

Road Missed by a Lyricist

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The primary money making career, that I was born to do, is song writing. My aims to succeed in this business have been met with many obstacles and has not yet happened. But I am still a songwriter and lyricist. I don't think that I could not write songs even if I tried. Its something my heart and soul need to do and have naturally been doing since I was a young child.

When I was around 13 or 14 years old, my mother recognized my natural talent and suggested that I send some of my songs into the Crown music company that advertised in her Readers Digest magazine. (This was in the early 1970s) I sent them several of my songs, but never got a response back.

When I was fifteen (in 1974) a man, who had been hanging out at my sister's apartment in Manchester, tried to get me to go to California to meet up with a musician friend of his, but I ended up following my mother's wise advise, which said it was probably not safe, especially since all he'd given me is an address and no phone number to contact them in advance.

In 1977 my mother (my songwriting supporter) died and then I got married and had two children and my career was pushed aside for many years. I kept writing songs and poems, but I kept them in the closet due to some criticisms from other family members and their personal content. However, around 1990 my youngest daughter asked if she could recite some of my poems in a little "Poet's Tea" that her teacher was having at school for NH poets. My poems are such a personal part of me and my experiences that it felt like bearing my heart and soul to strangers and I was not ready for this, at this time. I did not have much confidence in my writings, at that time. And I did not consider myself a NH poet. So I said no. But her asking made me continue thinking about it and I did end up breaking out of the closet, because I knew it's what I needed to do. I let that teacher use some of my less personal poems in her "Poet's Tea" in the next couple years.

Then I started sharing some of my poems and songs with other people in the yoga center and meditation group I went to and in the drum making workshops I taught....etc. But it was all very low profile. One man took my "Mother River" song and put his own melody to it and started performing it without even asking my permission. I mention more about this in the description of this song, below. My primary focus in the 1980s and 1990s was in raising my children and caring for my home and gardens.

Around the year 2000 I decided to work harder at making my song writing a lucrative career so that my other plans could also blossom. I started talking to, and showing some of my songs to, people who were in the music business. I had a dear friend in Nova Scotia who lived in a neighborhood of musicians. I tried singing some of my songs to his neighbors, but I had such difficulty with stage fright that he suggested I make a songwriter CD where I recite the songs with the music playing in the background. This was a great idea that I decided to do, but I also planned to hire someone who could sing and present some of them better than I could.* The first thing I had to do is get the melodies written onto music sheets. I had them in my head, but they needed to be written out on paper so that musicians could play them. My guitar playing was not good (at all) and I sometimes had a hard time both playing and singing (or reciting) at the same time, which is probably partly due to the stage fright thing. But I could not read or write music notes and needed help with this part.

A woman, who was a professional musician, had referred me to a friend of hers who is a music professor and also to another friend of hers at the Concord, NH music academy.

I hired the professor to put cords to three of my songs, which I had sung into a tape recorder and sent to him. He not only wrote out the cords for me, but also made a simple recording of them with him singing and playing piano and guitar accompaniments. I was so excited! To hear, for the first time, some of my songs being professionally done, felt wonderful to me. He did such a good job with them. He'd told me that one of my songs had "haunted" him so much that he felt he had to make the time to help me with them. This was a great compliment that boosted my confidence. Most of my songs come from the depths of my heart and are meant to touch other hearts. So, my song touching his heart also meant a lot to me.

I went to a song writing workshop at the Concord Music Academy. It was a group of no more than ten people. In the first part of the workshop we sat in a circle taking turns sharing songs we'd written. One woman started crying so hard, after I sang one of my songs, that she rushed out of the room. Another heart touched! In the second part of the workshop the teacher gave us a phrase and asked us to write a song using this phrase. It was something about "stones" and we were given about ten-twenty minutes (or so) to do it. Then we took turns sharing our lyrics. After I shared mine the teacher looked at me suspiciously and asked something like, "you just wrote all of that, just now?" Yes, I had. Apparently she thought it's supposed to take longer and be harder. But this is how I've written most of my songs. They just pop out once I get on a roll. It's never been something I have to work hard at, or for very long. When I do labor with one, it's usually not very good, because it's too forced and more from my head than from my heart. My best songs quickly flow from my heart and these tend to be the ones that touch other people's hearts. But the teacher seemed disbelieving. Though I felt a bit offended, by her thinking I was lying, I also felt it as a compliment. I thought that maybe I am better at this than I thought, if a professional is shocked by how fast I created a whole song. After this workshop ended the teacher came up to me and said she'd like to see more of my songs. I felt inspired by her interest. But I never did get back there to meet with her. I

became a bit overwhelmed with other things happening.

In the early Spring of 2001 my Nova Scotia friend suddenly died of a heart attack. On May 7th of 2001, the professors recording of my songs, as well as most of my other writings, including the final manuscript of a book I'd just finished writing, were destroyed in a fire in my home. I felt like a part of my heart and soul had been viciously torn from me. I did still have around sixty of my songs, which I'd either remembered or had put into a book, which a friend had an old manuscript to, but the vast majority were completely gone. I lost hundreds of partially written songs and hundreds of poems as well as all of my person journal writings. This was a HUGE loss for me. My writings are like a part of me. I didn't really even start healing from it until I started writing more songs and poems and started rewriting the lost book.

In the 2001/2002 winter, as I struggled to survive 30 below zero temperatures, in a wilderness shack, which I'd just bought in the Adirondack mountains, I huddled close to my wood stove with my guitar and sang my first new song since the fire. Then a few more poems and songs found their way out and I soon had a stack of papers forming on my table. I remember looking at that little stack of papers and thinking, *"I will be OK. I can write more. I still have my heart and soul."* And the feeling of horrible loss started fading. Then my little brother suddenly died in August 2002 and, though this inspired a couple new songs, it also left me in a state of overwhelm dealing with the loss and other things happening around that time.

It was late summer in 2003, when I launched into another full-fledged aim to make it in the music business. I felt a bit better equipped, because I'd attended a workshop at the Kripalu Yoga Center, to help me get past my stage fright and it really did help some. The instructor actually humiliated me on stage, repeatedly stopping me, after I started singing and then repeatedly yelling "louder! One. Two. Three. Sing!" He did this until I got so angry that the passion, which came out in my singing shocked me and pleased him. I can't say that I liked his technique at the time, but it sure worked well. Singing in front of people was a bit less difficult after doing that on a stage with about fifty to a hundred people watching. And it helped me to work at opening up and bringing more passion into my singing.

I had a lot of new and very original heart touching songs to use in an industry that is starving for new material. So, I felt that I had a good chance of succeeding, when I headed for Nashville in the summer of 2003. After I got there I barged through my stage fright crap, and forced myself onto the stages of every songwriter bar and club and circle that I could find.

My talent was recognized by the owner of one of these places. She rushed up to me, after I got off stage, and excitedly said, "You've got it girl! All you need is more confidence on the stage." But a man rushed up to us, cut her off and told her that he was going to help me with my songs. She turned away and I was distracted and that was the end of that. Within a week (or so) I tried to go back there to talk to her, but I was told that the place had suddenly shut down. I felt like I had lost an important contact. Perhaps she could have helped me or at least point me in a good direction. I felt upset with myself for letting that guy pull me away from her. Why did he do that? And why did I not openly disagree, right then and there, out of concern for his feelings? I didn't even know the guy and he appeared to be staking some sort of claim on me, and he certainly never helped me or even seemed to have any connections in the music business. According to what I heard, he had arrived in town about the same time I did. He was showing up at all the same places I went. He was also doing the songwriter circuit, but it seems like he became my shadow in that process. He even intervened again, after I'd connected with a serious song writer who had a toe in with a large music company and had told me that he was trying to pull together some new songs to pitch to them. I was VERY interested in helping him, in order to get my toe in there too, but then that same man who had intervened with the woman informed me that he was moving in with him and was going to be the one to help him. At yet another place he created a batch of discord just before I was to audition on stage. I did my best to avoid him. But he wasn't the only one who was interfering.

A woman, who was renting a room at the same place I rented at, also wanted to become my shadow. I had a hard time staying away from her too. The first red flag in this situation was when she asked if I'd share some of my songs with her, and after I pulled out my guitar and started playing some of them, she pulled out a notebook and started writing things down. I stopped and asked, "What are you doing?" She said I'm getting ideas for my songs. I told her she should come up with her own ideas from her own life experiences, like I had. I didn't want her stealing my ideas and parts of my songs. But she probably did anyway.

In the beginning, I'd let her go with me to one song writer gathering, but she proved to be there for very different reasons from what I was and I didn't feel comfortable hanging out with her or being distracted by her. The next time, I went without her and returned to find her literally sitting up waiting for me and crying about being left behind. I felt sorry for her, but I was there to work, not to hang out with her and not to give her my material and not to pick up strange men at bars or to hang out with her while she did. I didn't even know her and it was odd that she had latched onto me so severely. I felt stifled and had to get away from her. I never took her with me again and she stopped being friendly with me, to put it mildly.

Overall I felt very discouraged by my Nashville songwriter circle experience. It later appeared that some of the people who swarmed me were actually actively trying to sabotage my efforts and prevent me from connecting with the right people in the music business. And some of the people, who wanted to be song writers, but weren't really, were obviously trying to steal my talent, in order to make money for themselves. I had run into other types of walls too, which seemed to be due to false rumors about me being a fake "country girl". During one of the songwriter circles, a woman, who was a scout to find new and good song writers, had approached me and basically accused me of not really being a "country girl." She had asked me, "What's a bush hog?" I said, "I don't know." And then she snidely snapped out "You aint no country girl!" I really did grow up on a farm. And many of my songs are typical country songs. (In NH we didn't use "bush hogs" -

we used tractors and mowers and bailers.) But that was the last time I went to that place, because I knew it was a waste of time, since she was the one with the connections in the music business. There were other places for me to go, but by this time I was getting discouraged and the more discouraged I got the more difficult it became for me to move past my stage fright and do a good presentation of my songs.

The only real support and encouragement I got, while I was there, was delivered in a few seconds, from that woman who'd excitedly said, "You've got it girl...". That would have been enough, if I had not had so many negative experiences with other people at other places, and if that place had not shut down before I could get back to it and reconnect with her.

In Nashville I learned that not all music people are kind and honest and some can actually be extremely greedy and sort of mean, especially the "wanabe" songwriters who use the ideas of and/or actual parts of other people's songs so they can claim them for their own and try to make money for themselves. It shouldn't be this way, although it is considered legal if they steal only a certain small percent of someone else's song. With some songs just stealing the one important little catchy phrase is basically the same thing as stealing the whole song, and it should be illegal, because it's not right or fair. And Nashville is not the only place where I experienced these sorts of things.

I left Nashville within a few months, with a music program on my laptop, which an established musician had put there "to help" me. Then I had a dream that someone was remotely accessing my computer and suspected that it was him. I called and told him about it and he didn't even deny it - he just laughed and said, "If you leave your door unlocked someone is going to walk in," as if it was my fault for trusting him. (However, he was not the only person who'd had access to my computer. I'd had a run in with a couple of shady people in California, shortly after leaving Nashville, and they were also connected to the music business and could have easily accessed my computer.) After this I wrote a note into that computer, saying "get out!" and then all my songs, and the music program he'd installed for me, were suddenly wiped out of my computer by the next morning. Part of the only new song, which I had sung directly into that music program, went like this...

