

## **RISING IN LOVE © 1986 David Roth**

Everyone looks for their calling in love  
But I always find it surprising  
The way people say that they're falling in love  
When I always felt I was rising

Floating right off of the ground and reaching  
Something that I only have dreamed of  
I'm not falling at all  
I am rising in love

Everyone talks about tying the knot  
But I have a hard time agreeing  
With the way that we bind up the love that we've got  
When the feeling of love should be freeing

Lifting each other up  
Instead of giving one another a shove  
We won't be falling at all  
We'll be rising in love

How do you let love grow  
You've got to give it a chance when you've found it  
A bird in your hand will stay until  
You start to close your fingers around it

Love is the river who's waters we test  
And a measure of where we are going  
But you never can step in the same river twice  
For the water is constantly flowing

But the deeper the river, the greater the trust  
And the more that we're rising above  
We won't be falling at all  
We'll be rising in love

I'm not falling at all I am rising

I'm not falling at all I am rising  
I'm not falling at all I am rising ...

In love

### **DON'T SHOULD ON ME © 1986 David Roth**

Late last night before repose my sweetheart called to me  
"Darling you should hurry, you should come to bed, I'm cold,  
You shouldn't keep your baby waiting, you should be cooperating  
You should learn to do the things you're told!"

Something in her tone of voice was somewhat less than kind  
This person telling me the things I should or shouldn't do  
A bell went off inside my head, I ran right up beside that bed  
I said "Baby, YOU should learn a thing or two..."

Like you should squeeze the toothpaste from the end, not from the top  
You should pay attention to those prices when we shop  
I think you should know better than to tell me things that I should do  
Don't should on me and I won't should on you

And while we're on the subject here are certain other things my dear  
You should be aware of I should think you shouldn't show  
Little things but ones I'm sure you really should take care of  
Like the way you think and everything you know..."

You should watch the way you eat, I think you're eating too much meat  
I think that you should change the clothes you wear  
You should change your TV channels, those polyester sheets to flannels  
You should change the way you do your hair

I only want what's best for you, why ever won't you listen  
I should know by now what you should put your emphasis in  
We should both know better than to tell each other what to do  
Don't should on me and I won't should on you

So nowadays we're understanding, now my baby's less demanding  
No hard feelings, best regards, sincerely yours, it's true  
And when we start to say "you should" we stop because it's understood  
Don't should on me and I won't should on you

I guess it's only human nature, homo sapien nomenclature  
Minding everybody else's business but your own  
With "you should this" and "you should that"  
You know what I've been getting at  
Sometime we should leave well enough alone

This song is almost over, I'm amazed that I got through it  
I know it was a shouldy job, but someone had to do it  
We should all know better than to tell each other what to do  
Don't should on me and I won't should on you

Don't should on me and I won't should on you

### **SOUNDING © 1988 David Roth**

Just like the keys of a piano are we  
Two different colors and all different keys  
Living in search of the same melodies  
And looking for ways to be blending

Just like the strings of a silent guitar  
We're next to each other not touching  
But play them and then we can see who we are  
And hear how we're sounding together

Just when it seems that we're learning the songs  
We'll find an excuse to stop playing  
Embarassed that some of the notes might be wrong  
And afraid of what we might be saying

Just like the face of a banjo is round  
We follow the circle and soak up the sound  
Learning the way that our lives are all wound  
Lives that keep growing in circles

Just like the notes of a scale we wait  
Hoping for one to arrange us  
Descending and climbing in measures of fate  
Resolving our patterns and changes

Just like the keys of a piano are we  
Two different colors and all different keys  
Living in search of the same melodies  
And looking for ways to be blending

### **THE ARMOR SONG © 1984 David Roth**

Once I was a little boy and half my father's size  
A knight in shining armor was my father in my eyes  
The only thing I wanted was to be just like my dad  
To wear that shining armor like so many other lads

He began to teach me how to be a mighty man  
How the armor saved him many times from injury and harm  
"Protection is important, son, in order to survive  
You have to hide behind a shield to stay alive ...(saying)

