



akasha wind

Something's moving out tonight
It sifted through the trees
And the last horizon light
Down where the creek flows through the-
fence

You can hear it singing in the wire

Singing...Akasha Wind

Hear the rustling in the trees
Ifs thumping through the documents
As it passes down the ridge
What it finds, it leaves no clue
'Cept far a whistling in the flue

Singing... Akasha Wind

Some say there's hands in the night wind
That are reading the forest like braille
And every tree is a library
'Cause every leaf tells a tale

There is no scholar like the wind
It touches everything it passes
And circles'round again
Reading history's relief
In every line of every leaf

Singing...Akasha Wind

From the whisper up high on the white pina
To the wires out along the fence row
Is an ever unraveling story
'Cause it's reading out loud as it goes

Something's moving out tonight
It sifted through the trees
And the last horizon light
Down where the creek flows through the
fence

You can hear it singing in the wire

Singing...Akasha Wind

TUNING: STANDARD
DROP 2 CAPO, 2ND FRET

mr. moon

Up there in St Mathew's belfry
There's bats slipping out for the night
It's black as a funeral tuxedo
With one button shining out bright
(Old moon in his ivory light)

Tonight when you cleared the horizon
And rose with such ease
Through the tangle of trees
I heard some silent tune...Mr Moon

If you can tug on the oceans
And waver the depths of the sea
And if most of my body is water
Then how much are you pulling me?
(What's in your beams I can't see?)

'Cause down 'neath the hulls in the harbor
There's a feeling inside
Like a warm rising tide
And some soft ancient tune...Mr Moon

Let's ask the hands of the hungry
We'll question the needy and cursed
Just how many billion that they would
have spent
So now we can say we were first
(My country loves to be first)

But I'll bet you're glad we stopped coming
To silently spin
Through the heavens again
And humm that ancient tune...Mr Moon

TUNING: DGDGBD

little piece of heaven

I'm a good worker
I'm a hard worker
I seldom miss a day
I assemble all these pieces
Like I'd make them for myself
Though the boss man never has good-
words to say
And it hasn't made a difference
In my take home pay

Still it gives me
This little piece of heaven
Here in my heart

I've got a blues harp
In my socks drawer
I play sometimes at night
No one's heard me- no one needs to
It helps the lonely feel alright
And though I'll never hear an encore
On an opening night
I'll take my blues harp
My kitchen and candlelight

'Cause it gives me

This little piece of heaven
Here in my heart

I see the advertisements
They tell me what I need
To be healthy, to be happy
To satisfy my greed
They're just trying to make a living, I know
But there ain't no way in hell
I'd trade my little piece of heaven
For the crazy things they sell

On the weekends
This apartment
really comes to life
It's not parties
It's not nightlife
It's when I get my little girl
You've never seen a sparkler in July
Until you've seen one
Light up my little girl's eyes

She gives me
This little piece of heaven
Here in my heart
Here in my heart

the economy needs a war

Ask any foreman or front office Joe
The nation's production is moving too slow
The dollar has slipped to its lowest degree
The kingpins on Wall Street to this, they agree

The economy needs a war
That's what they're pulling for
There's talk about fighting for freedom
But the bottom line reason
Is supply and demand are bored

We know you're confused son. your mind
needs a rest
So let us do your thinking; we're America's best
Just think, in a year you'll be giving commands
You'll know how to kill in six seconds
With just your bare hands

The economy needs a war
That's what we train them for
They think they're fighting for freedom
But the bottom line reason
Is supply and demand once more

Just pick a small country, it'll never be missed
Then fix it to look like they threw the first fist



Be sure and teach us they're all communist rats
 Before we kill them we hand them black hats
 But I don't care if he's Russian
 He's a brother to me
 You call them future communists
 But they're children to me
 And I won't fight for freedom
 If it means killing family

But ask any foreman or white collar Joe
 The nation's production is moving too slow
 The dollar has slipped to its lowest degree
 The fat cats on Wall Street, to this, they agree

The economy needs a war
 That's what they're pulling for
 You'll see flags waving for freedom
 But you best not believe them
 It's supply and demand
 That big greedy hand wants more

Well, it took me a long time
 To fish out this straight line
 But I won't fight for your
 Dirty war

TUNING: DGDGBD

swimming hole

Back one barefoot summer I was tagging
 on with Tim
 Already an eighth grader, man; I admired him
 He was the first guy in our town to know
 what it was like
 To ride with highrise handlebars
 On a black banana bike

So when the streets were oozin' tar
 And the heat pressed down like spikes
 We'd gather up a posse; cirde 'round our bikes
 And go lookin far the man who stole the
 shade
 Tim showed us right where to catch him cold...
 At the swimming hole

