
G F G C  
So, I set my course for the Blue Ridge, my Gilly flower to find  
F C  
Returning to the holler -- to long I've been away from  
D7 G walk up to C G9  
My precious Gilly flower and the Blue Ridge Mountain days  
F C walk up to Am  
The valley's arms embrace me and caress my tired eyes  
Dm G F G C  
I'm rescued from the clutches of illusions angry lies

*(Chorus)*

*Dm* *G*  
*Hold tight Gilly flower to that little patch of earth*  
*Dm* *G* *walk up to* *C* *G9*  
*Let the rock protect you as you rest there in your berth*  
*F* *C* *walk up to* *Am*  
*Wedged there in a crevice -- reaching toward the sun*  
*Dm* *G* *F* *G* *C*  
*Soaking up the warm sweet glow -- spring has just be-gun*

*C* *Dm*  
You cling there to the mountain side and reach out for the light  
*G* *F* *G*  
and sing your song so sweetly to the valley's great delight  
*C* *walk down to* *Am* *Dm*  
Embraced within your fragrance and by roots that hold so tight  
*G* *F* *G* *C*  
We're nurtured by the warming earth as we share her damp delights  
*F* *C*  
The sunset burns so radiant -- like shining amber bright  
*D7* *G* *walk up to* *C* *G9*  
We rest to greet another day -- I'll hold you close tonight  
*F* *C* *walk down* *Am*  
The mountain's arms embrace me as I hold you once again  
*Dm* *G* *F* *G* *C*  
We share the dream of being back in old Kintyre's glen

*(Chorus)*

*Dm* *G*  
*Hold tight Gilly flower to that little patch of earth*  
*Dm* *G* *walk up to* *C* *G9*  
*Let the rock protect you as you rest there in your berth*  
*F* *C* *walk up to* *Am*  
*Wedged there in a crevice -- reaching toward the sun*  
*Dm* *G* *F* *G* *C*  
*Soaking up the warm sweet glow -- spring has just be-gun*  
*F* *G* *C*

## The Moment's Choice (Grandpa's Pocket Watch)

June 27, 2010

Words and Music © Charles Stacey

**F G C Walk down to Am Dm G C**

C G Am F C F G  
Lost and all alone – Just your voice here on the phone. I hadn't planned to be this far from home.

Dm G C walk down to Am F E Am  
I offered all I had – now I'm empty, cold, and sad. Just praying that the tunnel's distant light.

D7 F G C  
Promises a warm hearth for the night.

### Chorus

**F G C walk down to Am F G C C7**  
**But I've got grandpa's pocket watch and single malted scotch – and a six string like a compass pointing true**  
**F G E Am D7 G**  
**Singing for the song and moving toward the dawn. (I have) this moment and the eagle's graceful flight**  
**F G C Walk down to Am Dm G C**  
**And my grandson's laugh to fill me with delight.**

C G Am F C F G  
I've been shouting to the wind. Writing letters I don't send. (Seeking) star shine in the dark night of the soul.

Dm G C walk down to Am F E Am  
The desert's lonely child – An exile, raving wild. The spirits are my one and only friend.

D7 F G C  
Companions as I head on 'round the bend. **Chorus**

C G Am F C F G  
I've been bor – ow – ing the words from a yellow breasted bird. I lost my own somewhere along the way.

Dm G C walk down to Am F E Am  
But mother shares her song – I just have to sing along. Re-mem-ber-ing to smell the garden air

D7 F G C  
And gather all the beauty I can share

### Chorus

**F G C walk down to Am F G C-C7**  
**"Cause I've got grandpa's pocket watch and single malted scotch – and a six string like a compass pointing true**  
**F G E Am D7 G**  
**Singing for the song and moving toward the dawn. (I have) this moment and the eagle's graceful flight**  
**F G C Walk down to Am**  
**And my grandson's laugh to fill me with delight.**  
**Dm G C Walk down to Am Dm G C**  
**There's just the moment and the choice of love and life**



## The Gypsy Fire

11-22-93

Words and Music © by Charles Stacey

Capo +2

(Spoken)

It seems as humans we fear what we don't understand and we try to destroy what we fear. In that Intolerance we often destroy the very means of our own salvation. And that's a high price to pay. But those that refuse to surrender to the intolerance. Those that try to learn and grow. They also pay a high price. There in lies the story of the Gypsy Fire.

Am G Am Dm Am G Am  
A child small in the manor hall plays at his father's side-  
Am G Am Dm Am G Am  
while the minstrel sings of wondrous things that echo in the child's eyes.  
G C F E  
A Gypsy camp in the moor so damp and dancers on a full moon night -  
Am G Am Dm Am G Am  
Circles cast and ghosts long past -The lord feared the lads delight. *HE WARNED:*

(Chorus)

Am G C Dm Am G Am  
*Beware the camp of the gypsy woman who dances in the pale moon light.*  
Am G C Dm Am G Am  
*Some have said she's the devil's bride who can steal your soul on sight*  
G C F Am  
*The pounding drums and the chanting hums through a night as black as coal*  
G C F E  
*There's a raging fire and a warning dire that echo's through his soul*  
Am G Am Dm Am G Am  
*Yet his heart is drawn to the dark fore dawn and the light of the gypsy fire.*

Am G Am Dm Am G Am  
And then one day in the child's play he strayed into the moor  
Am G Am Dm Am G Am  
and followed his ear to a clearing near and he opened up the gypsy's door  
G C F E  
She welcomed him to the room so dim. It was filled with smells so sweet.  
Am G Am Dm Am G Am  
Her voice it rang as she gently sang and danced on two bare feet

(SLOWLY)

Am G Am Dm Am G Am  
The child grew tall, ten springs and falls - the gypsy his secret friend.  
Am G Am Dm Am G Am  
Her healing craft she taught the lad, gentle days they spent.  
G C F E  
Sharing its herbs the moor it heard them softly sing along.  
Am G Am Dm Am G Am  
The sky was blue, six more springs flew. Forgotten was his father's song. *(Chorus)*



Am G Am Dm Am G Am  
 In the village fear was always near - like a terrible cancer grew.  
 Am G Am Dm Am G Am  
 Ear to ear and year to year their fearful whispers grew.  
 G C F E  
 Fear to hate then anger great - the gypsy woman scorned.  
 Am G Am Dm Am G Am  
 In joke and play the towns folk say; In word and song they warned: *(Chorus)*

*(Bridge)*

**Dmaj7** **C#m**  
 Then one night by the dark moon's light the lord from a fever fell.  
**Emadd9** **Bbm**  
 From a vintage bad 'twas a drink he had but they said was an evil spell  
 G C G Am  
 To the gypsy's name they screamed out blame and to the moor they ran.  
 Am G Am Dm Am G Am  
 Their anger churned and torches burned - blood was on their hands *(Chorus)*

Am G Am Dm Am G Am  
 At his father's side the young man tried the healing arts he knew;  
 Am G Am Dm Am G Am  
 In the dark he groped for one last hope. 'Twas a plant the gypsy grew.  
 G C F E  
 To the moor he went. Hope like the scent of the simple Longwort's bloom.  
 Am G Am Dm Am G Am  
 But the cottage lay in ashes gray - his gentle gypsy gone.

*(Bridge)*

**Dmaj7** **C#m** **Emadd9** **Badd9**  
 Lost inside his sadness - no where left to turn. His father's funeral pyre and the gypsy fire's burn.  
**Em9** **F#m** **Em** **Am**  
 Driven from the manor by their superstition's fright; An outcast moving slowly in the cold Novembers light.  
 G Am G Am  
 The sunlight shares no comfort, the moors his home tonight.

*(Chorus)*

Am G C Dm Am G Am  
 Beware the camp of the gypsy woman who dances in the pale moon light.  
 Am G C Dm Am G Am  
 Some have said she's the devil's bride who can steal your soul on sight  
 G C F Am  
 The pounding drums and the chanting hums through a night as black as coal  
 G C F E  
 There's a raging fire and a warm desire that echo's through his soul  
 Am G C Dm Am G Am  
 His heart belongs to the dark fore dawn. He's home by the Gypsy Fire

## Holli's Song

12/25/90

Words & Music © by Charles Stacey

¾ time (G harp)

Am Gmaj7 Am G B7 C  
Born into her parent's perfect world. Mama's perfect little girl. A china doll dances in the eye of the storm.  
A7 D  
Mom's porcelain princess in a showcase forlorn.

### Chorus

G C G C G C G C G CG C G  
*With the little dark demons that hide in the light. They prance in the sunlight safe from mom's sight*  
Em D Em Fmaj7 D G-C-G-C-G-C-G  
*Monsters so terrible torture their prey. Monsters so horrible hidden away by the day.*

Am Gmaj7 Am G  
A passageway glows in the candle's soft gleam. The walls of the box reach and stifle her scream.  
B7 C A7 D  
Pleading with shadows that whisper her name. The trembling quarry in a predator's game.

### Chorus

G C G C G C G C G C G C G  
*They hide in the bedroom. They hide in her dreams. They taunt and they tickle and speak in her screams.*  
Em D Em Fmaj7 D G-C-G-C-G-C-G  
*Feelings like presents from days long ago. A fearful dark legacy smelly and old — On it goes.*

Am Gmaj7 Am G  
A perfect little house on a perfect street. Perfect playmates all around.  
B7 C A7 D  
A chameleon cloth this deceiver's design. Light from the stained glass strikes mom and dad blind.

### Chorus

G C G C G C G C G CG C G  
*To the little dark demons that hide in the light. They prance in the sunlight safe from mom's sight*  
Em D Em Fmaj7 D G-C-G-C-G-C-G  
*Monsters so terrible torture their prey. Monsters so horrible hidden away by the day.*

4/4 time (A harp)

F#m Bm  
Her days fly by so quickly – The child soon grows tall –  
F#m C#7  
Just as winter turns to springtime – from summer comes the fall.  
E B D A C G Bb F A  
The remnants of childhood – Sheltered in the dark. A grown-up on the outside – The child held in memr'y's heart.

¾ time

Am Gmaj7 Am G  
Holli the child becomes Holli the Mom. Tricked time and again by the dark dream's cold charm  
B7 C A7 D  
Afraid of the darkness yet tortured by light. Chilled into numbness yet stung by the sight.

**Chorus**

**G C G C G C G C G CG C G**  
**Of the little dark demons that hide in the light. They prance in the sunlight safe from mom's sight**  
**Em D Em Fmaj7 D G-C-G-C-G-C-G**  
**Monsters so terrible torture their prey. Monsters so horrible hidden away by the day.**

4/4 time

**F#m Bm F#m C#7**  
Reminded of the sadness – Reminded of the shame. Holli holds her daughter and speaks the monsters name  
**E B D A C G Bb F A**  
Protecting with her mem'ry and her legacy of pain she shields the child from sacrifice to the monsters age-old game.

**Am Gmaj7 Am G**  
Embracing the terror – suspended in time – The mill of the god's grinds so slowly but fine.  
**B7 C A7 D**  
The words of her poetry leap from the page. The spotlight shines bright on the once darkened stage.

**Chorus**

**G C G C G C G C G CG C G**  
**And the little dark demons that hide in the light. They prance in the sunlight safe from mom's sight**  
**Em D Em Fmaj7 D G-C-G-C-G-C-G**  
**Monsters so terrible torture their prey. Monsters so horrible hidden away by the day.**

**G C G C G C G C G C G C G**  
**They hid in her bedroom. They hid in her dreams. They taunt and they tickle and speak in her screams.**  
**Em D Em Fmaj7 D G-C-G-C-G-C-G**  
**Feelings like presents from days long ago. A fearful dark legacy smelly and old — On it goes.**

## Illusion

10-14-89

Words & Music © by Charles Stacey

Am at 5                      G(D) at 5                      Csus2 at 3                      Bbm7 at 6  
Mirror, Mirror on the wall.      Protect me from the faint dark call.      Reflect the me that I must see.  
Dsus2 at 5                      Dmaj7 at 3                      Am at 5  
To be what other say to be.                      Say to be.

### (Chorus)

*Am                      Dm                      E                      Am                      Am                      Dm                      E                      Am*  
*Live with the illusion.    Defend it with your life.    Protect it with your anger.    Turn away and close your eyes.*  
*Bb                      G                      C                      E                      Dmaj7 at 3*  
*The burning hate that reaches out - - enunciates the silent shout.    With flying glass the mirror breaks.*  
*Am at 5*  
*Illusion flees but what remains?*

Am at 5                      G(D) at 5                      Csus2 at 3                      Bbm7  
A Light that pierces through the dark.    A pain that blinds the wounded heart.    Reaching for a place to hold.  
Dsus2 at 5                      Dmaj7 at 3                      Am at 5  
A search for warmth within the cold.                      The dark and cold.

Am at 5                      G(D) at 5                      Csus2 at 3                      Bbm7  
Will the pain be more than you can stand?    Will you turn away the offered hand or let your vision slowly clear.  
Dsus2 at 5                      Dmaj7 at 3                      Am at 5  
To find a love amidst the fear.                      Love and fear.

### (Chorus)

*Am                      Dm                      E                      Am                      Am                      Dm                      E                      Am*  
*Live with the illusion.    Defend it with your life.    Protect it with your anger.    Turn away and close your eyes.*  
*Bb                      G                      C                      E                      Dmaj7 at 3*  
*The burning hate that reaches out - - enunciates the silent shout.    With flying glass the mirror breaks.*  
*Am at 5*  
*Illusion flees but what remains?*

Am at 5                      G(D) at 5                      Csus2 at 3                      Bbm7  
To find a strength held deep inside the child that fled no longer hides.    No need to save the other ones.  
Dsus2 at 5                      Dmaj7 at 3                      Am at 5  
The time arrives to just become.                      To just become.

### (Chorus)

*Am                      Dm                      E                      Am                      Am                      Dm                      E                      Am*  
*Live with the illusion.    Defend it with your life.    Protect it with your anger.    Turn away and close your eyes.*  
*Bb                      G                      C                      E                      Dmaj7 at 3*  
*The burning hate that reaches out - - enunciates the silent shout.    With flying glass the mirror breaks.*  
*Am at 5*  
*Illusion flees but what remains?*

Am at 5  
Mirror, Mirror on the wall.



## In Chains

6-6-93

Words © by Holli Bara Music © by Charles Stacey

Am9 G G/d G/e G7 Am  
Lost inside my secret heartache – living out this lie.  
Am G G/d G/e G7 E  
Catching up the fire escaping – in the dark I cry.  
Am9 G G/d G/e G7 Am  
The boundary line was drawn so neatly, but I dream of how it'd be.  
Am G E walk down to Am9  
If I weren't afraid of angels – and you weren't afraid of me.

### (Chorus)

Dm G Dm A7  
*I'm colder than the arctic norther, bluer than a sapphire stone,*  
Bb Am G E  
*Quieter than a cat gone creeping passed a sleeping dog and bone.*  
Am9 G G/d G/e G7 Am  
*I'm lonely as the pris-o-ner who sheds a sol-i-tar-y tear.*  
Am G G/d G/e G7 E walk down to Am9  
*Chained up in my own illusion - chained up in my fear.*

Am9 G G/d G/e G7 Am  
I'm dancing just beyond your reach – you stand there be-yond mine.  
Am G G/d G/e G7 E  
Still the raven calls the jury – will the lamb beware this time?  
Am9 G G/d G/e G7 Am  
Will I listen to the answers – that the cards re-veal?  
Am G E walk down to Am9  
Must the page to become a knight put down his sword and kneel?

### (Chorus)

Dm G Dm A7  
*I'm colder than a winter snowstorm – bluer than a summer sky.*  
Bb Am G E  
*Quieter than a sleeping baby – breathing soft her peaceful sigh.*  
Am9 G G/d G/e G7 Am  
*I'm lonely as a seaman's lady – waiting on a pier.*  
Am G G/d G/e G7 E walk down to Am9  
*Chained up in my own illusion – chained up in my fear.*

Am9 G G/d G/e G7 Am  
It hurts to be inside your light and deny that it is warm.  
Am G G/d G/e G7 E  
When you hold me tight this passion struggles to be born.  
Am9 G G/d G/e G7 Am  
Believe me when I promise you it's more than wrong or right.  
Am G E walk down to Am9  
Therein lies the deepest torment. Where in lives the fight.

*(Chorus)*

*Dm G Dm A7*  
*I'm colder than the edge of darkness –bluer than the ocean floor.*  
*Bb Am G E*  
*Quieter than a thief at midnight – stealing passed your door.*  
*Am9 G G/d G/e G7 Am Am G G/d G/e G7 E*  
*I'm lonely as the frightened soldier – waiting for his turn. Chained up in my own illusion – will I ever learn?*  
*E walk down to Am9*  
*Tell me what we've learned.*

*Am9 G G/d G/e G7 Am*  
*In my dreaming you are free and we have never met.*  
*Am G G/d G/e G7 E*  
*King of Cups and Queen of Wands in search of no regrets.*  
*Am9 G G/d G/e G7 Am*  
*By chance we meet, or is it fate that brings us to this place.*  
*Am G E walk down to Am9*  
*Embracing all the gods have given us. Creating our own space.*

*(Chorus)*

*Dm G Dm A7*  
*There I'm warmer than the summer solstice. Greener than a May spring fair.*  
*Bb Am G E*  
*Louder than a thousand voices coursing through the air.*  
*Am9 G G/d G/e G7 Am*  
*And you're in my arms till morning and I'm in yours till night.*  
*G E walk down to Am9*  
*Knowing that it's not illusion — knowing we are right.*

## In the Blink of an Eye

June 29, 2015

Words and Music © Charles Stacey

For Cynthia on anniversary #21

A (short) Capo

A G Dadd9 A G Dadd9 A

A Amaj7/E Dadd9/E A

In the blink of an eye times mist gathers

Amaj7/E Dadd9/E A

With the drop of their names I'm tumbling down a well

F#m C#m

I know they're gone, it's years since they were home.

Dadd9 A

An echo in an empty room of dreams

Dm Am B E E7 A

I fill the space grief's hiding place with a lifetime of memories and feel the ease

G Dadd9 A G Dadd9 A

A Amaj7/E Dadd9/E A

In the blink of an eye my dream not just imagined

Amaj7/E Dadd9/E A

In the blink of an eye the years fly by

F#m C#m Dadd9 A

I turn and see that you're still here with me hand in hand collecting memories

Dm Am B E E7

A life that's shared full of joy and care where time and tide just seem to disappear

A

Connect the years

Bridge

C#m Dadd9 C#m B

Time must be the cruellest of illusions. In the blink of an eye everything can change

G F#m G C E

The only thing we have is in this moment. So join me in the chorus as we say

A G Dadd9 A G Dadd9 A

Today's our day

A Amaj7/E Dadd9/E A

In the blink of an eye my sight is fading

Amaj7/E Dadd9/E A

In the blink of an eye my hair turns gray

F#m C#m Dadd9 A

Our babies are grown; they're out there on their own harvesting their own field of dreams

Dm Am B E E7

Adding to the generations glue with stories they collect along the way

A Amaj7/E Dadd9/E A Amaj7/E Dadd9/E A

Connect our days. In the blink of an eye In the blink of an eye



## An Irish Folk Singers Lament

1/3/2008 completed 4/9/2017

Words and Music © Charles Stacey

I'm a singer of songs with a traveler's tale. A Seanachie, Troubadour, Bard  
I sing of the land with a great five-piece band; But I'm trapped in strange no man's land, 'tween  
Tom Clancy and Guy Clark, I stand

Mick the barman say "Charlie, I'm Sorry. You sure sing one hell of a song  
It's sad and it's sweet and you'll make us all weep, you're too folk to sing Irish mavourn  
And you won't sing the Unicorn Song"

### Chorus

My roots reach from Roscrea to Belfast; then Canada, Brooklyn, beyond  
Raised with the songs and traditions now gone but a spirit that lives on and on  
Not just fiddles or Danny Boy's song

The barista smiled as she listened, Charlie you're one to behold  
You paint with your song but you just don't belong. Your style of guitar is all wrong  
And you won't play those Bob Dylan songs

### Bridge

From Dundee to Donegal, Antrim to Cork or Morgantown, Houston and Vail  
Timeless and true all the places we knew. It's people that fill up life's grail  
It's the spirit and story we hail

Whether green of the Sage or the Rowan - Tara's hill or the Navajo Peaks - Jimson  
dreams dark and fleet – under mountain homes deep - Sidhes and little folk sleep  
While the juice of the barley sings sweet

### Chorus

My roots reach from Roscrea to Belfast; then Canada, Brooklyn, beyond  
Raised with the songs and traditions now gone but a spirit that lives on and on  
Not just fiddles or Danny Boy's song – not bag pipes or Danny Boy's song –  
Or Tin Whistles and the Unicorn Song

## Journeyman's Promise

March 10, 1998

Words and Music © Charles Stacey

D@10 Em@9  
 Tomorrow burning brightly as the flare stacks 'cross the bay.  
 C@7 D@10  
 At night they burn like Christmas lights but I wake up to the day.  
 Bm F#m  
 Child at the trailer door another on the way –  
 F C A D@10  
 I feel my mouth a movin' but there's nothing left to say  
 D@10 Em@9  
 An ex-con bar keep Spider owns an icehouse on White's Lake  
 C@7 D@10  
 where I fill my glass and ego with my brothers as we wait.  
 Bm F#m  
 And we talk about our wives and kids and wonder what went wrong  
 E A Dm  
 and listen to the lyrics of a real sad country song.

