



DON WRIGHT

WHEN THE BIG WHEEL ROLLS

RHYTHM IN THE WORD
VOLUME 5

HOME RECORDINGS – 2015

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LYRICS AND MUSIC FOR ALL SONGS BY DON WRIGHT

VOCALS, GUITARS, HARMONICA, KEYBOARDS & MANDOLIN – DON WRIGHT

BACKUP VOCALS, SHAKERS, TAMBOURINE – CARMELITA DELAO MADRID-WRIGHT

ALL RECORDING AND SOUND MIXING DONE EN LA CASITA DE DOÑA ANA, NEW MEXICO

TRACK

- 1 I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT
- 2 HOLE IN THE SKY
- 3 UNTIL IT'S GONE
- 4 MEDICINE WOMAN
- 5 IN HIS ARMS AT LAST
- 6 A THIN BLUE LINE

TRACK

- 7 ONE LITTLE THING
- 8 MAN OF LIGHT
- 9 ENDLESSLY
- 10 LOVE'S GONNA BRING YOU HOME
- 11 WAITING FOR THE LIES
- 12 WHEN THE BIG WHEEL ROLLS

..."IT ALWAYS LEAVES US STANDING RIGHT IN THE HEADLIGHTS"

In the conscious world, we have a purpose that needs no explanation. We rise in the morning. We get dressed and make ourselves presentable. We eat some breakfast and we go make a living among others driven by the same needs. All very understandable. Tidy. Simple even.

The unconscious world we inhabit, on the other hand, has no explanation that could suit us. Trying to understand it only causes confusion – you'd probably end up winding yourself down a spiral, into an increasingly tighter knot or maybe unraveling in all directions.

If you lay down on a beach, you don't question why you come home with sand in your shorts.

I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT

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I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT
THIS RADIO PLAYING IN MY MIND
IT'S ENOUGH TO MAKE YOU SCREAM AND SHOUT
BUT I'M TRYING TO HOLD THE LINE
THEY SAY THE BEST THINGS IN LIFE JUST HAPPEN
YES I GUESS THAT THAT'S PROBABLY TRUE
BUT DID YOU KNOW THAT I WAS LISTENIN'
AS HE WHISPERED THOSE WORDS TO YOU
WHY THE HELL DO WE KEEP ON RUNNIN'
IT'S A QUESTION AS OLD AS TIME
SEE IT ALWAYS LEAVES US STANDING
RIGHT IN THE HEADLIGHTS

I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT
IT'S BEYOND WHAT I CAN SEE
LOOKS LIKE THE WORST OF IT IS OVER NOW
BUT I KNOW WHAT YOU MUST FEEL
THERE WERE TIMES I THOUGHT I UNDERSTOOD
WHAT THESE SYMBOLS ALL DO MEAN
LIKE THAT SPANISH CROSS BEHIND YOU
AND THOSE PAINTINGS UNDERNEATH
I COULD NEVER HAVE SUCH PATIENCE
SO DETERMINED AND SO SURE
UNDISTRACTED IN YOUR VISION
YEAR AFTER COLD YEAR

I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT
BUT IT'S CLEAR YOU THINK YOU DO
LISTEN CLOSE AND YOU MIGHT HEAR THE SOUND
OF THE TRAIN THAT'S BEEN FOLLOWING YOU
ON AND ON THE TAP IS FLOWING
THE PRECIOUS MINUTES OF YOUR LIFE
JUST BELIEVING WITHOUT KNOWING
CHANGES EVERYTHING INSIDE
REACH YOUR HAND DOWN IN THAT WATER
IT WAS THERE BEFORE YOU CAME
ROLLING SURELY TO THE OCEAN
WITH MYSTERIES UNNAMED
MYSTERIES UNNAMED
I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT

..." I SEE THE BLOOD STILL IN THESE WATERS"

I love the road. Ever since my first trip down Highway 101, sixty-some years ago, I have been under its spell. As I drive through places, I always picture the land as it was, before the road was there. Before the fences, the power poles, the curbs and gutters - the "improvements". Underneath all that asphalt and all those concrete foundations, the earth still breathes... and waits.

The Indians questioned how man could own the land. And even though I treasure my little piece of it, I think they probably had the right idea.

HOLE IN THE SKY

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WHERE SHALL WE GO THIS RAINY MORNING
I'LL DRIVE YOU ANYWHERE OLD HIGHWAY 40 GOES
THERE'S A WORLD TO SEE OUT HERE WHILE THE SUN IS HIDING
THE CLOUDS ARE ONLY A LITTLE PART OF THE SHOW

THERE'S A HOLE IN THE SKY JUST UP AHEAD, DARLIN' JUST KEEP ON GOING
CAN YOU DRIVE ME THROUGH IT AND INTO THE LIGHT I SEEK
THERE'S A HOLE IN THE SKY WHERE THE LORD
KEEPS TELLING EVERYBODY THAT THIS IS THE WAY
LET'S GET THROUGH IT TO THE OTHER SIDE AND SEE

I'VE HEARD OF THE SOUTH, I WANT TO GO THERE
I'VE HEARD OF LOVE AND I WANT TO BELIEVE IN THAT
JUST TAKE A LEFT RIGHT HERE ACROSS THIS DESERT
WE WON'T STOP ROLLING 'TILL WE GET TO THE RIO GRANDE

