

HE WON'T HEAR MY SONG TODAY
(© 1997 Mr Jones)

Chorus:

The old oak tree is lying down
The leaves are blown away
Many times I talked to him
But he won't hear my song today

Sorrow and pain ran deep in your vein
Deep furrows were cut in your bark
T'was really hard not to go insane
But finally they ripped up your heart

Chorus

I often listened to your songs
They tell stories oh so sad
Stories of love of rights and wrongs
And of your heart being treated bad

Chorus

Solitude seemed to be your delight
They dug out your roots and ignored your ode
No matter if rain or the sun shining bright
They made you hit the hard road

Chorus

Lonesome though hundreds were there each day
You sat there and hated to hear them say
All the best for your future all the best for you now
When you want to go on but you do not know how

Chorus

Seems you could not find it here on earth
The one thing you've been looking for
I hope that you find your peace of mind
Hope that your key will unlock the last door

Chorus

SET ME FREE
(© 1995 Mr Jones)

I'd like to fly to New York City rain cries just a little pity
I'd like to go to New Orleans in my old stonewashed blue jeans
Yes I'd like to go down south find some peace of mind
Yes I'd like to go down south with love all in my heart
And set me free

I'd like to go to Fort Worth Texas meet my old friend Townes Van Zandt
I'd like to live in Pennsylvania my days in Maine I'd like to spend
Yes I'd like to go up north and find some peace of mind
Yes I'd like to go up north with love all in my heart
And set me free

I want to go to the USA live there for evermore
I want to leave it all behind here in Germany
Yes I'd like to move away settle somewhere else
Yes I'd like to move away with love all in my heart
And set me free

JAMES MURRAY
(© 1997 Mr Jones)

It was not in 1884 but in 1995
When a British boxer aged 25 he lost his life
James Murray died in a hospital in Glasgow Sunday night
After being beaten by his opponent in a championship boxfight

Chorus:
Yeah he died he died Sunday night he died
In a fucking bloody fight

30 seconds before the end of the twelfth round
His opponent not named here put him to the ground
The people they cried heavy started their own fist fight
'Cause they got not much enough for their money that night

Chorus

Bottles too and chairs were flying through the air
With the unconscious boxer on a stretcher lyin' there
They carried him to the surgeons they removed a clot of blood
But repair James' damaged brain they could not

Chorus

Only one day later they said your son is dead
Give up all your hope now Mum and Dad
The young gardener has grown up in a miners' town
Tomorrow he will silently be buried to the ground

Chorus

The accident was followed by a many thousands' call
To prohibit the boxing sport before more men must fall
But still the fights are going on more boxers have to die
With damaged brains they have to lie and their mothers cry

Chorus

SUNRISE
(© 1997 Mr Jones)

Chorus:

Let the sun rise up the Eastern sky
Let the sunshine in the morning hit my eye
And one day when I will see it I will cry
Hope that this will be before I'll die

I ask the Lord to tell me why I cannot see the sun up high
Why do I feel so all alone why must I have a heart of stone

Chorus

My job means anything to me that is why I can't be free
Fear that my life will end and I didn't see the sunrise in the sky

Chorus

If I travel on a train then an idea hits my brain
Could I do this with my feet that is really what I'd need

I can't hear a bird that sings or the church bell that rings
I can't hear the snow or wood crunch and crackle beneath my foot

Chorus

The best would be I'd loose my gold only my true love I could hold
I could stand all the heat or cold and in contentment I'd grow old

Chorus

AUTUMN WIND
(© 1995 Mr Jones)

The leaves are falling in the autumn wind
The leaves are falling in the autumn wind
The leaves are falling in the autumn wind
The leaves are falling in the autumn wind

The snow comes falling from the winter skies
The snow comes falling from the winter skies
The snow comes falling from the winter skies
The snow comes falling from the winter skies

I have to leave my love in the wintertime
I have to leave my love in the wintertime
I have to leave my love in the wintertime
I have to leave my love in the wintertime

The tears are falling from my true love's eyes
The tears are falling from my true love's eyes
The tears are falling from my true love's eyes
The tears are falling from my true love's eyes

The sun comes up in the springtime morning
The sun comes up early springtime morn'
The sun comes up in the springtime morning
The sun comes up early springtime morn'

I'll be back again hold my true love tight
I'll be back again hold my true love tight
I'll be back again hold my true love tight
I'll be back again hold my true love tight

The sun is burning down from the summer skies
The sun is burning down from the summer skies
The sun is burning down from the summer skies
The sun is burning down from the summer skies

Repeat 1st verse

I AM A FOLKSINGER
(© 1995 Mr Jones)

I am a folksinger and I travel country roads
I sing my sad songs and I carry my heavy load
I start when sun comes up and travel all along
Now stay sit down and listen I'll play till my hands blisten
I'm going to sing for you my song

I am a folksinger and I cover all the towns
I sing with children and play along with clowns
I travel all my life and have to sing my song
I won't grow old this way but I'm only here today
I can't decide if it's right or wrong