***Chorus***

*Dm Gm*  
*Turn arounds and shutdowns...pawns in someone's game.*  
*F A*  
*A welding torch they bid for, then no one knows my name.*  
*Bm F#m*  
*A cog in Linebeck's giant wheel or maybe Brown and Root.*  
*F A*  
*If not for Love or Munday – Toolbox and steel toed boots will*  
*Bm F#m*  
*Hit the road to Spiders' and swallow back the fear,*  
*G Bb A D@10*  
*By fighting over nothing and drinking Lone Star Beer.*

D@10                      Em@9                      C@7                      D@10  
Daddy came in '42 to keep this country free. Eighth grade education, sweat and opportunity.  
Bm    F#m  
His dust bowl schemes and childhood dreams of how his son would be  
F    C                      A                      D@10  
led him to the main gate at the Shell Refinery.  
D@10    Em@9  
The work was hard but so was dad; Oh, how my mama cried.  
C@7    D@10  
The bottle, belt and Bible – Well, I know they really tried.  
Bm    F#m  
His poor man's quest allowed no rest although he promised time.  
E    A    Dm  
Hidden cares in pink slip prayers – the promise proved a lie .                      *(Chorus)*

D@10 Em@9  
 Way too smart for college, the dirt track called my name.  
 C@7 D@10  
 Dreams of speed and glory, fortune, money, fame.  
 Bm F#m  
 But dreams won't feed a wife and kids so I ante'd for dad's game  
 F C A D@10  
 and found the promise growing strong and flowing through my veins.  
 D@10 Em@9  
 So I feed it Wild Turkey and smoke it till it's done.  
 C@7 D@10  
 The demon's face is smiling back from the muzzle of the gun.  
 Bm F#m  
 The flare stacks and the towers breathe away the sun.  
 E A Dm  
 That biker dude is standing up and there's nowhere I can run.

**(Chorus)**

D@10 Em@9  
 Dads dream became my nightmare. Now I'm standing in the fire  
 C@7 D@10  
 while another generation is balanced on the wire.  
 Bm F#m  
 My father tried to give me more but I'm choking in the haze  
 F C A D@10  
 and see my children growing in a frightened, angry daze.  
 D@10 Em@9  
 I can't get off this bar stool though Spider says I'm done.  
 C@7 D@10  
 It's way past three and seems to me I promised my young son.  
 Bm F#m  
 A fishing trip, a swimming dip, a blazing camping fire –  
 E A Dm  
 The promise still is unfulfilled it's my turn to be the liar

**Chorus**

**Dm Gm**  
**Turn arounds and shutdowns...pawns in someone's game.**  
**F A**  
**A welding torch they bid for, then no one knows my name.**  
**Bm F#m**  
**A cog in Linebeck's giant wheel or maybe Brown and Root.**  
**F A**  
**If not for Love or Munday – Toolbox and steel toed boots will**  
**Bm F#m**  
**Hit the road to Spiders' and swallow back the fear,**  
**G Bb A D@10**  
**By fighting over nothing and drinking Lone Star Beer.**

## Kenny and His G String

8-18-95

Words and Music © by Charles Stacey

C Bb F C  
Kenny was a singer - The best in all the land. But on stage he had a problem - like a statue he would stand.  
F C walk down to Am  
Clinging to his guitar - He'd sing so smooth and sweet.  
F D G G7  
But up there in the spotlight lead seemed to fill both feet.

### **(Chorus)**

Am Em  
*It's not enough to sing on key if you want to be a star.*  
F G Am  
*You have to dance and tell a joke as well as play guitar.*

C Bb F C  
Kenny had a tip jar that he only seemed to fill with fan appreciation not the hoped for dollar bills.  
F C walk down to Am  
Till that fateful night in D.C. at a coffee house quite small  
F D G G7  
when Shirley Feeney heard ken's voice from the back end of the hall. **(Chorus)**

C Bb  
He just finished up the D chord and was reaching for the C  
F C  
when Shirley leaped the footlights and exploded with a squeal!  
F C walk down to Am  
Holding tight Ben Franklin grinning green as Erin's shore,  
F D G G7  
she reached out for his G-string and the crowd let out a roar!

### **(BRIDGE)**

Am C#dim Edim Fdim  
**Lost somewhere in time and space she's surely not to blame.**  
F G F G7  
**A coffee house or Chippendales, A rose by any name.**

C Bb F C  
In the moment's desperation fear melted like hot lead and the singer moved in ways imagined only in his head.  
F C walk down to Am F D G G7  
Quite involuntary and spontaneous to boot. But the dance inspired Shirley Feeney's friends to follow suit.

### **(Chorus)**

C Bb  
Escaping Shirley's clutches was what made poor Kenny move,  
F C  
But now adoring crowds of fans make him tabloid news  
F C walk down to Am  
And Shirley gathers up the money stuffed between his strings  
F D G G7  
and holds their baby right down front each time Kenny sings. 'Cause **(Chorus)**



12/23/2020

© Words and Music by Charles Stacey

### Last Man Standing

C D7 | Em

Em Am Em B7 C Am  
The beggar's tears can't dissolve desolation's stain- The unrequited aftermath leaves  
D7 Em C G B7 Em  
Nothing left to claim – Nothing left but shame – No one left to blame

#### Chorus

C G D Em  
*An eye claimed for an eye, till there's – no one left to see*  
A F C D B7 C D7 Em  
*The toothless last man standing – No one left to grieve and no one to deceive*

Em Am Em B7 C Am  
As neighbor fights his neighbor – Fear's the hateful game as each is seen as "other"  
D7 Em C G B7 Em  
Instead of as the same – And faceless evil claims – its sad ill-gotten gains

#### Chorus

C G D Em  
*An eye claimed for an eye, till there's – no one left to see*  
A F C D B7 C D7 Em  
*The toothless last man standing – No one left to grieve and no one to deceive*

Em Am Em B7 C Am  
Avoiding desperation there's much that we must dare - Above as it is here below  
D7 Em C G B7 Em  
Our challenge is to care – Its joy we all must share – And grief we all must bear

#### Chorus

C G D Em  
*An eye claimed for an eye, till there's – no one left to see*  
A F C D B7 C D7 Em  
*The toothless last man standing – No one left to grieve and no one to deceive*

Em Am Em B7 C Am  
So many cry for freedom but free won't find the day- unless we free the least of these –  
D7 Em C G B7 Em  
Our sister's held in chains and God with different names – but one eternal flame

***Chorus***

***C                      G                      D                      Em***  
***An eye claimed for an eye, till there's – no one left to see***

***A                      F                      C                      D                      B7                      C                      D7      Em***  
***The toothless last man standing – No one left to grieve and no one to deceive***

***C   D7   Em    C   D7   Em***

## Life Outside the Box

May 14, 2012

Words and Music ©Charles Stacey

Bb C D Bb C D

D A D Bb D  
Caught between the rainbow and dad's demons. Our family - searching for a place to call our own.  
G A D walk down to Bm G Em A  
Phil was sad and Wendy mad but I could smile on. I had a world inside my head and dreams to roam  
G A D  
And a cardboard box of treasures held my home.

### **Chorus**

**F#m Bm G Em D A**  
**Life inside the box seemed safe and simple. Everything I needed stored there underneath the bed.**  
**Bm G Em C A**  
**But with – space for only one it's dark and lonely – So the rainbow called my name and softly said**  
**G A D Bb C D Bb C D**  
**There's a world outside the box that's in your head.**

D A D Bb D  
I grew up fast and left behind the dreamer – A wife and kids and mortgage filled my day  
G A D walk down to Bm  
With bottle, church and job running headlong through the fog –  
G Em A G A D  
The more things change the more they stay the same. Oh, the box has many faces, many names.

### **Chorus**

D A D Bb D  
Dancing in the shadow with the demons – or naming fear while making friend of foe  
G A D walk down to Bm G Em A  
Power's siren song twisting right from what is wrong but clarity is the curse that tyrant's know  
G A D  
Yes, Life outside the box demands we grow.

### **Chorus**

D A D Bb D  
Trav'ling cross the years I have to smile – at places that the child's fear has led  
G A D walk down to Bm  
I've broken many rules, played the game with kings and fools. When the -  
G Em A G A D  
Truth was always as the rainbow said – The world outside the box (spoken: comma) it's in your head  
**Chorus**



## Living on the Dark Side

Words & Music © by Charles Stacey

11/20/2001

Em D6add9  
There's no veneer. There's no illusion. Living on the dark side.  
Em D6add9  
Occasional noise and a lot of confusion. Living on the dark side.  
Csus2 Dsus2 G C  
Siren singing to the moons delight. The front porch is ringside – It's Saturday night.  
Am B Em  
There's just no need for the drama to hide. It lives here on the dark side.

### *Chorus*

Dmadd9 C  
The darkside is hard and black as the midnight in a string of apache tears.  
Am G  
A beacon drawing light inside forms a haven that's bright and clear.  
Dm G  
From the outside only the black is seen  
Am F  
On the inside light soothes the banshee's keen  
Bb C D Em  
Things aren't always what they seem on the darkside. The Darkside

Em D6add9  
Screaming Mama chases her poor deaf child. They're living on the dark side.  
Em D6add9  
Born alone to silence he's terrified and running wild. Living on the dark side.  
Csus2 Dsus2 G C  
Per-pet-u-al motion in the cycle's curse. Love's tragic song with a brand new verse  
Am B Em  
On Harris Road fear and hope collide. Confusion rules the dark side. *Chorus*

Em D6add9  
The deal goes bad and the bullets fly. They're living on the dark side.  
Em D6add9  
Homeboys stick together and a mama cross the river cries. Living on the dark side.  
Csus2 Dsus2 G C  
East of the river and North of the flares. Across the tracks where you taste the air.  
Am B Em  
Life like a boom box bass won't let you slide. Even tough guys fear the dark side. *Chorus*

Em D6add9  
A kid and grandpa digging in the garden dirt. Living on the dark side.  
Em D6add9  
Or playing hide and seek with a kitten in his grandma's skirt. Living on the dark side.  
Csus2 Dsus2 G C  
From rich to poor and stoned to straight. Some call on faith some call it fate.  
Am B Em  
Hold on tight you're in for a bumpy ride. Life's real down on the dark side.

## The Lizard, Bee, and Troubadour

5-8-94

Words and Music © by Charles Stacey

CAPO DROP D

D B7 E G A  
It was a sultry summer Sunday - A day in early May. I was singing in the back yard - not sure of what to play  
D B7 G A Bb D  
When up steps a lizard of a purely average size who shows off his ruby throat as if to catch my eye.

D B7  
He says "Let's write a new song - your sad one just won't do.  
G A Bb D  
I want a May or June one - not a blue September tune.

D B7 E G A D  
One with a simple harmony so that I can sing along. One to cheer me up when everything goes wrong."

D B7 E G A  
I shook my head in disbelief at his pure rich baritone. That lizard with the ruby throat - and me there all alone.

D B7 G A Bb D  
Sitting in the garden it all seemed quite unreal. Then a lizard with a yellow stripe joined in with a squeal.

D B7 E G A  
He said, "I'll take the tenor part if you let me join your band. I'd also play the tambourine, if I only had a hand."

D B7  
Then a bee peered from a blossom. "As a bass I sing quite grand.  
G A Bb D

My wings can play the rhythm part - just show me where to stand.

*(Chorus)*

B7 E  
*The dandelions danced while the purple sage it swayed*  
G A G A  
*and a happy tune touched my old guitar on that magic summer day.*

Bb D Bb D G D  
*We sang it high - we sang it low - we sang it fast - then we sang it slow. We filled the day with a happy tune*  
E C A Bb D Bb D  
*- music sweet as a lilac in bloom. The lizards, the bee and the troubadour, we sing.*

*and it sounded something like this: (kazoo ride of verse melody)*

D B7  
We sang along all afternoon till the sun was sinking low.

E G A  
Then the lizard with the baritone said, "It's time for us to go."

D B7  
I said my thanks for the happy tune and their gentle company  
G A Bb D  
and asked when we'd take to the Mucky Duck for all the world to see.

D B7 G A Bb D  
I saw the lizard smile - It was a grin from ear to ear. He said, "That's quite an offer. That's a genuine idear."

D B7  
But he said that the magic only works on a Sunday afternoon  
G A Bb D  
and with a singer of your temperament who's crazy as a loon.

(RPT INSTR)

*(Chorus)*

*B7 E*  
*The dandelions danced while the purple sage it swayed*  
*G A G A*  
*and a happy tune touched my old guitar on that magic summer day.*  
*Bb D Bb D G D*  
*We sang it high - we sang it low - we sang it fast - then we sang it slow. We filled the day with a happy tune*  
*E C A Bb D Bb D*  
*- music sweet as a lilac in bloom. The lizards, the bee and the crazy loon, Oh yeah that's me.*

## Looking for a Friend

6-29-89

Words and Music © by Charles Stacey and Bill Kingsbury

Capo + 5

Am D7  
I'm not lookin' for a lover but I sure could use a friend.  
Am D7  
Someone to share the lonesome road and have some time to spend.  
F G C--walk down-Am-Am(G)  
We've walked alone for oh so long; It's time for com-pan-y.  
F E Am-walk down-E-Am  
I want someone to share the song with me.

E Am  
Someone to share a quiet moment, somewhere on the way.  
Dm G Am-Em7-Am  
To let me feel what I must feel and say what I must say.  
Em7-Am-Em7-Am

Am D7  
Well I've looked in many faces that offered me their smiles.  
Am D7  
There weren't enough to lighten up the dark and lonely miles.  
F G C--walk down-Am-Am(G)  
Reaching out in pain so great. Both desperate to be saved  
F E Am-walk down-E-Am  
from emptiness in pleasures that we craved.

E Am  
A friend would share the world that's hidden deep inside my mind  
Dm G Am-Em7-Am  
and bend to touch the child within and not leave him behind.  
Em7-Am-Em7-Am

Am D7 Am D7  
I was searching in their faces – Looking for myself. Beggin' for salvation while I squandered all my wealth.  
F G C--walk down-Am-Am(G)  
The anger in denial fights the pain of inward sight.  
F E Am-walk down-E-Am  
The demon's whined and wrestled for my life.

E Am  
I'm not lookin' for a lover but I sure could use a friend ———  
Dm G Am - Em7-Am  
To let me stand up straight yet like a willow let me bend.  
Em7-Am-Em7-Am

Am D7 Am D7  
And when I seek the solitude that through my soul must pass you'll lead me to the other side of the looking glass.  
F G C--walk down-Am-Am(G)  
It's only then I'll see myself for what I really am  
F E Am-walk down-E-Am  
Winter's tree that bares its every limb.

E Am  
Then winter grows into the spring and life bursts forth anew.  
Dm G Am- Em7  
The budding branches reaching out to touch the heaven's blue.  
Am-Em7-Am-Em7-Am

Am D7  
I'm not lookin' for a lover but I sure could use a friend.  
Am D7  
Someone to share the lonesome road and have some time to spend.  
F G C--walk down-Am-Am(G)  
We've walked alone for oh so long; It's time for com-pan-y.  
F E Am-walk down-E-Am  
I want someone to share the song with me.

## Lucky Penny Day

3-27-93 (capo up 5)

Words and Music © by Charles Stacey

(INTRO) G Am7 A9 C/e A9 Am7h.o.d G h.o.c G

G Am7 A9 C/e A9 Am7 h.o.d G  
The mist climbs off the lakes dark face and mingles with the magical rays –  
G Am7 A9 C/e  
of the dawn's first light shining copper bright.

A9 Am7h.o.d G G C h.o.d G G F C G  
It's a lucky penny day – The nights chill melts away.  
Em D C G

The breeze among the tall pines, like my lovers sleeping sigh –  
Em D F Bb Am7 D7  
Whispers stories of the magic land behind her peaceful dreamers eye.

G Am7 A9 C/e A9 Am7 h.o.d G  
I hold her tight in the penny's light then rise to greet the day.

G Am7 A9 C/e A9 Am7h.o.d G  
Embers left from last night's fire wink and call my name.

G C h.o.d G G F C G  
I Coax the fires flame.

Em D C G Em D F Bb Am7 D7  
Dew drops under tall pines, a blanket woven fine, a pine bough bed, her sleepy head, the hope filled omen's sign.

### *(Instrumental ride)*

G Am7 A9 C/e A9 Am7 h.o.d G  
The dogwood spreads her milky arms and reaches to the noon-day sun.

G Am7 A9 C/e A9 Am7h.o.d G G C h.o.d G G F C G  
The legend says her burden is shed, her painful past is now done. Springtime's promise she won.

Em D C G  
The secret of the tall pines whispers in my mind.

Em D F Bb Am7 D7 p.o.g  
I see it in the gray squirrels' timeless flight tree to tree 'cross the clear blue sky.

G Am7 A9 C/e A9 Am7 h.o.d G  
Floating with my love on the crystal lake, watching the fish swimming by.

G Am7 A9 C/e A9 Am7h.o.d G G C h.o.d G G F  
C G

The turtles perch then off they lurch, our paddles punch a hole in the sky. Like a dream in a painters eye.

Em D C G Em  
Shadows paint the tall pines, the day is winding down,

D F Bb Am7 D7  
the cardinal's flee the sweetgum tree, the campfire's smoke floats round.

G            Am7    A9   C/e            A9    Am7   h.o. d   G  
 The full moon sneaks a closer look, the wishing star shares its light.  
 G            Am7    A9C/e            A9    Am7   h. o. d   G  
 The tall pines sing their lullaby – the campfires glow greets the night.  
 G            C   h.o.d            G            G F C G  
           A copper penny's light.  
           Em                            D            C                            G  
 The smoke's scent follows beauty – Daytime follows night –  
           Em                            D                            F            Bb Am7   D7  
 and love like the morning glory blooms in the lucky penny light.

***(Repeat Instrumental)***

## The Maiden Of Kintyre

12-12-94

Words and Music © by Charles Stacey

C Am F  
 The Maiden of Kintyre gazes out to sea, her heart so gay,  
 G Am  
 she sings and sways to the song her lover weaves.  
 F G C Gm A7  
 From window high 'bove heather green and ocean azure blue,  
 Dm G E Am  
 she sees the isle of Erin smile - Home to her minstrel true.  
 C Am  
 Five leagues on toward sunset her Laddie love looks back  
 F G Am  
 from high atop the castle rock, his stout heart leaps and shouts.  
 F G C Gm A7  
 Bound by love that fills the gulf, her minstrel greets the dawn  
 Dm G E Am  
 but war clouds crest o're lovers blessed. Desperate grows their song.

### *(Chorus)*

F G C Gm6 A7  
*Loves sweet promise whispers soft as the sun drenched summers day.*  
 F G F G  
*Smell the highland heather and feel the ocean spray.*  
 C Am F G  
*The golden eagle gathers souls of the bonnie, brave and true -*  
 Am Dm G Am Dm G C  
*While the raven from the emerald isle weaves his spell in blue. A magic spell in blue.*

C Am  
 Bonnie Charlie raised the clans then crossed the Irish Sea.  
 F G Am  
 So her minstrel came to Castle Swein then took his soldiers leave.  
 F G C Gm6 A7  
 A harp slung o're his shoulder, brave tune on his lips -  
 Dm G E Am  
 He bade farewell saying, "I'll be well, or take the eagles trip."  
 C Am  
 The clans marched to Culloden, lambs led to the slaughter.  
 F G Am  
 Mothers cried as brave sons died - now flee ye wives and daughters.  
 F G C Gm6 A7  
 The clans now scatter like dry leaves on a highland winters morn.  
 Dm G E Am  
 She had to leave on the evening breeze. To A-mer-i-kay the clan was goin'.

*(Chorus)*



C Am  
 From castle wall she jumped so high to join her lover true,  
 F G Am  
 but those that watched in disbelief say a golden eagle flew.  
 F G C Gm6 A7  
 Then high above Kintyre's shores there came a raven's cheer.  
 Dm G E Am  
 Then the eagle and the raven into sunset they disappeared.  
 C Am  
 T'was long ago they vanished and yet still time to time -  
 F G Am  
 The fishermen of Kintyre spy an eagle there a flying.  
 F G C Gm6 A7 Am  
 And right next to the golden bird, a small one black as night -  
 Dm G E  
 flies side by side as on they glide in high, mid-ocean flight. 'cause.

***(Chorus)***

F G C Gm6 A7  
*Loves sweet promise whispers soft as the sun drenched summers day.*  
 F G F G  
*Smell the highland heather and feel the ocean spray.*  
 C Am F G  
*The golden eagle gathers souls of the bonnie, brave and true -*  
 Am Dm G Am  
*While the raven from the emerald isle weaves his spell in blue.*  
 Dm G Am Dm G C Am G F G C  
*A magic spell in blue. And that magic still lives in you.*

## The Maypole (Beltane May 1)

11-16-94

Words © by Holli Bara

Music © by Alan Frost & Charles Stacey

### (Chorus)

*Em D G D Em D*  
*Round the lads and lassies Go - round and round the circle grows.*  
*Em D G D Em D Em*  
*Ribbons of silver, ribbons of gold, round and round the magic maypole*  
*D G C G D G*  
*Follow the heather over the hill - Follow it down to the sea.*  
*D Am C G Em*  
*Follow the heather where ye will but follow it home to me.*

*A Em A Em*  
Mother weaves a story, father tells it too.  
*A Em C D Em*  
To cast the babe on a journey nigh - to dream time woven true.  
*Am D G C D*  
Fare thee well my love - travel safe and well.  
*Em C B7 Em*  
Find the magic maypole there - under the moonlight spell.

