

Bless This Day

Nothing at All (Canarie/Bondy)

The silver sky of the early day, deep gray clouds drifting through my head,
The empty feeling that nothing changes, and so much goes unsaid.

I go in circles, around and 'round, a car that choking and sure to stall,
I don't know what else I could have hoped for, I gave you nothing at all.

Nothing at all, that's all I ever give is, nothing at all.
And so I wander alone, through these empty halls, staring at these barren walls.

But you came upon me like a hurricane, your gale force gathered and blew me away.
I'm jabber-jawed and jagged-joking, without a single word to say.

So strike the drum and bang the tambourine, and listen to the clarion call.
I've opened up my heart to you baby, like it's nothing at all.

Nothing at all, I'll give you everything it's, nothing at all.
And like I learned how to crawl, I'm dancing at a ball, then I'm tumbling from a waterfall.

My mind's exploding like a symphony, but I wrap up in a prayer shawl.
And pray the heavens that you won't find that, what I have is nothing at all.

Nothing at all.
Nothing at all.

Screaming From a Car (Canarie)

Seems I'm never the wiser.
It always smarts in the end.
Messages that I've written,
I don't send.

Well my dear Uncle Charlie told me I'd be going far,
But I'm just sitting in a driveway, screaming from a car.

I like to watch the old movies,

Sometimes I start at the end.
I don't like play-acting,
but I pretend.

I had one too many bourbons before I left the bar.
Now I'm sitting outside of your place, screaming from a car.

Good ole Charlie, never said too much,
Held a beer like a crutch,
But he said that I had such,
Said that I had such...

Fanciful notions and a head up in the stars,
Now I'm sitting alone in a garage.
I left the groceries on the kitchen floor,
And the backdoor ajar.

Now I'm speeding down an empty highway.
I'm speeding down an empty highway.
I'm speeding down an empty highway,
Just screaming from a car.
Screaming from a car,
Screaming from a car.
Screaming from a car.

Lost in Lagos (Canarie)

You know Cairo, like the back of your hand,
And every shortcut in Durban.
In Chennai, you can just slip down the coast,
Ah, but you get lost in Lagos.

You know every caille, in Mexico City.
Jakarta goes from sleek to gritty.
In Dhaka, you just sit and roast,
Ah, but you get lost in Lagos.
You get lost in Lagos.
In Lagos.

You get lost (in Lagos) x 10

Lagos goes on and on, into the great beyond. (repeated x 5)

You tried for days to get to the island,
You may as well take a boat to Thailand.
You went down Commercial for a late night romp,
A right and a left and you were in the swamp.
You had a date with a pretty Ibo,
But she may as well live up north...
In an igloo.

Cause you are lost.
You are lost.
You are lost, etc.

(Oh my lord, how can it be,
I'm wandering through Ajegunle.
Oh my lord, look what I see, on the streets of Agege.
The shining towers are there to see,
Just like a distant galaxy.
Looking over the the dirt and sand,
But this ain't no Banana Island.
Bless the rivers, bless the seas,
Bless all this humanity.
Bless all this humanity,
Bless all this humanity..etc.)

Bless This Day

(Canarie)

I used to sleep under the stars,
The southern cross didn't look far.
I used to dream the sweetest dreams,
Bathing in starlight and moonbeams.

I used to rise before the sun, in a day unbroken,
And watch the light seep in.

Bless this day, bless this day, bless this beautiful day,
Lord have mercy bless this day.

Now sometime I sleep a fit-full sleep,
I toss and I turn, never too deep.
And sometimes I dream these troubling dreams,
I lie there at night wondering what it means.

But still I rise before the sun in a day that's broken,
And watch the light seep in.

Bless this day, bless this day, bless this beautiful day.
Lord have mercy bless...

All God's children, everywhere.
All God's children everywhere.
All God's children everywhere.

I used to sleep under the stars, in this dazzling reservoir.

Bless this day, bless this day, bless this beautiful day.
Lord have mercy, bless this day (many times)

The Moon Over Milot

(Canarie)

What in the world?
What do you see?
You surely miss the forest like you miss the trees.

Mountains beyond, mountains crash down.
So many things never make a sound.

And the moon over Milot is immaculate.
As pure as the souls drifting through the night.
The celestial beams, like some Dahomian dream,
The darkness never, ever seemed so bright.

The basilica burned,
All through the night.
Our lord and saviour melted in the early light.
The saints all prayed.
The saints all cursed.
When will the meek inherit the earth?

And the moon over Milot is immaculate.
As pure as the souls drifting through the night.
The celestial beams, like some Dahomian dream,

The darkness never, ever seemed so bright.

The story's old.

It never ends.

But you forget the heroes, you forget your friends.

So shut the door and slam the gate.

And leave the forgotten to their fate.

And the moon over Milot is immaculate.

As pure as the souls drifting through the night.

The celestial beams, like some Dahomian dream,

The darkness never, ever seemed so bright.