The swimming hole was relief from the pain
 Of a sun that pushed the tar up through main
 There wasn't a cooler way to get wet
 Like to fizzle the tiame on a hot cigarette
 The first dive sent a spark through your skin
 A "ough" in your throat and your face in a grin
 Running for water; headfirst you'd lunge
 Ready to deliver yourself like a sponge
 Jeff could do his Monkey Jump

And me my cannonball
 Before they'd have their clothes hung up
 I'd have drenched them all
 Sometimes we'd laugh so hard
 Our throats would make no sound
 It was easier to be kids when the parents
 weren't around
 Tim stretched out one story
 How his dad had lost three toes
 He'd been wading out one day bumped a
 snapper's nose
 Biggest sabertooth turtle in the world
 And Tim says, "He's still down there in the cold" ...
 Of the swimming hole

Tim didn't know what he'd just begun
 We all glanced at the pool in the glare of
 the sun
 Our imaginations started putting on shows
 Of gigantic jaws just an inch from our toes
 There were dozens of stories; with all of
 the guys
 How he was hungry for flesh and had
 sinister eyes
 Though I laughed; my feet never forgot
 them
 In six years of swimming they never
 touched bottom

So when the streets were oozin' tar
 And the heat pressed down like spikes
 We'd gather up a posse; cirde 'round our
 bikes
 And go lookin far the man who stole the
 shade
 Tim showed us right where to catch him cold...
 At the swimming hole

Sure there was a cement pool at Harmon
 Park in town
 With sanitary dressing rooms and life-
 guards strung around
 But we preferred the swimming hole
 With cottonwoods and stone
 Then one day Jeff slipped off the rope
 And popped his collarbone
 So all the nervous people that worked at
 city hall
 Said it was too dangerous; "That hole will
 drown you all"
 So they brought in seven tubs of rainbow
 trout

And a sign that said NO SWIMMING in the
 cold...

Of their fishing hole

Cause their fishing hole was relief from the
 pain
 Of a work ethic worm that laid eggs in their
 brains

They were looking for ways to recover that
 time
 When they were like us; with a kid's peace
 of mind

But that no swimming sign didn't phase us
 at all

It sure looked tine up on Tim's bedroom wall
 They ain't made a fence that's too tall to
 dimb

And you can call us delinquents; but
 swimming's no crime

So when the night was oozin stars
 And the heat pressed down like spikes
 We'd gather up a posse; follow our flash-
 lights

And go looking for the man who stole the
 shade

We'd sneak right down and catch him cold
 ... At their fishing hole

'Cause their fishing hole was relief from
 the pain

Of a night as hot as steam from a train
 There wasn't a cooler way to get wet
 When that thick muggy air had greased
 you with sweat

That first dive sent a spark through your skin
 Put a "ough" in your throat and your face
 in a grin

Running for water; .head tirst you'd lunge
 Soaking the cool of the pool like a sponge

TUNING: STANDARD

boogy man

It was late last Friday evening
 There was nobody home but me
 So I turned on every light in the house
 Turned up the TV
 Channel five was JUST a snowstorm
 And then with seven gone
 Channel thirteen's nightmare theatre
 Was the only thing on

LJ:BOOTH *Yarns*



Now all throughout that movie
These sounds came more and more-
Sounds like tapping on the windows
Sounds like footsteps on the floor
And I know that he was watching
As I figured in my head
Just how fast that I could
Flip each switch and run to bed
But you best not run too slow
'Cause he'll get you if he can...Boogy Man
You won't see me move no faster
Than when I jump in bed
You won't see my face 'till morning
I keep those covers 'cross my head
H can get kind of hot and stuffy
As I'm praying for my soul
So I lift a little corner
Make a little breathing hole
But I don't make it too big
'Cause he'll get me if he can .. Boogy Man
He's got a dungeon In the woods
Made out of fingernails and bones
From all the kids he stole from beds
(Dragged them from their homes)
He's got real legs on his tables
Real hands on his docks
He took a couple bellybuttons
And stretched thorn out for socks
He isn't very nice
And he'll get you If he can...Boogy Man
I ain't afraid of dying
Be it last or slow
And I ain't afraid of Sunday school
Though I cannot stand to go
But tell one midnight story
All full of no-such-things
And I will wet my mattress, brother
Clean through to the springs
I'll be laying cold and wet with fright
For fear of the...Boogy Man

TUNING: STANDARD

yarns

That dark wool sky
Spun lines of rain
All wound into the balj of Buckners Lake
Us kids built dams
With slicks and muddy hands