### (Chorus)

*Em D G D Em D*  
*Round the lads and lassies go - round and round the circle grows.*  
*Em D G D Em D Em*  
*Ribbons of silver, ribbons of gold, round and round the magic maypole*  
*D G C G D G*  
*Follow the heather over the hill - Follow it down to the sea.*  
*D Am C G Em*  
*Follow the heather where ye will but follow it home to me.*

A                      Em                      A                      Em  
 Hear the children laughing light - singing sweet their song.  
 A                      Em                      C                      D                      Em  
 Spring is here - the time is near - peace is not far long.  
 Am                      D                      G                      C                      D  
 Fare thee well my love - travel safe and well.  
 Em                      C                      B7                      Em  
 Find the magic maypole there under the moonlight spell.

*(Chorus)*

***Em                      D                      G                      D                      Em                      D***  
***Round the lads and lassies Go - round and round the circle grows.***  
***Em                      D                      G                      D                      Em                      D                      Em***  
***Ribbons of silver, ribbons of gold, round and round the magic maypole***  
***D                      G                      C                      G                      D                      G***  
***Follow the heather over the hill - Follow it down to the sea.***  
***D                      Am                      C                      G                      Em***  
***Follow the heather where ye will but follow it home to me.***

A                      Em                      A                      Em  
 The magic of the maypole's message woven true.  
 A                      Em                      C                      D                      Em  
 The dreamers dream - the singers sing - the ribbons me and you.  
 Am                      D                      G                      C                      D  
 Wound and bound together - all parts of the whole.  
 Em                      C                      B7                      Em  
 The dancers dream their timeless dance around the magic maypole.

*(Chorus)*

***Em                      D                      G                      D                      Em                      D***  
***Round the lads and lassies Go - round and round the circle grows.***  
***Em                      D                      G                      D                      Em                      D                      Em***  
***Ribbons of silver, ribbons of gold, round and round the magic maypole***  
***D                      G                      C                      G                      D                      G***  
***Follow the heather over the hill - Follow it down to the sea.***  
***D                      Am                      C                      G                      Em***  
 Follow the heather where ye will but follow it home to me.

## The Middle Way

June 28, 2014

Words and Music (c) Charles Stacey

Capo +2

Dm Am C Dm  
I sit here on the mountainside - we share the morning breeze  
F G Am  
I slow my mind and still my heart - then breath a whispered plea  
Dm Am C Dm  
You live here in between two worlds - so close yet far away  
F G C  
Please teach me - the middle way

### CHORUS

Bb G C Bb G C  
*Brown eyes smile - - Wis - dom's Child*  
F G Em Am  
*A boundary separates us. A fence defines our space*  
F G C walk to Am F G C Dm Am C Dm F G Am  
*But which of us in inside And which of us — is out of place*

Dm Am C Dm  
I say I'm here to care for you and yet it seems to be  
F G Am  
That you're the one that's taking care of me  
Dm Am C Dm  
My hand may hold a lock and key - but freedom's in your play  
F G C  
You're teaching me - the middle way

### CHORUS

Dm Am C Dm  
The monsoon clouds are rolling in - they promise us relief  
F G Am  
Nothing gained with out some pain - no joy without some grief  
Dm Am C Dm  
You're dawn before the sunrise, I'm gloaming's end of day  
F G C  
Our only hope — the middle way

### CHORUS

Dm Am C Dm  
Surrounded in the twilight life slips before our eyes  
F G Am  
suspended in between the day and midnights velvet sky  
Dm Am C Dm  
Vo-cab-u-lary fails us - There's nothing left to say  
F G C  
Dis-covering — the middle way

### CHORUS

Bb G C Bb G C  
*Brown eyes smile - - Wis - dom's Child*  
F G Em Am  
*A boundary separates us. A fence defines our space*  
F G C walk to Am F G Am  
*But which of us in inside And which of us — has found their place*



## The Midnight Mind

11-30-95

Words and Music © by Charles Stacey

Em5 D  
A promise made just yesterday still ringing in her ears.  
C6 Bm  
The brightness of that new days dawn reflected in her tears.  
Cmaj7 D Cmaj7 D  
Alone she searches memories - sitting in the dark.  
Cmaj7 D Cmaj7 D Em  
A cup of coffee, a calico cat, an aching sleepless heart. Her old familiar part.

Em5 D  
The midnight mind a playground - a hole that can't be filled,  
C6 Bm  
a trance not easily broken, a voice that won't be stilled.  
Cmaj7 D Cmaj7 D  
A pair of teardrops trickle into bitter salty streams –  
Cmaj7 D Cmaj7 D Em  
Separate in their sameness yet fed by different dreams. A distant siren screams

Em5 D  
So many times she trusted - So many times she tried -  
C6 Bm  
So many screams were stifled - So many tears uncried.  
Cmaj7 D Cmaj7 D  
The kitchen spins a silent spell. The ashtray overflows.  
Cmaj7 D Cmaj7 D Em  
She wrestles with the questions as the tragedy unfolds. For reasons yet untold

Em5 D  
Holding tight to here and now but mem-o-ries intrude.  
C6 Bm  
Angry voices threaten her with guilt that still deludes.  
Cmaj7 D Cmaj7 D  
She feels the poison seeping from the secret place inside –  
Cmaj7 D Cmaj7 D Em  
Containing all the feelings of the ones that wouldn't cry. The ones that chose to die

Em5 D  
She saw the life slip away she carried deep inside.  
C6 Bm  
It's a tale told through the ages. Countless ways and countless times.  
Cmaj7 D Cmaj7 D  
Gazing out their windows - at the ghosts of those who've gone.  
Cmaj7 D Cmaj7 D  
Cloistered in their kitchens - one of many - each alone.  
Em Em5  
Maiden - Mother - Crone

## The Minstrel and the Devil

10-9-94

Words and Music © by Charles Stacey

Capo Drop D

tuning

*For Phillip Stacey*

Am G A7 D7  
The minstrel and the devil, walking on the way. Lost in conversation the troubadour did say,  
Cm Gm7 Ab Bb Cm  
“As a traveling companion you seem to have no peer, and yet I’ve noticed something that strikes me quite weird  
G Am  
Really weird. Absolutely weird.

Am G A7 D7  
In story after legend. In verse and countless song. Someone gets the best of you and right wins over wrong.  
Cm Gm7  
So, tell me just how is it you still can keep your job  
Ab Bb Cm G Am  
in the face of all these failures and the souls you couldn’t rob. You tried to rob. But failed to rob.

**(Chorus)**

G D  
*You went on down to Georgia and lost your fiddle of gold.*  
C D  
*You argued with Dan Webster and that hand you had to fold.*  
Em Bm C D  
*I do believe you’re just a shill in some cosmic poker game. Someone we invented to take up all the blame.*  
G Bm  
*I wonder if in times gone by you had another name*  
C D  
*and found a greater favor in the way you played the game.*  
Em Bm  
*I trust someday you’ll get a break. A better hand to play,*  
C D G cG  
*when we take responsibility for ourselves along the way.*

**(INSTRUMENTAL RIDE)**

Am G  
They say you’re from a burning pit - buried deep below  
A7 D7  
and we’d better do just what they want or that’s just where we will go.  
Cm Gm7 Ab Bb Cm  
And once again a good man - They said you stole away. But I know a soul that gentle - He found a better fate.  
G Am  
A quiet fate. A Gentle fate.

**(Chorus)**



## Mirrors

1/22/13

Words and Music © Charles Stacey

Capo +4

C D GcG

G Bm C D G  
This couch is torn and faded – seams strain at the threads  
Em Bm C D  
Skinned and scuffed and filled with dust – lumps and bumps have spread  
G Bm C D G  
Wrinkles grace that aging face – but comfort's soft caress  
Em D C G C D G  
Still holds me tight through restless nights- and mirrors my life's quest

### *Chorus*

C D G C D G  
*I'm surrounded by reflections – companions on life's road*  
Em D C G D C G  
*Both built to last from time's now past – Hard knocks to wisdom grown*  
C D G C D G  
*We're made for comfort not for speed – Pretty's not what counts*  
Em D C G D C G C D GcG  
*A job well done – A good long run – Rough edges all worn out*

G Bm C D G  
This faded leather jacket – a gift from long ago  
Em Bm C D  
The lining's ripped, the zip won't zip – No shine is left to show  
G Bm C D G  
Time memorized and molded her – to fit just like a glove  
Em D C G C D G  
Bull hide thick that the wind can't trick – Old friends like twins we've grown **(Chorus)**

G Bm C D G  
A drop of neat's foot oil and that baseball glove's like new  
Em Bm C D  
Heels and soles and patched up holes or jeweler's rogue will do  
G Bm C D G  
Not just old, We're classic – aged like vintage wine  
Em D C G C D G  
Form can fade but function stays – what's old is new in time **(Chorus)**

## Moon Dance

10/18/09

Words and Music © Charles Stacey

G h.o. C G Am  
Dancing with the dark moon – mem'ry like the mist  
C D G h.o. C G walk to  
Floating in between the worlds – an unintended guest  
Em Bm  
Counting days that separate beginning and the end  
C D G C D  
Times relentless passage – the pathway twists and bends

### *Chorus*

C Bm  
*Spinning in a circle – old will be renewed*  
F D  
*Then spiral back to old again – first wilt, then seed, then bloom*  
C Em  
*Tugging on her body – playing with his mind*  
D G C G  
*Pulling on their heart strings – lives separate now entwined*

G h.o. C G Am  
Waking to the new moon – promise hides her face  
C D G h.o. C G walk to  
A destination beckons outside time and space  
Em Bm  
Promise in the sunrise – the whispers start to build  
C D G C D  
Love a seed just planted – hope a space to fill *Chorus*

G h.o. C G Am  
The full moon fills the endless sky – reflections gentle light  
C D G h.o. C G walk to  
The father seen in mother's face restores forgotten sight  
Em Bm  
Light of celebration – dancing with delight  
C D G C D  
Filling midnight shadows – no place for dark tonight *Chorus*

G h.o. C G  
Dancing with the dark moon

## More Things Change

February 14, 2015

Words and Music (c) Charles Stacey, Lori Stephens Reed and Steve Sprague

D                      Adim6          Gm                  A  
Alarm clock shattered my dreams - news announcer blared.  
D                      Adim6          Gm                  A  
talk of war and sickness - hanging in the air  
D                      D7          Gm7                  Bbm  
Voices from the radio - perky and so bright  
D                      Gm7 Em7          A7          D  
Describing death and horror with sincere delight

### *Chorus*

**G                                      A                                      D walk to                  Bm**  
***The more things change the more they stay the way they've always been***  
**C    A**  
***Ten thousand years of his-to-ry and here we go again***  
**G                                      A                                      D walk to                  Bm**  
***Age old walls we hide behind, fear and hate the bricks***  
**G                                      F#m                  A                  A                  A7**  
***It's a good thing that we're civilized or we'd be in a fix***

D                      Adim6          Gm                  A  
Old men send the young men to fight their dirty wars  
D                      Adim6          Gm                                      A  
Mothers cry their tears of grief and shuffle through their chores  
D                      D7          Gm7                                      Bbm  
Rich folks count their money - poor folks dream their dreams  
D                      Gm7 Em7          A7          D  
They'll become rich folk - work and plan and scheme **(Chorus)**

D                      Adim6          Gm                  A  
The truth a lie and good is bad. The world all up side down  
D                      Adim6          Gm                                      A  
But nothing's changed since we moved ourselves to town  
D                      D7          Gm7                  Bbm  
Prayin' to be delivered - Vandals at the gate  
D                      Gm7          Em7          A7          D  
Controlled by illusion that feeds on fear and hate **(Chorus)**

D                      Adim6          Gm                  A  
Some use an-ac-ran-is-tic and my name as synonyms  
D                      Adim6          Gm                                      A  
A throwback to the 60's a washed up old has-been  
D                      D7          Gm7                  Bbm  
I can't help if I'm hopeful - some day we'll get it right  
D                      Gm7          Em7          A7          D  
And wake to find the darkness is balanced with the light



## The Muses' Hand (Imbolc – February 1)

2/3/95

Words and Music © by Charles Stacey

Capo +7

Bm F#m Bm F#  
See the sun child frolic in the heavens. Playing hide and seek there in the sky.  
G D E A  
His warmth held safe between a fleece white cloud bank and a winters sky as blue as Brigid's eyes.

*(Chorus)*

G Bm G F#  
*Seeds are stirring somewhere in the darkness. Inspirations fires touch the land.*  
G D A G walk down D  
*And warms the heart and soul within the poet. And the bard held gently in the muses' hand.*

Bm F#m Bm F#  
Hope was born anew at winter solstice. A child growing in the waxing light.  
G D E A  
Brigid on a pathway into springtime - Dances in the child's pure delight.

*(Chorus)*

G Bm G F#  
*Seeds are stirring somewhere in the darkness. Inspirations fires touch the land.*  
G D A G walk down D  
*And warms the heart and soul within the poet. And the bard held gently in the muses' hand.*

Bm F#m Bm F#  
Fires of the heart are burning brightly. Fires of the mind bring crystal light.  
G D E A  
Fires of the wind blow from the Southland. Fires out of time chase waning nights.

*(Chorus)*

G Bm G F#  
*Seeds are stirring somewhere in the darkness. Inspirations fires touch the land.*  
G D A G walk down D  
*And warms the heart and soul within the poet. And the bard held gently in the muses' hand.*

## No Man's Land

8-15-93

Words and Music © by Charles Stacey

Capo Drop D

Chimes at 15 12 9 5 D/a D/ e D/a D/ e

D/a F#m C/g Em  
Your gentle fragrance lingers as the breeze plays with my hair.  
G D  
I'm reaching out to touch and then remember you're not here.  
D/a F#m C/g Em  
But the strings move like your body held in my calloused hands.  
G D  
This flat top magic carpet flies my heart to where you stand.  
C D Chimes 12 9 7 5 D  
But I wake alone in no man's land. A stranger in a once familiar land.  
Chimes 12 9 7 5 D/a D/e D/a D/e

D/a F#m C/g Em  
Your question crosses miles, can love navigate that far?  
G D  
I know our time was way too short but you're always on my mind.  
D/a F#m C/g Em  
And we look up at the same moon and share the same stars bright  
G D  
but the new moon hid this morning much to the no man's lands delight  
C D D/e D/a D/e  
Hidden in the sunrise shining light.  
Chimes 12 9 7 5 D Chimes 15 12 9 5 D/a  
Lost alone in the no man's land's dark night.

D/a F#m C/g Em G D  
There's a silent desperation deep down in my soul as I carry out the timeless task of changing lead to gold.  
D/a F#m C/g Em  
Or a thousand other questions: Like How to make love stay  
G D  
or how far through this no man's land to where you'll share my day - -  
C D  
And the new moon return to show the way -  
Chimes 12 9 7 5 D Chimes 15 12 9 5 D/a D/e D/a D/e  
'cause footprints in times shifting sands don't stay

D/a F#m C/g Em  
Your gentle fragrance lingers as the breeze plays with my hair.  
G D  
I'm reaching out to touch and then remember you're not here.  
D/a F#m C/g Em  
But the strings move like your body held in my calloused hands  
G D  
and this flat top magic carpet flies away from the shifting sands.  
C D Chimes 12 9 7 5 D  
Where together we'll be dreaming in a strange new land. Exploring this place called no man's land.  
Chimes 15 2 9 5 D/a D/e D/a D/e D/h.o.a

## Non Sequitur Blues

Words and Music © Charles Stacey

October 12, 2020

D G A Bm G A D

D F#m C(d) A  
Singin' the non sequitur blues – Holes in both of my shoes  
D walk down Bm G A Bm G A D  
Walkin' along – singin' my song – It's the non sequitur blues

Bb D C#dim Bm Bb D E A  
Ain't it crazy - Ain't it strange – Downright silly - Nonsense fills the page

D F#m C(d) A D walk down Bm G A Bm G A D

D F#m C(d) A  
Singin' the non sequitur blues – It's the big word salad news  
D walk down Bm G A Bm G A D  
Random words – Nouns and verbs – It's the non sequitur blues

Bb D C#dim Bm Bb D E A  
Ipso facto – quid pro quo – carpe diem – et cetera

D F#m C(d) A  
Singin' the non sequitur blues – Absolute chaos rules  
D walk down Bm G A Bm G A D  
What do they mean – Rhymes and schemes – It's the non sequitur blues

Bb D C#dim Bm Bb D E A D F#m C(d) A D walk down Bm G A Bm G A D

D F#m C(d) A  
Singin' the non sequitur blues – Gadot and Ionesco Rule  
D walk down Bm G A Bm G A D  
Playin' the game – Ain't it a shame – It's the non sequitur blues

Bb D C#dim Bm Bb D E A  
In is out – up is down – top's the bottom – A smile is really a frown

D F#m C(d) A  
Singin' the non sequitur blues – a psychedelic neon cruise  
D walk down Bm G A D  
Ain't no thang – winter is spring – It's the non sequitur blues  
G A Bm G C#dim D  
It's the non sequitur blues – It's the non sequitur blues





## Nothing (Isn't Nothing)

May 4, 2020

Words and Music © Charles Stacey

E7 E E7 A6 at 6 C at 5 A6 at 6 C at 5

A6 at 6 C at 5 A6 at 6 C at 5

Nothing's going to be the same. It's all been re-arranged

G6 Fmaj7 G6 Fmaj7 E7 E E7 Asus2 A Asus2 A  
A total de-construction – and everything seems strange – as it can be

A E F#m B  
Old Ben greets the sunrise – He's seen many come and go

D A B7 E E7  
Nothing is something that he knows

A E F#m B  
As a young man it was his answer when his lover asked "What's wrong"  
D A B7 E strummed E7

Now these days it's his answer when he's asked: "What's going on?"

A6 at 6 C at 5 A6 at 6 C at 5

Nothing - - so he took a walk and saw the lilac's bloom

G6 Fmaj7 G6 Fmaj7 E7 E E7 E  
Nothing so he wrote a song to brighten up the gloom – and fill the doom

A6 at 6 C at 5 A6 at 6 C at 5

Nothing was the blue sky and the solstice gentle breeze

G6 Fmaj7 G6 Fmaj7 E7 E E7 E Asus2 A Asus2  
Nothing was the gift of time and the whisper of the trees - or buzzing bees

A E F#m B  
Old Ben greets a young man, Phil "come sit with me a spell"  
D A B7 E E7

I see the weight you carry and know your fear quite well

A E F#m B  
Phillip cries in anguish – "nothing's – going to be the same"  
D A B7 E strummed E7

Ben smiles at his friend and gently he explains

A6 at 6 C at 5 A6 at 6 C at 5

The missiles of October – John Kennedy's demise

G6 Fmaj7 G6 Fmaj7 E7 E E7 E  
Watts and DC burning – and the presidential lies - and Viet Nam

A6 at 6      C at 5      A6 at 6      C at 5  
 The Challenger and Columbine – The Towers tumbled down  
 G6      Fmaj7      G6      Fmaj7      E7      E      E7      E Asus2      A      Asus2      A  
 Afghanistan then Bagdad – now the virus has us locked up in our town

A      E      F#m      B  
 Once more we're standing at a cross roads we've been down this road my friend  
 D      A      B7      E      E7  
 Old Ben heaves a sigh then softly he says  
 A      E      F#m      B  
 "Nothing's always something" – this time a-round young man it's your turn  
 D      E      A      strummed E7  
 To figure it out and realize what you have learned –      because

A6 at 6      C at 5  
 Nothing's going to be the same.