Jenny's Coming Home

(Canarie)

Jenny's coming home.

Feels like it's been a lifetime.

Talked to her on the phone,

She was all alone,

Something funny in her tone.

I want to laugh about it.

I want to sing about it.

I'm going to cry tears of joy, and tears of thankfulness.

It's like we board a plane,

And fly away forever.

Full of purpose and haste,

Not a moment to waste.

Never see a familiar face.

I want to laugh about it.

I want to sing about it.

I'm going to cry tears of joy, and tears of thankfulness.

Because it comes on fast, and then it's gone.

You can't hang on to anything too long.

Your head knows that it has to be this way, but your heart wants to cling to something that stays.

'Cause there are times when I want to say, "I miss you every single day."

I want to laugh about it.

I want to sing about it.
I'm going to cry tears of joy
I'm going to cry tears of joy
I'm going to cry tears of joy.

'Cause Jenny's coming home.
Jenny's coming home.
Jenny's coming home.

Our House (has many rooms)

(Canarie)

It's true that life can trick you.
It's true you can deceive yourself,
Into believing the fantasies of a fool.

You look into a mirror.
And what you see you don't recognize.
Is it a boy, who's searching,
Or an old man desperately lurching.

Chorus:
And our house has many rooms, but there's no room for me

I'm driving down a highway,
Looking for my next escape,
Into a world without consequence.

And in the rear-view mirror,
Are all the lies I left behind,
Just the road-kill left by someone, driving blind

Chorus:
And our house has many rooms, but there's no room for me,
Since you locked the door and threw away the key

They say you live and learn.
But I've learned nothing but how to regret,
Then I remember just how to forget.

I'm waiting for my moment.
I'm looking for my special place.
But tell me, was it happiness that was staring me straight in my blank face?

Chorus

And our house has many rooms, but there's no room for me,
Since you locked the door and threw away the key
And our hearts sing many tunes, but yours won't sing for me.
Now there's only silence instead of harmony

And our house has many rooms, but there's no room for me.

Who Speaks (for the Powerless, the Pregnant, the Poor)?

(Canarie/Bondy/Keaney)

The rolling of the thunder, the growling of the beast,
The scalding of the sunlight, the laughter at the feast.

The miles of hardened faces, a world with endless strife,
The barren empty landscape, a forest without life.
Who speaks?

The deluge and the mudslide, the slaughter of the weak,
The boredom of the mighty, the pleasure we seek.

Who speaks for the powerless, the pregnant, the poor?
Who speaks for the powerless, the pregnant, the poor?
Who speaks for the powerless, the pregnant, the poor?

A Love Like You Could Never Imagine

(Canarie)

Monica sleeps, Monica wakes,
With a mind that is cluttered with mistakes.
Leans her head on a windowsill and aches,
With a longing that never, ever breaks.

Staring out, looking within to find a love, like you could never imagine.

A love like you could never imagine.
A love like you could never imagine.
A love like you could never imagine.

Deep in your heart, deep in your soul.
There's a story just waiting to be told.
There are feelings just waiting to unfold.
And a passion that never will grow old.

All of this makes her head spin, it's a love, like you could never imagine.

A love like you could never imagine.
A love like you could never imagine.
A love like you could never imagine

Monica sleeps, Monica dreams.
With a mind that is blissful and serene.
Just a thought has restored her and redeemed,
It's so wonderful and unseen.

In her mind it's a beautiful pageant, filled with love, like you could never imagine.

Love like you could never imagine.
Love like you could never imagine.
Love like you could never imagine

Friend

(Canarie/Bondy)

Staring at a brilliant light,
Trying to fly with all our might,
Chase a ball around the block til it's dark.

Slipping out into the night,
Looking for the next adventure,
Again, again, again, forever
And then, and then and then,
The tethers that held us all were gone,
And we soon drifted on.

Wandering through an endless maze,

Turning corners, passing days,
Come to find some things are not as we thought.

Fall in love and falling down,
See your face in all these picture,
But when, but when, but when, I see you,
My friend, my friend, my friend,
The years and the trappings fall away, and it feels like yesterday.

Through the tumbling of times, and the fumbling of fate,
Heartaches and victories and silence, but you're still my friend.

Mary Jane

(Keaney)

I'll return for the shelter of the sweetest girl, Mary Jane.
Was so blind when I left her, the sweetest girl, Mary Jane.
Take a look at this lucky boy, who loved a girl, the sweetest girl, Mary Jane.

Bedroom eyes and melancholy eyes greeted me.
Beneath the shyness, came a smile that called to me.
And she said, "Come on over boy. Yes it's true. I'm in love with you."

I'm going home to the sweetest girl I could find.
I was a silly boy. I was blind. I was blind and lost.

Then she said, "come on over boy. Yes it's true. I;m in love with you."

I'm in love with the sweetest girl.
I'm in love with the sweetest girl.
I'm in love with the sweetest girl (many times)