

## **Since I've Been Growing**

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Since I've been growing,  
I've been told,  
there's no way outside this mold.  
And everything,  
I ever saw,  
Tells me that's an iron law.

*I don't want to see,  
I don't want to watch,  
I don't want to say what I think anymore,  
But I don't want to not.*

Power is,  
As power does,  
And the losing side is what it always was.  
Some are lost,  
And some are found,  
And the gaining side is gaining ground.

*In the race for the finish,  
Yeah, in the passing of the light,  
I don't want to say what I think any more,  
But I still think that I might.*

*Hey, We are lying down again.  
Hey, At the passing of a friend.  
Round here we all dress up just like grown men,  
But we're acting like kids.*

*Ahh truth is the subject,  
At the end of my quill.  
I don't want to say what I think anymore,  
But i probably will .*

Since I've been growing,  
I've been told,  
There's no way outside this mold,  
And everything,  
I ever saw,  
Tells me that's an iron law.

## **RABBITS FOOT**

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I built upon my rabbit's foot a culture at the reins,  
I built upon my rabbit's foot a culture at the reins.  
One true thing above all else my rabbit's foot would say,  
Our ability can meet our needs as we shall see one day.

*With wishing comes patience,  
With hope contemplation,  
No luck lest their be your resolve.  
When winter springs early,  
And hopes grow from worries,  
This summer it will not let us fall, no not at all.*

When ideas cease to be just thoughts,  
Words stop lying there on the shelf,  
We learn thinking without practicing can lead only to ourselves.

*With wishing comes patience,  
With hope contemplation,  
No luck lest their be your resolve.  
When winter springs early,  
And hopes grow from worries,  
This summer it will not let us fall, no not at all.*

## **COME ON**

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When he woke this morning, he found upon his head,  
A hat made of the firearms, been laying by his bed.  
And of all the million reasons that had passed across his mind,  
Not one of them explained this extraordinary find.  
He said: "I don't want to be embarrassed by these torturing tools,  
For every day I've lived my life, I've followed all the rules."  
Oh, come on.

His neighbour he woke differently, but no less scared.  
Gone to bed a young man, in the morning had no hair.  
He got off of his bullet train, into a rocking chair,  
And when we wen't to the party there was nobody there.  
He said: "I wander round this city in full weight of ball and chain,  
Because when I leave this restaurant I'll do it all again."  
Oh, come on.

Leaving here felt silly she thought, rolling down them tracks.  
But not have as strange as it feels coming back.  
She did not know the reason, but she knew there must be some.  
Besides, whatever she had left here for, she'd surely overcome.  
And that man beside with bullet hat, and neighbour with no hair,  
Seem strangely familiar, but it is impolite to stare.  
Oh, come on.

The poet he's a messenger, at least that's what he said.  
He's got a special delivery for the thought that's in your head.  
He said: "Whatever you have had before, you cannot have again,  
And the king is not in charge here, we have cut off his head."  
Some people think its good, some people think its bad.  
But the skeletons in the closet, they were all he ever had.  
Oh, come on.

This boat it takes me over, and then it takes me back.  
This boat is solving problems, solving problems by the stack.  
But if its not tuberculosis, it will be heart attack.  
I've always taken it for granted, that one day its gonna crack.  
But this morning I felt different, when this morning I was wrong.  
When this morning someone told me just how far I'd come.  
Oh, come on.

## **TRUE STORIES**

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Come on little boy why don't you get in my way.  
Come on man tell me what you gotta say.  
Defend yourself and that you feel alright.  
How do you sleep at night?

Cut off your branches, rely on your roots.  
You just get one small pack and your walking boots,  
And it is suddenly horrific, but you put on such a terrific show.  
Lets go.

There was a car there was a road,  
It was cold and I was told,  
To wait inside the motel room for man in a dark coat.  
For me he had an envelope, I had a box for him,  
I could see my breath, my head started to spin.  
I asked how it is I got here, but there was no one to reply,  
So I approach the mirror to look someone in the eye.  
I learned that fear was useless so many years ago,  
I wonder if that's how they'll do me in,  
How I'll go?  
Defend yourself and that you feel alright.  
How do you sleep at night?

Digging in the dirt as it turns to mud in rain,  
I have been doing this for so long, I forget how to complain.  
Sometimes I dig'em up,  
Sometimes I put'em down,  
Sometimes I think I'm living life at night on the edge of town.  
I can't defend myself or that I feel alright,  
But I still sleep at night.

Oh I'm not on the bottle baby its on me.  
This road's a funny road it has corners that can make it hard to see.  
But if your question is disorder honey you can find the answer,  
In everything you don't do,  
In ever city's cancer.  
Defend yourself and that you feel alright.  
How do you sleep at night?