***One. Two. Three. Like a bird I sing,
'cause you've given me the most beautiful set of wings....
I'm down to my last dollar. I've walked right through my shoes.
Just a small reminder of the hell I've been through.
But look at me still smiling. I'm wondering what I'll do.
If I aint got nothing, I've got nothing to lose.
One. Two. Three. Like a bird I sing,
'cause you've given me the most beautiful set of wings....***

(Sound familiar? I doubt Tim McGraw knows that "Last Dollar" was stolen. If you know him please tell him.)

And part of this song also talked about building "a loving land" and about my travels "from coast to coast," but I can't remember exactly how I wrote this part and I can't look it up right now. The man who claims to have written this song truly was not its creator except for one verse - I did not write the verse that talked about "watches, hats and wine" and it doesn't even fit the true meaning of my song. I was at the end of the amount of money I'd allotted for my Nashville songwriting expedition and was trying to get over my disappointment with such failure with it, through doing a fast and a lot of hiking in the Arizona desert when I wrote this song. (My hiking boots were literally falling apart!) And, after walking out my disappointment I started feeling proud of myself for actually climbing onto stages and singing songs which were bearing my heart and soul to a group of total strangers. This was a HUGE for me. In Nashville had charged through the worse fear I have ever had. I was thinking about this, and flying a bit high from the fast, when I looked at a little bird who was singing on the top of a hill and started singing, "1-2-3 like a bird I sing, because you've given me the most beautiful set of wings". (The "1-2-3" part came from my Kripalu music teacher experience. And my travels "from coast to coast" was about looking for a piece of land to do the garden part of my recovery/healing center on, which I was also doing around that time. This is the "loving land" part. The vast majority of the lyrics, and the whole melody of "Last Dollar", is my creation; it's not only my creation, it's a part of my life, my heart, my soul, my dreams, my experiences. This obvious theft felt like a part of my heart and soul being stolen. **A part of me has felt glad that this song has touched so many hearts, but it should not have happened through tearing a part of mine away from me.** And the profits from it were supposed to help build the "loving land" we all need. I cringe when I think of money gained from it being wasted on unimportant *things*, like watches hats and wine. It was early February 2004 when I wrote this song and it had become a top of the charts hit by or around 2006. (I first heard it in 2006.) They moved fast with it.

My life plunged into a ditch, due to covert targeting, around the end of 2005. During 2006 I was experiencing obvious life threatening covert targeting. I initially thought the targeting was due to a local satanic occult group who was against a book I'd written to help heal the heart of humanity. But I later realized that it's much bigger than that and that; they seem to have far reaching contacts all around the country. I now feel that part of the targeting is connected to the theft of some of my writings. I now wonder if there is some sort of black market for creative works that are stolen from talented people who are then covertly targeted so that they cannot succeed with their own creations, which are being used to make money for other people. Words cannot describe how horrible this feels to me, no matter how it is being done. I have been so deeply hurt by this that it defies full description.

In the summer of 2006 I decided to do all my songs by myself and make my own finished CD to share with and sell

to people. My song, "Finally" came from the heart of this decision. But ongoing difficulties, including a life threatening physical illness that struck me in late 2006, have prevented this. I still prefer to do it all on my own, but I am not in a position where I can make a professional recording. I feel trapped.

I'm again thinking it may be best to find a professional singer to sing some of my songs. But I don't know how to get past the greedy walls that appear to surround and creep through the music business, so that I can reach the parts that contain decent, honest people who need new and genuine songwriting talent. And I do not know how to protect myself from the ongoing sabotaging of my career and mission and other things that I've tried to do in order to pull myself out of the destitute and homeless plight that other people's greed and cruelty have shoved me into and held me trapped in since around 2006.

My songs are not the only thing that have been being stolen. I have had an ongoing problem with my computers being infiltrated and parts of my writings being wiped out and dates on files and recordings being changed and even book publishers shutting down and forcing me to start over somewhere else and the loss of a substantial bank account...etc.

One example of the wiping out of parts of my writings is that which I caught as I pulled together songs to share in this article. I noticed that an important verse was wiped out of two sets of my song lyrics, which I had been published in a poetry book. The verse that was wiped out of song entitled, "Listen to My Songs" is; "My love for you is here between every word. My heart is singing. Have you heard?" And the verse that was wiped out of my "Just Another Cinderella" song was; "Now I'm just striving to be me and to know that I'm alright. These tears I now cry are going to dry tonight." Then I realized that the "date of creation" on a recording that had the full version of these songs, was changed from November 12, 2006 to current date in 2020 in my computer. These two songs were written in the 1990s, so the 2006 date is not even important, but the erasing of parts of my songs matters so much to me that I just feel like crying since I noticed this batch of it. How much else has been done? And have they also changed the pdf in my publishing company and other places that had my full original poems and songs and other writings? How much of me have they stolen? Since I started noticing the plagiarizing there appears to even be efforts to make me look like a plagiarizer; I have caught quotations being repeatedly erased in an article where I was quoting someone else. It seems impossible to get a computer that cannot be infiltrated! It's all just too wrong and should not be happening. I'm sure that not everything that has happened to me is due to the song thieves, (It appears that more than one person or group has been covertly targeting me and using my material**) but some of it surely has been them and my song and book writing career being sabotaged certainly serves the song thieves. It keeps me hidden from the world and gives them free rein with my creations.

The sad thing about this for me, is that I have never wanted financial success for the common selfish reasons that many people do. I was writing songs long before I even knew I could make money with them. Since then I've learned that just one, song performed by the right "star", can make the songwriter rich enough to not have to work for the rest of their lives, but I've had absolutely no desire to be rich or to not have to work for the rest of my life. I wanted my songs to become hits so they could touch people's hearts and fund an important mission that I needed to create and work at for the rest of my life. My songwriting has not been only to make money, even after I learned it could. My songs and poems have been an important part of my personal process of healing and growing into a more whole and healthy human being. I wanted them to be touching other people's hearts and helping them to do the same thing. The mission, which I wanted the profits from my songs to fund, was to help people who were going through tough times and to help heal the heart of humanity. So, the thefts and the sabotaging of my song and book writing career, has not only stolen from and hurt me, but has also deprived every other person whom my songs, and the money gained from them, could have and should have been helping. I feel so sad for all of us. Much has been lost. But I'm not giving up.

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P.S. I emailed my "Freedom's Peace" song, and a few others to Barbara Streisand a few years ago. And then I had a dream about her looking through my stuff and saying, "She's a good songwriter." Did the dream depict reality? If a person of her level of expertise really thinks I'm a good song writer, it's the best compliment I've ever gotten for that part of my work. Perhaps there is hope for my career.

* The girl I had hoped to hire to sing some of my songs, for my songwriter CD, ended up in a horrible situation where her husband committed suicide in front of her and she fell to pieces emotionally and mentally and was put on psychiatric medications that basically disabled her. This was so shocking and sad, especially since she was a close friend of my oldest daughter's. She had a beautiful angelic voice and her using it to help promote my songs could have also helped her talent to be recognized. It could have been a lovely win/win situation for both of us if it had been able to happen. If my situation ever gets better I may just do it all by myself, like I had decided to do in 2005 and 2006. 123 like a bird I sing... I can do it. I can, even though I'm now nearly 62 years old. I just need the freedom to.

** I've been dealing with multiple problems, aside from the song theft stuff, and it all appears to be connected to some sort of satanic type of group that has been covertly targeting me and appears to have connections in the music business as well as many other places. I tend to get along really well with people and have had no real enemies, except for two older sisters who have been hatefully jealous of me all my life. One of them can be extremely manipulative and dangerously cruel and I am now wondering how connected she may be to some of the things that have been happening to me. But no matter who or how the result has been devastating to me and my life and my career and it all should stop.

Below are a few of my songs.

I cannot retrieve more right now.

Below are parts of the lyrics to a few of my songs, including two that I wrote as I wrote this article. I hope my songs touch people's hearts and reach at least one special heart who can professionally sing some of them to the rest of the world, without stealing any part of them from me. Most of my songs are country and folk style songs, but I've done a few that are Native American style, blues and mild rock...etc. My mailing address is under each title. The underlined parts had been erased from my poetry book. This is a call to the Heart of the music business. Are you there?

I wrote "Finally" in 2006 Spring as I aimed to pull in the courage to step out and start performing my own songs and make my own completed CD to sell to people. It is about pulling in my own power, casting aside all the negative stuff that had been holding me back, and doing what I need to do. I'm now sixty one years old and far more battered than I was then, but I've still not completely given up on this. (This song is kind of bluesy.)

Finally

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I been sitting
Here for too long
Just a dragging my feet
And its time
For me to move on
'Cause I'm feelin
Oh, I'm feelin
Ya. I'm feelin the beat
I'd yearned to climb the stage
And rock the radio
But I've been here a hiding
Too scared to own my show.
Its time for to stand up
And turn myself back on
Time for me to step out
And sing my saddest songs.
Finally getting into my life.
Dong what I need to do.
Finally getting into me
And finally leaving you.
Dong what I need to do.
There's a welcoming road
to the places I wanna go
And there are people
Who'll be kind to me.
That where I need to be.
Ya. That's where I need to be.
No. I don't know how to do this.
I've no money or jewels
But I have my heart
And that's all I need for tools.
I'm finally getting into my life.

**Seeing what I need to see.
Finally getting into my heart.
Being all that I can be.
Finally getting into me.
Finally getting into me.
Its time for me to let my soul
sing out my songs
Time for me to stand up
Been sittin down too long.
I'd better stop and write
Write this one down
'Cause its gonna be a big hit
When I take it on into town.
Finally getting into my life
Seeing what I need to see.
Finally getting into my heart
Being all that I can be.
Finally getting into me.
Finally getting into me.
Gonna set my soul free.
Finally getting into me.
Gonna set my heart free.
Finally getting into me.
Finally.**

I wrote "I Count Too!" as I wrote this article and faced a bit of the pain and frustration of being plagiarized and sabotaged. I dedicate this song to all who have done these sorts of things to me. This is one of my very few *'give em hell'* sorts of songs. I mean it too. And I really do count too. I dedicate this to all who have stolen parts of my writings. (This song needs a bit of fine tuning. But here it is in its raw form. It is a country/folk style song.)

I Count Too!

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I know this is an epiphany
And surely new news to you.
But there aint no way around it
Because, by God, its true.
I count too!

My experiences, writings and songs?
I'm the only one to whom they belong.
My life, my soul and my heart
Are not yours to be tearing apart!

I count too!
What the heck is wrong with you?
I count too!

I'm kicking bass just like I should.

It's sure high time I finally stood.
So, why are the guns pointed at me?
I should be safe and sound and free.

I count too!
What the heck is wrong with you?
I count too!

Its time for you to find your heart
And be considerate of me.
I aint no thing for you to use,
Steal from, deprive and abuse.

I count too!

I'm climbing off your prison shelf
To stand for justice and myself.
I'm so proud to be singing this song.
I wish it could right all that's wrong.

I count too!
I COUNT TOO!
I do.

"Somewhere Up the Road" is the song I wrote in the middle of the 30 degree below zero night in my Adirondack shack. It was the first full song I wrote after losing my writings in the fire. This is just one verse of it. (It is a Western style song.)

Never Been So Alone

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Somewhere up the road
I took a wrong turn.
I'm trying to look back
At lessons I need learn.
But I don't know how
To turn my life around,
How to put my feet
Back on solid ground.
Never felt so afraid.
Never felt so alone.
Never been so far gone,
So far away from Home.
Courage somehow left,
Flew to who knows where.
So very empty -
This void in my soul.
My tears begin to flow.
Does anyone know?
Never felt so afraid.
Never felt so alone.

