

Chris Conway Song Lyrics

Lyrics to recorded songs 1993-2021.

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Above My Head / (aka Angel Voices)

Some might say I am deluded,
Some might think me insincere,
But I know just what I know and,
What I hear is what I hear.

(chorus)

Above my head,
In my heart,
Angel voices call to me.
Above my head,
In my heart,
Angel voices comfort me.

I remember smiling faces,
And how they turned from joy to fear,
How a sound came from the darkness,
Far away but crystal clear.

(chorus)

There are days when life feels empty,
When the journey seems too long.
Then inside a golden whisper,
Fills my soul and sings my song.

(chorus)

©2006 Chris Conway,

from the album Songs For Deamers.

first appeared as "Angel Voices" on the Kym album "A Woman's Journey"

A Drop In The Ocean

She's dreams about the future.
He's living in the past.
He's planning for forever.
She knows it's just not going to last.
They're still dancing together,
But not to the same tune.
She's dancing in the sunlight,
He's howling at the moon.

(chorus)

From a drop in the ocean,
To a wave hitting the shore.
They've spun the wheel of devotion,
And it came crashing to the floor.

They used to do things together,
Like French restaurants going dutch,
Like walking by the river,
Now they just watch TV too much.
They've got to block out the silence,
Paper over the divide.
They're running from the distance,
But there's no place left to hide.

(chorus)

From a drop in the ocean,
To a wave hitting the shore.
They're just going through the motions
And love is there no more

(bridge)

He losing his head,
His heart's made of lead,
He'd rather file his feelings on the internet.
She's got the same old dress,
Her mind's in a mess,
She doesn't listen to a single word he says.
Wake up, wake up, wake up!
This is your wake up call.
Wake up, wake up, wake up!
Before you lose it all.

But we can turn it around now,
Now we know just where we are.
I wont let us run aground now,
Not now we've come this far.
We need to do something crazy,
Like midnight walking in the rain,
Cos our love has gotten lazy,
But we can make it strong again.

It's not a drop in the ocean,
And we're not waves hitting the shore.
Love's a headstrong emotion,
And I'll love you evermore.

©2018 Chris Conway,
from the album We're All Astronauts

Age Of Miracles

We live in an age of miracles,
Of instant light and flying machines,
Food exchanged for the cold touch of plastic,
We amuse ourselves with pictures dancing on a screen.
And while I'm singing there are men in space,
Gazing down on this Earth,
On the cold and the hungry people,
Who know what a miracle is really worth.

When the dream dies, what happens to the dreamer?
And without the dreamer, what happens to the dream?

Tears ago I used to sit in a cafe.
I'd spin out hours there with my book,
Against the change that you would walk in one day.
How precious each and every look.
Now the years have flown by,
You could say that I missed my chance,
But I don't understand why,
I passed you today without a second glance.

When the dream dies, what happens to the dreamer?
And without the dreamer, what happens to the dream?

I sing my songs for disfunctional people,
Each one special in their own way.
Each one sidelined by the mainstream world.
They're never asked and there's so much they've got to say.
But I feel spirits rising, reaching for higher ground.
And when we gather together,
I believe that the walls could really tumble down.

When the dream dies, what happens to the dreamer?
And without the dreamer, what happens to the dream?

*©2000 Chris Conway,
From the album Earth Rising.
Live version on the album Live!*

Alien Phone Invasion

I think I'm in love with my mobile phone
Something's strange, I just can't leave it alone
Deep in my heart I know it's just not right
But it's the first thing I see in the morning and the last thing I see at night.

(chorus)

Children of the alien phones
The lights are on but no one's home.
Got a feeling down in my bones.
We are not alone

Alien phones from outer space
They beamed down a few now they're all over the place.
With our ears plugged in and our screens aglow.
The aliens invaded and we didn't even notice..

Aliens came to Earth with a master plan.
To get a mobile phone to every woman and man.
A silent invasion, and they're gaining traction.
With their pocket sized weapons of mass distraction.

(chorus)

(bridge)

The aliens make sure we're totally smitten.
They're the ones who make the videos of cute little kittens.
You can tell it's a drug coz when you lose your phone.
Its total cold turkey and you feel all alone.
But you can wean yourself off it, a bit at a time,
My record's 8 minutes and am going for 9.

With the population hypnotised or deranged.
The aliens took over our leaders brains.
I can feel their influence is holding sway.
Coz I don't understand a single word they say.
And they wont let anyone stand in their way
And they seem to get scarier day by day,

But it's time to fight back we can start today.
"Ooh look - a kitten!"
"Oh well ... I guess we're..".

(chorus)

I think I'm in love with my mobile phone
Something's strange, I just can't leave it alone
Deep in my ... <pick up phone>

*©2018 Chris Conway,
from the album We're All Astronauts*

Alien Salad Abduction

When I was a kid, about eight or so,
I heard momma calling from the floor below.
She pointed to the fridge, I was in trouble – just a hunch,
She said “Where is the salad that I made for our lunch?”,
And I said,

(chorus)

Extra-terrestrials abducted all the vegetables,
I know it sounds incredible, but anyone can see,
That it's all part of their master plan, to take them to their planet and,
Create the greatest salads in the galaxy!

As a representative of my generation,
I won a prize to speak at the United Nations.
I went up to the mike, an expectant hush grew,
I paused, took a deep breath, then shouted,
“What ya gonna do about the.. “

(chorus)

(bridge)

I know it sounds crazy, but every word is true,
And I'm the only one that knows it, and now I've told you so are you.

The first thing I noticed was an eerie light,
A starship landing in the middle of the night,
I looked out of the window, and there running through the hedge,
Were twenty green aliens stealing my veg!

I said, “Aliens, oh aliens take me back with you,
I want to learn to make salad like the aliens do,
I'll help you with the chopping up, I'll bring my own knife”
They said, “No we only take away intelligent life”
Said the ...

(chorus 2)

Extra-terrestrials abducting MY vegetables,
I know it sounds incredible, but anyone can see,
That It's all part of their master plan, to take them to their planet and,
Create the greatest salads in the galaxy!

So they turned me to an alien, and I learned their ways,
With Thousand Planet Dressing and Arcturan Mayonnaise.
We'll take over the universe, but not by the sword.
We'll fight them on the buffets and the smorgasbords!

We've really done our research and got our own style,
We'll infiltrate you're planet with a salad and a smile.
With outlets opening up all over the place,
Next time you have an entrée it could be from outer space!
from the

(chorus)

©2002 Chris Conway,

from the album *Alien Salad Abduction*.

Live version on the albums *Live & Peace & Outer Space*, & *The Last Phoenix – Live 2009*

A Little Bit of Loving

Just a touch, on my forehead when I'm waking,
Just a touch, when my poor heart is aching,
Just a touch, when my spirit is breaking,
Just a touch is all I need.

Just a look, across this cold empty floor,
Just a look, would open the door,
Just a look, to say we've been here before,
Just a look is all I need.

(chorus)

Because a little bit of loving goes a long, long way.
While we were staring out the window,
The sky has turned grey,
And we're stood here like strangers,
With no more to say.
And little bit of loving right now,
Would go a long, long way.

Just the sound of your sweet voice at last,
Just the sound, of a song from our past,
Just the sound, of your footsteps up the path,
Just a sound is all I need.

(chorus)

(bridge)

Too bent on destruction to see the damage all around.
We've been shouting so loud, we can't hear a sound.
Only fools would keep fighting in a house that's burning down.
From all of this rubble, a little bit of loving can still be found.

Just a smile, would tear down the wall,
Just a smile, would help me break my fall,
Just a smile - in spite of it all,
Just a smile is all I need.

(chorus)

Long way...

©2000 Chris Conway,
From the album Earth Rising.

All About Me

It's one of those days when it's all gone wrong
But the radio plays my favourite song,
It takes me to a place in the back my mind
When I seemed to have so much more time

(chorus)

You might say it was a song about life.
An allegorical tale of wrong and right.
Full of topical insight,
But it's also a song - about me.
All about me.

Sometimes I pick up my old guitar
And I take it down to a music bar
I only know one song but I sing it loud
And for a moment I'm strong and I feel proud.

I hope they think it's a song about life,
An allegorical tale of wrong and right
And that it's full of topical insight
When its really a song - about me.
All about me.

(chorus)

(bridge)

Me, me, me,
It's not really all about me,
You, you, you,
It might be about you, you you,
You, you, you,
Too.

The love of my life sings her songs on the stage.
She wrote every word, I know every page.
She's pulled a big crowd, but she seeks me out.
And when we're eye to eye we're both in no doubt, that.

(chorus 2)

She's not singing a song about life
An allegorical tale of wrong and right.
It's not full of topical insight.
Coz it's really a song,
The same little song
The song that she.... wrote for me.

All about me.
Coz she loves me so,
And its the only song I know how to play.
I heard it on the radio,
And now I heard her singing it on the stage,
All about me.

A Long Goodbye

Well here we are again,
With the sound of natural laughter,
About the same old things,
We know we're more than friends,
We're subtly attracted by a strange power.
You've been trying to leave now for over an hour.
But it's

(chorus)

A long goodbye.
A long goodbye,
A warm embrace and a lingering eye.
Long goodbye

There seems so much to say,
To draw each other closer,
You're afraid to cross the line.
Afraid to pull away.
You stretch and say that this time you have got to go.
But a look between us means that we both know,
That it's

(chorus)

(bridge)

We know it's time to be moving on,
Part of us is already gone.
But there's something about a familiar smile.
That makes me want to linger a while.

Maybe you wont go.
You're weighing up your two minds.
Coz it's come to the poin tin the evening...
When time runs slow.
A tremble of the fingers and a whisper in the night.
And a candle that burns long til the morning light.
And a..

(chorus)

*©2015 Chris Conway,
from the album Out Of The Blue.*

Alternating Paragraphs

From rooms halfway around the world.
Two people met in writing
As seasons passed a boy and girl.
Grew closer as they were typing.

Alternating paragraphs
Sometimes in different colours.
The two became the best of friends.
Like a sister, like a brother.

(chorus)
But 15 days in 15 years
Is all they shared face to face
But friendship does not know the time.
And cares not for the place.

They arranged to meet first time in London
They met at her hotel,
Each was just as the other imagined.
They'd done their homework well.

As time went on they wrote some songs.
They met every few years.
Resumed from their last paragraph.
Shared laughter and some tears.

(chorus)

One night in his darkest hour.
His thoughts were just a blur.
Then as by some magic power,
The phone rang and it was her.

(solo)

Years went by and lives grew busy,
Their writing slowly stopped.
Turned to hasty birthday greetings.
Unaware of what they'd lost.

One lonely night he wrote to her,
She replied with much to say,
And alternating paragraphs
Continue to this day.

*©2015 Chris Conway,
from the album We're All Astronauts.
first appeared on the Jodi Krangle album Time Will Tell.*

Always Flying Home

Always a freedom rider,
Flying through the sky.
You ride with the undecided,
Never knowing why.
On a mountainside, behind walls of stone.

I know where to find you,
Because you're
Always flying home (x4)

Dressed in black, with charcoal eyes,
Drinking up the night.
You always seemed so wise,
With the benefit of hindsight.
Out on a limb, out on your own.

I know where to find you,
Because you're
Always flying home (x4)

Endlessly you shifty your gaze,
A tapestry of places.
Sometimes you're lost for days,
Trying out the faces.
On a distant star, on a telephone.

I know where to find you,
Because you're
Always flying home (x6)

You're flying home over the mountains
To get the world out of your hair.
To be on your own, to dance in the fountains
Dust off your wings and take to the air.

©1996 Chris Conway,
From the album Flying Home.

An Old Fashioned Future

Now's the time, a day of reckoning,
Things left behind in tomorrow's gentle beckoning.
Time to count them all.
On the wall the ancient picture fades.
Now I've no call for mending broken barricades,
Now I'm wide awake, its time to make,

(chorus)

An old fashioned future,
Like tomorrow used to be.
You won't find it on computer,
You can't buy it, it comes for free.
The time has come, come again,
Now's the time.

You won't fail if you don't jump the fences,
But life grows stale locked in your defenses.
Now it is time to go.
All I know, I've gathered in a pile.
Now let it grow, savour it a little while,
Then walk out the door, I'm ready for...

(chorus)

(bridge)

We used to share a dream of the future,
No more hunger, no more war.
Now it all about the money, or who should mind the store,
And you don't hear much about vision anymore.
But some of us still dream.
Some of us still believe.
And in this room tonight,
Let's the dream take flight,
One more night.
Let's the dream take flight,
On the wings of a song.
We've been waiting so long,
So long.

You're only strong if you still grow.
Sing a new song, step outside your comfort zone,
Every now and then.
We'll talk again, maybe in a year or two.
We'll remember when I began these things that I'm about to do,
I'm not giving in - we'll be living in.

(chorus)

An old fashioned future,
Like the smile across your face,
We will find a dream to suit ya,
Love and peace and outer space,
The time has come, come again.
Now's the time,
The time has come.

©2006 Chris Conway, from the album *Close The Circle*.

Andromeda Bound

There never has been a time like this before,
With future and past melting into one.
Follow the glimmer of light beneath the bolted door,
We're on the run!

We're Andromeda bound x3
We're not leaving the ground,
We're not leaving without you.

The way ahead is illuminated by the emerald light
Of voices of those who've been there before
Grace and the Doktor of Space are shouting in the night
"Foot to the floor!"

We're Andromeda bound x3
We're not leaving the ground,
We're not leaving without you.

Rising spider
Shockwave rider
Time divider
Rise into the light
We're waiting for you
Join us, join us

It's time for us to leave behind these barren lives
Now that our spirits are free to roam
Across the world the children of space are linking minds
We're going home

We're Andromeda bound x3
We're not leaving the ground,
We're not leaving without you.
We're not leaving without you.

Join us, join us, join us.

©2002 Chris Conway,
from the album *Alien Salad Abduction*.
Live version on the album *Chris Conway & The Talking Fish – Live*

Another Way Of Living

Walk with me,
Through city streets at night
My love.
Where the cars drive by,
Where the people sleep by streetlight
My love

Well there's got to be another way of living someday.
Well there's got to be another way of living someday.

Walk with me,
Where the stores are full of food to eat.
My love.
Walk with me in Africa,
Amongst the bare feet
My love

Well there's got to be another way of living someday.
Well there's got to be another way of living someday.
My love.

Everybody everywhere,
Make a move don't stand and stare
Everybody everywhere,
Have a look around
Everybody everywhere,
Always rushing here and there,
Never with the time or care to
Have a look around
Look around

Walk with me,
Where the trees they die from the rain.
My Love
Walk with me,
Where no living thing lives again
And we spend our money and act surprised
When the heats up and the oceans rise.

Well there's got to be another way of living someday.
Well there's got to be another way of living someday.

©2015 Chris Conway,
from the album Out Of The Blue.

A Song About Nothing

Here is a song about nothing,
And how it can touch your heart.
Sometimes nothing can be a beginning.
And sometimes.... it's where you start.

I want to say something,
But I've got nothing to say,
Because nothing much,
Happened today.
But I want to whisper,
Sweet nothings to you,
Cos if we've got nothing in common,
We've got nothing to lose.

(chorus)

We're all on a hiding to nothing,
And the way ahead is hard to see.
But nothing really matters,
Til something ... can set you free

If you want something for nothing
You've come to the wrong place.
But I could spin you some nonsense,
And keep a straight face.
I've got nothing to declare,
And nothing to regret,
But if you think you know nothing,
You aint seen nothing yet.

(chorus)

(bridge)

Sometimes you're mind can feel too narrow,
Sometimes you need to the air to clear.
Every field needs time to lie fallow,
Sometimes you need to disappear.
You came into the world with nothing,
You're taking nothing when you go.
But there is a joy to be found on the road between,
And when you find it your heart will know.
You will know, you will know.

Sometimes nothing is something.
Sometimes nothing is real.
Sometimes nothing is just,
The way that you feel.
It's not a comfortable feeling,
Between the highs and the lows.
But you can plant something in nothing.
And sometimes it grows.

(chorus) - Set you free.

So here is a song about nothing,
And how it can be your friend.
Sometimes nothing can be a beginning.
And sometimes.... it's it's the end..

Astronauts

(chorus)

We're all astronauts
We're on a beautiful ship,
Its the only one we've got,
We'd better look after it.
And we're all passengers,
And we're all the crew,
And it's a one way trip,
So enjoy the view.

There's a man alone
Staring at his phone
He wants to take his brain
Outside of this commuter train
To some thing more than this
Top something better than this
I wish his weary eyes
Could only realise

(chorus)

If only you could see
We're orbiting around a star
That's orbiting a galaxy
Light years from where you are.
And way belong your blue
The galaxy is moving too
We're on this ship together
And we're flying forever

(chorus)

(bridge)

Fly with me - the best is yet to see
Fly with me - hold on, hold on!

So when the everyday
Is eating your life away
You can turn it around
Don't look down
Look up to the stars
Remember where you are
And when it strikes a chord.
Then it's all aboard.

(chorus)

It's all up to you - what do you want to do?
Are you flying with me? are you flying, are you flying with me?
We're flying together, forever and ever.
Oh yeah – we're astronauts – hold on , hold on.
Oh we're astronauts, in a beautiful ship – fly.

©2018 Chris Conway,
from the album *We're All Astronauts*

A Thousand Miles

Guess when we split we could not
Find too much to say.
I guess we both knew that it was
Time to go our own ways
But I guess it's time for us,
To revise our philosophy,
That I don't care about you
And you don't care about me.

(chorus)

So I crossed a thousand miles,
Just to get here.
And I crossed a thousand miles,
Of open sea.
And I crossed a thousand miles,
Just to hear you say,
That you'd walk a thousand miles,
Back home with me.

My first week of freedom well I,
Felt just like a boy.
Then I found my drinking friends,
Had started to annoy.
So I took to staying in,
And started reminiscing.
Then I found that something in,
My life was sadly missing.

(chorus)

(bridge)

I have travelled all this way,
To make you understand.
The future is ours darlin,'
We hold it in our hands.
We're on the borders of making,
The worst of our mistakes.
I've gotta get through to you,
And I'm here for as long,
As it's gonna take.

Guess you don't know just what,
You've got until it's gone.
But I think I've figured out,
A way for us to carry on.
I can see by looking at your face,
You've got your doubts.
But you've got to listen to me,
Before you throw me out.

(chorus)

©1996 Chris Conway,
from the album *Flying Home*.

Avalon Moon

When you were just a child
You knew these wondrous lands
They were part of your life
The years flew by
Those places did not vanish,
You just lost the gift of sight
Now you think that you can hear
The voices you once thought you'd left behind
Look at the sky, drink up the night,
You find your eyes attracted by the light.

(chorus)

Avalon moon, shine on
Avalon moon, light up the night
Avalon moon, guide us home

It feels good to be here tonight
Surrounded by the ones I know and love
I recognize the lines and know
Some of the reasons why they're on your faces
We're gathered here to share the feeling,
Find the meaning lost behind our lives
Gather up the smiles and let
The moonlit sky fill up the empty spaces

(bridge)

Pentagrams and stars,
A wizard guides our hearts,
The journey that we start is long.
The sword is in my hand,
At last I understand,
The power at my command,
Grows stronger.
Stronger – strong - with the rising tide.

Around this table are my good,
And noble knights on whom I can depend.
We've had discordant moments,
But when times are hard we always sing in tune.
We'll bind our song together,
With the times we've shared the joyous and the sad.
We'll say goodnight at sunset,
But we'll be there for the rising of the moon.

(chorus)

*©2006 Chris Conway,
written for Vikki Clayton and sung by her on the compilation album Spiritual Woman.
also on the 2009 Bridget McMahon album Avalon Moon.*

A World Apart

I'm sitting out the Dark Ages,
I'm following my heart.
While the madness outside rages,
I'm building a world apart.
Things get crazier every day,
So let's go our own way,
Let's stay safe and warm,
And ride out the storm.

I remember when it was cool to be clever.
Now it's cool to not have a clue.
And it seems like it can take forever,
To sort out the false from the true.
So let's create wondrous things,
Woven by the strings,
Of our hearts and minds.
Let's leave this world behind.

(bridge)

We'll live in a parallel time,
With parallel people,
With beautiful minds,
Dreaming our dreams,
In timeless time.
The time of our lives.
Where life is our love,
And love never dies.

Come and join me in my ivory tower,
Far from the madding crowd.
We can turn days into hours,
In our castle in the clouds.

We won't listen to a word they tell us.
We won't buy a single thing they try to sell us.
We don't have to hate,
We don't have to be afraid,
We're not going to live by other people's mistakes.

But from our sanctuary of night,
When the time is right,
We shall rise again.
But until then...

We're sitting out the Dark Ages,
We're going on the run.
I'm turning the future's pages,
Waiting for the renaissance to come.

*©2018 Chris Conway,
from the album We're All Astronauts.*

Back To You

In a dark attic where no one goes,
There is an old magic lantern picture show,
Where memories and scenes yet to come,
Shine out from a gap in the revolving drum.

On the screen there's a girl with the moon in her eyes,
Did she touch your heart, did she make you cry,
You can see on your face you had something to say,
You could say it now, but its years too late.

(chorus)

Round and round and round and round,
There go the chances.
You only regret the things you weren't yet bold enough to do.
As the world dances on,
Seize the moment before it's gone,
It'll all come back to you.

Taking the images out of your head,
It knows the future and the life you've led,
All your past dreams and futures hopes,
Play out on the whirling zoetrope.

The years when you just drifted by,
And never thought to wonder why,
Your loftiest dreams took a back seat
When the world seemed to at your feet.

(chorus)

(bridge)

Now on the screen the pictures show.
The thousands of reasons that you said no.
To the risks, and the offers, and roads not taken,
The fast beating heart, the loves forsaken,

The picture wheel spins the opposite way,
Now your two futures are on display,
The time that you dared, the time you held back,
Will your train make it or run off the track?

The film has run out, the room is dark,
You're back out on the street, and across the park,
To a cafe where a girl sits across from you,
And you smile and suddenly know what to do.

Round and round and round and round,
There go the chances.
You only regret the things you weren't yet bold enough to do.
As the world dances on,
Seize the moment before it's gone.
It'll all come back,- it'll all come back – it'll all come back - to you.

©2020 Chris Conway,
from the Chris Conway & Dan Britton album Wonder

Beatnik Bandits

Spinning out a coffee in an old department store.
Trying to save all the whales and stop all the wars.
Racing each other to the funniest line.
And hanging out at sundown drinking cheap wine.

(chorus)

We were the Beatnik Bandits,
And we had style.
We were the Beatnik Bandits,
Don't touch your dial.
We were the Beatnik Bandits,
We wrote our own rules,
We were the kings of cool,
And nobody fooled with the Bandits.

We got our name from a movie that gave us a buzz.
Truth is we didn't really know just what a beatnik was.
We weren't even bandits, we didn't steal or fight,
We just hung out together on a Saturday night.

We were kings of our dominion talking late into the night.
We always had an opinion and we always were right.
And all of the problems in the whole wide world,
Were solved in the wink of an eye from the right girl.

(chorus)

(bridge)

I've got a faded photograph in my hand.
I guess things didn't work out the way we planned.
Laughing and crazy, so care free.
What happened to you? - what happened to me?
But there's still a place in the back of my mind,
Where we're all still together and having a great time.
And it makes me feel happy, and a little bit blue.
Do you remember me? - coz I remember you,
Because you were a Beatnik Bandit.

Well we always had the music but we could hardly play.
But I was always Carlos, and my best friend was Stevie Ray.
One day we found all new kinds of jazz,
We didn't know what we were playing, but we just played it fast

Yes you could say we were a bohemian crowd.
The summers were long and the parties were loud.
Years flew past, we've gone our separate ways,
But I still raise a glass to the glory days.

chorus x2

*©2018 Chris Conway,
from the album We're All Astronauts.*

Before I Go

I can see the mist,
And it's clearing off the water.
I can see the island,
Coming in to view.
And I don't care now,
If I've said it all before,
Because I never,
Have said it to you.
And if I have,
It wasn't true then,
But it's strangely,
True today.
And on the island,
There is a harbour,
And I'm expected,
To make my way.

But I don't know,
If it's worth talking anymore,
When we can read each other's minds.
Before I go,
I'm determined to explore,
Before I leave it all behind.

I can see the ship,
Is veering off its course,
And I know the Captain,
Is a fool,
And I know the crew,
Are expecting me to act,
Because they know,
I always do.
But all I can see,
Is that the stars are bright tonight,
And their strange music ,
Is calling me.
And I can see the sails,
Are far, far below me,
Because I'm flying now,
Flying free.

And I don't know,
If it's worth talking anymore,
When we can read each other's minds.
Before I go,
I'm determined to explore,
Before I go...

©2000 Chris Conway
from the album *Earth Rising*.

Be There

The time may not be right
But it's the only time we have
If we can still laugh together
We'll make it through the night, alright.
If we run aground,
And even if our ship is sinking down,
I will be there for you,
You - you will be there - for me..

The night is growing dark.
The wind is blowing cold.
Just one more talk together.
Once more around the park, til dark.
Then home in to the warm,
By the fireside just before the storm.
You will be there for me,
I – I will be there for you

The world is full of confusion,
The future's a mystery
But all we've got is you and me,
And that's all the certainty I need,
Me and you,
You and me,

There's no more left to say,
There's nothing we can do.
To turn in the right direction,
A world that's lost it's way, today.
So look me in the eye
And I will tell you why I know that I,
I will be there for you,
You - you will be here for me,
We – we will be there, be there, be there....
Eternally.

©2021 Chris Conway,
from the album Unlocked Songs.

Better Times In Sight

Seven long years I've been listening,
Soaking up every sound I heard.
Only to find at the back of my mind,
I never understood a word.

(chorus)

But there's a city up ahead that's called tomorrow,
And I'm going to make it by first light.
I can see the glow on the horizon,
And I know there are,
Better times in sight.
Better times in sight.

Seven long years I've been shouting,
To the limit of my voice.
Only to find to one could hear me,
In the chaos and the noise.

(chorus)

Seven long years I've been walking,
On a road that's paved with doubt.
Only to find at my journey's end,
I don't know why I started out.

(chorus)

Better times in sight.

Seven long years I've been sleeping.
But I'm awake now, and I'm alive!
I don't know what I'll find when I get there.
I'll let you know when I arrive.

(chorus)

Better times in sight.

There's a city up ahead that's called tomorrow.

*©1995 Chris Conway,
from the album Sounds Like Rain,
also on the Chris Conway & Dan Britton EP Better Times In Sight featuring Sally Barker,
where verses 1 & 2 are swapped over.*

Blueprints/Preparing for Departure

First snow of winter takes me back,
Back to the river,
That flowed through the garden.
The first I had known.
And the bridge that washed away,
Was rebuilt each year.
I'm still building bridges today,
But the rivers have grown.

(chorus)

Actions of children
Who never thought twice
Soundtracks for living
Blueprints for life

I was there when the great ship,
Crossed the ocean of night.
Singing The Prisoner's song,
Through the corridors I ran.
How many years since landfall,
Have I been singing?
And why, when the walls close in,
Do I still run if I can?

(chorus)

I can't take you there.
There's nothing there anymore to see.
But there are echoes everywhere,
Of someone who used to be me.

I was there when the future was better,
Than it is today.
It once shone like a lighthouse,
Guiding our minds.
But now the tide has turned,
Away from the vision.
But some dreams are way too strong,
For me to leave behind.

(chorus)

*©2000 Chris Conway,
From the album Earth Rising.*

Borderline

I'm standing on the border,
Between your world and mine.
Between your kind of order,
And my kind of time,
And the land inbetween us,
Where we grow compromise,
With the best of intentions,
And the whitest of lies

(chorus)

Do I believe, do I?
Do I really believe,
I can cross that line?
Am I going your way?
Or am I going mine?

From where I am standing,
I see the garden below.
Where I sow understanding,
In the hope it'll grow.
But I can see the bare earth,
Where I planted before.
And I don't want to go pulling,
Up roots anymore.

(chorus)

I'm standing at the crossroads,
My entrance is blind.
And every new morning,
Brings a new change of mind.
How long have I been here?
Guess it's time for me to go.
So is the grass really greener,
Than the devil I know?

(chorus)

©1996 Chris Conway,
from the album Flying Home.

Burn

Don't want to know my destination.
Don't want to get there on time.
I want an open invitation,
To another state of mind.
I don't want to wait now,
While I've got so much to give.
The hour's getting late.
I'm hungry to give,
And I'm thirsty to learn

(chorus)

I want to burn,
In the flames of inspiration.
I want to burn,
In the joy and the elevation.
I want to burn,
With every new sensation,
I want to burn,
I want to burn.

I'm getting bitter and twisted.
For too long I've analysed.
Temptations I once resisted,
Are now hitting me,
Right between the eyes.
I want the magic of midnight,
Back underneath my skin.
Howling by the moonlight,
Where the ice gets thin,
And the fever returns.