BETWEEN THE SHADOW OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS
AND THE LION THAT LIVES IN THE HEART OF MEXICO
THERE LIES A LAND THAT ONCE BELONGED TO NO ONE
SOMEDAY AGAIN YET IT WILL BE SO

THERE'S A HOLE IN THE SKY JUST UP AHEAD, DARLIN' JUST KEEP ON GOING
CAN YOU DRIVE ME THROUGH IT AND INTO THE LIGHT I SEEK
THERE'S A HOLE IN THE SKY WHERE THE LORD
KEEPS TELLING EVERYBODY THAT THIS IS THE WAY
LET'S GET THROUGH IT TO THE OTHER SIDE AND SEE

THE SUN IS LOW AND THE GROUND IS WARM BY THE RIVER
THE COLORS OF THE SKY PAINT A DREAM OF LONG AGO
HOW COULD IT BE THAT IT'S A DREAM I REMEMBER
OF TOMORROW AND OF THE PLACES THAT WE WILL GO

I SEE THE BLOOD STILL IN THESE WATERS
I SEE COCHISE AND GERONIMO
YO VEO LA VIRGIN DE GUADALUPE
LOOKING DOWN ON US THROUGH TEARS OF HOPE

THERE'S A HOLE IN THE SKY JUST UP AHEAD, DARLIN' JUST KEEP ON GOING
CAN YOU DRIVE ME THROUGH IT AND INTO THE LIGHT I SEEK
THERE'S A HOLE IN THE SKY WHERE THE LORD
KEEPS TELLING EVERYBODY THAT THIS IS THE WAY
LET'S GET THROUGH IT TO THE OTHER SIDE AND SEE

..." DO YOU CLOSE YOUR EYES AND WISH YOU COULD DO SOMETHING NOW
TO KEEP THIS WORLD FROM TURNING ONE MORE TIME"

It seems like all we have is the moment... and the world. But the moment doesn't last – or does it last a lifetime? And the world is only ours for a little while.

We don't really know what time is. I wonder, will we finally know, when we don't have any more of it?

UNTIL IT'S GONE

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CAN YOU FEEL MY ARMS AROUND YOU
AND THE COOLNESS OF THE MORNING ON YOUR FACE
HAVE YOU SEEN THE SUN IN SHADOWS
AND THE FINGERPRINT OF GOD IN EVERY PLACE

I KNOW LOVE IS A DREAM THAT FINDS US
AND I BELIEVE THERE'S A MIRACLE AT HAND
IN EVERY HOPE BORN OUT OF SADNESS
IN EVERY HEART THAT HAS LONGED TO UNDERSTAND

DO YOU STOP WHEN THE FULL MOON RISES?
AND IMAGINE YOU COULD HOLD IT IN THE SKY
DO YOU CLOSE YOUR EYES AND WISH YOU COULD DO SOMETHING NOW
TO KEEP THIS WORLD FROM TURNING ONE MORE TIME

WELL YOU CAN'T TURN AWAY FROM TOMORROW
AND YOU CAN'T STOP HOLDIN' ON
TIME IS A CHILD LONG BESIDE US
THAT YOU WON'T EVER KNOW UNTIL IT'S GONE

THERE ARE MOUNTAINS CARVED OF GRANITE
THAT IN TIME WILL FALL AND CRUMBLE INTO DUST
AND THIS LOVE SO REAL BETWEEN US
SOMEDAY WILL BE A MEMORY OF LOVE

SO WITH OUR EYES WIDE OPEN
TAKE MY HAND AND WE'LL GO DOWN THIS ROAD
WITH NOTHING MORE THAN EACH MOMENT
LONG AS IT GOES

YOU CAN'T TURN AWAY FROM TOMORROW
AND YOU CAN'T STOP HOLDIN' ON
TIME IS A CHILD LONG BESIDE US
THAT YOU WON'T EVER KNOW UNTIL IT'S GONE



..." I'M SEEING THINGS BUT I DON'T THINK THEY'RE THERE"

Who has the power? We all know the answer to that. And it's not the ones with the deep voices and the hairy arms. It's the ones they're chasing. Men like to think they're running things, that they're the force keeping the universe in spin. All their energy however is concentrated on one thing really. And the woman who knows that, can curse you or bless you with nothing more than a glance. Each is an angel and a curandera all in one.

I have driven a thousand miles just to be gazed upon and accepted by such a woman. It's all I ever wanted.

