

## Starlit Path

written by Gary Marks © 1974 Marksland ASCAP

Circling up and down on a starlit path to home.  
Folding my hands in prayer like a child but with far less innocence and hope.

Senses have tricked my mind into falling leaves.  
And there's no pain to blind my path but my will cannot stop me from my secret dreams.

I just keep on believing if she'd love me my life would change.  
To hold her in my arms so softly would turn everything clear again.

I've spent my times in misty days. I could hold onto her and still not see.  
But when I try to follow paths I can feel me falling too high from my destiny.

I just keep on believing if she could love me my life would change.  
To hold her in my arms so softly would turn everything clear again.

Circling up and down on a starlit path to home.  
Folding my hands in prayer like a child but with far less innocence and hope.

I just keep on believing if she'd love me my life would change.  
To hold her in my arms so softly would turn everything clear again.

## Alpenglow

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Running away like the sun setting cold  
with only a remembrance of alpenglow  
and its hundreds of miles between.

There are times I'm the clouds and times I'm the sun  
but it always just depends upon the afterglow  
and that's when I look to you.

Colors of a windy evening fade into the mist of distant blues.

All of the colors I've felt from you  
seem a mere reflection of the ones that don't shine through.  
And they've finally darkened you.

Colors of a windy evening fade into the mist of distant blues.

Running away like the stars growing old,  
with only a remembrance of alpenglow.  
And its hundreds of miles between.

## Too Late City

written by Gary Marks © 1975 Marksland ASCAP

City, death of me  
so much in motion  
I can't see.  
If there's a way show me  
how I can love you this day.

City lights shining  
turned so high  
all the stars have melted inside them.  
Do my eyes see a tear light  
falling from your face?

It so steel and cloudy  
filled with crowds  
secretly calling to somehow let them out.  
Keeping their eyes open  
always hoping  
there's a dream here somewhere.

Morning you're so far off tonight  
nobody wants you  
you're too bright.  
Thinking of ways now  
a way out  
before its far too late.

I've made my mind up  
take me, gone with you.  
I'll leave it all behind if you will too.  
Thinking of ways now  
a way out  
before its far too late.

## Sailing

written by Gary Marks © 1974 Marksland ASCAP

Some see time as a river  
a moving line of pre-destined hours floating endlessly.  
Its so easy to believe  
until I see where it begins and ends:  
melting all of the days and nights together,  
melting all of the present time with my dreams,  
finally reaching the sea.

I've been thinking of balance  
like sailing, trying to find my way through the changes.  
Centering in between  
the tides of the day and my will, but still  
melting all of the days and nights together,  
melting all of the present time with my dreams,  
finally reaching the sea.

I can feel a stream of hope  
encompassing all of the rain that's fallen, all of the misery.  
When I look into your eyes  
and find your magic so alive and free.  
Melting all of the days and nights together,  
melting all of the present time with our dreams,  
finally reaching the sea.

## **Moonlight and I**

written by Gary Marks © 1974 Marksland ASCAP

Moonlight, cold softness.  
Reaching out some nights like hands exposing love to me.  
And some nights in lonely naked times exposing only games to me.

Thoughts alone in the night, only the sun can soothe our darkened dreams.

Peaceful stars, powerful silence. Paths clear, no confusion lies within them.  
Also no foolish fantasies lie within them.  
They seem almost meditative in the depths of space.  
While we move closer and closer towards drifting apart.

Moonlight, cold softness.  
Reaching out some nights like hands exposing love to me.  
And some nights in lonely naked times exposing only games to me.

If the sun were here now I'd gladly dissolve into it's centered soul.

But moonlight you can live just as reflections in the night.  
And as for me the passageway to the center is frozen in time.

## Castles

written by Gary Marks © 1974 Marksland ASCAP

You're the power.  
It's amazing how you've grown.  
You could tie my hands,  
at your command expect me to fold.

We can stand up you say, stand against you lawfully.  
But when no one is watching  
the ones who dare it are brought to their knees.

But the country that's gonna last is the one that let's everybody speak.

I know you don't believe you can tell me all the truth.  
Now it's gotten so that you yourself don't know what to do.  
Sitting in your castle tower with the power of ten million men.  
So caught into your concerns you forget to remember the reason you were sent.

But the country that's gonna last is the one that let's everybody see.

I've seen you in history before, thinking yours is the only way, just like the rest.  
Trying to play games to trap the changes that will come and come again.

But the country that's gonna last is the one that wants everybody free.  
And the country that's gonna last is the one that lets everybody be.

Lack of compassion has in the past sunken castles like yours beneath the sea.

## Autumn Eyes

written by Gary Marks © 1969 Marksland ASCAP

Autumn eyes, real eyes  
we seem to be just so far away.

I don't have an answer this time.  
The thought of night time never made you cry before.

Autumn sun very soft.  
always came for you  
to orange you away.

Beautiful times when we could clearly feel our deepest senses  
and I always felt you near me.

Leaves drifting apart to be alone.  
A sacrifice to help the soul to try and grow.

Autumn eyes, real eyes  
do you need to be somewhere far away  
or should I try to reach you once again?

## First Snowfall

written by Gary Marks © 1969 Marksland ASCAP

City coated, covered in snow fur, heavy snow sky,  
white roofs and chilly flakey winds,  
hurry on wet feet  
I wish I could enjoy the view, but evening's arriving fast tonight and  
I can feel that fire calling.

"Every November day is like Christmas."  
That's what you've been saying lately,  
and lady I agree.

First snowfall, may as well store away the bicycles,  
and all the lonelies asking for a quick ending,  
trudging along through the dirty sludge, their fingers iced and achy,  
thank God I can't remember too much more  
of what it was like:

Seemed there was never any way out,  
endless days of suspended lifetime,  
night-time like iron chained blindness,  
I just never thought I could find this kind of peace.

Don't move. . .

I just want to hold you a little, I'm really cold  
and I can feel the chills escaping  
like a bursting bubble out from me,  
and I'm melting now into the warmth  
I never thought I'd know again,  
let's write "hello" on the frosted windows and  
invite somebody in for dinner  
in from the first snow falling.

## Sherry's Song

written by Gary Marks © 1969 Marksland ASCAP

Sherry, a silly cloud, the rain the pain that you must hide.  
All the words that you knew that could not change it I fear now you huddle up inside.

If I could kiss back the kiss or hold you until you felt yourself.  
If I could build you peace to comfort you or reach your soul.

Sherry, Sherry sky, our childhood seems so distant now.  
The fiercest words, the coldest swords, seem trying to be good somehow.

And if I could I'd burn your twisting twilight towers of me.  
I'd tear apart the hurt or take back all the hours of me.

Water green snowflake eyes, laughing until you cry.  
To hold you is to be home forever.

Sherry, a silly cloud, the rain the pain that you must hide.  
All the words that you knew that could not change it I fear now you huddle up inside.

And if I could I'd love you till the end of change itself.  
But I would probably drag you into me and lose your self.

Sherry, one truth - for once I dream for you.

**A Gina Theme - Instrumental**

## Secret She

written by Gary Marks © 1969 Marksland ASCAP

There's a fire in the sky  
and the cotton is trying to soak it up  
or at least send it back to where it came from;  
back to where it came.

White bright circle light in the night  
and black fog he's trying to smoke it out  
or at least cover up the pieces.

Curtain window always trying to step before  
all the quiet blues and greens  
With red brick mountain city buildings with silhouetted women.

Shining eyes of evening you're winking at me  
whisper louder.  
Sometimes only I can hear you.  
Sometimes only I can hear you sometimes.  
Only I can hear you.