**Never been so far gone,
So far away from Home.**

Praying for the strength
To make it through the night,
Pray someone will hear
And send me some Light.

So much pain inside
The depths of my heart.
Don't know where it ends.
Don't know where it starts.

Never felt so afraid.

Never felt so alone.

**Never been so far gone,
So far away from Home.**

I need my faith returned,
Need to trust again;
Need the warm comfort
Of my Spirit friends.
Is anyone there?
Does anyone care?

I wrote "Rhododendron Grow" after a serious loss. I was in a state of shock and was relating my condition to my transplanted Rhododendron twigs that were frozen/stagnant under the snow. My pain felt like a giant frozen lump in my heart. "Time," I kept telling myself, "I just need time to heal." And, in time, I did break through that frozen place, inside myself, so that my tears could begin releasing the pain. Once my tears started flowing I started healing. (This is a folk style song.)

Rhododendron Grow

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I planted them there
Beneath our broken chair,
In the late days of fall,
As the hawk made his call.

**Rhododendron grow
Underneath the snow.**

But nobody knows.

It scantily shows.

Their home has been changed,
The earth rearranged.
They need time to heal-
Another year to feel,
For the roots to find their way,
A safe place to stay,
Beneath the rain and sun.

Then it will be done.

**Rhododendron grow
Underneath the snow.**

But nobody knows.

It scantily shows.

In the warm days of spring

I'll check them once again.
If I melt away the snow
Let the blossoms grow,
Next year there'll be more-
A pathway to my door.
But now they just need time
For limbs to grow and climb.
**Rhododendron grow
Underneath the snow.
But nobody knows.
It scantily shows.**
(repeat second verse.)

I sang "Northern Lights" into existence while I drove from upstate New York to New Hampshire, on the way to my little brother's funeral in 2002. We had planned to go see the Northern Lights, but never made it. I still haven't seen them. When I finally do, I'll think of and miss him. (This is an old western style song.)

Northern Lights

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You've gone back Home
And left me here alone
With an emptiness inside
And tears I try to hide.
When I stopped to think of you,
And all that we didn't do
You came to embrace
The tears on my face.
I heard your spirit say,
In a gentle loving way,
You said, "It's ok Kid.
Remember what we did."
I didn't want you to go
Beyond this Earth, we know.
Though I still feel you near,
I wish you were here.
I'll need time to heal
Sadness that I feel.
But I will clear the way,
To hear the words you'd say.
When I see the Northern Lights
Glowing in the sky
I'll stop and think of you
So you can watch them too.
When I wonder where you are,
I'll look up to the stars
Just to know that your ok -
An angel on his way.
But I'll be missing you.
I'll be missing you.

I sang wrote "Light a Candle" for, and sang it to my family of origin, at their 2002 Christmas gathering. It brought on a few tears that I was cussed for. But it broke the tension and opened a door for the sadness that we were all already feeling. After that things lightened up. It's OK to cry and let it out. Sometimes this is exactly what is needed most.

Light a Candle

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**Light a Candle for my brother
Who died one summer day.
Light a Candle for my mother
Who guides and Lights his way.
Light a candle for my sisters.
Brother and my dad.
Light a candle for the memories
That make us all so sad.
Let's let it out. Let's shed a tear.
Let bring Love into Christmas this year.**

I wrote "My Prayer" when I was going through a deep healing process. I was looking back and grieving losses. I was looking in the mirror at myself and facing my shortcomings. And I was wanting to heal and grow and connect more deeply with Light and Love.

My Prayer

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God, if I have to stay here - if I have to cry,
Send a little Angel down from the sky.
I need a little comfort. I can't do this alone.
Need Love here with me 'til I return Home.

**If I must experience darkness of Earth plain
Cast Your Light upon me so I can see You again.**

If you can pardon - if you can forgive
What I have become here - how I've learned to live.
Let Your Light shine on me. I sit here in the dark.
I can't see Your Light now. . .not even just a spark

**I know I have to open to the depths of what I feel
But only Love from Home can help me heal**

Those who try to help me, though some of them care
These people just don't see all that's hidden there.
Where my soul comes from – where my spirit's been
Can't be understood here, so I cry once again.

**I know I have to open to the depths of what I feel
But only Love from Home can help me heal**

If I must experience my heart ripped to shreds
Hold me while I feel this. This pain is what I dread.
If I have to pay for the treasures I may have lost
Hold me as I grieve and dearly pay the cost.

**If I must experience cruelties of Earth plain
Cast Your Light upon me so I can find You again.
Cast Your Light upon me so I can feel You again.
Cast Your Light upon me so I can see You again.
Cast Your Light upon me so I can be You again.**

I wrote "Message from an Angel" about an experience I had, while grieving. I had literally felt like a loving Angel had wrapped her arms around me and held me while I cried. Tears are coming to my eyes now, as I think about it. I need her again. I need her right now. It was the most comforting feeling I have ever experienced. The words to this song are what I felt that Angel saying to me.

Message From An Angel

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*I am the sadness seizing your Heart
That will, in time, with healing, depart
I am the tear caressing your cheek
I am your strength. I am not weak.*

*I am the pressure in your chest
Learning to fly. . .Leaving the nest.
I am the memory of years gone by
I am the breath that leaves with a sigh.*

*I am the child within your being.
I am all knowing. I am all seeing.
I am the voice echoing in your head.
You have not lost me. I am not dead.*

*I am the Joy. You must believe!
I am the Love you need receive.
I will not leave you, will not say good-bye.
I've come to hold you. . .while you cry.*

The next three songs were about an difficult relationship I experienced off and on between 1996 and 2003. There were times when he was wonderful. And there were times when he'd take all his past pains and angers out on me. I learned that I could not help him heal or turn him into a faithful type of person, and my trying to was hurting me too much. I wrote "Stop" when I was at the stage of I trying to heal and change him, through getting him to realize what he was doing and care about me enough to stop.

Stop

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I feel so angry I just want to blame you!
Feel so hurt I just want to cry!
Won't you stop, stop what you're doing!
You're making a big mistake!
Please stop, stop what you're doing!
My heart's beginning to break.
I'm not the one who hurt you!
I didn't cause your pain!
Won't you stop, stop what you're doing,
Don't you hear me crying again?
I'm the one who loves you.
You're making a big mistake!
I'm the one who could help you.
But my heart's beginning to break!
Won't you stop, stop what you're saying,
I take every word to heart.
Please stop, stop what you're saying,
Cause it's tearing me apart!
I feel so angry I just want to blame you!
Feel so hurt I just want to cry.

I wrote "Just for Tonight" during one of the many times when we had split up and gotten back together. I'd let him come to my home. In the beginning of the night I had told him, "Just for Tonight", but by morning I was foolishly thinking "for the rest of our lives." It's about the classic denial that many women, who are in abusive relationships, get lost in. I went through many rounds of this before I finally permanently cut him out of my life.

Just For Tonight

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My heart has been broken
For so very long.
Tonight can we pretend
That nothing ever went wrong?
Pretend I'm all you need,
The only one you'll see.
Show me that you love me.
And I'll never have to leave.
Just for tonight.
Just for tonight.
No one ever cheated.
No one ever lied.
No one ever hurt no one.
And no one ever cried.
Just for tonight.
No one ever ran away.
No angry words were said.

Only Love was in our past.
It was deep enough to last.
m m mm
Just for tonight.
Hold me tight
m m mm
Can we let go?
Can we take a break?
Can we love away
All our past mistakes?
Make tonight forever?
All night long?
Pretend we live inside
An old love song?
Just for tonight.
Just for tonight.
No one ever cheated.
No one ever lied.
No one ever hurt no one.
And no one ever cried.
Just for tonight.
No one ever ran away.
No angry words were said.
Only Love was in our past.
It was deep enough to last.
m m mm
Just for tonight.
Hold me tight.
For the rest of our lives.
Just for tonight.
My heart has been broken
For so very long.
Tonight can we pretend
That nothing ever went wrong?
M m mm

"I'm through Hurting" was originally entitled, "I'm Through Crying." It was always about being through with being hurt. But I changed the title and few lines, because I don't want people to misunderstand and think its about literally not crying, because crying is a good and healthy thing that we all should do whenever we feel a need to release pain. This is one of the songs I sang on the Nashville stage where that woman rushed out and said, "You've got it girl..." (This is a country style song.)

I'm Through Hurtin'

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My eyes saw only you but yours saw others
I was just one of your many lovers.
I gave you my love. You stole my heart
Turned it inside out and ripped it apart.
But I'm through hurtin'!
Don't want to hurt no more.

Again you say you've changed, you realize
Well, I've heard enough of that lie.

You realize just to rope me in
And break my heart again and again
And I'm through hurtin'!
Don't want to hurt no more.

I'd listen to you but you're still lying
I'm tired of being confused and crying
Tired of hearing your thoughtless words
It was a hurtful many I have heard
And I'm through hurtin'!
Don't want to hear no more.

You put me down and turn to others
Yet tell me I'm your only lover!
You say everything about me's wrong
Well I've had enough! listen to my song.
I'm through hurtin'!
I don't want to hurt no more!

So for all the times you put me down
I'm dressed to kill - going out on the town..
Been a two-timers woman far too long.
I need to be loved. Listen to my song!
I'm through hurtin'. I'm through hurtin.

Don't want to hurt no more.
Don't want to hear no more.
Don't want to see no more.
I'm through hurtin'!

I wrote "Girls Can too" in the early Spring of 2002. I was living in my Adirondack shack and had just bought a little Husquarvarna chainsaw so that I could learn to cut my own cord wood. On the first day I used it I stood there smiling at my pile of wood and thought, "oh, if Dad could see me now." In his day women did not do things like this - it was left for the men to do. And this is how he raised me, or tried to. :-) When I was in my teens I had begged him to teach me how to use his chainsaw. He wouldn't even consider it, because I was a girl. So, I regressed into those memories and wrote this song. I have done all the things mentioned, not really to defy but because I wanted to and could find no valid reason why I shouldn't. Girls can too! Or, in this case, a woman can too. I was forty three years old when I finally learned how to use a chainsaw, with a bit of help from the man I bought it from. "Girls Can Too" is sung with a fun upbeat tune that is a bit sassy, like I can be around issues like this. (I called my chainsaw a HERquarvarna.)

In August of 2002 I pulled out my guitar and sang this song to my father, in order to lighten things up during a stressful family gathering. He laughed and sheepishly said, "I wasn't that bad was I?" My sisters leapt in and said, "Oh, yes you were." And we all laughed. (This is a country style song.)

Girls Can Too

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When I was a little girl,
Daddy would teach the boys
How to use his toys,
And I was "JUST a girl"
In a man's busy world,

But deep inside I knew...
Girls can too.

**If Daddy could see me now
He may be wearing frown
Saying, "Put that darn thing down!"
If Daddy could see me now.**

If Daddy could see me now
He may not understand
This chainsaw in my hand
As I set out to prove
That girls can too.
Ah-ha. Oh...ya.
Girls can too.

If Daddy could see me now
He may not understand
This hammer in my hand
As I set out to prove
That girls can too.
Ah-ha. Oh...ya.
Girls can too.