(chorus)

We're going to walk along the headland,
Facing out toward the sea.
Sea the world as a grain of sand,
And hear it shouting right back at me,
"I'm your judge and your jury,
And this time you're going down.
The fire and the fury,
Will be the jewels in your crown,
The ashes in the urn.

(chorus)

©1996 Chris Conway
from the album *Flying Home*.

Burn the Heretic Fen

I never did like Lord of the Rings no matter how hard I try.
Walking and fighting and walking and fighting and walking I could cry!
And what a lot of bother over such a little ring.
But when I tell my friends they point at me and loudly sing...

(chorus)

Burn the heretic fen, boys, burn the heretic fen!
Lock them up and tie them down and make them think again.
And if they do not realise what makes the thing a gem,
Burn the heretic, Burn the heretic, Burn the heretic fen!

I never did like Harry Potter, to me it's just not cool.
Kids learning magic in a posh private school.
I tried the book I tried the film I tried the DVD,
But when I tell my friends it's garbage they all round on me.

(chorus)

I never did like Star Wars, it's samurai in space.
And Yoda "he no grammer has" the stupid Muppet face!
With cardboard cut out characters and fights just make me snore.
My friends say a)you are just wrong and b)you're becoming a bore!

(chorus)

I didn't like Buffy The Vampire Slayer, it really vexed me so.
It's just a vampire Beverly Hills 90210.
They tried in vain with Englishman to add a little class,
But when I tell my friends it's bad they all say "Burn his ass!"

(chorus)

I really liked a show called Lexx, the one with the guy that's dead,
And Captain Stanley Tweedle, a love slave and a robot head.
And when I tell my friends about how much I like the show,
They shake their heads in unison and say "no no no no"

(chorus)

*©2013 Chris Conway.
From the album Deep Space Love.*

Call Of The Wild

The sound of wolves came to me last night,
Though I know it can't be so.
Was I dreaming? Had I really heard it right?
Somehow I knew I had to go.
The howling continued as I turned on the light,
And I headed out toward the country.
But all was silent when the city was far from sight.
I knew I was where I wanted to be.

(chorus)

I'm like the man who focused on a thousand suns
I may be blind but I have seen it all.
I've been listening to all the wise and ancient ones,
Telling me to heed the call of the wild.
Call of the wild.

The sound of voices sounding cold and hollow,
Made me get up to my feet.
Softly spoken, bidding me to follow.
I found myself out on the street.
Where a grey lady took me by the hand.
We walked for miles among the trees.
She turned and she whispered, "One day you will understand"
And disappeared into the breeze.

(chorus)

I'm not going to walk these crowded streets anymore,
Queueing up for every step I take,
Shoulder to shoulder as we're walking through the doors,
Of some businessman on the make.
I'm not going to wait til they call out my name.
I've done too much of that before.
I'm not going to wait till they find someone to blame.
Or til they find another war.

(chorus)

©1996 *Chris Conway*
from the albums
Chris Conway & Dan Britton – Just Be Real

live versions
The Storm Thieves - Captured Live
Chris Conway – Live!
Chris Conway – Live & Peace & Outer Space

Candlelight

A spring night and I draw myself to the table and I,
Get out that old wax stained bottle of wine that we,
Drank the night we got together and I,
Remember the words you said at the time.

(chorus)

It doesn't matter if we're miles apart.
It doesn't matter if you're down at heart.
When you feel the darkest hour start,
Just turn out the light,
And I'll be with you – in the candle light.

Summer night – as the match strikes the side of the box,
And the room is no longer the same.
And as the candle steals the fire from the match,
And I watch the dancing flame.

(chorus)

(bridge)

And all the candlelit nights from my past,
All melt into one.
Like the trails of many coloured wax,
One for each night you're gone.

Autumn night and I am still awake,
Watching shadows dancing on the wall.
I remember being with you beside a moonlit lake,
Some other year some other fall.

Winter nights - they come round so fast,
Like you've never been away.
Have you really come home to stay at last?
I think know what you're going to say.

(chorus)

©2018 Chris Conway
from the album We're All Astronauts

Carousel

I saw a child and I knew him,
A long, long time ago.
Something in his eyes reminded me,
Of someone I used to know.
My friend died years ago,
From a mountainside he fell.
He went round, and round, and round.
The carousel.

Then the child walked up to me,
And to my great surprise,
Spoke to me in my friend's style,
So familiar and so wise.
He said, "Don't worry about me old friend,
I'm deep inside this shell,
I've gone round, and round, and round.
The carousel."

Then the child went away from me,
And became a child at play.
I often still wonder,
Just what happened that day.
So if you look in to someone's eyes,
And it seems to ring a bell.
They've gone round, and round, and round.
The carousel.

©1996 *Chris Conway.*

from the albums -

Chris Conway & Dan Britton – Just Be Real.

Chris Conway – Storming.

live versions -

The Storm Thieves – Captured Live.

Chris Conway – Live & Peace & Outer Space.

Castle, Seed & Candle

In the sky there's always a castle
Hanging in the evening air
Made of light, created for dreamers
Picturesque, but hard to share
I remember all of my castles
Disconnected, floating freely
My head may be still high in the clouds
Now mother earth is touching me

There's a seed lost deep underground
That never had the chance to grow
Unfulfilled and dormant potential
Locked beneath the ice and snow
Spring has come into the garden
First a seedling, then a tree
I have seen a change with every new season
Can they see a change in me?

Darkness falls, close the curtains,
Find a place to hide
I know you feel uncertain and,
I know it's still cold outside
But quiet places, sparkling rivers
Live the moment, falling free
And when I speak in tunes and rhythms
I hear someone calling me

In my room there is a small candle
Rarely lit now what a shame
Too afraid of reaching the end
To feel the wonder of its flame
There's a voice inside the fire
Let it sing bright, loud and strong
There are choices in the darkest of nights
So keep it burning all night long
All night long

©2006 Chris Conway,
from the album Close the Circle.

Chasing Rainbows / Rainbow Reel / Rainbow's End

Forever chasing rainbows,
Where my fortune lies and future lies,
Where my dreams are clear.
Whichever way the wind blows,
They evaporate and disappear,
When I draw newar.
Gjostly voices.
Black out.
I'm standing in the rain.

Forever chasing rainbows,
Where I hope the sun and rain will last,
Til I find my way.
Along my path the feeling grows,
And I dream about my crock of gold,
Then the sky turns grey,
Faceless demons.
Black out.
Directionless again.

©1995 *Chris Conway,*
from the album Sounds Like Rain.

Child Of The Moon

Up on a ridge of high ground,
Beneath the earth where I now stand,
A castle strong, tall and proud,
Stood over this land.
How many lived? How many loved?
How many died far too soon?
How many looked up to the sky,
Like a child of the moon?
A child of the moon.

Down at my feet I find a coin,
Lost many centuries ago.
How was it won? How was it lost?
How many dreams did it sew?
And who was standing on this space?
Did they die in the wars?
Now forgotten is his face,
And forgotten the cause.
Forgotten the cause

But the sun that we see is still one and the same,
And the moon still rises and waxes and wanes,
And we love and we laugh and we dance as before,
And young men still lose coins and their lives in the war.

A decision to be made,
The coin is spinning in the air.
Heads to go, tails to stay,
How will he fair?
He is distracted by a sound,
Nervous eyes betray his fears.
Then the coin hits the ground,
And stays two thousand years.

Up on a ridge of high ground,
Beneath the earth where I now stand,
A castle strong, tall and proud,
Stood over this land.
How many lived? How many loved?
How many died far too soon?
How many looked up to the sky
Like a child of the moon?
A child of the moon.

©2009 Chris Conway,
from the Bridget McMahon album Avalon Moon.

Circle of One

Its Saturday night on the internet,
My inbox is empty, Filkhaven's dead,
And Facebook and Livejournal are emptier yet.
Either everyone's murdered or its a safe bet – that,

(chorus)

Everyone's gone to the filk con.
Is it Filkcontinental or FKO?
And I hadn't the time or the money to go,
And I'm sitting here having no fun,
In a circle of one.

I'm surfing the web and I find something great,
That makes me chuckle, or consider my fate,
And I'm wanting to share it, but guess I'm too late,
For I look at the screen and I see by the date – that,

(chorus)

I can picture them sitting in circles til three,
Singing songs about aliens or cups of tea,
Ashen faces at breakfast, "Last night – did you see?"
I'm thinking of you, are you thinking of me? - coz ,

(chorus)

So I'm feeling sadder with each word I type,
But - hang on a minute! - there's a ring on the Skype!
Someone's singing a song in a voice clear and ripe,
And I'm singing along as a teardrop I wipe – coz,

Not everyone's gone to the filk con ,
Not to Filkcontinental or FKO,
Not to Consonance Confluence, OVFF,
UK Con, Gafilk, or DFDf,
Or some other convention that I don't know,
And they hadn't the time or the money to go,
And I'm sitting here, not quite so blue,
In a circle of two.

©2013 Chris Conway,
from the album Deep Space Love.

City Breakdown

There were times,
When you could walk this city,
Without worries, without fear.
Now we hold our breath,
Walking down the alleyways,
Afraid of our own children,
Every night of the year.

(chorus)

Feel the city fall, city breakdown,
From the outside in and around our ears.
Feel the city fall, city breakdown,
It's time to move to where the air is clear.

Night and morning,
See the grand procession,
Of lonely people in their pretty machines.
In one big rush, going nowhere,
I can hear each and every silent scream.

(chorus)

(bridge)

Well I know, it doesn't matter anymore.
No one will listen to a single word I say.
But I feel trouble - I hear it knocking at the door,
And I don't know why it has to be that way.

There were times,
When every man, woman and child,
Could expect shelter overhead.
Now they line the streets - living statistics,
With paper and cardboard to line their bed.

And when did all the locks,
And all the burglar-alarms,
Go up on every window, every door?
Young families and old ones, hide behind barricades,
Like they were living through another war.

(chorus)

(chorus)

It's time to move to where the air is clear.
It's time to move to where the air is clear.

*©2000 Chris Conway,
from the album Earth Rising.*

Coming In To Land

I can see the city below me
And it's burning up the night.
It's strange to see my story,
In a thousand points of light.
Are they playing their guitars?
Are they still singing the same songs?
Their voices from afar tell me,
I've been away too long.

(chorus)

But oh..... it's not the way I planned.
Oh.... - I do believe I'm coming in to land.

I will greet the fitted fixtures,
And I'll pick up all the strings.
Where the names of streets and people,
Have a strange familiar ring.
When I flew to pastures new,
I was determined I would stay.
Now in a day or two it'll seem like,
That I've never been away.

(chorus)

In to land., in to land, in to land, in to land

I never cut the ropes that bind me,
To this spiderweb of streets.
Now the spider's come to find me,
And the circle is complete.
The ground is getting nearer,
At a most alarming rate.
My dreams there my be clearer,
But they're going to have to wait.

(chorus)

In to land x 4
I do believe I'm coming into land.

*©1996 Chris Conway,
from the album Coming Into Land in 2 versions sung by Chris Conway & Vikki Clayton,
and live on the album Live & Peace & Outer Space.
and sung by Vikki Clayton with amended lyrics on her album Messenger.*

Cry For The Mountains

Cry for the mountains,
With the wind in your hair.
Darkness surrounds you,
So scream if you dare.
The vultures have found you,
And they all want their share,
So cry for the mountains,
And they'll know you're there.

Cry for the blue sky,
For a world that's gone wrong.
If someone asks you why,
Scream loud and scream long.
The wings with which you fly,
Aren't looking too strong,
So cry for the blue sky,
And make it your song.

Cry for the oceans,
With flowers in your hand,
Feel the erosion and corrosion,
That's eating this land.
The waves are in motion,
And they'll understand
So cry for the oceans,
Your tears on the sand.

Cry – cry for the mountains.
Cry – cry for the blue sky.
Cry – cry for the oceans.
Cry – your tears on the sand.

©1997 Chris Conway,
A bonus studio track from the album Live!

Damned

My friends all tell me,
And maybe it's true,
I spend too much time,
And money on you.
But depending on the weather,
And on your point of view,
I'm damned if I don't,
And damned if I do.

I'm feeling kind of heady,
My brain's in a stew,
I turn to the clouds,
They haven't a clue.
I don't know what I'm seeing,
But I'm seeing it through, coz,
I'm damned if I don't,
And damned if I do.

(bridge)

Gardens of Eden,
To the left and to the right.
Just out of reach,
But not out of sight.
And I'm afraid that the jury,
Has retired for the night.
So I'm damned if I'm wrong,
And damned if I'm right.

So decisions, decisions,
What shall I do?
There's a fork in the river,
There's a choice of two.
But rather than dither,
I think I'll stick along with you,
Cos I'm damned if I don't – ooh,
And damned if I do – ooh,
Damned if I don't,
And damned if I do if I do.

©2008 Chris Conway,
From the album Songs For Dreamers.

Dancing Shoes

Everybody just seems to be want to be dancing
But I can't even move my feet,
Everybody is jumping and prancing.
But tonight I just can't feel the beat.

(chorus)

Because I can't find my dancing shoes tonight,
I can't find my dancing shoes.
I can't find my dancing shoes tonight,
I can't find my dancing shoes.
Maybe I've gotten way too old,
Or maybe I just got the blues.
But tonight I just can't find my dancing shoes.

Tonight the music seems strangely resistable,
But it seems to suit everybody else just fine.
So I'll just sit here looking invisible,
Quietly going out of my mind.

(chorus)

Everybody around me is gyrating,
You're dancing with someone that I don't know,
That regular rhythm gets irritating.
If I can't dance then I may as well go.

(chorus)

Because I can't find my dancing shoes tonight,
I can't find my dancing shoes.
I can't find my dancing shoes tonight,
I can't find my dancing shoes.
Maybe I've gotten way too old,
Or maybe I just got the blues.
But tonight I just can't find my dancing,
Tonight I just can't find my dancing
Tonight I just can't find my dancing shoes.

My dancing shoes
My dancing shoes.

*©2002 Chris Conway,
from the EP Lost Tracks.
And live on the album Minute Of The Hour - jazz songs live.*

Days Gone By

I'm down at the cafe,
On the west side of town,
Where once always used to meet,
And the same old band,
Play the same old beat,
As in days gone by.

I'm standing on the bridge
Where we always used to talk,
In the days when we had things to say,
And I'm wondering why,
We can't talk like that today,
As in days gone by.
Days gone by.

So when we met today,
After oh so many years,
I was ok, and you were just fine,
I rememeber the day
You went your way, I went mine,
As in days gone....
Days gone by.

©1995 Chris Conway,
from the album Deja Blues.

Death to the Immortals (Killing Friends Is Fun)

The first time I killed Debbie, twas just a bit of fun,
To keep things nice and simple, I only used a gun.
Afterward she told me that it caused her no real strife.
In fact she said it simplified some aspects of her life.

The second time I killed Debbie, twas just a small faux pas.
She'd gone to have a nap behind the back wheels of my car.
I only truly found out when I pulled into reverse.
Her final words this time were "Well I guess it could've been worse".

(chorus)

So death to the immortals! No matter where or why,
Some friendships last forever - no matter how hard you try!

The third time I killed Debbie she'd started to get wise,
I had to turn to subterfuge, to cunning and disguise.
Just when she thought I'd put a bomb inside her tamaguchi,
When she threw it out, I put some putting strychnine in her sushi.

The fourth time I tried to kill Debbie, she tried to kill me first,
And when we were too tired to find out who had come off worst,
We realised that neither one desired the other dead,
And, so as not to spoil our fun, we killed Allison instead.

(chorus)

(bridge)

When you're indestructible, you're always on the run,
I know it may seem pointless, but killing friends is fun!!!

We three then turned on Jodi and tickled her to death.
Such a joy to see such mirth upon a final breath.
The four of us split up, just like they do upon the screen,
Then we slay the Earl of Moray and Lady Mondegreen.

In killing our friend Bill we just put cyanide in his beer.
We knew he would suspect that, but we really had no fear.
We even tried to warn him we said "Bill ! It's Poisoned ! Stop!"
Bill said "Tis shame to waste good ale" and drank to the last drop.

(chorus)

Then we drenched the sound tech crew during an ovation.
Electricity and water – such a shocking combination!
We all then did embark upon a frenzied killing spree,
That didn't stop til we'd bumped off all humanity!

The first time that I killed myself I guess I was quite bored.
But a thousand volts on my guitar strings really struck a chord!
The men who wrote that famous song should really change the words.
Suicide is not painless - it really, really hurts!!!

So death to the immortals! No matter where or why,
Some friendships last forever - So never say die.

©2013 Chris Conway,
from the album *Deep Space Love*.

Deja Blues

Got the feeling, got the feeling,
Got the feeling that I've been here before, yes I
Got the feeling, got the feeling,
Got the feeling that I've been here before,
And I don't know what I'm gonna do baby,
I've got the deja blues

I wonder how, I wonder how
I wonder how it's going to end up this time,
I wonder how, I wonder how
I wonder how it's going to end up this time,
Well I don't know what I'm gonna do now
I've got the deja blues.

I know who, I know who,
I know who you're going to leave me for.
I know who, I know who,
I know who you're going to leave me for.
Cos I've seen it all in my dreams baby,
I've seen it all before

I know when, I know when,
I know when you're coming back to me,
I know when, I know when, yes I do.
I know when you're coming back to me,
So you'd save yourself a lot of time, baby,
If you'd only stay.

Got the feeling, got the feeling,
Got the feeling that I've been here before, yes I
Got the feeling, got the feeling,
Got the feeling that I've sung these words before,
But I don't know what I'm gonna do baby,
I've got the deja blues

Deja blues.

©1995 Chris Conway,
from the album *Deja Blue*.

Live versions on albums...
Live & Peace & Outer Space,
Minute Of The Hour,
Chris Conway & Dan Britton - Live,
Govannen – The Water Is Wide.

Destiny's Dance

You are a dreamer,
Drifting in the dark.
So near and so far way,
As the world turns on.

You are a dancer,
Dancing in the sun.
Round and round in a circle dance,
And we all fall down.

You are a painter,
The canvas is your life.
You decide the colours to choose,
What shade will you paint today?

Behold your destiny,
You hold it in your hands.
Follow the guiding light,
As the dance goes on.

©2009 Chris Conway.
from the Bridget McMahon album Avalon Moon.

Don't Turn Away

Don't turn away from me.
Everything that you can see,
We built together,
So don't bring it down around us.
Don't turn away from me.
This is no way to be.
We're lost in the darkness,
So turn on the light.

(chorus)

Don't let the sky fall down,
Til some answers can be found.
Don't let the sun go down,
While we still hurt.

(bridge)

You know I can read your face
I know that you need your space
I know we can't fix everything today
But if we start to talk we'll find away

I wont turn away from you,
There's so much that we can do,
So step back from the edge,
The hardest step is always the first one.
I wont turn away from you,
Together we will see it through.
So take my hand in yours,
The hard part is done.

(chorus)

Don't turn away from us,
Or what will become of us?
There's a path out of the forest,
So talk to me now.

(bridge)

Have I told you I wanted you?
Have I told you I needed you?
Never has a day gone by when I,
Haven't looked at you and felt a sigh.

Don't turn away.
Talk with me now.
Don't turn away from me.
Don't let the sky fall down.

*©2008 Chris Conway,
From the album Song's For Dreamers.*

Downers Again

I'm really OK
Things are going quite well
My relationship's stable
As far as I can tell
I cannot complain
I'm brimming with health
How can all this be true when
I'm writing downers again

I'm feeling inspired
I pick up my guitar
Somehow minor chords never seem to be far
From my fingers and sad lyrics come from afar
I put them to paper and then
I'm writing downers again

I feel a happy vibe
But I know of course it
Wont be long but I know
That I want to endorse it
With song, but I know
That you really can't force it
It's all too late because then
I'm writing downers again

(bridge)
I change to the major key
And try to sound jolly
And then change my mind
Cos I sound like a wally
So I put the song back
In my musical fridge
And I say to myself
"Well, I've finished the bridge"

I'll pick up this song
When I feel like a wallow
In deepest despair
Or in grief or in sorrow
And maybe next week
Or maybe tomorrow
I can look forward to when
Will a happy song come to my pen?
Or will I be writing downers again...

©2013 Chris Conway,
from the album Deep Space Love.

Dreaming For The People

There's a feeling in the air,
Heads are down, I sense despair.
But I'll sing to you on the street,
Little Misty at my feet.

(chorus)

Am I from the sky?
Or from outer space?
Is it you or I whose out of place?
Because I'm dreaming for the people,
Who can't dream for themselves.
And I'm trying to reach the people,
Who live a living hell.

You may be going to the store,
When you're gone, there's thousands more.
No one sees me, I see them all,
I see their pride before they fall.

(chorus)

A song appears to come your way
I'll try to cheer up your day
Words come to me as I go along
As you pass by me, this is your song

(chorus)

And I'm dreaming for the people
Who never questions why
And I'm screaming at the people
Toss a coin as you go by.

©1993 Chris Conway,
from *The Storm Thieves* album *Up To The Sun*,
and a live version on *Chris Conway & Dan Britton* album *Live*.

Dreaming Of You

My book is lying back down on my bed.
Tonight the words won't stay in my head.
I'm thinking of a time and place,
I'm thinking of a look on you face,
When days were ours and the world was new.
I'm dreaming of you.
I'm dreaming of you.
Living, breathing, dreaming you.

The owl and the lark, the moon and the sun,
Your day dawns when my day is done,
But I'll meet you at dawn and twilight,
Somewhere between day and the night.
I'll close my eyes and just to see me through.
I'm dreaming of you.
I'm dreaming of you.
Living, breathing, dreaming you.

(bridge)

Sleep and darkness,
Fold around me
Gather up the images of my desire.
Magic endless,
Love surround me,
Conjure up the fuel to a heart on fire.

You're away on the wheel, so tonight I'm alone.
It feels so unreal when we talk on the phone.
But I'll see you when the morning comes.
I can't wait for the rise of the sun,
But 'til then there's only one thing that I can do.
I'm dreaming of you.
I'm dreaming of you.
I'm dreaming of you.
I'm dreaming of you.
Living, breathing, dreaming you.

©2006 Chris Conway,
from the album Close The Circle.

Dreams Turned Blue

Maybe because I just reread your letter,
Or, rather, read between the lines.
Maybe because I thought you could've ended it better,
Than, "Here's to happier times."
Maybe because I'm not that kind of a guy,
Who could ever cry for you.
It's funny but it's true.

How I remember the first time that we danced,
To what was to be a special song.
Maybe because we made so many plans,
So many of them went wrong.
Or maybe because when push came to shove,
There was not enough love for two.
But it's funny how the dream turned blue.

Maybe because we'd written our chapters,
Too many pages in advance.
Or maybe because our happy ever afters,
Never really stood a chance.
Or maybe because that the end of the book,
Didn't feel, didn't look like new.
But it's funny how the dream turned blue.

(bridge)

Maybe because I play piano in a bar,
Means I see people from afar all the time.
I keep seeing splinters in other people's eyes,
That I can't see the planks in mine.

It was so easy staying together.
Easier than changing things around.
Maybe we thought that whatever the weather,
We'd never run aground.
Maybe because just a mile out to sea,
Things between you and me were through.
But it's funny how the dreams turned blue.
But it's funny how the dream turned blue.
But it's funny how the dreams turned blue.

©1995 *Chris Conway*,
from the album Deja Blue.

Earth Child

There's a storm cloud at her shoulder,
Full moon in her eyes.
She never gets any older,
Never expresses surprise.
She conducts the sky with healers hands.
The eagle cries, she understands,
The season's dance.
You're bewitched and your strangely beguiled.
Earth Child.

She brings the hot sun in the winter,
Brings the snow in July.
You feel your heart's going to splinter,
The eagle circles the sky.
The sun will set at her command.
She'll take you quietly by the hand,
To a distant land.
And a strange cry from out of the wild.
Earth Child.
Earth Child.

She laughs like a running stream.
Time stops when she talks.
A glint in her eye, and a distant scream,
Now the eyes of a hawk.
She'll play you hack your future years,
Then make your past just disappear,
And your fears,
Are becalmed by the warmest of smiles.
Earth Child.
Earth Child.
Earth Child.

©1995 Chris Conway,
from the album Sounds Like Rain.

Easier

Everything's so complicated.
Always running out of time.
I seem forever fated,
To be standing last in line.
So I think about the past,
To simpler times.
When the world was not so fast,
And in my mind.

Everything was easy
Everything was easy
Easier than today

Kids and teachers locked in school
Each one vying for control.
The pressure of the rules,
Fights the pull of rock and roll.
Examinations pass or fail?
Like a life sentence then.
But my delusions still prevail,
Coz in my memory...

Everything was easy
Everything was easy
Easier

It's not that I'm forgetful,
I remember darker days.
But my nostalgic mind,
Needs to remember things this way.

There's a girl in my mind's eye
Strong emotions swing and sway,
I try to talk but my tongue is tied.
Not a problem I have today...
Broken hearts and sleepless nights,
I don't miss at all.
But when I turn out the lights,
All that I recall – is that...

Everything was easy
Everything was easy
Everything was beautiful
Everything was wonderful
Everything was easy
Easier.

©2015 Chris Conway,
from the album *Out Of The Blue*.

Easier Said Than Done

I remember it all so clearly now.
The miles we walked,
And the hours that we talked,
And the memories seem so near,
I could reach out and touch each one.

For the years have gone by,
Many lives we have led,
And we try to forget,
But it's easier said than done.
Easier said than done.

So you went off to be a dancer,
To travel the world,
And to ask some new questions.
Did you ever find your answers?
Was the battle you started ever won?

For the years have gone by,
Many lives we have led,
And we try to forget,
But it's easier said than done.
Easier said than done.
Easier said than done.
Easier said than done.

Just a phonecall and then you're back again,
What was so long ago,
Is now a face at the window.
Have they taken up the tracks?
Does the journey we started still run?

For the years have gone by,
Many lives we have led,
And we try to forget,
But it's easier said than done.
Easier said than done.

I remember it all so clearly now.
The miles we walked,
And the hours that we talked,
And the memories seem so near,
I could reach out and touch each one.

©1994 Chris Conway,
from the album Storming.
And from The Storm Thieves album Endless Freefall

Empty House Time Machine

I visit the house for the very last time.
The spaces are heavy,
Weighed down with the time,
The days that we lived,
The room where he died.

Playing out all the scenes,
In this empty house time machine.

I pass through the kitchen,
The cupboards are bare,
A glimmer of light,
At the top of the stair,
I climb up, surprised,
To find nobody there.

Playing out all the scenes,
In this empty house time machine,

The time has flown by so fast,
It's hard to believe.
But it's time to open the past,
Let it breathe,
Let it breathe,
Let it breathe.

I'm hearing the voices,
Go round in my head.
Sessions and songs,
And the things that we said,
The dances we danced,
Through the lives that we led.

Playing out all the scenes,
In this empty house time machine.

I'm locking the doors,
On a world that's long gone,
That weaves through my life,
Like an old favourite song.
While I've been away,
The world has moved on.

Playing out all the scenes,
In this empty house time machine.

*©2006 Chris Conway,
from the album Close The Circle.*

Endless Freefall.

Dangerous journey, at dangerous times.
We seem to be slipping, the further we climb,
And the road gets narrower, the further we go.
You ask me why.

Maybe there's a dark side to this mountain.
Maybe we'll never make it at all.
Maybe when we get there, we're only just started.
Maybe we're locked in an endless freefall.

While on the surface we're both feeling fine,
We feel that we're living on borrowed time,
And our progress is slower, the faster we go.
You ask me why.

Maybe there's a dark side to this mountain.
Maybe we'll never make it at all.
Maybe when we get there, we're only just started.
Maybe we're locked in an endless freefall.

(bridge)

There were days,
When our darkest fears,
Couldn't ever wake us.
There were days,
When our worst nightmares
Couldn't ever shake us.
But that was then and this is now.

Out of the mist the summit appears.
I'm afraid that it's all downhill from here.
Do we go on together, or depart now as friends?
Do you finish the book when you know how it ends?

Yes there is a dark side to this mountain,
Seems like we'll never make it at all.
Now that we've got here, we're only just started.
Seems like we're locked in an endless freefall.

©1994 Chris Conway,
from the album Storming,
and The Storm Thieves album Endless Freefall.

Endless Night

I don't want to tell you things you don't want to hear,
I don't want to hear things you don't want to say.
I don't want to drive, I don't want to steer,
I only just want you to stay.

I don't want to make myself perfectly clear.
I don't want the words to get in the way.
I want to feel independent when I draw you near.
I want it just as it was today.

(chorus)

I don't want the sun to rise in the morning.
I don't want to wait to be just a friend.
I don't want my life spread out before me,
And I don't want the night to end.
to end, to end, to end, to end.

I don't want to be there should you ever need me,
I don't want to be just an old pair of shoes.
I don't want it hard, I don't want it easy.
I don't want to win, but I'm not going to lose.