### **CHORUS**

Whatever you may do, my son, wherever you may go  
Don't be unprotected, don't let your feelings show  
Every man is for himself, on that you can rely  
You'll have to hide behind a shield to stay alive"

So growing up I learned the things my father knew so well  
Preparing for the world I was protected by my shell  
But Mother sat me down, "Hear this before you go  
There's something I should tell you and it's something you should know

Your father taught you well, my son, but one thing isn't right  
You shouldn't go out on your own preparing for a fight  
The armor's just a permanent affliction of his pride  
And your father's never let no one inside

#### CHORUS

So whatever you may do, my son, wherever you may go  
Don't you ever be afraid to let your feelings show  
And if you grow to be a man I think you will have found  
It was the day you learned to let your armor down..."

So when I have my own boy I'll know just what to do  
And foolish pride won't interfere with what he's going through  
We'll wash him up with laughter and rinse him off with tears  
And we'll fill him up with loving that'll last him all his years

#### CHORUS

### **LEGACY © 1986 David Roth**

*When my sister decided to change careers, she asked me if I could write something for the occasion of her transition. A month (and several hours a day) later...*

An aging man, a younger one, and a woman in her prime  
Connected by their circumstance of birth  
A father, son and daughter somehow all obsessed to find  
The mark that each will leave upon this earth  
Alone is his apartment in his favorite easy chair  
The aging man endures his failing health  
Nowadays preoccupied arranging his affairs  
And adding up the value of his wealth

He says a prayer and falls asleep, then somewhere in a dream  
He's searching for his children and he's calling out to them

"Will I leave enough behind to help you get along  
Please tell me how will I be counted when I'm gone

It won't be by your worldly goods, it won't be by your gains  
And not among possessions you bequeath  
But wisdom, grace and kindness and the power of your love will be  
The measure of the legacy you leave

The working day is over and the woman in her prime  
Alone now in her office looks around  
An unfulfilling business is the only sight she sees  
The ticking of the clock, the only sound

She closes up and locks the door and trudges down the hall  
Takes her window seat that evening on the train  
She stares out in the darkness but the only thing she sees  
The reflection of her weariness and strain

Her mind begins to wander, she remembers all the years  
Of the struggle and persistence that go into such careers  
And here she is with everything she'd worked so hard to win  
And such an empty feeling burning deep within

Another late and lonely night, the younger man walks home  
And slowly climbs the several flights of stairs  
He pulls the shade and locks the door, unplugs the only phone  
Puts himself to bed and says his prayers

A blessing for my aging dad, my sister in her prime  
And a woman I once loved who got away  
And for all the wasted moments when I took them all for granted  
And for words I never had the nerve to say

Another night of drifting in and out of restless dreams  
Of unborn children, marriage, and the lives that might have been  
But lives that might have been are only lives that never were  
And all I'll ever know's that I'll never know for sure

Here's to every aging person and to all those in their prime  
And to passing on the love that you receive  
For wisdom, grace and kindness and the power of that love will be  
The measure of the legacy you leave

The power of your love will be  
The measure of the legacy you leave

### **WILL YOU COME HOME © 1984 David Roth**

I know where you live, but you've never been home  
Everyone in your house has been living alone  
Now something is wrong and you know it's not fair  
But it's easier to hide than to show that you care

#### CHORUS

Will you come home, will you come home  
Will you come home to your heart  
You've kept away from yourself from the start  
But you can come home now, come home to your heart

Work hard all day, how you strain to stand tall  
Trying to make someone love you, better yet make them all  
But the doors have been closed, all your secrets concealed  
And you're living your life so they're never revealed

#### CHORUS

Leave the baggage behind, you've done more than your part  
Before you fill all your loved ones you must fill your own heart  
Don't look to others for directions or deeds  
You're the very first love that your heart ever needs