**If Daddy could see me now
He may be wearing frown
Saying, "Put that darn thing down!"
If Daddy could see me now.**

If Daddy could see me now
He may not understand
This motorcycle in my hand
As I set out to prove
That girls can too.
Ah-ha. Oh...ya.
Girls can too.

If Daddy could see me now
He may not understand
This race car in my hand
As I set out to prove
That girls can too.
Ah-ha. Oh...ya.
Girls can too...

(We can!)
:-)

I wrote "Listen to my Songs" as I sang to my daughters. We were on the deck of the last home I'd owned in New Hampshire. And I was wanting to share a couple songs with them to get their opinions.

But they just sat there talking and ignoring me. So I started singing what I was thinking. They still continued to ignore me even after I started loudly singing "Listen to my songs, I'm singing them for you..." LOL. Even as I leaned toward them singing "Have you heard" and "Are you there?" It did not reach them. My songs are a part of me that will live on long after I am gone. And I hope they touch their hearts and the heart of humanity, someday.

Listen to My Songs

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My words float away,
Drifting upon the air,
Longing to reach you.
Are you there?
Are you there?
In my tears and pain
Are lessons to learn.
This could ease your load
When it's your .
Your turn.
If you choose this path
And find yourself alone,
When the world seems empty
All your friends are gone,
Listen to my songs
I'm singing them for you.
Listen to my songs
I'm singing them for you.
My love for you is here
Between every word.
My heart is singing.
Have you heard?
Have you heard?
Listen to my songs
I'm singing them for you.
Listen to my songs
I'm singing them for you.
In my tears and pain
Are lessons to learn.
This could ease your load
When it's your .
Your turn.
If you choose this path
And find yourself alone,
When the world seems empty
And I... I am gone,
Listen to my songs.
I'm singing them for you.
Listen to my songs.
I'm singing them for you.
My love for you is here
Between every word.
My heart is singing.
Have you heard?
Have you heard?

My words float away,
Drifting upon the air,
Longing to reach you.
Are you there?
Are you there?
Are you there?

I wrote "Just Anotha Cinderella" about a painful situation between my oldest sisters and I. Walking away did not erase the pain or stop aims to hurt me. But when I wrote this song I wished it could.

Just Anotha Cinderella

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I was just anotha Cinderella,
Nothing new to say...
But I burn down that bridge
As I walk away.
Oh God, please help
Innocent eyes to see,
Cause I'm still dodging stones
That they cast at me.
Sometimes I feel lonely.
Sometimes I feel sad.
I miss the life I lived.
The one I never had.
When a child becomes a woman
There aint no turning back.
The river runs dry.
The train leaves it's track.
Oh God please help me
Help my heart to heal.
Give me a new life.
Something pure and real.
Oh God please help me
Help my heart to heal.
Cause sometimes I feel lonely.
Sometimes I feel sad.
I miss the life I lived.
The one I never had.
I was just anotha Cinderella,
Nothing new to say...
But I burn down that bridge
As I walk away.
Now, I'm striving to be me
And to know I'm alright.
These tears I now cry
Are going to dry tonight.
Ya, just anotha Cinderella,
Nothing new to say...

The next two songs were written by my sad inner child, in the late 1980s to early 1990s, during healing regressions into difficult parts of my childhood. Writing and singing them helped me to heal and I hope that they will help validate, and help trigger the releasing of suppressed pain in, other people who also need to heal from painful childhood experiences. During the time of writing it I had felt abandoned by my father who had tried hard to discourage me from looking back at painful

childhood experiences and healing from them. I actually was not very angry with him, but I did feel deeply hurt by the abandonment, which triggered the pain of other past abandonments. I stuck with my healing/grieving process and got support from elsewhere. Oh how I cried! And as I cried the pain melted away. Writing and singing these songs was part of my healing process. "Daddy I Forget" is the song that the music professor said had "haunted" him. (This is a country/folk style song.)

Daddy I Forget

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**Daddy I remember. Daddy I forget.
Daddy I'm not through being angry with you yet.**

Daddy I remember you crashing to the floor
Then with blood streaked face storming out the door.
Daddy I remember meeting you in the shed
With a bowl of water and cloth to clean your head.
Daddy I remember praying for your life
As you stood at gun point before your raging wife.
Daddy I remember, I couldn't shed a tear.
I stood completely paralyzed in hopelessness and fear.
Daddy I remember holding my pillow in bed
Trying to stop the screaming by covering up my head.
Daddy I remember crying late at night
Praying you'd both survive another raging fight...

**Daddy I remember. Daddy I forget.
Daddy I'm not through being angry with you yet.**

Daddy why abandon me whenever I'm in need?
Daddy why do you leave me sitting here to bleed?
Daddy I forget the beautiful sunshine.
Everything is dark. It's like I am blind.
Daddy did you love me?
Daddy did you care?
Daddy were you ever...
Ever really there?
Daddy did you love me?
Did you wipe away my tears?
Did you hold me close
When my heart was filled with fear?
Did you bounce me on your knee
When my heart was filled with glee?

**Daddy I remember. Daddy I forget.
Daddy I'm not through being angry with you yet.**

Daddy did you love me? I haven't felt it yet.
I haven't felt your love, 'cause Daddy, I forget.
Daddeeee.... I forget.
Daddeeee.... I forget.
Daddeeee.... I forget.

(Repeating and Fading)

"Mommy and Daddy" was the song that had so touched the heart of the woman who ran out of the music academy workshop. I was later told that her son had recently died and that this song triggered the releasing of pains she still carried from that loss. I hope she let her tears flow until all the pain was gone and what was left is the Love that can never die. Like the one above, I sang this one in sort of whining children's type of voice. (This song is sort of mild rock; sort of blasted out fast, in a wining child-like voice, with an abrupt ending.)

Mommy and Daddy

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Mommy why so angry?
Mommy why so sad?
Is it because I am
A child who is bad?
Mommy please don't hit me.
Mommy please don't cry.
I'll be here to love you.
My love will never die.
Mommy I'm not stupid.
I'm just a little kid
Who needs you both to love me,
And wishes that you did.
Daddy I'm not mental.
I cry because of pain.
I'm not over emotional.
I'm grieving your shame.
Daddy I don't imagine
Everything I feel.
This pain inside of me
Is devastatingly real.
Daddy why abandon me
Whenever I'm in need?
Daddy why do you leave me
Sitting here to bleed?
I need you both to love me.
Need you both to care.
When I cry in the darkness
I need to have you there.
Mommy why so angry?
Mommy why so sad?
Is it because I am
A child who is bad?...
Is it because I am...
Is it because i am...

Is it because I am...
A child... who is bad?

I wrote this song about healing our hearts. I was feeling sad for people whom I was outgrowing as I focused on healing my heart and growing into a more whole and healthy person. People whom I love were choosing to stay stuck in dark ruts. And I was crying for them. At this point I feel like I am back in a dark rut myself. But I have experienced rising above it. This is the song I sang at the Kripalu Yoga Center. One Two Three... I sang. Its an unusual song. I'm not sure what style to call it. But its not modern and is probably more like the old Barbara Streisand style song.

One Tear

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*Blind folded were my eyes when they dared not see.
Silent was this voice deep inside of me,
The little one who cries, "Oh, please... set me free!"
As she mends her wings, preparing for flight,
Anxious for her Star to shine on this longest, darkest night.
As each feather is put in its place,
Lonely tears of sadness gather upon her face.
My job is to embrace her, count and feel her tears
And listen to the wisdom she hasn't shared in years.
One tear for each Truth not seen as real,
And for every person who forgot how to feel.
One tear for everyone who yearns to be set free,
Yet, searches with the mind for what only the Heart can see.
One tear for each voice that dared not sing out loud
And for every Angel who can't stand tall and proud.
One for those who pretend, but have not healed at all,
And for each of the deaf who will not hear this call.
One tear for every wisdom humanity has denied,
And for each tear that has been left un-cried.
One for each shadow that did not turn to Light,
And every broken wing not prepared for flight.
And one tear for each person who chooses not to see,
This child inside the Hearts of all who came to be.*

"Yearn for Freedom's Peace," and the song after it, are self-explanatory. There are horrible things happening in our world and we need them to stop and be replaced with safety and freedom and peace and Love and Light.

Yearn for Freedom's Peace (Short version)

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**Oh dear Lord please set us free.
Wrap your love around us.
Keep us safe. Surround us,
Til Freedom's Peace has found us.
Oh dear Lord please set us free**

No more suffering. No more wars. No more locks on Freedom's doors.
No more torture. No more pain. No more lives lost in the rain.
No more stealing of our souls. No more twisted mind control.
No more families torn apart. No more murdering of our Hearts.
No more! NO MORE! No more. Oh please. God, please. No more!

**Oh dear Lord please set us free.
Wrap your love around us.
Keep us safe. Surround us,
Til Freedom's Peace has found us.
Oh dear Lord please set us free**

No more suffering all alone - hit by hearts turned to stone.
No more victims forced to fall. No more silence through it all.
No more chains of darkness. No more crazy covert mess.
No more staged deaths. No more gone. No more enslavement "home."
No more! NO MORE! No more. Oh please. God, please. No more!

**Oh dear Lord please set us free.
Wrap your love around us.
Keep us safe. Surround us,
Til Freedom's Peace has found us.
Oh dear Lord please set us free
All of humanity – all of the world and me.**

Aching Needs

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Tell me again. Please tell me all will be OK.
Then show the truth in words that you say.
Tell me. Please tell me that I was wrong.
Then write it down quickly into this song.
Tell me. Please tell me it's just a past game.
Then wash it away - let truth replace shame.
Forgive me. Please forgive all I've done wrong
As I forgive you between lines in my songs.
Know it. Please know that our pain is too real.
Show it. Please show it - care for how we feel.
Be good and be solid so we can depend
And lean on no towers of invisible friends.
Show me then prove it. Please just be real.
Give our world of pain a chance to be healed.
Show me. Please show me good is much stronger.
Hold me. Please hold me. I can't wait any longer.
Say it. Please say it. No secrets no more.
Then walk it and talk it. Unlock the lost door.
Soothe them. Please soothe the tears of a clown
And let freedom reach every microwaved town.
Freedom. Let freedom replace every wave.
Stand up until its done - humanity saved.
God, reach us. Please give us the strength we need.
Then Love us. Just Love us. Burst open the seed.
Help us to see it - that beam of pure Light
Washing the wars from these passing nights.
Shine it. Please shine into every hidden part
Until its all gone - the pain and the dark.
Reach us. God, reach us. Too wounded we are.
Rub salve on our wounds and our older scars.
Patch them. Please patch holes where we bleed.
Then fill every one of our Heart's aching needs.

"What's the Use" is not fine tuned yet. I literally just wrote it and some of it probably should be cut out. But, here it is in it's raw form.

Sometimes, it is through embracing our hopelessness that we find a way out of it. This was my aim with this song - to get it out and find the strength to stand up in a world that seems to want keep me on my knees. It was this song that inspired me to write this article about my song writing career.

Sometimes, we must ask what the use is, in order to find it. There is no good use in some things and these should not exist. There is no use in continuing to beat our heads against relentless walls, when we should stop and let the bruises heal. But there is always a use in peacefully standing up when even just the slightest chance for positive change exists and it almost always does exist. What has the greatest use is the genuine Love we should all feel and have. (This is a country style song.)

What's the Use?

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I've always believed in standing up for what is right
In peaceful ways that don't... leave room for a fight.
But what's the use in standing in a place that can't care
Or in even existing when nobody wants you there?