I just want to be with you, but not completely.
I don't want to have the full set of clues.
I don't want to give it all away, I don't want to be greedy.
I don't want to laugh myself out of the blues.

I don't want the sun to rise in the morning.
I don't want to wait to be just a friend.
I don't want my life spread out before me,
And I don't want the night to end.

I don't want the sun to rise in the morning.
I don't want to wait to be just a friend.
I don't want my life spread out before me,
And I don't want the night
ooooh, ooooo, ooooo, ooooo,
to end, to end, to end, to end.

©1995 Chris Conway,
from the album *Sounds Like Rain*.

Face To Face

Sometimes I think I want it all right now,
Then I don't want anything at all.
I want to change but I don't know how,
Feel some pride before the fall.
Whenever I'm yearning for a change of pace,
I realise all I'm really wanting.

(chorus)

Is to see your face,
A photograph won't do.
I want you face to face with you same time same place.
I want to see it clear,
No videophones,
I want to be with you alone,
Right here.

Some days I get frustrated.
Concentration is eluding me.
A look at the clock tells me time won't wait,
And I yearn for clarity.
Whenever I want to feel less out of place.
I realise all I'm really wanting.

(chorus)

(bridge)

I know I know exactly what you look like.
You won't have changed even after all this time.
But there's a dream factory in my mind.
I think is telling lies.
I need to see you with my own eyes.

Somedays I'd love to go somewhere new,
Long ago or far away.
Or think I of someplace right out of the blue,
And dream I could be there today.
Whenever I long to be in outer space.
I realise what I'm really wanting.

(chorus)

(Face to face) Right here, right here,
(Face to face) I want a face to face with you ooh
(Face to face) Right here, right here,
(Face to face) Right here

©2018 Chris Conway,
from the album *We're All Astronauts*.

Fake News

There are no animals in the zoo.
I know you don't believe me but I tell you it's true
There's just a vegetable lasagna and a didgeridoo.
But there are no animals in the zoo.

(chorus)

Fake News! Fake News!
There's never been an innovation
That's so easy to do
You just make the true, false
Then you make the false, true
So if you fake with me
I'll fake it with you.

There no naked people on the Internet
I've been searching all day I haven't found any yet
I've seen a few things I'd rather forget
But there are no naked people on the Internet

(chorus)

(bridge)

You don't have to do it on Twitter.
You can fake stuff any old way,
You don't have to be twisted and bitter.
Coz some folks will believe whatever you say.

There are no stupid people in the government
They're all altruistic angels and they're heaven sent
None are dishonest, none are totally bent,
And there are no stupid people in the government

(chorus)

There are no aliens in outer space
You may think that it's a pretty big place
But I searched it all, and the human race
Are the only aliens in outer space.

Fake News! Fake News!
There's never been an innovation
That's so easy to do
They used to be lies
Now theyre alternative truths
So if you fake with me
I'll fake it with you.

This song never ends.

©2020 Chris Conway,
from the EP *Fake News and other silly songs*.

Finally

I had lost the dream inside.
I had not the eyes to see.
Now a star is in the sky tonight,
And a heart is calling me.

(chorus)

Now I believe in love.
I believe in love.
Now I believe in love,
Finally.

There's a dark electricity,
There's a spark loose in the air.
Does it take half a century,
Not to break your heart to care?

(chorus)

(bridge)

Gone are the nights of silent running,
And the years spent living in the past.
Now it's time to let the sun in,
Coz I've been saving the best til last.

There's a voice fighting to be heard,
In the noise of day to day,
And the sound of a magic word,
Now has found me here to stay.

(chorus)

Now I believe in love,
Finally.
Now I believe in love,
Finally.
Finally
Finally

(I believe in love)

(I believe in love)

I believe, I believe I believe, I believe

*©2008 Chris Conway,
from the album Songs For Dreamers,
and live on the album Live & Peace & Outer Space.*

Fly High

Fly high strong and free,
Beyond all gravity,
And may a fair star guide you back to me.
Now I can see the flames rise,
I can see in your eyes,
Where your future lies.
May a heart true lead you through friendly skies.
Fly high strong and free.
Fly high strong and free.

Now I see you walk in through the door,
Looking as you did those years before.
What did you witness on that alien shore?
My race is almost done,
Your face has caught the sun,
You still look so young.
You're just in time my flight has almost begun.
I will fly high strong and free.
Fly high strong and free.
Fly high strong and free.
Fly high strong and free.

©2002 Chris Conway,
from the album Alien Salad Abduction.

Flying

Through so many years,
Your worries and fears,
I watched you, I watched you,
Waving goodbye.
Signals grew weak with time,
And growing distance, persistence.
We never stopped trying

And I listen,
And I learn,
And I wonder.

Paintings line the walls,
From every chapter, and capture,
With artists eyes.
A shop in Venice selling masks,
To strangers, whose faces,
They need to disguise.

And I listen,
And I learn,
And I wonder.

Oh how she loved the country.
A last walk between the trees and the sky.
Captured like a photograph,
We could be flying.

Through monochrome screens,
And movie screens,
The Lady Vanishes, the Spanish,
Lessons once more.
Empty halls and telephone calls,
Til one day, one day,
You found the door.

And I listen,
And I learn,
And I listen,
And I learn,
And I wonder.

We could be flying.

*©2008 Chris Conway,
from the album Songs For Dreamers.
Dedicated to the memory of my mother Betty Conway.*

Forget About You

I get home late at night,
And I turn on all the lights,
And I forget about you babe.
That's what I do.
And I go on up to bed,
I try to sleep but then instead,
I forget about you.

(chorus)

And I pretend that I never really cared,
But in the end I am very well aware,
That I still care and I have to,
Forget about you babe every day.
It's always going to be that way.

I wake up in the morning,
And suddenly without warning,
I forget about you, babe.
That's what I do.
And I put my breakfast on the table,
And as well as I am able,
I forget about you.

(chorus)

(bridge)

Well I know that they say you can make your own hell.
But I can't help myself, when my mind starts to dwell,
On you, and the smile on you.

Maybe one day,
I will find myself a way,
To forget about you, babe.
That's what I'll do.
But 'til that day comes along,
I'll have to keep singing this song,
To forget about you.

And I'll pretend that I never really cared.
But in the end I'll be very well aware,
That I still care and I have to,
Forget about you babe x3
Forget about you every day.

And I'll forget about you - it's all that I can do
And I'll forget about you - if only it were true

I get home late at night
And I turn on all the lights
And I forget about you
Forget about you.

©1993 Chris Conway,
from the album *Close The Circle*.
and live on the album *Live & Peace & Outer Space*.
and first recorded on *The Storm Thieves* album, *Up To The Sun*.

Full Circle

Eyes across a crowded future,
Reaching out for things to say,
Fingers crossed against tomorrow,
A rendezvous at a cafe.
One more walk around the graveyard,
One more turn around the town,
Two hands hoping for a miracle,
I hear my name, I turn around.

(chorus)

And I know I've come full circle.
I can see my footprints in the sand,
And I know I've come full circle.
This is the way it all began.

Whenever I'm out on the water,
And I see the land pull out behind,
I may be sailing on the North Sea,
But it's New York that's on my mind.
And when we pull into the harbour,
It feels so good to be alive.
Has my journey only started?
Or have I finally arrived?

Or have I come full circle.
I can see my footprints in the sand,
And I know I've come full circle.
This is the way it all began.

(bridge)

With you - It starts and ends with you,
With a deja-vu - the cycle starts anew
I'm back again, back here again.
Starting over.

Strange how a strange town
Can feel so much like home,
When it's got so much history,
But so little of my own.
I will never walk these streets again,
Without a thousand thoughts of you,
And the people that we were then,
At that cafe rendezvous.

(chorus)

With you.
I'm back again, back here again.
Starting over.

©1997 Chris Conway,
a bonus studio track from the album Live!

Funniest Feeling

Somebody's gotta tell him about,
What's going around.
He's gonna make a big fool of himself unless,
Somebody gives him the lowdown.
Look at him laughing, he still doesn't know,
And my anxiety grows.
Someone's got to tell him before it's too late,
I guess it's up to one of us to put him straight.

Check out the possibilities,
It could only be either Davy, Dan or me,
And I've got the funniest feeling,
It's gonna be me.

Jammin' with the boys in my green room,
Workin' out some brand new tune.
But the session aint goin so well,
Coz it's like someone's out of tune and I can't tell who.
So we change to a different song,
But something still sounds terribly wrong,
I get to the point where I gotta say say,
"Hey boys, someone's guitar's making a terrible noise".

Check out the possibilities,
It could only be either Davy, Dan or me,
And I've got the funniest feeling,
The funniest feeling,
It's gonna be me.

Who the hell is she lookin at?,
With her smooth sophistication and her hippy hat.
Am I paranoid or just unstable?
Or does she keep lookin over to our table?
I try to ignore her and then turn away,
But an occasional glance keeps going astray,
Just when I think that I'm beginning to have fun,
I realise she could be looking at anyone.

Check out the possibilities,
It could only be either Davy, Dan or me,
And I've got the funniest feeling, oh,
The funniest feeling, oh yeah,
The funniest feeling this time...

I hope that it's me. (Let it be me)
I hope that it's me. (Let it be me)
This time I hope that it's me. (Let it be me)
I hope that it's me. (Let it be me)
I hope that it's me, Hope that it's me, oh
This time I hope that it's me.
I hope that it's me.

Future Beige

A lady from the future materialized in front of me.
She said, "Take my hand and I'll show you the way it's going to be."
Having nothing better in mind I thought I'd see what I could see,
And I stepped through the portal to the year, ten thousand and eighty three,

And I saw the sandy coloured sky,
Bring down coffee coloured rain.
Everyone wore tanned jumpsuits,
All the houses looked the same.
And in a coffee shop she asked me,
For my impressions of her age, and I said,
"I've seen the future and it's beige
I've seen the future and it's beige".

So I took her through the portal, to my life and to my time,
And I showed her all the colours still there for all to find.
And I felt her spirit move, and her head start to unwind.
Then I took her back to the sixties and it really blew her mind.

Every person was a colour,
Every colour was a song,
Our differences were special,
And the magic still was strong.
When I asked if she was going back,
To her own time and place.
She shook her head and said
"I've seen the future and it's beige
I've seen the future and it's beige"

Now we're living in a multi-coloured house on a dark monochrome street.
We're trying to change the future by voting with our feet.
We've cancelled all the papers, we've thrown out the TV.
We're not going to let a beige world paint our individuality.

So if you give your world to Starbucks, sell your future by the pound,
Then one by one your colours, are sure to fade to brown
And I've seen it start to happen, in my time and in my town
When you feel your just a number, on a wheel that's spinning round
And when shopping malls are wall to wall. like a corporate computer game
And they've airbrushed all our differences, so we all look the same

So dare to be different, and celebrate the strange
Because – I've seen the future. you've seen the future,
We've seen the future, and it's beige.
We've seen the future, and it's beige.
We've seen the future, and it's beige, oh...woah...

(It's time for a change), - there's still time to change
(We're not too late) - (we can change the future)
We don't all have to be the same. - (It's time for a change)
Theres' still time to change - (We're not too late) (we can change the future)
(We're not too late)

Gather Me

Sail on til midnight,
Tomorrow's hindsight.
Gather me round you,
Feel my spirit flow into your heart.
We'll never part,
Inside your heart,
It's just a start.

(chorus)

Each step of the way - I'll be beside you,
Each hour of the day - I smile upon you,
Each step of the way - I'll be beside you,
Each hour of the day - I smile upon you.
When you fall when you fall - I'll lift you up and,
Every wall, every wall - I'm climbing with you,
When you fall, when you fall - I'll lift you up and,
Every wall, every wall - We're climbing to the sky.

Question the answers,
Seize all your chances,
Gather me round you.
Feel my spirit flow into your mind,
Let it unwind,
Inside your mind,
See what you'll find.

(chorus)

Live every minute,
Seize what's within it,
Gather me round you,
Feel my spirit flow into your soul.
To reach your goal,
Inside your soul,
We'll make you whole.

Each step of the way, each hour of the day.
Each step of the way, each hour of the day
I'll lift you up, I'm climbing with you,
I'll lift you up.
We're climbing to the sky.

Climb to the sky and,
Open your eyes and,
Gather me round you,
Feel your life flow back into your hands,
Like grains of sand,
Into your hands,
You understand.

(chorus)

(chorus)

Gather me round you

Get Yourself A Life

If you don't ask,
Then you won't get it.
You won't get it,
The thing that you want.
And if you come last,
Then forget it,
Coz you can bet it,
Will be gone

And if you don't know what it is you're wanting,
And you're living on the edge of a knife,
Then go give up that house you're haunting.
And go out, get yourself a life.

It aint no use,
Unless you use it,
And you use it,
Te best that you can,
So play fast and loose,
Before you lose it,
Before you lose it,
Down the pan.

And if you don't go down those streets my friend,
The shady places where trouble is rife,
You may not make it right there to the end,
But you'll go get yourself a life.

solo

If you're still here,
Then you've been drinkin',
And you've been drinkin',
For way too long.
But I'm sincere,
And I'm still singin',
Yeah I'm still singin',
The same old song

And if you aint got no homes to go to,
You aint got a yacht, or an old man, or a wife.
It may not Seem a lot to you,
But you've gone got yourself a life.
Yes you've gone got yourself a life.
Yes you've gone got yourself a life.

©1995 Chris Conway,
from the album Deja Blue.

Ghosts

There is a ghost,
That haunts this house,
Who looks just like,
I used to be.
Before I was tired,
Before the world was crazy,
And I had no worry's,
To trouble me.

There is a ghost,
That's haunting me,
Who looks just like,
I hoped I'd be.
On top of it all,
Ideas flowing,
Just like a bird,
Flying free.

There is a ghost,
That haunts this world,
Looking like the world,
Was meant to be.
Kindness to all,
A peaceful Earth,
With unpolluted,
Land and sea.

Ghosts of the past,
Ghosts of what might've been,
Ghosts of the future,
Ghosts of dreams.

I am the ghost,
That haunts this house.
I am the ghost,
that's haunting me.
I am the ghost,
That haunts this world.
I think that it's time,
To set the ghosts free.
Set the ghosts free.
Set the ghosts free.
Set the ghosts free.

*©2021 Chris Conway,
from the album Unlocked Songs*

Green Clothes

Well I knew a girl so mellow,
Had one garment, it was yellow.
She looked like the biggest bird you've ever seen,
And every time she'd smile it,
Would turn to ultraviolet,
When she cried turned to aquamarine,
And I knew a Russian who,
Only dressed in Prussian blue,
And her great reputation still grows.
But my baby only wears green clothes.

And in a bar I met a harlot,
Who only dressed in scarlet,
Said she wanted to show me she was hot.
And a friend who came to stay,
Only ever dressed in grey,
Said she wanted to show me she was not.
And I knew crazy joker,
Who only wore the ochre,
From a painting, maybe one of Van Gogh's.
But my baby only wears green clothes.

I know it may seem, just a little extreme,
But green's the only colour that she suits.
And when my friend's say to me, "What's it like dating a tree?"
I say at least she's in touch with her roots.

And a girl that I once knew,
Only ever dressed in blue,
Said she felt blue in her heart of hearts.
But when we went out for a drink,
She turned up in violent pink,
You could spot her for two hundred years!
And I once knew a Sicilian,
Who only wore vermillion,
And probably still does, who knows?
But my baby only wears green clothes.

And a girl from some years back,
Only ever dressed in black,
And one day I asked her just why.
It seems it wasn't superstition,
She worked as a mortician,
And still dreams of wearing tie-dye.
And I meet up every night,
With a girl all dressed in white,
But I lose her whenever it snows.
But my baby only wears green clothes,
From her head to her toes,
Yeah my baby only wears green clothes.

*©2001 Chris Conway,
from the live albums Live! And Live & Peace & Outer Space.*

Grumpy Old Man

(chorus)

Don't let me become a grumpy old man,
That's not what I want, that was never my plan.
So give me a nudge if you think that I am,
And I'll stop if I can,
Being a seen it all, know it all grumpy old man.

Things used to be better, back in my day,
And things would be so good if I had my way.
But I never will, swallow that bitter pill, so when,
You've had your fill, I implore you today...

(chorus)

My taxes are eating up most of my wealth.
The government's selling off the country by stealth.
I could do with a treat, I'd have something to eat,
If everything sweet wasn't bad for my health.

(chorus)

(bridge)

I won't say.....
"What a disgrace!" or "They don't know they're born!"
Or shout at the news with sarcasm and scorn.
I won't mention the weather,
Won't talk politics.
I won't speak of religion,
Or shout "bloody kids!"
Oops ... I think I just did...

There's a planet where no one needs to complain,
Nothing there never goes against the grain.
Sounds like heaven it's true, but knowing me like I do,
In a day maybe two I'd find that such a pain!

So when you notice you're grumpy, or moaning, or tired,
Or things break the day after the guarantee expires.
Before family and friends are driven clean round the bend,
Please tell them, or send them a text, or a wire ...saying,

(chorus)

Don't let me become a grumpy old man,
That's not what I want, that was never my plan.
So give me a nudge if you think that I am,
And I'll stop if I can,
Being a seen it all, know it all,
G R U M P Y, O L D M A N grumpy old man.

*©2018 Chris Conway,
from the album We're All Astronauts.*

Help Me

Two strangers on a train,
Staring out at the rain.
They take the same journey every day,
Sharing the same kind of pain,
Secretly dying to say,

“Help me, help me”,
A voice cries in the night,
“Help me, help me”,
Come close and hold me tight.
Help me turn on the light.

The road's backed up for miles,
In our convenient gridlocked lives,
And when the oceans started to rise.
Was anyone really surprised?
Have we learned to live with the lies?

“Help me, help me”,
A voice cries in the night.
“Help me, help me”
Come close and hold me tight,
Make everything alright.

(bridge)
I feel disconnected,
Like a part of me died,
Like there's nowhere to run to,
Like there's nowhere to hide.

Seems like a long long time,
Since your eyes last met mine.
We've been living on parallel lines,
Same thought at the back of our minds,
Come on while there's still time,

“Help me, help me”,
A voice cries in the night,
“Help me, help me”,
Come close and hold me tight.
Help me turn on the light.

Give me somewhere to run to,
Give me somewhere to hide.

©2011 Chris Conway,
from the album Time Traveller.

Hit Back

The worlds been hitting you hard and often.
You've been duck and diving as best you can.
You feel your brains cells kinda soften,
It's time to get yourself a brand new plan.

(chorus)

Hit back, hit back, baby,
It's the only thing that you can do,
Kick back, or you'll go crazy,
The revolution is overdue.

The world is trying to run you off the track.
You want to stay in the race a bit longer.
If you feel yourself under attack,
Remember things that don't kill you will make you stronger.

(chorus)

(bridge)

You say you're not the fighting kind,
It'll sort itself out someway.
But before you go out of your mind,
Just do it today, do it today.

You can always just sit back and take it,
Or you can stand up and blow your fuse.
The choice yours only you can make it,
Giving up is the only certain way to lose.

(chorus)

The revolution is overdue.
The revolution is overdue.

So hit back!

©2011 Chris Conway,
from the album Time Traveller.

Hold On

Some days there are nights,
When the lights are dark, and the dark seems light,
And questions seem like answers,
And words wait like panthers in the dark.

When the long shots are all you've got,
And the days keep coming, ready or not,
And the going gets tough,
And the world wants to snuff out your spark.

chorus

You've got to hold on,
To your wildest dreams,
You've got to hold on tighter,
The crazier they seem,
Because when you believe in them,
I believe in you, I believe in you.

When the "might've been"s. and "if only"s,
Leave you feeling mean and lonely,
It's best to consider,
Things happened as they did for a reason.

And when the "please work out"s run like a pack of doubts,
And your living swings and roundabouts,
And you know that your strangeness,
Is more than a change in the season.

(chorus)

(bridge)

Open your eyes, count back from ten,
Look to the skies, you're a child again,
A whisper now was a shout back then,
Remember how, remember when,
To use it, before you lose it.,
Before you lose it.

When your latest game with Cupid,
Leaves you feeling lame and stupid,
And the sound of closing doors,
Are giving you cause for concern.

There's a world outside where you can roam,
There's a heart inside where you should make yourself at home,
There's much to regret,
But there's so much more yet still to learn

(chorus)

And I believe you do to.
I believe in you, I believe in you, I believe in you.,
You got to hold on – you've gotta hold on now now now,
You got to hold on, I believe in you, I believe in you,
I believe I believe in you.

Homecoming

I lost my way, a restless child,
The days were long, some nights were wild,
The past and I now reconciled.
The journey's over,
The day is done,
I'm coming home.

I burned some bridges, built some walls,
Climbed some mountains, had some falls,
But you can never climb them all.
The journey's over,
The day is done,
I'm coming home.

I played the game in distant lands,
And quietly came to understand,
I held my future in my hands.
The journey's over,
The day is done,
I'm coming home.

Love came to me as a surprise,
A knowing look, and sunny skies.
I once was bitten, twice was wise.
The journey's over,
The day is done,
I'm coming home.

With this new found wisdom,
And the love of good friends,
The journey never really never ends.

What did I learn from all I saw?
I learned I need to learn much more.
But here's the house - an open door.
The journey's over,
The day is done,
I'm coming home.

The journey's over,
The day is done,
I'm coming home.

The journey's over,
The day is done,
I'm coming home.

And it feels so good to be home.

*©2006 Chris Conway,
from the album Close The Circle,
and live on the album Live & Peace & Outer Space.*

Homeworld

Its cold outside.

Its cold outside.

Its cold outside. / Homeworld calling.

Its cold outside. / Homeworld calling.

Open your mind / Homeworld calling.

Take another step toward the fire,

Go for a feeling - let it be your guide,

Feel the child inside you whisper,

Follow your heart, follow a star.

Outside time will fly.

Your mind is in the sky.

Falling falling new world calling,

It's cold outside. / Homeworld calling.

It's cold outside. / /Homeworld calling.

So come on in.

*©2002 Chris Conway,
from the album Alien Salad Abduction.*

I Cast My Soul

A starlit night,
And wiser eyes than mine,
Have seen the future shine,
From points of light.
I cast my soul,
Out toward the stars,
See us as we truly are,
To make me whole,
I cast my soul.

A mountain top,
The patchwork fields below,
The world will come and go,
And never stop.
I cast my soul,
Out across the land,
Let nature take my hand,
To make me whole,
I cast my soul.

Across the ocean,
The waves will sing their song,
Their magic is as strong,
As any potion.
I cast my soul,
Out across the sea,
To wander wild and free,
To make me whole,
I cast my soul.

I cast my soul x6

See human kind,
The strong and the weak,
Endlessly they seek,
Some piece of mind.
I cast my soul,
Over now to you,
You'll know just what to do,
To make me whole,
I cast my soul.

I cast my soul,
Reeling it in, I'm reeling it in,
Reeling it in round, round, round,
I'm reeling it in...

*©2006 Chris Conway,
from the album Close The Circle.*

I Don't Know

I asked my father,
When I was 3 going on 4,
Things like "Is there a god, and when we die,
Is that it, or is there more?"
He looked off into the distance,
He didn't answer right away,
Then he smiled like he remembered something,
And turned back to me to say.

(chorus)

"I don't know, and I'm not ever going to know
Make up your own mind when you're strong and free
But one thing I know, is that you can never know it all
And I think that's just the way it should be.2

I've known the dark days,
And the nights that never end.
And then one stormy evening,
I turned to my very good friend,
I said "Why do I wake up in the morning?
Tell me what's it all for?"
And she looked me in the eyes,
And to my surprise,
Said some words that I'd heard before, - she said,

(chorus)

(bridge)

Artists' impressions are just photographs now.
They've found the keys to life and they know just why,
The dinosaurs died out.
And when my thoughts are spinning,
Like tired and drunken dancers,
I realise how much I need,
Some questions without answers.

Now the years have flown past,
Faster than I can see.
Now the children are asking the big questions,
And heaven help them, they're asking me.
They want names, they want numbers,
They want facts and they want proof.
I just say, "Your not going to like this
But at least it is the truth" – I say,

(chorus)

The way it should be.
Just revel in the mystery,
That's all they're getting out of me,
Just revel in the mystery.

©2002 Chris Conway,
from the album *My Mind's Island*.

In My Prime

In my prime.

Prime time.

Having the time of my life.

Climbing higher higher now,

As long as time will allow.

Life line.

In my prime.

(backing vocals

1, 2.

1, 2, 3.

1, 2, 3, 4, 5.

1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7.

1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11

1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 13.

1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17.

1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 13.

1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11

1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7.

1, 2, 3, 4, 5.

1, 2, 3.

1, 2.)

©2018 Chris Conway,

From the album We're All Astronauts.

I Want Something.

(chorus)

I want something, I want something,
I want something, don't know what it is.
That something could be anything,
That'll stop me feeling like this.

Woke this morning heavy hearted,
Feeling like I don't fit in,
Wish I could get something started,
But I don't know where to begin.

(chorus)

I'm not hungry, I'm not lonely,
Don't want a drink and I'm not tired.
Got everything that I need so,
How come I feel so uninspired?

(chorus)

I've got my health and I'm not broke,
I've got my friends and I've got you.
But there's something missing from my living,
I always want something new.

(chorus)

I keep chasing new sensations.
Each one more pointless than the last.
I should be out creating my future,
Instead of trying to relive my past

(chorus)

(chorus)

That'll stop me feeling like this.
That'll stop me feeling like this.

©1996 Chris Conway,
from the album *Flying Home*,
and live on the album *Live & Peace & Outer Space*.

Inside Out

Something's happened to you,
But you won't believe it,
You make your excuses and say you're just run down
You're scratching at something,
And you can't leave it.
When you see her face walking round town.

(chorus)

You may as well go and admit it,
You've been got from the inside out.
You've got to be in it to win it.
Find out what living's really all about.

First time you saw her,
Nothing even entered your mind.
She was just friendly and that was all.
But now you know you can't leave her behind.
The higher you fly alone, the harder you fall.

(chorus)

(bridge)

You've been living a long time on your own,
Don't want all your nice routines going awry.
How long do you want to be all alone?
Do you want to fly solo til the day that you day.

You've been driving all of your friends crazy.
Like a cat dancing on the hot bricks,
So don't be afraid, but down be lazy.
You've got to throw love to see how long it sticks.

(chorus)

(chorus)

©1995 Chris Conway,
from the album Sounds Like Rain,
and live on The Storm Thieves album Captured Live.

Islands

It was a time of celebration
A gathering of friends
When I saw an isolation
In their eyes
A strange separation
Came between us that night
I saw the whole situation
I realized that I
Was...

(chorus)

In a room full of islands
Waiting for the tide
We'll meet up on the dry land
When the waters subside
So many different islands
Some of sand some of stone
But we know that when the time comes
We'll not be alone
We'll not be alone

There are worlds I never dreamed of
In your eyes tonight#
Each glow of experience
A lighthouse in the night
There may be oceans between us
But the distances are small
And when one of us goes under
It touches us all

(chorus)

(bridge)

Linking hands across the water
Holding back the sea
Archipelago of souls
United in diversity

With all our names and numbers
There are so many ways
To keep us in touch
And keep us away
When did I last really talk to you?
And not your machine
When were you last at my house
Tell me where have you been?
Have you been?

(chorus)

We'll not be alone - We'll not be alone.

©2002 Chris Conway,
from the albums *My Mind's Island*, and *Out Of The Blue*.

Jazz Potato

The old jazz life was getting hard in this town,
When more and more piano bars were closing down.
Things didn't work out the way I planned,
Now I'm a jazz piano player in an Irish band.

(chorus)

Diddly diddly dumty dumty - (*diddly diddly dumpty dumtpy*)
Shooby dooby doo - (*shooby dooby doo*)
I'm a jazz potato - (*I'm a jazz potato*)
I'm a jazz hot potato - (*I'm a jazz hot potato.*)
I'm a jazz hot potato in an Irish stew.

It started one morning, top o' the mornin' ,
Suddenly at the piano without any warning,
My fingers started picking out a jig and a reel
And couldn't seem to shake off that Irish feel

(chorus)

(bridge)

An Irish lady saw me play, she said, "I like what you do,
Coz some of the notes you play are more green than blue"
She said, "I'm a fiddle player, wont you play with me?"
Now I'm playing in a band with a real banshee.

I went and told my momma what was going down.
Her voice started shaking and she started to frown.
"I should've told you before", she said, "please understand,
But your real daddy was an Irishman."

(chorus)

(The Liltin' Banshee trad. Irish tune)

(chorus)

©2018 Chris Conway,
from the Govannen album *As I Roved Out*.

Journeys End

What is the wandering soul,
Without a home?
What is a crowd when you're alone?
What is the song that never,
Gets to be heard?
What becomes of the meaning of the words?

You know I've always taken the easy way out.
So what is the easy way now?