#### CHORUS

You've kept away from yourself from the start

But you can come home now

Come home to your heart

**THAT KIND OF GRACE © 1992 by Anne Hills and David Roth**

*This song was originally inspired by people who have faced civil rights violations within their communities and families. The forgiveness they displayed goes beyond what would seem humanly possible. Specifically, Mrs. Alpha Robertson whose daughter Carole was killed in the Birmingham church bombing, Beulah Mae Donald whose son was lynched in 1981 by the KKK, and Rodney King, whose violent beating by LA police officers (and their subsequent acquittal in the first trial) provided painful examples of the continuing racial injustice within the U.S. legal system*

Sunday morning, Birmingham, quiet in the church  
Bombs were planted, House of God, children's blood on the cross  
And your daughter, she was one, angel without wings  
How could anyone forgive those who do such things

And when I sing Amazing Grace, your face is what I see  
I hope someday that kind of grace will find its way through me

Friday evening in Mobile, klansmen killing time  
Saw young Michael walking by, he would do just fine  
Quiet student, mother's best, pleading for his life  
Strung him up to make a point, sharper than a knife

Beulah Mae, his mother stood, people all around  
In the courtroom listening, as the truth was found  
From her mouth no curses fell, no profanity  
"I would do to others what I'd have them do to me..."

And when I sing Amazing Grace, her face is what I see  
I hope someday that kind of grace will find its way through me

Thursday afternoon in the car, turned the radio on  
The verdict in Los Angeles, oh what have we done



Images of violence, yellow, black and white  
Fifty-two dead, millions lost, who can win this fight

On the screen a face of tears, trembling through and through  
One we've seen so many times beaten on the news  
I could barely hear his words, full of fear and doubt  
"People, we can't live like this, we've got to work this out

And when I sing Amazing Grace, that face is what I see  
I hope someday that kind of grace will find its way through me

\*additional lyrics © 1998, 1999 David Roth

Tuesday afternoon...Jonesboro, fire alarm at school  
Everyone goes rushing out into bloody pools  
Thirteen and eleven years old, playing grown-up games  
Mimicking what they'd been taught, now we'll never be the same

Every year they're younger now, drugs and knives and guns  
Barely old enough to know the depth of what they've done  
Taken off to juvenile hall, Sheriff shakes his head  
A teacher tried to block the shots, gave her life instead

When I sing Amazing Grace her face is what I see  
I hope some day that kind of grace will find it's way through me

Wednesday evening, Wyoming, started in a bar  
Ended on a wooden fence, dragged off in a car  
Second Friday funeral, countless gathered round  
Some were there to mourn the loss, others there to confound

Some were there to cry the tears born of grief and rage  
Others carried signs that said "A Cure for Fags is Aids"  
Matthew Shepard lost his life, his parents lost their son  
Now he brings a cause to light, reluctant martyrdom

When I sing Amazing Grace his face is what I see  
I hope some day some kind of grace will find it's way through me

"Amazing Grace, how sweet the sound  
That saved a wretch like me  
I once was lost, but now I'm found  
Was blind, but now I see"

### **FIVE BLIND MEN © 1987 David Roth**

Walking in the woods one day with five blind men a-following  
We came upon an elephant just resting in a glade  
"What have we here" the blind men cried, for none had ever seen one  
"An elephant" was my reply, 'just sitting in the shade"

"An elephant" I did explain "is big and friendly, grey and slow  
An elephant does not forget, and sprays things with its nose"  
Before I could continue on, the five blind men had found it  
And moving with their hands and ears had made their way around it

The first blind man had grabbed its leg and proudly he concluded  
"An elephant is like a tree, it's strong and firm and rooted"  
The second blind man said "Hold on, that's not what I have here"  
For he was feeling round the tusk and called the beast "a spear"

The third blind man was in the front, clinging to a trunkly nose  
"It's neither spear nor tree" said he, "an elephant's a hose"  
Around the other way beside a giant ear, the fourth blind man  
Stroking, found it wide and flat, and much more like a fan  
And lastly bringing up the rear, the fifth blind man did grab and grope  
And playing with the tail declared the elephant "a rope"