What's the use in telling truths we all need to know
In a world that denies them and will not let them show?
What's the use of freedom that stays locked away
Or the use of justice that cannot find its way?

**What's the use? What's the use? Tell me! What's the use?
In all the horrid suffering and overlooked abuse?**

What's the use in a mask that holds the germs in
Or in making faith something we have lost again?
What's the use in pills that will only mess us up
Or in sipping herbal tea from a leaking cup?

What's the use in birthing a child who'll be enslaved
Or the use in saving what cannot be saved?
What's the use of a heart in a world that wants it dead
And thinks we all should just feel fake bliss instead?

**What's the use? What's the use? Tell me! What's the use?
In all the horrid suffering and overlooked abuse?**

What's the use in tolerating a torturous dark curse,
Or in yelling for it to "STOP!" when it makes it worse?
What's the use in telling a world that can't believe
Or in seeking help from those who've been deceived?

What's the use in living a life that is bound and tied
Where nobody cuts you loose or even hears you cry?
What's the use in trying not to feel depressed
While trapped inside this God forsaken mess?

What's the use in helping what's turned left to go right
When it's too stuck in the dark to even want the Light?
What's the use in talking after everything's been said
Or in thinking about what's already roamed my head?

**What's the use? What's the use? Tell me! What's the use?
In all the horrid suffering and overlooked abuse?**

What's the use in writing songs that are stolen
Or in stopping a car that is not even rollen'?
What's the use in what's not allowed to be,
Or in painting pictures that we cannot see?

What's the use in trying to help everyone else
With a little book that gets glued to a shelf?
What's the use in healing that cannot be told
Or in buying something that cannot be sold?

**What's the use? What's the use? Tell me! What's the use?
In all the horrid suffering and overlooked abuse?**

What's the use in caring... Oh no... I dare not ask
About the Love we should feel - the Love we all should have.
What's the use in continuing with this depressing song
When there's nothing to it, but everything gone wrong?

**What's the use? What's the use? Tell me! What's the use?
In all the horrid suffering and overlooked abuse? What's the use?
Tell me. Tell me what's the use. What's the use?**

Fading Away

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I sat next to your bed
For 11 nights and days,
Praying for God
To not to take you away.
**But you kept fading away
Fading away from me
Fading away.**

After you were gone
And I was here alone,
In my dreams you held me.
But every time I woke
**You kept fading away
Fading away from me
Fading away.**

Sometimes I could hear you.
And sometimes I could see you.
But when your Spirit came
And I reached out to touch you,
**You kept fading away.
Fading away from me
Fading away.**

Now all I have is memories
Of how we laughed and cried,
How you looked and felt
And the way you held me tight.
**But they're fading away.
You're still fading away.
Always fading away. . .**

But my love for you remains.

Insane

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www.poeticpublications.com

**I pray for a world of peace
Love for those who are in need
No one left alone to bleed
I dream. I dream. I dream.**

Must be because I am insane.

**I see rich people filled with greed
Stealing from those who are in need -
Controlling this crumbling country.
I see. I see I see.**

Must be because I am insane.

**I see people fighting for their lives
Darkness turning day to night
People thinking its alright.
I cry. I cry. I cry.**

Must be because I am insane.

**Occults bleeding hearts and souls
Hiding things that we don't know
Evil aiming for control.
I know. I know. I know.**

Must be because I am insane.

**There are people trying to silence me
In a world that we think is free.
Things I wish I could not see.
I flea. I flea. I flea.**

Must be because I am insane.

**I pray for a world of peace
Love for those who are in need
No one left alone to bleed
I dream. I dream. I dream.**

Must be because I am insane.

tend to search outside ourselves for what we should also be finding inside our own hearts. I also wrote a song entitled, "I'm my own best friend", which is more upbeat and fun and is about the same sort of thing, but is very different. I've had to find a friend in myself, because I've often been all I really have to depend on.

In that quiet meditative place, which I've gone to many times, I also find great comfort in imagining pure White Light embracing me, especially when I reach that special place where imagination melts into a spiritual reality. I had gone to that place a lot around the time when I wrote this song. Its a wonderful place to visit. Its like Heaven. (This is a Native American style song.)

Medicine Wheel

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A long time ago I lost a dear friend.
But I promised myself I'd find her again.
For, nothing on earth could ever replace
The Love I remember in my friend's face.

In the East I climbed to the tallest peak.
Over every mountain I did seek.
In the South I waded through jungles of green.
Got lost in the thicket, forever, it seemed.

In the West I rode facing much pain
Groping to find my dear friend again.
In the North I laid over frozen streams
Waiting for answers to come in my dreams.

On the Earth I sat in the warm sunshine
Praying for a vision of this friend of mine.
To the Skies I gazed with eyes open wide
Looking for the place where she might hide.

Then, one day, I stepped up the smallest hill
Where, inside my doorstep, I sat very still.
I opened my Heart and began to See
The Love I had searched for. . .inside of me.

"Mother River" was inspired by my youngest daughter. We were wading in the river by our home and I was goofing around and said, "Look at the sparkling fairies dancing on the water." And this sweet practical daughter of mine threw one hand onto her hip and declared, "Mom! That's just the sun reflecting off on the water. Don't you know that the river is a mirror for the sky?" And my imagination kept rolling and this became one of those many times when I had to rush to get a paper and pen before I forgot it.

An acquaintance of mine had used these lyrics without ever asking my permission. He sang them to audiences in the early 1990s, in a gospel style melody. I actually liked his version better than mine. Its a shame that he hadn't been considerate of me. I wouldn't have minded at all if he had asked me if he could use this song. I would have actually been happy about it if he had asked my permission. That I know of, he never even mentioned to his audiences that the lyrics were not his. I hope he respected my request for him to not record and copyright these lyrics as his own. I'm not sure if he did because his response was an angry, "Words are universal. You can't own them." I guess this is a new spiritual way of excusing plagiarism, but it's not excusable, because it's not right or fair. I told him I already had it copyrighted and hope this put an end to his plagiarizing it. This is a special song that I feel is also partly my youngest daughter's, because her words were the inspiration for it. It's ours. We do own it. (This is a Native American style song. I sing it with a simple drum beat.)

Mother River

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**Oh great Mother River
Mirror the Sun in my eye
Bring forth thy Love and glory
From Father's Heavenly sky.
Shine deep within my soul
And help my heart to know
All blessings from above.
Shine forth they joy and Love.**

I wrote "Sound of the Drum" at a time when I had been doing a lot of meditating and vision questing. That special place I used to reach, inside myself felt like Heaven to me. And going there felt like I was going to my Home/Heaven. It was a purely peaceful and Loving place. "home" seems to mean many different things nowadays. But my "Home" with a capital H is about Heaven - the place where pure Love and Light reside. (This is also a Native American style with soft meditative drumming.)

Sound Of The Drum

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**As the sound of the drum reaches my heart,
From this physical plain I depart,
Saying a peaceful needed farewell
To my mind's creations, my mind's hell.
I soar into feelings unknown,
Then beyond... to a place I call Home.
Home is where Angels sing with delight.
There is no dark, only healing Light.
Home is where Love dissipates fear,
Where spirit hugs embrace every tear.
Home is overflowing with care.
And the sound of the drum
Takes me there.**

**Below are a few more songs and poems that I have not finished formatting due to computer infiltration.
Hopefully they stay the way they were when I wrote them.**

I'm Gonna Git Me Some

Love is out there I know it is I'm gonna git me some
Rainbow...twinkle in the eye
Well it's a southern thing, a lovers thing, gonna git me some
I'm headin for the desert where the flower blooms
Were the petals open up, I'm gonna be there soon
I'm gonna git me some. I'm gonna git me some
O look up to the clouds where I see struggling rays of Sun
I open up my eyes and I wanna Gonna git me some
The days are kind of cloudy and the nights are dark and long
I'm struggling here on earth where I just want to sing my songs
I see lovers in the rain walking hand in hand
That's something that I don't understand
I want to go where Love..... where true love comes from
I wanna Gitt me some
I see field that the bush hog has chopped down
I see a tuft of flowers that it circled round
I wanna git me some...
I think this strange yearning is a southern thing
From my days in Fairview when I tried to sing
I stayed there on my knees for several nights and days
I cried and cried and then began to pray
I prayed for the lightning to strike down from the sky
I asked for the angels to hold me while I cried
I'm not alone because he's holding me
On a desert island in the middles of the sea
This will fill my lifelong deepest fantasy
I'm on an island in the middle of the sea
I'm finally fulfilling my life long fantasy
I done and git me some....

Bitch

I'm tired of being nice, Tired of your lies

You'll have to pay the price

CHORUS: I'm gonna be a bitch, gonna be a bitch.....this time.

I'm not gonna let you hurt me. You're not gonna make me cry.

Don't you even ask why...

Next time that you're late, out with another date

You'll have sealed our fate...CHORUS

Next time that you yell. Tell me to go to hell

You'll see how we fell....

Next time that you hit me. It's gonna set me free.

Just you wait and see.....CHORUS

Gonna grab me a piece of paper. Write down this rhyme.

So I can remind me.....

I'm not gonna take no more. Gonna walk right out the door.

That's what this song is for.....CHORUS

Crazy
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Sometimes it gets heavy. I carry quite a load
My run becomes a walk, but I stay on the road
I write instead of talking, run instead of walking
Barefoot without stalkings, oh it's kind of shocking

Chorus

Sometimes I make mistakes and rush to scratch them out
I'm quiet around people, but in the desert I shout.
I listen to the voices that echo in my head
I talk to Spirit and sometimes to the dead.

I try to follow where Spirit points the way
And often find tomorrow in my dreams today
I don't know why I'm going, till I've gotten there
They just shake their heads with a blank stare
I drive across the country planting little seeds
I may look pretty poor, but I have all I need.
Chorus

Most of these people, they don't understand
They try to control and sometimes demand
They tell me to go here when I need to be there
I'm just not like them.... I don't compare
Some think I'm falling, But I already fell
I'm on my way to heaven, But they think I'm going to hell

Spend half of my days behind the wheel of a car
I've traveled just about everywhere, but haven't gotten far
I drive down the road singing my songs
Looking for rest stops when it gets too long
I'm just trying to put my feelings down here in words
I want to express, what that they never heard.

CHORUS: Some people think I'm crazy, But I'm a little bit nuts
Some people think I'm crazy but I'm glad I am
I'm just here working..... doing what I can
Some people think I'm crazy.....But I'm a little bit nuts
aaaaaaw shucks

Surrender
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For the past year and more

I've been lost in the rain

Groping to find

My soul once again

But now I can feel

Spirit moving me

Opening my heart

And helping me see

I see rainbows of pink

Shimmering in the trees

And stars floating down

When I'm on my knees

I see angels with love
Healing the earth
And light flooding in
Inducing my birth
I surrender to Love
And all it has in store
Nothing here on earth
Could ever give me more

The Resurrecting Phoenix (capo 5) CGFAM
Jan, 2004 by Namatari

The resurrecting Phoenix keeps on rolling down the road
Even though it's carrying a mighty heavy load
It bears my tears, my hopes, fears and dreams
And every other part of me

The road is lonely and it's long,
but I prefer to drive alone
No. There is nothing wrong.
This is how I write my songs

CHORUS: We'll keep rolling on until the day is gone
We'll keep moving on, until.....the sun is gone.

And you best beware, stay out of our way
Cause Timmy's the mouse who navigates.
We're in a hurry, we can't be late
With the desert we have a date.