A single crocus flower,
Reaches out of the snow,
The purple petals seem to glow.
Still so very young,
And will never grow old,
A shining candle in the cold.

We always said that time would tell us how.
So what is time saying now?

Pages and pages of lives and loves,
Of wishes wished on stars above,
Of hopes and dreams at dead of night,
And magic spun by candlelight.
With you by my side.

We talked again tonight.
Like many times before.
I don't want to talk anymore.
Just sit beside me now,
And turn down the light.
And one more time just hold me tight.

There are many roads to journeys end.
But I'll meet you there, my friend.

©2016 Chris Conway,
from the Chris Conway & Dan Britton album Safe Harbour.

Just A Little Longer

I used to dream I'd sing my songs,
And words would start to grow.
And everyone would sing along,
To words they all would know.
But the years flew by,
And now I'm singing just for you,
And you can remind me when I,
Forget a word or two.

(chorus)

I think it's going to take just a little longer,
I'm going to have to wait just a little longer,
Than I thought, but that's alright.
Coz I seem to have all the time in the world,
Tonight.

There was a time I thought my life,
Was everything I'd planned.
It all fitted together,
And I held it in my hands.
Then it slipped through my fingers,
And tumbled to the ground,
And when picking up the pieces,
A little piece I found, said.

(chorus)

(bridge)

It's better to be too early, than to be too late.
Time can hang heavy, but sometimes...
It's worth the wait.
It's weight in gold
When all is told.

There was a time that peace on Earth,
Was a dream that was so clear.
Bells of freedom started ringing,
And seemed to be so near.
But the bells get drowned out.
With the sounds of war.
And when it gets me down,
I have to tell myself once more.

(chorus)

With you by my side.
Let's just enjoy the ride.
Tonight..
We have all the time in the world – all the time.
Time is on our side – all the time.

©2018 Chris Conway,
from the album *We're All Astronauts*.

Just Around The Corner

I took you up to see the stars
You brought me down to earth
Part of my heart I thought had died
You kindled its rebirth
But only when you turned toward the door
And when I heard you say your destination

(chorus)

I could not take you there
You showed me your way
But I could not follow
And I watched you walk
Just around the corner
And out of sight.

Magical times of good companions
Safe haven a heart that's warm
Precious the places newly treasured
But seen many times before
Your hopes and dreams would fly by candle light
Sometimes, I'd catch a glimpse of a reflection

(chorus)

(bridge)

Just around the corner
But so far away
Just around the corner
But so far away
So far away
You seem today

Some roads lead to darkened rooms
Some lead to the light
You can't live your life half suspended
Between the day and the night
One day I asked you where you want to go
When I saw you look to the horizon

(chorus)

©2002 Chris Conway,
from the album My Mind's Island.

Leaf Boat Dreams

(chorus)

On a winding stream.
Launch a leaf a boat.
Follow it to see how long it floats.
How will it fare?
You'll never know,
Til you fill it with your dreams.
And let the boat go.

When I was a child, with my best friend,
We'd play by a stream til the summer's end.
Make boats from leaves and follow their path.
Through the calms and the rapids and the aftermath.
We'd give each boat a magic name,
Our minds would live inside the game
Imagine we were captains on the deck.
Be it a wondrous voyage or sinking wreck.

(chorus)

When I was young plans filled my heart.
Always was problem, where to start?
So many roads, so little time.
Years I wasted, making up my mind.
The cards are dealt it is your turn,
So many things you've still to learn,
But there comes a time to woman and man,
When the time must come to play your hand.

(chorus)

(bridge)

Many many leaves are sure fall,
The waters wont sink them all.
Many boats launched from the shore,
Sail a dream never sailed before.

I'm older now and can confide,
Everyday it's getting harder to decide.
What is the truth, and what are lies?
What is foolish, what is wise?
Toss a coin into the air,
And suddenly find out that you care.
I've not changed I understand,
I'm a still a child with a leaf boat in my hand.

(chorus)

(chorus)

(chorus)

Fill it with your dreams and let the boat go.
Fill it with your dreams and let the boat go.

*©2016 Chris Conway,
from the Chris Conway & Dan Britton album Safe Harbour.*

Leaves

When I was a child,
I watched the leaves in autumn,
And saved them when I caught them,
In a book so old and grey.
Each leaf was a smile,
A secret, sacred treasure,
A reminder of the pleasure,
Of a simple carefree day.

New days soon come by,
And bring with them new distractions.
Persuasive attractions,
Seem to beckon from the shelves.
We all know now,
All that glitters is not gold,
But we're too clever to be told,
And have to find out for ourselves.

And the years flew by,
And the years flew by,
And the years flew by.
Until today.

When out walking in the wind,
A leaf blew over my head.
A little voice inside me said,
It must be caught before it lands.
I jumped for it glee,
And to my great surprise,
I rediscovered things so wise,
Only a child would understand.

*©2008 Chris Conway,
from the album Songs For Dreamers.*

Let Me Be

Let me in.
Don't look so dejected,
Let me in.
Our thoughts are misdirected.
And our words have defected,
Let me in.
I understood you better,
When you were more complicated,
Simple games are the hardest ones to win.
When we begin,
It lets me in.

Let me through/
Our hearts were once our home,
Let me through.
Like butterflies of stone,
Our lives are not our own,
Let me through.
The dead outnumber us,
And the living are pretending,
They are free and that every day is new.
The smile on you,
It lets me through.

Let me fly.
On wings of coloured light,
Let me fly.
Onward through the night,
Up and out of sight,
Let me fly.
Your soul is on the mountain,
Sifting clouds through your hands,
You've no answers but you know the reasons why,
With a sigh,
You let me fly.

Let me be.
Just five minutes more,
Let me be.
Like waves upon the shore,
The world is crashing at my door.
Let me be.
You always remembered me,
In a favourable light,
In a world that's losing touch with it's debris,
When you're with me,
You let me be,
Me.

©2011 Chris Conway,
from the album Time Traveller.

Let's Go To Outer Space

Years ago I crashed my starship,
Stuck on Earth and no way to roam
But I've fixed it now and I wanna go home,
Don't want to travel alone
You and me got a good thing going
Me being an alien might frighten you,
But if you go to the stars you'll be an alien too.
It's strange but true - what will you do?

(chorus)

Let's go to outer space - I know how,
I want to see the starlight on your face - let's go now.

Would you like to see a Martian sunset?
It's not so very far
No need to be dress up, just come as you are
We'll follow the red star.
We can travel in my starship
I'll pick you up at three
We should get to Mars in time for tea
How lucky are we - you'll see.

(chorus)

(bridge)

Let's go. - the Earth is too frustrating for us
Let's go - the universe is waiting for us.
So much to see, so much I want to know
Let's go, go , go, go, go, go!

There's a groovy bar on Triton
Not many people know
With drinks that make your eyes and fingers glow.
Someone told me so.
A place on Pluto has cosmic music
We could dance the night away
If it gets too late we can always stay
Come home the next day - what do you say?

(chorus)

We could go a little further
The solar system seems so small
Maybe we won't go back at all
If we're having a ball.
Andromeda is calling to me
We could make a new future there
A whole new galaxy to share.
No worries or cares - do we dare?

Let's go to outer space - I know how,
I want to see the starlight on your face
Far from the human race - let's go to outer space.
Let's go, let's go - I wanna go, let's go
10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1, zero – Let's go, lets go – I wanna go, do you wanna go?

(coda canon) - Lets go to outer space let's go, Want to see the startlight on your face.

©2021 Chris Conway, from the album *Unlocked Songs*.

Letters In Time

They let me send this letter back this time machine,
To Twenty years ago today.
If I write it will you understand what I mean?
It's hard to work out what to say,
Except don't worry so much,
But I know that you will.
All of those mysteries,
You stayed up nights thinking about,
Well they just melt away,
But you're gonna have to work it out for yourself,
Like I worked it out for myself.

I can picture you in your room with the green light.
Finding this letter on your Fender Rhodes.
That ghost that used to haunt you is still with me tonight.
In fact he wants to say hello.
When you need a helping hand,
He'll play those mystic chords.
Yes there will dark times,
I wish I could steer you round.
But then I wouldn't be me,
If I told you how I worked it out by myself.
You'll have to work it out for yourself.

I spend my time knocking down the walls,
Some you'll build with love and some in fear,
I know I can't stop you building them higher and higher,
But build some windows in
Build some windows in.
Build some windows in.
Before I disappear.

I press the button and turn the handle around.
The letter is gone, my work is done.
Then I see a piece of paper come fluttering down,
To me from me 20 years to come.
Your handwriting's shakier now.
You say I'm going to be all right.
There are no answers.
Whatever gets you through the night,
But I know that it proves that I'm gonna work it all out for myself.
Like you worked it out by yourself.

Oooh - I'm gonna work it out for myself.
Oooh - I'm gonna work it out for myself.
Ooooooh.

Letters in time, round your mind.
Do do do do, do do do do, dum dum.

*©2011 Chris Conway,
from the album Time Traveller.*

Life Road / Walk With Me

When I was still just a child at play
Wont you walk with me a mile or two?
I'd sing and sing through the live long day
Wont you walk with me a while?
I met a lass that I liked so well
Wont you walk with me a mile or two?
She sang to me and she cast her spell
Wont you walk with me a while?
Well she made me laugh and she made me sigh
And I never thought to reason why
The moon had risen up in the sky
Wont you walk with me a while?

Two children came along by and by
Wont you walk with me a mile or two?
And we'd sing together and laugh and cry
Wont you walk with me a while?
A beautiful girl and a bonnie wee boy
Wont you walk with me a mile or two?
They gave me love and brought me joy
Wont you walk with me a while?
Though each one grew up bright and strong
After twenty years they were up and gone
But each had found their own true song
Wont you walk with me a while?

The years have flown and I'm singing still
Wont you walk with me a mile or two?
Of Carrickfergus and Spancil Hill
Wont you walk with me a while?
When music calls me I have no choice
Wont you walk with me a mile or two?
The spirit moves me and fires my voice
Wont you walk with me a while?
Songs and family fill my heart
And I'll never see them torn apart
Til I find myself back at the start
Wont you walk with me a while?

So we come to the journeys end
Wont you walk with me a mile or two?
I know you've always been my friend
Wont you walk with me a while?
We've come so far across this land
And there's still so much to understand
So if you'll kindly take my hand
Wont you walk with me a while?

©2009 Chris Conway,
from the album Songs For Dreamers.
First released as Walk With Me on the Bridget McMahon album Celtic Woman.

|Life Magic & Love

I met a grey lady out on the highway.
If you were telling this story years ago,
You might call her a sorceress, or maybe a witch.
Today you'd maybe just call her crazy, I don't know.
She just started talking and her eyes were kind,
She was witty, strange and pretty,
And she spoke into my mind and...

(chorus)

She talked about life, like it was a real thing.
She talked about magic, like it was a real thing.
And she talked about love, like it was a real thing.
Because it was a real thing, long ago.

She took me up a mountain to see the beautiful valley
The river and the forest far below
She said, "I'll show you this valley the way that it was
Twenty thousand years ago".
I opened my up eyes. I wasn't too surprised
When the scene was still the same
She said, "Nothing here has changed!"

(chorus)

She said, "I'll show you this valley
a thousand years in the future".
I opened my eyes. I cried out loud
Gone was the river, gone was the forest
There was just a desert and a dark black cloud
She took me back to the present
She said, "We cannot change the past.
The future's still in our hands but we've got to act fast"

We talked about life, like it was a real thing
We talked about magic, like it was a real thing
And we talked about love, like it was a real thing
Like it was a real thing, long ago

(bridge)

And we went on talking late into the night
About how to right all that was wrong
And when I woke by first morning's light
She was gone, and the years rolled on

I met a young lady, out on the highway
If she was telling this story years ago
She might call me a sorcerer, or maybe a wizard
Today she might just call me crazy, I don't know
But I just started talking, everything just seemed to flow
And I took her up that mountain to see the valley far below

I talked about life, like it was a real thing
I talked about magic, like it was a real thing
And I talked about love, like it was a real thing
Because it was a real thing once again, once again.

©2000 Chris Conway,
from the albums *Earth Rising and Live!*

Lifespell

North star guide my love to me,
Through times spent in good company.
Smouldering eyes around the fire,
With stories tall and spirits higher.

(chorus)

Love, blood, future, past.
Stir the seasons in my glass,
Drink it back but make it last,
All the life you have is in your hands.

Southern Cross guide family,
Chosen or hereditary,
See them safe where they may roam,
Remind them of the journey home.

(chorus)

(bridge)

Jack be sluggish, jack be slow,
Tell me all I need to know.
The candlestick is not so high,
For those who have a dream to fly.
Stoke the fire up bright and strong,
Verse to verse and song to song,
The day grows shorter by the hour,
Close the circle,
Feel the power.

Rising sun guide future plans,
Though life's strange chaotic dance,
Let them truly prove their worth,
Of the spark that gave them birth.

(chorus)

Setting sun guide memories,
Keep them safely here with me,
Let them fill the sky with light,
Each time I pass from day to night.

(chorus)

(chorus)

All the life you have is in your hands.
All the life you have is in your hands.

*©2006 chris Conway,
from the album Close The Circle,
and live on Live & peace & Outer Space.*

Lighthouse In A Storm

There's an old friend with a story,
There's a house up on the hill,
There's a candle in the window,
And it's waiting there still.
There's a scene you keep replaying,
At the back of your mind,
And you want to live it over,
Just to see what happens this time.

(chorus)

No hands on the clockface,
Just a place dark and warm.
Like a child on the mountain,
Like a lighthouse in a storm.

There's an old man with a white beard,
And he's staring out to sea,
And he turns from the ocean,
And he's looking right at me.
He turns from the ocean,
And he guides me to the fire,
And I listen to his stories,
As the flames rise higher.

(chorus)

Offerings on the beach,
At the turn of the tide.
The moon's out of reach,
But the water subsides,
Faces and traces,
Turn up and turn down.
While I listen to his stories,
Four seasons go round.

(chorus)

©1996 Chris Conway,
from the album Flying Home.

Long Day's Waiting

I am facing toward the ocean,
On a wild barren shore,
And I'm waiting for a loved one,
That I never shall see more.

(chorus)

It's a long day's waiting
By the shore, by the shore
It's a long day's waiting by the shore.

I keep my eyes wide open,
For a small wooden boat.
Though I know it would be a miracle,
If it still remained afloat.

(chorus)

Sometimes I can hear their voices,
In amongst the seagul's cry,
And the wind whistles their names,
Like a whisper, and a sigh.

(chorus)

I am facing toward the ocean,
On a wild barren shore,
And I'm waiting for a loved one,
That I never shall see more.

(chorus)

(chorus)

(chorus)

©1993 Chris Conway,
from the albums Storming, Live!, and Live & Peace & Outer Space,
and on The Storm Thieves album Up To The Sun, Long Time, and Live At The Bayou.
Also on the Chris Conway & Dan Britton album Just Be Real.

Lost In My Mind

I think I can talk to people pretty well,
I've got a few funny stories that I can tell.
But when I'm in company I can't understand,
Why the conversation never goes the way that I planned.

I'm in a restaurant I order something to eat,
I can visualise a culinary treat,
But when it arrives what do I find?
A plate of disappointment every time.

(chorus)

Coz I'm Lost in my mind,
Searching for a door that I can't seem to find.
Coz I'm lost in my mind,
And my virtual friends can't help me this time.

When I feel I need to get away,
I can picture a perfect holiday.
But when I get to my destination,
It can't match up to my imagination.

There's a beautiful girl in my minds eye,
Every time I think of her it makes me sigh.
But when I find the real thing, it makes me feel,
That I don't think I wanted her quite that real.

(chorus)

(bridge)

There's not enough joy and too many tears,
In a prison of preconceived ideas.
It's a strange situation that I find,
I really do want to go out of my mind.

There's got to be a way to disconnect,
The outside world from what I expect,
And plan my own little role reversal,
And play a few scenes without a rehearsal,

Its time to shut my brain and computer down,
See what's happening in this town,
Feel the wind in my hair and just follow my feet,
And walk through my life down a two way street,

Coz I'm Lost in my mind,
Searching for a door that I can't seem to find
Coz I'm lost in my mind
And my virtual friends can't help me,
Coz I'm Lost in my mind
Searching for a door that I can't seem to find
Coz I'm lost in my mind
And my virtual friends can't help me this time

Lost In The Rain

Lost in the rain,
On a hot summer night.

Sometimes I wonder, and I look at the sky.
Sometimes I wonder, why I'm wondering why.
Sometimes the rain falls from a sky of blue,
And sometimes I wonder about you,
You know that I do.

Sometimes answers to the future lie somewhere in the past.
Sometimes you go slower by moving too fast.
Sometimes the rain falls but never hits the ground.
Sometimes the loudest cries don't make a sound.
Turn it around.

Seeing is not always believing,
The mirror image is real.
You can hear your instincts breathing,
Believe what you feel.
Feel what you breathe.
Breath what you believe.
See how you feel.

Sometimes the saddest people can make you laugh.
Sometimes the shortest road is the longest path.
Sometimes the rain falls but doesn't clear the air.
Some things you feel things most when you just don't care.
Just stand and stare,

Some people are closest when they're further away.
Some make the most sense when they've nothing to say.
Sometimes the rain falls and the world falls apart.
Sometimes there's comfort in a broken heart.
Your back at the start.

Seeing is not always believing,
The mirror image is real.
You can hear your instincts breathing,
Believe what you feel,
Feel what you breathe,
Breath what you see,
See how you feel/

Lost in the rain,
On a hot summer night.

*©2016 Chris Conway,
from the album Out Of The Blue.*

Lost In Time

How strange,
Here we are again,
Like nothing ever changed,
We never got to finish,
What we started.
We were not sad or broken hearted,
We just walked away,
With nothing more to say.
It was easier that way.
Til I saw you stood right...

There.
There was something in the air,
We pretended not to care,
Afraid that all the voices from before,
Were getting harder to ignore,
Like echoes deep inside,
A world inside our minds,
We followed all the signs
But we're lost in space and time

I know I must fly stronger, higher, further, longer,
Just a little longer,
Just a little longer.

solo

Lost in space and...

Time.
Time to say goodbye,
With a smile, and then a sigh,
Maybe in a year or maybe more,
We'll find this room without a door,
But until then.
So farewell my old friend,
I'll meet you here again.
In a world that never, world that never ends...
Neverending... neverending...
Never ends...

*©2016 Chris Conway,
from the album Out Of The Blue.*

Love At First Light

Suddenly it's morning see the sun rise.
Don't look back.
I can hear you calling right by my side.
Don't be afraid.
I'm right by your side,
Love is awake,
To keep us alive.
Love at first light.

The sun,
Your eyes,
The skies,
Things we said last night.
This is true love at first light.

©2008 Chris Conway,
From the album Chocolate Bossa.

Love On the Run

Hear me, hear me, hear me,
Hear the magic words.
I'll whisper softly ,
Because words of magic seldom go unheard.
Hear me, hear me, hear me,
Catch the sound of my voice.
Don't ever lose it,
Don't confuse it in the chaos and the noise.
Hear me, hear me, hear me,
Because I'm only passing through.
Hear me, hear me, hear me,
I'll be coming back for you.
I'll be coming back for you.

Hold me, hold me, hold me,
Shelter me from the sky.
Let me know that you need me,
But don't ever tell me why.
Hold me, hold me, hold me,
As if it was the last.
Strange every memory to be,
Seems to melt away so fast.
Hold me, hold me, hold me,
'Cos words are not enough.
Hold me, hold me, hold me,
Surround me with your love.

I can see clear forever,
Past the rays of burning light.
You and me running together,
Hands of gold across the night.

Mercy, mercy, mercy,
With your eyes so wild,
The way the see past my defences,
Make me feel just like a child.
Mercy, mercy, mercy,
Across the great divide.
We'll never open up the future,
If we're scared of what's inside.
Mercy, mercy, mercy,
And face the rising sun.
Mercy, mercy, mercy,
Like the world has just begun,
And love is on the run.

©2000 Chris Conway,
from the album Earth Rising.

Love Space Station

(chorus)

We love to be in our Love Space Station,
You and me and the cosmic generation with our,
True hearts, one mind,
Lets keep orbiting forever, while the universe unwinds.

We love our filtered air and our artificial light,
And the air temperature is always just right,
Through the window there's a tropical planet below,
We could visit if we want but no one ever wants to go because...

(chorus)

We've got replicated dinner and our hydroponic flowers,
In our own private quarters with our sonic showers.
We've got everything we need, so life is never so hard,
Just drifting around the promenade, because...

(chorus)

(bridge)

The crew comes from all over the galaxy,
There are even shapeshifters like you and me.
We've got our own little piece of heaven above,
And everybody's feeling the,
Deep space loooove!

The turbolifts all seem to know where it is we want to go,
And it's taken us down to a holodeck show.
You ask me where in the universe I want to be,
And I look to you and realise that we both agree, that...

(chorus)

Lets keep orbiting forever,
Lets keep orbiting forever,
Lets keep orbiting forever,
While the universe unwinds.

*©2013 Chris Conway,
from the album Deep Space Love.*

Magical Rooms

The room where it all began,
Where I first became myself.
The curtains never opened,
Treasured books upon the shelf.
My uncle's piano painted green,
Where I taught myself to play,
Transistor radio under the bed,
Secret listening as I lay.
The first girl who came to visit,
Neither of us bold enough to try,
Gazed at each other in the darkness,
Watching the moment pass us by.
Empty spaces made me who I was.
Magical rooms of my life

Another room, a green light hangs,
Flickering shadows by candlelight.
Music, drink and incense flowed,
Friends, lovers and endless nights.
Finding a safe harbour,
From a night out on the town,
Birds singing on the street at 4am,
Finding my voice and my sound.
We felt the world was changing.
We knew this was our time,
And the green room reflected my expanding mind.
Empty spaces made me who I am.
Magical rooms of my life.

(bridge)

The rooms are all still there today,
Do I still haunt them as they are haunting me?
Are all the atmospheres strangely in some way,
Recorded on the walls for eternity?
Or do they only live in my mind,
When I reminisce for awhile?

Another room, a darker shade of green,
Recording the echoes of my life.
The first screen connected me,
To the whole world wide.
Bonds between us grew stronger,
And more painful when they were gone,
And suddenly I realised,
It was time to move on.

Now I live in a house of rooms - some of them are real,
Some of them are memories - some can never be.
Some are secret portals - some rooms are my jail,
Some rooms are the reason – that I lived to tell the tale.
Some of them are you – and all of them are me,
And all of them are magic - all of them are...

Empty spaces made me who I'll be.
Magical rooms of my life.

©2016 Chris Conway,
from the Chris Conway & Dan Britton album *Safe Harbour*.

Make It Not So (Trek No-Nos)

Star Trek is a show, that I've always loved,
Well at least since I was 4 years old.
Now I think we've known each other well enough
For a few home truths to be told.
So the TV goes on, the music rolls,
Where is it this time we're gonna boldly go?

Oh no!!! - It's another holodeck.
Episode – we know just what were gonna get...
“End Program!” doesn't work.
The safety protocols have been shut down.
A hologram character has gone beserk.
I seem to be stuck in nightclub town.
The pastiche comedy is overdone.
The writers are having too much fun!

No no no no, no no no no, No no make it not so!
No no no no, no no no no, No no make it not so!

After all these years, my ritual's still the same.
I get my dinner ready right on time.
Original, Next Gen, Voyager or Deep Space 9
Any kind of Trek really I don't mind. (Apart from the Abrams reboot movies...)
I'm going to pretend they were just a bad dream,
I want to watch a show that doesnt make me scream...

Oh no!! Its another Klingon
Episode – we know just what we're gonna get...
Family honour, and “A good day to die”,
Haven't I already seen this show?
Staggering around smashed on blood wine,
How they built an empire I don't know!
Like braggard drunks on a Saturday night
Yawn, here comes another Bat'leth fight....

No no no no, no no no no, No no make it not so!
No no no no, no no no no, No no make it not so!

My favourite episodes,
Are when the plot never strays too far,
I can walk around the starship,
Or the space station Promenade,
Or meet you in Ten Forward,
Beside a window of starlight.
But something sadly tells me.
That's not gonna happen tonight.

Oh no! It's another Old Earth
Episode – It's another Q
Episode – It's a Captain-falls-in-love
Episode – It's a Data-saves-the-day!
Episode -

No no no no, no no no no, No no no no, no no no no No no make it not so!

©2020 Chris Conway,
from the EP Fake News and other silly songs.

Make It Real

Hours can have seasons,
Sighs can have reasons,
The past can leave demons deep inside.
You've reached the conclusion,
You're life's an illusion,
Made up of confusion, fear, and lies.

(chorus)

Tell me where you want to go.
Tell me how you want to feel.
Leave it all behind,
We'll take the first thing that's on your mind.
And oh darlin, somehow.
We'll make it real,
We'll make it so.
We'll move the wheel with in the wheels,
And make it glow

You feel like an outcast,
Laugh like it's your last,
You feel you've got more past than future plans.
That's not how you were brought up,
It's just something you thought up,
So go and get caught up in the dance.

(chorus)

Oh yeah, we'll make it real.

(solo)

Living in cages,
While a storm inside rages,
Just turns back your pages to the start.
A promise unspoken
Cannot be broken
You may as well open up your heart

(chorus)

Woah darlin – somehow.
We'll make it real.

©1996 Chris Conway,
from the album *Flying Home*,
and live on *The Last Phoenix – Live 2009*

Me Time

What can I do?
I cut my own path, I make my own way.
And it's true, it's true.
Sometimes I just have to get away from you.

For some Me Time – yeah, Me Time.

Where do I go?
To a place inside, leave the world behind,
And I know, I know.
But it's where I grow the dreams in my mind.

You know I love you all,
And I need you all,
But before I fall,
I've got to take a little time for myself.

For some Me Time - yeah, Me Time.

(rap)

I'm on the outside looking in.
It all begins with the ink on my skin.
There's tattoo girl in a purple world,
You can keep on knocking, but you can't come in.
There's a place I go when I'm all alone,
I turn out the lights and turn off the phone.
When the time is right, I come out to play,
But at the end of the night I'm running away.

(solo)

(I want to be alone.)
(Don't call, there's no one home.)

When the show starts,
All the dancing lights and the crowd all meet,
In a world apart.
But I want to run and follow my heart

You know I love you all,
And I need you all,
But before I fall,
I've got to take a little time for myself.

(chorus)

For some Me Time.- quiet time.
Yeah, Me Time - on my own time.

Me time – quiet time – just a little time – a little time for me – ooh - a little time for me - on my
own – a little time for me – ooh woah - a little time – ooooh - Me Time
Me Time, yeah, Me Time!

©2020 Chris Conway,
from the single *Me Time*.

Minute Of The Hour

It's the time of the year,
The hour of the day,
When all of your troubles
Seem here to stay.
It's the minute of the hour
When all of your dreams fall through.

You've built up your hopes,
Just a matter of time
You're sat by the phone
And you're hanging on the line.
It's the minute of the hour
When all of your dreams fall through.

Aint no way you can fight it
You haven't got a clue.
When the tide turns against you,
There's nothing you can do.

You can't stop your face
Turnign to the floor.
One eye keeps a lookout,
On the handle of the door.
It's the minute of the hour
When all of your dreams fall through.

(solo)

Aint no way you can fight it
You haven't got a clue.
When the tide turns against you,
There's nothing you can do.

You can't stop your face
Turnign to the floor.
One eye keeps a lookout,
On the handle of the door.
It's the minute of the hour,
When all of your dreams fall through,
Fall though.

It's the minute of the hour,
When all of your dreams fall through.
Yeah fall through.

It's the minute of the hour,
When all of your dreams,
All of your dreams,
Fall through.

*©1995 Chris Conway,
from the albums Deja Blues and Sounds Like Rain.
and live on the album Minute Of The Hour.*

Monkeys On The Moon

In the very early days of the old space race,
America and Russia sent some monkeys into space.
They looked back at the Earth and with confidence growing,
Some smart ones hit some buttons and kept on going!

(chorus)

There are monkeys on the moon.
Seven chimps and a baboon,
Send us a message every June,
Saying, "Thanks for all the flags, and that groovy lunar rover,
Come and visit us again real soon"

How did they breathe? – well they just kind of adapted,
They lived of the fruit from the seeds that they planted.
Now some eat lunar bananas, and some eat lunar grapes,
Together they have made themselves a planet of the apes.

(chorus)

(bridge)

When man landed on the moon the monkeys watched us out of sight
Hidden inside a crater
They watched us play some golf and collect some rocks
Then leave just a few days later
They really, really, really want us to go back
They've offered us some moon rock - they know we love that!
They're holding a golf tournament and to get us to come
There's a big moonrock prize for a crater-in-one

They evolved really fast – they learned to walk upright
They learned to talk, but truth is they're still not all that bright
But they visited Earth in monkey ships and one even stayed
In fact it used to be President of the USA!*

(*or - "And now it's the President of the USA!" - it depends on who the President is.)