MEDICINE WOMAN

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WAY OUT ON THE HORIZON
GLIMPSSES OF YELLOW GOLD IN A PURPLE LIGHT
IT MIGHT MEAN RAIN OR MAYBE THE SUN'S JUST SLOWIN' DOWN
YEAH IT LOOKS LIKE RAIN TONIGHT

THERE'S SOMETHING LEAKING
AND IT'S BOILING OUT UNDER MY HOOD
I GOT A BAD FEELING, I WISH I WAS HOME
GUESS I OUGHT TO CRAWL UNDER WHATEVER I CAN FIND
WHEN IT ACTS LIKE THIS
ME I GOT A PLAN OF MY OWN
I'M GOING TO SEE A MEDICINE WOMAN
GONNA GET ME SOME MEDICINE

BACK IN TOWN I GOT SOME FRIENDS WHO WOULD HELP ME NOW
IF I NEEDED MONEY OR SOMEONE TO GET ME OUT OF JAIL
BUT OUT HERE WHERE I'M GOING I CAN'T DEPEND ON ANYONE
I'M NOT IN THE RIGHT FRAME OF MIND FOR COMPANY

I LOOKED HIGH, I LOOKED LOW, I LOOKED EVERYWHERE
DOWN IN THE RIVER AND UP ON THE MOUNTAINTOP
DIDN'T THINK I WAS ASKING FOR MUCH, ALL I EVER WANTED
A WOMAN WHO UNDERSTANDS WHAT SHE'S GOT
A MEDICINE WOMAN
TO BRING ME HER MEDICINE

FOUR DAYS FOUR NIGHTS ONE MORNING AND THAT'S ENOUGH
I NEED A BITE TO EAT AND A DRINK IN MY HAND
I'M BREAKING OUT IN A COLD SWEAT
TIED UP IN A BUNDLE OF KNOTS
YEAH I'M SEEING THINGS BUT I DON'T THINK THEY'RE THERE

THERE'S NOT A DOUBT IN WHAT'S LEFT OF MY MIND
IT'S TIME TO GET OFF THIS ROAD
DOES SHE KNOW I'M COMING? I THINK SHE KNOWS EVERYTHING
I'M EMPTIED OUT, GOT NOTHING TO GIVE
BUT THIS ACHE IN MY BONES
I HOPE SHE'S IN THE MOOD TO HELP A MAN IN NEED
I LONG FOR THE TOUCH OF A MEDICINE WOMAN
YOU KNOW I NEED THAT MEDICINE

SHE DOESN'T SMILE, DOESN'T FROWN, DOESN'T SAY A WORD
GOES ABOUT HER BUSINESS LIKE I KNEW SHE WOULD
I BREATHE A SIGH OF RELIEF FOR SOON I WILL BE CURED
JUST HOPE I'M STILL ALIVE WHEN THE MORNING COMES

WORDS WHISPERED IN MY EAR IN A FOREIGN TONGUE
I'M IN HER SPELL NOW, THERE'S NOTHING I CAN DO
SHE LAID A BLANKET OVER ME
WITH THE KINDNESS YOU'D AFFORD A CHILD
THEN SHE GOT UNDER THE BLANKET TOO
I'M BACK IN THE BED OF THE MEDICINE WOMAN
AND I'M GOING TO GET ME SOME MEDICINE TONIGHT
OH THIS WOMAN
SHE UNDERSTANDS JUST WHAT SHE'S GOT



..." LONG BEFORE THE SHADOWS MOVED ACROSS THE BODY OF THIS LAND"

An inconceivable amount of time passed before we drew our first breath. So much more will pass after we're gone. This well-known fact can make one feel very insignificant. Or we can remember that He waits for our return, as though we were the only one He was expecting all along.

Can you really look into the eyes of a loved one and not believe?

IN HIS ARMS AT LAST

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LIKE EVERYONE I KNOW, WALKIN' ON THE TIGHTROPE
NEVER LOOKING DOWN JUST STRAIGHT AHEAD
STANDING ON THE WIRE, TROUBLE ALL AROUND ME
HEARING JUST THE MUSIC IN MY HEAD
COUNTING OUT THE HEARTBEATS SLOWLY
FILLING UP THE GLASS WITH TEARS
FINDING JOY AMONG THE LONELY
ALL THROUGH THE YEARS

A LONG TIME FROM NOW I'LL BE CROSSING OVER
LISTENING TO THE BOW PULLING THROUGH THE WATER
SAILING FOR MY FINAL DESTINATION
SAFE WITHIN HIS ARMS AT LAST

THE COLORS THAT WE SEE SHINING IN THE WINDOW
LIGHTING UP OUR WAY ALONG THE PATH
ARE BORNE OF LOVE SO DEEP
LONG BEFORE THE SHADOWS
MOVED ACROSS THE BODY OF THIS LAND
HAVE YOU FELT THE BREATH OF ANGELS
KNEELING THERE BELOW HIS GAZE
HIDDEN BY THE WALLS OF MERCY
THERE IS A PLACE, OH THERE'S A PLACE

A LONG TIME FROM NOW I'LL BE CROSSING OVER
LISTENING TO THE BOW PULLING THROUGH THE WATER
SAILING FOR MY FINAL DESTINATION
SAFE WITHIN HIS ARMS AT LAST

WHAT YOU AND I HAVE FOUND
HERE AMIDST THE MAYHEM
IS JUST A LITTLE MIRACLE I KNOW
THAT'S WHAT IT WOULD SEEM
OH BUT LOOKING CLOSER
CAN'T YOU SEE THE HEAVEN THAT WE HOLD
SURELY THERE MUST BE SOME NEW WORLD
WAITING ON THE OTHER SHORE
I HAVE SEEN THE PROOF IN YOUR EYES
RIGHT AT MY DOOR, HERE AT MY DOOR

A LONG TIME FROM NOW I'LL BE CROSSING OVER
LISTENING TO THE BOW PULLING THROUGH THE WATER
SAILING FOR MY FINAL DESTINATION
SAFE WITHIN HIS ARMS AT LAST

...**"WE TAKE IT ALL FOR GRANTED THEN WE WONDER WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT"**

"To see the world in a grain of sand/And heaven in a wild flower/To hold infinity in the palm of your hand/And eternity in an hour" William Blake. That's the whole poem - four lines. Everything's made of the same stuff. All made by the same hand. We're essentially and ultimately alone, but you can't deny love. And you can't keep looking ahead, using up time just to get to that place you envisioned. Truly feel and appreciate just one moment, and you will have fulfilled your destiny.

