

**Holly Near**  
**Peace Becomes You**  
**Lyrics**

**One Good Song**

Lyrics by Holly Near; Music by Holly Near, John Bucchino, and Jan Martinelli / © 2009 Hereford Music

Going round the radio dial - round and round  
Ads and lots of talk - round and round  
Somebody's talkin' bout recipes  
Somebody talk about sin  
Somebody talk about the weather  
Or will America win

I want to hear one good song while I'm stuck here in the traffic  
I want to sing along – I need a song to help me me stay awake  
One good song that will reach my demographic  
Take me home, with one good song

Going round the radio dial, round and round  
Rush Limbaugh losing his mind, round and round  
Somebody celebrating ignorance  
Puts a wrinkle in my brow  
A freeway sign is rubbing it in  
If you lived here you'd be home by now

I remember in radio when the DJs picked the songs  
Patsy Cline could break my heart  
And Ella could do no wrong  
And though I'm over 30  
And I'm not to be trusted  
I like Bruno Mars and he seems so well adjusted  
People on talk radio seem to have lost their way  
So unless you happen to live where Public Radio has a say

---

**Because of a Song**

Holly Near / © 2003 Hereford Music

You may laugh and I may be wrong  
But I believe when we sing our spirits grow stronger  
In art we learn things that cannot be taught  
Releasing emotions that have been caught inside for years and years

Alone in my room, in my sense of self  
I am remembering books on the shelf  
Writers who had me catching my breath  
Ideas that linked me to life and to death

Saving my soul, and saving my sanity  
Holding my hand, and calming my vanity  
Lifting my spirits, and easing my pride  
Holding the truth when somebody lied

Then one day I made up a song  
The words poured out as I went along  
I sang what my mind could not see  
I was singing in a new me

Because of a song I made my way  
Through the world not equal or fair  
Choices to make that called on my soul  
To decide if I wanted to care

Without a drum and a song I would not know you  
There would be no healing by the fire  
The messenger would die of loneliness  
With no reason to inspire

We'd go flat like a world without knowledge  
There would be no dancing in the moonlight  
The singers would die of loneliness  
Somewhere in the night

---

### **Because of a Drum and a Song**

Holly Near / © 2012 Hereford Music

A penny whistle, a rock and roll band  
A symphony, a stick on an old tin can

A lullaby and a jazz quintet  
A polka, a salsa and a minuet

A screaming guitar, a pounding beat  
Dancing in heels or in bare feet

Wailing trumpets, piano rags  
Fast tarantellas and tempos that lag

The drummers begin, the dancers arrive  
And suddenly we know that we are alive

Choirs of peace, and marching bands  
Soprano who hits all the notes nobody else can

A banjo, a koto, an oud, or darbuka  
A cellist who dares to replace a bazooka

Cherokee Dance, a Mississippi blues  
A troubadour daring to bring the news

Crossing the border, deep in the night  
Ave Maria to hold off my fright

A sweatshop of noise where boredom can kill  
Tapping her foot reflects a powerful will

Raising my children over the prison phone  
Humming and humming so they won't feel alone

A child who can't sleep, a pain in her bones  
A parent who sings so he won't feel alone

Teenagers survive behind headsets of sound  
Escaping the terror of a family unwound

A church on alert - the choir sings out  
And women in hats begin to shout

Shout to the heavens, a grand jubilee  
Raging and twirling in ecstasy

Birds in the sky, and bees in the hive  
We know we are dying and we know we're alive

How would my days have gone without a drum and a song?  
How would my days have gone without a drum and a song?

---

### **99 Miles from L.A.**

Hal David, Albert Hammond / © Casa David LP, EMI April Music Inc.

Keeping my eyes on the road, I see you  
Keeping my hands on the wheel, I hold you  
99 Miles from LA, I kiss you, I miss you, please be there

Passing the white sandy beach, we're sailing  
Turning the radio on, we're dancing  
99 Miles from LA, I want you, I need you, please be there

The windshield is covered with rain, I'm crying  
Pressing my foot on the gas, I'm flying  
Counting the telephone poles, I phone you  
Reading the signs on the road, I write you  
99 Miles from LA, we're laughing, we're loving, please be there

The windshield is covered with rain, I'm crying  
Pressing my foot on the gas, I'm flying  
Counting the telephone poles, I phone you  
Reading the signs on the road, I write you  
99 Miles from LA, we're laughing, we're loving, please be there