(chorus)

But there are still monkeys on the moon.
Six chimps and a baboon,
Send us a message every June,
Saying "Thanks for all the flags, and that groovy lunar rover,
Come and visit us again real soon"

There are monkeys on the moon.
Six chimps and a baboon,
Send us a message every June,
Saying "Thanks for all the flags, and that groovy lunar rover",
"Thanks for all the flags, (maybe a different colour next time?)"
"Thanks for all the flags, and that groovy lunar rover,
Come and visit us again real soon."

©2013 Chris Conway,
from the album *Deep Space Love*.

Morning Rain

Morning rain, I can see it outside my window.
But today it's not gonna get me down.
Every drop has got the makings of a rainbow.
A river couldn't stop me, coz I'm walking off the ground.

Dreams are hanging loose around
Guess it was time that I was taking up the strain.
Things are changing since you found me,
And the way it makes me feel, makes me want to,
Walk in the morning rain.
Walk in the morning rain.
Ooh I'm walkin, I'm walkin, I'm walkin
Walkin in the morning rain.

How it started I don't exactly remembered
But when we parted there was music in your smile
And it floats on the breeze of this cold and wet December
And the winter freeze is just gonna have to wait a while

I could say it was all delusion.
I could prerend that I was going insane.
I could say that love is an illusion,
But if that were true, how come I am
Walkin in the morning rain,
Walkin in the morning rain,
Walkin in the morning rain,

I know I'm soaking to the skin
But I'm gonna keep on walking slow
In this crazy state I'm in.
It could thunder, hale or snow
What would I know?
What would I know?
What would I know?

(solo)

Folk could drown me but I'm not gonna come to my senses.
Fools surround me, but I'm miles away from the crowd.
How did you get past my defenses?
How many times am I going to say your name out loud?

I hear it burning deep inside me,
I feel it slowly burning my brain.
I hear a sound and your coming up beside me.
Taking hold of my hand, and together we are.
Walkin in the morning rain.
Walkin in the morning rain.
Walkin in the morning rain.
Yeah, yeah, yeah, walkin in the morning rain!

©2001 Chris Conway,
from the Chris Conway & Dan Britton album *Just Be Real*.

My Mind's Eye

On my wall is a picture,
Covered with thers and the dust.
Windows open on to mountains,
Green opens on to rust.
Beyond the window is a concrete porch,
Where we used to watch the clouds,
As they rolling down the valley,
I can almost see them now, coz.

(chorus)

You're in my minds eye,
Standing in the garden,
And my heart still flies,.
To you, to you, to you.

Miles from here is a village,
Where no one ever seems to go.
Halfway down is a little house,
Where we made ourselves a home.
You were often in the open,
But I always stayed inside.
It somehow seems like a dream now,
But my eyes are open wide, and,

You're in my minds eye,
Standing in the garden,
And my heart still flies,.
To you, to you, to you, to you.

Round and round and round I go,
As predictable as sunrise.
Even when I see them coming,
Changes still take me by surprise.
Looking back and looking forward,
Or looking out towards the trees,
You may be a thousand miles away from here,
But you're always here with me. - coz,

You're in my minds eye,
Standing in the garden,
And my heart still flies,
To you, to you, to you,
My heart still flies to you
My heart still flies to you
It still flies...

*©2002 Chris Conway,
from the album My Mind's Island,
and live on the Singer, Silver, Conway album Live.*

New Songs Now

On familiar streets of this old town,
As I'm walking up and down,
Ghosts whisper in my mind,
But I don't want to leave these streets behind,
Coz every road I walk, I walked with you.

Time plays tricks on you
When you have to start anew.
But the finish line is coming fast,
So I don't want to dwell in the past,
But every now and then, I think of when,
There were days without end, til...

(chorus)

You took a part of me with you
Wherever you went
And I'm trying to make sense of the pieces
That I have left but it all feels wrong.

Your tune is long gone,
But mine still rambles on.
But somehow I've forgotten the words
To half of my songs, it sounds absurd,
But all the old songs that I knew, I sang to you,
When they were new – til...

(chorus)

(bridge)

So I'm singing new songs,
With words you never knew,
But I'll sing them strong,
Til they ring true.
That make a new space,
A new place without you

Old friends are gathered round,
Friendly faces, friendly sounds.
Each voice tells their tale,
But as night draws on my face grows pale
As with every voice I hear, yours seems so near,
Then disappears.

(chorus)

Just wrong,
So I'm singing new songs,
Now.

*©2021 Chis Conway,
from the album Unlocked Songs.*

Nightmare Journey

And it's...

1 check my money

2 check the road

3 to get ready

4 to go

5 to accelerate

6 to stop

7 to remember what you forgot

8 turn round

9 to get home

10 waste 30 minutes on your phone

11 set off

12 get a new plan

13 stuck in a traffic jam

14 to curse

15 to cry

16 to think that you're going to die

17 calm down

18 scream

19 wake up - it was all a dream.

20 - go back to 1

©2021 Chris Conway,
from the album *Unlocked Songs*.

No More Goodbyes

Gazing out across the sea,
Something here feels familiar to me,
A subtle shift from green to blue,
A reflection of a memory of you.

Are you still waving goodbye?
Am I still wondering why?
Are you still waving goodbye?
How long is goodbye?

I thought I'd left this far behind.
But there's a presence deep deep deep inside of me.
And time never stands still,
But that part of me maybe always will.

Are you still waving goodbye?
Am I still wondering why?
Are you still waving goodbye?
How long is goodbye?

(bridge)

Sounds and seasons lift me up,
And take me to the sky,
Til a whisper convinces me,
I've forgotten how to fly.

A new morning – there is a stillness here.
The doubts are gone – I have no fear.
My voice rising into the air,
Sings a song that shows I no longer care.

That your still waving goodbye,
There never was a reason why,
Now there'll be no more goodbyes.
No more goodbyes.

©2011 Chris Conway,
from the album Time Traveller.

Nobody Loves Me (Like I Do)

(chorus)

Nobody loves me like I do.
Nobody cares like me.
I know it may seem wrong,
But we just get along.
That's why you'll often find me,
In my own company.

There's rarely a disagreement,
So many interests we share.
No one laughs more at my anecdotes than I do,
Because I understand them because I was there.
We have the same taste in movies and books and food,
We'll never be a stranger.
And when I watch TV on a Saturday night,
I don't have to fight for the channel changer.

(chorus)

I know it's not a perfect situation
There's a problem or two I will confess
There can never be a trial separation
And when we break up it makes a hell of a mess

(chorus)

When I go away for a day or a week
I don't have to call to see that I'm OK
I save some nickels and dimes come Valentines
And I've never been known to forget my own birthday
There's no aggravation on my vacation
I just book an island in the sun
And what better way to end the day
Than a romantic candlelit dinner for one

(chorus)

Nobody loves me like I do.
Nobody cares like me.
I know it may seem wrong,
But we just get along.
That's why you'll often find me,
That's why you'll often find me,
That's why you'll often find me,
In my own company.

©2001 Chris Conway,
from the album *My Mind's Island*,
and live on the album, *Live!*

Nobody's Fool But My Own

I'm wired, I'm tired,
I feel so uninspired,
There's an aching in my head,
I wish I could remember,
The things that I said.
There's a million places I'd rather be,
Than stuck in this bar at a quarter to three.

The lights are so bright
What the hell did I do last night?
My heart starts to pound.
I hope I wake up before I hit the ground
There's a million people looking at me
I guess I know what they're all wanting to see

(chorus)

As the room's turning round,
My spirits are down,
And I'm nobody's fool but my own.

I really ought to get home.
I can't face that empty room alone.
My head starts to reel,
I hope I don't look as bad as I feel.
There's a million things that I could've said,
But I had to louse things all up instead,

Cos the room's turning round,
My spirits are down,
And I'm nobody's fool but my own.

Maybe just one more drink,
I think I don't wanna think.
I gotta get you out of my mind,
And leave you and this empty bar behind
There's a million places that you could be.
Well I hope that you're having a better time than me.

(chorus)

Cos the room's turning round,
My spirits are down,
And I'm nobody's fool but my own.
But my own.

©1995 Chris Conway,
from the album *Deja Blue*.

Nova Scotia

I try to catch your eye,
But they're far away with the,
Sea and the spray and,
A half remembered smile.
Words are woven into,
Many coloured tales that,
Somehow fill your sails and,
I've lost you for a while.
And I...

(chorus)

Feel the rain of Nova Scotia,
That somehow feels the closer,
Coz I have never been, and I,
Hear the rhythm and the fiddle in your song that,
Somehow makes me long for,
A place I've never seen.

The party's flowing and,
We're all still talking.
But you're still walking,
On the shores of Cape Breton.
Maybe someday I will,
See it all for real but,
Somehow I feel that,
I've already gone.
And I...

(chorus)

I wish I had the roots,
A point of contact.
Some way to take me back,
To the province of my birth.
But I've been a travelling man,
Like my folks before me and there's,
Nothing to draw me,
To any place upon this Earth
So I...

(chorus)

©1995 Chris Conway,
from the album Sounds Like Rain.

Old Enough

I used to remember people's faces,
And maybe even some of their names.
I could follow their long stories,
Then the words seem to all sound the same
I could worry about it all forever,
Or try to become more self aware,

But I'm old enough to know better,
But still too young to care.

If I drank my coffee stronger,
Or got more exercise.
If I thought a little longer,
Maybe by now I'd have become a little bit wise.
I could follow the rules to the letter,
To make my life beyond compare.

But I'm old enough to know better,
But still too young to care.

(bridge)

Looking out of the train window,
At the fields and the sky,
I see my reflection,
Or maybe it's just some other guy I once knew
Or will get to know
By and by.

The clock on the wall says it's 3am.
I should be tucked up in my bed
But the words and music came calling again.
And so I'm writing this song instead.
I know how rough I'll feel tomorrow.
If I continue with this plan

But I'm old enough to know better,
Old enough to know better,
Old enough to know better,
But still too young to give a damn.

*©2018 Chris Conway,
from the album We're All Astronauts.*

On My Way

Like the hot road when the sun beats down,
The way ahead shimmers in the heat.
But I keep my face turned toward the ground,
Singing to the rhythm of my feet.
Kicking clouds and trails of dust from off the clay,
I am on my way.
On my way.

I've seen to many cycles come back to the start,
I've seen the ghosts of those yet to be born.
One more time around is going to tear me apart.
You'll find me with the tattered and the torn.
And like a sailboat pulling out of the bay,
I am on my way,
On my way.

No backward glances,
No second chances,
I'm on my way,
On my way.

Something shimmers just outside my field of vision,
I know I've got to find out more.
I've lost out too many times from indecision,
This time I'm walking out that door.
And much as I would really like to stay,
I am on my way,
On my way.

I'm just like the man who wanted to be proved wrong.
I've won the race but lost the bet.
The road ahead it may be hard and it may be long.
This time I'm heading out towards that sunset.
And I'll see it rise up on a brand new day,
I am on my way,
On my way.

No backward glances,
No second chances,
I'm on my way,
On my way,
On my way,
On my way.

©1995 Chris Conway,
from the album Storming,
and the Storm Thieves album Long Time,
And live on the Chris Conway & Dan Britton album, Live.

Orbiting Filk Recording Studio

(chorus)

I'm the engineer on the first orbiting filk recording studio.
As we orbit around I record the sounds of the filkers as they come and go.
Come and go..,

And just like a wish here's Leslie Fish and she's singing with a Nyronid called Zander,
Accompanied by the "iy yi yi" from the ghost of Carmen Miranda.
Stevie Mac's recording every voice on Earth, and his song would melt a heart of granite.
To save some time we'll stick the mikes outside and in one go record the whole damn planet.

Into space dock comes Ookla the Mok, those guys never miss a trick.
They're recording with a new percussionist, he's a monkey with a hockey stick.
In Studio 3 Urban Tapestry sing how they like chocolate and sex.
I can offer them one, but as to the other, I don't think that I've got any left!

(chorus)

The n'Early Music Consort have just beamed in, so I'd better set some mikes up rapido!
While my android takes their order for ale and 25 Photon Torpedos.
It's great to see our Valerie and she just couldn't get any keener,
And she said to me, she's thrilled to be following in the footsteps of Valentina.

Weird sisters 3 will record a cd - we'll be finished just an hour down the line,
I know it won't take any longer coz they always get it Rite The First Time.
Bill I know has got his own studio so it was hard to get him up here.
But now he's here every night when I turn out the lights since my bar stocked English beer.

(chorus)

(bridge)

And since it's my place and there was some space last night I recorded a ballad.
Then to chill I was going to have dinner, but alien jellyfish stole my salad.
And of all the mysteries in this world I would gladly give a reward,
To the one who'll tell me why the best music happens when I forget to press record !!!!
arrghh!!!

It's strange but true, here's Katy and Yooh so I'm ready for some crazy trips,
I'm not being funny but they must have money coz they travelled here in A Thousand Ships,
But the ships are full of German fen, and the ghost of Ricardo Montalban,
They must've been a little bit confused coz they've also kidnapped Oliver Khan.

In studio 1 Phoenix are having fun, that's a band that's hard to record.
With their amps all turned to 11, and they keep swapping instruments every chord.
Now Paul is a Dr Who fan for years and has been rewarded for his persistence.
He's singing with a choir made up entirely of female Doctor's assistants.

(chorus) x2

*©2013 Chris Conway,
from the album Deep Space Love.*

Out Of The Blue

Every day a thousand voices,
Some of them are almost real,
On the screens of my machines,
Asking me how I feel,
Always questions and opinions,
Am I too blind to see?
Why would I want to do that?
What will become of me?
And the say – I shouldn't talk like this,
And they think – I shouldn't think like this,

But I do, yes I do, and I think you do too,
And it came to us out of the blue.

Those that say they rule us,
Weave their deceptive dance.
Somehow I'm not included,
In their corporate masterplans.
You ask me what is this blindness,
That only sees what there is to gain?
You ask me the price of kindness.
Well there you go again.
And the say – I shouldn't talk like this,
And they think – I shouldn't think like this,

But you do, yes you do, and you know I do too,
And if came to us out of the blue.

(bridge)

I am a cosmonaut, you are an acrobat,
I love the space station, you love the laundromat
Were not the same,
We shouldn't be the same,
And I love the difference
I want to see the difference in you.
The difference in you.
In the things that we do.

Those of us beyond the borderline,
Who live outside the norm,
Who may not love the sunshine,
But prefer a thunderstorm
We have to find our own way,
On a road misunderstood,
But our numbers grow everyday,
Bang goes the neighbourhood.
And the say – I shouldn't talk like this,
And they think – I shouldn't think like this,
And the say - we shouldn't hope like this
And they think - we shouldn't dream like this,

But we do, yes we do, and we know that it's true.
We were born to live out of the blue.
Out of the blue - sky blue

©2015 Chris Conway,
from the album Out Of The Blue.

Out Of This World

You came to me from a new dimension,
We could only see each other from head on.
But we would meet in overlapping intersections,
Which never seemed to last too long.
But a light in our eyes made us linger,
Like the shimmer of a pearl.
And by that light, I knew one night, you're,
Out of this world,
Out of this world.

You didn't catch too much of my meaning,
I couldn't catch much of yours.
But we knew there was no concealing,
That we'd both been through the wars.
And maybe that fact made us linger,
And a little lost boy and a little lost girl,
No longer alone finding some kind of home,
Out of this world,
Out of this world.

When you came to visit my homeworld,
You always felt that you had to leave.
And when I touched down, on your home town,
I found to my surprise I couldn't breath.
But even then we lingered,
When the flag of truth was unfurled.
Then one day I saw you drifting away, and,
Out of this world,
Out of this world.

(bridge)

We used the same words but they triggered,
Different images in your mind than mine,
And framed by the people we were,
The two pictures, the two worlds,
Never could combine.

So communication lines were broken,
When our bubbles pulled apart.
Though we left so much unspoken,
I still hear your words in my heart.
And somehow they seem to linger,
Where coloured lights and insense swirls,
I don't know when I'll find you again - coz you're,
Out of this world,
Out of this world,
Out of this world...

©2013 Chris Conway,
from the album Deep Space Love.

Proud of You

Staring at the wall,
Like you've lost your power.
You feel fragile you feel small.
I wish that you see yourself with my eyes,
Then you know why I should be so,

(chorus)

Proud of you,
So proud of you.
Instead of counting all the lines upon your face,
I wish that you would count up,
All the great things that you've done,
All the trials you've overcome,
All the battles that you've won just to get here.

And when you tumbled down.
You picked yourself right up,
And you turned yourself around.
And when your world went black,
You proved your worth,
And found how to fight back,
And I know the war is over,
And I want so much to tell you that I'm,

(chorus)

(bridge)

And when you're with me,
I want everyone to know that you're with me.
I go out of my way to show them that you're with me.
And my confidence grows when you're with me.
You touch my shoulder with your hand,
A smile that we both understand,
The unrehearsed the never planned is easy,
So easy.

You look and then you listen,
Like life's passed you by,
That you'll never make a difference.
Well I wish you'd give yourself the same respect,
You show to everyone else.
And I know the time's not right now,
But I want so much to tell you that I'm,

(chorus)

And then come out and join me in the sun

*©2002 Chris Conway,
from the album My Mind's Island,
and live on the album Live & Peace & Outer Space.
and on the Singer/Silver/Conway album Live!*

Raising Kayn

Something's howling in the night,
Something's running on up the drain.
Sure can bet somebody's raising Kayn.

You've got a vampire on your back,
It's getting inside your brain,
Sure can bet somebody's raising Kayn.

(chorus)
Keep it in the family,
Let them take the strain,
And when you get it figured out,
Somebody's raising Kayn.

(solo)
Sure can bet somebody's raising Kayn.

(solo 2)
[Keep it in the family - Let them take the strain] x3
And when you get it figured out,
Somebody's raising Kayn.

Something's howling in the night,
Something's running on up the drain.
Sure can bet somebody's raising Kayn.

You've got a vampire on your back,
It's getting inside your brain,
Sure can bet somebody's raising Kayn.

(chorus)
And when you get it figured out,
Somebody's raising Kayn.
And when you get it figured out,
Somebody's raising Kayn.

©2009 Chris Conway,
Theme song from the web TV series Raising Kayn.
Released as a digital single in 2011

Received Wisdom

I know that nothing's for nothing, I know that time is free,
And I know all the names of all the stars and galaxies.
I know that nothing's forever, I know why the sky is blue,
I know why the more you do, the more you do.

We've all got our own kind of logic,
I tell you and you tell me.
But where does it come from?
Are we just rehashing lines heard on TV?
We all have our own kind of magic,
To nurse us back to health.
Should I ignore all that you say,
And go and find out for myself?

(chorus)

Oh yeah – I'm receiving stolen wisdom,
And I don't know where it's from.
Now you know – oh yeah,
I'm receiving stolen wisdom, and I'm passing it on.

I know that nothing is real, seen the red sky at night.
In my experience it means that, something is aloght on the horizon,
I know nothins is doing, I'm stitching a stitch in time,
And I know poetry and songs don't always have to rhyme, but this does.

We've all got our own kind of logic,
Things we've found to be true,
But if it works for me,
How can it be it also works for you?
We've all got our own kind of magic,
Repeated a thousandfold,
But do we really know or,
Doe we just repeat what we are told?

(chorus)

Nothing is impossible, I know why glass is clear,
I know why progress is a good idea (no I dont)
I know never trouble trouble, or touble trouble you,
And I know all the lies that just happen to be true,

We've all got our own kind of logic,
And things we take to the grave.
But is it we who are their masters,
Or do we become their slaves?
We've all got our own kind of magic,
Our own little masterplans,
But are they based on things we think we know,
But donot understand?

(chorus)

Passing it on. (x4)
Do-do do-do
doo do – do-do do do-do (x4)

Relive

Live your life over.
Every hour, one year older.
What would you change?

Catch every day like a leaf in an autumn breeze.

Would you make the good times longer?
Do the bad times make you stronger?
Or would you erase them?

Scenes don't run the same,
The second time around.
Live every sight and sound.
As if it was your last.

Hindsight and perspective.
Not every mirror is reflective.
Some draw you in.

Catch every day like a leaf in an autumn breeze.

Forward to tomorrow.
Just how far would you want to know?
Would you watch the ending?

Scenes don't run the same,
The second time around.
Live every sight and sound.
As if it was your last.

Relive

Live your life over.
Every hour, one year older
What would you change?
Live your life over.
Live your life over.

©2015 Chris Conway,
from the album Out Of The Blue.

Remember Me

I could keep holding you forever,
Flying high in the faces of time.
Two souls who are no more together,
Live in a future in their minds.
On the porch of an old house in the country,
Where we had spend so many good years,
I look up as you smile and ask me,
"Remember when the trains used to run through here?"

I can picture you in the garden
Of a house that you may never see.
And when I feel my spirits darken,
I'll pretend you were always here with me.
Your hair has turned grey there are lines on your face.
Etched with the laughter and the tears.
But I will be there to hear you say,
"Remember when the trains used to run through here?"

(bridge)

Fly strong, fly free,
Smile on, remember me.

We were often surprised by the expected.
I expect that something between us will last.
But where our paths have intersected.
The future seems to make more sense than the past.
So when the world is falling around me,
One treasured vision will be crystal clear.
It's been so long, but I'm glad you found me.
I remember when the trains used to run through here.
I remember when the trains used to run through here.
I remember when the trains used to run through here.

I could keep holding you forever.

©2002 Chris Conway,
from the EP Lost Tracks,

Replicator Malfunction Blues

I got the replicator malfunction blues.
It messes up whatever I choose.
Chief come and fix it and don't be late,
We never had this trouble on Deep Space 8,
It's driving me crazy, and I'm losing weight,
And I got those replicator malfunction blues.

I got a bacon and chocolate sundae served on a CD by Bach,
There's tribble giblets in my coffee, there's tofu in my G'aach,
But the worst thing of all is a McDonalds Big Mac(cchhhh...),
Why did this have to happen to me ?
There's Romulan ale in my Earl Grey tea.

I got those replicator malfunction blues,
It messes up whatever I choose.
Chief come and fix it and don't be late,
We never had this trouble on Deep Space 8,
It's driving me crazy, and I've got a date,
And I got those replicator malfunction blues.

Major Kira's due for dinner at a quarter to nine,
And I've got Andoran antennae in a pool of blood wine,
With Victoria sponge soaked in turpentine.
I could always ask Rom, but what does he know?
Damn theres a squid in my Ractogino !!

I got the replicator malfunction blues.
It messes up whatever I choose.
Chief come and fix it and don't be late,
We never had this trouble on Deep Space 8,
As if I didn't have enough on my plate,
I got those replicator malfunction blues.

(bridge)
Everything it makes is pretty evil looking.
It's enough to make an ensign to taking up cooking.
But even that would be no use to me,
I can't even replicate a recipe,
With these replicator malfunction blues.

Somebody free me from this cullinary hell.
My friends say my quarters are starting to smell,
And to be perfectly frank - I'm not feeling too well.
I try each random serving suggestion,
But I'm sick or I'm poisoned or get indigestion!

I got those replicator malfunction blues
It messes up whatever I choose
Chief come and fix it and don't be late
We never had this trouble on Deep Space 8
I'm in deep disagreement with something I ate
I got the replicator malfunction blues. (x3)

©2001 Chris Conway,
from the album Deep Space Love.
and, originally, live on the album Live!

River Blue

In my life,
A river blue,
Runs deep and wide,
And it runs to you,
From the mountainside,

All the way,
To the ocean blue,
And evapourates,
Like the best dreams do.
Feel the rain,
And what it's telling you.

It starts again.

In my life,
A river blue,
Runs deep and wide,
And it runs to you,

And it runs to you,

And it runs to you...

©1995 Chris Conway,
from the album Sounds Like Rain.

River Of Lies

You said that you'd change,
ore than your direction.
But the truth rearranged,
Can spread without detection.
And like a new year's resolution,
That only lasts for a while,
All of my illusions went the way,
Of your crooked smile.

Like a river of lies (x3)

Like a crocodile's smile,
Like a politician's promise,
Like a police file,
Like a dealer who is honest,
And like the pig that spreads it wings.
And takes to the sky,
And all the crazy things I say.
Instead of goodbye.

Like a river of lies (x3)

(bridge)

Why do you keep lying to me?
Why do you keep lying to me?
Why do you keep lying and lying and lying and lying,
And lying and lying and lying?
That leaf you've been turning keeps turning around,
Are you sad for the lying for for being found out?
And our beautiful future after today,
Well you know I think I just saw it sailing away.
Out over the deep where the water runs cold,
Talk is cheap when you've been sold down the river,
A river of lies.

Sometimes they're white,
Designed to spare your feelings
Some don't last the night,
Some still leave you reeling.
But in the end my friend,
They're all part of one game,
And the destination that they
Take you to is the same.

Like a river of lies (x3)

Like a river of lies (x3)

*©1997 Chris Conway,
from the album Storming.*

Road Of Dreams

There's a dusty old highway I remember so well.
It led over the horizon From the last school bell.
When everything was possible and things were the way they seemed.
That's how we started together on this road of dreams.

(chorus)

I have to tell myself once again,
That the road never ends.
And I'll meet you there one day.
And I'll meet you there one day.

With my friends beside me and the perfect girl,
We had it all planned out and we'd save the world.
With every bit of wishful thinking hat the road was paved
Every brand new toy, every look she gave.

(chorus)

Make sure you're headed the right way.
Don't travel through the past.
A journey on a road of what might've been,
Is never going to last.
So turn yourself around,
And head toward the sun.
Coz your dreams are never over,
You're only just begun.
Your dreams are never over,
You're only just begun.

Now the going gets tough from here on in,
Where the future runs out, where the tar gets thin.
But we'll piece it together we wont fall into the trap,
We'll just close our eyes, stick a pin in the map, and

(chorus)

We wont head the wrong direction,
We wont travel through the past.
If we make the road together,
We're gonna make it last.
We've turned ourselves around,
We're headed toward the sun.
Coz our dreams are never over, we're only just begun. (x4)

©1994 Chris Conway,
from the album Storming.
first released on The Storm Thieves album Endless Freefall.
and live on The Storm Thieves album Live At The Bayou.

Run By You

I'll never be easy,
As long as I'm alive,
Leaving people,
And places behind.
One last look,
One last sigh,
One more river,
One last time,
One last time,
One last time.

You had a pattern,
For the years ahead.
Somehow you lost the instructions,
Lost the thread.
Now there's just pieces,
Floating in your head,
That can't be woven,
Together again,
Together again,
Together again.

So take my hand,
And we'll step right through,
Silver tapestries,
And all those empty rooms.
You'll run by me,
And I'll run by you.
But hold on tight now,
This road is new,
This road is new,
This road is new, new, new.

*©2000 Chris Conway,
from the album Earth Rising.*

Sail On

When you were young you said you'd travel,
You were going to cross the sea.
Many years have since unravelled,
But you're still here with me.
But there's a boat tied in the dock,
Ready to sail at the turn of the tide.
I'll be your windswept rock,
I'll be your sailboat ride.

(chorus)

Sail, sail on, sail on.
Tie tomorrow to your mast,
Sail, sail on, sail on.
Sail away forget your past,
Sail on.

I've seen that look on your face,
I've seen it many times before.
You're in some far off place,
Landing on some distant shore.
Let the compass be your spirit,
Let the arrow be your heart's desire,
The ocean's calling, can't you hear it?
Drowning the sun in a ball of fire.

(chorus)

(bridge)

Time to turn the fortune wheel,
Chase the demons from your mind.
Reach out see how you feel,
Lose yourself see what you'll find.

There's a rhythm in every breath,
There's a rhythm in the wind and the rain,
There's a rhythm in love and death,
There's a rhythm in a hurricane.
That rhythm can be your master,
That rhythm can be your slave,
Feel how your heart beats faster,
While you're riding the wildest wave.

(chorus)

©2006 Chris Conway,
from the album Flying Home.

Same Shore

Too many runners,
In the human race.
Too many troubles,
Written on your face.
Too many dreams,
Not enough time.
Too many times,
You left me behind.

chorus

Now when we run,
We'll run together.
And when we fall,
We'll hit the same floor,
And when we sail away,
We'll sail away forever.
And when we land,
We'll land on the same shore.

Too many lovers,
Not enough love,
Strange how the hawks,
Always attract the doves.
Too many words,
Not enough to say.
Too many reasons,
For running away.

(chorus)

(bridge)

If you want me to see you,
You've got to learn to be seen.
You've got to get your hands dirty,
Before you can wash them clean.
It's a crazy world with a heart of stone,
And it's no place, child, to be on your own.

Too much understanding,
Too much to understand.
Too many worlds,
On a grain of sand.
Too many wishes,
Never came true.
Shame on me, babe,
Shame on you.

(chorus)

Land on the same shore.
Land on the same shore.