One eternal moment - I'm afraid that's all we get.

A THIN BLUE LINE

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THERE'S A THIN BLUE LINE BETWEEN HEAVEN AND EARTH
THERE'S A PLACE WHERE THE SKY MEETS THE WATER
WE'RE JUST LIKE ONE GRAIN OF SAND IN A UNIVERSE
BUT WE HOLD ETERNITY IN EACH MOMENT

IN YOUR EYES I CAN SEE WHERE LOVE HAS BEGUN
I HEAR THE SONG OF TENDERNESS IN YOUR VOICE
THEY SAY THE POWER OF ONE
IS ALL WE HAVE WHEN WE'RE DONE
BUT WHEN TWO HEARTS BEAT TOGETHER THERE'S NO CHOICE

WE GOT A LONG TIME BABY
BUT WE CAN'T KEEP LOOKIN' OUT INTO THE FUTURE
WE'RE WASTING TIME
WE'RE LIKE SO MANY OTHERS
WE TAKE IT ALL FOR GRANTED
THEN WE WONDER WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT

THERE'S A THIN BLUE LINE BETWEEN HEAVEN AND EARTH
AND THERE'S A WORD HIDDEN DEEP IN THE MOONLIGHT
IT'S IN THE WIND, IT'S ON THE WIRES
IT'S IN EACH BREATH YOU TAKE
THE WORD IS LOVE AND DON'T UNDERESTIMATE IT

WHEN THE ROAD YOU RUN IS A LITTLE TOO ROUGH
AND NO ONE HEARS YOU OR APPRECIATES YOU
THERE'S STILL SOMEONE AT YOUR SIDE
IN THE DARKNESS THERE
THE ONE WHO KNOWS YOU, WHO LOVES YOU, WHO MADE YOU
WE GOT A LONG TIME BABY
BUT WE CAN'T KEEP LOOKIN' OUT INTO THE FUTURE
WE'RE WASTING TIME
WE'RE LIKE SO MANY OTHERS
WE TAKE IT ALL FOR GRANTED
THEN WE WONDER
WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT



..." IT CHANGES EVERYTHING, WE JUST DON'T KNOW IT"

I know and you know, the world is too big. There's too much going on all at once for us to get a handle on it. We also know that it's nothing more than a flyspeck in a seemingly endless chasm of space. So where does that leave us? Well I'll tell you where it leaves us – it doesn't have anything to do with us. All we can do is hold hands, hang on, stay close to home. Anyone who knows me, knows that I'd rather reach for a drink than reach for the stars.

ONE LITTLE THING

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IF ONE LITTLE THING GOES WRONG THAT YOU NEED A HAND WITH
I'LL BE THERE AT YOUR SIDE JUST FOR THE ASKING
WITH EVERY BREATH WE BREATHE
I BELIEVE A LITTLE STRONGER
I'D GIVE MY LIFE FOR YOU, EVERY MOMENT
IF YOU WANT IT

IF ONE LITTLE ROCK ROLLS DOWN FROM THE MOUNTAIN
IT DON'T MEAN MUCH I KNOW BUT IT MEANS SOMETHIN'
AND WHEN THAT TRAIN WHISTLE BLOWS
SAD AND LOW 'ROUND MIDNIGHT
IF YOU HEAR ONE VOICE CRY RIGHT BESIDE IT
IT'LL BE MINE

NOW WHEN ONE DROP OF RAIN FALLS IN THE OCEAN
IT CHANGES EVERYTHING, WE JUST DON'T KNOW IT
JUST LIKE THIS WORLD TURNS 'ROUND A THOUSAND MILES AN HOUR
WE DON'T FEEL A THING NOW DO WE BABY
BUT WE'RE ON A HOLY ROAD, FLYIN' HOME
TO EVERYBODY WAITIN'

BEFORE THE LIGHT OF DAY, BY AND BY WE'LL WADE IN THE WATER
AND WITH EACH HOUR WE WILL WADE IN DEEPER STILL IN THE WATER
YOU WANT TO GET PURIFIED, GIVE YOURSELF TO THE WATER
TROUBLE AND MISERY WASHED AWAY BY THE WATER

AND IF JUST ONE LITTLE GRAIN OF SAND
BLOWS OUT OF THE DESERT
THERE'S SOMEONE WATCHING IT TURN IN THE WIND
TO GUIDE IT ON ITS JOURNEY
AND I KNOW SOMETHING TAKES A HOLD OF ME
EVERY TIME I GET THIS FEELIN' THAT I'M ALL ALONE
CALLING DAY AND NIGHT
KNOCKIN' ON MY DOOR

