

# DREAM OF CHANGE: LYRICS

## The Sorrow Tree

(M. Pelletiere)

Hang the seven years gone missing  
and the decade steeped in pain.  
Hang the face that lost its meaning,  
and the changes made in vain.  
Leave them on the branches so everyone can see  
the troubles you've abandoned on the sorrow tree.

In the story of that tree, each person fills a branch  
with all the misery they'd like to trade away,  
but once they weigh the heaviness of other people's woes  
they all take back their own, take back their own.

Hang the promises left stranded  
and the lies born out of shame.  
Hang the streets where danger landed  
so no one was left the same.  
Leave them on the branches so everyone can see  
the troubles you've abandoned on the sorrow tree.

In the story of that tree, each person fills a branch  
with all the misery they'd like to trade away,  
but once they weigh the heaviness of other people's woes  
they all take back their own, they take back their own.

There were seven years gone missing  
there was a decade steeped in pain,  
there were faces without meaning,  
there were changes made in vain.  
Hang them on the branches, then walk around that tree  
where we all hang our troubles, on the sorrow tree;  
so many troubles hanging on the sorrow tree.

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# Beware of Love

(M.Pelletiere/E.Bindiger)

It'll mastermind you, compromise you,  
dice and slice and sacrifice you.  
Well you know it can outrun you, yes it can.

Beware, beware of love, beware of love.

There's a man down on the corner, there's a woman walking by.  
A fire burns between them, sparks begin to fly.  
It's a highway into heaven, it's a freeway into hell,  
it'll pull you past your limits, it'll ring you like a bell.

Beware, beware of love, beware.

Grey cat howls across the train tracks, the Wolf moon rises slow.  
Out of nowhere love appears, how it comes we'll never know.  
Like a bridge across an ocean, like a ladder to the sky,  
love is movin' in and no one can tell you why.

Beware, beware of love, beware.

It'll wrap its arms around you, it'll shake you to your core.  
It comes when you're not looking, and it leaves you wanting more.  
It's a road map into trouble, it's an unrelenting spell,  
but there's a greater danger when you shield your heart too well.

It'll mastermind you, compromise you,  
dice and slice and sacrifice you.  
It'll easily outrun you, yes it can.  
It'll sleepless night you, spite and bite you  
fool and fight or flight you,  
it'll freeze and then ignite you, 'cause it can.

So once you surrender your heart to that blender  
you better take care.

Beware, beware of love, beware.

(It'll tantalize you, agonize you, revise, resize, and burglarize you.  
Beware of love, take care of love).

Beware of love. Out of nowhere love appears.

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# Feel You

(M.Pelletiere)

I can feel you getting tipsy  
walking all around the chasm.  
Whoa! The edge is waiting for you.  
If you don't watch out you'll fall in.

I can feel you tumbling down the  
steps one two three four and five.  
Lots of people fell before you.  
We can point you to the ladder.

I can feel you, we can feel you.

Don't you think you might consider  
staying up here where it's nice?  
All the flailing never saved you,  
only drove you deeper down.

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# Messages

(lyrics: M.Pelletiere/J. French, music: M.Pelletiere/L. McLaren)

In golden-orange turmeric, in pollen trembling on a stick,  
in silent curves of silver rings, on broken ends of cello strings.  
This is where the messages in April sit and wait,  
this is where they wait, on a wall, or in a crease, messages.

In crumpled piles of sweaty socks, in spark plugs in an old blue box,  
on feathers of a shiny crow, on faded petals fallen far below.  
This is where the messages in April sit and wait; this is where they wait,  
in horsehair strands, in garden weeds, messages, messages.

Whenever you're near they are hiding in unusual places waiting to appear.  
Wherever you go, they are waiting in the smallest of spaces, waiting to be known.

In bottles filled with shimmering inks, in blades on ice in skating rinks,  
in stitches on a quilted edge, on green finch nests inside a hedge.  
This is where the messages in April sit and wait; this is where they wait,  
on undersides of glossy leaves, on a wall or in a crease, messages, messages.

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# Even Without Us

(M.Pelletiere/M.Perri)

Without the ships, the tide still travels in.  
Without our care, the fruit's still ripening.  
Without our hands, the glaciers carve the rocks.  
Without a clock, the sun still rises and makes its way back down.

Even without us, even without us, there will be mountains streams and seas.  
Even without us, even without us, voices will whisper on the breeze.

Without our breath, a storm rolls through the hills.  
Without our aid, a bird protects its nest.  
Without our watch, the whale still swims the deep.  
Without our help, the rain keeps falling and turns bare fields to green.

