

EVENING NEWS
With Mike Delaney
Released: 8/8/8

Track List:

1. Evening News. (2:43)
 2. Trash This Planet. (3:18)
 3. Another Knock on the Door. (2:53)
 4. Old Wooden Chair. (3:12)
 5. Quabbin's Long-Forgotten Grave. (3:59)
 6. Mr. & Mrs. Candidate. (2:50)
 7. Daddy, Who's Mark Twain. (3:51)
 8. I Have a New Blackberry. (2:41)
 9. Bhopal—Shadows of Death. (4:01)
 10. Empty Driveway. (3:41)
 11. Hard To Let Go. (3:43)
 12. The Perfect Song. (3:22)
- Total time: 40:22

A collection of songs by the Boston-area Singer Songwriter, Mike Delaney

All lyrics, music, vocals, instruments, recording, and production by Mike Delaney, excerpt as follows: "Daddy, Who's Mark Twain" is a parody of "Daddy, What's a Train", by Utah Phillips, "The Perfect Song" is a parody of "Makin' Whopee" by Gus Kahn and Walter Donaldson, and the tune for "I Have a New Blackberry" is based on the traditional folk song "Blackberry Blossom". Harmony vocals and percussion by Ken Porter. Mastering by Steve Friedman of Melville Park Studio, Boston, MA. Graphical production by Elizabeth Kennett. Recorded at Pine Ridge on Sampson's Pond Studio, 26 Pine Ridge Way, Carver, MA 02330.

Lyrics are available at www.mikedelaney.org/CD.html.

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EVENING NEWS

Mike Delaney 9/8/06

Home in time to catch the evening news
Still up the creek without a path to choose
The commercial helps me drift away
What are they selling now?
Fake peace of mind adorned in pastel hues

The commercial couple sings a soothing song
Their pleasing voices ringing LOUD and
STRONG
They draw us in; we feel the love
We want to be like them
They sing, "Where have all the flowers gone?"

<Spoken>
Do you want to share this peace?
Feel the tranquility and emotional release
Then...Ask your doctor about folk music
Folk music stimulates the mind
and feeds the soul.
Clinical studies have shown that folk music
lowers your blood pressure,
improves your lipid profile,
and can even save your relationship
with your friends and family.

Folk music can change the world!

Side effects of folk music may include
a desire to end war,
help the less fortunate,
and question authority.

Occasionally a small number of people singing
folk music may find themselves
at odds with the government.

Listening to Country Music has been shown to
correct this condition.

Ask your doctor for a reason to sing folk music.

Now back to the news...

<Sung>
Five more marines are lost in their prime
It's another senseless foolish crime
Dubyah tells us "stay the course"
As we win the terror war
One suicide bomber at a time

The anchor signs off showing her concern
With a thought to ponder until she returns:
"Where have all the graveyards gone?
Gone to flowers every one
When will we ever learn?
When will we ever learn?
When will we ever learn?"

G Em Am7 D
G Em Am7 D
C D
G ↓ Em
Am7 D G

www.Panexa.com

"Ask your doctor for a reason to take it."

TRASH THIS PLANET

Mike Delaney 5/1/2003

Our humble earth has been lush and fertile
With everything anyone needs
Food and space and pristine water
And time enough to succeed

But that ozone layer has gotten holey
And froggy's legs are deformed
The coral reefs are bleached and dying
And the atmosphere has been warmed

Chorus:

**When we trash this planet
We'll just find another
There'll be plenty more in the stars
When we trash this planet
We'll exclaim "Oh, Brother!"
And head into space in our cars**

When all the land has become a landfill
And oceans full of toxic waste
And the sky above is gray and smoggy
It might be time to make haste

When we breathe the final oxygen atom
And use up the last drop of oil
It's too late to start saving whales
Or recycling aluminum foil

Chorus

To reach the stars we must get good mileage
And have a whopping gas tank
And seating for about ten billion
I think that might break the bank

And everyone won't sit next to a window
Or have a holder for their cup
And you'd better have a steel bladder
It's a million years before we gas-up

Chorus

Verse:

G C G
G A D
G C G
G D G

Chorus:

C G
G A D
G C G
G D G

(A comtemporary eco-bluegrass song.)

This song was completely written with recycled electrons!)