---

### **In the Shadow of War**

Holly Near / © 2012 Hereford Music

War is child abuse for which our taxes pay  
Soldiers are just children who have been denied the right to play  
So don't send our children out as the first line of defense  
And then stand on patriotism to try to make some sense – of WAR, of WAR

The use of torture is just fascist in the shadow of Guantanamo  
Don't spend your hard earned money on this deadly horror show  
Desperation is a mighty gun, and rage is a poisoned bullet  
You put the trigger in a shaking hand and fear will come to pull it - because of WAR,  
because of WAR

The greatest of these offenses is the rape of body and spirit  
And even with the screams for help seldom do we hear it – it's the trauma of WAR,  
trauma of WAR  
The roads are closed, and the wells polluted - There is no food to steal or buy  
We seem to think starvation is an acceptable way to die -  
in the shadow of WAR  
in the shadow of WAR

And so it goes and so it goes - And so it goes on forever  
And so it goes and so it goes - And so it goes on forever

And if we can't figure this one out then we are not so clever  
in the face of WAR  
senseless WAR  
in the trauma of WAR  
in the shadow of WAR

---

## **Peace Becomes You**

Holly Near / © 2005 Hereford Music

I like the way you look in your baggy jeans  
The way you walk with your sassy stride  
I like the way you sound when you call out my name  
The way you laugh when you've got something to hide.  
But most of all I like how you trust in change  
And honey darling wonderful and true  
May I say, Peace Becomes You  
May I say, Peace Becomes You

I like the way it breaks your heart to see the cruelty of prison  
The way you show up to be counted time after time  
I like the way you raise your voice to put an end to war  
The way you celebrate a woman in her prime  
Ain't no doubt about it, I like the way you speak your mind  
And honey darling wonderful and true  
May I say, Peace Becomes You  
May I say, Peace Becomes You

May I say, Peace Becomes You  
May I say, Peace Becomes You

I like the way you grab a thought and then put it into practice  
The way you know when its time to honor rage  
The way you really listen before you start talking  
The way you stand on a picket line for a living wage  
But most of all I like how you chose to love me  
And honey darling wonderful and true

May I say, Peace Becomes You  
May I say, Peace Becomes You  
May I say, Peace Becomes You

---

## **Jump Jump**

Lyrics by Holly Near; Music by Holly Near, John Bucchino / © 2011 Hereford Music

Once I thought I needed that pretty dress  
Once I thought I needed more stuff  
Once I thought I was all about it  
Now I know enough is enough – Oh yeah  
Now I know enough is enough

So let's stop spending money  
Let's stop wasting time  
Let's stop driving around for nothing  
And let's stop living a lie, oh yeah  
Let's stop living a lie

Come on and Jump Jump Jump on and love the planet  
Jump Jump Jump on and love a friend  
Jump Jump Jump on and love the children  
And let's put a stop to the end – oh yeah  
Let's put a stop to the end.

I'm going up, up to the mountain  
I'm going down, down to the sea  
If you like walkin' and if you like breathin'  
You can come with me

I don't always love the humans  
We move slower than a snail  
But of all the tasks that have been put before us  
This time we don't want to fail

---

## **I've Grown Accustomed To Her Face**

Lyrics by Alan Jay Lerner, Music by: Frederick Loewe / © Chappell & Co.

I've grown accustomed to your face, you almost make the day begin  
I've grown accustomed to the tune that you whistle night and noon

Your smiles, your frowns, your ups, your downs  
Are second nature to me now, like breathing out and breathing in

I was serenely independent and content before we met  
Surely I could always be that way again - and yet

I've grown accustomed to your look  
Accustomed to your voice  
Accustomed to your face

---

## Shirt In the Wind

Lyrics by Holly Near; Music by Holly Near, John Bucchino / © 2012 Hereford Music

Driving cross the prairie, no one in sight for hours  
A lonely house appears and I wonder who is living there  
Next to the run down tractor there is a homemade clothesline  
The sheets and shirts are waving like they're running from a dust storm

I no longer have an address. My clothes are in a suitcase  
I don't know where I am but being lost seems so familiar  
I am the run down tractor. I am the homemade clothesline  
The sheets and shirts are waving like they're dancing at a honky-tonk  
Who is the one who lives here? Have I ever been that lonely?  
Is that the wind that's crying or coyotes in the grassland?