*©2002 Chris Conway,
from the album My Mind's Island.*

Science Fiction Eyes

They say that the eyes are a windows of what's inside,
And that children's eyes can reflect their parents friction.
A lonely man's eyes give out loneliness,
And anxious eyes cannot hide their stress,
But my eyes just drink up and radiate science fiction.

(chorus)

Because I've got,
Science fiction eyes,
Science fiction eyes.
Either my optical nerves are telling me lies
Or I've got science fiction eyes

You see an airport, I see stargate to outer space.
I'm in an alien city when I'm walking down the street.
My mobile phone is a communicator,
My microwave oven is a replicator,
The TV News is a top secret message from Star Fleet!

(chorus)

Sometimes my eyes deliver lethal lasers,
Sometimes one goes jet black, while the other one glows.
Sometimes my eyes can see back in time,
To save the world or to solve a crime.
But sometimes all they can do is just see through clothes!

(bridge)

And suddenly my car is a shuttlecraft,
Taking me anywhere I want to go.
And there's Arcturan brandy in my Orangensaft,
And I'm shouting at Gort "Klaatu barada nicto!"

Why can't real life be more like sci-fi?
Why can't a matter transporter take me right now to you?
Last night I went mad and I thought I'd lost it,
I gave myself a level 4 diagnostic
Why can't a doctor cure me with a little gadget that goes "oooooo"?

(chorus)

Because I've got,
Science fiction eyes,
Science fiction eyes.
Either my optical nerves are telling me lies
Or this the bridge of the Enterprise
Or (I'm singing this song under Martian skies
Or I've got science fiction eyes.
Do do do doop, doop, do-doop.

*©2011 Chris Conway,
From the album Time Traveller.*

Silver Rain

I remember that ringing sound,
When feelings ran so strong,
And the sun shone from all around,
And the evenings they were long.

(chorus)

Now those days are over,
And silver rain now falls.
Now those days are over,
And silver rain, silver rain, silver rain now falls.

I remember those golden days,
When so much could be done.
And we'd sit by the moonlight's rays,
And wait for the rise of the sun.

Now those days are over,
And silver rain now falls.
Now those days are over,
And silver rain, silver rain, silver rain now falls.

I remember we had no cares,
The whole world was our friend.
There was magic still in the air,
And we thought that it never would end.

Now those days are over,
And silver rain now falls.
Now those days are over,
And silver rain, silver rain, silver rain, silver rain,
Silver rain now falls.

©1995 Chris Conway,
From the album Sounds Like Rain.

Silver Wings

Dory-Anne rang me today, says she can't think what to do,
Long ago mistakes were made and she's got to see it through,
She and her partner, they've developed X-ray eyes.
They can see right through their bodies, they can see right through their minds

Michael thinks the world is not exactly how it seems
He lives his life in darkness surrounded by computer screens
With his facts and his figures, and his high philosophies,
And his unshakable devotion, to his world conspiracies

(chorus)
How many nightingales,
Have forgotten how to sing,
I want to take you away from here
And we'll fly away on silver wings.

Charlotte lives inside, a tower of books
She escaped to academia, passing all exams she took,
Now she teaches and she reads, and she dreams and reads,
And she teaches and she reads, and turns her dreams to PhDs.

Jenny's got depression, she takes multicoloured pills,
She attends a monthly session that will cure her of her ills.
Her world is a circle that gets smaller every day
While she dreams of magic carpets that will carry her away.

(chorus)

(bridge)
So many people – reaching out
So many people – are so hard to see
But they're seeking connections
Seeking contacts.
I wish they could fly away with me

David thinks he has a daemon deep inside his soul
That interferes with reason and he struggles for control
Every time he takes some action, and starts to feel alright,
There's an opposite reaction from across the other side

(chorus)
Silver sings, silver wings, silver wings.....

(Time to fly in the sky - time to fly oh so high.)
(Time to fly in the sky – this is your time to fly.)

©2015 Chris Conway,
from the album Out Of the Blue.

Simple

I used to want to be clever,
Smarter than all the rest.
Took a while to discover,
That keeping things simple was the ultimate test.
I used to want to dazzle,
Like a lighthouse on the shore,
But ships all know the light just warns,
Of rocks on the old sea floor – it's the...

(chorus)

Simple things I'm still learning - a little bit like this song.
If you sing your life too complicated. nobody can sing along
With you.

I used to want to get noticed,
Grab my slice of fame.
I wanted to know everyone,
And for everyone to know my name.
Then I saw it coming,
I saw I was in danger,
Of being the only one that I knew ,
In the hall of a thousand strangers - it's the

(chorus)

I used to want to be mysterious,
Wanted folks to try and figure me out.
And if anyone got too close,
I'd vanish in a cloud of doubt.
Like a kid playing hide and seek,
My plan soon ran aground.
Coz If you hide too well, you just might find,
You secretly want to be found - it's the

(chorus)

(bridge)

Then a notion, an emotion, leads me far astray,
From the straight line I spied to point B from A,
And this action, this distraction leads me to the sky.
Before I fall I must recall - I need to simplify my life.

Sitting in my little green room,
All kinds of gizmos at my side.
Computer screens and DVDs ,
But I could not be satisfied.
In the corner I saw my guitar,
Like it hadn't been touched in years.
Before too long a new little song,
Lit a fire against my fears
It's the little song you now hear – about the...

(chorus) x4

©2006 Chris Conway,
From the album *Close The Circle*.

Sky High Seventh Heaven

You try to stop the way that you're feeling,
But your head it up on the ceiling
Why's her smile so very appealing,
To the glances that you steal.

You can't forget the way she forgave,
You keep replaying the look that she gave,
You, someone's dancing up on your grave,
She turns the corner, suddenly...

(chorus)

There you go with that look in your eye,
And you're heaving a sigh,
That means there'll be no goodbyes,
To one who was just a very special friend,
Now that limitation ends,
And your spirits now are sent,
Sky high. (Seventh heaven)

She's always at the back of your mind,
You try to move on but you still find,
It's just impossible to unwind,
When you're caught in the daily grind.

You want to spend the whole day at home,
Or some place that you can be alone,
Your heart is heavier than a stone,
You lift the phone and suddenly

(chorus)

(bridge)

You know it's always on your mind.
You know it's on her mind too.
You both know your friendship's on the line.
It it too good to be true?
So will you see it through?
What you gonna do?

solo

Can't concentrate on things that you're doing,
All the time your mind is still stewing,
You feel maybe trouble is brewing,
Hard to tell the false from true,

You're living in a state of confusion,
You are coming to the conclusion,
That it's all been one big illusion,
She walks in and suddenly.

(chorus)

Sky high, seventh heaven...

©2021 Chris Conway,
from the album *Unlocked Songs*.

Skyrider

Have you ever seen a sky like this before?
Calling you.
Just when you wanted to be alone.
Saying "Fly – fly like an oystercather fly!"
Pearls before rhymes.
Pearls don't mean a think to a flyer,
Always flying higher.
Search the skies!
Have you ever seen a sky like this before?

©2002 Chris Conway,
from the album Alien Salad Abduction.

Sleep Life Cycle

When I was a child I often said,
"I do not want to go to bed"
"I feel there's something I might miss"
"Please, oh please just grant me this!"

And round and around go the minutes and hours,
And the days, and months, and years go round.

In my teens I felt the powers,
Of magic in the late night hours.
Imagination's tendrils creep,
And again postpone the time for sleep.

And round and around go the minutes and hours,
And the days, and months, and years go round.

In my twenties, thirties sounds and screens,
Showed me worlds I'd never seen.
Curious minds run long and late,
Sleep could wait, and would always wait.

And round and around go the minutes and hours,
And the days, and months, and years go round.

In middle age my sleep was light,
As stressful dreams would haunt the night,
So to avoid the nightly traps,
I'd procrastinate til I collapsed.

And round and around go the minutes and hours,
And the days, and months, and years go round.

One night, sometime down the line,
Sleep will call for me one last time,
And just this once I'll reach for its bliss,
Saying, "Please oh please just grant me this"

©2021 *Chris Conway,*
from the album Unlocked Songs.

So Long Blue / Homeworld

So long blue,
Hope I'm coming through,
Loud and clear.
This is Earth calling,
For the very last time,
I'm the last one here,
Everything is still.
Gone is the wondering why.
I dream of the emerald skies,
And I know,
There's no laughter in the air,
And I know,
This isn't getting anywhere so,

I'll say so long now,
I cannot tell you how,
Things have been.
So, so long,
And from now on,
All my skies are green.
So long blue, - so long blue.
So long blue, - so long blue.

I'm leaving you.
Leaving, leaving, for pastures new.

It's cold outside / (Homeworld calling)
Open your mind/
(Take another step toward the fire)/
(Go for a feeling - let it be your guide)/
(Feel the child inside you whisper)/
(Follow your heart, follow a star)

Outside time will fly
Your mind is in the sky
Falling falling new world calling

It's cold outside/Homeworld calling
So come on in.
(So come on in – so come on in)

*©2002 Chris Conway,
from the album Alien Salad Abduction.*

Solstice Circle

We shall see the stones at solstice,
At the rising of the sun.
We will link to the love,
And the spirit of everyone in the world.
We will dance dance til morning,
Til we're back where we've begun.

We will look to the left hand,
And our friends toward the right.
We will trust in the Earth,
And the stars that shine at night in the sky.
We will know who we are,
Beneath the early dawning light.

Come away to the circle,
Stay with me til the morning.
Come away to the circle,
Til the break of dawn.

Well we don't know just where we're going,
But we do know where we're from.
But the spring it has come,
And the winter is on the run like a wolf.
When we gather here at solstice,
We know where our hearts belong,

Come away to the circle,
Stay with me til the morning,
Come away to the circle,
Til the break of dawn.

Come away to the circle,
Stay with me til the morning,
Come away to the circle,
Til the break of dawn.

Come away to the circle,
Stay with me til the morning,
Come away to the circle,
Til the break of dawn.

(Dance me round and round and round wont you?)
(Dance me round and round and round)

*©2008 Chris Conway,
From the album Songs For Dreamers.*

So Many Years

So many years have gone.
I've been singing my heart out so long.
I had nothing better to do,
It's true.
There were low notes, and high notes,
Almost touching the sky notes.
Through good times, and sad times
And whole world gone mad times.

Time flies past,
It all goes so fast,
So I'm glad to be here with you.

So many years of smiles.
I sang across so many miles.
There is nothing better to do,
It's true.
I remember the players, the writers,
The lost friends, the all-nighters.
All the faces and places,
And crazy rat races.

Time flies past,
It all goes so fast,
So I'm glad to be here with you.

(bridge)

There were dark days along this road,
Some days I had to shelter from the cold.
But if I knew it would turn out this way,
I would not change a single day,
So come what may,
I'm here to stay.
I'm not running away anymore.

So many years, my friends,
But this is not nearly the end.
I've still got nothing better to do,
Than sing my heart out for you,
That's true.
So thank you, all of you,
Thank you, thank you.

©2019 Chris Conway,
from the single So Many Years.

Songrise

I don't know just where I'm going,
I can't tell you where I'm from,
But there's a link between the old days and the young.
Winter sun casts the longest shadows,
Winter souls do much the same,
And the darkness is the hardest beast to tame.
But...

(chorus)

The sun will rise in the morning,
The sun will rise in our hearts,
The brightening skies,
Will be a sign that we've departed.
The moon will rise in the evening,
And a song will rise in our hearts,
And the starlit skies will remind us what we started.

High up on Electric Mountain,
Where the thunder rumbles round,
And the faces on the rock face guide me down.
It's not a time to shy away now,
It's a time for actions bold,
The fire is dwindling and the east wind blows so cold.
But...

(chorus)

(bridge)

Let the winter take its toll,
I feel a change in the wind,
The shattered days are on the mend.
I'm an indeterminate soul,
I don't know where I begin,
I don't know where I shall end.

Too many times I've started bravely,
I know just where I have to go,
Then the doubts and then the fears begin to grow.
But it is not the destination,
That makes the journey pay,
It's the things that you find out along the way.
Like...

(chorus)

(Will remind us what we started)
(Will be a sign that we've departed)

*©2006 Chris Conway,
from the album Close The Circle.*

Speak To Us Of Freedom

He gets home from the office,
And he shuffles off his shoes,
Puts his dinner in the microwave,
While he listens to the news.
He wishes he could've been a hero,
Or maybe sing the blues,
But he sits down by the TV screen,
While his mind gently stews.

And the air fills with voices,
Of the ones behind the walls.
Of fear, and lies, and pain.
And he can hear them say,
"Speak to us of freedom."
"Speak to us of freedom."

Born in Paris, Texas,
Now he drives through Paris, France,
And he dreams of all the cars he'd buy,
Given half the chance.
His wife is by his side,
And she's dreaming of romance,
And the tall and dark and handsome,
Inviting her to dance.

And the air fills with voices,
Of the ones behind the walls,
Of pain, and lies, and fear,
Suddenly they can hear,
"Speak to us of freedom."
"Speak to us of freedom."

Sometimes when life gets heavy,
Sometimes I like to moan,
So I call my friend in London,
And we grumble on the phone.
I drink and then I stumble,
And sometimes end up home.
But I get the strangest feeling,
That I am not alone.

And the air fills with voices,
Of the ones behind the walls,
Of fear and pain and lies,
And I can hear them cry,
"Speak to us of freedom."
"Speak to us of freedom."

*©2002 Chris Conway,
from the album My Mind's Island.
and live on Chris Conway & The Talking Fish Live.*

Spring In Winterland

I've seen the couples walk together,
but their hearts don't touch.
They walk with their minds by their sides,
To avoid connection,
Scared of contact,
Last time it hurt too much,
Now their prisoners,
For their own protection.

(chorus)

Guide me, guide me guide me round,
I'm a stranger in this town.
Sister wont you take my hand?
Help me find spring in winterland.

I've seen the people live their lives,
Inside cocoons,
Screens for windows,
Friends on the end of a wire.
Suspicious eyes stare out,
Form lonely rooms.
The differences between us,
Just fuel to their fire.

(chorus)

(bridge)

What becomes of the frozen hearted?
Can their love ever be revived?
Get in touch with our near departed,
Free another one from the hive.

Sleep walking shoppers lost,
In soap opera dreams.
They meet, they cant talk now,
They'll catch you later.
By design or coincidence
somehow to me it seems,
Your shopping malls,
Look just like refrigerators

(chorus)

(chorus)

©2002 Chris Conway,
from the album My Mind's Island.

Starting Over

There are times,
In all of our lives,
When you see the world around with such beautiful clarity.
And you want it so to last,
But the time goes by so fast,
And when that precious moment's past,
You're starting over.
Starting over.

There are people,
Who pass into our lives,
And you think they will be right beside you forever.
But if you hold on way too much,
Or use one as a crutch,
When they shatter at your touch,
You're starting over.

(bridge)
You've got to build a dream,
From scattered pieces on the ground.
Then have to believe,
In everything you've made and found.
And start to feel the magic,
Coz there's magic all around,
And it's written in the rhythm,
And the waves of every sound,
But no matter how long,
You sing your song,
It has to end.
And your starting over.
Starting over.

You are having the time of your life
When you step back and get a touch too much perspective
And the different points of view
Turn you seven shades of blue
And each shade is telling you
You're starting over.
Starting over.

©2008 *Chris Conway,*
from the album Chocolate Bossa.

Still Believe In The Masterplan.

Still believe in the masterplan
Peace and love for every man
Still believe in the masterplan
Peace and love through all the land.

*©2008 Chris Conway,
from the album Chocolate Bossa.*

Stormy Point

Stormy Point and Castle Rock,
Devil's Grave and over The Edge.
On the edge of all that you see.
There you will find him.

(chorus)

For the well runs by the wizard's will,
And The Iron Gateslock by the wizard's will.
And we all live by the wizard's will.

If you're going over The Edge,
And you have a white horse to sell,
And you meet a wizened old man,
Then you have found him.

(chorus)

If he takes you to The Iron Gates,
Where a hundred knights lie sleeping,
Beside ninety-nine white horses,
You cannot deny him.

(chorus)

Take a sip and drink they fill,
For the water runs by the wizard's will.
Take a sip and drink they fill,
For the water runs by the wizard's will.
Take a sip and drink they fill,
For the water runs, the water runs,
By the wizard's will.

©1995 Chris Conway,
from the album Sounds Like Rain.

Storyteller

There once was man, such a timeless man,
Sat up on the garden wall.
And we'd gather round seated on the ground,
And wait for the night to fall.
And we all would hush as he welcomed us,
With a voice as clear as a bell.
And without fail he would start his tale,
Saying, "I have a tale to tell"

(chorus)

And eyes meet eyes undter starlit skies,
And under the spell we'd fall,
Of the story told by a man so old,
Sat up on the garden wall.

And in words and song to the gathered throng,
Though he seemed to talk just to me,
Pictures he'd weave out of make-believe,
For an hour or maybe three.
He'd tell of our lives and he;d tell of our loves,
And of far an of wondrous lands.
He could make us laugh, he could make us cry,
We were clay in the sculptor's hands.

(chorus)

Well it;s night after night with our boxes of light,
And our eyes staring black and wide.
And the empty dreams from the TV screens,
Leave me cold and dead inside.
But that man from the past, how his stories would last,
We'd walk home with an inner glow.
And the dreams in my head from the words he said,
Are still with me wherever I go.

(chorus)

I went back to the place of my childhood days,
Alone in the evening air.
Many years had gone by, but I'd found that I,
Was back in that garden fair.
And I turned around as I heard the sound,
Of a voice that I knew so well.
Just a man alone, on a wall of stone,
Saying, "I have a take to tell".

©1996 Chris Conway,
from the album Flying Home.

Strange Orbit Of Life

I guess I've got to start again now.
That's how it seems.
Now that I've just seen,
All my precious dreams hit the ground,
But I'm not quite as down,
As I thought it be.
Strange how little,
They really meant to me,
In reality.

I guess I've got to start again now,
I've done it before.
I don't know how many times,
I've not been keeping score with it all,
But I'm having a ball,
In a funny kind of way,
Laughing at things,
That I used to say,
In those far off days.
But I know today.

(chorus)

That all comes round again,
Like the day follows the night,
And it comes round fast, so hold on tight,
On this strange orbit of life.

(bridge)

I don't know exactly what I'm gonna do.
I'm not a quitter, well that's not always been true.
I guess I could panic, and run around town.
Or wait til my turn on the wheel comes around.

Guess I gotta gotta, yes I gotta gotta,
Guess I gotta gotta gotta gotta start again now.
I've got a new plan.
I've got some fresh ideas,
But no one will understand what I mean,
Or they'll think that they've seen,
It all before.
Like a clown going round,
a revolving door,
Just once more,
But I know for sure.

(chorus)

And it all comes round again,
Like the night follows the day,
And it's coming round soon, come what may,
So it's time once again for me to say,

I guess I've got to start again now.

Strangers Still

She takes his hand,
And knows he'll understand.
And he touches her hair,
He knows something's in the air,
They're together but apart,
Strangers still at heart.
Memory lingers like footprints in the snow.

She looks at his eyes,
And knows what's on his mind,
And he knows that smile,
And what it tries to hide.
Between them the divide,
It still is just as wide.

Hearts move together but minds in reverse,
Each of them hoping the other one moves first.
Faces and shadows they come and they go.
Memory lingers like footprints in the snow.

Strangers - they are strangers.
They are strangers still at heart,
But they'll never part.

The air is clear,
His heartbeat changes gear,
Maybe in the dark,
They'll start to feel that spark,
and the light in their eyes is on,
One moment and it's gone.
Memory lingers like footprints in the snow.

It's much too late,
They can't communicate,
What they feel inside,
It's easier to hide.
Why did they get involved?
A mystery unsolved.

Hearts move together but minds in reverse,
Each of them hoping the other one moves first.
Faces and shadows they come and they go.
Memory lingers like footprints in the snow.

Strangers - they are strangers.
They are strangers still at heart,
But they'll never part.

*©2015 Chris Conway,
from the album Out Of The Blue.*

Strong Rivers

I was thinking of way back when,
The first time we danced together,
Sometimes it seems so long ago.
You asked me once, and then again,
"Can things really last forever?"
And I said, "Maybe, I don't know,
Because the..."

(chorus)

Strong rivers are the deep rivers and,
We're gonna reach that ocean,
But we don't know how, and the,
Strong rivers are the deep rivers and,
We've passed to many milestones,
Just to turn back now.

Old dreams can gather dust,
Waste neglected on the shelf,
Where they once held pride of place,
But our love will never rust,
Not by force and not by stealth,
Can they make us hide our open face
Because the...

(chorus)

The heavies have now shown their hand,
Tried to drive us underground,
With laws and politics and gold.
In every town in every land,
There's still plenty of us to be found,
Who cannot be bought or sold,
Because the...

(chorus)

Many miles we've walked together,
Many things we've had to say
Some in joy and some in pain.
"Can things really last forever?,
You asked me again the other day,
And my answer's still the same,
"I know the ..."

(chorus)

(chorus)

©2002 Chris Conway,
from the EP *Lost Tracks*.

Sunrise

In the night when the skies are falling,
And the light in the fire is calling,
I can see a reflection in your eyes,
Then I realise,
The sun is rising.

Though the storm in my head is blowing,
There's a warmth in my heart that's growing,
There's a balance between the world and my mind,
There for me to find,
The sun is rising.

When the last of the wars have ended,
And with our past on the shore befriended,
With a wing and a prayer and a song,
Though it took so long,
The sun is rising.

The sun is rising.
The sun is rising.
The night is over.
See the sun rise
See the sun rise.
The night is over.
The night is over.
See the new day dawning.
See the sun rise
See the sun rise.

*©2008 Chris Conway,
from the album Songs For Dreamers.*

Superheroes Never Die

Superman's has given up the fight,
It didn't even take any Kryptonite.
Lois Lane just up and went,
Left him for the spitting image of Clark Kent.
No longer mistaken for birds and planes,
He flies tourist class or catches trains.
Some habits still hang on from his youth,
He still changes his clothes in a telephone booth.

(chorus)

Superheroes never die, they only fade away,
They tried to save the future, but the future was yesterday.
Superheroes fade away but they never quit the scene.
Next time you see an old woman or man,
Think about who they might have been.

Batman's hung up all his capes,
No more KAPOW or last minute escapes,
No more damsels screaming "Help, Batman, free us!"
The Batmobile was traded in for a Prius.
Robin Boy Wonder ran away,
Now he runs a gay bar in San Jose,
But Penguin and Joker come to the Batcave,
Every Friday night for the poker game.

(chorus)

(bridge)

So don't make any assumptions,
Don't you judge too soon.
They might've been a teen idol,
Or written your favourite tune.
They might've danced naked at Woodstock,
They might've landed on the moon,
They might've been somebody just like me,
Or just just like you.

You wont recognise Wonder Woman today,
She sold her costume to a lap dancer from LA.
But she still transforms with a swooshing sound,
Becomes a school traffic guard by spinning around.
She wears the tiara once a week,
On Saturday nights dancing cheek to cheek,
Beside Green Lantern it sparkles bright,
At the super senior citizen's ballroom nights.

(chorus)

Someone like me – someone like you (x 4)
Someone like you.

*©2013 Chris Conway,
from the album Deep Space Love.*

Surprise Me

So many orbits around the sun,
And I hope to travel many more
But a feeling inevitably comes
That I've seen and heard everything before.
So I search in the dark,
For that special spark.
And the light goes out.

(chorus)

You can still surprise me,
Like the lightning and the thunder,
Your smile will always delight me,
Like the stars in the sky will always,
Fill me with wonder.

There's a seething wall of information
So many people, with so much to say,
How can I tune in to a single station,
Where the magic is alive today?
And the louder they shout,
The deeper my doubts.
And we all fall down.

(chorus)

(bridge)

Since the day you found me,
I gather dreams around me,
Cast them on the shore.
Let them fly once more.
Dance around the dances,
Chancing all the chances.
Learn to feel alive.
To random delights.
And the sound inside.

The past has gathered me together,
But the future is my new toy.
The world we know won't last forever,
So let's focus on what brings us joy.
We're a long time dead.
So let's forge ahead,
And on darker days,
In a thousand ways,
I know you'll make me smile.

(chorus)

*©2016 Chris Conway,
from the Chris Conway & Dan Britton album Safe Harbour.*

Survivors

I don't know and I don't care,
To count the hours, count the years,
When you and I were really there,
To turn and face a new tomorrow.
And how we courted our disasters,
And how we locked away the past

We are survivors.
We are survivors.
We are survivors.
You and I.

I've seen you in your darkest days,
With wild expressions on your face,
We made mistakes, we've changed our ways,
And helped each other face tomorrow.
And now our sins are all forgotten,
We can see the good beneath the rotten.

We are survivors.
We are survivors.
We are survivors.
You and I.

The outside world always conspires,
To help us cross each other's wires,
So sit with me beside the fire,
And stay with me until tomorrow.

*©1995 Chris Conway,
from the Chris Conway album Storming,
and from The Storm Thieves album Long Time.*

Tailspinning

You know they came for me this morning
Right at the break of day.
You know they came for me this morning
They're taking me away.

(chorus)

Because I'ma tailspinning,
Yes I'ma tailspinning,
Yes I'm loosing control.

They put a blindfold on me,
And took me to a padded cell.
They put a blindfold on me,
I ain't feeling so well.

(chorus)

(bridge)

I don't know why they should get me,
I hope it wont be for long.
Tell me why should they hit me,
I aint done nothin' wrong

Listen to me everybody.
And to the things I have to say
Listen to me everybody.
They'll come for you some day.

(chorus 2)

And you'll be tailspinning,
And you'll be tailspinning,
You'll be loosing control.

(solo)

(bridge)

Listen to me everybody.
And to the things I have to say
Listen to me everybody.
They'll come for you some day.

(chorus 2)

And you'll be tailspinning,
And you'll be tailspinning,
You'll be loosing control.

You know I know, you know I know,
Paranoia's setting in.
You know I know, you know I know,
I aint letting nobody in.

(chorus) x 3

©1995 Chris Conway,
from the album *Deja Blue*.

Take Me Away

She arrived just as the morning dew,
Evaporated from a field of corn.
She didn't say, but I think we both knew that,
She'd be gone, the first light of morning.
Was it the music playing in the trees?
Was it the laughter or the sheer surprise?
Was it the way her hair caught the breeze?
That made me finally realise that I've.

(chorus)

Been here too long
I've been wasting the best light of the day
Time to sing a new song
Just take me away - take me away.
Take me away

We walked out just as the sun was setting,
With the horizon and our hearts aglow.
With lots of promises of never forgetting,
This moment, when the time would come for her to go.
We were still walking when the moon was high,
Minutes were hours and the hours were days.
The sparks from the fire joined the stars in the sky,
Telling me that in so many ways, I have

(chorus)

Been here too long
We've been wasting the best light of the day
Time to sing a new song
Just take me away - take me away
Take me away, take me away.

(solo)

Eight o'clock found us at the station,
Saying nothing just staring at the clock.
I didn't care about our destination,
Our love would guide us – solid as a rock.
Suddenly she took my hand we started to rise,
Twenty, thirty, forty, feet off the ground.
There was a mysterious look in her eyes as she said,
“Come with me – we're skyward bound - because we've...”

Been here too long
We've been wasting the best light of the day
It's time to sing a new song
Just take me away - take me away.
Take me away, take me away.
oooooh – yeah take me away,
Take, take me away. Take me away
Take me away...

©2002 Chris Conway,
from the album *Alien Salad Abduction*.

Talismans

Gather the magic around me,
Touchstones of time in a circle before me.
They don't look like treasures to anyone else,
But they wove themselves into my story.

(chorus)

Talismans that can still reach you.
Instant connections to the world inside,
They still have more lessons to teach you,
While taking you on a magic carpet ride.

Seekers of wonder go lightly.
The more you collect the weaker their spell.
So gather the strongest ones round you tightly.
Select only those with the best tales to tell,

Like the Indian singer creating.
80 years old but with a twinkle in her eyes.
She seems to get younger the longer she sings,
Words I don't understand but I know they are wise.

(chorus)

(bridge)

On a smile from you across a crowded room,
Reminiscences flew of those shared before.
A late summer sunset, a bright thunder moon,
A kalaidoscope revolving door of your life.

(solo)

An old cinema in a midwinter storm.
No heating and graffiti'd walls all around.
The images up on the screen kept us as warm,
As the spirit we sipped as it burned its way down.

Memories and music surround me.
Paintings and films, and my favourite books,
I don't know just how or why they all found me,
But they lend me their power each that time I look.

(chorus)

(Gather the magic around me,
Touchstones of time in a circle before me.
They don't look like treasures to anyone else,
But they wove themselves into my story.)

(Magic,...seekers....creating....a smile....images....memories....music....paintings...
gather them all, gather them all...around and around and around and around)

(talismans talismans, talismans, talismans)

A kalaidoscope revolving door of your life.