Another Knock on the Door

Mike Delaney

3/1/07

(not inspired by my dreams, but at least it has doorways in it)

Mom and dad, sit on the patio
No TV, and no radio
Sun sets, there's one thing goes unsaid
Crickets chirp, lilacs in the air
A good life, except for one big care
Dusk falls, then it's early off to bed

Mom leads, through the living room
Their marine, he's in his uniform
Smiles from, his picture up on the wall
They know, the limo won't arrive
This night, their son is still alive
Quickly, to their bedroom down the hall

Chorus—twice:

**Another knock on the door
Another knock—and one more
We still wonder what for
While there's—another knock on the door
Another knock on the door
Another knock on the door**

They sleep, in only fits and starts
Aching, they both have breaking hearts
Not sure, if they will ever get him back
They hear, each and every creak
They fear, but they do not speak
They know, it's now daybreak in Iraq

Chorus

Capo 2:

Vamp: Am

Verse:

Am C Dm F G Am

Chorus:

Am F G

Am F G

C G

Dm F G

Dm F G

OLD WOODEN CHAIR
(Written to honor the old wooden chair
that fell apart beneath me
at breakfast at SAMW 2007 Week 2)
Mike Delaney 8/30/07

From the porch I see the lake
I'm picking tunes with my friends
Smell the trees; hear the loons
Don't let this day end

Playing old familiar tunes
With new stories to share
Singing all my favorite songs
From my old wooden chair

Chorus:
Old wooden chair
You'll always be there
On the porch or back inside
You keep me satisfied
Old wooden chair
The permanence of wood
Knowing life is good
Old wooden chair

Gather chairs around the meal
And talk long into the night
Or doing puzzles with the kids
The bonds of home are tight

At the end of the day
Life has treated me real fair
I always loved the view
From my old wooden chair

Chorus

Now the songbirds have flown south
And the turning leaves are done
The lake is barely warmed
By the low slanting sun

My old chair still holds me up
Though you're no longer there
Why couldn't you endure?
Like my old wooden chair

Chorus

Intro: C G C C

Verse:

C G

F C

C C

G G

C G

F C

C C

G C

C C

Chorus:

F F

C C

C C

G G

F F

C C

C G

C C

QUABBIN'S LONG-FORGOTTEN GRAVE

Mike Delaney, 3/12/05

John and Sarah Farnsworth
Eighteen forty three
A farm in the Swift River valley

Only two years later
Wendell came along
A son to give them boundless joy and glee

Wendell grew up quickly
Loved to play outside
But he was gone before his time begun

A daring little rascal
Wandered off alone
Six years is too soon to lose a son

Chorus:

**Quabbin's long-forgotten grave
Left behind when the waters came
Little Wendell Farnsworth
Only six years old
Left behind when the waters came**

Wendell loved the forest
Climbed the nearby ridge
Up high to see what is far below

The ridge was steep and rocky
Wendell sought adventure
What came to pass we will never know

They couldn't believe it happened
He was close to home
But too far to hear when he cried

They bought a granite gravestone
He's buried on the ridge
With the stone facing up where he died

Chorus

Seventy-five years later
Boston needs more water
Swift River dammed to form a lake

Graves were moved to high ground
Nigh eight thousand souls
An historic task to undertake
Wendell didn't join them
He was left behind
To guard o'er the Quabbin Reservoir

His grave is hard to locate
A two-foot stone in brush
Where only brave hikers go so far from shore

Chorus

Verse:

D G Em A D (A) 2x

G D A G D 2x

Chorus:

(D) G A D

G A Bm

G A

D

G A D

In the 1930s, four western Massachusetts towns were flooded to form the Quabbin Reservoir, which now holds a 5-year water supply for Eastern Massachusetts. One grave stone was left behind. (Dana, Enfield, Prescott, and Greenwich (GREEN-WITCH)

Based on a column by Michael Tougias in the Taunton Sunday Gazette, 12/26/04 and his book "Quabbin: A History and Explorer's Guide".

**Mr. & Mrs. Candidate
Mike Delaney
November 1999**

Mr. Candidate
Anything to hide
Better tell us now
And forget your pride
Tell us and avoid the mess
Man, you really should confess
So open up to us
And we won't create a fuss

Well...
I never learned the golden rule
Cheated on tests when I was in school
Never had an honest job
Never been a work-a-day slob
Fondled, fraternized, and cavorted
I inhaled, heck, I even snorted
But I'll tell you, again and again
I feel your pain.

**I feel your pain
But it's such a drain
I'd rather ignore you
I even abhor you
But I need your votes
Your promissory notes
Don't ask me to explain
But I feel your pain**

Mrs. Candidate
Can't let you off the hook
Can't cut you any slack
Even with that sexy look
Gotta check you out
Ask you not to pout
Broken any laws?
Tell us all your hidden flaws

Well...
I have to be tough, one of the guys
Not a soccer mom, baking pies
Pretend to be a big sports fan
Be as crass as any man

You focus on my feminine charm
I've got you eating out of my palm
But I'll tell you, again and again
I have a brain

**I have a brain
I'm not a plain Jane
I'd rather ignore you
I even abhor you
But I need your votes
Your promissory notes
There's no need to explain
'Cause I have a brain**

Well...
Mr. and Mrs. Candidate
Oh God, not another debate
Get off the tube and out of my face
Your negative ads are such a disgrace
I'm bummed by all this pain-feeling
Election fever has me reeling
I'm bored by your tired refrain
You're both a pain.