## 4th Fret

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Capo on the 4th Fret / Guitar around my neck  
Climbing up on the garage / And figuring what the heck  
Because this paper says I'm qualified / To give my speech from here  
So good people of my neighbourhood / Please lend me your ear

And I will Capo on the 4th Fret / And I'll yell into the air  
That the times they are a changing / For sure this time I swear  
But I don't even half mean it / And I only just half care  
From the highlands of my high rise / To the comfort of my chair

*Once again, I just spent my day,  
Listening to some records and wondering what to say.  
Through the sirens and the Vancouver rain,  
I'm gonna write myself a sweet song, put it down about half way.*

And I will Capo on the 4th Fret / Load some gear into the car  
We have forgotten how to sacrifice / If we ever knew at all  
And I am too far from my family / And I'm too close to the mall  
And there is too much here to think about / So I don't think at all

I just Capo on the 4th Fret / Sing another Seeger song  
I will pretend I have a hammer / I'll make others sing along  
With their own hope for tomorrow / Be in anarchy or law  
While every single heart and mind / Is sunk into some job

*Can you believe, I just spent another entire day,  
Listening to some records and wondering what to say.  
Through the sirens and the Vancouver rain,  
I'm gonna write myself a sweet song, put it down about half way.*

And I will Capo on the 4th Fret / And whisper in your ear  
That when the world outside is dying / We can stay alive in here  
We will hunt moose down the hallway / Stalk the elevator shaft  
That's been abandoned to the forest / Which is slowly growing back

And we can Capo on the 4th Fret / Sing some camp fire songs  
Peak out the window / When the night time comes  
And it is safe to poke our heads up / Two to a match  
And we can hope the world is better love / When it comes back

## **GAMBLING SONG**

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10 to one I placed it on a sure bet, a sure a bet.  
It's a fixed fight I'm sure I'm right he had said.  
So I took everything I owned placed it on the sure win in the ring,  
10 to one and I planned on... retiring.

With what I had left I took a cab down to 5<sup>th</sup> and Main Street,  
And I bought myself a ticket, I bought myself a front row seat,  
And I watched that fight go down it was not as I had planned.  
Alone I sat a loser in the end.

Oh you can never know what it means,  
You can never know what it means.  
Dollars spent upon these dollar dreams.  
Yeah I lost everything,  
You can never know what it means.  
Dollars spent upon the American dream.

It's coming around. 50 on red that I can win in this town.  
100 on black that I can come right back.  
You can never go up if you've never been down.  
Its coming around.  
The noise of that shuffle is my favourite sound.  
When I get my feet on the betting ground,  
Its coming around.

Oh you can never know what it means,  
You can never know what it means.  
Dollars spent upon these dollar dreams.  
Yeah I lost everything,  
You can never know what it means.  
Dollars spent upon the American dream .

10 to one I placed it on a sure bet.

## **ALL OF MY FRIENDS ARE FAMOUS**

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Sometimes I think that we've already been told everything that we will ever know.  
And I wonder if it's better to be right or to be wrong, or to never have been here before.  
They say 10am is too early for whiskey, 2am too late for cigarettes.  
I take their advice most of the time. Other times I forget.

So come on be the second poet of democracy. Sing the body up from where its down.  
When they tell you what you're doing is pornography, set fire to the whole f\*\*king town.

When they put up a sign and build a statue that says you've been there,  
And they're charging five bucks a head.  
Go on back, believe everything you see, and live it until you are dead.  
The advice that you got to lead a quiet life has been useless now for years.  
Maybe Whitman never drank like we can babe, but we're still here.

Hand me down my walking cane, and I will go along my path.  
Hand me down my walking cane, and see if I come back.  
Once I get far enough away, I will write to say I'm fine.  
For now, I'm talking to this road, and it just whispers back at me.  
It says: "You are doing alright."

## **WE REAP WHAT WE SOW**

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We reap what we sow,  
And we do what we know,  
And there's hardly no folks saying that its time to go.

Yeah we eat and we drink,  
And we ain't what we think,  
And some say we may be on the brink of extinction.

*There's a lot of folks saying that its time for more praying,  
Or that the air is getting hotter, and the horizon is graying.*

I'm not asking for much.  
Just a wheel, not a crutch.  
Just a small peace of hope we can reach out and touch.

*They are sure we are playing a dangerous game,  
It was simple before, but its too easy, again.*

There is a terrible truth,  
And a terrible lie,  
And they're exactly the same despite all that we try.

*Oh the higher we go, the deeper we cut,  
We're all thirsty for something, we just don't know what.*

## YOUR SON, THE GHOST

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Our boat's been driving up and down the coast.  
I am sitting with these children, we're chasing ghosts.  
I wonder: What are the things I will miss the most?  
As I am hanging with my fears off of this rope.

As the morning fog becomes the evening's haze,  
I wonder who or what sent me here into this maze.  
And I wonder: What you are doing back there with your days?  
And I am sure it is not staring death in the face.

*Tired of living at right angle to a crime.  
Learning things I never thought could cross my eyes.  
Spending daylight creating things in dark I fight.  
I don't want to lie awake, I don't want to lie awake again... tonight.*

It turns upon, relies upon, is built upon, constructed on,  
A story we were told some time ago.  
Of unshackled words and coloured paints,  
Filling lines on maps, making proper saints.  
It spreads like a virus cross everything we know.

*I have lived so far past consequence that I can't get it off my mind.  
Learning things I never thought would cross my eyes.  
Spending daylight creating things in dark I fight.  
I don't want to lie awake again, not even one more night.*

The letter shows up at my family's door.  
It says "your son the ghost, we won't come home no more."  
So take what we have told you of this mess,  
Hold your questions mother, and hold your breath.  
Because we've got about a million more of these to send,  
Before we ask ourselves if this kind of thing should end.

## **THE END**

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Faceless wandering hearts,  
Going backwards from the end to the start.

You put yourself on a train.  
Caught yourself taking pills for the pain.  
Standing dry in the rain.  
Wondering if you should just do it all again.

*Man the weather 'round here is shit.  
I complain but I kind of like it.  
I don't know what I would do, if it wasn't this,  
But I'm wandering off just for a bit.*

The Grownups are out playing pretend.  
Still, here we are at the end at the end at the end.