

Marjorie's Garden



Introduction

Here are the lyrics to the songs on my CD "Marjorie's Garden". Most of the people who listen to my songs probably are at an age where they cannot read those little fonts that are used in the booklets they put in CDs. That, and the fact that it is expensive to do a little CD booklet, made me decide to do the lyrics as a separate downloadable book. If you are reading this it means you downloaded it. Thanks. You're the best. There may be some minor differences between the CD and the lyrics here. It took me so long to decide to record some of these songs that I may be singing them differently now. If you find things let me know and I will change it.

Enjoy yourself and thanks for listening

-John

By the way, my friend Betsi Mandrioli drew the pretty cover picture. She is very talented. Look for her hand drawn cards. See her web site www.elizabethmandrioli.com for locations that sell them, or just ask her.

Yesterday's News

The lights are out in the town again
I'm hiding under the stairs
The stars are dimmed by rocket flames
I hear crying I find no one there

For six nights I have hidden here
When the sirens, like wolves, bay
All I want to do is work my farm

I hear talk but I hear no hope at all
When elephants fight you know mice lose
And ideals are no ideal at all
When compassion is just yesterday's news

They claim the fight's about righteousness
Tell that to the kid down the road
They thought his life was in the way, I guess
Collateral damage I'm told
Inconvenient people leading mundane lives
Someone's children, some man's wife

I hear talk but I don't hear hope at all
When elephants fight you know mice lose
And ideals are no ideal at all
When compassion is just yesterday's news

Once this was the Promised Land
Flowing with honey and whey
Jerusalem, heritage of peace
Is anything but that these days
Isaac's fighting Ishmael

Abram turns in his grave
Good people in a living hell
I hear talk but I hear no hope at all
When elephants fight you know mice lose
And ideals are no ideal at all
When compassion is just yesterday's news
When compassion is just yesterday's news

I wrote this song after corresponding with a man who is a radio DJ in the Northern Galilee. He talked about how most people there just want to lead normal lives and do normal things like ride a bike in the country side or farm. Most people do not want to fight each other.

My Father's Watch

This is my father's watch
He wore it many years
I wear it on my wrist
Through loneliness and tears

He wore this watch to work
He wore it to out to play
This is my father's watch
And I wear it today

These are my father's shoes
He walked in many miles
I wear them on my feet
With happiness and smiles
They'd get covered up
With colors bright and dull
These are my father's shoes
I hope to wear them well

This is my father's coat
It's worn at the sleeves
The pocket's bulging out
It's full of his beliefs
He wore this coat to church
He wore it to the track

This is my father's coat
I cannot give it back

Those are my father's eyes
Staring back at me today
I see them in the mirror
They pass me on my way
They saw many things
In their younger days
These are my father's eyes
I am looking at today

This is my father's watch

I could fill pages with stories about my old man. I miss him every day. He was one of a kind.

The Undertow

Standing at the waters edge
Salty waves licking at my feet
Feeling right as a broken watch
Knowing not to walk too deep

Feeling for the undertow
Planning for the tide
Listening to the fog horns blow
Watching for sunrise

Walking along the waters edge
Picking up dead sea shells
Smooth and pink and pointed
Steeped with seaside smells

heard an ocean in one
Or maybe just the blood in
my ears
The ocean said that I was wrong
The blood still held the fears

Feeling for the undertow
Planning for the tide
Listening to the fog horns blow
Watching for sunrise

As the sun rose and the fog broke
climbed grey wooden stairs
left the shell on the beach
And the salt in the air

felt the slick face of my watch
Felt the warm morning sun
heard the ticking of the hands

Twists and Turns

She fills the stove with oil
And blushes all the while
He can't remember when
He's seen a lovelier woman smile
He sits and tries to think
How'd life get this way?
It didn't start for here
On that warm December day

Twists and turns
Forks in the road
You never know
What will shift your life's load
Twists and turns
And detour signs
When you turned
What did you leave behind?

He wanted to play ball
But he never made the show
Then with mouths to feed
It was time for him to go
Now he plays softball in the company
league
They let him play first base
If he promises not to drink

Twists and turns
Forks in the road
You never know
What will shift your life's load
Twists and turns
And detour signs
When you turned
What did you leave behind?

He pours himself a beer
And sits down by the stove
And he asks himself
How'd I earn this woman's love?
She sits across the room
And their eyes collide
And he knew no secret
From her he would ever hide

Twists and turns
Forks in the road
You never know
What will shift your life's load
Twists and turns
And detour signs
When you turned
What did you leave behind?