A6 at 6	C at 5	G6	Fmaj7	E7	E
0 0 7 6 7 0	0 0 5 5 5 0	0 3 2 0 3 0	0 0 3 2 1 0	0 2 2 1 3 0	0 2 2 1 0 0
Asus2	A	F#m	B	D	
B7					
0 0 2 2 0 0	0 0 2 2 2 0	2 4 4 2 2 2	2 2 4 4 4 2	x 0 0 2 3 2	2 2 4 2 4 2

## Ode to the Fractal

8/13/16

Words and Music © Charles Stacey

Dm7 G7/9 C Fm7 C G7/9

Cmaj7 Gm7 Gdim Edim Bbmaj7 Bbm7  
A particle or wave – the cradle or the grave – the opposite - more the same than the same

Dm7 Cmaj7  
From the smallest to the largest – we're built of time and stardust

Gm7 Fm7/9 Fm7 Dm7 G7/9 Am7 A7  
And time is just a whispered lover's vow – in a universe where all we have is now  
Dm7 G7/9 C Fm7 C G7/9

Cmaj7 Gm7 Gdim Edim Bbmaj7 Bbm7  
Philosophers can wonder – at the atoms torn asunder - by physicists who smash to smithereens

Dm7 Cmaj7  
Each piece from small to smaller – yet chaos moves to order  
Gm7 Fm7/9 Fm7 Dm7 G7/9 Am7 A7  
The recipe of life's primordial soup – A vichyssoise emerges from the goop  
Dm7 G7/9 C Fm7 C G7/9

Cmaj7 Gm7 Gdim Edim Bbmaj7 Bbm7  
But is it what it seems – since reality's a dream, A - mosaic of imaginations scheme

Dm7 Cmaj7  
A cosmic soup and slurry, partly - sound and partly fury  
Gm7 Fm7/9 Fm7 Dm7 G7/9 Am7 A7  
This fusion of illusion is the best – that we can seem to summon in this quest  
Dm7 G7/9 C Fm7 C G7/9

Cmaj7 Gm7 Gdim Edim Bbmaj7 Bbm7  
If life's melody's a forest – the fractal is the chorus - voices join as one in the refrain

Dm7 Cmaj7  
The smallest is the largest – be it multiverse or quantum  
Gm7 Fm7/9 Fm7 Dm7 G7/9 Am7 A7  
Or strings that form the fabric that we are – from sub atomic hum to shooting star  
Dm7 G7/9 C Fm7 C G7/9

Cmaj7 Gm7 Gdim Edim Bbmaj7 Bbm7  
Some sing of trucks and trains - mother, love and rain – I sing of physics, fractals and the brain

Dm7 Cmaj7  
They sing about their puppies – kittens, kids and guppies  
Gm7 Fm7/9 Fm7 Dm7 G7/9 Am7 A7  
In a world where complexity's a curse – from a sow's ear we'll construct a silken purse  
Dm7 G7/9 C Fm7 Cmaj7 C

# Odyssey

6-8-94

Words and Music © by Charles Stacey

Amaj7                      G                      C                      D  
Staring out at headlights that stare right back at me and paint in pain the message, "it's the price of being free."  
Em                      C                      D    G                      Em                      C                      D  
Some must choose the lonesome road and solitary be.                      I choose alone, not lonely - my muse for company.  
G                      C    G  
We're in search of the mystery

***(Chorus)***

*So, I rub the brass so shiny and I call the genie's name, and*  
*dream the wishes promised and in these strings like a lamp contained*  
*G walk down to Em*  
*Wishing for a melody and truths to fit my rhymes*  
*and a voice as clear as a mountain stream to sing of a distant time*

Amaj7 G  
The road leads to a mountain top where the ancient ones roamed free.

C D  
A cedar recalls their age-old dance in a whisper ghostly green.

Em C D G Em C D  
The valley hums her timeless tune so I join in the melody. Life's basket woven tight enough to hold eternity

G C G  
On the spirit's odyssey

**(Chorus)**

Amaj7 G  
From the Mountain top to the valley deep to the river crystal clear –  
C D  
Listening to the timeless tune that so few seem to hear.  
Em C D G  
Her silent voice is a whisper hidden deep inside my dream –  
Em C D  
My odyssey with this flat top box with shiny brass wound strings  
G C G  
Reveals the song she sings. *(Chorus)*

Amaj7    G    C    D  
I'm rolling down the highway, I got a thousand miles to go. A pocket full of memories but not much else to show.

Em    C    D    G  
The future's like the desert - it's a vast uncharted land.

Em    C    D  
I'm finding my choice in the lizard's voice and the touch of an ancient hand.

G    C    G  
The age old Mimbres band

*(Chorus)*

## One Step

11/15/98

Words and Music © Charles Stacey  
Capo +2

To: Quail Dobbs and his excellent advice

Em D  
I hit the road to fame and fortune wet behind the ears.  
C B7  
I was a bull-riding cowboy of lean and tender years.  
C G  
Blue-sky dreams filled my head. To green to feel much fear,  
Am D Em  
dad's stories of the rodeo filled my hungry ears.  
Em D  
I was sitting down behind the chutes waiting for my ride  
C B7  
when a fellow dressed in baggy pants kneels down by my side.  
C G  
He whispers through the grease paint "my job's to save your hide.  
Am D Em  
Son, listen to experience and not your cowboy's pride.

Em D  
You see your glory lasts 8 seconds son and then the whistle sounds.  
C B7  
You're a hero for a moment but the show starts when you're down.  
C G  
Then horns and hooves and fear explode, your heart begins to pound.  
Am D Em  
The red eyed demon's gaining and there's no fence to be found." But

### *(Chorus)*

C G  
*All you need is one step tho' you'll feel his hot breath blow.*  
D G G7  
*You see, the demon gives you one more step each time you slap his nose.*  
C G Em  
*The old boy thinks he caught you so run steady as she goes,*  
C D B7 Em  
*'cause all you need is one step until the bullfighter shows.*

Em D  
In '68 the letter came. Next stop Viet Nam.  
C B7  
I traded in my chaps and spurs to fight for Uncle Sam.  
C G  
My head was full of John Wayne dreams. Rifle in my hand.  
Am D Em  
Soldiering was in my blood. I came to free the land.

Em D  
 Mortar shells were falling. Bullets whistled past my ear  
 C B7  
 while I thought about the words my sergeant said that I should hear.  
 C G  
 “A hero’s medals give no warmth or give a lover cheer.  
 Am D Em  
 Don’t die the fool. Son, Play it cool. Go dry your mother’s tears.”  
 Em D  
 The night exploded ‘round me. Death was all around.  
 C B7  
 The enemy engulfed us with a paralyzing sound.  
 C G  
 The sergeant hollers “fall back.” In a star shell’s eerie glow  
 Am D Em  
 a ghostly man in baggy pants and grease paint says, “let’s go.” *(Chorus)*

Em D  
 I had my fill of mud and blood, at times I thought I’d drown.  
 C B7  
 I added up my tally, it was time to settle down.  
 C G  
 Picket fences filled my dreams. My course was homeward bound.  
 Am D Em  
 First school then job then wife and kids feet firmly planted on the ground.  
 Em D  
 I’d run from bulls and bullets. Yes, death whispered in my ear  
 C B7  
 but that was as a young man of lean and tender years.  
 C G  
 Alone there wasn’t much to lose now life fills to the brim.  
 Am D Em  
 I see my grandkids growing but my sight is growing dim.  
 Em D  
 And then one night it happened. At first I thought it was a dream.  
 C B7  
 I was back in the arena and I heard the whistle scream  
 C G  
 A bolt of fear ran through me, there was not a fence in sight.  
 Am D Em  
 An angel dressed in baggy pants and grease paint points me toward a light.  
 He whispers *(Chorus)*

## Out of the Blue

12/16/19

Words and Music © Charles Stacey

Capo +2

**Intro** C walk to Am D7 G C

**Chorus**

C C7 F Edim  
It hit me right out of the blue – It hit me right out of the blue

C walk to Am D7 G C  
Walkin' along minding my business – It hit me right out of the blue

G C C7  
For years I was a sad sack, sleeping out behind dad's barn  
D7 G G7 G6  
Puffin' on a corn silk stogie while dreaming I'm a movie star  
E7 Asus4 pull to Am  
Gina Lola Brig-i-da was hanging right onto my arm  
D7 G G7 G6  
While we're flying in my Aston-Martin Then I wake back on the farm **But (Chorus)**

G C C7  
So I hit the road to fame and fortune guided by my shining stars  
D7 G G7 G6  
A student at the school of hard knocks and Dylan's old guitar  
E7 Asus4 pull to Am D7  
Tired, cold and hungry, my hat my only home – A life so small and dispirit  
G G7 G6  
And feeling quite alone **But it (Chorus)**

**Bridge**

F Em  
I finally stopped my ram-b-lin' and found my way back home  
Am G G7  
The Prodigal son returning – Defeated, Empty, Worn - then it (Chorus)

G C C7 D7  
Well, Here I am an old man. I traveled out among the stars – My quest for truth and beauty  
G G7 G6 E7 Asus4 pull to Am  
But finding mostly scars – Then I looked with new eyes – Simplicity shines bright  
D7 G G7 G6  
The Universe contained in one breath – An Elemental sight **Then it (Chorus)**



## Precious Cargo

11/27/14

Words and Music (c) Charles Stacey      Short Capo at 2 (A)

A                      C#m  
Walking by the riverside an old man caught my eye  
D                      A  
With trembling hands he clutched two roses gently by his side  
D                      F#m  
With rev-er-ence he place them at the waters edge  
G                      E                      Gmaj7                      A  
Than sat with me in silence and bowed his snow white head — then this is what he said

A                      C#m  
The river carries cargo - from the mountains to the sea  
D                      A  
Precious things since time began before our mem-o-ry  
D                      F#m  
Her sparkling waters carried me - a parcel on the tide  
G                      E                      Gmaj7                      A  
I found my piece of heaven there by the river side — Re-flections caught my eye

A                      C#m  
The golden nuggets glistened in the Colorado sun  
D                      A  
I brought my bride to the river side - We two were just as one  
D                      F#m  
The river's bounty fed us and her voice sang us to sleep  
G                      E                      Gmaj7                      A  
Then two became a trio and we thought our life complete — till the night the horned owl screeched

A                      C#m  
That winter was a long one. My son now 10 years old  
D                      A  
Spring melt and that thunderstorm made the river roll  
D                      F#m  
His fever came on suddenly. It burned from deep inside  
G                      E                      Gmaj7                      A  
The river roared her challenge — I shouted my reply      I won't let my Charlie die

A                      C#m  
The precious cargo nestled in between his ma and me  
D                      A  
tossed about like rag dolls the river threw us free  
D                      F#m  
The current clutched with cold wet hands and sang a lullaby  
G                      E                      Gmaj7                      A  
Beneath the waves they slipped away - a voice called out "abide" —Your place is by my side

A                      C#m  
The river gives and takes away - her current ebbs and flows  
D                      A  
This jealous mistress claimed me and holds her pris'ner close  
D                      F#m  
For three score years I've paid her price and begged the pain to ease  
G                      E                      Gmaj7                      A  
While sending two red roses for my loves each solstice eve    and prayed my soul's release  
A                      C#m  
Walking by the riverside an old man caught my eye

## The Prisoner

4-12-92

Words and Music © by Charles Stacey

Capo + 2

Dm(E) C Dm(E) C  
An ever present sadness crowds dark corners of my heart. A silent stealing madness – A secret hidden part.  
Dm(E) C  
An echo down an empty hall – past rooms with doors shut tight.  
Dm(E) C  
No shelter from the ghostly call – the shadows steal the light.

### Chorus

Em Am Em Am Dm G  
*Lost inside the big old house – there must be people there. I hear their whispers through the door.*  
Dm G F Am  
*They promise me they care but a touch they will not share.*

Dm(E) C  
It shouldn't hurt to be three years old but the world is filled with pain.  
Dm(E) C  
A dark form hovers very close. The dreamer calls his name.  
Dm(E) C  
But it's an echo down an empty hall. Past rooms with doors shut tight.  
Dm(E) C  
No shelter from the mem'rys call in an endless, sleepless night.

### Chorus

Em Am Em Am Dm G  
*A prisoner of the peeling paint in a house that's trapped in time. It's a monument to silence –.*  
Dm G F Am  
*Conspirators design - like a poet's nonsense rhyme.*

Dm(E) C  
It shouldn't hurt to be four years old so a bandage hides the scars.  
Dm(E) C  
Silence hides the bandage like a dark cloud hides the stars.  
Dm(E) C  
Like an echo down an empty hall. Past rooms with doors shut tight.  
Dm(E) C  
No shelter from the mem'rys call in an endless, sleepless night.

### Chorus

Em Am Em Am Dm G  
*Living in a house so big – I know there's someone there. I hear them laughing through the door*  
Dm G F Am  
*They promise me they care. A gentle touch they will not share.*

Dm(E) C  
 It shouldn't hurt to be five years old so the closet hides the pain.  
 Dm(E) C  
 Confusion's wind blows round me just like a hurricane.  
 Dm(E) C  
 Like an echo down an empty hall. Past rooms with doors shut tight.  
 Dm(E) C  
 Darkness forms a silent shroud on a seamless summer night.

**Chorus**

Em Am Em Am Dm G  
*Trapped inside the big old house – I know the Demon's Game. I hear his whisper through the door*  
 Dm G F Am  
*He's calling out my name. In a touch I feel his shame.*

Dm(E) C  
 It shouldn't hurt to be six years old but the walls now share my pain.  
 Dm(E) C  
 A knife point honed to razor sharp like a window's broken pane.  
 Dm(E) C  
 It's an echo down an empty hall. Past rooms with doors shut tight.  
 Dm(E) C  
 No shelter from the mem'rys call in a endless, sleepless night.

**Chorus**

Em Am Em Am Dm G  
*Trapped inside the creaking house – I smell the musty air. A poem forms upon my lips -*  
 Dm G F Am  
*The fading specter stares. Where is the daylight's cleansing glare.*

Dm(E) C Dm(E) C  
 The burning ache of loneliness like a fever in my heart. A silent stealing madness – The secret hidden part.  
 Dm(E) C  
 A face against the window screen – A prayer in freedom's name.  
 Dm(E) C  
 My friend the old magnolia tree sings out my sad refrain.

**Chorus**

Em Am Em Am Dm G  
*Moving through the big old house – I find the demon's lair. I gently whisper through the door -*  
 Dm G F Am  
*Then move into the glare of the dawns cool, healing air.*

Dm(E) C Dm(E) C  
 An ever present sadness crowds dark corners of my heart. A silent stealing madness – A pain once lost in time.

## The Prodigal

1/1/93

Words & Music © by Charles Stacey

There's a norther blowing cross Cherokee County the icicles are tuggin' at the telephone wire  
The winter raindrops whisper at the window trading stories with the smoke from the woodstove fire  
The TV says the interstate is icy but there's no place else this country boy wants to be.  
The prodigal released from the Exile city. I return to the river to claim my legacy.

*(Chorus)*

*There's a magic in my boyhood's crystal river it is a magnet that's pulling me away.*  
*From a city with rivers lined with cold hard concrete*  
*I trade the traffic and smog for the smell of the winter rain.*

A red squirrel is balanced on the high wire. I'm balanced at the crossroads of the future and yesterday  
I gaze into the flames to see the future and touch the time before I went away. - And  
I remember a spring time afternoon, walking through the woods.  
Soaking up the sunshine, life seemed sweet and good.  
The smell of the leaves and dad's old pipe Pilgrims in a silent world.  
A father and son on an age-old quest, for patience, wisdom, truth.  
My quest lead to the city's concrete canyons where shadows are filled by noise and neon light  
But I didn't see the hole hidden in the heart of darkness and I fell into the trap of my own dark shadowed night.

*(Chorus)*

*I was rescued by the magic of my boyhood's untamed river*  
*and the songs she sang on those simmer summer nights.*  
*It took the soft light of a hunters moon*  
*to show me the secrets in the showdows cast by the bright sunlight.*  
*Dm Bb7 Dm G Dm Bb7 G G7 G6 C*

Dm                      Bb7      Dm                      Bb7  
 A young boy joins me at the fire the winter wind is blowing through his heart  
 G                      Bb7  
 his tears fall like the raindrops at the window.  
 A7                      Dm  
 A fear inside is building with the gathering dark.

**(Chorus)**

C                      E              F                      C  
*I'm touched by the magic in my boyhood's crystal river that magnet that's pulling me away.*  
 E                      F  
*From a city with rivers lined with cold hard concrete*  
 D7                      G C Em7  
*my son cries, "Dad, those rivers are my magic place."*

Dm                      Bb7      Dm                      G  
 He's a stranger straight from the city's concrete canyons his father's world an alien place so stark.  
 Dm                      Bb7      G                      G7              G6      C  
 The boy was born in the world of noise and neon his place in my country world is the strangers part.  
 Dm                      Bb7      Dm                      Bb7  
 The age old quest for patience, truth and wisdom my father, my son, myself, my question cries.  
 G                      Bb7      A7                      Dm  
 Praying for an answer to the sounds of silence scanning the flames I wonder where the future lies.

## Rainbow In Disguise

2/7/1989

Words and Music © Charles Stacey

To: Brenda McDaniel and Tom Baumgartner

F                      G(d)                      C

C                      G(d)                      F G(d)                      C                      G(d)                      F G(d)

I'm Looking for the rainbow in disguise – The truth behind the mask that tells the lie

F                      G(d)                      C C(e) Am Am(g)

The fear that brick by brick can make a cold hard wall

F                      E                      Am D7                      F                      G(d)                      C

The pain we feel when shadows come to call – The hurt collected every time we fall

C                      G(d)                      F G(d)                      C                      G(d)                      F G(d)

I'm Looking for the rainbow in disguise – The dark that shows the truth to blinded eyes

F                      G(d)                      C C(e) Am Am(g)

The soft words of the lie that feel so safe and warm

F                      E                      Am D7                      F                      G(d)                      C

The painful push that takes us through the harm – Lightning shines the way within the storm

E                      E(d)                      Am                      Am(d)                      Am

The secret parts held far from sight – Reflected now in fears dark light

D7                      G                      F                      G

Finding in my en-em-y - The hidden key that sets me free

C                      G(d)                      F G(d)                      C                      G(d)                      F G(d)

I'm Looking for the rainbow in disguise – The love that grows within while we despise

F                      G(d)                      C C(e) Am Am(g)

The fear that grips our heart within its ice-y grasp

F                      E                      Am D7                      F                      G(d)                      C

The sadness holds us hostage to the past – But pain shines like a beacon to the last

C(e) Am Am(g)                      F                      G(d)                      C

## Refuge

May 23, 2014

Words and Music (c) Jaqui Jacobs and Charles Stacey

A G  
In glorious morning light the birds seek breezes to explore  
C D  
Their tiny spirits long for sun for warmth and strength to soar  
Em C D G  
What do you see below your flight - while you are winging free?  
Em C D G C G  
Did you feel your brothers loss and hear his mournful plea

### *Chorus*

Bm C  
*Don't turn your backs, don't walk away - the work belongs to all*  
Bm C D  
*To - recreate a place of rest a new home they can call*  
C D G Em  
*their sacred den, their lair of hope a space for them alone*  
C D G C C  
*to play and bound and share with all this refuge they call home.*

A G  
Your land is scared by careless hands, the waters cease their flow  
C D  
Soft - paws lay maps for futures sought by creatures on the go  
Em C D G  
Where once the tundra was their home and young were raised in peace  
Em C D G C G  
Now greedy men destroyed it all by breaking natures lease -

### *Chorus*

Bm C  
*Don't turn your backs, don't walk away - the work belongs to all*  
Bm C D  
*To - recreate a place of rest a new home they can call*  
C D G Em  
*their sacred den, their lair of hope a space for them alone*  
C D G C C  
*to play and bound and share with all this refuge they call home.*

A G  
Fear pursues the captive wolf, harsh masters to obey  
C D  
Misunderstandings shared by both bleak faith now slips away  
Em C D G  
from ashes of betrayal - sanctuaries rise  
Em C D G C G  
And shelters open wide their arms with love the sweetest prize

## The Reluctant Refugee

6-13-93

Words and Music by © Charles Stacey

G Gm6 G Gm6 G

A sea breeze wrestles the Brazos—like the oysterman wrestles the bay.  
A dark cloud wrestles with the orange sun till the moon sends them both away  
My mind floats away on the sea breeze, I'm carried North past the Brazos bend  
To where the Red River's singing softly – She's whispering in my head.  
The Dipper's overflowing with midnight. We're chased by the Scorpion's flight  
Straight on into morning and a Cookson Hills sunrise.

**(Chorus)**

*From the salt marsh to the Rocky's. From sea to shining sea.  
From the solstice to the equinox – A reluctant Refugee.  
The river beckons to me.*

The river's crystal life blood is set fire by the dawn's first light.  
This beacon cries, "Return to me and the land of the owl's flight."  
Like the North Star guides the sailor 'cross the ocean to his harbor home  
The moon guides the seasons passing, reflected in the Illinois' flow  
From the past right through to the future. From a spring that flows from deep within.  
It feeds the river, that feeds the sky, that feeds the earth and returns again.

**G Gm6 G Gm6 G**

**(Chorus) I hear the river's plea.**



G Em Bm C  
 For years she sang of her bounty – but they stole her breath away.  
 F Bb Am D  
 Their choking greed it filled her up. “Progress” the white men say.  
 Dm G Bb G  
 The beauty of a dark and bloody land, bought with the Cherokee’s tears.  
 Dm Bb Am D  
 So much lost for Oh so long to the ignorance and fear. So  
 Dm G Bb G  
 build the council fires hot so the cry in the smoke can rise  
 Dm Bb Eb D  
 and wake the spirits that have slumbered long so they’ll hear my lovers cry.

***G h.o. C G G Gm6 G Gm6 G***  
***(Chorus) On a quest for a long lost key.***

G Em Bm C F Bb  
 Onward as I ramble. As far and wide I roam. Each star that shines and breeze that blows,  
 Am D  
 points me back to home. It’s a  
 Dm G Bb G  
 feeling more than memory, or even people that I left behind.  
 Dm Bb Am D  
 She’s a soul of green and a spirit clean in a body as old as time.  
 Dm G Bb G Dm Bb Eb D G h.o. C G  
 So maiden of the west wind let loose your flood of tears and heal my ageless lady, wash away the years.

***G Gm6 G Gm6 G G Gm6 G Gm6 G***  
***(Chorus) Return my river to me.***

## Riding The Blue Norther

2-18-93

Words © by Charles Stacey

Music © by Alan Frost and Charles Stacey

Capo Drop D

Dm Dm Dm  
Measuring the dance floor – circling the moment – lost in her own heartbeat -  
C C Dm Dm  
Drowning in the chorus of the voices in her head. Words of warning that they said.  
Dm C Dm Dm  
Riding the blue norther – flowing with its fury – She feels it in her heart – the cold, dark, powerless part.