AND IF ONE LITTLE THING GOES WRONG THAT YOU NEED A HAND WITH
I'LL BE THERE AT YOUR SIDE JUST FOR THE ASKING
WITH EVERY BREATH WE BREATHE
I BELIEVE A LITTLE STRONGER
I'D GIVE MY LIFE FOR YOU, EVERY MOMENT
IF YOU WANT IT

..." HE'S NOT WHAT YOU PICTURED BUT THEN NEITHER ARE YOU"

"And what rough beast, it's hour come 'round at last, slouches toward Bethlehem to be born?" ...W.B. Yeats, The Second Coming. It is said that God created man in His own image. Or did man create God in his image? Will we know him when we see him? Will we recognize him by his words of inspiration? Or will we be welcomed only by "a gaze blank and pitiless as the sun"?"

Move toward the light, children.

MAN OF LIGHT

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A MAN OF LIGHT, OH A MAN OF LIGHT

IT USED TO BE THE MAN PULLING FROM THE STATION
WITH THE WOMAN LEFT BEHIND CRYING ON THE PLATFORM
NOW IT'S JUST TWO STRANGERS IN THE BEDROOM BEFORE THE SUNRISE
ONE LEAVES WITHOUT SAYING GOODBYE OR I LOVE YOU
AND IT USED TO BE THE MAN SHOULDERING THE BIG WHEEL
CARRYING HIS FAMILY WITHOUT FEAR OR INDECISION
NOW HE LIVES AMONG THE MEN WHO WANDER IN THE STREETS
AND HE SUFFERS WITHOUT SHAME IN A WORLD OF INDIGNATION
A MAN OF LIGHT
WE'RE LOOKIN' FOR A MAN OF LIGHT

SOMEWHERE IN THE WORLD IS A LINE DRAWN IN THE SAND
ONE MAN WALKS ACROSS, TROUBLE WON'T BE FAR BEHIND
SOMEWHERE DOWN THE STREET IS A WINDOW STANDING BROKEN
WITH THE LOVE RUNNING OUT ONTO THE SIDEWALK, OH
AND I WANT TO HOLD YOU NOW BUT IT'S TOO MUCH BABY
I FEEL HEAVY WITH THE GIFTS I'VE BEEN GIVEN
I DON'T KNOW WHAT I'M DOIN', I DON'T KNOW WHAT I'M FEELIN'
I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU WANT FROM ME
TAKE FROM ME, GO FROM ME
I'M NOT A MAN OF LIGHT
NO I'M NOT A MAN OF LIGHT

WON'T YOU LISTEN TO ME
HEAR WHAT I SAY
TAKE A LESSON FROM ME
YOU'LL BE SORRY SOMEDAY

OUT THERE IN THE DARKNESS, WAY 'CROSS TOWN
THERE'S FIRE ON THE RIVER, THERE'S SHAKIN' IN THE GROUND
IN A VISION SO FRIGHTFUL AS HE RISES TO STAND
WITH THE BODY OF A LION AND THE HEAD OF A MAN
YOU'VE SEEN HIM IN DREAMS, OH YOU'VE TALKED TO HIM TOO
YOU'RE NOTHING WITHOUT HIM BUT HE CAN LIVE WITHOUT YOU
YOU BETTER BE CAREFUL WITH THE WORDS THAT YOU CHOOSE
HE'S NOT WHAT YOU PICTURED BUT THEN NEITHER ARE YOU
HE'S A MAN OF LIGHT, OH A MAN OF LIGHT

WON'T YOU LISTEN TO ME
HEAR WHAT I SAY
TAKE A LESSON FROM ME
YOU'LL BE SORRY SOMEDAY

..." FROM THE TEARS OF MARBLE ANGELS
TO LITTLE PRAYERS ON YOUR SLEEVE"

Hope and longing, 'round and 'round. Sun comes up, sun goes down. Circle of fire, river of faith. Always we struggle and always we wait.

ENDLESSLY

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IN SEPTEMBER I GET RESTLESS
WHEN THE RAIN FIRST STARTS TO FALL
I REMEMBER THINGS I THOUGHT WERE FINALLY GONE ONCE AND FOR ALL
LIFE ROLLS BY ME IN SLOW MOTION
I TURN 'ROUND AND THEN I SEE
I AM DESTINED TO REPEAT THIS ENDLESSLY

WON'T YOU TEACH ME TO BE FAITHFUL
CAN YOU TAKE ME JUST SO FAR
WILL YOU HELP ME FIND THE CENTER OF THIS LONGING IN MY HEART
OH I KNOW THERE IS NO ANSWER
WHAT YOU WANT TO BE WILL BE
STILL I CAN'T HELP THE WAY I'M FEELIN', ENDLESSLY

OH WHAT A FOOL I MUST SEEM TO YOU
FLAILING AWAY DOWN HERE
HEART AND SOUL IS ALL WE HAVE I KNOW
YEAR AFTER YEAR

I SEE WIDE OPEN SPACES IN MY OWN LITTLE HOME
I SEE THE MOON IN MY WINDOW
I GET A CHILL IN MY BONES
WHEN I TRY TO TELL SOMEBODY, IT'S LIKE RAINDROPS IN THE SEA
MAKING EVER LARGER CIRCLES ENDLESSLY

