

JAMMIN'

4-11-14 (1)
(#32)

1. Where the night songs echoed down
the canyon's hidden vaults
earth was almost holy at our feet.
Music stirred our hearts,
the panorama stirred our souls
sixties oldies never missed a beat.

HOOK/ We'd be ja-a-min',
REFRAIN: we'd be scrammin'
on the train track railin'
lookin' back while hightailin'
from the danger of a ranger packin' heat.

2. Lovely summer blossoms'
precious fragrance filled the air,
spring, something we never did complete.
It darted on ahead
while none of us had time to care
nothing could and nothing wanted to compete.

HOOK/ We'd be jammin' in our mind
REFRAIN: to fleeting songs, every one, one of a kind;
those freeze-frame moments
pasted to eternity
that none of us could ever later find.

[INSTRUMENTAL]

3. Runnin', ever runnin',
somethin' deep inside our soul,
to, or from, or why? — we'd never learn.
As if we'd found the womb of sound
that played but perfect songs,
as pages of those days would quickly turn.

HOOK/ Those were glory days we spent,
REFRAIN: so quickly they came and went.
With no investment
— but in eternity
as the only dividend we'd hope to see.

[PARTIAL INSTRUMENTAL]

(Continued)

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4. It was more than OK just to live
in the present
to just let life be
and to breathe in every moment,
each unique and precious second,
knowing we're already in eternity . . .

TAGS: We'd be jammin',
the music, the only prize we'd win . . . *
we expected nothing more,
in that were wild riches galore
we'd be up till it ended . . .
jammin' music that transcended . . .

[END]

Written: April 11, 2014 (1)

* Begin fading out from here