To mingle with the cactuses and mesquite
Pounding the sand in the desert heat
With broken shoes and worn out feet
Nothing but water and bread to eat

CHORUS

Repeat first two verses the chorus

Dance
Your words don't fit your actions, and I don't know what to do
Should I just walk away and assume that were through?
Should I persist and hold out my hand? Show you the songs that I have to send?

CHORUS: You're giving me the run around, so I'm giving you
One last chance, one last chance, to let the music play.....and dance
To let the music play.....and dance.

I don't understand what you do this for. Are you just wanting to close this door?
Is this a game you usually play, turning your back till it's too late?
Should I finish letting go? Should I hit the other road?

CHORUS

Lets throw these games out the door and just do what we came here for.
Will you please take my hand and be the leader of my band?
If you care, Well it doesn't show. I hope it shows before I go.

CHORUS

MMMMMM...MMMMMMMMand dance.
Ahhhhhhh haaaaaaa.....and dance.
Ohhhhhhhh Yaaaaaaa.....and dance
MMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM.....and dance. :

Funny Little Girl

I'm picking up speed on highway 28

I need to hurry. I can't be late.

Today is the day she'll graduate.

I'm soooooo proud of her. And Ohhhhhh how I love her.

That funny little girl with hair frizzed in curls

Is now completely grown, will start a life of her own.

But she will always be that little girl to me

Even though we're friends now, she'll shine through there somehow

That funny little girl, with hair frizzed in curl

That funny little girl.....that bouncy little girl

Sometimes known as DADO, had a tough row to hoe

But even through the tough times, when she wrote her sad rhymes

She..... stood strong, and had a mind of her own

That funny little girl with hair frizzed in curls

She will always be that little girl to me.....and

I'm soooooo proud of her. And ooooooh how I miss her

That's why..... I'm picking up speed on highway 28

I need to hurry I can't be late

Today is the day she'll graduate....

And I'm soooooo proud of her. Soooooo proud of her...Love her

That funny liliitle girl.....

BE REAL

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When your sad don't hide with a smile now

Be real! show what you feel

Be real! Be real!

When your scared don't tuck it away now

Be real! Show what you feel

Be real! be real!

Angry? Don't clam up and stew now

Be real! Say what you feel

Be real! Be real!

Want to cry? Let the tears flow now

Be real! Let yourself feel

Be real! Be real!

Jealous? You might have good reason

Be real! Say what you feel

Be real! Be real!

Chorus: Let yourself feel it. Really feel it... Get down and real it...Ya let yourself feel it...

Hurting Feeling

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I climbed a hundred mountains, and I... cried a giant sea

Prayed a thousand prayers, just a striiiiiiving to be free.

And I thought... my tears had dried, thought... my heart would mend

Thought I had stopped grieving, would no longer let him in.

CHORUS: Oh that oooooold hurtin feeling has returned... to me again.

Ya that oooooold hurtin feeling has returned... to me again.

I tried... to run away. I tried... to leave this place.

Tried to erase the memory of that look upon his face.

But now my tears... are again falling and my heart... is wrapped in pain.

For I neever... was his true love... and I'm too scared.... to try again.

CHORUS: (repeat first verse...)

Together All Alone

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You've consumed my life. I've consumed yours, Now mother freedom is knocking at the door.

But neither one of us really wants to let go. Neither one of us really wants to be alone.

So both of us, with hope, keep holding on. Never really together - never really gone.

But you can't talk about it....Talking is much too hard.

Dear, we can't live without talk, It's tearing us apart!

Chorus: I miss you when I'm with you. I miss you when you're gone.

I miss you when we lie in bed Together all alone.

Lately when I'm with you I hold back a tear

I try not to talk and you try not to hear

Feelings that I had...Once tender and strong, Now sit in sadness Dragging me along.

The anger between us has built a giant wall. I tried to climb over it...But it's too strong and tall!

Words that are unspoken Create an empty space, Where the past sits so heavily, The past we can't erase.

CHORUS

I miss the way you loved me. Though it was not real. Is was all just something My heart wanted to feel

I sit here in silence Watching us drift apart, with the deepest sadness engulfing my heart,

And always... CHORUS

Wish I'd been Enough
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My heart melted when I looked into your eyes!

What I saw deep inside...Was all I'd dreamed of.

Wish I'd been the only one...You looked at this way.

Wish I'd been the only girl...You wanted to play.

CHORUS: Wish I'd been enough for you...The only one you need.

Look down deep inside of me...Do you see how much I bleed?

My love for you gripped my soul...And tore my world apart!

My love for you extends way far...Way far beyond the heart.

I tore my skin and broke my legs...On every wall we climbed,

But always I would ask again...Can we make it work - this time?

But never did we reach the top...To graze the other side.

Never did our love prevail...With hearts wide open wide.

CHORUS

I wish I'd been enough for you...The only one you need.

Look down deep inside of me...Do you see how much I bleed?

The hardest thing I've ever done...Is turn and walk away,

When a voice inside of me Keeps begging me to stay.

But my soul is so wounded...It just can't go on this way.

I wish I'd been strong enough...Not to let your pain control,

Or let it reach the very depths...Of my heart and my soul.

If I'd given you my love...Without reacting to the hurt,
Perhaps I wouldn't be alone....Kneeling in the dirt...Singing,

CHORUS

Driving Out The Pain (capo 3)
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You say you want to stay with me...cause I'm 'the one who's good for you!'
Hey did you ever care to see....that nothing here is good for me.
Your love it doesn't come my way...I'm just the 'chore' is what you say!

CHORUS: Now I'm driving out the pain....riding through the rain
Driving out the pain...crying in the rain....

You say you want to stay with me...cause I'm the one who's good for you
Just a place where you can live....Where you don't have to love or give!
All I ever wanted from you.... was for you to love me true

CHORUS

Don't you see I've been ripped apart...You hold the pieces of my heart.
There's nothing left! The 'good' is gone...I stand here wounded and alone.
I gave and gave and gave to you!...Hey, there were things I needed too.

CHORUS

Each time tears roll down my face...You turn and look the other way,
And she's still smiling back at you...It's killing me to live this way
My broken heart must hit the road...can't take this anymore

CHORUS

One Last Time
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Tell me those lies again...Say you're my lover friend

Right now I'm so wounded...I'll believe anything

Just one last time...One last time

Pretend you care for me....Push me to surrender

Tell me your missing me...When I want to be free

Just one last time...One last time

Oh darling rope me in ...Whisper sweet lies again

Say I'm the only one...Your cheating days are done

Just one last time...One last time

Beg me to open up...Say I can trust you now

Carelessly betray me...Then place the blame on me

Just one last time...One last time

Oh darling put me down...Stab the old wounds I have

Then watch me fall and cry...While you smile and ask why

Just one last time...One last time

Pretend you're so sorry dear...Then watch me disappear

Just one last time...One last time.

The Way That I Am
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Other pretty faces is all that you see!
I'm right here beside you! What about me?
I'm tired of you looking at her and her!
Tired of being seen as an unattractive blur.
I'm tired of hearing that I'm not enough!
Tired of hurting and all this stuff!
Tired of being measured and compared!
It's going beyond what can be repaired.

CHORUS: I need you to love me. Please understand! Need you to
love me the way that I am! I need you to love me. Please
understand! Need you to love me the way that I am.

The things you say, they are so mean!
I can't be a picture in your magazine!
Can't be an actress on your TV!
This is the way I'll always be.
I'm not a photograph. I am real!
I need you to care about the way I feel.
I'm not an hourglass. My breasts are small.
I will never be your Barbie doll!

CHORUS:

I am too verbal is what you say,
And you don't like me to be this way.
I am so intuitive it threatens you
But I can't help it. What can I do?
You say I'm analytical, too sensitive and deep,
And I get too close when we sleep!
I've had enough, why don't you leave?
Go find someone else to deceive.
Something here is horribly wrong.
You've put me down for far too long!
I don't want to keep throwing stones!
I would rather be completely alone.

The way that I am.... The way that I am... the way that I am

I Sing (Capo 1)
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I sing from the mountains. I sing from the sea.

Sing with the voice... that I found here in me.

I sing for my sisters...Hoping they'll hear

And for my brothers...Holding them near.

I sing for my Mother...And for my Dad.

Sing for the memories...That made us so sad.

I sing from the mountains...Sing from the sea,
Sing with the child...I found here in me.
I sing from the desert...With wide open sky
And from the canyons...Where I knelt to cry.
I sing without worry...Sing without fear.
Sing for the people...Who are willing to hear.
I sing from the mountains...I sing from the sea.
(repeat)
Sing with my heart now...And I sing for me.\

Let Go (capo 4)
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At some point life deals us all a losing hand
Sometimes we get lost and don't understand
We don't let the feelings we hold inside us show
Doors often close and sometimes we don't know...How to...let go...let go
Sometimes the future simply can't be shown
And we face our fears of a big unknown
Sometimes we need faith to bring us back home
Home to the place deep inside our hearts...Where we... let go...let go
It's time to turn away from the old, frayed and worn
Time to give the new a chance to be born
Life may seem empty for a little time
But new doors will open..... new stars will shine... If we...let go...let go,
let the tears flow..... Let the tears flow
(repeat above)

Sometimes we need faith to bring us back Home.
Home to the place, deep inside our hearts.....where we let go.....let go
Doors often close and sometimes we don't know...How to... let go... let go
New doors will open..... new stars will shine... If we... let go...let go

In The Dark (capo 2)
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I traveled every highway.....searching high and low
Looking for the place where...the sunshine...always goes
I knew that I would find it...beyond the next green hill

I rolled over dozens....and I....was searching still
I searched empty faces.... in a far distant land
Read countless scriptures...that I...didn't understand
So I headed for the side roads...through the deserts and the plains
Turned around and backtracked... through them all again (instrumental)
As a lonely, worn out traveler.... I gave on the road
Headed home a carrying....a mighty....heavy load
I looked back over the empty years...wondering where the time had gone
And laid awake in my bed...asking...where...I'd gone wrong
When a voice whispered gently...deep inside my ear
It said, "why do you look out there, don't you know...I'm right here?
Have you searched the feelings you hold inside your heart?
Have you turned your eyes up to the brightest...shining star?
Hey, don't you know...oh, don't you know...
Dear, don't you know....that the light....is in the dark?"
(Repeat first two lines. Then last five lines. Fading with the light is in the dark x2.)

Without The Rain
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I know I need to leave you
I know I need to cry
Turn and walk away
One final goodbye
But I've gotten so accustomed
To your betrayals again
That I keep on wondering

What will I do without the pain
What will I do without the rain
What will I do without you?

They say that when I'm alone
I will find my way back Home.
When the flower blooms
In the desert sun
My work on earth will have begun.

My heart clings to deep despair
And tries to fill where you're not there.

I ask Him...the one who knows
And He produces a desert rose.

Little More Time (capo 3)
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My heart has been broken... My tears....are still falling

I am...still protecting.....the wounds...I have inside

Will you...stand beside me...be my...supportive friend

Till I....become ready....to open....my heart again

CHORUS: Give me...just a liiiiittle...more time

Give me...just a liiiiittle...more time

Show me.....that your loooooove...is mine

If you...just want someone...darling...it can't be me

But if I'm...all you desire...my heart...may soon be free

Forgive...my mixed emotions...or words...that seem unkind

Forgive...the confusion...I have....inside my mind

CHORUS

(repeat all from first verse)

Ah ha...just a liiiiittle...more time. Oh ya...just a liiittle...more time

(Softly)MM MM...just a liiiiittle more time.