**(Chorus)**

Bb C  
*She's seen him there before – all alone across the floor.*  
Bb A  
*Surrounded by the swirl, lonely boy and lonely girl.*  
Bb C  
*Emotions reins held tight – she's so desperate to be right.*  
Bb C F Gm A7 C/Bb/Dm/C/Dm  
*The hour glass is filling – so much risk in being willing. To dance again tonight*

Dm Dm  
Blooming like a flower – their small talk fills the hour –  
Dm Dm  
A nervous conversation becomes an invitation –  
C C Dm  
Neither sure just what to say. Will the other run away.  
Dm Dm  
The evening star shines brightly – she holds his promise tightly –  
C Dm  
She feels it in her heart. The cold, dark, powerless part.

**(Chorus)**

Bb C  
*Can she trust the hand that reaches past the lesson mem'ry teaches.*  
Bb A  
*The futures gentle voice offers her a choice.*  
Bb C  
*To step inside his arms and face the others threats of harm.*  
Bb C F Gm  
*The mem-o-ry is chilling – so much risk in being willing*  
A7 C/Bb/Dm/C/Dm  
*To dance again tonight.*

Dm Dm Dm  
The D.J. spins a love song – the bar man sings his “last call.” She listens to her heartbeat  
Dm C C Dm  
Then gazes in the mirror she sees behind his eyes. So much more powerful than lies.  
Dm Dm C C Dm  
Riding the blue norther – flowing with its fury – It moves her past the pain. The storm becomes a soothing rain.

*(Chorus)*

*Bb*

*C*

*Love's first glimmer starts inside her adolescent heart.*

*Bb*

*A*

*She earned a second chance to be a dancer out of trance.*

*Bb*

*C*

*She found somebody there with a gentle word to share.*

*Bb*

*C*

*F*

*Gm*

*She'll reach out one more time now protected from the crime.*

*A7*

*C/Bb/Dm/C/Dm*

*And rest in gentle arms.*

## Ring 'Round the Moon

August 20, 1996

Words and Music © by Charles Stacey

suggested by a poem by Dorothy A. Stacey, "Moonlight"

Em sus  
Sitting in the window quiet as a mouse  
Em sus  
List'ning to your breathing filling up the sleeping house  
C at 9 D Em sus  
I'm dancing a ring 'round the moon  
Am sus D Em sus  
Kissed by your gentle perfume

**(Chorus)**

Am sus Em  
*Shining so brightly and stealing so lightly — She came to me.*  
Am sus D Em  
*Waking me, shaking me, whispering softly — Slumbers bright thief*  
C at 9 B Em sus  
*Caressing my eyes as she creeps*

Em sus  
Maiden of the moonlight floating on a peaceful sea  
Em sus  
Can you feel the echo of the love you share with me  
C at 9 D Em sus  
I'm dancing a ring 'round the moon  
Am sus D Em sus  
Kissed by your gentle perfume **(Chorus)**

Em sus  
Holding close your heartbeat — thankful for the moonlight's gift  
Em sus  
Snuggled in the soft glow — joining in the dream, we drift  
C at 9 D Em sus  
Dancing a ring 'round the moon  
Am sus D Em sus  
Kissed by your gentle perfume **(Chorus)**

Em sus  
Sitting in the window...(Whispered) Quiet as a mouse



## The Rocking Chair

1/18/21

Words & Music © Charles Stacey

Capo +2

Capo at 2    Am9    Am9 (TAB) 2 9 9 7 2 2 (hammer on low e 2 to 7 with thumb)

Am9                    C                    Bb                    Dm  
At the still point of connection – the full moon calls my name  
G                    G                    F                    G                    G  
The Milky Way is beckoning – Freedom knows the way  
C                    G                    E7                    F  
It's not outside the window – or Birnam Wood beyond  
D7                    G                    Fm                    C  
But tucked there in the corner – It's been there all this time

### *Chorus*

F                    F                    C                    C  
*It's just a simple rocking chair – Great Grandpa brought it home*  
G                    G                    C                    C7  
*Rockers and two strong arms – A back to hold you close*  
F                    F                    C                    Am  
*Rocked there in the bosom of the Cosmos' timeless glow*  
D7                    G                    Fm                    C                    walk down Am9    Am9  
*Nothing else existing -    What a show*

Am9                    C                    Bb                    Dm  
As a bairn\* I would sit there – Wrapped in mother's arms (\*Scottish for Child)  
G                    G                    F                    G                    G  
And listen to her stories while I'd travel safe and warm  
C                    G                    E7                    F  
From the \*Bruce's Highland Castle to beyond the furthest stars (\*Robert the Bruce)  
D7                    G                    Fm                    C  
Pictish queens and fairy scenes and rocket ships to Mars                    *Chorus*

Am9                    C                    Bb                    Dm  
This rocking chair the gateway to the Cosmos and beyond  
G                    G                    F                    G                    G  
Linking up the pathways that are many yet just one  
C                    G                    E7                    F  
Our secret magic carpet where the generations meet  
D7                    G                    Fm                    C  
The mysteries revealed when we take that magic seat                    *Chorus*

Am9 C Bb Dm  
 From the first breath of the infant rocked safe in mother's arms  
 G G F G G  
 To the last breath of the old one – now safe beyond all harm  
 C G E7 F  
 A breath builds to crescendo – diminishes, then gone - Dive  
 D7 G Fm C  
 deep in timeless water, take this seat and head on home

***Chorus***

F F C C  
*It's just a simple rocking chair – Great Grandpa brought it home*  
 G G C C7  
*Rockers and two strong arms – A back to hold you close*  
 F F C Am  
*Rocked there in the bosom of the Cosmos' timeless glow*  
 D7 G Fm C  
*Nothing else existing - What a show*  
 D7 G Fm C  
*Nothing else existing - (spoken) What a show*

## Sacramento Lullaby

12/27/99

Words & Music © Charles Stacey

*(Chorus)*

*D C G A Bm C A*  
*The tall ones they remember and will tell you the tale in a voice that is sweet, soft and low.*  
*G A D Bm E C A*  
*But their moan soon a wail will pull back times veil. Revealed in the sun, wind and snow*  
*G A D Bb C D*  
*Are the old ones of the Sac-ra-men-to.*

*Bm A F#m G Em A Bm*  
She came with the storm this warrior fair, As the cedar log's song filled the air  
*Em A F#m G Em C A*  
The smoke smelled so sweet. I could feel her heart beat as she wrote her proud name with the snow.  
*G C A*

Ta-Dot-Say of the Mes-ca-ler-o

*(Chorus)*

*Bm A F#m G Em A Bm*  
As wife and mother she lived off the land in the mountains above the white sand.  
*Em A F#m G Em C A*  
Her beauty as great as her warrior's fate. With grace and with daring she'd ride.  
*G C A*  
She fought by Geronimo's side

*(Chorus)*

*Bm A F#m G Em A Bm*  
By building a bridge between present and past she hoped to bring peace to the land.  
*Em A F#m G Em C A*  
But mirrors and smoke, in prison she woke but her courage and spirit were strong.  
*G C A*  
The mist up the valley rolls on.

*(Chorus)*

*Bm A F#m G Em A Bm*  
They thought she was gone but a spirit that strong - lives beyond body or time  
*Em A F#m G Em C A*  
Look in shadow and light and the pines dressed in white. Her beauty and grace fill the snow  
*G C A*  
Ta-Dot-Say of the Mes-ca-ler-o

*(Chorus)*





## Samhain Song (All Hallows Eve)

10-28-94

Words and Music © by Charles Stacey

Capo Drop D

C Gm C Gm  
Sailing over the sunless sea, the boatman sings a song.  
Dm G Am  
His sightless eyes embrace the dark as he guides the boat along.  
F C E Am  
He says, "Our destination is a place so bright and fair.  
Ab C Ab C Gm C Gm C  
A world of time and wonder." So why am I feeling scared?  
C Gm C Gm  
And then I see the storm cloud. The wind begins to wail.  
Dm G Am  
The waves are crashing round us - The rain hangs like a veil.  
F C E Am  
But on the boatman pushes - his face so ghostly pale.  
Ab C Ab C  
His song in rhythm with the wind. His tune rides on the Gale.

### (Chorus)

F C F C  
*Carried in this dream awake by gentle guiding hands*  
Dm G Am  
*that part the veil that covers me - Bon fires dance*  
F G F G  
*Like beacons on all hallows eve. They dot the meadows face*  
Em Am F G  
*and call the ageless spirits from their timeless resting place*

C Gm C Gm  
Suspended in the space between. Tonight the veil grows thin.  
Dm G Am  
The promise of the windflower rises once again.  
F C E Am  
Spirits whisper secrets - their mystery revealed.  
Ab C Ab C Gm C Gm C  
The shadow's face long hidden - no longer lies concealed.

(Instrumental repeat)

### (Chorus)

F C F C  
*Carried in this dream awake by gentle guiding hands*  
Dm G Am  
*that part the veil that covers me - Bon fires dance*  
F G F G  
*Like beacons on all hallows eve. They dot the meadows face*  
Em Am F G  
*and call the ageless spirits from their timeless resting place*

C Gm C Gm  
 I cry out to the boatman: "Do I really have to go?"  
 Dm G Am  
 He nods in affirmation - fear once contained explodes.  
 F C E Am  
 The veil around is thinning till only threads remain.  
 Ab C Ab C Gm C Gm C  
 From spirit my body forms -It's substance drawn from flames.  
 C Gm C Gm  
 The body born of earth and fire, returning once again.  
 Dm G Am  
 The boatman calls our shore leave - We seek out long lost friends  
 F C E Am  
 Knowing that our time is short. Too soon we'll have to leave.  
 Ab C Ab C  
 The promise of the solstice waits. Tonight's All Hallows Eve.

***(Chorus)***

F C F C  
 Carried in this dream awake by gentle guiding hands  
 Dm G Am  
 that part the veil that covers me - Bon fires dance  
 F G F G  
 Like beacons on all hallows eve. They dot the meadows face  
 Em Am F G  
 and call the ageless spirits from their timeless resting place

## Sanctuary

6/11/00

Words and Music © Charles Stacey

Capo +2

Aadd9 Dadd9  
The Lady of the sanctuary whispers on the wind.  
Aadd9 G E  
Protector of her people a brave and faithful friend.  
Aadd9 Dadd9  
Keeper of this sacred place, a figure on the edge of time.  
F G E A  
Moving through the mountain's mist – a witness to the crime.

*(Chorus)*

Cadd9 Dmadd9 Cadd9 G6  
*Her voice sounds like the tree frogs chorus of delight.*  
Cadd9 Dm9 Cadd9 G6  
*Her eyes flash like the lightning bugs winking bright to greet the night.*  
F G C walk down Am  
*I feel her body dance by me as I offer her my song.*  
Dm G A  
*The moon's bright face fills healing space as the river rolls along.*

Aadd9 Dadd9  
T'was long before the Cherokee came she walked the ancient way.  
Aadd9 G E  
The plants voice spoke their healing choice then came that fateful day.  
Aadd9 Dadd9  
With flesh and bone she stood alone against a raiders lance.  
F G E A  
A pain like birth, blood fed the earth, the mys-ter-y's dark dance *(Chorus)*

Aadd9 Dadd9  
The embers from her burning arbor just like tear drops fall.  
Aadd9 G E  
Her people fill their ears with grief. Hate's angry fearful call.  
Aadd9 Dadd9  
So they couldn't hear the whisper of her free and joyful voice.  
F G E A  
"My honor here just like the deer's. Life's offer was my choice. *(Chorus)*

Aadd9 Dadd9  
Her sisters kept the water's flame that leapt from Brigit's well  
Aadd9 G E  
And brought the pipe and the buffalo white the ancient stories tell.  
Aadd9 Dadd9  
They hold life's spark and light the dark these keepers of the flame.  
F G E A  
Their task to heal the violence done in freedom's name. *(Chorus)*

## Santa Elena (Blue Bonnet Two Lane)

3-28-93

Words © Charles Stacey

Music © Alan Frost

Capo Drop D

A G A G A G A G  
Riding the bluebonnet two lane – west out of old San Antone.  
A G A G A G A A  
Lunch time I'll spend with the judge on the Pecos. Then it's on to the Big Bend and Home.  
D G D G D A D G  
I'm leaving behind my trouble in mind – But her goodbye is stuck in my heart.  
A G A G A G A A  
So I'm trading the pain and the cold Houston rain – for a place where my healing can start.

*(Chorus)*

G D A G D A  
***So hold me please Santa Elena, Let me breath in your dry desert air***  
G D A D  
***and soar to the heights with the peregrine's flight***  
G D A A G A G  
***and the river wash away my despair – and dreams of her flaming red hair.***

A G A G A G A G  
A love born of great des-per-a-tion, met a heart to wild to tame.  
A G A G  
Like springs melting snow from pure mountain streams flow.  
A G A A D G D G  
Then soaks up the land's choking shame. She sings like a friend as hopes message she sends.  
D A D G A G A G A G A A  
But the poison steals like a thief. It's stored in the silt like my lover's dark guilt – The river's invisible grief.

*(Chorus)*

G D A G D A  
***So hold me please Santa Elena, Let me breath in your dry desert air***  
G D A D  
***and soar to the heights with the peregrine's flight***  
G D A A G A G  
***and the river wash away my despair – and dreams of her flaming red hair.***

A G A G A G A G A G A G  
The canyon a great hall of mirrors – the sunset surrounds me in light. The white water boils, over boulders she toils.  
A G A A D G D G D A D G  
Cleansed by her tumbling flight. I then re-discover this red-headed lover. With a heart beating wild and free.  
A G A G A G A G A G A A  
She uses the pain and the tears and the rain to carry us on toward the sea. A journey to set us both free.

*(Chorus)*

G D A G D A  
***So hold me please Santa Elena, Let me breath in your dry desert air***  
G D A D  
***and soar to the heights with the peregrine's flight***  
G D A A G A G  
***and the river wash away my despair – and dreams of her flaming red hair.***

## Seattle's Song

February 22, 2014

Words and Music (c) by Jaqui Jacobs and Charles Stacey

Chief Seattle said "What is man without beasts? If all the beasts were gone man would die from a great loneliness of spirit. For whatever happens to the beasts, soon happens to man. All things are connected"

E A B G#m A B E  
Seattle reaches from the past to prey we hear his song  
C#m A B E D B  
Our future will depend upon our righting of the wrong  
E A B G#m A B E  
He warns that if we let them go our spirits risk defeat  
C#m A B E D B  
His eyes well up with tears that fall to nature's mournful beat

### Chorus

C#m A E B A B E  
*Oh Chief of men we hear your pleas And vow to heed your choice*  
C#m A E G hold G A D B  
*To guard and nurture creatures all bless those who have no voice*

E A B G#m A B E  
We've come to know when beasts abound our destiny is reached  
C#m A B E D B  
yet still some men won't care or hear the wisdom that you teach  
E A B G#m A B E  
A loving task is asked of all - each woman man and child  
C#m A B E D B  
To care for his creations - these creatures of the wild

### Chorus

C#m A E B A B E  
*Oh Chief of men we hear your pleas And vow to heed your choice*  
C#m A E G hold G A D B  
*To guard and nurture creatures all bless those who have no voice*

E A B G#m A B E  
In this we're all connected - a bond with all the beasts  
C#m A B E D B  
Harmony the sacred ground so all can walk in peace  
E A B G#m A B E  
Wisdom passed from days gone by - beyond all time and space  
C#m A B E D B  
A pure heart's dream now re-al-ized - in Wolfwood's magic place

### Chorus

C#m A E B A B E  
*Oh Chief of men we hear your pleas And vow to heed your choice*  
C#m A E G hold G A D B  
*To guard and nurture creatures all bless those who have no voice*

E A B G#m  
Seattle reaches from the past

## Shadows from a Shooting Star

11/25/00

Words & Music © Charles Stacey & Paul Williams +2

Am G Dm G Am  
Kelly was a waitress in a back street Memphis bar. She was cleaning up one rainy afternoon.  
C Dm  
Her longing and a quarter summoned Robert Johnson's ghost.  
F G Am F G C  
When a dark eyed stranger stepped into the room and his smile chased away the smoky gloom.

### (Chorus)

G C B7 E  
*There was magic in his flashing eyes. Myst'ry in his laugh. His voice rich as a Beale Street saxophone.*  
Dm F E Am  
*His touch as soft as the evening mist when the river's on the rise.*  
Dm G Am F G C  
*Like notes from Huddy's old twelve string guitar. Two shadows cast by the light of a shooting star*

Am G Dm G Am  
The dark room closed around the man and his beat up old valise and the gunny sack he carried on his back.  
C Dm  
Kelly mumbled, "Welcome to the Crossroads, have a drink."  
F G Am F G C  
He smiled, "Make mine coffee, hot and black." And he pulled a beat up six string from the sack. (Chorus)

Am G Dm G Am  
Their hands touched for a moment as Kelly passed the cup. He said, "My name is Paul, How do you do?"  
C Dm  
"I've traveled many miles. There are many more to go."  
F G Am F G C  
Your muse says I can stay for just awhile and rest here in the cradle of your smile."

### (Bridge)

Em Am B7 Em  
*Kelly sat down by the stage as Paul began to play. She closed her eyes and floated on the tune.*  
Am Em  
*He sang their lives together. He sang about the wheel.*  
B7 Em Dm F G  
*He sang a song of kids and joy and crime. She remembered to forget the sands of time.*

Am G Dm G Am  
He drained his coffee to the dregs and Kelly took the cup. He whispered, "see you later" in her ear.  
C Dm  
He lifted up his cardboard suitcase, shouldered his guitar.  
F G Am F G C  
The morning train sang out a sad refrain. Paul stepped out from the dark into the rain. (Chorus)

Am G Dm G Am  
Kelly took the bar rag and she wiped it 'cross her eyes then doused the flashing "Crossroads" neon sign.  
C Dm  
She wondered was it dream or real. Did He have a place in time  
F G Am F G C  
The myst'ry of the cup held in her hand. An hour glass without its shifting sands. (Chorus)

## The Silent Voice

12-30-89

Words & Music © by Charles Stacey

A Gmaj7 A E A  
The mountain hides her silent grief behind a veil of gray.  
A Gmaj7 A E F# B7  
Her cold tears wash the desert floor – we share the sad sweet day.  
C#m F# C#m G#maj7(e) A E G D E  
But nature's steady rhythm – pushes through the gloom and celebrates with colors – as the desert starts to bloom.

A Gmaj7 A E A  
I'm eastbound from El Paso, Harry Chapin's on the radio.  
A Gmaj7 A E F# B7  
I sang my songs and told my tales – too soon - it was time to go.  
C#m F# C#m G#maj7(e)  
So many things I hoped to say – So much I tried to know –  
A E G D E  
Now pain and tears and unnamed fears give way to meanings shown.

A Gmaj7 A E A  
Like the mountain I can see you sitting there – behind your veil of gray.  
A Gmaj7 A  
We're each one working on a puzzle's quest.  
E F# B7  
We search – for words to say.  
C#m F# C#m G#maj7(e)  
The feelings and the mem-o-ries now safely tucked away -  
A E G D E  
behind the walls built thick and tall to silence the demon's bay.

A Gmaj7 A E A  
We dance a clumsy minuet – I'm here and you step there.  
A Gmaj7 A E F# B7  
Trying hard to reach and touch and find out just who's there.  
C#m F# C#m G#maj7(e)  
Sharing precious moments – so near and yet so far.  
A E G D E  
So much is said with silence – love guides like the evening star.

A Gmaj7 A E A  
The hollow-ness in leaving you – hangs heavy like each time before  
A Gmaj7 A E F# B7  
but this time something's different. I'm touching so much more.  
C#m F# C#m G#maj7(e)  
I came in search of answers but questions once thought tough -  
A E G D E  
found words to cheap for feelings deep – To be is now enough.



A Gmaj7 A E A  
Life so like the desert sun – reflecting on the mountainside.

A Gmaj7 A E F# B7  
She shows a different face each time as through the years we glide.

C#m F# C#m G#maj7(e)  
The picture's always changing - it never stays the same.

A E G D E  
Like the whisper of the desert wind as she sings us life's refrain.

