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LOVE MINUS ZERO

Bob Dylan

My love she speaks like silence,
Without ideals or violence,
She doesn't have to say she's faithful,
Yet she's true, like ice, like fire.
People carry roses,
Make promises by the hours,
My love she laughs like the flowers,
Valentines can't buy her.

In the dime stores and bus stations,
People talk of situations,
Read books, repeat quotations,
Draw conclusions on the wall.
Some speak of the future,
My love she speaks softly,
She knows there's no success like failure
And that failure's no success at all.

The cloak and dagger dangles,
Madams light the candles.
In ceremonies of the horsemen,
Even the pawn must hold a grudge.
Statues made of match sticks,
Crumble into one another,
My love winks, she does not bother,
She knows too much to argue or to judge.

The bridge at midnight trembles,
The country doctor rambles,
Bankers' nieces seek perfection,
Expecting all the gifts that wise men bring.
The wind howls like a hammer,
The night blows cold and rainy,
My love she's like some raven
At my window with a broken wing.

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BLOWIN' IN THE WIND

Bob Dylan

How many roads must a man walk down,
Before you call him a man?
Yes 'n' how many seas must a white dove sail,
Before she sleeps in the sand?
Yes 'n' how many times must the cannon balls fly,
Before they're forever banned?
The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind,
The answer is blowin' in the wind.

How many years can a mountain exist,
Before it's washed to the sea?
Yes 'n' how many years can some people exist,
Before they're allowed to be free?
Yes 'n' how many times can a man turn his head,
Pretending he just doesn't see?
The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind,
The answer is blowin' in the wind.

How many times must a man look up,
Before he can see the sky?
Yes 'n' how many ears must one man have,
Before he can hear people cry?
Yes 'n' how many deaths will it take till he knows,
That too many people have died?
The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind,
The answer is blowin' in the wind.

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LIVES OF GRACE

Music - John and Rick Brewster

Lyrics - Etha Graham

Below the halls within the dreaming spires,
Behind the walls where all the grays retire,
Stacks of words, ritual obedience,
A wax preserve of all the old beliefs.

Behind the doors the blind and silent priests,
Repair the flaws on markings of the beast,
Restore the codes to magic secrecies,
Superstitions survive technologies.

Who knows how long the past will hold us,
From bright and wiser ways.
Lighter days 'n' tolerance,
And lives of grace.

So take an oath in secret brotherhood,
Go chasing smoke in burning tangle woods,
Learn alchemies from the darkest past,
And ignorance will be the spell you caste.

To know with no experience,
Evolves no use of wiser sense,
To feel requires the reach to touch,
Tomorrow come in focus,
Are you experienced? are you experienced?
Oh yeah, are you experienced?

Who knows how long the past will hold us,
From bright and wiser ways.
Lighter days 'n' tolerance,
And lives of grace.

Who knows how long the past will hold us,
From intelligent and wiser ways,
Lighter days and tolerance and lives of grace.

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IT'S ALL OVER NOW, BABY BLUE

Bob Dylan

You must leave now, take what you need, you think will last,
But whatever you wish to keep, you better grab it fast.
Yonder stands your orphan with his gun,
Crying like a fire in the sun.
Look out, the saints are comin' through,
And it's all over now, Baby Blue.

The highway is for gamblers, better use your sense.
Take what you have gathered from coincidence.
The empty-handed painter from your streets,
Is drawing crazy patterns on your sheets.
This sky, too, is folding under you,
And it's all over now, Baby Blue.

All your seasick sailors, they are rowing home.
All your reindeer armies, are all going home.
The lover who just walked out your door,
Has taken all his blankets from the floor.
The carpet, too, is moving under you,
And it's all over now, Baby Blue.

Leave your stepping stones behind, something calls for you.
Forget the dead you've left, they will not follow you.
The vagabond who's rapping at your door,
Is standing in the clothes that you once wore.
Strike another match, go start anew,
And it's all over now, Baby Blue.

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IT TAKES A LOT TO LAUGH, IT TAKES A TRAIN TO CRY

Bob Dylan

Well, I ride on a mail train baby, can't buy a thrill.

Well, I've been up all night, leanin' on the window sill.

Well, if I die, on top of the hill

And if I don't make it, You know my baby will.

Don't the moon look good, mama, shinin' through the trees?