Born To Fly (capo 3)

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When faith was but a dying ember...

and I...had lost the light

When love did not remember....

I prayed to the Gods in the sky

CHORUS: Hey I...know that I...I was born to flyyy I was born to flyyyy

I was born to flyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyy. I was born to flyyyyy

When love had lied and betrayed

Heartbreak left me decayed

And all my friends had turned away

I cried to the Gods in the sky

CHORUS

When anger struck out to put me down.

My trembling hands reached for love.

While envy pounded me into the ground

I screamed to the Gods in the sky

CHORUS

So why am I stuck here on the ground

Where is the voice I used to sing?

Where is the love I had found?

CHORUS

And soooooo I flyyyyyyy

Love Won't wait forever(capo 2)
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If you don't want me. If your love's not true.

If your gonna hurt me the way you used to do

My heart's already broken so please walk away.

Don't do this again. Don't even try to stay.

You know how much I love you, know how much I care.

You know I've been waiting for over five years...

Please don't take me for granted. Don't play games with me.

Love won't wait forever...even when it's free.

I don't want to lose you yet another time...

But I'm tired of writing sad songs. I'm running out of rhymes.

Through Barren Deserts(capo 1)
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Through Barren Deserts I roam.....Without a heart, without a home

Through barren deserts I roam...Completely lost and so alone.

Gazing at a cloudy sky...Wishing I could fly.... Wishing I could cry.

Gazing at a cloudy sky...Oh God, can you tell me

CHORUS: Tell me....everything's.....gonna be alright

Hold me.....through the dark.....of this night

Tell me.....everything's.....gonna be alright.

There's no place where I can go
That feels like home. I'm so alone
Haunted by the pains in the past
Where love for me didn't last

Wishing that my heart could feel
Just love for you.....only love for you
Instead of these shadows of your truth
Oh I wish you could show me

CHORUS: (show me) Love me through the dark of this night.

Is It Me? (Capo5)
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The wind caresses me as warm as can be.
A loving embrace with tears on it's face,
(Pick up pace) Becomes a furry of air that.... doesn't seem to care
A mass of confusion in a cloudy illusion (pause)
Well your changing with the wind and I'm wondering once again,
Is it me..... you'll love today? Is it me.....you'll love today?
Will your loyalty fade away? Will you turn the other way?
Will I be again betrayed?
Is it me.....Is it me.....You'll love today? (instrumental and humming)
(Softer) What will tomorrow bring? Will you still love me then?
Will you rush back again.....(soft) to your shadow's place of birth?
(strong/loud)Does my love have any worth? Is it me.....Is it me you'll love today?
Is it me you'll love today?
Time to let your feelings show (MMM) cause it's too hard to never know.
Is it me.....oh I'm tired of wondering.....Is it me?
And I need more than just today.....is it me?
(repeat from.... Your changing with the wind.....)
Please don't wait till it's too late.... Is it me? Is it me? Is it me you'll love today?
(slow and soft) What will tomorrow bring? Will you still love me then?
Is It me? M m m (Humming at end)

My Friend
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One door's.... not yet closed
The other one's not open
I sit.... In the middle
Confuuuuused and hoping

Hoping you'll..... be a friend
That won't give in to lust
And we'll climb a mountain
A mountain built of trust.

I don't wanna be intimate
But I neeeeeeeed Love
I don't want.... Any regrets
But I neeeeeeeed hugs

Can we just accept what is
And let go of the waiting,
Even though it's hard and
At times a bit frustrating?

Please stand here beside me
And hold my shaking hand.
Treat me like a friend

And try to understand.

Chorus

(Repeat all...repeat I neeeeeed Love in end.)

Tell Me How You Feel

Tell me how you feel
I'll be here for you
Lie here in my arms
I will comfort you

Nothing you can say
Will drive me away
Please don't be afraid
I'll be kind to you.

Tell me how you feel
Know my care is real
I will listen dear
Come on over here.

I will be your friend
Until the very end
Let me hold your hand
I will understand.

Tell me how you feel
Happy mad or sad
Feeling good or bad
I'll be here for you.

Feel It

When sadness knocks on your door
And you don't think
you can take anymore,
Let yourself feel it!
When you think your just going to die
Get down on your knees
Scream and cry!
When anger lights a spark
Let the fire burn away the dark,
Let yourself feel it!
Until the tears roll down your face,
Till peace is in it's place.
When your scared of being alone
And all your friends are gone,
Let yourself feel it!
When fear creeps up on you
Face it! It's the best you can do.
Let yourself feel it, really feel it!
Get down and - real - it!
Let yourself feel it!

Pull in my Power

I pull in my power
By making room for Love.
I pull in my power
By facing every fear
Letting out the anger
And shedding every tear.
I pull in my power
By expressing what I feel,
Standing tall and strong.
I won't bow and kneel.
I pull in my power
By letting in the Love
Streaming from the Heavens
Great healing from above.
I pull in my power
By making room for Love.

I Shall Sing

I shall sing away
Every hurtful word,
Every dirty look
And betraying act.
I shall sing away the pain.
The pain inside of me.
Until this lake of tears
Seize to roll down my face,
And every shattered piece
Is back in its place,
I shall sing.

Without The Rain

My heart clings to deep despair
And tries to fill where you not there
And I keep wondering....
What will I do without the rain?
What will I do without the pain?
What will I do without you?

I asked Him...the one who knows
And He showed me a desert rose
He said that when I am alone
I will find my way back Home.
When the flower blooms in the desert Sun
My work on earth will have begun.

I Sing
By Namatari

I sing from the mountains and from the sea.
Sing with the voice that I found here in me.
I sing for my sisters, hoping they'll hear
And for my brothers, holding them near.
I sing for my Mother and for my Dad.
Sing for the memories that made us so sad.
I sing from the mountains and from the sea,
Sing with the child that I found here in me.
I sing from the desert with wide open sky,
And from the canyons where I knelt to cry.
I sing without worry and without fear.
Sing for the people who are willing to hear.
I sing from the mountains and from the sea.
Sing with my heart now.... and I sing for me.

In The Dark

I traveled every highway
Searching high and low,
Looking for the place where
The sunshine always goes.

I knew that I would find it
Beyond the next green hill.
I rolled over dozens
And was searching still.

I searched empty faces
In far distant lands.
I read countless scriptures
That I didn't understand.

So I headed for the side roads
Through the deserts and the planes,
Turned around and backtracked
Straight through them all again.

As a lonely worn out traveler
I gave up on the road
And headed home carrying
A mighty heavy load.

I looked back over the empty years
Wondering where the time had gone
And laid awake in my bed
Asking what I'd done wrong,

When He whispered gently
From deep inside in my ear.
He said, "Why do you look out there?
Don't you know that it's right here?
Have you searched the feelings
You hold inside your heart?"

Have you turned your eyes up
To the brightest shining star?
Hey, don't you know
That the Light is in the dark?"

My Audience

In a desert's solitude
I stood to sing my Song
Before a stand of sequoia,
A calm accepting audience
With arms raised to the sky

Begging me, one final time,
To give my Heart another try.

Success

Deep inside my heart I ask
Do I dare again succeed
In a world that tore me down
To feed a jealous greed?
The answer slowly rises
Like a tide within the Sea.
Yes, I will. I truly must
To save what's left of me.

I'll make a solid stand
With Love here by my side.
Let their jealous swords
Swing strong, far and wide.
Their greed can't penetrate
The power of The Light.

Then if it's not too late
I'll find courage in my heart
To take that final step,
And turn to send my Love
For those I'd rather forget.

Dance

Your words don't fit your actions, and I don't know what to do
Should I just walk away and assume that were through?
Should I persist and hold out my hand? Show you the songs that I have to send?

CHORUS: Your giving me the run around, so I'm giving you
One last chance, one last chance, to let the music play.....and dance
To let the music play.....and dance.

I don't understand what you do this for. Are you just wanting to close this door?
Is this a game you usually play, turning your back till it's too late?
Should I finish letting go? Should I hit the other road?

CHORUS

Lets throw these games out the door and just do what we came here for.
Will you please take my hand and be the leader of my band?
If you care, Well it doesn't show. I hope it shows before I go.

CHORUS

MMMMMM...MMMMMMMMand dance.
Ahhhhhhh haaaaaaaaa....and dance.
Ohhhhhhhh Yaaaaaaaaa.....and dance
MMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM.....and dance.

Funny Little Girl

I'm picking up speed
On highway 28
I need to hurry.
I can't be late.
Today is the day
She'll graduate.
I'm soooooo proud of her.
Ohhhhhh how I love her.
That funny little girl
With hair frizzed in curls
Is now completely grown,
Will start a life of her own.
But she will always be
That little girl to me
Even though she's grown now,
She'll shine through there somehow
That funny little girl
With hair frizzed in curl
That funny little girl
That bouncy little girl
Sometimes known as DADO
Had a tough row to hoe
But even through the tough times
When she wrote her sad rhymes
She stood strong
And had a mind of her own
That funny little girl
With hair frizzed in curls
She will always be
That little girl to me
That's why..... I'm picking up speed
On highway 28
I need to hurry
I can't be late
Today is the day
She'll graduate....
I'm soooooo proud of her.
That funny liiiiitle girl.....

Courage by Sharon Rose Poet

You can dis-believe me - mis-perceive me,
Throw me on the ground,
While I turn to cry. . .
Tears, without a sound.

You can label me - even Sable me,
Try to stuff me in your box.
But I can still live without
My own shoes and socks.

You can strike me - dislike me
Shoot darkness at my back.
But I can pull in the Light
And aim to stay on track.

You can cut me - rut me
Chose fear and hate to feed.
But I am still protecting
The Soul you try to bleed.

You can use me, lose me,
Hit me with your door,
But I will still speak out.
I'll not be hurt no more.

You can blame me - shame me
Denounce everything I say.

But I'll stay with the Truth
And strive to be OK.

The Resurrecting Phoenix 1

She was there when I found her
At the back of the dump
Just rusting away
Like an old rotting stump.

But when I embraced her
And turned her old key
She pulled herself up
To talk to me.

So, I did some repairs,
Fed her some gas
And gave her self esteem
A swift kick in the ass.

Now she bounces back and forth
Up and down these roads
Even though she's carrying
A mighty heavy load.

She crawls up the hills
And then flies back down.
She cries when she's sad
But never keeps the frown.

She steams through the poor lands,
Where I let her engine cool,
And races past the mansions
Cause she aint no fool.

If you are lucky enough
To hold her rusty key
She'll purr like a kitten
And yearn to be set free.

Ya she's a little rusty
And she's falling apart.
But she's the only one
Who loves me when I fart.

CHORUS: Ya she's the resurrecting phoenix
And that's what she'll always be
She's the resurrecting phoenix
And she's just like me.

The Resurrecting Phoenix 2

The resurrecting Phoenix
Keeps on rolling down the road
Even though it's carrying
A mighty heavy load
It bears my tears, my hopes, fears and dreams
And every other part of me

The road is lonely and it's long,
but I prefer to drive alone
No. There is nothing wrong.
This is how I write my songs

We'll keep rolling on
Until the day is gone
We'll keep moving on,
Until...the sun is gone.

And you best beware, stay out of our way
Cause Timmy's the mouse who navigates.
We're in a hurry, we can't be late
With the desert we have a date.