YOU MIGHT THINK YOU'RE SPECIAL
THAT THERE'S SOMETHING TO EXPLAIN
BUT I'VE SEEN A GLIMPSE OF HEAVEN
AND EVERY BIT OF IT'S THE SAME
FROM THE DUST OFF OF YOUR SHOE TOPS TO A LONELY GALAXY
THAT JUST WINDS OUT THROUGH THE DARKNESS ENDLESSLY

OH WHAT A WORLD JUST BEYOND THE GLOW
OF THE HARD LIGHT OF THE SUN
I WON'T MAKE A SOUND, WON'T YOU TAKE ME DOWN
WHERE DEEP WATERS RUN

ON A ROAD IN NEBRASKA, DOWN A STREET IN EAST L.A.
IS A MEMORY DYING SOFTLY OF LOVE BEGINNING NEW TODAY
AND THE HEART THAT WAS STOLEN FROM THE SLUMS OF GALILEE
STILL LIES BEATING ON YOUR DOORSTEP ENDLESSLY

FROM THE TEARS OF MARBLE ANGELS
TO LITTLE PRAYERS ON YOUR SLEEVE
WE ARE DESTINED TO REPEAT THIS ENDLESSLY

..." I STILL SEE YOU COMIN' UP THAT ROAD"

Hope. Seems to me, that's the one thing that makes us human. I don't think the other animals hope they'll find food on the other side of the hill. They hunt. They seek. They hide. I believe they even love. But they don't hope. It's our strength and, probably, our downfall. It makes us vulnerable, certainly. But it makes us who we are.

LOVE'S GONNA BRING YOU HOME

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IN THE DAYS THAT WE ARE GIVEN
IN THE MOMENTS THAT WE STEAL
THERE'S A CHANCE FOR LOVE TO FIND US
THOUGH YOU MIGHT THINK IT NEVER WILL
BABY I KNOW THAT YOU'VE BEEN LIED TO
AND NEVER TREATED RIGHT
TURNED AROUND AND TURNED OUT IN THE COLD
TIME AFTER TIME

ONE LONELY NIGHT AFTER ANOTHER
TUMBLES DOWN ONTO YOUR HEART
YOU FEEL THE WEIGHT OF EVERY LAST ONE
AS YOU LAY THERE IN THE DARK
YOU THINK THAT LOVE HAS BROUGHT YOU
NOTHING BUT MISERY AND PAIN
BUT I SAY HOPE IS LIKE A FIRE THAT BURNS
EVEN IN THE RAIN

AND YOU SAY THAT LOVE TOOK YOU AWAY FROM ME
THEN LEFT YOU ALONE
WELL EVERY NIGHT I DREAM YOU'RE COMIN' BACK
THAT LOVE'S GONNA BRING YOU HOME

THE DAYS THAT WE ARE GIVEN
ARE THE GIFTS THAT BRING US FAITH
WE CAN LIVE LIKE WE BELIEVE IT
OR THROW IT ALL AWAY
THERE ARE SOME PEOPLE THAT WILL TAKE YOU DOWN
LORD I KNOW THAT'S TRUE
BUT EVEN WHEN YOU'RE ON THE GROUND
THE SKY ABOVE IS BLUE

MAYBE YOUR OWN HEART HAS BETRAYED YOU
AND MAYBE THIS WON'T BE THE LAST
YOU'LL ALWAYS LOOK FOR LOVE TO SAVE YOU
JUST LIKE I KNOW YOU ALWAYS HAVE
THEY'LL NEVER HOLD YOU BACK, A HEART SO STRONG
GO FOLLOW WHERE IT LEADS
'ROUND AND 'ROUND AND NEVER STOP
RIGHT BACK TO ME

AND I KNOW LOVE TOOK YOU AWAY FROM ME
THEN LEFT YOU ALL ALONE
BUT I STILL SEE YOU COMIN' UP THAT ROAD
LOVE'S GONNA BRING YOU HOME

..." WHAT DOES IT MATTER WHICH SIDE I'M ON
WHEN THE BULLSHIT'S WALL TO WALL"

You think you know somebody. Well, you know what they show you and what they tell you. I never was much of a judge of character. I envy those that are. I tend to get caught up in the excitement of the moment and see someone like I want them to be.

Hasn't worked out for me a lot of times.

