

## If All They Said Was True

written by Gary Marks © 1993 Marksland ASCAP

If all they said was true we would never want to hear again.  
There'd be nothing left to do, it would only fall to fear again.

But there are stars to fight the darkest spells we're under.  
And there are children that reach endlessly in wonder.

And if all they said was true, then love is dead.  
If all they said was true, then we should  
only love ourselves.

My hands were tied too soon by a shadow who ruled over me.  
There was no way to escape so I hummed a distant melody.

Sometimes I wonder if we're growing or we're ending.  
Does it all depend upon the messages we're sending;  
is that what's true?

And if all they said was true, then love is dead.  
If all they said was true, then we should  
only love ourselves.

Solo

What I feel for you might put my heart in danger.  
But without love it seems our life becomes a stranger  
walking away.

If all they said was true, then love is dead.  
And if all they said was true,  
then how come I love  
you.

## Different Kind of World

written by Gary Marks © 1993 Marksland ASCAP

A new life without a name.  
A new world in constant change.  
Like the stars, random pearls in the night,  
there's no need for a plan or design.  
Breathing in your ether of curls,  
it's a different kind of world.

New language we learn to speak.  
The old dreams are incomplete.  
When you're looking for something that lasts  
all the pain and the anger are masks  
as the deeper love unfurls,  
it's a different kind of world.

Steady wind keeps blowing the time away  
does it drive you crazy or give you faith in fate?

New colors in every kiss.  
How have you come to give me this?  
Like a sea falling off of the edge  
just to find the earth folding its ledge,  
landing in your blue eyes aswirl,  
it's a different kind of world.

## Pray

written by Gary Marks © 1994 Marksland ASCAP

Everything is true and  
everything is crossed along the circuitry:  
you know what you're doing  
but you never know where that might lead.

Fighting is the way you think your heart is won.  
What is left to win when you're the only one?

Pray for the love  
It's choking from no trust and not breathing in us.

You've got your reasons  
why you live so cold inside your skin.  
When you're tired of freezing  
a holy night comes when you let me in.

Doubting is the way you think that logic comes.  
But logic of the mind is not the only kind.

Pray for the love  
It's choking from no trust and not breathing in us.

All the love in a cage slowly paces  
like an animal dying.  
There we die knowing well  
there were no bars upon the cage.

Politics of modern love  
doesn't speak well for Democracy.  
Reactionary forces seem to force their view  
upon the silent who see

that winning's not the way the heart is ever won  
what is left to win when you're the only one?

Pray for the love  
It's choking from no trust and not breathing in us.

## River's Song

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Days of rain, watch it fall, I'll tell you a story.  
Time of grace from it all.  
Memory, lying here with you  
what a window to my life you were.

The seasons don't recall your face  
I follow til you fall away again.

River's song, we could hear it sing  
all night long, melting everything.  
River's song, moving through our days  
and the years, down these roads we take.

You could say it's all right,  
and I would believe you.  
Time of grace from the storms.  
Once again life will call me away  
to a place I've never been before.

The love you gave the boy and the dream  
grows clearer as time sails to the sea.

River's song, we could hear it sing  
all night long, melting everything.  
River's song, moving through our days  
and the years, down these roads we take.

In those lonely childhood days  
you could not know how to free me  
from all the pain and all the changes  
but I heard along the way

River's song, we could hear it sing  
all night long, melting everything.  
River's song, moving through our days  
and the years, down these roads we take.

## Hideaway

written by Gary Marks © 1994 Marksland ASCAP

Victory has slipped away.  
The best laid plans have laid you again.  
You hear a hollow scream,  
sounded like you but that's too hard  
to believe.

Time to escape without warning  
so no one will notice you

in your hideaway  
many worlds away from the fear.  
In your hideaway where you never lose,  
never kneel from the pain.

Swing a deal to get your fill.  
Who and what's dispensable -  
a test of your will.  
You make an enemy  
out of love and anything that won't stay still.

You think you're one move from winning -  
you're nothing, you're no where close,

in your hideaway  
many worlds away from the fear.  
In your hideaway where you never lose,  
never kneel from the pain.