We mingle with the cactuses and mesquite
Pounding the sand in the desert heat
With broken shoes and worn out feet
Nothing but water and bread to eat

We'll keep rolling on
Until the sun is gone
We'll keep moving on,
Until...the day is done.

Feel Our Walk

Feel our walk and walk our talk
That's what we have to do.
Feel our walk and walk our talk
So we can make it through.

We gotta pull our Hearts back in place -
Let our tears wash our face.
Open up our Hearts to Love -
Learn to give - Hold the shove.

We gotta reach out giving hands
Do our best to understand
Throw greed down the drain
And let Love feel again.

We turn around and open our door
To those who can't be hurt anymore.
Let our tears wash our face
So we can save the human race.

Feel our walk and walk our talk
That's what we have to do.
Feel our walk and walk our talk
So we can make it through.

Can We? By Namatari

When Hearts fail to be reached
By powerfully written seeds,
And we can't soothe the wound
In every Soul that bleeds,
Can we Heal?

When our haunted world
Seems too hollow to reach,
And all the leery students
Are too far gone to teach,
Can we Feel?

When the sun refuses to shine
Outside the pages in a book,
And darkness doesn't allow them
To open our covers and look,
Can we Give?

When rain falls too hard,
Mountains rise too high
And even the lowest tide
Knows, too well, our sigh,
Can we Live?

Sometimes, I wonder too.
But we **MUST** believe it so-
Even through the darkest night
Where love can't care to show,
We can.

Final Friend

One last betrayal
From one last friend
One last farewell
And this is the end.

A whole new book
A whole new life
It's time for me to
End this strife.

It is happening,
Though a bit late,
Today is the day
I graduate.

In leaving those
Who can not care,
I walk away
From what's not there,

To turn and reach
The new heights,
Through the dark
Into the Light.

Where I will serve
Until the end,
And let God be
My final friend.

Familiar

Golden is my time
By this familiar creek.
Quiet is the voice
That rises up to speak...

As they return to me
This multitude of years,
Of dreams chased away
By lost hope and fears,
Of a time that was,
Though I wished not,
A time when Love
Was something I forgot.

Was I really there?
In part I suppose.
But I drove away
To birth a Dessert Rose.

Crazy
© 2003 by Namatari

Sometimes it gets heavy. I carry quite a load
My run becomes a walk, but I stay on the road
I write instead of talking, run instead of walking
Barefoot without stalkings, oh it's kind of shocking
Chorus
Sometimes I make mistakes and rush to scratch them out
I'm quiet around people, but in the desert I shout.

I listen to the voices that echo in my head
I talk to Spirit and sometimes to the dead.

I try to follow when Spirit points the way
And often find tomorrow in my dreams today
I don't know why I'm going, till I've gotten there
They just shake their heads with a blank stare
I drive across the country planting little seeds
I may look pretty poor, but I have all I need.
Chorus

Most of these people, they don't understand
They try to control and sometimes demand
They tell me to go here when I need to be there
I'm just not like them.... I don't compare
Some think I'm falling, But I already fell
I'm on my way to heaven, But they think I'm going to hell

Spend half of my days behind the wheel of a car
I've traveled just about everywhere, but haven't gotten far
I drive down the road singing my songs
Looking for rest stops when it gets too long
I'm just trying to put my feelings down here in words
I want to express, what that they never heard.

CHORUS: Some people think I'm crazy, But I'm a little bit nuts
Some people think I'm crazy but I'm glad I am
I'm just here working..... doing what I can
Some people think I'm crazy.....But I'm a little bit nuts

Father Spirit

Oh great father spirit
Watching over me in the sky,
Hear the prayer I send you
On the smoke rising high.
Give me the power of Love.
Help me face this fear.
Oh great father Spirit,
The demons are near.
As I sit by this fire,
Shedding every tear.
I'm praying with my heart.
Please listen. Please hear.
Oh great father Spirit
Watching over me in the sky
Hear the prayer I send you
On the smoke rising high.

Silenced

Within the depths
Of my cave
I sang with Spirit,
For the winged ones
And the four legged.
I sang for the moon,
The sun,
The stars and
The Earth beings.
But the humans,
Ah, the humans,
These are the ones
Who silenced my voice
And broke my heart.
These are the ones
Who do not see.
These are the ones,
Who do not know Love.
And I became one of them,
One of the silent songs,

One of the strangled voices.
So, it is for them
I shall now sing.
That I
Not judge those
Who judge me.

Child I Used To Be

On a lonely summer day
I sat at the forest's edge
Feeling the impact
Of life's hard lessons,
When she came to me,
A mere child of three,
In soiled, worn-out clothes
And hair of honey gold.
I stared at her in wonder
Taking in all I could see,
Then realized that she was
The child I used to be.
I thought my eyes deceived
Till she began to speak,
Glaring at me with big brown eyes,
As tears ran down her cheek,
"You spend your life searching
But don't remember and see,
That I have been here waiting
For you to return to me.
You left me and forgot
The great plans we had for you,
The joyful games we'd play.
And magical things we'd do."
She sat on the ground
Rubbing her cold, bare feet
Crying, "You didn't take me with you
To the people we were to meet!
You forgot the castles
We were to build in the sand,
And not once did you try
To hold my little hand!"
She bowed her head
Declaring with a sigh,
"And worst of all,
You forgot how to laugh and cry!"
My heart filled with sadness
For I knew she was right.
I left her to grope alone
On a cold and dreary night.
In over twenty years
Did not return or ever even try
To find the child I cast away
For the pain I held inside.
I reached for her shaking hand
And asked if she'd forgive,
While making a sincere promise
That together we would live.
She climbed into my lap where
We held each other and cried
Until joy was what was left
Of the pain we felt inside.

Hold me when I Cry

I need you to love me
And hold me when I cry.
I need you not to walk away
Or just pass on by.
I need you to see me,
To stop and lend a hand.

I need you to accept me,
And try to understand.
As I sit in this corner
With tears flooding my face,
I need you to care enough
To enter my lonely space.
I need you to reach for me
Without asking why.
I need you to carefully
Just hold me while I cry.

Lesson

I don't need understanding
From my family here on earth.
I don't need their acceptance
For my souls rebirth.

I don't need to be shown
That these people really care.
I need to know that, deep inside
Love is always there.

I must not concern myself
With how they choose to act
The masks they wear are not the truth
And this is simple fact.

I must not worry about
What they think and say.
I must turn and live my life
For my Self and for today.

Always Love You

I'll always love you
Although I left you.
This will never change.
I needed to find my Self
And had to do it alone.
It hurt more than words can say
But it was time for me to leave home.
Please understand why
I had to let go
Make room to grow
I had to let go and cry.
But I'll always love you
Although I left you
This will never change.
You may stay angry with me
But I hope one day you'll see,
That in everyone's life
A voice will call
To lead them away from home,
And listen or not
The best friend we've got
Is the one we will find
When alone.

Good for You

You say you want to stay with me
Because I'm 'the one who's good for you!'
What I need, if you have a moment to care,
Is to know that you love me true.
But your love doesn't come my way
Too many hurtful things you say!
Not what you're attracted to.
Just free counseling and a mother too.
Just a place where you can live

Without having to love or give!
But, you say you want to stay with me
Because I'm 'the one who's good for you!'
Yet, each time tears roll down my face
You turn and look the other way,
And she's still smiling back at you.
It's killing me to live this way.
So don't you dare raise a finger at me!
I'm not the one who chose this - you see!
I've already been thoroughly ripped apart.
You hold the pieces of my heart.
There's nothing left! The 'good' is gone.
I stand here, empty, wounded and alone.
I gave and gave and gave to you!
Hey, there were things I needed too.
And the degrading ways you treated me
Are the reasons why I must leave.

Wish I Were A Ladybug

I sit at the edge of my bed
Trying to talk to you
While you coldly ignore me.
Lonely eyes watch you
Roam around the room
Rescuing little ladybugs.
So carefully, you pick them up,
With love and consideration.
You cradle them gently
In the palm of your hands,
delivering them to a place
Where they will be safe.
On the outside,
I am stuck in my anger,
Needing to be heard.
But deep down inside of me
There's a wounded little voice
That is silently crying,
"I wish I were a ladybug!"

I'd like To

I'd like to touch the hearts of those
Who usually turn the other cheek.
I'd like to empower the voice
That rarely dares to speak.
I'd like to reach the numb
Who never really weep.
I'd like to open the hearts
Place a tear upon the cheeks.

You

I know it's You calling me
In the song of the Bird
And guiding me
In the eye of the Hawk.
I know it's You holding me
In the arms of the Bear
And soothing me
In the flow of the water.
I know it's You Loving me
In the dark of the night
And giving me wings
For my final flight.
Let's Make Love

I don't want to have sex no more!

Come on. Come on. Let's do it.
Let's put our Hearts into it.
Let's make Love tonight.

No holding back.
Let's stay on passions track.
Let's make Love tonight.

No verbal explanations.
No far out expectations.
Let's make Love tonight.

Come on. Come on. Let's do it.
Let's put our Hearts into it.
Let's make Love tonight.

If it pleases you, it pleases me.
Let's bring in all that Love can be.
Let's make Love tonight.

My Gift
By Namatari

My gift is You. My gift is me.
It is illuminated in the stars
And travels in my eyes.
My gift lays deep within my heart
Beneath the largest, lonely stone.
It's wings dance in rays of Light.
My gift shines through
The deepest, darkest night.
It has it's own voice.
It is a sad, lonely song...
The one we all know.
My gift is beyond the earthly,
Far beyond the mundane.
It is wild, free
And completely untamed.
It's like the sun
And the full moon.
It is universal,
Yet plays it's own tune.
My gift is all there is,
All that can be,
And resides in the depths
Of the heart in me.
My gift is Love.

Where I Am Loved

As freedom spreads its wings
I raise my hands to the wind
With praise and love and then,
Thank the Spirits of the Earth
For bearing my loads again.
With joy and awesome wonder
I raise my head to the sky
To thank the heavenly Father
For the time gone by.
With tears flooding my face

I thank this Lord above
Who was so kind to show me
The place where I am loved.
This love whispers through me
Like sweet caressing wind.
From this point on I'll know,
No matter what challenge
Meets me on my way,
There is this special place where
My heart can choose to stay.

So That I May

Help me to cry God
Without asking why, God
So that I may feel.

Help me so see, God
To be the real me, God
So that I may heal.

Help me to love, God
Without a shove, God
So that I may give.

Help me feel peace, God
Fell sorrows release, God
So that I may live.

Lonely Time

All this lonely time
There's been a voice
Deep inside me,
Crying, "Set me free!"
I write what I feel.
I let it out in rhyme.
Never fully expressing it
All this lonely time.
I've been lost
In life's crazy lies,
Stuck behind a mask
Where I try to hide,
While my soul cries,
All this lonely time.

Can We

If I wrap my arms around you
Will you turn and run away?
Can we find a tomorrow
Not tainted by yesterday?

Can I be desired
By simply being me,
Or is it someone else
You now prefer to see?

Can I be forgiven
For feeling confused too,
Even though my heart
Longs to be with you?

Can we start this over
Let the past stay there?
Can we open our hearts
To all we have to share?

Can we cry and laugh?
Can we talk and play?
Can we fully enjoy
What we have today?

Can we gaze at sunsets
And watch the butterfly
Until our wings can take us
Soaring through the sky?