Feel like a shirt in the wind, feel like my threads are showing thin  
Losing my shape against the sky, I can't remember why  
Feel like a shirt in the wind, feel like my spirit is growing thin  
Like a dress that's flying high, pinned against the sky  
I can't remember why

The city is before me, the lights define the skyline  
A job is waiting for me a like a pair of shiny handcuffs  
I see the tractor in the mirror. The sheets and shirts are still now  
And the shadow of a woman who once could dance the night away  
The rain that crossed the prairie evaporates to nowhere  
The storm that came is a storm that passed and I made it to the morning

Feel like a shirt in the wind - Feel like my threads are showing thin  
Losing my shape against the sky, and I can't remember why I  
Feel like a shirt in the wind, losing my shape against my skin  
I am a dress that's flying high, pinned against the sky  
Just the clouds and I

---

## Crazy

Gian Piero Reverberi, Thomas deCarlo Callaway, Brian Joseph Burton, Gianfranco Reverberi / © Warner-Tamerlane  
Pub Corp.: Universal Music-Careers Obo Bmg Ricordi Music Publ. Spa.; Warner-Chappell

I remember, I remember when I lost my mind  
There was something so pleasant about that place  
Even your emotions had an echo in so much space

And when you're out there without a care,  
Yeah, I was out of touch  
But it wasn't because I didn't know enough  
I just knew too much

Does that make me crazy? Does that make me crazy? Does that make me crazy?  
Possibly

I hope that you are having the time of your life  
But think twice, that is my only advice

Come on now, who do you, who do you, who do you, who do you think you are,  
Bless your soul  
You really think you're in control

I think you're crazy, I think you're crazy, I think you're crazy  
Just like me

My heroes had the heart to live their lives out on a limb  
And all I remember is thinking, I want to be like them

Ever since I was little, ever since I was little it looked like fun  
And it's no coincidence I've come and I can die when I'm done

Maybe I'm crazy, maybe you're crazy, maybe we're crazy  
Probably

I remember, I remember when I lost my mind

---

### **She Just Wants To Dance**

Georgina Graper, Kevin Moore / © Warner-Tamerlane Pub. Obo Playin' Possum Music Warner-Tamerlane Pub.  
Obo Keb' Mo' Music

When the music starts a playin' and she slides out on the floor  
Dancing without a partner, swaying on the two and four  
There's a rhythm in her footsteps, and a flower in her hair  
A smile on her face cause she's in a place where she don't have a care

She's not looking for a lover, she's not looking for romance  
She just wants to dance, she wants to dance  
She just wants to dance  
She just wants to dance

Well she's moving kinda lazy and it's obvious to me  
This woman isn't crazy, she's as wild as she is free  
She can feel it in her fingers as it moves on down her spine  
And when it hits her hips, she parts her lips  
And you know she's feeling fine

She not looking for a lover, she's not looking for romance  
She just wants to dance, she wants to dance  
She just wants to dance  
She just wants to dance

Well she's moving kinda lazy and it's obvious to me  
This woman isn't crazy, she's as wild as she is free  
She can feel it in her fingers as it moves on down her spine  
And when it hits her hips, she parts her lips  
And you know she's feeling fine

She's not looking for a lover, she's not looking for a romance  
She just wants to dance, she wants to dance  
She wants to dance, just wants to dance

She's not looking for a lover, she's not looking for a romance  
She just wants to dance, just wants to dance  
She just wants to dance

---

### **My Favorite Year**

Michele Brourman, Karen Sue Gottlieb / © Words and Wings Music

You, reappearing in my mind  
You were right and I was blind  
But that was long ago

Now, do I ever cross your mind  
Are your memories like mine  
Or have they let you go

After all the lives I've lived through, all these years  
I had to go so far without you, now it's clear  
You were my favorite love, that was my favorite year

When we, we were young forever yesterday  
Fools and little children run away  
If we could go back there, would we stay?