**You're both a pain
You insult my brain
I'd rather ignore you
I even abhor you
You won't get my vote
'Cause you get my goat
I'm sick of your tired refrain
You're both a pain
You give me a migraine
Your campaign is in vain**

...and it's time to break this chain

(This is the result of an assignment to write a song inspired by a sentence on page 45 of Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy, "A marvelous presidential quote--absolutely true to form.")

DADDY, WHO'S MARK TWAIN?
(My "Twain" song)
(Based on "Daddy, What's a Train" by Bruce Utah Philips)
Mike Delaney, 2/2000

Chorus:

Daddy, who's Mark Twain? Is he someone I should know?
Is he a famous athlete or have a TV show?
Is he a millionaire? - oh, how can I explain
When my little boy asks me, "Daddy, who's Mark Twain?"

I remember as a boy I'd read long into the night
I couldn't put a book down and turn out the bedroom light
I hung out with Tom Sawyer and with Huckleberry Finn
I'd rush to finish one book and another to begin
The river flowing by
The meadow grass so high
Lessons to be learned as I grow
A slave is still a man
A frog jumps 'cause he can
It's the lessons that my boy may never know

Chorus

We think that we have gained so much but also much is lost
A dulling of creativity is the cost
Our minds are programmed like an electronic device
With the flashing of the monitor and the clicking of the mice
Internet and MP3
DSL and DVD
eCommerce is the only way
Click up and go on-line
Web pleasure will soon be mine
It's so depressing to hear my own son say

Chorus

But now I'm growing older and I think I'm losing touch
The world moves so much faster and I'm missing way too much
Not sure I make a difference now; my senses start to wane
I wish that I could live my life as if I were Mark Twain
Down the river on a raft
Driving words just like a craft
Instead of reading the TV's on all day
Who will be a millionaire
I watch because I care
I can't believe it when I hear myself say

Last Chorus:

Who's Shania Twain? Is she someone I should know?
Did she write a famous novel or compose a Broadway show?
This modern culture is rotting out my brain
When I ask my grown up son... "Who's Shania Twain?"

(I needed to write a train song, but didn't want to write a "typical" train song. So I thought about the different meanings of "train", train phrases (train a dog, train of a wedding gown, train a gun on someone, gravy train, soul train, toilet train). I went to the internet and found a 14-page lit of train songs, so I decided to write a "TWAIN" song. But I had to rip off a real train song to do it, so this song is "in the folk tradition".)

**I Have a New Blackberry
(to the tune of "Blossom Blossom")**

Mike Delaney

3/24/07

(In no way related to my dreams or The Kennedys)



The first day:

I have a new blackberry
I got it from my company
They are so sweet and good to me
I so like it so much

Email and my cell phone calls
Browse the web—it's such a ball
Call you up right from the mall
Now I can stay in touch

Tiny keys; an itsy bitsy teeny screen
Now I am free, to travel as I please
Oh, it's a breeze; I can work efficiently
Leaves me free; to get outside
And have more time for fun

A few weeks later:

I hate this damn crackberry
Yes, I'm an addict can't you see
It squeezes blood right out of me
They get more freebie work

In my house and in my car
There's no where I can go that's far
Even playing my guitar
My boss will call; That jerk!

Yes, It's my boss; he's got me by direct connect
And I'm so lost and he will have my neck
Yes, he's so cross; There's nowhere left that I
can hide
Except perhaps for suicide, at least it's not a
gun

SHADOWS OF DEATH
(Thank you to Penny Nichols)
Mike Delaney 8/20/07

Shadows of death
Life-ending gas
Last stolen breath
No peace at last

Seeps through Bhopal
One final night
Denser than air
Mutagen fright

Fumes perfume the breeze
Rain washes it down
Soil's burden to bear
Dead company town

On Hindu land
Toxic dirt drips
Water seeps out
Salvation slips

Safeguards unchecked
Bribes have been paid
Lucrative scam
Inspectors were swayed

All cautions forgot
Souls frozen in time
Lost battles unfought
Stark end of the line

<break AAB>

Secrecy veil
Corporate deceit
Survivors were scared
Victims of greed

Shadows of death
Life-ending gas
Last stolen breath
No peace at last

Poverty left
Shadows of death

A-part:
Am Dm E7 Am
B-Part:
F Am F Am B7 E Dm E Am

(This song began in the Penny Nichols songwriting class at Week 2 SAMW 2007. It was inspired by a wrought iron sculpture of two figures holding hands and their shadows on the ground. It was made to raise money for the survivors of the Union Carbide Bhopal, India disaster.