Even without us, even without us, there will be mountain streams and seas.  
Even without us, even without us, voices will whisper on the breeze.

After we've gone, there will be time.  
After we've gone, there will be time; there will be time.

Even without us, even without us, there will be time, and time enough.

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# Half the Night

(M.Pelletiere)

Lay awake half the night,  
wondering where you've gone.  
Are you in some far-off city  
watching the lights blink on?  
All the roads that we walked  
have now been spent.  
Will there ever be a way to find out  
where those places went?

Can you remember all the times  
that no one else can tell?  
How we tried to ride the storms  
that battered our clear skies,  
how we tried to drink a river dry?

Oh to hear your voice again  
and know that you're not gone,  
and to find that something of you still lives on.  
How you showed me where  
to find the key to my heart's opening.

Lay awake half the night,  
wondering where you've gone.  
I am in some far-off city  
watching the lights blink on.  
All the roads that we walked  
have now been spent.  
Will there ever be a way  
to find out where those places went?

I still remember all the times  
that no one else can tell.  
How we tried to ride the storms  
that battered our clear skies,  
how we tried to drink a river dry.

How you showed me where  
to find the key to my heart's opening.  
And we walked, and we walked, and we walked.  
Oh to hear your voice again, oh to see your face again.

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# Thought She Knew

(M.Pelletiere)

That is where Christina thought her plans would lead her to,  
it's what she thought she knew.

Christina thought that her plans would do,  
Christina thought her plans would lead her.

But the future is a ship that rides inside a fog.  
We cannot see until it lifts.

It's what Christina thought she knew, it's what she thought she knew,  
it's where she thought her plans would lead her.  
It's what we do, it's what we do. It's what we thought we knew.  
It's where we thought our plans would lead to.

But the future is a ship that rides inside a fog.  
We cannot see until it lifts.

What we cannot know for sure, we will someday see.  
What we have is all we know, all we have are plans,  
all her plans would do. All her plans she thought she knew,  
It's where we thought our plans would lead to.

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# Going Out

(M. Pelletiere/L. McLaren)

\*Lyrics from a poem in Marcia's book "Miracle with Roasted Hens" (Spit, Bite, Press)

After a long time  
indoors, I went out.  
Remembered the bee,  
remembered the jay, the oak,  
the many lettuces, the toad,  
the charcoal scented wind,  
the gas pump, fencepost,  
brick walk, rainspout,  
after a long time.

Also the sidewalk worm  
after a storm, after a storm,  
the busted shopping cart, sticky  
matter on a bench,  
the rotted awning leaning,  
after a long time.

Turning to home,  
I made my pact and spoke it out  
so it might be received—  
*Whatever I meet*  
*is what you've given me to see.*

The plants with human names:  
Rose of Sharon, Black-Eyed Susan,  
Sweet William, bright flowers that open  
without encouragement.

Turning to home,  
I made my pact and spoke it out  
so it might be received—  
*Whatever I meet*  
*is what you've given me to see.*

I didn't worry who you might be,  
I just chose to feel accompanied.

Whatever I meet  
is what you've given me,  
so I chose to feel accompanied,  
after a long time.

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# Dream of Change

(M.Pelletiere)

You were a lighthouse in my dream  
and your light shimmered on the waves,  
then I became the waves until I turned into a breeze.

I turned into a wind  
and met a stranger who turned into rain,  
and he kept falling on and off, and on and off again.

This city became a steep ravine,  
and all the walls turned into flags.  
Then all the flags turned into geese,  
and geese turned into trees.

Those trees turned into horses,  
and those horses trotted off into the sun,  
which turned into a field.

Those horses trotted off into a field of sun  
and kept on roaming, till they were sure,  
till they were sure  
that they were free.

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# Why Does Such Love

(M. Pelletiere)

\*Lyrics printed in earlier poem form as "Caroling at St. Vincent's, 1986" in A&U Magazine

Six carolers, years ago, on the isolation ward  
in full view of a patient's open door.  
And as we sang, that patient slowly sat up in his bed.  
His partner, who was visiting, leaned in.

All of us were young, the singers and the invalids.  
It had seemed, until that plague, that we'd have centuries ahead.

In that sudden flood of sound, they kissed,  
and our carols became farewell hymns.

Their time had passed its summit, was collapsing into hours.  
Why does such love come toward me now through them?

All of us were young, the singers and the invalids.  
It had seemed, until that plague, that we'd have centuries ahead.

Their time had passed its summit, was collapsing into hours.  
Why does such love come toward me now through them?

In that sudden flood of sound, they kissed.  
Such love comes toward me now through them.

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