Just right then our gentle friend, not used to such attention  
Got up to stretch and move a bit, and turned a ways around  
But when he sat back down again, the parts were out of order  
And each blind man was feeling parts the other four had found

The first said "Wait, what was a tree now feels much more like a spear"  
The second said "That's what I thought, but now a hose is here"

The third who thought he'd held the hose was fondling now a fan  
Which, incidentally, was a rope now to the fourth blind man

The fifth blind man who'd held the tail was now beside a leg, you see  
So what he thought had been a rope was suddenly...a tree  
And all at once the five blind men began to laugh and shout  
And realized that each was right and joyfully stomped about

"An elephant" they sweetly sang "is all these things  
And much, much more  
The sum of which is greater than the parts we'd felt before  
It just depends on where you stand" they said, and then they turned  
To thank the gentle giant for the lesson we had learned

So off we went, the five blind men and me, out in the wood  
But this time I was following them, as humbly as I could  
For they had blessed me with a gift, a sparkling truth revealed  
Whatever you might think you see

Depends on where you stand

And how you feel

**MANUEL GARCIA © 1986 David Roth**

*based on a true story, with thanks to William Janz of the Milwaukie Sentinel for sending me his series of articles*

Manuel Garcia, a proud youthful father  
Was known on his block as a hard working man  
With a wife and a family, a job and a future  
He'd everything going according to plan

One day Manuel Garcia, complaining of stomach pains  
Went to the clinic to find out the cause  
His body was found to have cancerous tissue  
Ignoring the order of natural laws

So Manuel Garcia of Milwaukee County  
Checked into the medical complex in town  
Suddenly seeing his thirty-nine years  
Like the sand in an hourglass plummeting down

"What are my choices," cried Manuel Garcia  
"You've basically two," was the doctor's decree  
"Your cancer untreated will quickly be fatal  
But treatment is painful with no guarantees..."

And so it began, Manuel's personal odyssey  
Long sleepless nights in a chemical daze  
With echoes of footsteps down long lonely corridors  
Tolling his minutes and hours away

With the knowledge that something inside  
was consuming him  
Manuel Garcia was filled with despair  
He'd already lost forty pounds to the cancer  
And now to the drugs he was losing his hair

After nine weeks in treatment the doctor came calling  
Said "Manuel, we've done about all we can do  
Your cancer could go either way at this juncture  
It's out of our hands and it's now up to you..."

He looked in the mirror, a sad frightened stranger  
So pale, so wrinkled, so lonely, so scared  
Diseased, isolated, and feeling unlovable  
One-hundred-twenty-six pounds and no hair

He dreamed of his Carmen at sixty without him  
His four little children not having their Dad  
Of Thursday night card games at Julio's  
And everything else he'd not done  
That he wished that he had

Awakened from sleep on the day of his discharge  
By shuffling feet going all around his bed

Manuel opened his eyes  
and thought he was still dreaming  
His wife, and four friends with no hair on their heads

He blinked and he looked again, not quite believing  
The four shiny heads all lined up side by side  
And still to that point not a word had been spoken  
But soon they were laughing so hard that they cried

And the hospital hallways were ringing with voices  
"Patron, we did this for you," said his friends  
And they wheeled him out to the car  
they had borrowed  
"Amigo, estamos contigo ves..."

So Manuel Garcia returned to his neighborhood  
Dropped off in front of his two-bedroom flat  
The block seemed unusually deserted for Sunday  
He drew a deep breath and adjusted his hat

But before he could enter the front door flew open  
Manuel was surrounded with faces he knew  
Fifty-odd loved ones and friends of the family  
With clean-shaven heads and the words "we love you"

And so Manuel Garcia, a person with cancer  
A father, a husband, a neighbor, a friend  
With a lump in his throat said  
"I'm not one for speeches  
But here I have something that needs to be said

I felt so alone with my baldness and cancer  
Now you stand beside me, thank Heaven above  
For giving me strength that I need may God Bless You  
And long may we live with the meaning of love

For giving me strength that I need may God Bless You  
And long may we live with the meaning of love"