After all the loves I've lived through, all these years  
I had to go so far without you, now it's clear  
You were my favorite love, that was my favorite year  
You were my favorite love, that was my favorite year

---

### **It Won't Take Long**

Ferron Foisy / © Bug Music Obo Nemesis Publishing

They said some men would be warriors  
Some men would be kings  
Some men would be owners of land  
And other man-made things  
False love as the eternal flame  
Would move some to think in rings  
And gold would be our power  
And other foolish things

And you who dream of liberty  
Must not yourselves be fooled  
Before you get to plea for freedom  
You've agreed to being ruled  
If the body stays a shackle  
Then the mind remains a chain  
And that will link you to your destiny  
Where by other souls are slain

It wont take long  
It wont take too long at all



Three men in a desert wandering  
One is knowing and two are scared  
They say time is in the river  
Oh but the river is not there  
Dry in spirit  
Dry in body  
Two will lend themselves to death  
And in grief one weeps into his hands  
And drinks his bitter tears

cause it don't take long  
It don't take too long at all  
No it don't take long  
You may say  
I don't know what you're talking about  
And I say  
You mean to tell me that's all

And I stand before you now  
I am hopeful in my rage  
You know love has finally called for me  
I will not wilt upon its stage  
But you know still smaller than my nightmare  
Now do I print upon the page  
And do we have to live inside its walls  
To identify the cage

cause it takes so long  
Why does it take so long  
And it takes so long  
You may say  
I don't really care what you're talking about  
Imp gonna ask you  
You trying to tell me you don't belong

I am my mothers daughter  
But I have seen myself in you  
Its this blessing that I follow now  
And so I must speak true  
I dreamed of thousands dying  
It was you and you and you  
And while the city sleeps so quietly  
There is something we must do

And it wont take long  
It wont take too long at all  
It wont take long  
May say  
I don't know if I wanna know what you're getting at  
It makes me wanna say  
So long

Grief shall come in measures  
Only grief alone will know  
And you'll see it on your family

And on your own face it will grow  
Then they'll try to keep you hungry  
And they'll tell you to eat snow  
You know pride can be a moving thing  
If we learn the strength of no

And it wont take long  
It wont take too long at all  
No it wont take long  
You may say  
I don't think this has anything to do with me  
Did you ever think you could be wrong

At noon on one day coming  
Human strength will fill the streets  
Of every city on our planet  
Hear the sound of angry feet  
With business freezed up in the harbour  
The kings will pull upon their hair  
And the banks will shudder to a halt  
And the artists will be there

cause it wont take long  
It wont take too long at all  
No it wont take long  
And you may say  
I don't think I can be a part of that  
And it makes me want to say  
Don't you want to see yourself that strong

Division between the peoples  
Will disappear that honoured day  
And though oceans lie between us  
Lifted candles light the way  
Half will join their hands by moonlight  
The rest under the rising sun  
As underneath the sun and moon  
A ritualed wailing has begun

And it wont take long  
It wont take too long at all  
And it wont take long  
And you may say  
I don't know how to be a part of what you're talking about  
And it makes me want to say  
Come on  
Come on

Oh beware you sagging diplomats  
For you will not hear one gun  
And though our homes be torn and ransacked  
We will not be undone  
For as we let ourselves be bought  
Were gonna let ourselves be free  
And if you think we stand alone

Take a look around and you will see

We are children in the rafters  
We are babies in the park  
We are lovers at the movies  
We are candles in the dark  
We are changes in the weather  
We are snowflakes in July  
We are women grown together  
We are men who easily cry  
We are words no quickly spoken  
Were the deeper side of try  
We are dreamers in the making  
We are not afraid of why

---

### **We've Come a Long Way**

Bernice Johnson Reagon / © Tro-Workshop Productions OBO Songtalk Publishing Company

We've come a long way to be together, you and me  
We've come a long way to be together, you and me

And we'll stay holding to each other  
Fighting and trusting as we grow

It's been a mighty distance, dangerous journey to be here  
It's been a mighty distance, dangerous journey to be here

And we'll stay holding to each other  
Fighting and trusting as we grow

It's taken the sacrifice of many others to be one  
It's taken the sacrifice of many others to be one

And we'll stay holding to each other  
Fighting and trusting as we grow

We've come a long way to be together, you and me

---

### **There's a Meeting Here Tonight**

Trad. Arranged by Holly Near / © 2012 Hereford Music

There is a meetin' hmmm, There is a meetin' hmmm  
There is a meetin' hmmm, There is a meetin' hmmm  
There is a meetin' here tonight  
There is a meetin' here tonight  
There is a meetin' here tonight  
There is a meetin' here to-niiii-ght

Well there's a meetin' here tonight, there's a meetin' here tonight  
Crowds a gatherin', ready for change, there's a meetin' here tonight  
There's a meetin' here tonight, there's a meetin' here tonight  
Crowds a gatherin' , ready for change, there's a meetin' here tonight