From www.bhopal.org: On the night of Dec. 2nd and 3rd, 1984, a Union Carbide plant in Bhopal, India, began leaking 27 tons of the deadly gas methyl isocyanate. None of the six safety systems designed to contain such a leak were operational, allowing the gas to spread throughout the city of Bhopal.[1] Half a million people were exposed to the gas and 20,000 have died to date as a result of their exposure. More than 120,000 people still suffer from ailments caused by the accident and the subsequent pollution at the plant site. These ailments include blindness, extreme difficulty in breathing, and gynecological disorders. The site has never been properly cleaned up and it continues to poison the residents of Bhopal. In 1999, local groundwater and wellwater testing near the site of the accident revealed mercury at levels between 20,000 and 6 million times those expected. Cancer and brain-damage- and birth-defect-causing chemicals were found in the water; trichloroethene, a chemical that has been shown to impair fetal development, was found at levels 50 times higher than EPA safety limits.[2] Testing published in a 2002 report revealed poisons such as 1,3,5 trichlorobenzene, dichloromethane, chloroform, lead and mercury in the breast milk of nursing women.[3] In 2001, Michigan-based chemical corporation Dow Chemical purchased Union Carbide, thereby acquiring its assets and liabilities. However Dow Chemical has steadfastly refused to clean up the site, provide safe drinking water, compensate the victims, or disclose the composition of the gas leak, information that doctors could use to properly treat the victims.)

EMPTY DRIVEWAY

Mike Delaney 7/8/04

Weeds pop up through the cracks in the empty driveway
The rusting backboard holds the hoop with a tattered net
The basketball forgotten in a box down in the cellar
Well-worn sneakers wait under the bed

Chorus:

Empty driveway
Rusting backboard
Shattered dreams
A life too short

Living room mantle crowded with family memories
Many trophies big and small, silver and gold
Also medals and ribbons earned in battle
And a flag with triangle folds

Chorus

She used to catch passes, but this time it was shrapnel
She won trophies, but now Purple Heart and Navy Cross
She loved her country, but tell me, what did it get her?
A government "so sorry for your loss"

Chorus 2x

Verse:

A D E D A
A D E A

Chorus:

D A E A

HARD TO LET GO
Mike Delaney, 8/1/2001
Revised: 4/4/08

I look up and hold your hand
You won't ever let me fall
With your strength you help me stand
I no longer need to crawl

Every day I'm getting stronger
Every night I'm safe and warm
Not a baby any longer
Your arms shelter me from harm

CHORUS:
And it's—hard to let go
Hard to let go
I can't hold on forever
And it's hard to let go

Once a girl; I'm a woman now
With my friends I share this day
White lace and enduring vows
Soon I will be on my way

With a man who is my equal
And I think he's strong and kind
Prelude gone, the rest is sequel
Leaving all I've ever known behind

CHORUS

Lullaby baby in my arms
A broken heart no longer beats
Last look at your infant charms
Not ready for your final sleep

Holding you for one last time now
It's a hollow end to bliss
Lacking reason, lacking rhyme now
On ashen lips a lasting kiss

CHORUS

Bridge:
More than arms can do the holding
I keep you in my memory
Though my days are still unfolding
You're never very far from me

FINAL CHORUS:
And I don't—have to let go
Don't have to let go
I can keep you here forever
I don't have to let go

And I will never let go
Never let go
I can keep you here forever
I will never let go

C Em Dm G
F G Em
F G Em Dm

F Em Dm G C

THE PERFECT SONG

(Parody of "Makin' Whoopee", by Gus Kahn and Walter Donaldson)

Mike Delaney, 8/2000

I was on a mission
To write the perfect song
Wanted everyone to hear it
Wanted them to sing along

My perfect song got written
With patience and with style
'Cause making this song perfect
Took more than a little while

So give a careful listen
While I sing so perfectly
Then stand up and cheer out
How impressed you are with me

The perfect song
The perfect verse
With perfect rhymes
And not a curse

They say song writin'
Should not be frightnin'
Yeah right, whoopee!

Perfect notes
All in a row
In perfect tempo
Not fast or slow

With all this preening
I found true meaning
Yeah right, whoopee!

Don't want to get too heavy
Don't make it too intense
Just keep it simple, stupid
Don't make the task immense

The perfect tune
In perfect pitch
This new creation
Could make me rich

Don't think I'll bother
I'll sing a cover
Yeah right, whoopee!

The perfect line
The perfect hook
The perfect ending
Let's call Garth Brooks

He'll see me later
At the theater
Yeah right, whoopee!

Easy to pour my heart out
But I want to get it right
Words just flow when I start out
Why was I up all night?

A final verse
And then home free
'Cept for the cheering
It's all for me

And if they want more
Maybe an encore
Yeah right, whoopee!