Ten Years

Photographs are dangerous,
They send you back down avenues,
You thought were one way streets,
For so many miles.
And the long forgotten details,
Like paintings and ornaments,
They're reaching out to haunt you,
Like holiday smiles.

(chorus)

Ten years is it really ten years?
How did your voice sound,
And how did you look?
Ten years is it really ten years?
All I have is snapshots in my head
And some faces in a book.

Memories don't satisfy.
You reach out to touch them,
And the bubble will break,
And leave you hanging there.
So tread upon them lightly,
Coz no amount of wallowing can take you back faster
Than a fragrance in the air

(chorus)

Rose tinted eyes only see sunny skies,
But I'll live with the lies for a while longer.

I remember the occasions
Birthdays and New Years
And the first day that we met
Down by the railroad track
But I'd change them in a second
For the taste and the feel of
Just an ordinary day
Please take me back

Ten years is it really ten years?
How did your voice sound,
And how did you look?
Ten years is it really ten years?
All I have is snapshots in my head
And some faces...
Ten years is it really ten years?
How did your voice sound,
And how did you look?
Ten years is it really ten years?
All I have is snapshots in my head.

©1997 Chris Conway,
from the album *Out Of The Blue*.
Originally recorded by Vikki Clayton on her album *Movers And Shakers*.

The Alien Jellyfish Song

I land my ship in the middle of the night,
I open up the hatches and I get my first sight of this town,
I'm excited as I'm walking down the street,
I walk into a bar and you're the first one I meet.

I get a job behind the piano, you work behind the bar,
I have to admit my gaze doesn't shift far from you,
And sometimes you look back at me,
And I'm just about as happy as a piano player can be,

(chorus)

And I feel the world turning,
Around and around.
I can see the stars fly,
Around and around.
And the lessons I'm learning turn,
Around and around.
My head is floating in the sky,
In the sky – yeah, yeah, yeah.

I buy you a drink at the end of the night,
I don't know if I'm doing wrong or if I'm doing alright.
You say after work you're gonna come back to mine,
Well I warn you the journey takes a long, long time.

So we're flying in my starship away from the Earth.
Every second takes you further from the planet of your birth,
I say "Do you want to turn back, there's still plenty of time?"
And you say nothing on Earth is going to change your mind.

(chorus)

Well back on home planet I say I haven't been straight,
Coz this is not my body, this is not my shape.
I turn back into an jellyfish suspended off the floor and you say,
"Hey baby that just turns me on some more!"

Then you start laughing and say, "You wont believe!"
And you turn into the cutest jellyfish I've ever seen.
You say you've been stranded on Earth for ten years alone and you say,
"I've got to thank you for taking me home"

(chorus)

(chorus)

In the sky, yeah!

©2001 Chris Conway,
from the album *Alien Salad Abduction*,
and the Chris Conway & Dan Britton album *Just Be Real*.
and on live albums *Live!*, *Live & Peace* & *Outer Space*, *Minute Of the Hour*,
and on the Govannen album *Sniff The Pony*.

The Answer

You love the idea of me,
But not the reality.
Because your fantasy,
Is something I can never be.
But I hope that you'll find,
That special one in your mind,
And given luck and given time,
They'll have the answer.

We gave it everything we had,
Some shelter in a world gone mad.
I don't know how good times turned bad,
But we're not here to make each other sad.
So it's time to move on.
No one's right, no one's wrong,
And like a child, like a song,
We'll seek our answer.

But when times were right,
We used to talk all night,
And let our dreams take flight,
Until the morning light.
But piece by piece our love,
Fell like the leaves,
From autumn trees,
On cold and breezy days,
Spring seems so far away.

We all have questions deep inside.
Solutions try their best to hide,
By being so magnified,
You can't see them though they're miles wide.
But when you pause and reflect,
Certain facts just connect,
And in the feelings you reject,
You'll find your answer.

*©2008 Chris Conway,
from the album Chocolate Bossa.*

The Devil's in Grey

He's always got the same expression,
With dollar bill signs in his eyes.
He's the one who invented the depression,
An expert in the art of lies.
He sold all his friends down the river,
Just to keep ahead of the game.
His employees all give a shiver
Just at the sound of his name.
You can hear him count his money in his head,
And the only colours he sees are black and red.

(chorus)

Through his eyes the skies never are blue,
And there's nothing that he wouldn't do.
The devil's in grey,
Coz he likes it that way,
The devils in grey,
And he's there everyday ,
On the eight o'clock train to the city.

He goes on about personal freedom,
The individual's right to choose.
He wont join'em coz he's out to beat'em,
And heaven help you if you lose.
He relishes his games of power.
He likes to watch people jump when he shoots.
He leaves a taste in your mouth that's sour.
As he tramples on you with his boots.
He writes the rulebook as he goes along,
And he never thinks he's doing any wrong.

(chorus)

He slips back-handers to the politicians,
He knows he'll be paid back in kind.
He'll benefit from their decisions,
And the voters never seem to mind.
He deals with gun runners and weapons,
So you know who you have to thank.
Whenever a small war threatens,
He's laughing on the way to the bank.
And he'll say there's no alternative to war,
And we'll fall for it just like we did before.

(chorus)

(chorus)

*©1995 Chris Conway,
from the album **Deja Blue**.
and live on album **Minute Of The Hour**.*

The Earth Child Returns

The Earth Child has returned,
And again she wants to know,
Of all that that I have learned,
From the magic she has shown me.

She changes before my eyes.
The child, the lover, grey lady, and ghost,
In the dreams throughout my life,
Did I learn all I was supposed to?

(chorus)

The past and future whisper at my door.
When my fears are dancing round the floor,
My strange companion takes me to the shore,
And disappears as always,
Leaving me stronger and forever wanting more.

The child taught me rebirth,
The lover taught me to live in the now,
The Grey Lady showed me the Earth,
The ghost then showed me when and how to get away.

(chorus)

(bridge)

There's so much I want to show you,
But you vanish as soon as you arrive.
I'd really like to get to know you,
But I want to keep the mystery alive.

(solo)

Now the four become the one,
And there is silence for a while.
I show her all that I have done,
And I see all her faces smiling,
At me.

*©2021 Chris Conway,
from the album Unlocked Songs.*

The End

The end is in sight now.
Last of our darkest nights.
All our fears will be over.
All our tears are gone and forgotten.

Wake with the sunrise.
The stars are your only guide.
Take me down to the river,
Hear the sound of love dancing in your heart

The end is in sight now.
Last of our darkest nights.
All our fears will be over.
All our tears are gone and forgotten.

Wake with the sunrise.
Take me down to the river,
Hear the sound of love.

©2008 *Chris Conway,*
from the album Chocolate Bossa.

The End Of The World

Suddenly,
People don't seem to want to be free,
Only see what they're wanting to see,
And although it's really getting to me,
It's not the end of the world.

Lost my way,
Madness still seems to be holding sway,
People run wild in complete disarray.
Out of the crowd I hear you say
It's not the end of the world.

Come with me,
Away from the blind mediocrity,
Drop what you're doing,
And stay my friend, to the very end.
And take my hand, and understand,
The way things should be,
Before the end of the world.

On the screen,
Politicians say how it might have been,
Painting themselves as greener than green,
The picture breaks up, is it really a dream?
Or is it the end of the world

In their rooms,
Panicking people sit in the gloom,
Never to see the spring flowers bloom.
Holding their breath as they wait for the boom
That is the end of the world.

Touch my lips,
Together we'll face the apocalypse.
We'll talk of past times,
And the ones to come, while we watch the sun,
Set for the last time, out of sleep we'll climb,
I'll meet you there,
After the end of the world.
After the end of the world.

©1995 *Chris Conway*,
from the album Deja Blue.

The Fish Song

(chorus)

I'm the hatstand man, the hatstand man,
A one-a-penny, two-a-penny hatstand man,
In the land of the hatstand fan man clan,
The hatstand, hatstand man.
FISH!

If you need somewhere to hang your hat,
Or to prop your baseball bat,
Or hide your dinner from your cat,
A hatstand does all that.

(chorus)

I call my hatstand Arabella,
That's where I hang my umbrella,
It's my girlfriend's but don't tell her,
Or she'll find another fella,

(chorus)

In space what is the hatstand's fate?
It doesn't work where there's no weight,
In fact when it is in this state,
It may as well be a...
FISH!

(chorus)

FISH! FISH! FISH! FISH!
FISH! FISH! FISH! FISH!
FISH! FISH! FISH! FISH!
FISH! FISH! FISH! FISH FISH!
FISH

©2013 Chris Conway,
from the album Deep Space Love.

The Garden

I've been kind of invisible lately,
Its getting hard to track me down.
But don't you try to find me,
Because I've gone underground.
One step forward and two steps back,
May be kind of slow but I'm on the right track.

(chorus)

And I never say yes,
Never say never,
Leave every door half open, half closed.
Life is a circle going round forever.
And I'm watching my spirit grow
In the garden.

I've got coloured lights to remind me,
Of the stars above my home.
And voices in the rain remind me,
That we are not alone.
Getting a little crazy, a little bit fried,
But they're never never never gonna take me alive.

(chorus)

They say you've got to live for the moment,
But it just goes by too fast.
And there's never been a moment,
So overburdened with past.
So we're living in the future, you and I,
Our roots are down deep
And we're heading for the sky

And I never say yes,
Never say never,
Leave every door half open, half closed.
Life is a circle going round forever.
And I'm watching my spirit grow
And I never say yes,
Never say never,
Leave every door half open, half closed.
Life is a circle going round forever.
And I'm watching my spirit grow
In the garden.
In the garden.
In the garden.
In the garden.

*©2002 Chris Conway,
from the album My Mind's Island.
and live from the album Minyute Of The Hour.*

The Great Escapist

Winter in the valley,
With that first sharp intake of breath I know it's here.
The stars shall be my blanket,
While I sit here by the fire and disappear.
Turn the dials and corners,
Of the pages of another atmosphere.

And love grows cold, as time grows old
Colder by degrees, but before I freeze
I'll be gone.

(chorus)

Coz I wont be there when the walls come tumbling down,
I wont be there to hear the sirens scream.
You will find me in the final sacred burial ground,
Piecing together the last remaining pieces of the dream,
Of the dream.

Seasons change,
Brings it's own kind of moody introspection.
There's corners of my life,
That do not bear up to too close inspection.
I'm staring at the mirror,
But I cannot recognise my own reflection.

But I can see, not far from me,
I'll love and then I'll lie, I will live and die
And I'll be gone

(chorus)

Hold the crystal high,
Up toward the light.
Let the colours flood in,
To this empty night.
Feel the magic,
And with our second sight,
We'll soar into the future,
Like a soul bird in flight,
A soul bird in flight.

So farewell it is,
To my walls of stone and coloured glass.
I built them up myself,
When the world seemed to be turning way too fast.
Well there's no more rough and ready.
Cos this time, this time this time, we're gonna build to last.

Cos now and then, I start again.
Back where I began, but before I can,
I'll be gone.

(chorus)

©2006 Chris Conway,
from the album *Close The Circle*.

The Last Place On The Earth

Come with me,
To the last place on the earth,
Where everything is free,
And we know what things are really worth,
And life is for living,
Everything just seems to gel,
And everybody's busy ,
Giving something of themselves to someone else.

Come with me,
To the last place on the earth,
Where everybody's happy,
No one ever has to work.
And dwindling in numbers,
No one ever keeps the score,
Soon we'll join the slumbers,
Of all the other folks who went before.

I can see by the look on your face,
Your thinking it can't be as rosy as it seems.
There might never ever be such a place,
But I can dream.. I can dream...

Come with me,
To the last place on the earth,
Where the very last taste,
Is just as good as the first.
And the body you were born in,
Seems far away somehow,
And suddenly without warning,
Dreams can turn into a different kind of now.

Come with me, to the last place on the earth x4

©2011 Chris Conway,
from the album Time Traveller.

The Long Way

We've been through the hardest times,
But we've seen them through together.
Like travelling on parallel lines,
That go on and on forever,
And should we so through the wars,
No matter how fortune frowns,
We'll steer a steady course,
Through all of life's ups and downs.

(chorus)

And should we find ourselves,
Running aground,
Remember that the shortest way home,
Is the long way around.
We may be lost but we both know,
That the long way around,
Is the shortest way home.

It's getting pretty late at night,
The day has not gone well.
Something is on your mind,
I know that you're not going to tell me.
Sometimes a distance between us,
Opens like a great divide,
But we know that till the morning,
We'll put all of our troubles aside.

(chorus)

(bridge)

We ain't got no time for short cuts,
When one door opens, another door shuts.
There ain't no quick fix that's worthy of the name.
We're hanging around, we're playing,
The long game, the long game.

The dark clouds have lifted now,
Taking with them the storm.
So long as we've a furrow to plough,
We will stay safe and warm.
Though we're both well aware,
Of where it is we want to go.
We know that we'd best prepare,
For a little more rain and snow.

(chorus)

(chorus)

©1995 Chris Conway,
from the album *Sounds Like Rain*.

The Missing Years

Where were you?
Where was I?
How did time pass us by?
With everything we've been through,
What can you say?
What can I do?
Can we try something new?
The missing years, the missing years,
Where was I?
Where were you?

Where am I?
Where are you?
It came right out of the blue,
Bluer than summer skies,
No promises and no disguise,
No distances in our eyes,
The missing years, the missing years,
Here you are
Here am I
Here am I

©2008 Chris Conway,
from the album Chocolate Bossa.

The Old Man's Song

Still I miss you every day
Every morning something's missing
Are you oh so far away?
Or are you close beside me listening?

You left me for to make my way
I hope that you would be proud of me
I know you would be anyway
Whatever it was I chose to be

Sometimes in mine I hear your voice
Sometimes I use one of your phrases
The mirror says I have no choice
But to be a blend of your two faces.

Now I'm as old as you once were
You've been gone for quite a while
Your faces have become a blur
But I think of you and sadly smile.

And still I miss you every day
Every morning something's missing
Are you oh so far away?
Or are you close beside me listening?

*©2011 Chris Conway,
from the album Time Traveller.*

The Photograph

One look,
One moment,
One click,
Captured.
Forever frozen.
Locked in a frame,
Always the same.

Time flew.
Years passed.
But not for you,
Behind the dusty glass.
A glance becomes,
Eternal becomes,
An icon.

I wish I could see you now,
Beyond this photograph.
But time did not allow.
For now it's all I have.
So there you stay.
The way you looked that day.

One look.

*©2018 Chris Conway,
from the album We're All Astronauts.*

The Real You

Some smiles are for summer mornings,
And some are for winter nights.
Some never dim their brightness,
When you turn out the light.
Some barriers block your progress,
Some you can step right through.
Tell me which of them is you?

(chorus)

Shine a light to guide me to you,
Past the darkness in your eyes.
Shine it bright so I can see right through,
All of your disguises.
Shine a light,
On the real you.

The way you act with old friends,
Or the voice you use on the phone,
The voices that only you hear,
When you are on your own,
The look that says, "I love you",
The look that says, "I don't care",
Tell me is anybody there?

(chorus)

(bridge)

The tricks, the camouflage, and the stooge,
White lies and diplomacy,
Back projections and subterfuge,
It's all so hard to see,
The reality.

The person you thought you could be,
Or the one that you left behind,
Are you the person of strong convictions?
Or with doubts at the back of your mind?
Reflected on bevelled mirrors,
Deflected onto silver screens,
You have to be believed to be seen.

(chorus)

©2000 Chris Conway,
from the album *Earth Rising*.

The Space Accountant

I am an astronaut just like my dad
He said I had the the right stuff I think he must be mad.
After ten years on the Mars run, I wanted to fly into the sun
But recalled the number crunching fun I had when I was a lad.

chorus

I wish I was an accountant just like my Uncle Roy
I always wanted to be one since I was a boy.
So long you spacer deadbeats, you can keep your space fleets,
My future lies in spreadsheets, an accountant's life for me!

I was sent to Space Academy, my father made me go.
Of starships and astronomy I didn't want to know.
To wake me from the slumbers, of eclipses and penumbras
I secretly added numbers that made my heart beat so.

(chorus)

So I studied back on Earth, accountant training it was tough,
But after a couple of years of it I'd really had enough.
Get me out of this counting place, I want to rejoin the human race,
Take me back to outer space - I've got the right stuff!

(chorus B)

I wish I was an astronaut like Dad and Aunty Jean,
I've always wanted to be one since I was a teen.
The Mars run never got me down,
It's backwards and forwards and round and round.
But it beats accountancy hands down
An astronaut's life for me!

Two years later,
Earth, Mars, Earth, Mars, Earth, Mars, Earth, Mars,
Earth, Mars, Earth, Mars, Earth, Mars, Earth, Mars.... (yawn)....

With both space and accounting I had some serious doubts.
Then I thought if I combined the two the bad would cancel out.
Now I do accounts on Starbase 9, like no aunt, or uncle, or parent of mine,
Now I count the stars in my spare time and I've finally found out,

(chorus C)

That I'm glad I'm an space accountant just like I happen to be.
I always wanted to be one since university,
Accountants and spacer deadbeats, counting all the space fleets
Outer space on spreadsheets, a space accountant's life for me!

©2020 Chris Conway,
from the EP Fake News and other silly songs.

The Storm

Then there was thunder,
With a flash of light.
A feeling of wonder,
Flew through the autumn night.
And you took my hand,
And we took to the street.
Where the people had gathered,
In the strange shimmering heat.

And then the rains came,
And washed away the tears.
I heard an old man say,
"What have we been doing all these years?"
Like we had been shaken,
From a nightmare sleep.
Hope reawakened.
Coming up from the deep.

(chorus)
We can live again,
We can breathe again,
Now the future's in our hands.
Right on track again,
Wont look back again,
We are taking back this land.

We tore down the barricades,
Of politicians and thieves,
Sweeping the decades,
Away with the autumn leaves.
We were laughing together,
In the pouring rain,
We swore we never, we never would make,
The same mistakes again.

(chorus)

And when the last dark clouds,
Had finally fled,
Our love surrounded us,
The air was still warm.
And we meant every word that we said.
After the storm x 4

There's a new storm coming x 4
We can live again,
We can breathe again,
We wont be afraid,
There's a brave new world.
After the storm.

*©2015 Chris Conway,
from the album Out Of The Blue.*

The Violet and the Rose

Roses are red,
Violets are not.
Just be thankful
For what you've got.

Violets are tender.
Roses have thorns.
It's hard to change,
The way you were born.

chorus
How does your garden grow?
You only reap the love you sow.
We all share the garden,
And freedom flows when you,
Cherish the violet.
Embrace the rose.

Violets are violet,
Roses, they vary.
Diversity does not,
Have to be scary.

Roses are big.
Violets are small.
But both look the same
To the garden wall.

(chorus)

Rose leaves are green,
Violet's are too.
They had more in common,
Than they both knew.

©2020 Chris Conway,
from the Chris Conway & Dan Britton album *Wonder*.

The Waters Of Time

There is a man who stands with his back to the devil,
And his face to the deep blue sea,
And he tries to keep his mind on the level,
While he sets the caged bird free.

There's a woman who stares out the window pane,
When the locks on the door are gone.
And the path ahead sings again,
An old familiar song.

(chorus)

The waters of time flow faster,
Each drop has a tale to tell.
But the time soon calls when you'd trade it all,
For one more sip from the well.

There's a boy who sees the strangest things,
And the rest of the world's gone blind.
So he builds himself a pair of wings,
And travels in his mind.

There's a girl who sees beyond the sky,
Every dream that she dreams comes true.
She'll look you squarely in the eyes,
And weave a dream for you.

(chorus)

(bridge)

The children who became the woman and man,
If they find their way,
Will become children once again,
And cherish every day,
And happily they will stay that way.

So run into the ocean,
Step out of the old front door,
Drink deeply of the potion,
You'll never want for more.

There are strange things to see out there,
There is magic beyond the sky,
There are wings to fly up through the air,
And dreams that never die.

(chorus) x 2

(outro)

(The waters of time go faster) – (one more sip from the well)
(Each drop has a take to tell) - (one more sip from the well)
(chorus lyrics)

The Wishing Tree

I've been waiting for a long long time,
For the water to turn to wine.
Waiting for that roll of the dice,
Almost had it there once or twice.
I met a man in Twelve Acre Wood,
Said he knew where a wishing tree stood.
Dance around it for a minute or two,
Then your secret wish will come true.

(chorus)

Dance around the wishing tree,
Wish a little dream for you and me.
Wish it good and wish it right,
Make the dream come true because the night,
Comes all too soon,
So wish for the moon.

There is one thing that I have learned,
Things feel better when they've been earned.
So is it right for you and me,
To get our dreams so easily?
But there's a lot to be wishing for,
A wish for love or an end to war,
A wish for money or a wish for fame,
A wish to put things right again.

(chorus)

(bridge)

Ohhh, What is it that you wish tonight?
Are you willing to take a chance?
Or is there something you'd rather hide?
Will you really dance?
Will you dance? x3

Before you rush and take my hand,
There is something you should understand.
The old tree has a trick or two,
Only secret wishes come true.
A man wished for his ailing child,
Little one died in a very short while.
His secret wish had a secret plan,
And he became a very rich man.

(chorus)

(outro – chorus x 2)

*©2011 Chris Conway,
from the album Time Traveller,
and the Chris Conway & Dan Britton album Safe Harbour.*

The Wrong Song

The next song's,
The wrong song.
It wont take long,
And now it's gone.

©2009 Chris Conway,
from the album The Last Phoenix – Live 2009.

There Is Love

There's a head that is reeling,
There's a life out of control,
There's a strange uneasy feeling,
In the heart of your soul.
But there is life,
There is light,
There's a spring back in your stride,
There's a strong desire to run,
But there is nowhere you can hide.

(chorus)

And there is love,
Like a warm embrace.
Heaven above,
Is written clear across your face.
There is love,
It's taken all your inner space,
There is love, there is love, there is love.

There are questions without answers,
There are the most attractive lies.
Across the room there is a dancer,
With diamonds in her eyes.
There is risk, there is chance,
There's the wise man, there's the fool,
There's a time for romance ,
If you can only keep your cool.

(chorus)

(bridge)

Tell me why
Do you jump when you hear the phone?
Tell me why
It feels wrong to be alone?
Tell me why
Now it's not all about you?
Tell me why
Is it too good to be true?

Every rendezvous is secret
Every spoken word is hushed
Every day and every week it
Feel your life is one mad rush
There's a picture on your wall
There's a card beside your bed
There is time to recall
Every single word she said.

(chorus)

(chorus)

©2011 Chris Conway,
from the album *Time Traveller*.

This Old Road

The moon is high, starlit sky,
The last companion's long departed,
Through the night, left and right,
And step by step will see me home.

(chorus)

On this old road my old enemy (adversary, or anemone???)
This old road seems never to end,
This old road will see me safely,
Treat me like a long lost friend.

By and by the nightowl's cry,
Keeps me company on the journey,
Singing of a lover lost,
A song for one so far from home.

(chorus)

(bridge)

The bridge over the running stream,
Wakes me from my tired dream,
And makes me smile because it means,
That I am more than halfway home.

How many times have I seen that sign?
How many times the broken gate?
The twisted oak, the windswept pine?
Companions on my journey home.

(chorus)

Across the way in a field of grey,
The porch light is my guiding star,
And like the moth flies to the flame,
I'm irresistably drawn back home.

(chorus)

(bridge2)

Left past where the willow's weeping
Light through where the ivy's creeping
From the room where my love is sleeping
The door is open, I am home

(chorus)

And this old road, my old adversary,
This old road has come to an end.
This old road has seen me safely,
Treated me like a long lost friend.
Treated me like a long lost friend.
Treated me like a long lost friend.

©1995 Chris Conway,
from the album Sounds Like Rain,
and The Storm Thieves' album Live at the Bayou.

Three Headed Girl

Well I'm happy to tell you all that I've got a new girl,
And I'm not exaggerating when I tell you that she's out of this world.
There's one thing you might've noticed if I hadn't've told ya,
She's got 3 heads, 1 perched on each shoulder.

(chorus)

She's my 3 headed girl, - (3 headed girl)
She's my alien girl - (alien girl)
She's my 3 headed and she means the whole world to me -
(3 headed, 3 headed, 3 headed girl)
She's my 3 headed girl, (3 headed girl)
She's my alien girl - (alien girl)
And together we're living in perfect 4 part harmony (yyyyyyyyy)

When I first met her she was walking down the road,
She greeted me sweetly with a cheery, "Hello", "Hello", "Hello".
And when we first started dating it was a little intricate,
But I pretty soon learned to give out my kisses in triplicate.

(chorus)

When we have a disagreement it isn't problematic
Coz on her insistence we're always democratic
So whenever we argue although she is devoted
She'll hear me out but I always get outvoted 3 to 1 !!!

(chorus)

(bridge)

Left head is a scientist, middle head takes to the arts,
Right head's not academic but she's got all kind of streetwise smarts.
And if I have a problem. and I don't know what's to be done,
She'll come to me and says "Let me help, coz 4 heads are better than 1!"

She'll never get lonely when I leave her on her own,
But she spends a fortune on hats and mobile phones - (chatter chatter etc...)
She really loves singing and I'd be willing to bet,
That we're the only duo barbershop quartet - (barbershop quaaaaartet)

(chorus)

Well years have gone by and we're married and we have a child.
A beautiful girl and she makes all 4 of us smile.
But I can see your curiosity,
You're thinking "How many heads has she got, does she take after my alien lady or me?"
Well.....she's my

(chorus)

3 headed girl, 3 headed girl - My half alien girl - (half alien girl)
She's my 3 headed girl and she means the whole world to me
- (3 headed 3 headed 3 headed girl)
I got two 3 headed girls - (3 headed girls)
They're my alien girls - (alien girls)
And together we're living in perfect 7 part harmony – (yyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyy)

©2020 Chris Conway,
from the albums *Live & Peace & Outer Space*, and *Deep Space Love*.

Three In The Morning

It's three in the morning.
What do I see?
The room's crowding in,
Getting the better of me.
The light's coming in,
From the world outside.
The rain's coming down,
On a winter's night.

(chorus)

And I look left, I look right, I look to the sky.
You always seem to be just one step behind me.

I walk through the back streets,
And along the way,
People pass left and right,
Don't have much to say.
And the streets themselves,
The red and the grey,
Seem to be wishing,
For better days.

(chorus)

It's three in the morning,
And a brand new day.
People are laughing,
With plenty to say.
Not tomorrow or today.
One day we'll find,
The green from the grey.

And I look left, I look right, I look to the sky.
You always seem to be just one step behind me.

And I look left - (I look left)
I look right - (I look right)
You always seem to be,
Just behind me.
Just behind me (one step behind me)
Just behind me (one step behind me)

The green from the grey. X4

©1994 Chris Conway,
from the album *Storming*,
and *The Storm Thieves* album *Endless Freefall*.

The Deal Is Done

They can take away my number,
They can take away my name.
They can write me write me down and lose the file.
They can make us believe that we're all the same.

They can push us to the sidelines.
They can make us feel that we're all alone.
They can make conforming so so easy.
They can try to change us into one of their own.

(chorus)

But I'm not going to give it away my darlin',
While I can still see the sun.
I'm not going to give it away my darlin',
Until the race is run,
Until the deal is done.

They can sell me what is already mine,
They can count their coins to their hearts content.
They can drown us in their media,
Twisting the minds of the innocent.

They can cut down my green forests,
They can cut holes in my sky,
They can cover me in concrete,
But they never have to tell me why.

(chorus)

(bridge)

For all time, and down the generations,
It's time for a brand new day.
It's time for us to awaken,
We can't just sit back and what them take it all away.

They want to stop us getting together,
They always find someone else to blame.
They think they can keep on winning forever,
They can rewrite the rules of every game.

They can make me crave things I do not need,
They can turn the world to a superstore.
They can censor what I hear and read,
They can declare that we're at war.

(chorus)

Til the deal is done,
Til the deal is done,
Til the deal is done.

*©2011 Chris Conway,
from the album Time Traveller.*

Time Circle Dance

1. We're not running out of time.
Time is running out on us.

So don't wait in line,
Be the driver and the bus

Feel the rhythm in the rhyme
Find the silver in the slime
Find the diamonds in the dust

2. We're singing in the ring
We're dancing for the Earth

Feel the the spirit cling
To the death and the rebirth

We'll celebrate and sing
Of the love in everything
And truly know what life is worth

3. The dark force is rising
And demons walk the night.

But the circle reminds us
Of love and of the light.

With memories that bind us,
The sorrow cannot find us
If we sing the magic right.

4. Let us think not of death now
Or thoughts of the hereafter

Share a smile with a friend, how
This day was made for laughter

So let's circle one more round
Things can never bring us down
When we're singing to the rafters

5. We're dancing for the planets
We're singing for the stars.

We're going to live on Titan
We're going to move to Mars.

