

Thoughts of Why

written by Gary Marks © 1978 Marksland ASCAP

I'm a spirit
with the soul of a windblown cloud.
And I say I've tried
to be strong and
at least find out
where I'm going.

East winds take my mind back
through the years
teach me to seek out
whisper to be what I believe

But my spirit has an anchor
as light as youth.
And I keep drifting
even after my eyes have seen the truth.

West winds pull me to be free and fly
wander through the distant skies
all thoughts of why now disappear.

I'm a spirit who's had lessons so perfectly clear.
And I say
I want to follow them
and the age of decision is here.

North winds like the thunderous threads of death
prove to me
'til south winds soothe me,
but no no
this can't go on forever.

I'm a spirit
with the soul of a windblown cloud.
And I'm sure to come to rest
if I only remember now
to know why.

The Keeper

written by Gary Marks © 1978 Marksland ASCAP

What possesses one to be the keeper of someone's soul
Is it a victory is symbols over everything that's beyond control?
Behind the lines of their faces are fleeting wars and endless roads.

There are many people who believe a man who kills should be killed in turn.
The rope is pulled by the keeper. Believers breathe easier as the ashes burn.
But if they really believed what they felt they'd also have to kill the keeper himself.

When all the strong ones wash away of their tears of shame
and walk away from the fears that have turned to hate
maybe the truth will help us in the end to teach reform instead of breeding revenge.

Beware of the keeper.
Don't take your eyes off the keeper, no.
Don't take your eyes off your keepers.

Free Me

written by Gary Marks © 1978 Marksland ASCAP

Clearly you can see my eyes
and the question that they hold inside.
I could feel like a bird
graceful as you, sing like you,
fly like you do
free me.

I'll not ask the sun above
to cast a magic spell of love.
But if you feel that same as I do,
through and through,
love me too
free me.

I see by your smile
autumn winds have been through you.
Close your eyes
-- like the night, stay and dance with me.

This day's not a point of change.
Only time will tell
if love will last.
But I could feel like a bird
graceful as you, sing like you,
fly like we do
free me.

Schoolyard Shadows

written by Gary Marks © 1976 Marksland ASCAP

On the faces of the children
is the very same confusion
are the very same reasons
why I gave up for so long.

Still the schoolyards fence emotions
try to teach them just to listen
imitate and not to question
til they become what they are told.

What good is listening
if it erases their reflection?

Sun casts shadows on the blackboard
red hand slowly whirls the seconds by
can you remember all the wasted time
separated from your soul?

Some of the deepest people I know
nearly flunked right out of high school
they were given up for fools
as they dreamed their dreams alone.

What good is learning
if it erases their reflection?

Some survive and become outcasts
some get tangled in the jungle
so unquestioning they stumble
too scared to ever look up again.

On the faces of the children
is that very same confusion
are the very same reasons
why I gave up for so long.

What good is learning
if it erases their reflection?
What good is learning
if it erased our sense of reflection?

Long Way to Go

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If you're too bored or too busy
why involve yourself with problems you'll never know?
But in a land that seems contented
there's still a long way to go.

In a land that speaks of justice
why is so much justice cynical and sold --
bought and sold?
In a land that seems contented
there's still a long way to go.

It seems that those who can't afford the law
better be prepared to face up to your helpless cause
when it's just your voice alone
they're not about to appease you.

In a land that lives on freedom
why are so many laws allowed to break its codes?
In a land that seems contented
there's still a long way to go.

Solo

It seems that those who can't afford the law
better be prepared to face up to your helpless cause
when it's just your voice alone
they're not about to appease you.

If you're too bored or too busy
why involve yourself with problems you'll never know?
But you know if you're raising any children
better tell them there's still a long way to go.

Crystal Eyes

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Very soon the moon becomes the light.
Slowly as the sun sets down
smell of falling leaves
whisper memories sweet
circling together in time.

Crystal eyes
in oh so many ways,
like the stars that shine above.
Wandering through the darkness
two crystal stars kiss
shinning like one star together.