You remember there was one right kiss  
that rocked the night  
and lured you too close to life

in your hideaway  
many worlds away from the fear.  
In your hideaway where you never lose,  
never feel the pain.

## Silently

written by Gary Marks © 1993 Marksland ASCAP

Lure the sun away from the day  
into the night where we will always be.  
I feel you walking close to me,  
maybe it's just a lie  
and I'll never know your face,  
but I've built a place here for you.

When love is strong I've followed my heart  
but your sweet song has still eluded me.  
And if fate says you never come  
you're still the one  
and I'll hold you near silently.

Some say you're a shadow in my life,  
a mirror of some selfish dream.  
Others say I'm only wasting time  
but I don't really mind, I'll wait until

you lure the sun into my life  
and your sweet song is sung only for me.  
And if fate says you never come  
you're still the one  
and I'll hold you near silently.

And if fate says you never come  
you're still the one  
and I'll hold you near silently.

## Wild Side of the Dawn

written by Gary Marks © 1995 Marksland ASCAP

You've been wrong and right for some time.  
It's been a long time.  
It just comes and goes  
and it shows in your eyes.

You've been battling sometimes  
some kind of faceless  
faithless lover that left you crying.

And I'm smart enough to know this road  
but I'm young enough to travel it.  
We know enough to see this goes nowhere  
near we can know love.  
I keep thinking that there's a way  
back to the time when love was young,  
back to the wild side of the dawn.

Like a drunk it weaves - change steps in,  
ever untimely,  
tears the stage apart, turns around  
where we're seated.

Reeling in the dark we run,  
different directions,  
blaming each other for the fear inside.

CH

And the wind blows shadows by  
in a thousand forms,  
but you know me and I know you  
and we've seen illusions lose to love before.

CH

I wonder if we'd be there now  
if we recalled the dream somehow?

## Every Man

written by Gary Marks © 1995 Marksland ASCAP

For every man who still can smile  
there are ten whose hearts are miles away,  
many miles away

For every man that remembers why  
to stay awake, ten barely stay alive;  
just stay alive

Follow plans, meet demands, die and go to heaven.  
Follow plans, meet demands, die and go to heaven.

For every man who drinks the air  
there are ten who drink to disappear  
til they disappear.

For each man who works his dream  
there are ten thousand man machines  
told not to scream.

Follow plans, meet demands, die and go to heaven.  
Follow plans, meet demands, die and go to heaven.

Oh, out of the child we grow  
oh, losing the way we know 'bout how to grow.

For every man who still can feel  
a million more think thoughts are what is real,  
and they follow them.

Follow plans, meet demands, die and go to heaven.  
Follow plans, meet demands, die and go to heaven.

Oh, out of the child we grow  
oh, losing the way we know 'bout how to grow



## Only Time Can Tell

written by Gary Marks © 1985 Marksland ASCAP

I am not the one you want babe,  
we'll have to leave to memories  
the love that could have grown.

Searching inside to see you again,  
I see I could have loved you, I knew you in the end, oh time.

Yes I remember the way you moved,  
walking so cool as we walked down the streets.  
And I remember so very well the day you said -  
with love and life, only time can tell.

Pieces of the story fall out of place  
like ashes from a fire scattered with no trace.

Things are never naturally kind, our eyes now look away  
to separate worlds in future time, oh time.

But I remember you holding me  
loving away a snowy day.  
And I remember as you looked at me, you said - -  
in the end, love is honesty.

So on we go, where our lives will take us  
darkness is sure to fall and fall away.  
Just one thing left to say - -  
baby I wish you well, I wish you love someday, in time.

Yes I remember the way you moved,  
walking so cool as we walked down the streets.  
And I remember so very well the day you said - -  
with love and life, only time can tell.

Only time can tell.

## Rules of the Road

written by Gary Marks © 1990 Marksland ASCAP

I remember rebel kind of eyes  
and how you'd take the challenge on and win.  
You whispered me promises.  
I never trusted much back then.

Many years a thousand miles away  
I can see that all we did was hide.  
If love's a treasure map  
we tried to read between the lines.