I went down to the city park (I went down to the city park)  
Talked with folks well into dark (Situation mighty stark)  
Students had a lot to say (Students had a lot to say)  
We'd stay in school but it's too much to pay, too much to pay, too much pay

Come to the meetin' here tonight, there's a meetin' here tonight  
Crowds a gatherin', ready for change, there's a meetin' here tonight

I lost my house and I lost my nation (Lost my house and lost my nation)  
Lost my job, found an occupation (Come on down to the Occupation)  
Being poor is not a crime (We are running out of time)  
Can't feed my family on a dime, on a dime, on a dime

There's a meetin' here tonight, there's a meetin' here tonight  
Crowds a gatherin', ready for change, there's a meetin' here tonight

You might have thought that we'd moved on (Might have thought that we'd moved on)  
But racism was never gone (It still hangs on)  
Find your voice and be an ally (Everyone can be an ally)  
Don't let this moment pass us by pass us by pass us by

There's a meetin' here tonight, there's a meetin' here tonight  
Crowds a gatherin', ready for change, there's a meetin' here tonight

Birth control is patriotic (Don't make me a felon)  
The choice is mine, make sure I got it (Stop the War Against Women)  
Take your laws off my body (Oh oh here we go again)  
Your arrogance is killing me, killing me, killing me

There's a meetin' here tonight, there's a meetin' here tonight  
Crowds a gatherin', ready for change, there's a meetin' here tonight

Immigrants from around the world (I'm not from here)  
Watch a 1000 flags unfurl (On the Trail of Tears)  
Why punish friends from Mexico (Take down the walls from Mexico)  
Let our families come and go, come and go, come and go

Come to a meetin' here tonight, there's a meetin' here tonight  
Crowds a gatherin', ready for change, there's a meetin' here tonight

There is a meetin', there is a meetin', there is a meetin' here tonight  
There is a meetin', there is a meetin', there is a meetin' here tonight  
There is a meetin', there is a meetin', there is a meetin' here tonight

---

## **Here Comes the Hard Part**

Holly Near / © 2012 Hereford Music

Young folks getting shot in the back  
Dangerous being brown and black  
You may have thought it was history  
But we're not over slavery  
The prisons are the new lynching tree

Here comes the hard part, taking in the hard part  
Learning about the hard part, the hard part of change  
Then comes the hard part, dangerous the hard part  
Lifetime of the hard part  
Will we keep showing up?

We live together still we live apart  
This great divide is ripping my heart  
There's no such thing as color blind  
When race has all our lives defined  
This takes more work than simply believing  
I'm staying with this, I'm not leaving

Are we afraid to do the hard part  
Do we keep failing at the hard part  
We are shaking in the hard part  
But we keep showing up

Falling fearing failing shaming terrifying hard part  
of change

Three women murdered every day  
And that's just in the USA  
Killed by lovers by so-called friends  
My body breaks, my spirit bends  
We hold our sons and daughters with arms unfurled  
And teach them to be strong and loving in a violent world

Here comes the hard part  
Trusting is the hard part  
Will we make it through the hard part  
The hard part of change

The hard part comes at some with such a vengeance every day  
For others it's a choice to care but they care anyway  
Whether born with privilege or poverty in your hand  
There comes a time in every life where we're choosing where we stand  
And love comes from the deepest impulse we have ever known  
People do the impossible and history has shown  
The impossible becomes the probable  
Change crashes through the door  
And lives are changed forever, forever more

Because of the hard part  
Standing through the hard part  
A lifetime of the hard part  
But we keep showing up  
Moving through the hard part  
Calling on the hard part  
I love you through the hard part  
Because you, because you, because you keep showing up

---

## Carousel

Eric Blau, Jacques Brel / © Universal-Mca Music Publishing Div. Of Universal Music Corp.; S D R M

Carnivals and cotton candy  
Carousels and calliopes  
Fortune-tellers in glass cases  
We will always remember these  
Merry-go-rounds quickly turning  
Quickly turning for you and me  
And the whole world madly turning  
Turning, turning 'till you can't see