This song also appears on my CD "Real Good Day". I like the arrangement of this so I put it here too.

Don't Paint Me

Don't paint me with the same brush
You don't know what I'm like
Don't paint me with the same brush
You haven't got it right
You think you know the way
I would lean on everything
You think you know the way
And the next word I would sing

Don't paint me with the same
brush

Don't tell me I'm the mean one
When you don't know what I'm like
Don't tell me I'm the mean one
You haven't got it right
You think you know the answers
from what you read in books
You think you know the answers
It's not the way it looks

Don't paint me with the same
brush

Don't tell me you know better
And yours the only right
Don't tell me you know better
Drag me to your night
Might not have all the answers
Not even all the clues
But I am in still seeking
Cause that is what I do

Don't paint me with the same brush

I don't believe in stereotypes. When I overheard a guy in a restaurant saying "You know _____'s, they are all like that" I figured he was talking about me so I wrote this. I filled in the blank. You may too.

Long Ago

She looks like she is looking at forever
Her eyes are staring just beyond my head
I know that she will turn and stay never
My heart is turned from helium to lead

She smiles and says that she might even
miss me
And that she might call me from the road
She'll write if she ever has the need to
Her breath is warm but the words come out
so cold

Long ago I thought that i had won her
Far away I find that's no longer so
Time heals all but the worst ones
Distance is a friend you'll get to know
a friend you'll get to know

Was it something I could do better
I ask myself time and time again
Read and re-read those letters
Looking for the soul behind the pen

She wrote from somewhere west of
Memphis
On the way to somewhere just east of Oz
She found a new guy 'round last Christmas

She Thought she should tell me just
because
Long ago I thought that i had won her
Far away I find that is no longer so
Time heals all but the worst ones
Distance is a friend you'll get to know

I burned those letters and the next ones
burned some old photographs too
I took my mojo off the mantle
And got on my traveling shoes

Long ago I thought that i had won her
Far away I find that is no longer so
Time heals all but the worst ones
Distance is a friend you'll get to know
Distance is a friend you'll get to know

*Sad eh? Not a true story, at least not true
for me. I was challenged to use "Long
ago" or "Far away" in a song.*

Falling

It was dark, before the winter dawn
Snow was flyin' - wind coming on
I was cold, dressed as I was
In my light coat, black leather gloves

I walked fast, like I was late
Past the fence line, through the gate
Wrapped my scarf around my face
Hunched my back, picked up the pace.

Just when I feel I am falling
Just when I feel I am blue
That's when I hear your voice calling.
That's when I turn back to you.

I walked into yellow candle glow
And quiet rest from the wind and snow
Sat with my pen and blank white page
at a wooden desk dark with age

I put down my pen and my book
And gave the muse a dirty look
Nothing good had come of this exercise
No blinding truth, no wicked lies

Just when I feel I am falling
Just when I feel I am blue
That's when I hear your voice calling.
That's when I turn back to you.

But I can't give up this endless quest
I don't know why but it seems the best
That is the fate of the troubadour
One more fence, one more door

Behind each door a candle glows
It could be truth, you won't know
Unless you see the light and smell the
smoke

And share the glow with other folk

Just when I feel I am falling
Just when I feel I am blue
That's when I hear your voice calling.
That's when I turn back to you.

*Another song challenge. This time to use
"Falling". The other person in the chorus
is whomever you want it to be.*

Every Time (Stay with Me)

Stay with me, play with me and be my darling one.

Every time I dream, I see your face
Every time I dream , I see your face
I guess love is like that
Two hearts dream as one
Every time I dream- I see your face

Every Time I walk, I hear your feet
Every Time I walk, I hear your feet
I guess love is like that
Walking just hand in hand
Every Time I walk, I hear your feet

Every time I sing, I hear your voice
Every time I sing, I hear your voice
I guess love is like that
Two hearts sing as one
Every time I sing, I hear your voice

Every time you cry, My heart aches
Every time you cry, My heart aches
I guess love is like that
Two hearts cry as one
Every time you cry, My heart aches

Every time you smile, My heart laughs
Every time you smile, My heart laughs
I guess love is like that
Two hearts laugh as one
Every time you smile, My heart laughs

Obviously, for my wonderful wife. You try living with me and you will know exactly how patient and tolerant she is. Plus she has the best smile ever.