Some just take what they have and see what's before their eyes.  
Some are haunted by time and every wish that passes by.  
Well I'm tired of the fight, I've just got to let things go  
and I'm hoping I can find my peace with the rules of the road.

I think of you whenever I think back  
and it's clear to me now I put myself here.  
I see I made you leave me,  
I left way before you did.

Some just take what they have and see what's before their eyes.  
Some are haunted by time and every wish that passes by.  
Well I'm tired of the fight, I've just got to let things go  
and I'm hoping I can find my peace with the rules of the road.

I loved the way you touched, the half a smile, the secret looks.  
If I could turn back the time. If only time was all it took.

Solo

Maybe I've learned some things out here.  
So much of our own fate we choose  
and there's no road I've seen where anyone outruns the truth.

Some just take what they have and see what's before their eyes.  
Some are haunted by time and every wish that passes by.  
Well I'm tired of the fight, I've just got to let things go  
and I'm hoping I can find my peace with the rules of the road.

## Looking Glass

written by Gary Marks © 1988 Marksland ASCAP

Their sun was wildflower yellow by day  
their moon would whisper and change its shape.  
Their planet was jewel-bright blue and green  
where wind would sculpt circles from everything.

Many people soon were born. Like the clouds their souls  
were torn. In their minds a mysterious message was heard:

All that is left for us in the end is a looking glass.  
All that we can ever know of freedom and the loneliness.  
The story unfolds by holding up the looking glass.  
What can we see?

Sixty centuries came and went,  
the mirror was polished but looked at less.  
Some dared to sense beyond their skies,  
some believed fables that died with time.

Changes came both fast and slow like a second hand  
while the hours go, like the ocean and bubbles of foam  
on the shore. They said:

All that is left for us in the end is a looking glass.  
All that we can ever know of love and of the loneliness.  
The story unfolds by holding up the looking glass.  
What can we see?

And now as I journey back to our land  
I can't help thinking we're much like them:  
space and time dotted with minds and hearts  
no one can ever see all the parts.

All that is left for us in the end is a looking glass.  
All that we can ever know of freedom and the loneliness.  
The story unfolds by holding up the looking glass.  
That's what I see.

## Never Stops

written by Gary Marks © 1990 Marksland ASCAP

We've been called back to Eden  
'cause we've done something wrong out here.  
We were supposed to learn something  
but we just multiplied the fear.

I feel so bad now when I hold you in my arms  
'cause even back there I won't be your only one.  
There'll be some snake tempting you with everything he's got.  
I guess it never stops.

We've been called back to Eden  
'cause someone out there's seen enough.  
New York in frenzied airless summertime  
burning bodies up.

Or maybe it was just the hatred at every door.  
The old ones on the street wondering what life was for.  
Young ones like Cain himself, their minds tied up in knots.  
I guess it never stops.

And I just want love to keep me alive through these crazy nights.  
When I ran before it did not get me anywhere.  
Nobody seemed to care if I survived or not.  
I guess it never stops.

We've been recalled to Eden but somehow Eden's not the same.  
Ancient rainforest chopped down, strip mined,  
carried off in trains.

We all know we're doing it as we tear down this place we're in.  
See it in board rooms as they divide their share of it.  
See it in classroom books with little lies built in.  
See fathers playing god, when children sin, they're shocked.  
I guess it never stops.

## For Molly's Sky

written by Gary Marks © 1985 Marksland ASCAP

Red skies, purple mountains don't care if we try  
their majesty never dies.  
Blue sea, rolling over helplessness and greed  
you say there's no time to cry

Where will the children go  
after the light is gone?  
Born with love, but love is not enough  
to let them grow, to let them carry on.

One child, child of the sky she is to me  
a twenty-first century girl  
I'd give so much more to her than love, you see  
I'd leave her a living world.

Where will the children go  
after the light is gone?  
Born with love, but love is not enough  
to let them grow, to let them carry on.

Wide eyes, lying in your bed so still tonight  
how can I heal you now?

I'll tell the world you cannot breathe in fallen skies,  
and for every river used to bury the poison and the lies  
links in the chain must die.

Where will the children go  
after the light is gone?  
Born with love, but love is not enough  
to let them grow, to let them carry on.