We're on a carousel  
A crazy carousel  
And now we go around  
Again we go around  
And now we spin around  
We're high above the ground  
And down again around  
And up again around  
So high above the ground  
We feel we've got to yell  
We're on a carousel  
A crazy carousel  
We're on a ferris wheel  
A crazy ferris wheel  
A wheel within a wheel  
And suddenly we feel  
The stars begin to reel  
And down again around  
And up again around  
And up again around  
So high above the ground  
We feel we've got to yell  
We're on a carousel  
A crazy carousel

Carnivals and cotton candy  
Carousels and calliopes  
Crazy clowns chasing brass rings  
Soda pop and rock-candy trees  
Merry-go-rounds quickly turning  
Quickly turning for you and me  
And the whole world madly turning  
Turning, turning 'till we can't see

We're on a carousel  
A crazy carousel  
And now we go around  
Again we go around  
And now we spin around  
We're high above the ground  
And down again around  
And up again around  
So high above the ground

We feel we've got to yell  
We're on a carousel  
A crazy carousel  
We're on a ferris wheel  
A crazy ferris wheel  
A wheel within a wheel  
And suddenly we feel  
The stars begin to reel  
And down again around  
And up again around  
And up again around  
So high above the ground  
We feel we've got to yell  
We're on a carousel  
A crazy carousel

Carnivals and cotton candy  
Carousels and calliopes  
Kewpie dolls with painted faces  
Tricky shell games and missing peas  
Merry-go-rounds quickly turning  
Quickly turning for you and me  
And the whole world madly turning  
Turning, turning 'till you can't see

We're on a carousel  
A crazy carousel  
And now we go around  
Again we go around  
And now we spin around  
We're high above the ground  
And down again around  
And up again around  
So high above the ground  
We feel we've got to yell  
We're on a carousel  
A crazy carousel  
We're on a ferris wheel  
A crazy ferris wheel  
A wheel within a wheel  
And suddenly we feel  
The stars begin to reel  
And down again around  
And up again around  
We'll never get around  
So high above the ground  
We feel we've got to yell  
We're on a carousel  
A crazy carousel

La la la la

---

## **Let's Face The Music and Dance**

Irving Berlin / © Irving Berlin Music Co.

There may be trouble ahead  
But while there's moonlight and music  
And love and romance  
Let's face the music and dance

Before the fiddlers have fled  
Before they ask us to pay the bill  
And while we still have the chance  
Let's face the music and dance

Soon, we'll be without the moon  
Humming a different tune  
And then

There may be teardrops to shed  
So while there's moonlight and music  
And love and romance  
Let's face the music and dance

---

## **Sway**

Luis Demetrio Traconis Molina, Pablo Beltran Ruiz Aka Pablo Rosas Rodriguez, Norman Gimbel / © Words West LLC, Peer International Corporation

Other dancers may be on the floor  
Dear, but my eyes will see only you  
Only you have that magic technique  
When we sway I grow weak

When marimba rhythms start to play  
Dance with me, make me sway  
Like a lazy ocean hugs the shore  
Hold me close, sway me more

Like a flower bending in the breeze  
Bend with me, sway with ease  
When we dance you have a way with me  
Stay with me, sway with me

Other dancers may be on the floor  
Dear, but my eyes will see only you  
Only you have that magic technique  
When we sway I grow weak

I can hear the sound of violins  
Long before it begins  
Make me thrill as only you know how  
Sway me smooth, sway me now

Quién será la que me quiera a mi



Quién será, quién será  
Quién será la que me de su amor  
Quién será, quién será

Yo no se si la podré encontrar  
Yo no se, yo no se  
Yo no se si volveré a querer  
Yo no se, yo no se

Like a flower bending in the breeze  
Bend with me, sway with ease  
When we dance you have a way with me  
Stay with me, sway with me

Quién será la que me quiera a mi  
Quién será, quién será  
Quién será la que me de su amor  
Quién será, quién será

---

### **The Wurlitzer Prize (I Don't Want to Get Over You)**

Chips Moman, Bobby Emmons / © Universal - Songs Of Polygram International Inc

I'm not here to forget you  
I'm here to recall the things we used to say and do  
I don't want to get over you  
I don't want to get over you

I haunt the same places we used to go  
Alone at a table for two  
I don't want to get over you  
I don't want to get over you

They ought to give me the Wurlitzer Prize  
For all the silver I let slide down the slot  
Playing those songs sung blue  
Help me remember you  
I don't want to get over you

Fresh roll of quarters  
Same old song  
Missing you through and through  
I don't want to get over you  
I don't want to get over you