Repeat 1st verse

I am a folksinger all the people gather 'round
Maybe they love my song or just its lonesome sound
I have to make a living riding through the land
Some of you may think of me and some will take a drink on me
The day my name is carved in sand

Repeat 1st verse

MY WAY
(© 1996 Mr Jones)

Chorus:

I am standing at the crossroads don't know which way to run
Every trail that I will go leads back where I've begun

My father told me years ago my son you'll make your way
These words my old man said to me I remember any day

Chorus

So many things they come my way and want to tear me down
But I look forward walk straight on and try just not to drown

Chorus

Surely often I will choose the wrong way of the three
But one day at the wished place that's where I'm a-gonna be

Chorus

I will fight for my ideas and hold my head up high
The name of my old father I never will deny

I am standing at the crossroads now I know which way to turn
I'll go my way and won't look back all bridges I will burn
Repeat

LADY LIKE A FLOWERCHILD
(© 1996 Mr Jones)

First time I saw you 'twas in the springtime
You spread out your sprout and caught this heart of mine
I often hurt you and I hate what I've done
But your roots grew stronger our love had just begun

Chorus:
Lady like a flowerchild
Come spread out your leaves and roots
And bloom away the wintry nights

Your dainty leaves they became stronger
In pastel colours they were longing for the sun
Deeper roots stronger sprout
In fine light colours your bloom it is so fair

Chorus

You should there forever stand
Not be hurt or even treated bad
Stay my little dainty flower
That I can protect and care for everyday

Chorus

Looks like a careful bloom at sunrise
Your words are tender growth and movement in the wind
Give me the strength to save us two
Not to be weaker than you small and tender plant

Chorus

Chorus

DARK NIGHT IN OKLAHOMA
(© 1995 Mr Jones)

It was in Oklahoma City not very long ago
An awful crime did happen to you I will show
Killers put about 1000 pounds of dynamite
In a car there standing on the street but now you'll feel despite

A detonation that was heard about 50 miles away
Burnt parking cars and broke the glass and blew this house away
200 dead 400 hurt with wounds like in a war
The comfort to stand this pain you won't find in your jar

The president and the police they guess who commits such an awful crime
They swear to find the killers soon in a short lasting time
Justice will be done to them very fast and sure
But everybody now can see we're always insecure

What does this help to the people who've drawn their last breath
And what does this help to us when we're face to face with death
So kneel down and pray for those who've died and ask the Lord
That from those terrorists he quickly takes away the sword

Bomb specialists and dogs around can not avoid such an awful crime
You have to face that in this world your life ain't worth a dime
Pray to the Lord that he will make your life lasting long
And if you cannot pray at all come here and sing this song

TAKE HEED WHAT I SAY
(© 1996 Mr Jones)

In nineteen and seventy-nine they lived in an old schoolbus
Earn 3000\$ in good years and in bad ones it's half as much
They're fruit tramps like their parents have been and like their children will be as well
They still get diminutive wages and people say they'll someday go to hell

Linda is 23 years and Luther Henry has 13 years more
They're picking cherries in Maine and strawberries right outside your door
Many month it's been raining the harvest is rotting in the fields
And often their four year old daughter for a whole day gets nothing to eat

Chorus:
Take heed what I say this can't be today
Take heed what I say this can't be today

A strong back and a lack of will-power is not everything that you need
A belly full of hard liquor eases the work in the field
Playing poker in the night and sipping a bottle of gin
Is the only pleasure they get it's the only game they're able win

They get up at four in the morning start picking before the sun's coming up
Eight hours later many baskets are filled but they cannot give up
For three more hours they pick in the parching sun
And at five o'clock in the evening a 25\$ job it is done

Chorus

They all are American people but people treat them like dogs
Seems that men become animals when they pick in the morning fog
Rich men should know that all fruits that they eat are picked by people like Henry
Then they'd give them enough money and not only one third of their fee

For a short time they settled up north near the border of Canada
But their blood was too thin for the cold and I don't know where they now are
Luther Henry suffers from cancer and he wants to go home for to die
In 1992 they all feel so bad that they just can't stop cryin'

Chorus

Love is their only religion their delight and for their children they live
Though they are starving with them and they don't have enough for to give
Luther's still living and he don't want to die
But before he will go to hell he'll go out and pick under blue sky

Chorus

GOODNIGHT BABY
(© 1994 Mr Jones)

Goodnight Baby good night
Sleep 'til the morning light
Goodnight Baby good night
Sleep 'til the morning light

Sleep in my lovin' arm
It keeps you sheltered and warm
Sleep in my lovin' arm
It keeps you sheltered and warm

Sleep there for your whole life
You'll always be my wife
Sleep there for your whole life
You'll always be my wife

I'll be there for you
Whatever you're gonna do
I'll be there for you
Whatever you're gonna do

Repeat 1st verse