



February

I can't spend my time thinking
of who you might have been
or I'll send my self packing
for an asylum.

This is what I wanted.
Now I sleep through night
No longer are my dreams haunted.

Cause if I'm gonna do that
than I'm gonna do that
and I'll do it right.
Not unwillingly, with agony
or filled with a bonechilling fright

I need to grow into
the woman who
would go through - who would go through with you.

I want Mexico. I want India.
I want to let go of her broken car.
I need to go home to my Mom
I've got to stand in the garden with my Pa.

Four Oceans Wide

What a wonder, what a gift
to have been the first woman that you've missed

What a wonder, what a joy
to lay here beside you, sleeping boy.

What a heart, what a soul
what tremendous parts, what a perfect whole

and oh what lips! and oh what eyes,
and oh what a heart - four oceans wide
oh what a body, honest as the sun rise.

I am an island far out at sea
You are the first to brave the waves and come reach
me.

I am a bird that's chosen never to touch land
but willing have perched in the palm of your hand

Empty Boat At Shore

If it's time that you need
you can count on me
I will be your time piece

If it's room to grow

that your heart needs before it knows
I am acres and acres for you to sew
and then grow and grow and grow and grow.

If it's a brand new love
if I am not the one that you are dreaming of
I am an empty boat at shore, hop on in we'll sail away
and I will carry you, carry you to her door

Or better yet
I am an empty boat at shore
push me away, I'll float on and you won't,
you won't see me no more.

Open Train

There you go again
riding on through my mind
riding an open train with the sun in your eye.

I told you more than I thought I would
you showed me more than you thought you could
we both smoked more than we should at all.

I can feel it - you're wearing my scarf today.
I can feel it - your mind is far away
soul of goodness; fingernails of clay.
On your road to zen.

You work to voice the silenced.
you work for the tired & sad.
but working for the down hearted can drive you mad.

The sound of your foot on my stair
The sound of your voice on my phone
The sound of your sleeping breath over my collar bone.

And when I'm washing the dishes and I feel something
strange
moving behind me in the door frame.
my mind turns to you riding the open train.
On your road to zen.

"Spark me up, darling" you said
I only did as you asked.
And from seaside, to bedsheets, to village
we sparked it up fast.

Then you packed up your few belongings
and made your way to the train yard
and off you went rail riding under the stars.

And now I'm watching the horizon for your open train.
your lean body rising up like the grain.
throw a letter in the post if you think of me again.
on your road to zen...

Blackfoot

I've been thinking 'bout a blackfoot, a blackfooted man
his soles are covered in soil and soot
from walking barefoot over foreign land.

With nothing but a six string
and the pack upon his back
he made the journey others dream of but wind up
in some 'real world' side track

And my feet have hardly wondered around this rock
still he takes me by the hand to sit and sip and talk

I've been thinking 'bout a blackfoot, a blackfooted man.
And he stains my sheets with his dirty feet with the earth of foreign land

Now I see him walking like he did around the world
Only now he's walking to adventure this wild thing of a girl.

Now we walk together
From the city to the river
and though the cold winds may blow
we will never know a shiver

Whale Song

What I wouldn't give to be you.
Singing and swimming your whole day through
What I wouldn't give to be you.

You live your whole life in the sea
Come to the surface only to breathe
Live your whole life in the sea.

And you go down, down, down to we can't know....

What I wouldn't give to be you.
Swimming and singing your whole day through
What I wouldn't give...

So Good, So Easy

Tie my tongue to your law
Steal my young, beat my dirty squaw
Deny me rights, declare me fraud
All in the name of your righteous king
And your holy god

Turn your eyes & shut your ears
Stay that way on through the years and years and years
Keep it from your children and your history books
Don't let 'them misunderstand the work it took

Go ahead yeah right, go on -
genocide in the name of the lord.
You will receive your eternal reward
for all you've done in his name

and the future generations
of this democratic nation
will applaud all you fine gentlemen
for finding them a home and native land

We are an issue not a people
and that's not a demon it's a steeple.
Inside it we will wash away
everything that we are today.

We wanted land and you gave us land.
We won't ever leave it - no we understand
off the reserve I ain't no indian.
Beg pardon for all the fuss...

Our home - our native land
I wish you would understand
that this truth north strong and free
it used to be so good & so easy.

Dianne

Bell Island baby
went from child to a lady over night

When the chill of her Momma's ill
took her Momma into the light

Her red curls fiery and fair
they will get her though anything - anywhere

Nine times she nursed from her breast.
Nine times she blew her breath into
a heart anew.

By the time the sun had gone away
and the moon & stars were out to play
the child had gone to sleep
and the woman was here to stay.

Once Was A Tree

There's still a part of me waiting for you up in North Sydney.
While the rest of me is to keeping it together here
in your city

I drink whiskey at your bar
I had the chance to sing and dance to our band in the park
but I stood there sombre stance
crying in the dark

Crying girl - where are you now?
They expect me to go on somehow.
Girl, where are you now?

There's still a part of me alone with you up on Barrington Street
There's still a part of me watching you paint the nails of my two
feet
While the rest of me is eaten alive by guilt & memory

Girl - you were a primrose
A song bird, a lark.
And I poisoned your earth
I shot you down in the dark

I once was a tree
but the guilt it rotted me
where I used to be
is all smouldering debris

I'd give up all we had
to get you home back to your Dad.
I'd gladly never know your grace
to get you home and wipe those tears from your Mother's face.

Closer (February Reprise)

I went back home to my Mom
and I stood in the garden - barefoot in the garden with my Pa.

Mexico is still on my mind.
And India, well it's just a matter of time.
I've not necessarily grown into the woman I'm supposed to be.

I spent my summer floating around,
floating around the island,
from heart to heart and town to town.

I spent a few weeks out on the road.
I spent some months getting out of life what I'm owed.
I've not necessarily grown into the woman I'm supposed to be.

But now I spend all of my time thinking
of all I'm supposed to be;
of all the roads up for the taking,
And which road I go, well it's up to me.

I took her car wreck in my hands.
And I planted it down - I planted it deep down in fertile land.
And I found me a wild Gypsy Rose
who's redefined for me love and how it goes.
I've not necessarily grown into the woman I'm supposed to be.

And I've not completely grown
into the woman that I'm supposed to be.
But hell I'm closer than I was last February.