After work his dogs are barking
His eyes are getting dim
There are lots of white hairs
Where the black ones had been

He is in before the street lights
Come one most every night
He knows that in the morning
He'll be up before the light

He'll make friends with anybody
Who will stop and speak with him
He'll ask someone a question
On a dare or on a whim

and he'll wait to hear the answer
'cause He really wants to know
He has the time this morning
no where else he wants to go

It's not that he is silent
When He has some things to say
It's just that he is kind
To folks along the way

Jeff might be kind and Gentle
And even sometimes meek
But If there are things to say
Remember Jeff will speak

Jeff's been around this world
Even been to me-mow land
But he's here tonight
So give old Jeff a hand

Better clap real loud
to make sure that he can hear
He's had fifty years of mornings
I hope million more from here.



"You guys go ahead. I'm just going to take a little nap"

For my long time friend Jeff D. An update of one I wrote him when he turned 40. When his daughter Susan was young she had dolls whose names all ended in "ady". In her story they came from me-mow land. The most macho thing I ever saw a man do was to stand up in front of his friends and sing about the "ady bunch" with his little daughter. That's a real man and a great dad.

Bedtime

my eyes get blurry after ten o'clock
my feet are sore my knees are locked
i'm up past

bedtime.

I just sit and watch TV
late night news won't see me
'less I'm up past
bedtime

time was I'd stay up to sunrise
But that was long ago
But now I'm in bed before the street
lights
last night I woke up three times to go

I could play the guitar till four in the
morning
tell good stories and never be boring
I'm up past
bedtime
used to know more chords and guitar
riffs
back when my fingers weren't so stiff
I'm up past
Bedtime

back then I'd play till the sunrise
a long long time ago
but now I'm home when Leno comes on
even when he had the ten o'clock
show

Don't get me wrong. I don't mind
I can't get drafted and folks are kind
I'm up past
Bedtime

All my friends are as old as dirt
don't skateboard so they won't get
hurt
They're all up past
Bedtime

complain all night about aches and
pains
muscle pulls and lower back strains
they take more pills than hippies did
Call everyone below fifty Kid

all in all it could be worse
could be sleeping below the turf
We're all up past

Bedtime

Marjorie's Garden

(dedicated to the memory of Nana Swenson)

The daffodils are yellow and all
turning toward the sun
The phlox is purple and bright and
green
The tulips are just started and
crocuses are done
This garden is a sight to be seen

The bees all buzz around and do a
honey dance
And little crawly bugs scoot by
Frogs and toads all looking for some
springtime romance
And birds take up the big blue sky

It's a lovely spring day so tears, beg
your pardon
There's a colorful new butterfly in
Marjorie's garden

Dandelions don't dare grow where
flowers ought to be
There's not weed or grass in sight
Every plant is placed there on a
tender bended knee
Every one is fed just right

The bulbs will nap all winter in the
spring poke out their heads
Winter frost can't get them were they
sleep

Perennials are special, they have
their own new bed
Remember please don't plant them too
deep

It's a lovely spring day so tears, beg
your pardon
There's a colorful new butterfly in
Marjorie's garden

A rainy day in April means more
flowers come in May
The garden's muddy the trees sprout
leaves
She loves her little garden even on a
rainy day
It's not what you see it's what you
believe

It's a lovely spring day so tears, beg
your pardon
There's a colorful new butterfly in
Marjorie's garden

The Embers

The neon is purple and pink
I step in for a drink
The barstools are plastic
The tv's erratic
I'm back in the Embers again

The paneling has seen better days
old and always this way
The glasses are clouded
This bar's never crowded
I'm back in the Embers again.

The pool table has a few tears
and most of the chairs
The dart board's hung too low
most folks are solo
I'm back in the Embers again

It's not too late, I can wait
I will be here for the rest of the night
If I go home , would I be home
Would I find that home is alright

Once I was a big wheel
I made some big deals
But that was back when
And I was hot then
It's just the Embers again

*The Embers was the cocktail lounge in
Skip's Restaurant in Chelmsford. I am told it
was just like this.*

Marjorie's Garden - the Book of the words

End

Marjorie's Garden is available at cdbaby.com, iTunes, emailing me and many other Online places.

My web site is www.johnferullo.com

Betsi Mandrioli is a wonderful artist and also a great song write. Check her web site at www.elizabethmandrioli.com where you can find her art and music.

My friend Jon Swenson, who wrote "Just this Side of Heaven" has a massive number of great songs but no web site. Email me and I will tell you who to find him.