Thought that we could keep it from unrav-
eling
So what will we do with all this yam
Thai flows through the field, past gran
ma's barn?
It's just as cold as it is long
Grandma says, "Boy, knit yourself a song"
There's Kansas skies
In grandma's eyes
You can see the prairie rolling by
She was only nine
In that covered wagon line
Listen Her story is unraveling
So what will we do with all her yarns
Strung up like cobwebs, 'cross the barn
They're just as old as they are long
Grandma says; "Boy; knit yourself a song"
That first cold breeze
Through autumn trees
The mapleridge trembles like a fire
The north wind calls
Thait first leaf falls
The first thread of a summer that's unrav-
eling
So what will we do with all this yam
As winter comes whispering through the
barn
It's just as cold as it is long
Grandma says, "Boy, knit yourself a song"
There's a thick black cloak
Thrown 'cross the sky
It holds us deep wrthln the folds of night
But see the way
As dawn's first sunbeam stays
There across the morning, it's unraveling
So what will we do with all this thread
Now that grandma's dead
It's just as black as it is long
I'll thread it through the needle of my song

TUNING: DROP D

i don't mind

Mom told me,
"Sleep in your pajamas, John
Never in bare skin
Your conscience may give a fight
But your passions will win
And the oldest form of trouble

Is the warmth from carnal sin."
I told her
I don't mind, I don't mind
If that's trouble
You can count me in
Man told me
His wife, now she's a good one
Why she's worth her weight in gold
But sometimes she forgets her place
And the little woman speaks a bit too bold
We'll have all kinds of trouble
If women have an equal hold
I told him,
I don't mind, I don't mind
If that's trouble
You can count me in
'Cause some things I learned were evil
Dirty, bad or wrong
Same things now that keep me clean
Keep me feeling strong
And the same things that some folks say
Are going to bring you to an end
May be the very same things
That will keep you going, friend
You take six kids on a dirt pile
You take rainy summer skies
You mix the two together
And you end up with mudpies
The harder that you pack them
The further that they fly
I don't mind, I don't mind
If that's trouble
You can count me

TUNING: STANDARD

martha's song

In these days the leaves have withered
And daylight spins a shorter line
Years ago we'd gather wood
But this older neighborhood
Is like the season, in decline
A young couple moved in next door in
October
He was humming some old song
From here behind our kitchen shade
I watched every trip she made
For she was eight months along



And oh, it was long ago
Only Syl and I still know
When we first moved into our home
I was barely showing and he was young
and strong

If they knew how much I watch them
They'd probably pull their shades
To see them as they come and go
There's parts of them I've come to know
It's a little like charades

One day she stopped hush in the driveway
And proudly pulled his hand beneath her coat
Like a tiny doorbell, going off inside
I remember Syl's hand and my precious
sense of pride

But oh, that was long ago
Only Syl and I still know
And oh, the precious sense of hope
When the first cry of your newborn child
Goes ringing through your home

So I went to pay a visit
One morning when I was feeling spry
She told me as we sat alone
Of plans to have the babe at home
But she really didn't need to tell me why

Thank God, in my day they used no needles
To take away that feeling of new life
And brother, you can strike me dead
Before I'd think to sell our bed
Where they were conceived was where
they were born

But oh, that was long ago
When midwives still came to your home
Now where's that precious sense of hope?
Hidden like that first cry
Behind hospital walls

Maybe how that car pulled up this morning
Or maybe how these special shades of fall
Echoed down my whisper well
But somehow this morning I could tell
That it was not a social call

And as they moved from window to window
I watched their preparations and their talk
The excitement almost brought me tears
It's been nearly fifty years
Since there was a birth on this old block

And oh, that was long ago
Only Syl and I still know
Each year turns under with the plow

Our oldest boy has raised his own
And he's a granddad now
As they gathered by the bedside
The sun broke through the autumn sky so strong
Their window blinded me with glare
As if to tell me not to stare
But so clearly you could hear her labor song

And as her resting times grew shorter
I thought to run and see if Syl was near
He's standing in the door, all right
Listening with all his might
As the first cry from that first breath rose so dear

And oh,, not an hour ago
Our eyes still feel the overflow
And oh, the precious sense of hope
When the first cry from that newborn babe
Went ringing through our home

TUNING: DGDGBD

hymn for the living

Fantail of a red-tailed hawk
Red-wing on a cattail stalk
Black crow in a trickling spring
Yes, it means everything
Lord knows, I'm a lucky man
To watch the view from where I stand
And I'm living in the light of your love
Sometimes I get feeling low
Spinning in my own shadow
But while I'm all caught up in me
You wait so patiently
To greet me with your morning song
And ask me, "John, what took so long?"

To be living in the light of you...
So proud to be a part of your...
Living in the light of your love

Joe says. "There's no free lunch pass
You work like hell and watch your ass."
While he's talking suits and ties
His kids are catching fireflies
His daughter runs up, with a smile
Hands Joe the jar and for a while

He's all lit up by the light of their love
Living in the light of you
In spite of all he's going through
Living in the light of your love
Blossoms on an apple tree

It don't take no honey bee
To know those flowers 'cross the road
Are an olfactory overload
Not satisfied with looking great
They fill my lungs and fill my plate
And I'm living in the light of their love
Living in the light of you
In spite to all I'm going through
Living in the light of your love

TUNING: DGDF#AD