## NORMAN'S WAY © 1985 David Roth

I read that Norman Rockwell died, I didn't even know him  
But I remember visiting Stockbridge, the town he made his home in  
I remember how those people glowed  
Just because they had a chance to share  
An old story or two about a man who'd painted America there  
And when a hand reaches out and brushes lives  
The spirit of the painter never dies

Oh beautiful for spacious skies, oh misery the guns  
That bloodied amber waves of grain in 1861  
Add a hundred years of suffering to a movement and a theme  
And you have a most amazing soul who said "I have a dream..."  
When a voice rises up to challenge lies  
The spirit of the speaker never dies

Now I won't be a president, and I can't be a King  
But I have these hands to reach for you, I have a voice to sing  
And I'm surely not an artist with a canvas or a brush  
But I paint these songs with colors that remind me of your touch

An American in Paris wrote a Rhapsody in Blue  
And passed away at 38 before his time came due  
Some felt cheated of a gift so prematurely taken  
But I believe we're born again, and often reawakened  
When a song touches something deep inside  
The spirit of the singer never dies

I lay no claim to genius when I'm playing this guitar  
Sometimes I'm lost for words just trying to describe the way we are  
But my book is filled with sketches made of dreams and prayers and friends  
And I draw these songs with images of seeing you again

I read that Norman Rockwell died, I never even knew him  
But it wasn't hard to see the love in what the man was doing

But you don't have to be a genius or the leader of the band  
Just as long as while you're on this earth you do the best you can

And though the road may be filled with turns and bends  
The journey of your spirit never ends...

**MAY THE LIGHT OF LOVE © 1986 David Roth**

As we come around to take our places at the table  
A moment to remember and reflect upon our wealth  
Here's to loving friends and family, here's to being able  
To gather here together in good company and health

May we be released from all those feelings that would harm us  
May we have the will to give them up and get them gone  
For heavy are the satchels full of anger and false promise  
May we have the strength to put them down

**CHORUS**

May the light of love be shining deep within your spirit  
May the torch of mercy clear the path and show the way  
May the horn of plenty sound so everyone can hear it  
May the light of love be with you every day

May we wish the best for every one that we encounter  
May we swallow pride and may we do away with fear  
For it's only what we do not know that we have grown afraid of  
And only what we do not choose to hear

**CHORUS**

May the light of love be shining deep within your spirit  
May the torch of mercy clear the path and show the way  
May the horn of plenty sound so everyone can hear it  
May the light of love be with you every day

May nothing ever come between or threaten to divide us  
May we never take for granted all the gifts that we receive  
Being ever mindful of the unseen hands that guide us  
And the miracles that cause us to believe

## CHORUS

May the light of love be shining deep within your spirit  
May the torch of mercy clear the path and show the way  
May the horn of plenty sound so everyone can hear it  
May the light of love be with you every day

May the horn of plenty sound so everyone can hear it  
May the light of love be with you...may the light of love be with you  
May the light of love be with you every day

## **EARTH © 1981 David Roth**

Dream of a day when we can live without anger  
Dream of a time when we can live without pain  
Dream of a day when we can live without hunger  
Dream of a sign that the Earth can be peaceful again

What can we do to get our people looking higher  
What do you do in the darkness but look for the light  
We can join hands and do whatever we desire  
And we'll never fail as long as our reasons are right

We're gonna live in peace  
It's our only chance on Earth  
Get all that fighting to cease  
And remember what life is worth



Each of us has the power to bring about changes  
Though society separates us from the time of our birth  
We won't live here much longer if we live as strangers  
And no time at all if we don't learn how to live with the Earth

What can we give the Earth  
That we haven't given in the past  
A way to live here on Earth  
Make it last and last and last

Dream of a day when we can live in communion  
Dream of a time when we can live without fear  
Awaken a way to get all of us working together  
And know that the time when the Earth can be peaceful is near

And know that our thoughts and our actions are honest and clear  
And know that the people on Earth will be safe from all fear  
Know that the time when the earth can be peaceful...

Is here...