Don't the brakeman look good, mama, flagging down the "Double E"?

Don't the sun look good, goin' down over the sea?

Don't my gal look fine when she's comin' after me?

Now the wintertime is coming, the windows are filled with frost.

I went to tell everybody but I could not get across.

Well, I wanna be your lover, baby, I don't wanna be your boss.

Don't say I never warned you when your train gets lost.

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DEVIL'S GATE

Brewster / Neeson / Brewster

Red light, black street, dead man, still people,
I swear that I just heard my number.
Too late, no chance, last breath, cold panic,
Call the ambulance, somebody's falling,
The Devil's calling.
Hear the hurricane, howling out my name,
Coming now to take me under.

Oh no!, not now! don't take me please.
Oh no! let go! not ready to leave.
Somebody help, I'm running out of time,
Devil's Gate is opening on me.

My God! my life! my choice, my death,
I'm promised to the fallen angel.
He speaks, mad voice, long arm, hard eyes,
Call the ambulance somebody's falling,
The Devil's calling.
Hear the hurricane, howling out my name,
Coming now to take me under.

Oh no!, not now! don't take me please.
Oh no! let go! not ready to leave.
Somebody help, I'm running out of time,
Devil's Gate is opening on me.
Devil's Gate is opening on me.
Devil's Gate is opening on me...

Oh no!, not now! don't take me please.
Oh no! let go! not ready to leave.
Somebody help, I'm running out of time,
Devil's Gate is opening on me.
Devil's Gate is opening on me.
Devil's Gate is opening on me.
Devil's Gate is opening on me.

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WOUNDED HEALER

Rick Brewster

There is no pain, there's no connection,
The thread is broken, the night is over.
Cold as the desert sky, dark as the day,
The fool in the jaded costume, fading away.

Somewhere in the grey - there's a Wounded Healer.
Somewhere in the grey - there's a Wounded Healer.

There is no luck, there is no mercy,
No one is innocent, no one is guilty.
There's just a photograph frozen in time,
Torn into pieces, time out of mind.

Somewhere in the grey - there's a Wounded Healer.
Somewhere in the grey - there's a Wounded Healer.

There is no black, there is no evergreen,
No one is beautiful, no one is helpless.
The blind man's insight, the clever man's bluff,
The hypocrite's pearls of wisdom, fall from above.

Somewhere in the grey - there's a Wounded Healer.
Somewhere in the grey - there's a Wounded Healer.
Somewhere in the grey - there's a Wounded Healer.

Somewhere in the grey - there's a Wounded Healer.
Somewhere in the grey - there's a Wounded Healer.
Somewhere in the grey - there's a Wounded Healer.

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JUST LIKE A WOMAN

Bob Dylan

Nobody feels any pain
Tonight as I stand inside the rain
Everybody knows - that Baby's got new clothes
But lately I see her ribbons and her bows
Have fallen from her curls.

She takes - just like a woman,
Yes she does, she makes love - just like a woman,
Yes she does and she aches - just like a woman,
But she breaks just like a little girl.

Queen Mary, she's my friend
Yes, I believe I'll go see her again.
Nobody has to guess - that Baby can't be blessed
Till she finally sees that she's like all the rest
With her fog, her amphetamine and her pearls.

She takes - just like a woman,
Yes she does, she makes love - just like a woman,
Yes she does and she aches - just like a woman,
But she breaks just like a little girl.

It was raining from the first - and I was dying there of thirst
So I came in here
And your long-time curse hurts - but what's worse
Is this pain in here - I can't stay in here
Ain't it clear

That I just can't fit
Yes, I believe it's time for us to quit
When we meet again - introduced as friends
Please don't let on that you knew me when
I was hungry and it was your world.

Ah, you fake - just like a woman,
Yes you do, you make love - just like a woman,
Yes you do, then you ache - just like a woman,
But you break just like a little girl.

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IN A HEARTBEAT

Rick Brewster

Now is just a shadow,
A shadow of before.
A message from the future,
A stranger at the door.
The moment that you remember,
When the last wave hits the shore.

When you stumble on a secret,
You were never meant to find.
And you do your best to keep it,
In the shadows of your mind.
The moment that you remember,
When you're marking time, in an endless line
And the man behind sends a shiver up your spine

It can change in a heartbeat,
It could be bitter, could be sweet.
Sticks and stones, will be the weapons,
It can all change in a heartbeat.