Morning arose
smells sweet to greet the sky.
Sun arrives to warm my eyes,
searching past the dreams
and the drifting seasons
feeling you dancing inside.

Savior Selves

written by Gary Marks © 1978 Marksland ASCAP

I was searching so alone and sad
through foggy nights of endless paths
then I found a home inside me at last
and it's taken all my fears away.

The world is watching saviors come and go
but you can only save your self you know
and you can name the game whatever you want
but I'm just gonna feel it anyway.

Home at last - Yes I'm home at last.

To come to heaven when your day is done
same old spirit's gotta save someone
torn and ragged from you holdin' on
but still strong enough to lead the way.

Home at last - Yes I'm home at last.

There is no total strength inside of a man.
We can only fake that strength as best we can
for the sake of hope and children
and the love of a land
that we're gonna set free someday.

Home at last - Yes I'm home at last.

Easy Living

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Easy living
when I feel you near.
Walking through the peach trees
I feel your laughter reach me
and my sorrows disappear.

Right beside me
everywhere I go.
Even when I'm traveling
I feel your peaceful memories
in the shadows of the road.

Younger years
I was alone and full of doubts,
but you and I
we could reach out.

Easy giving
when I feel you sad.
You know that if you need me
I'd reflect your love to pull you free
and the time would surely pass.

And when my strength weakens
and I can't start all over again
I watch your eyes
they still me
refill me

Easy living
when I feel you near.
Walking through the peach trees
I feel your laughter reach me
and my sorrows disappear.

Self Reflections

written by Gary Marks © 1978 Marksland ASCAP

Those who think of conquering
the forces which we live by
only stand to lose a long and truly lonely war.

To try to control the earth and its power
is to fight the peace we seek, the deeper wisdom underlying.

What we make is our reflection
how we stand is our direction
the words we speak will just go round and round and round and round.

Singing under blue skies
a long long way from danger.

Still I can hear my heart crying
for what we all have done.

They say it's under control
though we cannot drink water from a stream,
how have we all come to accept it?

What we make is our reflection
how we stand is our direction
the words we speak will just go round and round and round and round.

Promises of perfect worlds
all to come tomorrow.
A heaven synthesized in labs
but lord knows who'll be God?

And I can speak these words out clearly now
for those who want to hear
though who among us acts upon them?

What we make is our reflection
how we stand is our direction
the words we speak will just go round and round and round and round.

Generations

written by Gary Marks © 1967 Marksland ASCAP

Dad kissed my momma's eyes
we will make a child, wild and aware.
He will not stand still
he will rise above this
and dance and dance until the end.
We will not make the same mistakes with him.
And there was sparkle within his voice
and his smile filled her up inside.

So I was born
so curious
my feet flying here and there
from the sand to the ocean
me stretching out to touch the sun's rays
and giggle in bed at night.

Soon new chapters came
they were hard and strange
and my dreams became the words.
As I grew
I had come to lose the innocence of trying.
I pull down the shades
and retreat into the warmth of my bed
and blow out the light...

We will make a child
with patience and with strength.
He will learn to see pain as just a page
and finally he'll be free

freedom
just as we could only try to be.

So he was born
and his grandfather bubbled
and color
kissed his face again.

The Grace to Be

written by Gary Marks © 1978 Marksland ASCAP

In my own way
I have seen to the colors
of the wind
though it spins me
when I look beyond to understand.

Human minds do search
for reasons to define in words
and ease our scattered souls --
some hold on tightly with faith or from fear
and some let go.

By the windows
where we swing like crystals on a string
and we reach out for
what the colors through our prisms bring,
warm light strikes a chord
from a dream not quite recalled
lit in afterglow -
some measure learning in years and in symbols and some just grow.

In the sun that shines
I feel just energy, the grace to be
simply a joyous feeling without which the search
doesn't mean a thing.

On the outside where reason dissolves with space and time
there are no answers there that
need questions to analyze the sky.

There shines throughout
the love that reason only talks about as some vague destiny.
Some eyes perceive it as truth
some as God
and some feel free.