Red skies, purple mountains don't care if we try  
their majesty never dies.  
Blue sea, rolling over helplessness and greed  
you say there's no time to cry

## The Elemental Line

written by Gary Marks © 1990 Marksland ASCAP

Traveling up the big dark mountain we fear the longest fall.  
Sun rising in the valley. Colors dawning bold, wind dies at my shoulder.

And I've tried to feel home everywhere I go,  
but nothing seems to be open horizon of blue.

Oh, the call is strong,  
the elemental line drawing me back deeper into you  
Racing straight through my heart  
leading me back home to you; home to you.

For love of chance and complication, streaming colors all.  
A life of dreams whispered low,  
like windy strokes of paint, colors layered over.

And I've tried to carry on, observe where I've gone  
and show my restless eyes yet still another view.

But the call is so strong  
the elemental line sweeping me back deeper into you.  
Racing straight through my heart  
leading me back into you.  
Love that calls through the time  
drawing me back home to you; home to you.

Solo

Oh, but no one tumbles back to you  
no one stumbles back to you.  
It's a slow and graceful  
movement like a sail blown through the sea.

And the call is so strong  
The elemental line  
drawing me back deeper into you.  
Racing straight through my heart  
leading me back into you.  
Love that calls through the time  
calling me back home to you.  
Home to you.

## **I Follow You**

written by Gary Marks © 1979 Marksland ASCAP

For a man who seemed so uncaring  
with my mind now I follow you.  
Driving over New England mountains  
back to your winter skies  
and a frozen silver moon.

How could I ever let you  
I can't forget you  
there's just barely words to speak.

I remember the late night mornings  
singing stories, loving you.  
And the sun rising 'cross the mountains  
we were walking just following our shoes.

How could I ever let you  
I can't forget you  
there's just barely words to speak.

You'll never know how I adored you  
I was so silent on that day.  
Thinking it was the best thing for you  
though I caught you sad-eyed as you drove away.

How could I ever let you  
I can't forget you  
there's just barely words to speak.

For a man who seemed so uncaring  
with my mind now I follow you.

## The Real World

written by Gary Marks © 1988 Marksland ASCAP

Listen, something's been missing for a very long time.  
I keep trying to find myself through a stranger's mind.  
I keep hearing stories I don't quite believe in.  
I keep living out these dreams that pin my life in,  
and I want to tell you I long to be where I can feel  
the sun and rain over me --

The real world  
the merging rivers singing songs I want to know.  
Golden and dark as the river flows

Abstract, too hard to fight back for a very long time.  
It just gets so hard to know how to follow the right signs.  
I keep thinking words that tell half the story;  
the other half is lost but here before me.  
Over and over, each road I see no matter which way I turn  
turns back to me.

The real world  
the merging rivers singing songs I want to know.  
Golden and dark as the river flows.

One day we're born and given much too soon  
to the dream we must adhere to.  
Scattered and torn and some die  
with no truth to come to.

I keep falling into your eyes,  
and I feel like another man sometimes, 'cause I want to  
rediscover the age-old ties that burn love slowly.

The real world  
the merging rivers singing songs I want to know.  
Golden and dark as the river flows

The real world solution. . . .



## Soulful Days

written by Gary Marks © 1988 Marksland ASCAP

Don't ask me to say it's right,  
there's no need to tell you anything.  
Why talk of the love we share,  
it's easy to feel it, but it's rare that the words come alive.

Cool as the wild summer sea, warm as the fires of twilight,  
steady through nights that fade  
and change with time to soulful days.

By chance our lives crossed one day,  
now I often wonder where I'd be  
if all the mosaic paths that some call fate  
never brought your love to me.

Green as the wild summer sea, red as the fires of twilight,  
steady through nights that fade  
and lead me here to soulful days.

I can feel it. I know if I let go your touch will steal me again.  
I conceal it, but only long enough to remember  
that life without you wouldn't be

cool as the wild summer sea, warm as the fires of twilight,  
steady through nights that fade  
and change with time to soulful days.

And if the sea turns deep and cold, and if the night sweeps over us  
I've come to see that darkness can make love stronger by far --  
it leads the way, and pulls us back, to soulful days.