## The Silkie Song

5/20/01

Words and Music © Charles Stacey

Dmadd9

Dm7 Bbmaj7 Dm A Dm  
Of moonlight and ocean / Elusive, She motions through the mist round the West Country islands.  
Dm7 Bbmaj7 Dm A Dm  
She of great mystery / of legend and history / Part mother, part siren, part seal

*(Chorus)*

C Dm E Am  
*The legend says seven years human she can live but the silkie's a child of the sea.*  
F C B7 E7  
*Her story is magic. Her destiny tragic. In her soul skin, the sealskin she'll return to the deep.*

Dmadd9

Dm7 Bbmaj7 Dm A Dm  
This storm ravaged ocean is a magical potion. So the sailor sinks safe to her arms.  
Dm7 Bbmaj7 Dm A Dm  
Through raging water, the sea fairy's daughter finds the fisherman's hearth golden warm. *(Chorus)*

Dmadd9

Dm7 Bbmaj7 Dm A Dm  
He wakes with his lover 'neath a warm sealskin cover - The dark moon she whispers and warns.  
Dm7 Bbmaj7 Dm A Dm  
The memory dream-like – her enemy, time's flight, hides in the Beltania morn. *(Chorus)*

Dmadd9

Dm7 Bbmaj7 Dm A Dm  
Then came a child with eyes dark and wild. He danced to summer's delight.  
Dm7 Bbmaj7 Dm A Dm  
But his mother is crying, her white skin is drying. She'll return to her soul skin tonight. *(Chorus)*

Dmadd9

Dm7 Bbmaj7 Dm A Dm  
An old man through dim eyes watches the seals glide through the mist of his west country island.  
Dm7 Bbmaj7 Dm A Dm  
Bards sing of his sadness, his mother, his madness. She trapped by sea - he by sand. *(Chorus)*

Dmadd9

Dm7 Bbmaj7 Dm A Dm  
Of moonlight and ocean / Elusive, She motions through the mist round the West Country islands.  
Dm7 Bbmaj7 Dm A Dm  
She of great mystery / of legend and history / Part mother, part siren, part seal



## Sister Sadie

3/22/18

Words & Music © Charles Stacey

For Spike Mitchell, my favorite Cajun

E A E C7 B7 E B7

E A  
Sister Sadie was a Cajun queen from up No'th 'round Ba-ton Rouge  
E F# B  
She fell in love with a juke joint man when she heard him singin' the blues  
E A  
He had a voice that rolled like the Mississippi river, rich as Etouffee  
E C7 B7  
And when he saw her smile from the back of the room a hurricane swept him away

### ***Chorus***

A C#7 D B7  
***It's a story as old as the Calcasieu River or a juke joint out on the pier***  
A B7 C7 B7 E  
***Where the bad boys carry a knife in their boot and there's plenty of Dixie Beer***

E A  
It's the smell of the swamp and Boudin, the sound of the delta blues  
E F# B  
At the Crawfish Shack and Cockpit, Fred's Lounge and The Chicken Coop  
E A  
That hurricane blew across the Ponchartrain and from Thibodaux to Lafayette  
E C7 B7  
With a full moon floating on the bayou Sadie sang a sweet duet

### ***Chorus***

A C#7 D B7  
***It's a Song that's old as the Calcasieu River or a juke joint out on the pier***  
A B7 C7 B7 E  
***Where the bad boys carry a knife in their boot and there's plenty of Dixie Beer***

***Ride: E A E F# B E A E C7 B7 E***

**Chorus**

*A C#7 D B7*  
***It's a story as old as the Calcasieu River or a juke joint out on the pier***  
*A B7 C7 B7 E*  
***Where the bad boys carry a knife in their boot and there's plenty of Dixie Beer***

*E A*  
It's rare that a story with the blues and a swamp will have a happy end  
*E F# B*  
It seems that somebody lies and somebody dies and the devil is their only friend  
*E A*  
But that night at the Purple Peacock their ending was fairytale scene  
*E C7 B7*  
The blues man ran off with a Zydeco band and Sadie's headed down in New Or-leans

**Chorus**

*A C#7 D B7*  
***It's a story as old as the Calcasieu River or a juke joint out on the pier***  
*A B7 C7 B7 E*  
***Where the bad boys carry a knife in their boot and there's plenty of Dixie Beer***

*E A*  
When you come to the Crescent City head on down to Jackson Square  
*E F# B*  
Then follow the sound of a sultry voice through an ally past the neon glare  
*E A*  
The sign on the door says Sadie's Place we don't serve Dixie Beer  
*E C7 B7*  
You see the rich folks love her gumbo but it's Sadie they come to hear

**Chorus**

*A C#7 D B7*  
***Her song is as old as the Calcasieu River or a juke joint out on the pier***  
*A B7 C7 B7 E*  
***Where the bad boys carry a knife in their boot and there's plenty of Dixie Beer***

*E E7*  
Sister Sadie was a Cajun Queen

## Snake Skin Shoes

7/15/21

Words and Music © Charles Stacey

Capo +2

Spoken: Cynthia and I were on vacation sitting in the Big River Grille and Brew Works in Chattanooga Tennessee and our waitress says: “So you’re from New Mexico? I’ve only been there once a long time ago ...”

**Intro: C walk down to A7 D7 G C**

**Chorus**

**C E7 F Ab**  
**Snake Skin Shoes – Singing the blues – Old Ben Franklin her ticket to cruise**  
**C walk down A7 D7 G C**  
**Walkin’ along – singin’ her song – Jones’n for those snake skin shoes**

**F C**  
The lady’s eyes gaze back through time to a road trip long ago –  
walk up to D7

She was a young one, an innocent shy one  
**G E7 Am**  
Miles away from home. Lonely, cold and hungry, standing in the rain  
**D7 G**  
A Taos storefront glistening – The shoes called out her name

**Chorus**

**C E7 F Ab**  
**Snake Skin Shoes – Singing the blues – Old Ben Franklin her ticket to cruise**  
**C walk down A7 D7 G C**  
**Walkin’ along – singin’ her song – Jones’n for those snake skin shoes**

**F C**  
She was only seventeen – this girl named Cindy Lou –  
walk up D7 **G**  
Her C note sufficient, if she would be efficient bought thirty days of food  
**E7 Am D7**  
Torn between her tummy and those sexy reptile shoes – she would soon discover that  
**G**  
No matter what you choose you lose

**Chorus**

**C E7 F Ab**  
**Snake Skin Shoes – Singing the blues – Old Ben Franklin her ticket to cruise**  
**C walk down A7 D7 G C**  
**Walkin’ along – singin’ her song – Jones’n for those snake skin shoes**

*Instrumental ride on verse chords*

*Chorus*

*C E7 F Ab*  
*Snake Skin Shoes – Singing the blues – Old Ben Franklin her ticket to cruise*  
*C walk down A7 D7 G C*  
*Walkin' along – singin' her song – Jones'n for those snake skin shoes*

*F C*  
Now Cindy's waiting tables in a Chattanooga grill  
*walk up D7 G*  
generating smiles with her stories of the miles – and 15 years of spills and thrills  
*E7 Am*  
But not a day has passed away – her memory remains  
*D7 G*  
Those snake skin shoes still beckon and regret still calls her name

*Chorus*

*C E7 F Ab*  
*Snake Skin Shoes – Singing the blues – Old Ben Franklin her ticket to cruise*  
*C walk down A7 D7 G C C*  
*Walkin' along – singin' her song – Jones'n for those snake skin shoes*

*Ending reprise*

*Chorus*

*C C7 F Ab*  
*Snake Skin Shoes – Singing the blues – Cindy Lou still craving the shoes*  
*C walk down A7 D7 G C walk down to A7*  
*Fifteen years – regret and tears – Searching for those snake skin shoes*  
*retard*  
*D7 G C walk down to A7 Dm G C*  
*Searching for those snake skin shoes*

## Snapshots

May 4, 2014

Words and Music (c) Jaqui Jacobs and Charles Stacey

D A Cmaj7 G  
Leaping and bounding, High in a jump - a pull on a tail, and a bump on a rump  
D A Cmaj7 G  
"Geeerrrrring" and growling, these fierce little pups - alive in their joy as a new day erupts  
Fmaj7 D Fmaj7 D  
Mom rises slowly and stretches just so - dad settles down from his night on the go  
Bm C Fmaj7 D  
The den starts to fill as the little ones yawn - and mom offers breakfast in the soft light of dawn

### *Chorus*

G Am D G  
*Snapshots on pages, the memories call - outside of time and yet held by us all*  
G Am D G  
*Sight, sound and smell, we hold deep inside - awakened from dreams by a long soulful cry*  
C D B7 C  
*Fear then excitement, bursts from the heart - emotions primeval smolder then start*  
Fmaj7 D  
*We once begged relief from mother's dark stare*  
Fmaj7 A  
*now she prays that we'll listen and begs for our care*

D A Cmaj7 G  
Legends that echo down through the years - Little Red Riding Hood stirs up our fears  
D A Cmaj7 G  
Snarling, quarreling threatening growls - circling, menacing, blood thirsty howls  
Fmaj7 D Fmaj7 D  
The truth is quite different, no need to flee - just un-der-stand and respect what they need  
Bm C Fmaj7 D  
The product of greed, av-ar-icious intent in the selfish intention there's a death sentence sent  
*Chorus*

D A Cmaj7 G  
They offer a lesson by sharing their life - beauty and majesty flow from the strife  
D A Cmaj7 G  
Mem-o-ries images, joy and the pain - their silent strength showing through sun, wind and rain  
Fmaj7 D Fmaj7 D  
Snow on the nose as they breath in the cold - Singing their stories that long to be told  
Bm C Fmaj7 D  
Singing a warning, song for a mate, singing their welcome or a friends mournful fate  
*Chorus*





## Song for Don

3/10/22

Words © Charles Stacey, Alex Lieban, Janice Walden

Music © Charles Stacey

Aadd9 Aadd9 Aadd9 Aadd9  
Aadd9 Bm E  
There's his grin, let fun begin, Jump in - the water's fine  
Aadd9 G E  
Another time, there's hills to climb, but now – the river shines  
D E C#m F#m  
Feel the freedom – feel the joy – wash your cares away.  
D E A  
lessons taught while he showed us how to play

### Chorus

F#m C#m  
From the canyons of the great Rio Bravo – and where the  
E A  
Guadalupe and the Colorado River roams  
Bm E C#m F#m  
To Houston's concrete canyons where the Buffalo Bayou flows  
D C E  
He spread his wings and dreamed of nature's home  
Bm E A E7 Aadd9  
This protector and a preacher and a soldier and a teacher grows

Aadd9 Bm E  
Exploring wonder, quiet teaching, lessons – outside time – From  
Aadd9 G E  
poorest to the powerful each adding in their rhyme  
D E C#m F#m  
The classroom big as all outdoors and yet – inside the mind  
D E A  
A battleground of hearts and minds and time

F#m C#m  
From the canyons of the great Rio Bravo – and where the  
E A  
Guadalupe and the Colorado River Roams  
Bm E C#m F#m  
To Houston's concrete canyons where the Buffalo Bayou flows  
D C E  
He spread his wings and dreamed of nature's home  
Bm E A E7 Aadd9  
This protector and a preacher and a soldier and a teacher grows

Aadd9 Bm E  
 Nature's troubled soldier – your battle – rages on  
 Aadd9 G E  
 Rest – you noble warrior, your time – has come and gone  
 D E C#m F#m  
 You left behind a legacy of love and care that shines, But  
 D E A  
 Another generation waits in line

F#m C#m  
*From the canyons of the great Rio Bravo – and where the*  
 E A  
*Guadalupe and the Colorado River Roams*  
 Bm E C#m F#m  
*To Houston's concrete canyons where the Buffalo Bayou flows*  
 D C E  
*You spread your wings and dreamed of nature's home*  
 Bm E A E7 Aadd9  
*A protector and a preacher and a soldier and a teacher gone*

Aadd9 Bm E  
 The gauntlet thrown – the challenge owned, But who – can find connection  
 Aadd9 G E  
 Inside their screens and mindless dreams, and paralyzed – rejection  
 D E C#m F#m  
 A generation trapped by fear and clueless – of the wonder  
 D E A  
 Holds the key only if they can discover

F#m C#m  
*The canyons of the great Rio Bravo – and the*  
 E A  
*Guadalupe and the Colorado River home*  
 Bm E C#m F#m  
*And Houston's concrete canyons where the Buffalo Bayou flows – Can they*  
 D C E  
*spread their wings and dream of nature's home – And become*  
 Bm E A Aadd9  
*Protectors and preachers and soldiers and teachers grown*

Aadd9 Aadd9 Aadd9 retard Aadd9

## The Song of the Bell's

7-11-95

Words and music © by Charles Stacey

For the Bell Clan Reunion 1995

3/4 Time

Am G Am F D  
Out of times mist the high king rode o'er the ancient em'rald isle  
F C F E Am  
Then to Gigha's shores the warriors course became a priestly line

**(Chorus)**

C G C D  
***From the lion and stars to bells and bar – down the ages roll***  
F C G Am  
***Through mys-ter-y and his-tor-y the bell's clear song still tolls***  
G C  
***The bell's clear song still tolls***

Am G Am F D  
From Gigha to Kintyre and down to Gall-o-way  
F C F E Am  
To the dark field of Culloden then the shores of Ameri-cay **(Chorus)**

Am G Am F D  
To Cross Creek Carolina with hopes and dreams they came  
F C F E Am  
To tame a land this Scottish clan danced in freedom's flame **(Chorus)**

Am G m F D  
The winds of war like an old friend – claimed their sac-ri-fice  
F C F E Am  
Then the Blue Ridge Mountain's beckoned and promised a peaceful life. **(Chorus)**

Am G Am F D  
Some stayed in the mountains but some found different paths  
F C F E Am  
And spread their songs with voices strong as the generations pass **(Chorus)**

## Song Man

1-1-92

Words and Music © by Charles Stacey

*For Terry Ayers, the song man on "B"day 40*

A G  
The song man and his vision, following a star.  
A G A  
The road is steep and rocky. The quest has carried them so far.  
C F Am G  
Weary from the journey, the past a heavy load  
Dm Am G E  
But the dream will share his burden. Companions, they share the road.

A G  
Crossroads in the mist, so many ways to go.  
A G A  
No signs to mark the path. No stars to point the way to go.  
C F Am G  
The grail it whispers softly, out there in the dark.  
Dm Am G E  
Then the dream sings like a beacon, "listen to your heart."

A G  
Some who reached to share your dream, were blinded by their fright.  
A G A  
For you the phoenix fire blazed hot. It burned away the dark of night  
C F Am G  
The dream transformed to eagle wings. Your destiny to fly.  
Dm Am G E  
Breathing in the dawn's clear light -- the morning star your guide.

A G  
You healed the wounded healer by sharing dream's pure light.  
A G A  
Embraced this weary traveler and shared your precious gift of sight.  
C F Am G  
But who sings to the song man. Who will bind your wounds?  
Dm Am G E  
And let you rest your weary wings and in the dark night become your moon.

A G  
The song man and his vision -- Following a star  
A G  
The road is steep and rocky -- The quest has carried them so far

## The Spinning Wheel

7-30-93

Words © by Holli Bara

Music © by Charles Stacey

For Becky

Amaj7 Gmaj7  
There's A face at my window. She's tapping on the pane.  
Fmaj7 Am9  
The rain has soaked her hair and skin. It's washed away her name.  
Dm Am B7 E7  
Her mouth pleads in silence. This effort not in vain. I open up the fortress gate and let the lost child in.  
Amaj7 Gmaj7  
I lead her questions to the fire and blanket now her cold.  
Fmaj7 Am9 Am9  
I give her tea and memory. The pages are fragile and old.  
Dm Am  
I Open up this tattered book , and lay it at her feet.  
B7 E7 Em7  
It holds the dreams I bought and sold and a few that I chanced to keep.

### (Chorus)

Em7 Em7 Asus2/d Em7  
*One woman in the moon's third phase, One growing in her first.*  
G/d C/d G/d Em7  
*It's the hour of their equinox at the hour of their birth.*  
C D G C  
*She's the green of early spring and I'm December snow.*  
Em7 Asus2/d Em7  
*It's time to pass the looking glass and remember what we know.*

Amaj7 Gmaj7  
With brown eyes so familiar. The Spring child looks at me.  
Fmaj7 Am9  
She's thankful for the shelter and she's grateful for the tea.  
Dm Am  
I thank her for this sweet chance. This rare opportunity  
B7 E7  
to look out through my own pane and see what used to be  
Amaj7 Gmaj7  
I kiss the roses in her face and I bid the girl goodbye  
Fmaj7 Am9  
from my door I watch her choose the path that travels rather high.  
Dm Am  
I go back to my rocking chair and I warm myself within.  
B7 E7 Em7  
Resting by the memory's fire I feel the wheel turn round again.

*(Chorus)*

*Em7                      Em7      Asus2/d      Em7*  
*One woman in the moon's third phase, One growing in her first.*  
*G/d      C/d      G/d      Em7*  
*It's the hour of their equinox at the hour of their birth.*  
*C                      D                      G      C*  
*She's the green of early spring and I'm December snow.*  
*Em7                      Asus2/d      Em7*  
*It's time to pass the looking glass and remember what we know.*

## The Spring Storm

7-20-93

Words and Music © by Charles Stacey

Capo Drop D

G/d G/c G/d G/c  
I look out on the wheat fields. Miles and Miles of golden Grain.  
G/d G/c G/d D  
Rolling like the ocean – it whispers out my name. - But  
G/d G/c G/d C  
Clouds build in the distance – Like smoke without the flames.  
Am F A D  
If the hail comes I'll be ruined – but the wheat sure needs the rain..

G/d G/c G/d G/c  
The spring has been a dry one. The south wind's breath is hot.  
G/d G/c G/d D  
Then a zephyr's cool breath kisses me. Fear's the only hope I got. G/d  
G/c G/d C  
All the others run for cover – as the breeze builds to a gale.  
Am F A D  
The warrior of the north wind cries, his challenge shrieks and wails.

G/d G/c G/d G/c  
Lightning like the warrior's spear, splits the mighty elm.  
G/d G/c G/d D  
Thunder drowns my pleading voice and then a deeper rumble swells.  
G/d G/c G/d C  
The shingles on the clapboard house stand as in a trance.  
Am F A D  
Ghostly hands toss the dry creek's sand in a spinning dervish dance.

Bm A  
A finger from the sky's dark fist follows the light'nings lead –  
C#m G#m  
and touches ground with a roaring sound. I fear the dark clouds greed.  
A E G C D  
Moving with the fury. No time left to run. The power holds me to her breast will I ever see the sun?

G/d G/c G/d G/c  
Standing on a high wire 'tween earth and rolling sky –  
G/d G/c G/d D  
fear holds me with a strong dark hand but still won't tell me why? Then I'm  
G/d G/c G/d C  
pushed down by the screaming wind into earth's soft fragrant arms.  
Am F A D  
Held so close in the ghostly glow, protected by an unseen charm.



G/d                      G/c              G/d              G/c  
 Suspended in the balance 'tween love and fear, part of the universe whole.  
 G/d              G/c              Gd              D  
 I stare up into a spiral to match the whirlwind in my soul  
 G/d              G/c              G/d              C  
 The spinning demon screams at me then moves along his way.  
 Am              F              A              D  
 The fear glides past it just don't last and my tears wash the dark red clay

Bm                      A  
 Emerging from the earthy womb I'm cleansed by a gentle rain.  
 C#m                      G#m  
 Refreshed the wheat, the land, and me can celebrate life again.  
 A                      E  
 I hold the warm moist treasure gently in my trembling hand –  
 G                      C                      D  
 And fill my senses to the brim with the fragrance of the land.

G/d              G/c              G/d              G/c  
 I look out on the wheat fields—miles and miles of golden grain.  
 G/d              G/c              G/d              D  
 Rolling like the ocean – it whispers out my name.  
 G/d              G/c              G/d              C  
 Clouds linger in the distance – like smoke without the flames.  
 Am              F              A              D  
 The new moon's magic smile fills the Oklahoma plains.

## Steve's Blues (OI Shuffle)

12/5/18

Words & Music © Charles Stacey

Capo +5

H.O. Am H.O. Am

H.O. Am G Em Am  
Steve don't take my blues away, Please don't steal my pain

F G Am  
Steve don't take my blues, don't take the rain

F C  
Blue's the only friend I have, no pain no gain  
G E

Blue is all I have it's mine to claim

Dm G Am H.O. Am H.O. Am  
Steve don't take my friend, yeah Blue's his name

H.O. Am G Em Am  
Steve don't take my shame away, please don't steal my shame

F G Am  
Steve don't lift the heavy weight of blame

F C  
Shame's the only thing I have to guard my pain  
G E

Shame and blue are twins and mine to claim

Dm G Am H.O. Am H.O. Am  
Steve don't take away, my blues and shame

H.O. Am G Em Am  
Light'nin' Hopkins sang the blues. He taught us how to play

F G Am  
To live within the eye of the hurricane

F C  
Mama Thornton's Hound Dog taught us "dance inside the pain"  
G E

Blues is all we have it's ours to claim

Dm G Am H.O. Am H.O. Am  
Muddy Waters Rollin' Stone's the game

H.O. Am G Em Am  
You tell me now this blue's not blue, you found a different way

F G Am  
Steve's blue it's like the sky after the rain

F C  
Chaos leads to doing then being fills the frame

G E  
Balance, Joy and Peace they're ours to claim

Dm G Am  
Steve's blue is found out past the hurricane

F G Am G Am H.O. Am H.O. Am H.O.  
This brand new kind of blue is ours to claim



## Stone Circles

8-26-94

Words and Music © by Charles Stacey

Capo drop D

G Bm Am G C G Gdim D7  
Time is a river that sweeps me away, yet flows in a circle as the wheel marks my days  
G D C G Dm Am C D7  
From Derry to Armagh on down to Bantry Bay, circles built from the rivers stones - the sentinel's ancient face  
Em  
Watch the child at play.

*(Chorus)*

Em G A Em  
*Like a pebble in times river, were polished by the stream.*  
Em G A Em  
*Tumbled by the current to an incandescent gleam.*  
F#m B F#m B  
*At the mercy of the river, yet determining its flow.*  
G Am G Em D Em  
*Stones that formed our circles sang the rivers timeless song. The child sang along*

G Bm Am G  
Then a stranger from the sunrise landed on our shores.  
C G Gdim D7  
He drove the snakes from Erin and drove our history from our souls.  
G D C G Dm Am C D7  
Rocks stolen from our circles built cathedrals of stone. Mortar made with blood and the dust from our bones.  
Em  
Built the stranger's home.

