

SONG LYRICS

Song lyrics were the first kind of writing I did, before switching to writing books and articles. I have continued songwriting intermittently since college.

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CLEAR SKIES BELOW

BACKGROUND: Based on a friend's blog. About the joy of a long-overdue vacation. Listen to it at <https://song.space/5rg5tk/song/255197>

I might land soon, or I might just keep on flyin'
I'm makin' it up as I go
Loopin', wheelin', coastin' on a tailwind
Right now, right now's all I wanna know.

Chorus:

No more holdin' back
From now on, I go where I wanna go
How high can I fly?
Sunshine straight ahead, clear skies below

Like blowin' up a balloon, this grin keeps growin'
Any more and I just might explode
Whoopin', laughin', singin' like a sailor
Breathe in, breathe out, that's my whole workload

(Chorus)

Bridge:

This mornin', I called in sick then pitched the phone
Can't die having only worked and never flown.

I might buzz Brugges or Berlin or maybe Jamaica
Bombay, Bangkok, or the Alamo
All depends on how I feel I'm feelin'
This sky, that sky, take 'em all in a row.

(Chorus)

Far From Tomorrow

BACKGROUND: I wrote this song for my wedding. Listen to it at <https://song.space/5rg5tk/song/250305>

Far from tomorrow, when love's an old friend
When we lose count of years we've spent
All I will want is more years with you
Still side-by-side the whole ride through
'Cause I have chosen for once and for all
You as my partner to travel along with, come rises, come falls.

Cold blows the winter, cold blows the north wind
We'll snuggle in for hours on end
Soft as a snowfall, warm as a tear
Our love will grow from year to year
From day to day, heart to heart, eye to eye
No happily-ever-afters, but shoulders to share if we cry.

Far from tomorrow, who knows what follows
Who knows what sorrows yet may show
From what we do know, this much is clear
That you and I belong right here
For I believe to the core of my bones
Far from tomorrow, love, wherever we are together is home.

The Song Goes On

BACKGROUND: This song is meant to be the final encore of a live concert, ideally with the singer sitting on the edge of the stage. The verse is quiet and conversational. The chorus builds to a rousing crescendo. I have not yet had it recorded.

It's late, the show is nearly over
We need to clear the stage and go
You've made our day. Thank you so much.
We're sad to go but glad to know

Chorus

That the song goes on
When the singer's gone
Like angels carved in stone
Just sing along un - til it becomes your own.

My mama taught me right from wrong
To tell the truth, to help, to share
Her picture's all I have to hold now
But her fingerprints are everywhere

Chorus

'cause the song goes on
When the singer's gone
Like angels carved in stone
Just sing along un - til it becomes your own.

Tag

'til it becomes your own.

Get Back Up

BACKGROUND: Inspired by Joe Biden's "first principle of life" (Promises to Keep, xxii-xxiii). The music is Caribbean. It has not yet been recorded.

Tommy swaggered off the bus in the big city
Went looking for a place to shine
But every place he went, it was the same same story:
"Take a number, stand in line."
So he found a dry spot under an overpass, cardboard for a bed
"Hey, that's my spot!" screamed a crazy man. Through tears, Tommy said:

(Chorus)

"If you knock me down, I gonna get-a back up
Dust off my pants an' give my knee a good rub
Just like wood floats, if you knock me down, I gonna get-a back up."

Tommy juggled telling jokes for a few tips,
But a street urchin took his take
Redeemed a lotta bottles and he shined shoes
Fished at night in the lake
Asked a beautiful girl for a date, but she slowly backed away
Met a runaway girl in the shelter, together they would say:

(Chorus)

(Bridge)

"Don't talk to me of fate
Fate's just hindsight
The choices that you make
Chances that you take."

He was picking through the trash on a street corner
When the mayor's car stopped at the light
Got a sudden thought, so he said, "Mayor,
Your town is a shameful sight.
Pay us poor boys to pick up trash from your sidewalks and your streets
You get clean streets, we get a buck or two, buy a bite to eat."

[2 or 4 bars percussion]

Well, the next thing you know, Tommy's posing for a picture
With the smiling mayor shaking his hand
Running trash collection for the whole city
The right man to shape a plan. (like If you knock...)

(Chorus)