

The Love We Take

written by Gary Marks © 1988 Marksland ASCAP

Your eyes or mine
it doesn't really matter now.
One heart aligned
feeling strong and reaching out.

I used to try to steal love
I used to try to win a dream.

All the love we take and hide away
we swear does not get lost
it's just all being saved
but love has to be remade
every day or it's over.

City evening turns
city eyes turn home again.
Colors brown on gray
coats and life pulled tightly in.

Easy to retreat from love
with no one else compelled to give.

All the love we take and hide away
we swear does not get lost
it's just all being saved
but love has to be remade
every day or it's over.

Why wait for the perfect time
for the perfect within ourselves
why wait so long to give and take love?

All the love we take and hide away
we swear does not get lost
it's just all being saved
but love has to be remade
every day or it's over.

. . . . Just got to give love away

Rules of the Road

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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

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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

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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

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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

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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

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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.