*(Chorus)*

Em G A Em  
*Like a pebble in times river, were polished by the stream.*  
Em G A Em  
*Tumbled by the current to an incandescent gleam.*  
F#m B F#m B  
*At the mercy of the river, yet determining its flow.*  
G Am G Em D  
*Stones in the cathedral tall from our circle's stones did grow.*  
Em  
*The winds of change they blow.*

G Bm Am G  
Figures round a peat fire tend a child's broken bones.  
C G Gdim D7  
His mother died protecting him from stones the mob had thrown.  
G D C G Dm Am C D7  
He's paying with his pain for something someone else believed. Asked to cry the tears for someone else's grief.  
Em  
How long will our children bleed.

(Chorus)

*Em G A Em*  
*Like a pebble in times river, were polished by the stream.*  
*Em G A Em*  
*Tumbled by the current to an incandescent gleam.*  
*F#m B F#m B*  
*At the mercy of the river, yet determining its flow.*  
*G Am G Em D*  
*Stones in the cathedral tall from our circle's stones did grow.*  
*Em*  
*Where did their healing powers go.*

(Bridge)

*Gm Dm Gm C*  
*The child grew to manhood among the stones of his emerald isle.*  
*Gm Dm E A*  
*He learned their ancient language and mourned his mothers smile.*  
*Dm Gm Dm C*  
*The jagged rock he knew as hate was tumbled smooth by the river of the night.*  
*Bb Am Bb D Em*  
*He held his mothers healing stones and then he found his mothers sight. Then built a circle with stones of light*

(Chorus)

*Em G A Em*  
*Like a pebble in times river, were polished by the stream.*  
*Em G A Em*  
*Tumbled by the current to an incandescent gleam.*  
*F#m B F#m B*  
*At the mercy of the river, yet determining its flow.*  
*G Am G Em D*  
*Stones that formed our circles and the stones of hate mobs throw*  
*Em*  
*Stone circles on a spiral road.*

## Supplication #12

5-20-95

Words and Music © by Charles Stacey

Capo Drop D

D Bm G A D D Bm G A D  
Brigit I'm a simple man with simple country taste and a simple quest for justice and uncomplicated fate.  
G Bm B D G Bm G A D  
So how's about a morsel from the muses boundless store. Just a simple melody. I'll ask for nothing more.

D Bm G A D D Bm G A D  
Nothing do I ask for me. It's only for the song. But I sure could use a new guitar. Now how could that be wrong?  
G Bm B D  
And the song would sound much better with nice new speakers too.  
G Bm G A D  
And the amp is sounding fuzzy, come on Brigit it's all for you.

D Bm G A D D Bm G A D  
I promise to be faithful and give you credit due. Divine intervention is all I need from you.  
G Bm B D G Bm G A D  
Now surely that's not too much for one so wise and strong. I'd do it as a solo act but I fear it'd take too long.

D Bm G A D D Bm G A D  
Just a little detail in a universe so vast. A tiny speck of talent, a bit player in your cast.  
G Bm B D  
Now for one so insignificant to be seen above the crowd -  
G Bm G A D  
with a mansion and a limousine I could make you very proud.

D Bm G A D D Bm G A D  
A simple supplication to my goddess of the song. A pot of gold extracted from a captured leprechaun.  
G Bm B D  
Now some would call me dreamer or one just out of touch.  
G Bm G A D  
So show them what you're made of girl, a gold record would shut them up.

(Bridge)

Bm F#m Am Em G D E A7  
Don't forget the chorus and the harmony so sweet and the hook is so important and I'll need a catchy beat.

D Bm G A D D Bm G A D  
I wouldn't ask it just for me. I'm such a busy man. But I'll make time in my schedule if you'll lend a helping hand.  
G Bm B D  
Well, OK, forget the mansion and the limo stretched out long.  
G Bm G A D  
I'll settle for the rhyming words to finish up this song.

D Bm G A D D Bm G A D  
Brigit I'm a simple man with simple country taste. And a simple quest for justice and uncomplicated fate.  
G Bm B D G Bm G A D  
So how's about a morsel from the muses boundless store. Just a simple melody, I'll ask for nothing more.

## Touch the Silence

2-5-90

Words & Music © by Charles Stacey

Fmaj7                      D                      Fmaj7                      D  
Describe the colors of the sunrise mist. Describe the gentle touch in a baby's kiss.  
Bm                                      C                      E/G#                                      Asus2 A  
Describe the warm embrace of my lover's eyes. Describe the feel of freedom in a desert sky.

### (Chorus)

C#m                      D7                      C#m                      D7  
*But words run from their meaning – in syncopated time.*  
F#m                      D                      E  
*Saying nothing, saying all – the echoes speak in rhymes.*  
G#m                      C#m                      G#m                      D  
*Love rests someplace between the sounds, it hides between the words*  
D(C)                      D(B)                      D(A#)                      A  
*and finds its voice in silence, lessons taught but not yet learned*

Fmaj7                      D                      Fmaj7                      D  
Listen to the rustle of the live oak tree. Listen to the power in the surging sea.  
Bm                                      C                      E/G#                                      Asus2 A  
Listen to the terror in the child's cry. Listen to the silence as the eagle flies.

### (Chorus)

Fmaj7                      D                      Fmaj7                      D  
Feel the strength escaping in the cold wind's bite. Feel the heat of anger in the dark of night.  
Bm                                      C                      E/G#                                      Asus2 A  
Feel the fear that's pushing from some unseen place. Feel the memories stored before the words could fill the space.

### (Chorus)

Fmaj7                      D                      Fmaj7                      D  
Touch the hidden child and send him out to play. Touch the little girl you find and ask her in to stay.  
Bm                                      C  
Touch the hand of innocence and hold for all you're worth.  
E/G#                                      Asus2 A  
Touch the healing silence in the space between the words.

### (Chorus)

C#m                      D7                      C#m                      D7  
*But words run from their meaning – in syncopated time.*  
F#m                      D                      E  
*Saying nothing, saying all – the echoes speak in rhymes.*  
G#m                      C#m                      G#m                      D  
*Love rests someplace between the sounds, it hides between the words*  
D(C)                      D(B)                      D(A#)                      A  
*and finds its voice in silence, lessons taught but not yet learned*

## Travelin' Through

12/17/17

Words and Music © by Charles Stacey

D B7 E7 A D Bb D  
D B7 E7 A  
Storm clouds are gathering – they push and they shove  
D B7 E7 A  
I'm searching for a glimmer of a light up above  
D7 G B7  
Feeling the crackle, sizzle and pop  
Em A7 D Bb D  
Lightning bolts flashing – the flood falls drop by drop

### *Chorus*

Bm Em  
**Whatcha gonna do when you're travelin' through**  
A D  
**Pity and heart break and pain**  
C#dim Edim E9  
**Whatcha gonna do when you're travelin' through**  
Em A D Bb D  
**Just keep on goin' – Don't Stop**

D B7 E7 A  
Can't find my keys – my dog he's run off  
D B7 E7 A  
The tax man is calling and my friends are all gone  
D7 G B7  
Politicians bicker, they fumble and fight  
Em A7 D Bb D  
Fingers all pointing – you're wrong – I'm right. The ole

### *Bridge*

Gm D Gm D  
**Tar Baby beckons - Br'er Fox he's singing low, But**  
Gm D E7 A  
**remember to remember that the briar patch is your home, and**  
D Bb D  
**Br'er Rabbit's got his comb - So - Instrumental ride (verse) - Chorus**

D B7 E7 A  
Cell phone is missing - the ringers turned off  
D B7 E7 A  
My Twitter feed screaming that all hope is lost  
D7 G B7  
A-sylum with the inmates running the show  
Em A7 D Bb D  
One voice says yes - another one says, "No!" **Chorus**





## The Troubadour

10-26-93

Capo + 2

Words and Music by Charles Stacey

Am D  
Standing in the spotlight, alone there on the stage.  
Am G B7  
The troubadour shares his dreams - from mist he weaves the shapes.  
C Cm Bm Em  
There for just a moment - the song held in his hand -  
C D C walk down to G C G  
Like the night wind's ghostly whisper or a painting made of sand.  
D C G C G Bm C D  
For years his songs stayed hidden in the dark - Pushing from an ageless aching heart.  
C D G walk down to Em  
His audience the blue jays in his back yard's open air.  
C D C walk down to G C G  
They echoed back in harmony the troubadours despair

Am D  
The tapestry a fine one - He wove it thread by thread.  
Am G B7  
Then sang it to his children when he tucked them safe in bed.  
C Cm Bm Em  
There for just a moment - their dreams held in his hand.  
C D C walk down to G C G  
And the story of their father's world was painted in nights sand.  
D C G C G Bm C D  
The music from a gentle whisper grew - Like the desert drinks the crystal morning dew.  
C D G walk down to Em  
Life fed by the product of the cold dark wind of night.  
C D C walk down to G  
Let's the deserts celebration bloom in the mornings golden light.

Em D Em Am D  
The color of the sunrise is still shining in his eyes, but now it's from a spotlight and his songs take wing and fly.  
C D G walk down to Em  
It doesn't sound commercial. No, it doesn't have a hook.  
C D C walk down to G C G  
you see his life just doesn't rhyme that way. His rhythm doesn't cook.

Am D  
He's standing in the spotlight alone there on the stage.  
Am G B7  
The troubadour shares his life - from dreams he weaves the shapes.  
C Cm Bm Em  
He offers them his three songs - his soul held in his hand  
C D C walk down G C G  
and he dreams of the day they'll pay him and he'll even have a band.

D C G C G  
 But till that day he'll step up to the mike  
 Bm C D  
 and bare his soul for free each Monday night. You know  
 C D G walk down Em  
 He's singing for your smile and he's singing for his song  
 C D C walk down to G  
 and he's singing 'cause the dream he dreams says that's where he belongs

Am D  
 He's standing in the spotlight alone there on the stage.  
 Am G B7  
 The troubadour shares his dreams, from mist he weaves the shapes.  
 C Cm Bm Em  
 He offers up his three songs - his soul held in his hands  
 C D C walk down to G  
 cause the hurricane is blowing and his painting's made of sand  
 D C G C G Bm C D  
 C D G walk down Em C D C walk down to G

## Twelfth Night

12/26/88

Words and Music © by Charles Stacey

G Bm7 Am7 C D  
The cold gray sky of December gives up her treasure of white.  
G Bm7 Am7 D  
The skeleton forest of winter now glows in a magical light.  
C Em Fmaj7 D Bm Em  
The earth and the sky blend together somewhere not light but not dark. The only sound snow's soft whisper -  
A A7+ D  
The singing of nature's glad heart.

### *Chorus*

Gm7 D Gm7 D  
*Life in a delicate balance – silent and resting for now.*  
Gm7 D Em A A7+ D  
*Like a rainbow the snow speaks a promise – Nature's eloquent vow.*

G Bm7 Am7 C D  
The glow of the flickering fire – Holding the cold wind at bay.  
G Bm7 Am7 D  
Wrapped in the arms of my one special love while the cold sculpts the frozen white clay.  
C Em Fmaj7 D  
The setting sun hangs on the rim of the hill. Dark shadows flee from the light.  
Bm Em  
The hills holding fast to the last dying gasp.  
A A7+ D  
The golden glow holds back the night. *Chorus*

G Bm7 Am7 C D  
An old picture floats through my memory – A ghost in the cold winter's night.  
G Bm7 Am7 D  
I'm holding a young girl so closely – We dance to the beat of one heart.  
C Em Fmaj7 D Bm Em  
I'm lost in the rush of new feelings – The blush of young love glows warm. The cold twelfth night chill doesn't touch me,  
A A7+ D  
The world is so right in her arms. *Chorus*

G Bm7 Am7 C D  
And yet in those arms I'm surrounded – So many winters have passed.  
G Bm7 Am7 D  
I still dread the cold and I treasure the gold and I pray for the moment to last.  
C Em Fmaj7 D Bm Em  
In confusion the flakes swirl in circles – A dizzying dance of pure light. A dervish of ghostly proportions  
A A7+ D  
Will teach us a new dance tonight. *Chorus*

## Two A.M.

2-26-89

Words & Music © by Charles Stacey

D D(f) G(b) Fmaj7 A7  
Floating in a dream world, fading away. My mind is racing but there's nothing to say.  
Bm C G Em A Bm  
Straining to see shapes in the dark. Nothing can budge the ache and fear in my heart.  
G Em A D  
Nothing can budge the ache and fear in my heart.

### *Chorus*

C G D  
*The spirit of the nighttime holds me in his cold dark hand.*  
C G F A D  
*His gentle whisper is begging me to understand.*

D D(f) G(b) Fmaj7 A7  
Two A.M. – Can't sleep again. Something is pushing but my mind won't bend.  
Bm C G Em A Bm  
Nothing's on T.V. – I don't want to read. Pacing the floor and praying for the strength that I need.  
G Em A D  
Pacing the floor and praying for the strength that I need. **Chorus**

D D(f) G(b) Fmaj7 A7  
Nothing to hold to but my old six string, an empty dark feeling and this song that I sing.  
Bm C G Em A Bm  
The boogiemán sings a strange melody. He grins at the thought of just what I'm fixing to see.  
G Em A D  
He grins at the thought of just what I'm fixing to see. **Chorus**

D D(f) G(b) Fmaj7 A7  
No place to run to – there's no place to hide. The truth that I'm running from I'm holding inside.  
Bm C G Em A Bm  
Dark fleeting glimpses of places I've been. Feeling new feelings for the first time all over again.  
G Em A D  
Feeling new feelings for the first time all over again. **Chorus**

## Two Roses

11/10/14

Words (c) Charles Stacey and Nikki Combs

Music (c) Charles Stacey

Am Em F G C walk to Am D7 G Cadd9/E

Cadd9/E DmAdd9/D Em7/G Cadd9/E  
The river sang a joyful song - Geese poised for winter's flight  
Cadd9/E DmAdd9/D Em7/G Cadd9/E  
hand in hand the lovers strolled - bathed in autumn light  
Am Em F G

Then something near the water's edge caught my wandering eye  
C walk to Am D7 G Cadd9/E Cadd9/E DmAdd9/D Em7/G Cadd9/E  
Two long stem roses blushing red - beckoned like a sigh

Cadd9/E DmAdd9/D Em7/G Cadd9/E  
I wonder were they set adrift - a lovers promise true  
Cadd9/E DmAdd9/D Em7/G Cadd9/E  
Hope the destination - for this offering they threw  
Am Em F G  
Carried by the current cheered on by an azure sky  
C walk to Am D7 G Cadd9/E  
These long stem roses blushing red - Their secrets safely hide

### Chorus

***F Em Fmaj7/E G***  
***Their story a mystery - floating at my feet***  
***Am F D G G7***  
***Questions with no answers - their meaning incomplete***

Cadd9/E DmAdd9/D Em7/G Cadd9/E  
Or were they thrown in anger - a lovers dark despair  
Cadd9/E DmAdd9/D Em7/G Cadd9/E  
forgiveness now rejected disappointments awkward stare  
Am Em F G  
The consequence of failure - too many tears were cried  
C walk to Am D7 G Cadd9/E Cadd9/E DmAdd9/D Em7/G Cadd9/E  
These long stem roses blushing red - Their secrets safely hide

Cadd9/E DmAdd9/D Em7/G Cadd9/E  
Was it just an accident - that brought them to this place  
Cadd9/E DmAdd9/D Em7/G Cadd9/E  
A careless moment frozen in a mindless lack of grace  
Am Em F G  
An omen of the future - I wondered as I spied  
C walk to Am D7 G Cadd9/E  
These long stem roses blushing but their secrets safely hide

### Chorus

***F Em Fmaj7/E G***  
***Their story a mystery - floating at my feet***  
***Am F D G G7***  
***Questions with no answers - their meaning incomplete***

Cadd9/E DmAdd9/D Em7/G Cadd9/E  
 Or maybe it's a young girl that set the petals free  
 Cadd9/E DmAdd9/D Em7/G Cadd9/E  
 embraced by currents gentle hand released her mem-o-ry  
 Am Em F G  
 Placed there at the alter of time's stream, the river side  
 C walk to Am D7 G Cadd9/E Cadd9/E DmAdd9/D Em7/G Cadd9/E  
 Two long stem roses blushing red - Her secret safely hides

Cadd9/E DmAdd9/D Em7/G Cadd9/E  
 From the Animas to the San Juan then to the Colorado flow  
 Cadd9/E DmAdd9/D Em7/G Cadd9/E  
 The rivers carry stories in to consciousness they grow  
 Am Em F G  
 the trickle to a torrent into oceans surging tide  
 C walk to Am D7 G Cadd9/E  
 Two long stem roses blushing red - Their secrets safely hide

## Unseen

6/21/03

Words and Music © Charles Stacey

Capo Drop D

Dadd9 C6add9 Am9 Dsus2 Dadd9 C6add9 Ain9 D  
Red bird is hiding but I hear his sweet song. Don't have to see you to know that you're gone  
Cmaj7 Dsus2 Am7 Dsus2 Cadd9 Gm6 A7sus4 A7 Dsus2  
Can't see the lightning but the thunder still rolls. Can't see the rain cloud but the cool wind blows.

C6add9 Am9 Dsus2 C6add9 Am9 Dsus2

Dadd9 C6add9 Am9 Dsus2 Dadd9 C6add9 Am9 D  
Senses can fool you. Feelings can lie. Preachers and teachers lost in the why  
Cmaj7 Dsus2 Am7 Dsus2 Cadd9 Gm6 A7sus4 A7 Dsus2  
House of the cuckoo. The mocking bird's call. The sign says you moved but you just think you're gone

C6add9 Ain9 Dsus2 C6add9 Am9 Dsus2

Dadd9 C6add9 Am9 Dsus2 Dadd9 C6add9 Am9 D  
Splash of the otter. The bald eagle's cry. Cool flowing river the green mountain sighs.  
Cmaj7 Dsus2 Am7 Dsus2 Cadd9 Gm6 A7sus4 A7 Dsus2  
Life's dancing circle. A dream floating by. Death the illusion. See the pot - ter smile

C6add9 Am9 Dsus2 C6add9 Am9 D

Dadd9 C6add9 Am9 Dsus2 Dadd9 C6add9 Am9 D  
Dance with the owl over the moon. Free of your burden remember the tune  
Cmaj7 Dsus2 Am7 Dsus2 Cadd9 Gm6 A7sus4 A7 Dsus2  
That sang us to being. The sea and the sky. The spider and fluteman, you and I

Dadd9 - 022992, C6add9 - 022772, Am9 - 027722, Dsus2 - 022452, Cmaj7 - 054222, Am7 - x24232,

Cadd9 -054252, Gm6 - 032252, A7sus4 - 024252, A7 - 024242



## The Voyage

11-12-92

Words © by Charles Stacey Music © by Alan Frost & Charles Stacey

Dm C F Gm Dm Bb C Dm  
Waltzing with the East wind, there's the whisper of an old friend as the angel spreads her snow-white wings  
Dm C F Gm Dm Bb C Dm  
Cradled on the ebb tide; dis-cov-er-y a jealous bride; the morning star a shining beacon's light.

**(Chorus)**

Gm Bb F C C Bb Dm F C  
*Dancing with the dolphins past the Boliver Roads – Blue Wa-ters call to me.*  
Gm Bb F C C Bb Dm F A  
*Bathed in tears my lady cried, She's calling me back. I'm torn 'tween land and sea –*  
A7 Bb C Dm C Dm C Dm Dm  
*Two loves calling to me; whisper "use me". Then the other begs "no, me" – which one will it be?*

Dm C F Gm Dm Bb C Dm  
Lost within my lady's eyes, I bargained with the sunrise and rested in the harbor of her arms.  
Dm C F Gm Dm Bb C Dm  
She begged with me to stay behind – forsake a life so oft' unkind – the world beyond the fifty-fathom line.

**(Chorus) To seek the far horizon. To follow the dream. Blue waters call my name.**

Dm C F Gm Dm Bb C Dm  
The wake is singing softly as the jetty's arms release me from the shelter of my lady's warm embrace  
Dm C F Gm Dm Bb C Dm  
Balanced for a heart beat – where sky and sea and land meet – The dreamer's song is growing in my heart.

**(Chorus) To sail past far horizons. To follow the dream. Blue waters call my name.**

Dm C F Gm  
From Saint Croix to the Yucatan and the mys-ter-y of foreign lands  
Dm Bb C Dm  
I'm borne on waves like shoulders broad and strong  
Dm C F Gm Dm Bb C Dm  
To chose between sec-ur-ity and the challenge of the des-ti-ny but storm clouds build, I'm longing for a rest

**(Chorus) To seek the far horizon. To follow the dream. Blue waters call my name.**

3/8/2015

Words and Music (c) Steven Sprague, Lori Reed, Charles Stacey

key of D

### Wander

Dmodal Bm7  
I thought I had a song when I picked up my pen  
C7/9 Dmaj7  
It was a song about tomorrow or maybe way back when  
C7/9 F#m  
But as I sat and pondered the meter and the rhyme  
Em7 A7 D Gm D  
My mind began to wander - Wandering wonder

#### **Chorus**

Em7 A7  
*In a place outside of time - I hear her soft guitar*  
F#7 Bm  
*Her music fills my mind - her voice swells my heart*  
Em7 A7  
*Her dreams are inter-twined forever in the stars*  
De Gm A7  
*Wandering wander*

Instrumental Ride on Verse

#### **Chorus**

Em7 A7  
*In a place outside of time - I hear her soft guitar*  
F#7 Bm  
*Her music fills my mind - her voice swells my heart*  
Em7 A7  
*Her dreams are inter-twined forever in the stars*  
De Gm A7  
*Wandering wander*

Dmodal Bm7  
I thought about a friend and how our music blends  
C7/9 Dmaj7  
When the spirit overtakes, when creativity awakes  
C7/9 F#m  
How she plays and sings her newest dream on wings  
Em7 A7 D Gm D  
I find it natural to play along - Wandering wonder

#### **Chorus**

Em7 A7  
*In a place outside of time - I hear her soft guitar*  
F#7 Bm  
*Her music fills my mind - her voice swells my heart*  
Em7 A7  
*Her dreams are inter-twined forever in the stars*  
De Gm A7  
*Wandering wander*

## What Should I Say

6-2-89

Words & Music © by Charles Stacey

A                      Asus4-A                      Asus4-A                      A9                      F#7  
What should I say – What part should I play.      You're offering me something that's new to me.  
A9                      F#7                      D6(add9)/A                      Dm6  
More than I ever thought that love could be. I'm lost in the wonder and feeling so fine.  
F#m7                      Esus4                      Esus4-E  
But wait just a minute – What's yours and what's mine?