They ought to give me the Wurlitzer Prize  
For all the silver I let slide down the slot  
Playing those songs sung blue  
Help me remember you  
I don't want to get over you  
Help me remember you  
I don't want to get over you

---

## Seemed Like a Good Idea

Lyrics by Holly Near, Music by Holly Near and Roy Zimmerman / © 2012 Hereford Music

Take yourself back to day one of the automobile  
Sit yourself down on that seat and behind that wheel  
Driving your horseless carriage, can't you feel the pride and power?  
Racing along your rutted road at about three miles an hour

No more walking 6 miles to school, it was a sign of the times  
Cruisin' along in summer showers, feeling fine  
Your arm around your favorite gal, you feel a godlike kind of power  
And nothing seals the deal like going 20 miles an hour

Seemed like a good idea  
It must have seemed like a good idea at the time

Won't be long before you're thinking of selling the horse and the mule  
Ditching the cart and hitching your future to fossil fuel  
You can do things and go places you couldn't do or go before  
So it's worth the dust and smell and smoke and the deafening engine's roar

Seemed like a good idea  
It must have seemed like a good idea at the time

Six billion people on the planet having sex for love or hate  
But no matter how you do the math, they continue to procreate  
Tin box on wheels, lots of gasoline to devour  
Speeding along on expensive roads at 80 miles an hour

Parked by the sea, couples kissing - the oil spill on the shore  
Having one last fling before they ship off to another bloody war  
And it must have seemed like a good idea!

Are you a road warrior or a road survivor?  
Am I just along for the ride or am I the driver?  
I've been thinking lately about the way that we all get around  
The automobile gave us a lift but it might just bring us down  
Chorus

It seemed like a good idea  
It must have seemed like a good idea at the time

The drivers all are amateurs but certainly not distracted  
The drivers are all amateurs but certainly not distracted by  
A high jolt soda and I just got fired  
The dogs are sick and the kids are tired  
Late for work, I'm mad as hell  
You broke up with me on the cell  
My doctor says I'm gonna die  
I'm so strung out I need to get high  
I'm losing my mind - I'll have one drink and that will help me think  
I forgot the milk, well the store isn't far  
Let's all get in the car!

Seemed like a good idea

It must have seemed like a good idea at the time  
Seemed like a good idea  
You know it seemed like a good idea at the time

---

## **It's A Lazy Afternoon**

John Latouche, Jerome Moross / © Chappell & Co., Sony/Atv Tunes LLC

It's a lazy afternoon  
And the beetle bugs are zooming  
And the tulip trees are blooming  
And there's not another human in view  
But us two

It's a lazy afternoon  
And the farmer leaves his reaping  
In the meadow cows are sleeping  
And the speckled trouts stop leaping up stream  
As we dream

A fat pink cloud hangs over the hill  
Unfolding like a rose  
If you hold my hand and sit real still  
You can hear the grass as it grows

It's a hazy afternoon  
And I know a place that's quiet  
Except for daisies running riot  
And there's no one passing by it to see  
Come spend this lazy afternoon with me

---

## **What About Me?**

Jesse Farrow / © Irving Music, Inc. OBO Dreaming Jewels Music

You poisoned my sweet water. You cut down my green trees.  
The food you feed my children is the cause of their ill disease.  
The world is slowly falling down. The air is not fit to breathe.  
And yet you seem to think that you can keep doing as you please

Oh, what you gonna do about me?  
Oh, what you gonna do about me?

We work in your factories. We study in your schools.  
Fill the penitentiaries and the military too.  
I can feel the future trembling as the word gets passed around.  
There are more of us than we know if we can find our common ground  
And they know that or they would not be trying to shut us down.

Oh, what you gonna do about me?  
Oh, what you gonna do about me?  
Oh, what you gonna do about me?  
Oh, what you gonna do about me?

The world falls into greedy hands when we the people fall asleep.  
This is not new, each generation wakes to make the leap.  
But this time it's not just people. It is planet and life itself.  
So we dust off all the lessons learned and take wisdom off the shelf.

Oh, what you gonna do about me?  
Oh, what you gonna do about me?

We shall not be moved \*

\* A line from a spiritual from early African American tradition, first called I Shall Not Be Moved. Adapted by the activists of the 1930s and often sung at political gatherings.

---

### **If I Were Alone**

Lyrics by Holly Near, Music by John Bucchino / © Hereford Music, Williamson Music Co.