WAITING FOR THE LIES

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HOW'D I GET CAUGHT IN THIS GO-AROUND
FOOLS RUNNIN' RIGHT AND LEFT
TAKE ME TO A PLACE ON THE EDGE OF TOWN
GET OUT WHERE THE LIGHT IS BEST
YOU MIGHT BE READY FOR LOVE IN MY ARMS
I CAN NEVER TELL WITH YOUR KIND
HAPPY JUST ONE MINUTE AND GONE THE NEXT
THIS COULD BE THE TIME

BUT I'M WAITING FOR THE LIES
WAITING FOR THE LIES
WAITING FOR THE LIES TO START FALLIN'

NEVER COULD GET ANYWHERE AROUND HERE
FEELS LIKE THIS TOWN IS A JINX
I'M WORKIN' MY WAY INTO A STATE OF FEAR
TIPTOEIN' ON THE BRINK
YOU GOT IT DOWN TO A SCIENCE I KNOW
I'VE BEEN IN YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD
I SEE MYSELF GETTING PULLED IN SLOW
AND IT'S LOOKIN' PRETTY GOOD

BUT I'M WAITING FOR THE LIES
WAITING FOR THE LIES
WAITING FOR THE LIES TO START FALLIN'

WHAT DOES IT MATTER WHICH SIDE I'M ON
WHEN THE BULLSHIT'S WALL TO WALL
YOU THINK YOU GOT IT RIGHT BUT YOU NEVER KNOW
JUST WHICH WAY TO FALL
YOU STOOD OUT LIKE A HOODLUM IN SCHOOL
SPECIAL IN A DANGEROUS WAY
OH IT'S SUCH A THRILL JUST TO KNOW YOU'RE MINE
EVEN FOR A DAY

BUT I'M WAITING FOR THE LIES
WAITING FOR THE LIES
WAITING FOR THE LIES TO START FALLIN'

..." WHEN THE TRUTH STARTS HURTIN'
AND THE LIES DON'T EASE THE PAIN"

When it starts to go bad. When you're looking out the window at the big trucks rolling by and you're just trying to stay out of the way. And you are reminded once again of very simple truths – things are what they are. They aren't anything else. They aren't what you want them to be. They aren't what you thought they could be. They're only what they are.

We need to find some comfort in that.

WHEN THE BIG WHEEL ROLLS

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WHEN THE BIG WHEEL ROLLS
YOU MIGHT WONDER WILL IT EVER STOP
WHEN THE LOVE STARTS MOVIN' IN YOU
I SAY GO WHERE THE RIVER RUNS
LIKE A SEED ON THE WATER, LIKE A LEAF IN THE WIND
TAKE YOUR CHANCES ON SOMETHING
ONE STEP BEYOND WHAT YOU BELIEVE
WHAT YOU BELIEVE
WHEN THE BIG WHEEL ROLLS

WHEN THE TRUTH STARTS HURTIN'
AND THE LIES DON'T EASE THE PAIN
YOU CAN BET I'LL BE MOVIN' ON
I DON'T THINK WE'LL HAVE MUCH TO SAY
HAD ENOUGH OF ME BABY?
HAD ENOUGH OF MY TIME?
I'VE BEEN TAKEN FOR GRANTED
NOW DON'T FEEL SO BAD I'LL GET BY
YEAH I'LL GET BY
WHEN THE BIG WHEEL ROLLS

THOUGH WE WALK IN THE SAME LIGHT
AND WE LIE FACE TO FACE
SOMETHING MOVES IN BETWEEN US
SOMETHING SEEMS OUT OF PLACE
ONCE YOU STEP BACK TO TAKE A LOOK
AND IT PICKS YOU UP WHERE YOU STOOD
THERE WON'T BE TIME FOR TALKIN'
OR DREAMS ABOUT FALLING IN LOVE
WHEN THE BIG WHEEL ROLLS

IN THE NAKED HOURS WE HAVE
WITH THE FEELING THAT REMAINS
WE ARE BOUND TO TRY TO PUT
ALL THE PIECES BACK IN PLACE
JUST REMEMBER I LOVED YOU
AND THAT SOMEDAY WE'LL BE
LEFT ENTANGLED TOGETHER
ALONE AT THE END OF THE STREET
AT THE END OF THE STREET
WHEN THE BIG WHEEL ROLLS

WHEN THE LOVE STARTS MOVIN' IN YOU
WHEN THE BIG WHEEL ROLLS

VAGABOND INN, VENTURA, CALIFORNIA. PALM TREES AND POODLE-CUT SHRUBS. TAXI DRIVER DROPS OFF A TINY MEXICAN LADY AND HER VIEJO — A GRINGO WEARING A STINGY-BRIM RACETRACK HAT AND WHAT APPEAR TO BE SANSABELT SLACKS. THEY SHUFFLE INTO THE ROOM NEXT DOOR — 103. I'M IN 104. THE FOG HASN'T LIFTED AND I DON'T THINK IT WILL. LOOKS LIKE ABOUT TWENTY SURFERS OUT IN THE CALIFORNIA STREET LINEUP. I REMEMBER BEING OUT THERE IN 1965, GETTING OUT OF THE WATER AND PEELING OFF THE WETSUIT, DIGGING INTO A BOX OF DOUGHNUTS AND HOT COFFEE. WONDERING WHERE TO GO NEXT — PROBABLY BACK UP THE COAST TO RINCON OR JUST SOMEWHERE DOWN THE ROAD, YOUNG AND FREE.

THE OLD COUPLE HAS COME OUT OF THE ROOM, WORKING THEIR WAY ACROSS THE PARKING LOT TOWARD THE POOL. IT'S MID-DAY BUT YOU CAN'T TELL IT BY LOOKING AT THE COLORLESS JUNE SKY. I THINK SHE USED TO BE A DANCER BY THE WAY SHE MOVES. STILL WEARS HER HAIR LONG AND IT'S STILL BLACK. AND SHE'S DRESSED ALL IN BLACK. HE HOLDS HER CLOSE AND THEY MOVE VERY WELL TOGETHER.