This orbit's not by chance
The universe is dancing
When we sing with all our hearts

6. We're not running out of time.
Time is running out on us.

*©2018 Chris Conway,
from the album We're All Astronauts.*

Time To Go Crazy

Wild smiling faces,
With tears in their eyes.
Like a child who keep laughing,
When he's trying to cry.
You ask me why, why, why,
Am I talking about you?
Time to sing, time to sigh,

(chorus)

Time to go crazy - Go crazy,
Time to go crazy - Run out the door.
Time to go crazy - Go crazy,
Time to go crazy - Then you'll want more.

Red as the green sky,
Beneath your feet.
You think that you're watching,
Another old repeat.
It's at the back of your mind.
Can you remember the end?
Time to stop, time to rewind.

(chorus)

You can hear thunder,
Deep inside your head.
Your eyes see all the colours,
Of the alphabet.
Somebody spells your name.
Have you heard that voice before?
Time to smile, time to recall,

(chorus)

(bridge)
If we're going to get there,
We'd better leave today.
Just start to let go,
And watch the world just drift away.

Dancing with dragons,
Some fool let in.
You're swimming all the languages,
There has ever been.
And it sounds like rain,
And it sounds like you.
Time to live, time to go, go, go.

Go crazy - Go crazy,
Time to go crazy - Run out the door.
Time to go crazy - Go crazy,
Time to go crazy - Then you'll want more.

So jump off the rails, try it for a day or two,
You may not find your way back,
You may not want to.

©2011 Chris Conway, from the album *Time Traveller*.

Time to Talk

You were looking right at me and I've,
Been looking at you.
There are so many things that I,
Want to tell you.
Time to talk - where the air is clearer.
Talk – where we can be by ourselves.
Talk – where we can get nearer,
And everything will be well.

(chorus)

But every time I try to tell you why,
I feel this way.
The moment always seems to pass me by,
Gotta wait for another day – another day.

We've been together a while and I,
Need to know,
How far and how quickly we both,
Want to go.
Time to talk – do we live together?
Talk – try to live for two as one?
Talk – will it last forever?
An will it still be fun?

(chorus)

When we're in a room together there's,
A strange atmosphere.
The only things which keep us together are,
Comfort and fear.
Time to talk – get it into the open.
Talk – can we really make amends?
Talk – why am I secretly hoping,
This is really the end?

(chorus)

©1993 Chris Conway,
*from The Storm Thieves albums Up To The Sun & Caught Live, and,
the Chris Conway & Dan Britton album Live, and,
the Chris Conway album Chocolate Bossa.*

To The Four Winds

The east wind it blows cold,
From the fen land to my home.
The flicker of a winter candle,
Angels walking on my grave.
Ghosts walk the night,
And trees roar like a wave.
Whistling around the angles,
Feelings in my bones,
Release the whispered cries,
Of souls forever locked,
Inside the stones.

The west wind brings the rain,
From the mountains, across the plain.
Landing on my window,
Flowing down in racing trails.
Is this the same west wind,
I used to fill my sails?
To carry me from the old country,
To where I've found my place.
Watching the west wind,
With a smile of recognition,
On my face.

The south wind brings the heat.
City dust spins down the street.
A summer long ago,
A veranda in the evening sun.
Hands held across the sky,
As we watched the colours run.
Something in this sultry air,
Blurs the future and the past.
The wind in my hair makes,
This summer seem to blend,
Into the last.
The north wind brings you back to me,
Flying in across my memory.
A house north of the border,
This breeze blew past your door.
Carried across hills and heather,
To waft across my floor.
Visions from disorder,
I know how it all begins.
I can see forever when I,
Set my mind to fly.
To the four winds.

*©2000 Chris Conway,
from the album Earth Rising,
and from the Chris Conway & The Talking Fish album, Live.*

Tomorrow Lives Again

When I gather the old friends around the fire,
And we listen to the old records,
As the flames rise higher,
And as the sounds and the spirits,
Take us so far away,
I wonder who amongst us,
Will be the first to say,
I remember.

(chorus)

I remember, I remember, I remember.
And one story leads to the next,
Happier times and all the rest.
Now the things that we believe in,
Seem under full attack.
And it seems too hard to go on,
And too late to change the track.
Now there is no going back,
And we've got to make tomorrow live again.

When I look back at the choices I was allowed,
Would I do anything differently,
Knowing what I know now?
But I know each time I've changed my life,
I've also changed my mind,
And I have no thought or feeling,
For the ones I've left behind.
But I remember.

(chorus)

(bridge)

Live again,
Like the clear mountain air.
Live again,
Like the flowers in your hair,
Like the days we used to share,
Live again.

Now we've all looked at our watches,
And it's well past time to go,
And now something of the old magic,
In our eyes begins to glow.
But with all our common backgrounds,
We feel like castaways.
And that none of our experience,
Has relevance today,
But we'll remember.

©1995 Chris Conway,
from the album *Sounds Like Rain*.

Train Of Thought

There's an ache like a whistle,
On a slow moving train,
On the backwater line,
At the back of my brain.
And it seems to get closer,
When I'm thinking of you.
And thinking of nothing,
Gets harder to do.

(chorus)

Take my ticket,
For I've paid my fair.
Be sure to wake me,
When we get there.
Coz there's someone at the station,
Waiting for me and I don't ,
Know my destination,
And I don't know who it will turn out to be.

My compartment is empty.
And that suits me just fine.
Coz I've got nothing to say,
And my thoughts are all mine.
So I stare out of the window,
And then close my eyes.
And hope the train stops,
Under friendlier skies.

(chorus)

(bridge)

Lost on a path of least resistance.
Will I find you in space, will I find you in time?
Will we meet like parallel tracks in the distance
At the vanishing point at the end of the line?

In the book that I'm reading,
The last chapter's torn out.
Coz I don't want to know,
What the story's about.
When I get to where I'm going,
I'll place the book on my shelf.
And I just might write.
The last chapter myself.

(chorus)

So...

(chorus)

*©2002 Chris Conway,
from the albums My Mind's Island, and Live & Peace & Outer Space,
and the Chris Conway & Dan Britton album, Safe Harbour,
and the Singer Silver Conway album, Live.*

Turn Me Around

You can run but,
Where you gonna hide?
When there's someone inside,
Who's been dying to meet you,
Trying to reach you.
But you have been so long upon the road.

A heavy load has been,
Taken from your back so it's
Time to backtrack,
Your back pages.
Your dark ages,
Will show you any place you want to go.

(chorus)

Turn me around, turn me around,
Scatter my dreams over alien ground.
Let them tall, let them grow strong
And we'll push back the darkness and
Tear down the walls with our love.
With our love, with our love, with our love.

Time arrives
All of the time, and there's a
Thousand lifelines in every second.
An anger beckons you but
You can only follow by her sound.

(chorus)

It's a long way down,
From the very highest shelf, so it's
Time to fill yourself,
To overflowing
Your spirit's growing,
You'll fall but you will never touch the ground.

(chorus)

(chorus)

©1995 *Chris Conway*,
from the album *Storming*.
And *The Storm Thieves* album, *Long Time*.

Unicorn Girl

Michael leaves for work,
At a quarter past eight.
No point in getting there early,
Doesn't want to get there late.
He sees a girl through the window,
Of a café door and thinks,
Where have I seen that girl before?

Michael had had a dream,
When he was a child.
He'd walk up to a girl,
She would feign a smile.
When he asked her, "Why so forlorn?"
She said, "Do you believe in unicorns?"

(chorus)
She was that Unicorn girl, Unicorn girl,
And he was the Butterfly Kid
She was the Unicorn Girl.

In the dream she says,
You remind me of a butterfly,
Who's forgotten how to laugh,
And hasn't learned how to cry.
Til he meets a young unicorn, and now they're
Laughing and crying from dusk 'til dawn.

(chorus)

Back in the real world,
Michael walks in off the street.
Doesn't know what to do with,
His hands or his feet.
He walks up to the girl, takes the bull by the horns.
And says "I believe in unicorns"

(chorus)

©2002 Chris Conway,
from the album *Alien Salad Abduction*.

Unsung Parts Of You

Have you noticed certain parts of the body,
Are always mentioned in song?
And the rest of the body gets ignored,
Coz it somehow just sounds wrong.
But I'm a little different,
And you will soon find out,
That I love the parts of you that no one ever sings about.

I gaze longingly into your ear,
I worship your nose and your toes,
And has anyone ever told you,
You've got adorable elbows?
What started this love crusade.
Was when I first saw your left shoulder blade,
Coz I love the parts of you that no one ever sings about.
I love the parts of you that no one ever sings about.

(bridge)

The rest of the world can have...
Your eyes, your hair, your lips, your face, your smile, your hands,
Songwriters are easy to please.
But can you think of another songwriter,
Who gets weak at the sight of your knees?
Unsung.... unsung, it's sad but true.
Unsung.... unsung ... unsung parts of you.

Your liver makes me shiver,
Your spleen is like a dream.
You've got the most beautiful brain,
That I have ever seen.
(Why aren't there more songs about brains?)
So when I say I love you inside and out,
I'm not playing tricks.
Others can have a date with your heart,
But I'd rather take out your appendix.
Coz I love the parts of you that no one ever sings about
I love the parts of you that no one ever sings about.
I love the parts of you that no one ever sings about.

Unsung...
Until now.

©2020 Chris Conway,
from the EP Fake News and other silly songs.

Vegetarian Vampire.

(chorus)

I'm a vegetarian vampire.
Your tender neck is perfectly safe with me.
My eyes may still burn with fire,
But I haven't tasted blood in over a century.

I gave up blood many years ago.
It was weighing heavy on my mind.
Got tired of stalking in the rain and snow,
And virgins were getting pretty hard to find.

(chorus)

I knew I had to try and break loose.
My blood bank account had gone into the red.
Now I drink gallons of tomato juice,
I'm the healthiest member of the living dead.

(chorus)

(bridge)

It depresses the hell out of my old dad,
But the whole world has gone vegetarian mad,
And I'm having the best time that I ever had,
I've got my own TV show Cook Veggie With Vlad.

No more Nosferatu at the dead of night,
We've got a new image and our future's rosy.
Don't like the vampires on Twilight,
But I guess we can't all be Bela Lugosi.

So one more drink, set em up Joe,
Give me just one more Bloody Mary.
Just how far can this thing go?
Should I try to give up dairy?

(chorus)

(chorus)

(chorus)

*©2013 Chris Conway,
from the album Deep Space Love.*

Virtual Girl

(chorus)

I've fallen for a virtual girl,
In a virtual city in a virtual world.
We virtually talk and we virtually feel,
We've got a virtual attraction,
Too good to be real.

I asked her out to a virtual café,
I said "Meet you there at seven what d'ya say?",
She said "Sounds groovy how will I know who you are",
I said "I'll be James Stewart". She said she'd be Heddy Lamar.

Things didn't start well on our virtual date,
I forgot about time zones, I was nine hours late.
She said "Cyber time is relative", so that was OK,
And as I changed to Cary Grant, she turned into Fay Wray.

(chorus)

Then we went dancing on the veranda,
I was Fred Astaire, she was Carmen Miranda.
We drank cyber wine and we talked all night,
There was no doubt about it – it was love at first byte.

Then she had to leave and I asked her why,
She said her telephone bill was getting way too high,
But she said "Meet you tomorrow at 8?" I said, "Who will you be?",
She said, "I'll come as you - you can come as me".

(chorus)

(bridge)

We've had our ups and downs on life's virtual road,
But love's all the sweeter when it's got to download,
And if you think you're heading for a fall,
To avoid the crash, just uninstall.

Ten, twenty years of cyber time have gone by,
She's still got the zip, I've still got the drive.
So if you see Bogart and Bacall in one of the bars,
On the rings of Saturn or the moons of Mars,
You'll know that...

(chorus)

I said that...

(chorus)

We've got a virtual attraction,
Too good to be real.
We've got a virtual attraction,
Too good to be real - Too good to be real.

Voices

Hear the sound from the highest places,
The last one to speak will be the first to return.
Benevolent smiles shine out from their faces,
But they're so long to live and I'm so slow to learn.

(chorus)

I hear voices around these four walls,
Tell me their stories and endeavour to guide me,
I hear voices the great and the small,
Voices – burning inside.

Whispered visions at every sunrise,
Keep green the memory of those here before,
I know their council is timely and wise,
And never forgotten but always ignored.

(chorus)

(bridge)

Echoes from childhood.
Ten golden rules.
Follies and falsehoods,
From felons and fools.
The friend and the stranger,
Unasked for advice.
Warnings of danger,
Or telling you lies?
Words on the street,
The joyous, the blue,
The loving, the sweet,
The too good to be true.
Words of closure,
Sealing my fate,
Words just in time
And words spoken too late.

Lessons from elders so well intended,
Legends and rumours and the morals of fables.
Gurus and heroes and the long lost befriended.
Pillars of wisdom or towers of Babel.

(chorus)

Burning inside me
Burning inside.
Burning in side me.

©2020 Chris Conway,
from the the Chris Conway & Dan Britton album Wonder.

Waiting For The Good Times

No one seems to want to know me anymore,
Same old me, they've seen it all before,
Old news, old blues.
Never seem to hear the knocks at the door
The ring of the bell, the letters on the floor.
But I'll be just fine, sipping my wine,
I'm waiting for the good times to come around.

No one ever seems to ask for my name.
How long can I keep playing these games?
Old dreams come apart at the seams.
Things are never going to be the same.
I wish I had someone else to blame.
But I'll rest here a while, with a sip and a smile,
I'm waiting for the good times to come around.

(bridge)
Some people are winners, some people are not.
There are those who are givers, and those that get got,
But I won't let them bring me down.
Coz I'm waiting.
Yeah I'm waiting,
I'm waiting for the good times to come around.

(solo)

(bridge)

One day things are going to happen for me,
I'll be the one she'll wanna see.
New days, different ways.
There's no way that you can force things to be.
It'll come around eventually.
So I'll stare into space, with a smile on my face.
I'm waiting for the good times to come around.

©1995 Chris Conway,
from the album Deja Blue.

Wake Me Up When It's Over.

What was the drug that put us under?
When was the moment we fell sound asleep?
How was it done? Was it guile or blunder?
That turned our minds from sceptics to sheep?

And we know something's not right here.
But we close our eyes,
No time for words from the wise.

Wake me up when it's over x2

Our leaders know they'll never wake us.
Softly and gently they take us to war.
They know that their lies will never shake us.
We'll vote them back in like we did before.

And we feel there's no one to trust now.
There's just me and you,
And I'm not so sure about you.

Wake me up when it's over x2

(bridge)
We know destination is surely oblivion.
We know that the journey is the only thing real.
And every few miles we pass turnings left and right.
Strange that we choose to sleep at the wheel.

One day there will be a grand awakening,
Then we will know who our enemies are.
Funny but I get the strangest feeling,
We're not going to have to look very far.

And when we find,
Ears that can hear us,
Eyes that don't fear us,
Minds that don't steer us.

I will meet you then,
Our eyes will re-open again.
We'll wake up and start over.

©2006 Chris Conway,
from the album Close The Circle.

We Have Life

We have life,
And life is for living,
And living is for learning,
And learning is for life,
And we have life.
Oh we have life

From all corners of the world,
To the heart of this land.
To make new beginnings, take our future in our hands,
And friendships made will last for the whole dance.
Of our lives.

We have life,
And life is for living,
And living is for learning,
And learning is for life,
And we have life.
Oh we have life.

As we gather for graduation
To go our separate ways,
The memories that bind us
Will never fade away,
And all that we've learned will reach out in a thousand ways.
To touch our lives.

We have life,
And life is for living,
And living is for learning,
And learning is for life
With unity in diversity.
That built this university
We have life.
We have life.

©2019 Chris Conway
from the album EPs & Singles Collection

Who In The Devil Are You?

Who in the devil are you?
I thought as you came into view,
Though I don't recognise you,
Some look in your eyes,
Reminds me of someone I knew.

I know that I recall your face?
Did you quit the scene in disgrace?
Don't remember the time or who I was with,
Don't even remember the place.

Turn the pages around,
All the ghosts in town,
Am I going mad?
I had the warning signs before,
Footsteps walking at my doorstep,
Getting nearer...nearer...!

Maybe it's the cut of your brow,
It's really annoying me now.
Pretty soon I will get it,
I feel I'll regret it,
I'll get there if time will allow.

(solo)

Turn the pages around,
All the ghosts in town,
Am I going mad?
I had the warning signs before,
Footsteps walking at my doorstep,
Getting nearer...nearer...!

So face to face what do I see?
There's you staring right back at me.
As I turn with a shiver, away from the mirror,
Who in the devil are we?
Who in the devil am I?

©1995 Chris Conway,
from the album Deja Blue.

Who Pays The Price?

(chorus)

Who pays the price,
For the lives we're living?
With a roll of the dice,
And their lives on the line.
With just a bowl of rice,
Between losing or winning.
While we run out advice,
Someone runs out of time.

Have you seen all the cars,
On Route 69?
Like humans in jars,
In six parallel lines.
In a thousand yards,
There's a thousand engines,
That can't see the scars,
That they're leaving behind.

(chorus)

Have you seen all the cash,
Spent at Christmas time?
When the stores push the trash,
On the feeble of mind.
While we're stuffed and we're smashed,
On good food and good wine.
Well I hope that we're having,
A damned good time.

(bridge)

Hold on - Why can't we lay goodwill,
Like we lay telephone lines?
Hold on - don't let the lines around our countries,
Be lines around our minds.
Hold on - I know I hear you say it's all so far away.
Hold on - You know if there was really a will,
There would be a way,
To pay the price.

Can they imagine,
As they lie there today?
That there'd ever be a country,
Throwing food away.
We know that they're hungry,
With their backs to the wall,
But we still pay our farmers.
To grow nothing at all.

(chorus) x 2

Hold on - I know I hear you say,
It's all so far away
Hold on - you know if there was really a will,
There would be a way.
To pay the price.

©1995 Chris Conway,
from the album *Sounds Like Rain*.

Wishful Thinking

You know it happens in the morning,
Right at the break of day,
Without any warning,
It always happens that way.
You can see her walking,
You can see her smile,
Pretty soon you'll be talking,
But that could take a little while.

(chorus)

Because a little wishful thinking,
Might ease you through the day, brother,
But too much wishful thinking can,
Blow your mind,
Blow your mind away.

Things are getting pretty hot,
But you say it's OK,
You know that it's not,
But you just say it anyway.
Coz in your minds eye,
You see a clear way through.
You know it's a lie,
But you've got nothing better to do.

(chorus)

Though you haven't got a dime,
The dream seems so clear,
Just a matter of time,
This could be your year.
You've lost your perspective,
Lost your vertical hold,
You know that something's gotta give,
And the winter blows mighty cold.

Because a little wishful thinking,
Might ease you through the day, brother,
But too much wishful thinking can ,
Blow your mind,
Blow your mind,

(chorus)

©2011 Chris Conway,
from the album Time Traveller.

Wonder

If I was a passenger,
On a light beam from a star,
Flying in towards the homeworld,
It wouldn't seem so far.
And of all the wondrous places,
On this world that I could land,
I'd choose to land beside you,
Gently holding your hand.

(chorus)

And I'd not ask for more.
That much would fill me.
I'd not ask for more,
That would do me well.
I'd not ask for more,
I'd not ask for more.

And if I were a magician,
Of real magic like in days of old,
And I could weave a spell for anything I wanted,
Turn glitter into gold.
And I could perform miracles,
But I'd get bored after a while.
But show me the wonder,
That I can see in your smile.

(chorus)

And if I had a time machine,
In this old guitar case,
And could revisit and moment,
Be any time and any place,
And be a witness to history,
See days that changed the world, and yet,
I'd rather relive,
The first time that we met.

(chorus)

I'd not ask for more.
I'd not ask for more.

*©2002 Chris Conway,
from the album Alien Salad Abduction,
and the Chris Conway & Dan Britton album Wonder.*

Wonderful Time

There's more to live than 9 to 5,
Let's remember we're alive,
Time to break the old routine,
Peel our eyes from off the screen.

(chorus)

Coz you don't have to hurry, don't have to worry
Let's have a wonderful time.
Forget about tomorrow, forget about your sorrow,
Let's have a wonderful time.

Think of something to celebrate,
Like your birthday three months late,
Empty pages build up fast,
So come on let's create some past.

(chorus 2)

So just turn off the TV, cancel the papers,
Let's have a wonderful time.
It's a habit you can break it, together we can make it.
Let's have a wonderful time.

(bridge)

Leave the world behind,
You can take your time,
Feel your head unwind,
Why not ease your mind,
Laughter's not a crime,
All the things you'll find,
When you cross the line.

(solo)

(bridge)

Leave the outside world at bay,
It's gone tomorrow and it's here today,
All our trouble all our fears,
Will never wash away our tears.

Nothing will ever bring us down,
We're together and we've gone to ground,
Memories are made today,
Leave behind the men in grey.

(chorus)

Coz you don't have to hurry, don't have to worry
Let's have a wonderful time.
Forget about tomorrow, forget about your sorrow,
Let's have a wonderful time, time time to,
Turn off the TV, cancel the papers,
Let's have a wonderful time.
It's a habit you can break it, together we can make it.
Let's have a wonderful time.

©1995 Chris Conway,
from the album *Deja Blue*.

Write You Down

(chorus)

Write you, write you, write you down,
With every word, part of you disappears,
Making every letter count,
Write you, write you down, down, down.

Like a castle, I am haunted,
Like a ghost, I see you there,
Part of me remains undaunted,
Part of me still seems to care.

(chorus)

Time for giving, time forgetting,
Time to come back in to land,
But tomorrow, what's the betting,
I will take a pen in hand, and...

(chorus)

(bridge)

Every look I try to capture,
Every moment, every glance,
Every sound, every gesture,
Every failed second chance.
I'll write you down.
I'll write you down, down,
I'll write you down
I'll write you down

The task is done, the ink is drying,
As the paper hits the flame,
Is this living?, Is this lying?
Will tomorrow be the same?
Or will I

(chorus)

(chorus)

Down, down, down, down, down, down.
Write you write you down.

©1996 *Chris Conway*,
from the album Flying Home.

Writing In The Sand

Soldiers of fortune,
Never die wealthy men.
The sunrise, the full moon,
Are their only true friends.
Like the whale and the harpoon,
Their fate is in your hands,
You're only writing in the sand.

There are no barriers,
You can see with your eyes.
Like the plague has it's carriers,
They wear a disguise.
Like the hawks and the harriers
Circle high over the land.
You're only writing in the sand.

(bridge)
Emerald eyes, golden suns.
You're waking to a brand new day.
Starry skies, the night is young,
And you're aching to be far away.

(solo)

The beast you've been stalking,
Died out long ago.
And while you were talking,
Where did everybody go?
The road you are walking,
Can never be planned.
You're only writing in the sand.
You'll never understand,
You're only writing in the sand.

©1996 Chris Conway,
from the album Flying Home.

Zonky Ponky

(chorus)

Everybody gotta zonky ponky,
Everbody gotta gotta zonky ponky ponk.
Don't be a dope, dont be a donkey,
Zonky ponky ponkin' all night long.

I've been looking for the answer,
For the meaning and the cause of all.
Twenty years and I'm still searching,
So many times I hit a brick wall.

I went out to see the mystic,
On the mountains of Betelguese 3.
I asked him about the meaning of life,
This is what he said to me.

(chorus)

I was a little bit disappointed,
I didn't know what he was talking about.
Even if it took another 20 years,
I knew that I had to find out.

I went to all the seats of learning,
I went to the British Library.
In a dusty tome under zonky ponk it said,
"Ask the mystic on Betelguese 3" who says,

(chorus)

(bridge)

Everybody Zonky Ponk.
Everybody Zonky Ponky Ponk.
Everybody Zonky Ponky Ponky Ponk Ponky Ponky Ponky Ponky.
Ponky Ponky Ponk Ponky Ponky Ponk Ponky Ponky Ponky Ponky Yeah...

(solo)

When I went back to see the mystic,
He said just sing it loud and strong.
I said "I just don't know what it means", he said,
"If you don't know, you've been doing it wrong!"

In my startship on my way home,
I sat down and I wrote this song.
Sang it a couple of times and realised that,
I've been zonky ponkin all along.

(chorus)

(chorus)

All night long, All night long,
Zonky Ponkin' All Night Long,
All Night Long.

©2013 Chris Conway,
from the album *Deep Space Love*.

Lyric Collaborations

Knowing

You know that I know,
I know that you know,
I know, what you think about anything.
Knowing and needing,
Loving and leaving,
The things that we know can't be everything,

Cuz when the lights are turned down low,
And the shadows only grow,
There are things that I don't want to know.
Admitting sometimes a mystery,
Means more than history,
And knowing too much leaves us cold.

I know that you know,
You know that I know,
You know what I think about everyone.
We are so clever,
Even our fair weather
Friends think there's nothing we haven't done.

But though we think we know it all,
We are headed for a fall,
And I think the writing's on the wall.
So maybe tell me a secret,
Make me believe that,
There's something new under the sun

(solo)

We know that we know,
And we know that we know,
We know what is false and what's really true.
But knowing us so much,
Maybe we've lost touch,
With magic we felt back when things were new.

So before we fall apart,
Show me something from the heart,
If you like I'll even make a start.
Then maybe you'll know that I know,
And I'll know that you know
I know that you know I love you.

©2015 Chris Conway & Jodi Krangle,
from the Jodi Krangle album *Time Will Tell*.

Satan Park Mall

I rode out to Satan Park Mall,
On the outskirts of the city.
Where empty souls go in search,
Of a plastic kind of pretty.
It's dangerous to linger awhile,
The stores pull you in with an ugly smile.
I only had one place to go,
But I found out it was gone.

I went down to look around,
At the place where dreams are made.
I saw a woman in a crowd of men,
and I thought she looked afraid.
Her face was drawn and grey.
They shouted names as I turned away.
I only hoped to find respect,
But I found out it was gone.

(bridge)

Spy on your neighbours, who do you trust?
When did our shiny future start to rust?
Everything they say is bound to be true.
There's no smoke without fire and the joke's on you.

Hold on, hold on – you know it feels all wrong.
Heed my call, heed my call – you know you're gonna fall,
At Satan Park Mall.

(solos)

There are people out to get you,
With billion dollar smiles.
They wanna know all about your life,
And put you in their files.
They'll beguile you with their shiny toys,
Until your thoughts are just white noise.
If you try find some peace of mind,
You'll find that it's all gone.

Hold on, hold on – you know it feels all wrong.
Turn around, turn around – you know you're going down,
Heed my call, heed my call – coz you know you're gonna fall,
At Satan Park Mall.

(spoken)

A once in a lifetime sale.
20% off – your life.
Everything must go,
2 for the price of one.
See you on Black Friday.

Time Will Tell

Time will tell,
Time keeps no secrets.
Tells no lies, turns all stones.
If I knew then,
What I know now,
I would have left you on your own.

(chorus)

One smile makes two,
Two lies make twenty,
Three wishes I made in a line.
One was for you to love me,
Two was to forget you,
And three...
Was for the passage of time.

"Don't get too close",
"Keep your distance",
My defences tried to say
But with spider eyes,
The spell is woven,
And maybe I'll never get away

(chorus)

(bridge)

Did I miss a turning back down the road?
Were there warning signs pointing to today?
I ignored the voices, I could not be told.
When they said it would end this way,
And that time would tell.

(solo)

We planted deep,
In wishful thinking,
And in fear of being alone.
Time heeds well,
The passing of moments.
And we will reap what they have sown.

(chorus)

The passage of time. (Time will tell)
The passage of time. (Time will tell)
Will get you out of my mind ((Time will tell)

Time will tell,
Time keeps no secrets.
Tells no lies, turns all stones.

*©2015 Chris Conway & Jodi Krangle,
from the album Songs For Dreamers,
and the Jodi Krangle album, Time Will Tell.*

Wherever

Sometimes the easy lessons,
Are hard to learn.
My pages go on the fire,
But some don't seem to want to burn.
Life's a tangle to unravel,
Not an easy road to travel.
But the love you've given will carry me far.
And I know you're with me wherever you are.
Wherever you are.

It's easy to say goodbye, but,
It's hard to let you go.
There's so much I want to say to you,
So much you need to know.
I could stay until tomorrow,
Try to repay all I've borrowed.
But you can't cut that deep without leaving a scar.
That will always be with me wherever you are.
Wherever you are.

(bridge)
Wherever, wherever,
I wanted to thank you.
Wherever, wherever,
But words don't seem enough.
Wherever, wherever,
I know that I'll think of you.
Wherever, wherever,
Wherever I find love.

Quiet moments of memory,
My thoughts turn to you
And though our time went far too fast,
There's nothing I can do.
Another bitter pill to swallow,
Not an easy act to follow.
You always told me to reach for the stars.
And I know I'll find them wherever you are,
Wherever you are.
Wherever you are.
Wherever you are.

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and the Jodi Krangle album, Time Will Tell.
Dedicated to the memory of my father Frederick James Conway.*