If I were alone in the world  
All alone in the world  
I'd love silence in my every day  
Nothing much to say  
If I were alone in the world

If I were alone in the world  
All alone in the world  
I would linger in the mist  
Feel like i'd been kissed by a cloud  
If I were alone  
Totally alone

I would dance without fear  
Never minding the magic in the woods  
If I were alone  
Alone in the world

But then again  
There is you  
And I dont know what I would do  
If I were alone  
Alone in the world  
Without you

---

### **Dream A Little Dream of Me**

Wilbur Schwandt, Gus Kahn, Fabian Andre / © Cromwell Music Inc. OBO Essex Music Inc. , Essex Music Inc OBO  
Don Swan Publications, WB Music Corp OBO Gilbert Keyes Music Company

Stars shining bright above you  
Night breezes seem to whisper "I love you"  
Birds singing in the sycamore tree  
Dream a little dream of me

Say nighty-night and kiss me  
Just hold me tight and tell me you'll miss me

While I'm alone and blue as can be  
Dream a little dream of me

Stars fading but I linger on dear  
Still craving your kiss  
I'm longing to linger till dawn dear  
Just saying this

Sweet dreams till sunbeams find you  
Sweet dreams that leave all worries behind you  
But in your dreams whatever they be  
Dream a little dream of me

Stars fading but I linger on dear  
Still craving your kiss  
I'm longing to linger till dawn dear  
Just saying this

Stars shining bright above you  
Night breezes seem to whisper "I love you"  
Birds singing in the sycamore tree  
Dream a little dream of me

---

### **Full Moon Rising**

Terry Garthwaite / © Foojoonjoy Publishing

Full moon rising circle round  
Shine your light when the sun goes down  
Give a little happiness, give a little shout  
Give a little lovin' til the sun comes out  
All night long - sing your song  
All night long - sing your song

---

### **Waiting**

Cris Williamson / © Bird Ankles Music

I have been waiting for this very one  
And now I stand before you and my hair is all undone  
And you know even if I were a liar  
We could not stop the fire in which we have begun.

And when the sun has spun its way across the sky  
And the turning of the earth will not be noticed in the night  
You will come and fill me up with fire  
And when it's once again begun  
We'll wait once more with darkened eyes  
For the rising of the sun.

Moving changing breathing  
Hearing nothing but the wind and morning flowers opening  
They sing la la la la...  
We kiss and kissing fall to love and loving rise to dawn and morning skies

I can feel the fire dying with the rising of the sun in your eyes.

And when the sun has spun its way across the sky  
And the turning of the earth will not be noticed in the night  
Will you come and fill me up with fire  
And when it's once again begun  
We'll wait once more with darkened eyes  
For the rising of the sun

---

## **We're Still Here**

Lyrics by Holly Near Music by Holly Near and John Bucchino / © Hereford Music

Yes we can cause a lot of trouble if you send our children to fight and to die  
Or poison the food or try to delude us with ads that blatantly lie  
Our children have minds meant for learning  
If there is a god, then god lives in them  
Books are not meant for burning  
What is it you feel that you must condemn?  
But no matter how hard you push us around, there is something around the bend

We're still here  
Choosing love over fear  
When the lines are drawn we're still here  
We're still here making it perfectly clear  
When the lines are drawn we're still here

No matter how much you love to hate us, and fear is driving a stake in your heart  
As long as the stars shine bright in the sky then love will keep doing its part  
Yes, you may try to stop the music  
But music has wings and flies over the walls  
It's there when we dance and when we romance  
It's there when the dictator falls  
But no matter how hard you push us around, there's one thing you need to recall

We're still here  
Choosing love over fear  
When the lines are drawn we're still here  
We're still here making it perfectly clear  
When the lines are drawn we're still here

Sometimes we get sad and discouraged  
As old friends die and dreams slip from our grasp  
But much as we treasure our memories, we don't live in the past  
Years can bring us grey hair and wrinkles  
And wisdom as well, I hasten to say  
With walkers and canes we are standing  
Between young people and harm's way  
And your job just got harder today  
Because

We're still here  
Choosing love over fear  
When the lines are drawn we're still here  
We're still here, making it perfectly clear

When the lines are drawn we're still here  
When the lines are drawn we're still here

---

**Peace**

Holly Near / © Hereford Music

Let's give it one more try...

---