Beneath the inner landscape,
The jungle under you,
The waiting room is empty,
Your world is out of view.
The moment that you remember,
Is the final cue for the payment due
And the demon in you splits the universe in two

It can change in a heartbeat,
It could be bitter, could be sweet.
Sticks and stones, will be the weapons,
It can all change in a heartbeat.

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BE WITH YOU

Brewster / Neeson / Brewster

Your flashing eyes are a beacon light,
That guides the jet plane in the night.
I just wanna be with you.

Pick me up when I'm down,
Feel so good when you're around.
I just wanna be with you.

It's not blue the way I've been,
It's not night or in between.
It's not guilt at feeling free,
Takes much more to conquer me.

I just wanna be with you.
I just wanna be - with you.

There's no place, no person left,
Don't wanna be nobody else.
I just wanna be with you.

It's not blue the way I've been,
It's not night or in between.
It's not guilt at feeling free,
Takes much more to conquer me.

I just wanna be with you.
I just wanna be with you.
I wanna be with you.
I wanna be with you.
Wanna be with you.

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PASSING THROUGH

Music - John and Rick Brewster

Lyrics - Etha Graham

Passing through, passing through,
Is it really news to you,
That we're only passing through?

Leave your footprints in the wind,
Scratch your name where dolphins swim.
Write your stories in the snow,
Sign your words as 'old john doe'.
Passing through.

Whatever you must leave behind,
Leave a mark you'd hope to find.
Will the world be improved,
When it shows no trace of you,
Passing through?

Passing through, passing through,
No gods prove as graveyards do.
The life you live won't be renewed,
So tell the holy, pure and lowly,
Heaven's myth has been exploded,
Our crooked hearts are overloaded.

Life is here and here only,
All there is, is what you show me.
Proves we are but brief and only,
Passing through, passing through,

Passing through.

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4TH TIME AROUND

Bob Dylan

When she said, "Don't waste
your words, they're just lies,"
I cried, she was deaf.
And she worked on my face
until breaking my eyes,
Then said, "What else you got left?"
It was then that I got up to leave but she said, "Don't forget,
Everybody must give something back, for something they get."

I stood there and hummed,
I tapped on her drum
And asked her "How come?"
And she buttoned her boot,
and straightened her suit,
Then she said, "Don't get cute."
So I forced my hands in my pockets and felt with my thumb,
And gallantly handed her my very last piece of gum.

She threw me outside,
I stood in the dirt
Where ev'ryone walked.
And after finding I'd
forgotten my shirt,
I went back and knocked.
I waited in the hallway, she went to get it, and I tried to make sense
Out of that picture of you in your wheelchair that leaned up against . . .

Her Jamaican rum
And when she did come,
I asked her for some.
She said, "No, dear."
I said, "Your words are not clear,
You'd better spit out your gum."
She screamed till her face got so red, then she fell on the floor,
And I covered her up and then thought I'd go look through her drawer.

And, when I was through
I filled up my shoe
And brought it to you.
And you, you took me in,
You loved me then
You didn't waste time.
And I, I never took much,
I never asked for your crutch.
Now don't ask for mine.

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NO PLACE LIKE HOME

Music - John and Rick Brewster

Lyrics - Etha Graham

I've worn out my weary shoes,
Earning suppers playing blues,
Went so far I came right back, carried my life in a Gucci sack.
Everywhere I've been I've gone,
Seven days is five too long.
Say hello I say good-bye, it's always time for me to fly.

To me the world's a single place,
I paint it with a smiley face,
And I have no time for us and them, see no difference now or then.
Some of us use weird words,
Everyone's a real strange bird,
We have our funny little ways but all are one and just the same.

And there's no place like home,
Home is where I'm not alone,
There's no place like home.
Home is every place I've known,
Every face I've known.

And not much matters in the end,
Anyone can be my friend.
You gotta move to get with this,
Give the world a sonic kiss.

You have to move to feed your head,
Go to school on a jumbo jet.
You have to look if you want to see,
The simple truth of humanity.

And there's no place like home,
Home is where I'm not alone,
There's no place like home.
Home is every place I've known,
Every face I've known,
Every face I've known.

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