THE MAID HAS COME TO CLEAN MY ROOM. HER NAME IS NADIA. SHE ASKS IF I'LL BE LEAVING TODAY AND I TELL HER, "*NO, ME VOY A ESPERAR UNA MAS NOCHE.*" "HOKAY," SHE SAYS. I STEP OUT FOR A SMOKE WHILE SHE WORKS. THERE IS NO WIND. IT'S NOT HOT OR COLD. HIGHWAY 101 IS A CONSTANT DRUMBEAT ABOVE AND BEHIND ME. I THINK OF CARMELITA AND NEW MEXICO, A THOUSAND MILES AWAY, AS I GO BACK IN AND CLOSE THE DOOR. THE SKY HASN'T CHANGED AND I DON'T THINK IT WILL.

JUNE 23, 2009

I FEEL LIKE PIECES OF MY LIFE ARE STILL BLOWING UP AND DOWN THE CALIFORNIA COAST. SEEMS LIKE ONE DAY I MIGHT BE COMPELLED TO GO OUT THERE AND COLLECT THEM — PRESS THEM BETWEEN THE PAGES OF A BOOK AND SAVE THEM, TUCKED AWAY ON A SHELF AMONG THE OTHER BOOKS WHERE I CAN FORGET ABOUT THEM FOR ANOTHER LONG PERIOD OF TIME. BUT I'LL KNOW THEY'RE THERE AND I'LL FEEL BETTER FOR IT. I'LL HAVE THEM ALL IN ONE PLACE - THIS PLACE, THIS CORNER OF THE SOUTHWEST WHERE THE SKY IS SELDOM GRAY AND THE ROAD IS OPEN, ROLLING FLAT AND TRUE ACROSS THE HIGH DESERT.

ABOUT HALFWAY BETWEEN THE OLD CHIRICAHUA TRAIL AND THE JORNADA DEL MUERTO, LIES THE ACEQUIA MADRE, A CANAL THAT WAS DUG BY HAND SOME 200 YEARS AGO TO BRING WATER FROM THE RIO GRANDE TO THE FARMLAND IN THIS VALLEY. PARALLEL ALONG THIS CANAL, FOR A FEW MILES, RUNS THE ORIGINAL EL CAMINO REAL. IT BROUGHT IMMIGRANTS, SETTLERS AND *CONQUISTADORES* ALIKE, UP OUT OF MEXICO TO SANTA FE. I CAN HEAR THE HOOF BEATS ALONG WITH THE CAR TIRES FROM MY BEDROOM. FROM MY KITCHEN WINDOW I CAN WATCH TRACTORS AND HAY BALERS PASSING THROUGH THE GHOSTS OF LONG-GONE *VAQUEROS*. AND I CAN HEAR THE WEDDING SONG OF THE APACHE AND THE DEATH RATTLE OF A NATION — FROM MY BACK YARD.



RIVERS HAVE A MEANING FOR ME THAT I DON'T THINK I UNDERSTAND. I AM DRAWN TO THEM AND I'VE NEVER MET ONE I LIKE BETTER THAN THIS ONE. IT HAS A SOUL, IT HAS A MEMORY. IT DIVIDES TWO COUNTRIES. I WATCH IT AND LISTEN TO IT. I SPEAK TO IT - IT'S NOTHING LESS THAN SPIRITUAL. I HAVE ALSO BEEN IN THE CALIFORNIA SURF WHEN THE FOG HAS JUST LIFTED AND THE WATER IS GLASSY CALM AND PERFECT SETS ARE ROLLING IN. IT IS A TIME THAT STILL LIVES IN ME, COMPLETE WITH THE SMELLS AND SENSATIONS OF THE MOMENT. IT IS ALSO SPIRITUAL.

SO WHAT IS IT, WATER? SKY? EARTH? WHEELS ROLLING DOWN A ROAD? THE ROAD ITSELF? NOW OR THEN? HERE OR THERE? SOMEWHERE ON THE OTHER SIDE, MAYBE I'LL FIND THE ANSWER. OR MAYBE NOT. MAYBE WHEN THE EAGLE FLIES. MAYBE WHEN THE EARTH TREMBLES AND THE RAIN COMES, SLOWLY AT FIRST, THEN ALL REALIZE THAT IT'S NOT GOING TO STOP.

MAYBE WHEN THE COWS COME HOME.

DON DERECHO DE LA PAZ
WESTERN HEMISPHERE
AUGUST, 2015



Songlist

1. I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT.....	3:52
2. HOLE IN THE SKY	4:10
3. UNTIL IT'S GONE	3:48
4. MEDICINE WOMAN	6:42
5. IN HIS ARMS AT LAST	6:00
6. A THIN BLUE LINE	3:33
7. ONE LITTLE THING	5:28
8. MAN OF LIGHT	4:48
9. ENDLESSLY.....	4:54
10. LOVE'S GONNA BRING YOU HOME	5:16
11. WAITING FOR THE LIES.....	3:45
12. WHEN THE BIG WHEEL ROLLS.....	5:00