A                      Asus4-A                      Asus4-A                      A9                      F#7  
What should I say – What part should I play.      Sitting alone now and feeling the fear.  
A9                      F#7                      D6(add9)/A                      Dm6  
What in the hell am I doing here? All the old feelings come crashing on down.  
F#m7                      Esus4                      Esus4-E  
I'm feeling so small - I'm starting to drown.

A                      Asus4-A                      Asus4-A                      A9                      F#7  
What should I say – What part should I play.      The search for approval – Just what should I be?  
A9                      F#7                      D6(add9)/A                      Dm6  
Wondering just exactly what you're wanting to see. Running my mouth so I don't disappear.  
F#m7                      Esus4                      Esus4-E  
Keeping you at arm's length so you won't see my fear.

A                      Asus4-A                      Asus4-A                      A9                      F#7  
What should I say – What part should I play.      I'm fighting surrender and feeling the pain.  
A9                      F#7                      D6(add9)/A                      Dm6  
Staring in the face of the long lost shame. Surrounding myself in anger's cocoon -  
F#m7                      Esus4                      Esus4-E  
Protected from touching the feelings too soon.

A                      Asus4-A                      Asus4-A                      A9                      F#7  
What should I say – What part should I play.      Learning the lesson of being just me.  
A9                      F#7                      D6(add9)/A                      Dm6  
Feeling the meaning of in-ti-macy. The special new love holds me so strong.  
F#m7                      Esus4                      Esus4-E  
Putting old feelings in the place they belong.

## The White Gardenia

7-5-93

Words and Music © by Charles Stacey

### (Chorus)

*Em D A*  
*So take this white gardenia love and place it in your hair.*  
*Em D Em*  
*I'll send you one each day I live to show you someone cares.*  
*C D G walk down to Em D Em*  
*Sleep you with the fragrance and the petals softness share. Remember that I love you and I care.*

*G Bm*  
I'll tell you all a story before it's lost in times dark sands.  
*F#m A*  
About a fair maid come to Belfast and the one who sought her hand.  
*C G D Em G Bm*  
A simple tale of tragedy and pain...I'll explain. A simple country colleen from a gentle faery past.  
*F#m A*  
Her hair the red of sunset. Her eyes an emerald cast.  
*C G D Em*  
A refugee from famine and the war...But wait there's more.  
*G Bm*  
Smokestacks burned the blue sky brown. Their dark wind filled her heart.  
*F#m A*  
Her lungs cried out for mercy, but she found her country spark.  
*C G D Em*  
Flowers for her Caledonian heart...in Belfast Park.  
*G Bm*  
It's there I first laid eyes on her, a spring flower blooming fair.  
*F#m A*  
my heart cried out in ecstasy to see my true love there.  
*C G D Em*  
A goddess finding form in mortal clothes ... times message froze. **(Chorus)**

*G Bm*  
I shared the park each day with her. The moon kept count above.  
*F#m A*  
I wrote the mystery maiden songs that told her of my love.  
*C G D Em*  
She sang along with harmony and grace...In the safe green space.  
*G Bm*  
We'd bathe within the warm sweet scent but then she'd disappear.  
*F#m A*  
She said she had to go alone and that I shouldn't fear.  
*C G D Em*  
A part of her she never let me hold...A power untold.  
*G Bm*  
The season's passed so quickly. The blossoms faded fast.  
*F#m A*  
I felt her fade away from me, so frail in the winter's grasp.  
*C G D Em*  
A casualty of the city's cold dark rain...But who's to blame?

G Bm  
They took me to the tenement where they said last night she died.  
F#m A  
They found me from the poems that lay there by her side.  
C G D Em  
Then the fresh gardenia standing by the bed...Turned flaming red. (Chorus)

G Bm  
Ten years passed so slowly - Adrift in the winters land.  
F#m A  
I stand here at her graveside white gardenia in my hand.  
C G D Em  
Petals soft and warm soon frozen cold - I feel so old.  
G Bm  
No coal to heat my empty hearth - no coat to hold me warm.  
F#m A  
Love's mem'ry all to hold my heart then she hands me one last song.  
C G D Em  
It's a ceili dance and it echoes through my soul. A song so bold.  
G Bm  
I lay the blossom on her grave. It takes the crimson hue,  
F#m A  
then my lovers kiss steals my breath away and I'm dancing with my muse.  
C G D Em  
She reached across the void of time and space.... To touch my face.  
G Bm  
I float above the choking haze, held safe within her sight  
F#m A  
And look far down on Belfast town from the sunbeam's gleaming flight.  
C G D  
At its base the crimson blossom bathed in light.  
Em  
once more turns white. (Chorus)

## Willow's Waltz

May 10, 2014

Words and Music (c) Charles Stacey and Jaqui Jacobs

Capo +2

G Em Am Am C D G D

G Em Am Am C D Em7 Em  
She moved like the wind through the tree tops. - Her heart beat so steady and strong. Willow's  
Am D G Em Am D G D  
Love was as big as the mountains she roamed - gentle as a spring morning's dawn  
G Em Am Am C D Em7 Em  
Ranger her constant companion, struck down by a cruel twist of fate  
Am D G Em Am D G G7  
Willow stood steadfast and faithful She wouldn't abandon her mate

### Chorus

C D B Em C D G G7  
*Let me sing you her love song - with a voice that's heard just with the heart*  
B7 B7 Em Em7 A7 A7 D D  
*Love that won't die - shines deep in her eyes - even time won't keep them apart*

G Em Am Am C D Em7 Em  
Two gentle souls found a refuge - a new verse for destiny's song  
Am D G Em Am D G D  
Willow's love grew with sal-va-tion while Paula and Craig sang along  
G Em Am Am C D Em7 Em  
Am-bassadors sent to build bridges - Willow's tongue melted fears part  
Am D G Em Am D G G7  
Her grace taught with eloquent silence - coaxing the love from our hearts

### Chorus

C D B Em C D G G7  
*Let me sing you a love song - with a voice that's heard just with the heart*  
B7 B7 Em Em7 A7 A7 D D  
*Love that won't die - shines deep in our eyes - even time won't keep us apart*

G Em Am Am C D Em7 Em  
Loved by the many she played with - but the circle of life doesn't slow  
Am D G Em Am D G D  
Time and tide must be accepted - So rejoice for this spirit we've known  
G Em Am Am C D Em7 Em  
Willow's great love for old Ranger and her love for the people she taught  
Am D G Em Am D G G7  
Is a leg-a-cy sung with each beat of our hearts - the peace we so earnestly sought

### Chorus

C D B Em C D G G7  
*Let me sing you her love song - with a voice that's heard just with the heart*  
B7 B7 Em Em7 A7 A7 D D  
*Love that won't die - shines deep in her eyes - even time won't keep us apart*

## The Wizard Rides Tonight

4/7/96

Words and Music © by Charles Stacey

Capo +2

### Chorus

*Am* *G* *E*  
So silver hooves are flashing through the Kildare Night.  
*Am* *G* *E*  
A ghostly apparition rounds the Curragh in the full moon's light.  
*F* *G* *Am*  
Waiting are the faithful to resume the freedom fight.  
*G* *Dm* *E* *E* *Am*  
Enchanted till his steed's bright shoes wear thin from flight. The Wizard rides tonight.

*C* *Gm* *C* *Gm*  
Earl Gerald was a son of Erin true - whose skill with sword and magic spell both grew.  
*Bb* *F* *C* *Bb* *Dm* *G*  
As a warrior he defended Brigit's land - as a wizard was betrayed by his own hand. **Chorus**

*C* *Gm* *C* *Gm*  
Rath Mullymust enchantress she did dare to teach the Wizard secrets few had shared  
*Bb* *F* *C* *Bb* *Dm* *G*  
But the Warrior danced to Brigit's melody so the crone she cursed the Earl to endless sleep.

### Bridge

*Em* *D* *Em* *Em* *D* *Em*  
But each seven years through time he'll reappear and ride to gain release from jealous fear  
*C* *D* *Em* *Am* *Dm* *E*  
Until the miller son's six fingered hand will break the spell and free the Kildare man. **Chorus**

*C* *Gm* *C* *Gm*  
His knights' in armor sleep by saddled steeds in a cavern far below the castle keep  
*Bb* *F* *C* *Bb* *Dm* *G*  
And Earl Gerald waits to face his ancient foe and take his promised place on Erin's throne. **Chorus**

## Wolf Dog Cookies

February 22, 2014

Words and Music (c) Jaqui Jacobs and Charles Stacey

Capo+2

D7 G  
Feelin' frisky - back and forth - nip your buddies feet  
D7 G  
Lick your Lupin Lips my friend and try this special treat  
E A  
We Mixed up oats and margarine - some sugar just for you  
C D G  
a little broth - some cheddar cheese - you can't eat just a few -

### *Chorus*

B7 C  
*Sorta crunchy - really smooth - you can't get quite enough -*  
D7 G  
*See that Wolf Dog Smile - The beggar's not so tough*  
E C G E7  
*Hear them howl, hear them growl, hear those puppies whine*  
C D G  
*Wolf Dog Cookies make you feel so fine*

D7 G  
Knead the dough - roll out the treat - Shape the cookies nice and neat  
D7 G  
Enough for everyone to share - to demonstrate how much we care  
E A  
Bright eyes sparkle while you drool - I'm saving some 'cause I'm no fool  
C D G  
Wolf pups prance and dance around so cool **Chorus**

D7 G  
This baker's treat is quite complete it's time to live out loud  
D7 G  
Your tummy's full of cookie dough - enchantment filled the crowd  
E A  
Wave your paws and wag your tail and and sing a sweet goodbye  
C D G  
It's a Wolf Dog Cookie Rocky Mountain High **Chorus**



## Wolf Song

8/31/13

Words by Charles Stacey & Jaqui Jacobs

Music by Charles Stacey

Short Capo +5

G(d) Bm F C G(d)  
Hear the voice of old Ouray – echo down through time  
G(d) C C D(e) G(d)  
It's rolling cross the mesa - and forest where we climb

### *Chorus*

B7 C(g)  
*Our teacher sings the wolf song – the growl and the whine*  
G(g) D(e) D(e) C G(d)  
*The answer to our future - Lies behind those shining eyes*  
F C(g) C G(d) G

G(d) Bm F C G(d)  
The lesson's there for learning – if eyes and heart will heed  
G(d) C C D(e) G(d)  
From Alpha to Omega - each equally we need

*Chorus*

G(d) Bm F C G(d)  
A life of love and caring – each piece connects the whole  
G(d) C C D(e) G(d)  
Circles with in circles - must live in nature's home

*Chorus*

G(d) Bm F C G(d)  
Their ancient voices echo forth - begging us to hear  
G(d) C C D(e) G(d)  
We're all one pack we share this earth – there's no place left for fear

### *Chorus*

B7 C(g)  
*Our teacher sings the wolf song – the growl and the whine*  
G(g) D(e) D(e) C G(d)  
*The answer to our future - Lies behind those shining eyes*  
F C(g) C G(d) G

G(d) Bm F C G(d)  
Hear the voice of old Ouray – echo down through time

Chords							
Song Title	Chord name and code						
Anticipation	E	D	C	B	A	<b>Em</b>	<b>A</b>
	079900	557775	335553	224442	002220	099000	577655
Ain't Life Wonderful	A	D	B7	E7	<b>F</b>	<b>A</b>	<b>D</b>
	00 <sup>111110</sup> 0	<sup>101210</sup> 111010	797877	779797	133211	002220	000232
	<b>E</b>						
	022100						
Allegany Moon (Capo Drop D)	D	Bm	C	A	G	<b>A</b>	<b>G</b>
	022454	446654	X54232	224442	542225	799877	577655
	<b>Bb</b>	<b>A</b>					
Ballad of Sally Jean (Capo Drop D)	335553	224442					
	D	C9	D	Em	A	Gm	<b>Cm</b>
	022454	X54252	022454	244222	224442	X32252	668876
	<b>F#m</b>	<b>B</b>	<b>G</b>	<b>Bm</b>			
The Battle (Capo Drop D)	466444	446664	542225	446654			
	D	Am	C	Gm	G6	G	Bm
	022454	X24432	X54232	X32252	542252	545555	446654
	C#m	F#m	<b>F</b>	<b>Em</b>	<b>Dm</b>	<b>Am</b>	<b>Gm</b>
	668876	466444	022787	99 <sup>111110</sup> 9	779987	799777	577555
	<b>Dm</b>	<b>E</b>	<b>A</b>				
Blue Sky	022453	244322	224442				
	A6	Dmaj7	Fmaj7	<b>D7</b>	<b>Amaj7</b>		
Borderline	007670	557675	587555	554530	002120		
	A	Bm	G	E	D	C#m	F#m
Bullfrog (Summer Solstice)	002220	224432	320003	022100	X00232	446654	244222
	Em	A	D	G	<b>Am7</b>	<b>Dm</b>	<b>Gm</b>
	022000	002220	X00232	320003	002213	000231	010030
	<b>A7sus4</b>	<b>A7</b>	<b>C</b>	<b>Bb</b>			
Children of the Sky (Capo Drop D)	002030	002020	332010	113331			
	<b>Am7</b>	<b>Dmadd9</b>					
Child of Many Names (Capo Drop D)	799777	029982					
	Dadd9	Bm6add9	Gm13	C11b9	D		
	029992	02 <sup>10910</sup> 2	872282	02 <sup>10810</sup> 2	022454		
Circle Up the Dancers (Capo Drop D)							
	Asus2	G	Dm9	Cmaj9#11	(b)	<b>A</b>	
	224422	542225	022782	822782	722282	X24442	
	<b>D</b>	<b>walk</b>	<b>Bm</b>				
The Cookson Hills	022454	06454	446654	X26652			
	Amaj	G6add9	Fmaj7	E7	F	G6	C
	577650	355430	133210	020100	133211	320030	332010
	<b>Am</b>	<b>Bb</b>	<b>G</b>	<b>Am7</b>	<b>D</b>		
Crystal Desert (Capo +2)	355433	113331	320003	575555	X00232		
	Am	G	F	E7	Walk	up	
	224432	542225	355433		242332	242352	
	<b>F</b>	<b>Am7</b>	<b>Dm</b>	<b>G7</b>	<b>E7</b>	<b>Am</b>	
Crystal Lake	355433	797777	779987	575655	242322	355433	
	Dm	A	Gm13	Bb			
	557765	577655	650060	688766			
	<b>G</b>	<b>Dm</b>	<b>E</b>	<b>A</b>			
	355433	557765	022100	002220			

Dad	Dsus2	Am7	E7	F	C	Bb	A
	000230	002010	010200	133211	032010	113331	002220
	A4	Asus2					
	002230	0022000					
	<b>D</b>	<b>G</b>	<b>Em</b>	<b>A</b>	<b>A4</b>	<b>Bm</b>	<b>F#</b>
	000232	320003	022000	002220	002230	224432	244222
	<b>Bmat7</b>	<b>Dmaj7</b>	<b>Cmaj7</b>				
Damaged Goods (Capo Drop D)	797777	557675	335453				
	D	Em7add11	Dmaj9	G			
	022565	022675	022897	0229109			
	<b>Am7</b>	<b>D</b>					
The Dancing Lad and Lassie (Capo Drop D)	X24232	022454					
	D	Cadd9	G6	Am	C	G	
	022454	054252	542252	024432	054232	542225	
	<b>A</b>	<b>D</b>	<b>G</b>	<b>F#m</b>	<b>Bm11</b>		
Dancing With the Shadow (+2)	224442	022454	542225	466444	446644		
	E7	Asus	Am	G6	Bm	C9	Dm
Dark Dream (Capo +2)	244352	224452	224432	542252	446654	254252	222453
	Am	A7sus4	Am7	Csus2	G6	E	
	X24432	226252	797777	557755	542252	244322	
	<b>Dm</b>	<b>C</b>	<b>Bb</b>	<b>A</b>	<b>G</b>		
Living on the Dark Side	222453	254232	335553	224442	543335		
	Em	D6add9	Csus2	Dsus2	G	C	Am
	079980	X24430	335533	557755	355433	335553	002210
	B						
	224442						
Elena's Song	<b>Dmadd9</b>	<b>Dm</b>	<b>F</b>	<b>Bb</b>	<b>C</b>	<b>D</b>	<b>Em</b>
	557760	000231	133211	113331	335553	557775	079980
	Am	E	G	Fmaj7	E7	Dm	Cmaj7
	002210	022100	320003	003210	020100	000231	032000
Equinox (Capo Drop D)	C9						
	3x2333						
	A6	Em7	Gm	A7	Em	A	Dmadd9
The Game (Capo +2)	X29892	011787	X32252	224242	244222	X24442	025452
	E6	A6	D7	C7	B7	Dbm	Ab7
	244342	224444	276752	254532	243424	668876	686766
	A	E	Gb7				
Ghosts Along the Brazos (Capo Drop D)	224442	244344	454544				
	D/a	D/g	D/f#	D/e	E/c#	E	A h.o.c#
The Gypsy Fire (Capo +2)	222457	022455	022454	022452	242342	244322	0244222
	Dmaj7	C#m	Emadd9	Bbm	Badd9	Em9	F#m
	212121122	91111999	228872	799777	299822	222787	991111109
	Em	Am					
Holli's Song	779987	799777					
	Am	Gmaj7	G	B7	C	<b>Fmaj7</b>	<b>F#m</b>
	002210	005430	320003	224242	032010	003210	779987
	Bm	C#7					
In Chains	799777	446464					
	Amadd9	A7add11	Gsus4	Bbm7	Dsus2	Dmaj7	
	077500	650060	335533	797777	557755	365333	
	Am9						
	077500						

Journeyman's Promise	Dat10	Emat9	Cat7	Bm	F#m	F	C
	1001211100	099000	870080	224432	244222	133211	032010
Maiden Of Kintyre	<b>Gm6</b>						
	010030						
Midnight Mind	Emat7	D	C6	Bm	Cmaj7		
	0790810	557775	035400	224432	032000		
Movement (Capo Drop D)	Em	F#m7add11	Em7	Emadd9	D	A6	B7
	022453	022675	022787	029982	554232	592222	224242
	<b>F#</b>	<b>A7</b>					
	242322	224242					
No Man's Land (Capo Drop D)	E	Eadd9	Emaj7	Bm7add11	F#m7add11	A	Esus2
	022997	022992	022897	022775	022675	542225	022452
	E						
	022454						
Odyssey	A	Asus4	D				
	007650	X00230	X00232				
The Prisoner (Capo +2)	Dmadd9/F#	Cadd9					
	229982	109222102					
The Prodigal	Dm	Bb7	G	G7	G6	C	
	557765	686766	355433	353463	353453	032010	
The Reluctant Refugee	G	Gm6	Eb	D			
	875558	X65585	111113131311	101012121210			
Ring Round the Moon	Emadd9	Cadd9	D	Amadd9			
	099000	870080	557775	077500			
	<b>Em</b>	<b>D</b>	<b>C</b>	<b>B</b>			
	779987	557775	81010988	799877			
Sacramento Lullaby	Bm	A	F#m	G	Em		
	224432	002220	244222	320003	022000		
Sanctuary (Capo +2)	Aadd9	Dadd9					
	224642	226452					
	<b>Cadd9</b>	<b>Dmadd9</b>	<b>G6</b>				
	254252	225452	542252				
The Silkie Song	Dmadd9	Dm9/E	Bbmaj7	Dm			
	007760	007768	000766	66876			
Song man	Aadd9						
	577600						
The Spinning Wheel	Amaj7	Gmaj7	Fmaj7	Am9	Dm	Am	B7
	007650	005430	003210	077500	557765	577555	797877
	E7						
	022130						
	<b>Em7</b>	<b>Asus2/D</b>	<b>G6</b>	<b>Cadd9</b>			
	022030	002230	320030	032030			
Spring Storm (Capo Drop D)	Gmaj	Cadd9	Bm	C#m	G#m		
	542255	054255	446654	668876	688666		
Two A. M.	D9addE	G6	Fmaj7				
	030230	320030	003210				
What Should I Say	A	Dmadd9	Em6	F#7	D6add9	Fmaj7b5	F#maj7
	002220	003230	042000	242322	000202	003201	044320
	Esus4	E					
	022200	022100					
Carrington's Tune (Short Capo) 2	Esus4	E	Esus2	A6/9/E	Esus4	E	Bmadd11
	022200	022990	022770	022675	022200	022454	024430

[illegible]